

METER MAIDS

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THIRD DRAFT 2/23/05
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EXT. 10 FREEWAY EAST - DAY

Traffic is busy as always heading west from downtown Los Angeles. TED KISINSKY, 32, sits impatiently behind the wheel of his brown 1994 Chrysler Town & Country minivan; he is about to go into a fit of road rage. (Ted looks like a young Woody Allen - basically, a total dork.)

CUT TO:

An eighteen wheeler moves slowly in front of Ted's minivan. A sticker on the back reads "How's my driving?" with a 1-800 number. Ted picks up an oversized analog cell phone (circa 1989) and angrily punches in some numbers. A PHONE OPERATOR picks up on the other end with a thick southern accent.

TED

Pretty crappy.

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

I beg your pardon? Are you talking to me, sir?

TED

You better believe I'm talking to you!
Your driving stinks!

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

What seems to be the problem, sir?

TED

Well, for starters you cut me off a few minutes ago and now you're driving 30 in a 55. I've got to get to LAX before 4:30!

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm not the one driving sir, I'm just an operator.

TED

Well then let me talk to the moron who is driving.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

Can I have the number of the truck
please?

TED

Didn't I just dial it?

PHONE OPERATOR (V.O.)

I'm referring to the number just below
the phone number. We monitor several
trucking lines.

TED

Look, I don't have time for your games,
just speed it up or let me get around
you. I'm going to be late for work!

The truck suddenly puts on its BREAKS. Ted's minivan can't stop in time, and he rear-ends the big rig, completely smashing the front of his minivan. A garbage bag inflates upon impact, preventing Ted's glasses from falling off.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES INTERNATIONAL AIRPORT (LAX) - DAY

Ted's Town & Country pulls up to one of the terminals. It is a pitiful sight. He leaves it at the curb and runs into the airport.

CUT TO:

INT. LAX SECURITY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Ted holds up an ID badge around his neck as he rushes past travelers. GEORGE MACDONALD waits for him on the other end of the security checkpoint. MacDonald is a middle-aged middle manager, balding and hiding a potbelly behind a wrinkled dress shirt. Judging by the look on his face, he is not happy with Ted.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MacDonald points to his watch to emphasize his disappointment.

MACDONALD

It's 5:32 PM, Kisinsky. That's the second time this week. If you come late one more time or screw up in any way, you're out of here, Mister.

TED

Yes, sir.

MACDONALD

I don't want to hear any bologna either. Now get down to your truck and start cleaning out those planes!

CUT TO:

EXT. MIDWAY AIRLINES TARMACK - DAY

Ted has on protective ear covers and goggles as he steps onto a Midway service truck. This is the LWR vehicle, which stands for "Lavatory Waste Removal." In other words, Ted sucks human waste out of airplanes for a living.

He maneuvers the truck while reading a copy of the *Los Angeles Times*. A story on the front page has caught his attention.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP: L.A. TIMES FRONT PAGE.

The front page headline reads "Parking Enforcement Strike Continues," but Ted is more concerned with a photo of IRENE KISS, LA's favorite news reporter. She is accepting an award at the local Emmys for best news reporter. (Like Katie Couric, Irene is cute, smart, and a star among TV journalists. She is also Ted's ex-wife.)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED (O.S.)

Damn *Times*. They should put real news in this rag.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTE REMOVAL TRUCK - DAY

He pulls his truck next to the rear of a 747, hops off the truck, and pulls out a hose connected to the truck's tank. He places the open end of the hose onto a valve on the side of the plane and turns a side clamp.

Ted operates a control panel on the vehicle, and the waste starts flowing as the truck vibrates. He walks back over to the driver's seat and flips through the rest of the newspaper.

CUT TO:

INT. WASTE REMOVAL TRUCK - DAY

Suddenly, MacDonald radios Ted; Ted is startled.

MACDONALD (V.O.)

Kisinsky! Are you doing your route or are you writing more of those classified ads?

TED

I'm pumping as we speak, Sir.

MACDONALD (V.O.)

Get a move on! We've got two flights that are going to be delayed if you don't finish them by 6!

TED

I'm on it, Sir. Right away.

Ted starts up the truck and puts it into first gear. The truck stalls a bit, so he guns it until it jolts forward.

CUT TO:

EXT. WASTE REMOVAL TRUCK - DAY

The truck's hose has come off the tank. And, just in the split second before we SEE the the human waste come blowing out, we:

CUT TO:

INT. AIRPLANE - DAY

A small GIRL, holding a doll, looks outside and SEES Ted and the accident in progress. All the color drains from her face. Other PASSENGERS turn to look outside their portal windows. A collective GASP.

The GIRL covers her mouth in disgust, then reaches over and tugs at her MOM's shirt, who in turn looks out and SEES the mess.

The MOM turns pale green, then, before she can grab a barf bag VOMITS on the PASSENGER in front of her. The PASSENGER in turn VOMITS onto someone else. Within seconds, a large mass airplane VOMIT festival has begun, with all the PASSENGERS vomiting on each other. It's worse than the mess outside.

A STEWARDESS, who cannot see what is going on outside, turns and shakes her head. A PILOT enters.

PILOT

Is our food that awful?

STEWARDESS

Usually the passengers wait to puke till
after they eat.

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

Irene Kiss stands in front of the lighted tubes that welcome passengers to LAX. She holds her wireless microphone, ready to roll tape.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

A Hispanic cameraman signals with his fingers: three, two, and a fist indicating they are rolling live.

IRENE KISS

I'm here at LAX where all flights at Terminal 2 have been delayed indefinitely. Earlier tonight, a Midway Airlines Waste Removal employee forgot to seal the valve on the lavatory tank of a 747, and proceeded to spill lavatory waste all over the Terminal's tarmac and runways. Midway is making efforts to clean up the mess as quickly as possible, but in the meantime, passengers, who have already not checked into area hospitals due to reactionary vomiting sickness, have been put up in hotels for the night.

CUT TO:

INT. KNBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

A plastic man and equally plastic woman in their Thirties sit behind the news desk. They wear suits and plenty of make-up. ROGER THOMPSON and JEANNIE NEWSOME stare into the cameras with looks of amusement.

JEANNIE

Irene, was this a pure accident, or is there any indication that this is the work of a terrorist?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

IRENE KISS

Midway authorities would not release the identity of the employee, but they did say that it was an accident and that the employee would be let go.

CUT TO:

INT. KNBC STUDIOS - NIGHT

ROGER

Well, I should hope so. Sounds like a pretty crappy situation for everyone at LAX.

(chuckles)

They might have to change the name of the airport to EX-LAX after this fiasco.

JEANNIE

(fake laugh)

Once again, Irene Kiss and KNBC were the first to bring you this exclusive report live from LAX.

ROGER

By the way, for all our viewers out there, Irene Kiss won the Emmy for Best Reporter again this year. We'd like to congratulate her.

JEANNIE

She's so great. Isn't she?

CUT TO:

EXT. LAX - NIGHT

Irene and her camera man hurry to their van.

IRENE

Could I get any worse of an assignment? It smells like Malibu Creek out here. I'm going to have to wash my hair tonight to get the smell out.

CAMERAMAN

What an idiot. How could someone forget to unplug themselves from a 747?

CUT TO:

INT. MIDWAY OFFICES - NIGHT

Ted sits in a chair surrounded by Police, Airport authorities, a Midway executive, and of course, his supervisor MacDonald. The Midway executive is dressed in a nice business suit with perfectly gelled hair. Ted is humiliated and looks more depressed than ever.

MACDONALD

How could you forget to unplug your truck from a 747?

(beat)

Do you know we can sue you for negligence and make you pay for this whole mess?

TED

Yes, sir. I've been under a lot of stress since my divorce-

MACDONALD

You were divorced five years ago! Don't you think it's time you got over her?

MIDWAY EXECUTIVE

You have cost this company hundreds of thousands of dollars and tarnished our image with the local consumers. Not to mention the airport is thinking about pulling our license to operate here.

(to MacDonald privately)

I think we should sue him.

MACDONALD

He doesn't have a penny to his name. He's just a washed up writer living in the past. His wife dumped him for a NBC executive, and this is the only job he's held for more than two months.

MIDWAY EXECUTIVE

Why on Earth did you hire him?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MACDONALD

He was the only applicant who spoke English.

MIDWAY EXECUTIVE

Can't we garnish his wages from his part-time job?

MACDONALD

(to Ted)

You still working for the Penny Saver?

TED

As of this morning.

MACDONALD

You're fired without severance pay, and we plan on garnishing as much of your wages as is legally possible for the rest of your life to pay for this damn mess.

TED

But I only make five cents a word! I can't live off of nothing!

MIDWAY EXECUTIVE

Well then I suggest you start looking for another job. And don't bother listing Midway as a reference.

CUT TO:

EXT. AIRPORT CURB - NIGHT

Ted walks slowly, his head dipped low. He grips his newspaper under his arm; the badge holder around his neck is empty. Airport employees wearing breather masks glare at him as he passes by. Some point fingers, and some give him the finger.

He gets to where his minivan was, and he looks up to see it being hauled away by a tow truck in the distance.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

An AIRPORT METER MAID notices the panic in his eyes and approaches him with her ticket book open. She's a tough looking Black woman.

AIRPORT METER MAID

That yo' car?

TED

It was...

AIRPORT METER MAID

You left it here the whole damn night. I tried to wait for you, but after the fifth ticket, we tow.

TED

I thought you guys were on strike.

AIRPORT METER MAID

Uh-uh. That's City of Los Angeles. We still gettin' paid.

She hands him a stack of tickets and the number of the towing company.

AIRPORT METER MAID (CONT'D)

You lucky you at the airport. Plenty of cabs to take you home here.

TED

That was my home...

Frustrated and exhausted, Ted continues to shuffle down the street.

CUT TO:

EXT. CENTURY BLVD. - NIGHT

Ted walks past a liquor store. A couple of winos stand out front asking for spare change. Ted contemplates entering, but he just keeps walking, then checks his watch and heads across the street.

INT. DENNY'S - DAY

Ted steps inside Denny's restaurant and heads to the payphone outside the bathroom. Looking at his watch again, the phone finally RINGS.

TED

This is Ted. (beat). Hi, mom. Yeah, everything's going great. Irene is doing fine. She's loving her job. My job at the paper is fine as usual. Always got me working on big stories, and stuff.
(Beat)

Ted winces as he lies. An OLD MAN with a walker pushes past Ted as he exits the bathroom.

TED (cont'd)

We're all very happy. (Beat) I also want you to know I'm close to getting you that money you need for that hip operation. Fifty thousand dollars is a big chunk of money. But don't worry, we'll get it. (Beat). Okay, Mom, I'll tell Irene you said hello. (beat) And that you love her. And remember, don't call this number except at the exact time I've told you to call on Tuesdays.

Ted hangs up the phone. His head drops in shame.

Ted then takes a seat at the bar, but he doesn't order anything. He just stares into space while listening to the television news. It is the 11 o'clock repeat of the 10 o'clock news.

ROGER (V.O.)

Well, I should hope so. Sounds like a pretty crappy situation for everyone at LAX.

(chuckles)

They might have to change the name of the airport to EX-LAX after tonight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The WAITRESS comes by with a coffee pot to pour a fresh cup. She is young and semi-cute, an out-of-towner looking to become an actress.

WAITRESS

Did you hear about that? What a retard. We got real busy after they shut down the terminal. All the folks came here to grab dinner.

TED

Can you change the channel?

WAITRESS

No, sorry. I have to watch it for my class. I'm taking a TV Reporting class; I'm going to be a famous news reporter like Irene Kiss.

TED

It's Kisinsky.

WAITRESS

Huh?

TED

Her name is Irene Kisinsky. She changed it after we were divorced.

WAITRESS

You were married to Irene Kiss?

TED

That's right.

WAITRESS

Wow. You really blew it...

TED

I lost my car and my job tonight, and the last thing I want is to hear her voice. So please, change the channel.

WAITRESS

Sorry. She's my favorite.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The waitress leaves and a new story comes on the TV.

JEANNIE

Francisco Delgado reports from City Hall where the strikers have been camping out for three days now.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

FRANCISCO DELGADO walks through a campsite set up by the striking Parking Enforcement Officers (meter maids). He is a White man in his 30s with dark make-up to make him look Latino.

FRANCISCO

Jeannie, strikers here are showing no signs of backing down, and the Mayor isn't either. We asked one Parking Officer how long he's committed to strike.

CUT TO:

A LARGE BLACK MAN speaks aggressively into the microphone. He wears a strikers' T-shirt and a skull cap.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

We will continue to fight for our rights as City employees. We demand better pay, more benefits, and we're aksin for the public's support. Please honk when you drive by City Hall.

FRANCISCO

How long are you prepared to strike?

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Forever. We are being discriminated against by the White Man's system, and we won't let it happen again. This is our million man march.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

The Mayor's Office reception area is full of angry Middle Eastern types. It looks like a smaller scale meeting of OPEC. A 50 year old PERSIAN is flirting with the Mayor's HOT SECRETARY. The MAYOR opens his office door and the foreign chatter stops abruptly.

MAYOR DICK FELDMAN invites them in. He is in his 40s, tall and thin.

MAYOR FELDMAN

Gentlemen, please come in. Sorry to keep you all waiting. Important business with the City Planning Commission.

PERSIAN MAN

Mayor Feldman, good to see you again.

MAYOR FELDMAN

Right, you, too..

PERSIAN MAN

Fred Ehsani. I gave you \$20,000 for your campaign last year.

MAYOR FELDMAN

Of course, I remember you well, Frank.

RABBI SCHWARTZ

Let's not beat around the bush here. We're here to take care of business. Our interests are suffering because of this parking strike. My lots downtown are losing \$12,000 a day.

ARMENIAN MAN

I didn't have a single car park at last night's Laker Game. People are parking on the sidewalk, in the middle of the street, anywhere!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

ARAB MAN

It is absolute chaos! Is this how
America functions? 'Land of the free'
does not mean free parking!

They all chime in angrily. The Mayor is overwhelmed. He
stands up and yells to silence the room.

MAYOR FELDMAN

Quiet!!!

(beat)

What do you expect me to do? The
City doesn't have the budget to meet
their demands. They want 50% wage
increases, luxury car upgrades and six
hour work shifts for God's sake!

RABBI SCHWARTZ

Bunch of lazy schwarzas...

PERSIAN MAN

Do what they do in professional
sports. Hire scabs. How hard can
it be to drive the car and
write the tickets?

MAYOR FELDMAN

We already looked into that, and the
problem is that it would cost an
additional \$10,000 per officer to hire,
test, and train them. Besides, the
Department of Transportation Academy
takes four weeks of training. The strike
will be over by then.

ARAB MAN

I stand to lose \$200,000 in that time!

MAYOR FELDMAN

You're not the only ones losing here.
The City gets 15% of its operating budget
from giving out parking tickets. We want
a quick solution to this problem, too.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

ARAB MAN

That's why we are here. We will contribute half of the cost of hiring replacement officers if the City puts forth the other half.

RABBI SCHWARTZ

And if the replacements are put to work right away. We can't afford to have this go on for more than a week. Mayor Feldman's secretary enters the room.

SECRETARY

Um, sorry Dick. But the Chief of Police is on the phone. He says it's urgent.

MAYOR FELDMAN

What does he want?

CUT TO:

EXT. PINK'S HOT DOGS - NIGHT

The always-crowded wiener stand is packed. Cars are parked, double-parked, and triple-parked on the corner of Melrose and La Brea, blocking the street. Three police cars try to maneuver around the cars. They have their sirens on, but no one pays attention.

CHIEF OF POLICE WILLY JEFFERSON stands by one squad car, talking rapidly into his cell phone. He is a short Black man in his 40s.

CHIEF JEFFERSON

Mayor, we got a problem here. Folks don't care about parking laws no more, so they parking all over the damn place! This is the fifth intersection blocked by parked cars. People callin' the station to complain!

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CHIEF JEFFERSON (cont'd)
I can't handle this. We got crime to
fight; my boys ain't no meter maids.

CUT TO:

INT. MAYOR'S OFFICE - NIGHT

The Mayor hangs up the phone and takes a deep sigh.

MAYOR FELDMAN
Gentlemen, you've got yourself a deal.
We'll put the applicants through a rush
training process at the Academy. I can
have parking officers on the streets for
you in a week.

RABBI SCHWARTZ
Make that three days.

MAYOR FELDMAN
Three days?!

ARMENIAN MAN
Aren't you planning on running for re-
election?

MAYOR FELDMAN
Where am I supposed to find qualified
applicants overnight?

PERSIAN MAN
Put an ad in *La Opinion*. That's how I
got all my workers.

CUT TO:

EXT. DENNY'S - DAY

There is movement in the bushes next to the Denny's parking
lot. Ted emerges, bags under his eyes, squinting to fight
off the morning sun. He folds his newspaper that he had used
as a blanket. He checks his pockets for money--he pulls out
a couple of crinkled dollar bills and some lint.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ted uses his last two bucks to buy the newspaper and a bus ticket. He boards a Rapid bus heading downtown.

CUT TO:

INT. RAPID BUS - DAY

A BLACK WOMAN with gold teeth drives the bus. She hurries Ted on, and he makes his way to the back of the bus. The bus is crowded with the dregs of society. A truly dismal scene, Ted somehow seems to fit right in, and sits down to a well dressed BLACK WOMAN PASSENGER who holds a tray of cookies, and looks just like the Oracle character from The Matrix.

He opens up his paper to see the headline "MAYOR THREATENS TO REPLACE D.O.T. WORKERS." He reads to himself out loud.

TED

Mayor Dick Feldman has announced a plan to replace the striking Traffic Officers by as early as next week if the strike continues. The City is seeking replacement candidates to work for \$10 per hour and immediate benefits. Applications are available at City Hall and no experience is necessary...

FLASHBACK TO:

INT. MIDWAY OFFICES - NIGHT

MIDWAY EXECUTIVE

Well then I suggest you start looking for another job. And don't bother listing Midway as a reference.

CUT TO:

INT. RAPID BUS - DAY

BLACK WOMAN PASSENGER

I see you're looking for answers, Ted.
(beat). Would you like a cookie?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

(startled)

Sure, I'll take a cookie. I haven't eaten in days. What's your name? And how did you know my name?

BLACK WOMAN PASSENGER

Well, they call me the Oracle, sugar. (beat) I'm on my way to see the keymaker. (Beat) You know, Ted, I can see why she married you, but then you lost your confidence, and it all fell apart.

TED

Who? Irene? How do...

BLACK WOMAN PASSENGER

(interrupting)

It as if you're waiting for something. Know thyself, Ted. Then everything will fall into place...

TED

Know thyself? Who would want to know me? What if I fail?

BLACK WOMAN PASSENGER

Then our city will crumble. Like a cookie.

TED

Crumble? What's your name again? Can I have another cookie?

The Black Woman Passenger gets annoyed with Ted, and yanks back the cookie tray.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

There is a massive crowd of people outside City Hall. A small battalion of police officers keeps angry strikers from harassing the lines of applicants.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ninety percent of the applicants are working class Hispanics, fresh from Mexico, Guatemala, and El Salvador. The rest are Filipino.

Ted arrives on the scene amid all the chaos. He approaches a woman in line.

TED

Is this the line for the Parking Enforcement Officer position?

HISPANIC WOMAN

Que? No hablo Ingles.

(What? I don't speak English.)

He asks a man just ahead of her.

TED

Is this the line for the-

HISPANIC MAN

Calmate pendejo- regresate al fin de la cola.

(Chill out asshole- go back to the end of the line.)

Flustered, Ted backs off and does a slow 360 degree turn.

TED

Does anybody here speak English?

A woman's voice responds through the crowd.

EMILY NORMUS (O.S.)

Yeah, what do you want?

Ted looks around, but can't pinpoint who answered.

EMILY NORMUS (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Well, are you going to ask me something?

Ted looks down to find a little person, EMILY NORMUS, 23. She is a cute blonde, but nothing is cute about her tough-as-nails personality.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

EMILY NORMUS (CONT'D)

What's wrong, you've never seen a little person before?

TED

Sorry, I didn't see you. I mean, I -

EMILY NORMUS

I'm used to it. Now are you going to ask me something or not?

TED

I just wanted to make sure this is the line for the Parking Enforcement Officer position.

EMILY NORMUS

That's right. You can get in line right here - behind me.

TED

Alright. Thank you.

EMILY NORMUS

Looks like they put an ad in *La Opinion*.

TED

I tried getting a job with that paper.

EMILY NORMUS

I'm not really interested in hearing your sob stories. Save them for the interviewer.

TED

I guess I wasn't qualified enough.

EMILY NORMUS

It's a Spanish newspaper.

TED

Yeah, I know.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY NORMUS

You obviously don't speak Spanish.

Ted stares down at her with angry bewilderment. Just then a Molotov cocktail whirls past Ted's head, exploding into the crowd.

PROTESTER (O.S.)

Kill the scabs!

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

The crowd of applicants disperses chaotically. WOMEN clutching BABIES covered in hand-woven blankets run for their lives. The POLICE run for cover. Emily [runs] towards the front of the line; Ted follows her.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Emily and Ted make it into the building just before the doors are shut. They are greeted by the interviewer, a tall Native-American man in his 40s. JOHNNY STINKING BEAR hands them each a clipboard and a pencil and directs them down the hall.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Congratulations. Take these down to Room 119. Start filling them out, and I'll meet you there.

They do as they are instructed. Johnny rips an audible fart as they walk away. Ted turns around with a suspicious look.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (cont'd)

A philosopher named Descartes once said, since I think--I exist. But what does it mean when I fart?

Johnny then stares out the glass window on the now locked double doors.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

The room is packed with people waiting to be interviewed. They are a motley cross-section of society. Ted sits next to a large GYPSY WOMAN wearing a heavy black coat.

Emily has trouble with getting up into a seat, so she decides to stand next to OGRE VASQUEZ, a young cholo with a shaved head. Rap blaring out of his headphones, he is oblivious to her or anything else around him.

Johnny Stinking Bear enters the room and opens the door to a private office. He looks at the pathetic group, sighs, farts, and then speaks.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

First of all, we are an Equal Opportunity Employer. We do not discriminate on the basis of race, gender, or sexual orientation.

(pauses to read from a paper)

Si Usted no es ciudadano o residente legal, se debe ir ahora como no les ofreceremos trabajo.

(Anyone who's not a citizen or resident alien should leave now as we will not hire you.)

Four Hispanic women get up and leave; dozens of small children follow them out.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (CONT'D)

Mentir en su aplicacion es un delito grave, y puede ser castigado por tiempo en la carcel, multas, o las dos cosas.

(Lying on your application is a serious offense and can result in punishment of jail time, fines, or both.)

Five Hispanic men stand up and leave with their heads hanging low. Johnny lets out another fart.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (CONT'D)

Okay. Who's first?

The large Gypsy woman rushes forward and yells out in an Eastern European accent.

GYPSY WOMAN

I am!

She enters his office, clipboard in hand. Her coat is very loose on her sizable frame. Johnny closes the door behind him.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

A small office adorned with plaques, framed photos of Johnny from his younger years as a meter maid with Los Angeles celebrities: Magic Johnson dwarfs him, Zsa Zsa Gabor gives him a playful slap, Irene Kiss shakes his hand, etc. A dream catcher hangs from the ceiling, and a large peace pipe sits in the corner.

Johnny takes a seat behind his desk. The Gypsy paces around his office.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Please have a seat.

GYPSY WOMAN

No, thank you. It is against my nature to stay in one place.

She quickly swipes a picture frame from off the wall and puts it underneath her coat.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Very well. Says here on your application that you're from Romania?

GYPSY WOMAN

Yes. I have been here in the States 17 years.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She takes a pencil holder as he reviews her application. He glances up just after she finishes hiding her latest prize.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

You don't show anything under job experience. Haven't you ever worked?

She hides a fax machine as he flips through the application in search of a job reference.

GYPSY WOMAN

I do not like to work.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

So then why are you here?

GYPSY WOMAN

You are right. I should go now.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

The Gypsy woman exits, her coat fully expanded now. Johnny calls out for the next candidate. It is Ogre who saunters over in his best "crip" walk. His jeans are so baggy, you can see his ass crack as his jeans pull his boxers down. Johnny looks at him wide-eyed.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Ogre strolls in and looks around at the blank walls and nearly empty office. Johnny walks around his desk to take his seat. His eyes bulge as he discovers his chair is missing.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

What the-?

OGRE

What 'choo got brotha?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

What did you call me?

OGRE

Yo, dat chit is tight.

Ogre points over to the peace pipe. He pulls out a small paper with a nickel bag worth of weed.

OGRE (CONT'D)

Light that chit up!

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA - DAY

The other applicants stare at the clock. They have been waiting a long time. We hear laughter from inside Johnny's office. Finally, the door opens and a cloud of smoke follows Ogre out of the office.

Johnny yells from inside his office.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Who's exnt'?

CUT TO:

INT. 7-TWELVE MARKET - DAY

A small convenience store in South Central. A Korean girl with thick glasses makes change for a WINO. She is MEE SUK SUM, 21.

She hands the wino a twenty dollar bill for his one dollar bill. The man takes the bill and his bottle and runs out.

Her FATHER rushes over and starts yelling at her in rapid-fire Korean. He is in his early 50s and is an imposing man with a deep voice.

Mee Suk Sum begins to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEE SUK SUM

Jeí song hamnida!

(I'm sorry!)

Her MOTHER hears the racket and goes to console her. She is an aging beauty - in stark contrast to her daughter who wouldn't win prom queen at an all-boys school.

MOTHER

Okay, okay, baby. You did not know.

FATHER

Not okay! We lose money! She give away everything! Always!

Mee Suk Sum starts crying louder, more hysterically. The mother pulls the father a few feet away to calm him down.

FATHER (CONT'D)

She cannot work here.

MOTHER

She is your daughter! You cannot disgrace her this way!

FATHER

What kind of daughter is she? We cannot marry her. She cannot go to university. She cannot do good job here. I am unhappy father!

MOTHER

We will get her marry.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON MEE SUK SUM

She is a diamond in the rough at best. Very rough. Half her face is hidden by her glasses and the other half hidden by acne. She has a gangly form under her CAL STATE LA t-shirt and khaki pants. Rosie O'Donnell would have an easier time getting a date [with a guy].

CUT TO:

INT. 7-TWELVE MARKET - DAY

Just then, three teenage GANG BANGERS rush the store. One of them, 13, a dead ringer for Li'l Romeo, holds a pistol.

GANG BANGER

Alright, you Chinks! Hand over the loot
and I won't shoot ya ass!

The Korean father reaches behind the counter for his shotgun, but the little robbers are savvy.

GANG BANGER (CONT'D)

Reach for that gat and yo ass is gonna be
a dead ass Peking Duck.

FATHER

We no have money. Take my daughter.
You can have her.

The three look over to the frightened Mee Suk Sum while the father pulls out the shotgun. The robbers look like they just saw an open-heart surgery.

GANG BANGER

Dammmmmn.

GANG BANGER #2

Helllll naw.

Li'l Romeo turns back to find a double barrel shotgun pointed right at his head by the father.

FATHER

You get you black ass out of here or you
be a dead ass fried chicken.

GANG BANGER #2

Run bitch!

The three turn and haul ass out of the convenience store. The mother sighs relief.

MOTHER

You see. She good daughter.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

FATHER

That the only thing she good for. She should be security guard - like scare crow.

MEE SUK SUM

(in perfect English)

I'll leave the store if you want. I can find a job somewhere else.

The three look at each other in desperation.

CUT TO:

INT. WASHINGTON/LA BREA POST OFFICE - DAY

A typical L.A. Post Office: a line of people stretches outside the service area. Two Black women and an Asian man sit behind a clear bullet-proof barrier.

One of the women is LATIFAH WASHINGTON, a 34-year old hoochie-mama. She is ghetto fabulous with her corn row braids, and she is a large woman who doesn't know it. She paints her extra long Lee Press-On nails a bright orange color to match the beads in her hair.

The other Black woman is arguing with a customer, a Hispanic woman.

POSTAL WORKER

That's not our problem.

POST OFFICE CUSTOMER

But I pay insurance.

POSTAL WORKER

Well then you need to get back in line and fill out one of them forms.

POST OFFICE CUSTOMER

But I waiting here two hours already.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

POSTAL WORKER

Well then you should have used UPS or some other crap because I do not *Hablo Espanol*. Okay girlfriend? Backo of the Lino. NEXT!

Latifah flips through a copy of EBONY Magazine that she took out of the mail. Her cell phone rings, causing her to panic. She has the latest NEXTEL flip phone with the walkie-talkie function. The phone beeps and a man on the other end starts talking over the speaker phone.

WALKIE-TALKIE MAN (V.O.)

Yo bitch, what time you comin' home?

LATIFAH

I know you did not just call me a B-I-T-C-H in front of all these people.

WALKIE-TALKIE MAN (V.O.)

Yo pick up some Mickey's and food for the kids.

LATIFAH

Get your own beer. I am trying to work here. Something you wouldn't know nothing about. Yo' lazy ass.

CUT TO:

A White man in his 40s observes everything with distaste. He approaches Latifah's counter and taps on the clear Plexiglas barrier.

POSTMASTER

Excuse me. Excuse me.

Latifah looks up briefly and then gives him a hand with an index finger; a sign to wait a minute.

POSTMASTER (CONT'D)

You're relieved of your duties.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

LATIFAH

Can't you see I'm on the phone? You need to get back in line and wait your turn.

He holds up his credentials. She recognizes the name on the ID and realizes she is in hot water.

LATIFAH (CONT'D)

Yo, let me hit you back later.
My boss is here.

WALKIE-TALKIE MAN (V.O.)

You better not lose yo' job. I got a doctor's appointment next week to get rid of them bumps.

LATIFAH

I'm sorry. What can I do for you, Sir?

POSTMASTER

You can pack up your things and leave. You no longer work for the United States Postal Service. You are a disgrace to this organization.

LATIFAH

I know you did not just fire me. I will call Johnny Cochran, the NAACP, and the local news.

POSTMASTER

I don't think that will help you. We've received over seventeen complaints about this station since you started last month. We have plenty of video evidence to merit your dismissal. Stealing people's mail, opening packages, painting your nails instead of doing your job.

LATIFAH

What did you just say?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

POSTMASTER

I said don't try it sister. That discrimination crap doesn't work anymore. The Postmaster General is Black. Half the postal workers are Black. No one is going to buy that you were fired for discriminatory reasons.

LATIFAH

But I got a family to support.

POSTMASTER

Yes, I know. We all know. I suggest you find a job where you don't have to do anything to earn your pay.

POSTAL WORKER

I heard the City's hiring. Giving parking tickets.

CUT TO:

INT. WAITING AREA - NIGHT

The applicants go into Johnny's office and come out with smiles on their faces. A montage of CHARACTERS (riff raff and losers) getting hired on the spot. Emily Normus exits the office with Johnny Stinking Bear. She comes up to his hips (and consequently his ass).

EMILY NORMUS

That's great Chief. I can't wait to see the looks on their faces when I tell them the news.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (O.S.)

I think this job will be a breath of fresh air for you, Erica.

He lets out a real squirter. Emily quickly backs away in apprehension.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY NORMUS

That's Emily, and you should lay off the stink weed. Don't you know marijuana causes gas?

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Actually, colonic gas is about sixty percent nitrogen and thirty percent carbon dioxide. The remaining five to ten percent is made up of hydrogen sulphide, better known as rotten eggs, methane, the stuff that makes coal mines explode, and hydrogen one of the most flammable of all the gases.

EMILY NORMUS

You're a real encyclopedia of bodily functions. I'll remember never to light up a match around you.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

You have a little body, but a big heart.

EMILY NORMUS

See ya later Chief.

She exits frame, leaving Johnny alone with the last interviewee: Ted. Ted is red with frustration.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Well, that was the last interview for the day. You'll have to come back tomorrow.

TED

What?!

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

I said you'll have to come back tomorrow. It's late. I've got to get home to catch *Will & Grace*.

Ted's temper starts to erupt.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TED

Will & Grace?! I sat here for
eight hours!!

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Well, I'm sorry. You can be first
in line tomorrow.

TED

I waited all day while you got stoned,
cracked jokes, and hit on married women.
I didn't even go to the bathroom because
I didn't want to lose my place in line.
You can't make me come back tomorrow!
You have to interview me!

Johnny Stinking Bear stares at Ted with little emotion.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Fine. Step into my office. What's
left of it.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Ted takes a seat and Johnny stands behind his desk.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Let me take a look at your application.
(pause)
You forgot to enter in an address.

Ted stares at Johnny, but doesn't respond.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Why did you leave Midway? I heard that
was a good company to work for.

TED

We had irreconcilable differences.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Did you get fired?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

Yes.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

You graduated from Harvard?

TED

Yes. 1988. BA in English.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Not a very practical major. You should have studied Spanish.

TED

What's wrong with English?

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

This is California. Half the people in our state are Spanish speakers. We are in need of bilingual officers. I'm sorry. There's nothing I can offer you at this time.

TED

Are you trying to say that you don't want to hire me?

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

I'm saying that you're not qualified for the position.

TED

You just hired two homeless guys- how can I be under-qualified?!

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

You're more than welcome to re-apply after six months. Go get yourself some experience and we'll talk then.

TED

Experience doing what? Driving around at 15 miles per hour with my hazard lights on?

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TED (cont'd)

Writing license plate numbers on a note pad? A trained monkey can do this job!

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Hmmm.....

Johnny makes a note on a pad of paper. Ted pulls off his glasses and wipes a tear of frustration from under his eye. He is flustered and dejected.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - NIGHT

Ted wanders down skid row at night. He passes tents, cardboard shelters, and people huddled into sleeping bags along the sidewalk. He steps into a pile of human crap next to an old toothless Black man.

TED

Damn it! What the hell is wrong with you people? Can't you find a bathroom or at least some bushes?!

TOOTHLESS BUM

Sorry. I couldn't leave my belongings unattended.

TED

What belongings?

The old man points to a shopping cart full of junk: an old boom box, dirty clothes, and plastic bags full of cans. Ted starts to scrape his foot along the curb.

TOOTHLESS BUM

You can't turn your back for even a second nowadays.

TED

I wouldn't know. All I have is this newspaper.

Ted's paper is gone. A skinny crack-head has made it his blanket.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TOOTHLESS BUM

Don't matter. They can't take away what you got inside. I traveled the world, had two businesses, and three children. They can't take away my memories.

TED

If you did all that, then what are you doing here? Why don't you live with one of your kids?

TOOTHLESS BUM

I wasn't a very good father. War makes you crazy. I lost my business, then my wife, then my kids. But they're still in here.

He points to his heart.

TOOTHLESS BUM (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Whatever you do, don't you ever give up. I wish I could do it all over again.

TED

Why don't you? Why don't you give it another go?

TOOTHLESS BUM

Sure, that's easy for you to say. You're young. Who's going to give an old Negro like me a job? Much less a loan to start a business. The SBA is a joke. My wife's with a millionaire; see them in the paper all the time. Makes me sick.

TED

Yeah. I know how you feel. My wife left me for a rich man. I lost my career as a journalist. And to top it all off, I was rejected to become a substitute parking enforcement officer.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TOOTHLESS BUM

I heard they was hiring. Meter maids.
Bunch of crooks. Steal from the people
and give to the government.

(beat)

Boy, that's a good job, if you can call
it that. More like a paid vacation.

(beat)

If I was you, I'd go back. They'll take
you. Show them you're not a quitter and
they'll take you.

Ted finishes getting the crap off his shoe and keeps walking.
There is a glimmer of hope in his eyes now.

CUT TO:

INT. EASY RIDER BAR - NIGHT

A biker joint full of muscled bikers and their silicone
girlfriends. LIMP BIZKIT'S "BREAK STUFF" plays in the
background. Emily Normus marches up to the bar. She yells
to a bald bartender with a handlebar moustache.

EMILY NORMUS

Hey! Is the King A-hole here yet?

BARTENDER

You little shat- he's in the back.

EMILY NORMUS

Well tell him I quit!

BARTENDER

Tell him yourself. I'm busy.

BAR OWNER (O.S.)

Tell him what?

Emily turns around to see another LITTLE PERSON. He is
dressed in biker regalia and has a tattoo on his left
shoulder.

EMILY NORMUS

I quit. Find yourself another midget.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BAR OWNER

Don't even think about it. You belong to me.

EMILY NORMUS

Not anymore. I work for the City now. So take this job and shove it up your-

BAR OWNER

I've got a hundred drunk bikers here waiting to toss you. You can't quit on me now!

EMILY NORMUS

So let them toss you. I'm not your Circus Act anymore.

She turns and walks out the front door. A look of fear comes over his face as the DJ starts his announcement.

DJ

It's that time folks! The Easy Rider Midget Toss where first prize wins \$100 in cash. Ten bucks gets you one toss, 20 bucks gets you three.

A loud roar of excitement erupts throughout the bar.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

It's 8AM the following day. A new line full of illegal immigrants eager to work. Ted gets in line; he's still wearing the same clothes and is starting to grow a beard. The strikers are just starting to show up, arriving with coffee and doughnuts in hand. The riot cops stand in groups eating doughnuts and making jokes.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Mayor Feldman looks out at the crowd below. Johnny Stinking Bear stands next to him with another CITY SUPERVISOR.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MAYOR FELDMAN

We can't hire them. My Party will kill me. If we didn't need them to sustain our economy, I would have sent them all back to Ecuador by now.

CITY SUPERVISOR

Don't you mean Mexico?

MAYOR FELDMAN

What's the difference?

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

We only got around 75 new hires yesterday. We need 600 to keep the meters full. What do you want me to do Mayor?

MAYOR FELDMAN

Hire anyone who can speak English and who has a fake Social. It takes a while to process all the paperwork anyway. INS won't get back to us for weeks, and this whole mess will be over by then.

(pause)

Can you have them all trained by Monday?

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

That will be difficult. Mr. Feldman, I take my job very seriously. I'm not running no online diploma mill. When I send our recruits out onto the mean streets of LA, they are expected to be the best trained meter maids in this country. They gotta patrol over four hundred square miles. Last year, we did over one hundred million in fines...

MAYOR FELDMAN

(interrupting)

Look, Johnny. I know.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MAYOR FELDMAN (cont'd)

I'm here to help you, especially when it comes to performance review, salary and department budget increases. So help me here, this time, and it won't be forgotten, okay?

Johnny slips a "SBD"(silent but deadly) fart.

MAYOR FELDMAN (CONT'D)

The whole City depends on it.

The Mayor catches wind of Johnny's breakfast and shudders.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET CORNER - DAY

Ogre wears a sandwich costume and waves a sign vigorously proclaiming the nearest Subway sandwich location. His friend DARIUS, dressed in a cell phone costume, break dances. Traffic goes by without noticing either of them.

DARIUS

Yo man, you think I can get a job with them meter maids, too?

OGRE

Fo' real 'do, bro.

DARIUS

This sign crap is tired, yo. My arms and legs is gonna fall off if I keep this up much longer.

OGRE

True, true.

Darius keeps talking as Ogre listens.

CLOSE UP OF DARIUS (OGRE'S P.O.V.):

Darius' voice starts to sound like Charlie Brown's parents; Ogre doesn't understand a word of English besides a few rap lyrics. He just goes along with Darius.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DARIUS

I'm gonna miss you man. You're a good friend - listening to all my problems all the time. People in this town only give a damn about themselves, but you a down mutha'. You my boy, dawg.

They slap hands and pound fists.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - DAY

An old studio back lot is lined with prop vehicles and classrooms. The new recruits are being herded into the main intersection: 600 men and women dressed in navy blue "Parking Enforcement Trainee" t-shirts. Johnny Stinking Bear stands in the middle of the intersection holding a megaphone.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

Gather around me people. We don't have any time to waste. We have the challenge of cramming four weeks of training into two days. That means all of you have to pay extra special attention.

(pause)

The Parking Enforcement Training Center is a state of the art Facility developed to provide you with the skills necessary to keep Los Angeles moving. First, you will split up into groups and begin the orientation part of the training. Please split up into groups of six. There should be 100 groups in all.

Ted and Emily begin to form a group. They ask Ogre to join them. An effeminate man named JEFFREY steps forward and asks if he can join the group. He is in his 40s, but he looks 29. Besides his standard issue t-shirt, he wears Valentino pants and Prada shoes. He is good-looking, well-built, and his blonde hair is immaculately coiffed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY

Could I be a part of the group?

EMILY NORMUS

Sure thing, tough guy.

JEFFREY

Thank you sweetheart.

Mee Suk Sum sees that the group accepted Jeffrey, and she approaches Emily.

MEE SUK SUM

Hi there. Would it be alright if I were part of your group, too?

JEFFREY

Not without a makeover, Honey..

EMILY

As long as you don't get in my way, you can hang with us.

Jeffrey gives her the one-over and squirms in discomfort.

JEFFREY

Meet with me during the lunch break.
I know just what you need.

Johnny Stinking Bear walks over and inspects the group.

JOHNNY

You're missing another person. I guess we'll put the monkey in this group.

Just then, Latifah walks up to the group. She is breathing heavily.

LATIFAH

I'm sorry Mr. Johnny. My car broke down on the way here, and then they didn't have any more medium t-shirts, so I had to wear this XXL.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

That's alright. We're just getting started. You can have seven in this group. I'm going to make an exception since this was your idea.

Johnny looks directly at Ted. Ted looks back in nervous shock.

TED

What idea?

CUT TO:

A LA ZOO TRAINER guides a CHIMPANZEE dressed in a t-shirt towards Johnny. The chimp is trained and wears an identification bracelet from the LA Zoo.

TED (CONT'D)

You've got to be kidding me!
I was being facetious...

JOHNNY

Oh well. Can't hurt. We had a couple thousand more left in the budget anyway.

The chimp urinates in front of everyone. Jeffrey's eyes bulge when he sees how long its penis is.

JEFFREY

Wow. What's his name?

ZOO TRAINER

Zookeeper said it was Tiny.

JEFFREY

Well there's nothing tiny about his-

A loud buzzer sounds, indicating it is time to begin the first training sessions.

Johnny lifts the megaphone again and continues his message.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY

It's time to get started. Traditionally, we have three weeks of classroom instruction, but I guess we'll do that today. Tomorrow will be hands on training and examinations. You'll be on the streets first thing Monday.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

A geeky instructor (Ben Stein look-alike) stands before a computer projection on a large screen. The classroom is indeed state-of-the-art; the trainees sit behind laptops, examining the same slide as on the screen.

However, Ogre is downloading rap music using Kazaa; Jeffrey is checking out hotboys.com; Latifah paints her nails to match her new t-shirt; the Chimp tries to eat its laptop. Ted, Emily, and Mee Suk Sum are the only ones from the group who actually follow the lesson.

INSTRUCTOR

Therefore, the municipal codes come into effect 42.7% of the time. The #1 parking violation is the expired meter, however, you will be forced to use your discretion in 57.3% of situations. Blocked driveways, loading zones, handicapped parking, etc.

TED

So you're saying that we don't have to ticket people if we don't want to?

INSTRUCTOR

Well, essentially that's correct. But once you encounter the hostility the public has towards us, you'll want to ticket them.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

But isn't that the reason they're hostile towards us in the first place?

INSTRUCTOR

There's nothing more satisfying than watching the guy who used to pick on you in high school grovel and plead to avoid getting booted. It's beautiful. The only people with more power in this town are the LAPD and Hollywood casting directors. What we have is a gift - the ability to control the destiny of others. Don't take it for granted.

TED

But that's unethical.

INSTRUCTOR

That's life. We enforce the laws; we don't make them. And if we decide to be lenient for courtside tickets to a Lakers game or oral sex from a starlet, then we're just working the system!

Jeffrey looks up from his laptop and yells out.

JEFFREY

Oral sex?! We can do that?

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

The Academy's canteen. Trainees are served on fine china by beautiful hostesses. The lunch selection is filet mignon, seared halibut, and chicken cordon bleu.

Ted sits next to Johnny and Emily. He looks overwhelmed by the meal and trappings.

TED

Mr. Stinking Bear, how can the Academy afford filet mignon for 600 people?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

We bring in over one hundred million each year to the City. Not to mention the private contributions we receive. The least we can do is take care of our people.

TED

Private contributions?

JOHNNY

It's good to be smart, Ted. It's just not good to be too smart.

EMILY

Then why are the other officers on strike if things are so good in the department?

JOHNNY

Why does a movie star ask for \$20 Million a picture? Isn't \$10 Million enough for someone who was waiting tables and living in a run-down studio apartment on Wilcox? Why do they demand a double trailer and a personal chef on set and first-class tickets for their masseuse and -

EMILY

I get the picture, Chief.

JOHNNY

Well, I'm going to go set up for the next class. I think I have your group in my next session. I'll see you both there in fifteen minutes. Don't be late.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Johnny is now at the podium in the center of the half-circle room. There is a pie chart on the projection screen.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

Alright people, let's get it quiet in here. First of all, are there any questions from the previous two class sessions?

LATIFAH

Yeah, Mr. Johnny. When do I get my first check? I got bills to pay.

JOHNNY

You get paid two weeks after you start working for the Department.

JEFFREY

Would it be alright if I made some alterations to the uniform? We can do the navy pants, but the khaki shirt is a little drab, don't you think?

JOHNNY

The word "uniform" means all the same. If you changed yours, it wouldn't be a uniform. The D.O.T. uniform is one of the best in the world. Take pride in it.

CHIMP

Oooahh- oah.

JOHNNY

Well then. Let's begin this session.

(beat)

As a traffic officer, your duties will cover several areas. Executing citations only makes up about 50% of your work day. You will also be responsible for directing traffic, assisting in expediting accident clean up, and supporting the Police. Special events like the upcoming Marathon, Hollywood Bowl concerts, and traffic signal outages will also require your presence.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A homeless man begins to snore. Johnny notices but keeps going.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

So now we're going to learn the basic hand signals for directing traffic, and tomorrow you will implement them in our Traffic Simulator. (beat) Then we'll move on to how to dodge drive-by shootings, successfully escaping from wild dogs and, most importantly, how to boot a car.

JEFFREY

Oh, I know all about boots.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF:

Johnny performing hand signals and the trainees repeating them back incorrectly. The chimp is the only one to get them right. He gets excited and starts beating his chest.

CUT TO:

Johnny shuts down the computer and retracts the projection screen.

JOHNNY

Tomorrow, you'll go through the simulator on your own and the relays as a group. Your assignments on Monday will depend on your cumulative scores.

LATIFAH

Cumulative...that sounds dirty.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - NIGHT

Ted walks behind the other members of the group. They each get into their cars, ready to go home for the night.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

You guys better be ready for the relay race. I want to win me a good post.

MEE SUK SUM

My parents are waiting. Bye-bye. See you tomorrow.

Mee Suk Sum turns around and waves good-bye to Ted. Ted faintly acknowledges her, not believing anyone would show any interest in his sad self.

JEFFREY

Where's your car, Ted?

TED

Oh, it's around here somewhere.

JEFFREY

Well, I'm right here. I'll give you a lift to your car.

TED

No- that's alright. I'll just walk.

JEFFREY

Oh, I see. You don't feel comfortable around me because I'm- well- so much younger than you.

TED

I just want to catch some fresh air. That's all.

JEFFREY

Perfect. It's a convertible.

TED

No- I need to go for a walk. All that sitting in class has my legs-

JEFFREY

Suit yourself. I'm not going to beg for it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TED

The truth is, I don't have a car.
Anymore. It got towed.

JEFFREY

Well then how are you going to get
home at this hour?

TED

I'm not. My minivan was my home.

JEFFREY

Well, you're welcome to stay at my
place. My roommate is out of the
country for two weeks.

TED

Thanks, really. I'll be fine.

JEFFREY

Oh, don't be silly. Come on. You
can't sleep here tonight. They've
got guard dogs.

FLASHBACK TO:

EXT. BEL AIR MANSION - NIGHT

Ted is having a flashback to five years earlier. He lurks
around the grounds of the estate of Larry Snotowitz, Irene
Kiss' lover (and future husband). Ted approaches a window
from which he hears passionate moans.

Ted fumbles around to get a better look at his wife getting
pounded from behind by Snotowitz. Just then, a pair of
Rottweilers take a bite out of Ted's ass. He falls to the
ground and they tear into him like a human Beggin' Strip.

Larry and Irene stop their lovemaking when Ted's cries become
louder than their own.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - NIGHT

Jeffrey shakes Ted violently to get him to stop shrieking.
Ted comes to.

TED

No dogs! I'll go with you!

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeffrey opens the front door of a small but elegant West Hollywood apartment. The interior is worthy of being featured in *Architectural Digest*. Ted follows Jeffrey inside.

TED

Nice place.

JEFFREY

Well, it's what I like to call home.

TED

So I guess I'll just sleep here on the couch. What do you think?

JEFFREY

Oh don't be silly- this couch cost \$10,000. You're sleeping in the bed!

TED

I don't think that's a good idea. You see, I have really bad hemorrhoids.

JEFFREY

Well as long as you don't sleep naked, I don't see a problem with you using my roommate's bed.

TED

Oh, right. Your roommate's bed.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY

Is everything alright, Ted? You're acting even more strangely than usual.

TED

No, everything's fine. I'm going to hit the sack now. I'm really tired.

JEFFREY

Alright. Well, I may have a friend come over a little later. I'll try not to make too much noise.

TED

No problem. You do whatever it is you do. I'll just be asleep in your roommate's room with the door shut. And locked.

JEFFREY

Good night.

TED

Good night.

CUT TO:

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - DAY

Six AM and a woman's voice screams in ecstasy. Ted is startled at first, but then he relaxes once he realizes it is Jeffrey having sex with his friend. A grin of relief comes over his face and he goes back to sleep.

CUT TO:

Jeffrey walks out into the kitchen completely naked. He pours a glass of water and drinks from it. Ted stumbles out of his room moments later. He is still sleepy, but he perks up when he sees Jeffrey standing behind the kitchen counter.

TED

You know, yesterday I was a little nervous about coming here because I thought you were...well, you know -

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY

No, I don't know -

TED

But after hearing your friend this morning, I feel a lot more comfortable about staying here in the same apartment.

Jeffrey's MALE LOVER walks out from Jeffrey's room. He wears a black leather jock strap and has a handle bar moustache. He stands at 6'4", 250 lbs. - solid muscle. Ted hasn't noticed him yet.

TED (CONT.) (CONT'D)

She woke me up, the screaming was so loud!

Jeffrey's boyfriend walks over to Jeffrey and slaps his bare ass. Jeffrey lets out a feminine yelp, causing Ted's eyes to bulge.

MALE LOVER

You two boys better get to work.
It's almost 7:00.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - DAY

The group is gathered out front. They wait for Latifah, who is trotting over. She tries to catch her breath as she starts her routine speech.

LATIFAH

I'm sorry y'all. My car broke down and-

EMILY

Save it, Sister. We've got some planning to do. The relay race is after lunch, and from what I've been able to find out, that pretty much determines whether or not we make the cut.

TED

So what's there to plan?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

What are you deaf and stupid? The relay consists of different tests. Each of us has something that we're good at, so we should match everyone up with the test that they can do best.

LATIFAH

What if we ain't good at nothin'?

EMILY

Then you'd better drop out. I'm not pulling your weight.

Johnny speaks out to the trainees over the megaphone.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Alright people. The first hands-on exercise is driving.

CUT TO:

A line of 20 white Ford Focus economy cars line a street of the back lot. They are marked with the City of Los Angeles seal and the "Keep L.A. Moving" motto.

JOHNNY (O.S.) (CONT.) (CONT'D)

On Monday, you will each be given a car. These vehicles are to be treated with care. This is a new batch of cars, so they have to last us for another two years before we upgrade. Arrangements have been made for some of you who have special needs.

Two mini-cars (children's battery-operated cars) are parked at the end of the row of cars. They are also white and emblazoned with the City logos.

CUT TO:

Johnny stands holding the megaphone. He continues his speech to the trainees.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Groups 34 through 67 will go first.
Each group member will take a turn.
Groups 1 through 33 should report to
the classrooms for your written exams.
Groups 68 through 100 go to the traffic
simulator.

CUT TO:

Emily's group (Group 66) stands ready for action, except Mee Suk Sum who looks a little nervous.

LATIFAH

That means us, too, right? We 66, ain't
we?

JEFFREY

I wish I had been in Group 69.

Johnny approaches Group 66 with the LA Zoo trainer.

JOHNNY

Emily, we got the two cars on the end
for you and Tiny. They're electric,
so you'll need to charge them every
six hours. Got it?

EMILY

Does the Chief got gas? Then I get it.

JOHNNY

Huh?

He rips a wet fart in response to her inquiry.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP ON MEE SUK SUM:

She is terrified and tries to hide behind the rest of the
group. She obviously wants to go last - if at all.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

VIEW FROM MEE SUK SUM P.O.V.

Everything is blurry. She has 20/800 vision at best. Only general forms can be made out from behind her glasses.

CUT TO:

Johnny approaches Mee Suk Sum.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Why don't you go first. Our Oriental Trainees don't usually do well on this portion, but you've been acing everything so far. Go ahead, make your group proud.

MEE SUK SUM

But I forgot my license at home.

JOHNNY

That's alright. You're only going to drive around the training center. Besides, you're D.O.T. - cops can't give you a ticket.

MEE SUK SUM

I, I, ...

EMILY

Come on, Mee. Get in the damn car!

Mee walks slowly over to the row of cars. She feels for the door handle and opens the car to get in. She sits with both hands on the steering wheel, staring blindly out the front windshield. She looks like she's going to hyperventilate. Johnny again uses his megaphone.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

The keys are in the ignitions. You will cruise alongside the parked cars at 10 mph and stop next to the cars with expired meters or those with "Arnold for President" bumper stickers. You will be given one point per vehicle you identify correctly.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JOHNNY (O.S.) (cont'd)

(pause)

Start your engines and begin the exercise
when ready.

Mee turns the key and fires up the pistons. She puts the gear into neutral and hits the gas. Nothing happens. She hits the gas a little more, and still nothing. She moves the gear up one notch and hits the gas, sending the car into reverse. The car demolishes a bush behind it. Mee shrieks.

CUT TO:

Ted and the others look on in absolute horror. Johnny shakes his head and walks off.

CUT TO:

Mee has put the car into drive and rolls forward. She follows the other cars in front of her as they complete the exercise.

The car in front of Mee stops suddenly at a Mercedes-Benz with a "Arnold in '08" window placard. Mee doesn't react in time and rear-ends the Focus in front of her. The impact sends her glasses flying down to the pedals.

CUT TO:

MEE SUK SUM P.O.V.

Mee looks up from the steering wheel at the mess in front of her. The driver has gotten out of his car and is yelling. She can see him clearly. Her eyes shift over to the car's trunk and she reads the "Focus" logo with 20/20 vision.

CUT TO:

Jeffrey and the others are covering their eyes and cringing at the fender bender. Completely frustrated, Jeffrey yells out to Mee.

JEFFREY

Back up! Keep going!

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (5)

Mee backs up and goes around the car in front of her. She is right on track now that she doesn't have her glasses. She quickly pulls over next to a car with a flashing meter.

CUT TO:

Johnny takes notice of Mee's recovery and raises an eyebrow out of astonishment.

CUT TO:

Mee Suk Sum hugs Jeffrey. Jeffrey gets into the car with the smashed grill. Johnny walks over to shake Mee's hand.

JOHNNY

Congratulations, Mee. You're the highest scorer from that round, and the highest scoring Oriental ever with only one accident.

MEE SUK SUM

I can see! I can see!

She raises up her broken glasses in triumph.

CUT TO:

INT. SIMULATOR ROOM - DAY

A dark room with large screens on each of the four walls. They have video footage of a major Los Angeles intersection. The traffic signals are visibly dead on the video screens.

A D.O.T. TRAINER speaks to the groups inside. He is a big fat lard-ass, and he has glazed donut crumbs on his upper lip.

DOT TRAINER 2

There are over 40,000 intersections in the City of Los Angeles. This simulator will test your mastery of the hand signals you learned yesterday. You will direct traffic at an intersection that has experienced a power outage.

(pause)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DOT TRAINER 2 (cont'd)

You will each go through the simulator for a full cycle of traffic or roughly three minutes. This group should be in here until lunch. Hmmm. Lunch.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF GROUP 66:

[Pink's "Get This Party Started" plays] Latifah motions traffic with one hand on her hip, full of confidence. She begins to get into it and dances as she exaggerates her hand movements.

CUT TO:

Jeffrey motions the cars with a flair of drama and Liberace showmanship.

CUT TO:

A hand waives past the lower portion of the screen. PAN DOWN to see Emily standing on a step-ladder directing traffic. She has a commanding presence as she blows her whistle furiously and extends her flat palm to the camera (meaning STOP).

CUT TO:

INT. CAFETERIA - DAY

CLOSE UP of a live lobster cooking in a pot of boiling water. It struggles to get out of the pot. PAN OVER to the line of trainees. Ted takes sauteed shitake mushrooms and asparagus. He talks to Emily who is in front of him.

TED

The written exam should be a breeze,
but I'm nervous about the relay race.
I'm not a very competitive person.

EMILY

Well, then you'll be our last leg.
Besides, Soul Sista is good at directing
traffic, and Chop SuMee learned how to
drive, so we should be fine without you.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY (cont'd)

(beat) Ted, perhaps that's why your woman cheated on you. Life is a competition. You gotta play to win. I've learned that lesson repeatedly as I was thrown against a velcro wall.

A CAFETERIA SERVER offers Ted a main course.

SERVER

Steak Tartar, fresh Lobster, or *Coq au vin*?

TED

I'll have the steak. (beat). And, thanks, Emily. Perhaps you're right. I do lack self-confidence.

EMILY

Good, Ted. But I'm more worried about that little Eminem Chalupa. He's skipped every session since yesterday.

CUT TO:

INT. ACADEMY BATHROOM - DAY

The sound of a toilet seat creaking can be heard from one of the stalls. The stalls are all empty except for one that is lined with a stack of "Spicy Latinas" magazines and a pair of baggy jeans around some And One sneakers. The top magazine is a picture of Colombia's Miss Universe.

TED (V.O.)

Maybe he's joined another group.

EMILY NORMUS (V.O.)

I doubt it. I don't even think he speaks English.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The trainees are taking their written exam on laptops. Ted types up a storm. Latifah searches for the letters on her keyboard. Ogre downloads music again.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - DAY

The Strike Captain pulls a Coca-Cola truck up to the guard booth and gate. The guard booth has monitors from several surveillance cameras. The striker wears a Coca-Cola uniform and a hat to further disguise himself. He mumbles to the old GUARD.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

I'm delivering to the cafeteria.

GUARD

Delivering what?

STRIKE CAPTAIN

What do you think? Coca-Cola.

GUARD

They serve Pepsi in the cafeteria.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Right, well, they makin' lots of changes since the strike and all.

GUARD

Well, I don't have any deliveries scheduled for today. Heck, they'll be done here after tonight. Don't know why they'd order soda at the end of the training.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Yeah, well personally, I don't give a possum's ass what they do with the stuff, I just know I have to drop it off. If I don't, they'll have my neck.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRIKE CAPTAIN (cont'd)

And if they take my job, you can damn well be sure I'll be coming to look for you.

GUARD

Hey, don't I know you from a couple of years ago. You're starting to look familiar.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Well, I used to deliver Pepsi. That's probably where you know me from.

Meanwhile, two other strikers (SABOTEUR TWINS) exit the side of the truck opposite the guard. They are Russian twins, short, dark, handsome, and athletic. Wearing all-black and carrying backpacks like Navy Seals, they scurry out of the truck and onto the academy lot.

GUARD

Wait here. I'm going to have to call this one in.

The old man starts to turn around, and the strike captain does his best to distract him a bit longer.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Wait, I think I may have made a mistake on this one. Can you tell me what this says here on my clipboard?

The old man goes over to the rig to take the clipboard.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - DAY

A group of trainees practice placing tickets under windshield wipers on dummy cars. AN INSTRUCTOR (Central Division Captain) yells out instructions to the group.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

Lift, position, release. Lift, position, release.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The two saboteurs run down the side of a building. They stop behind the group of trainees. The instructor sees them and nods his head, giving them clearance to continue.

CUT TO:

INT. ELECTRICAL ROOM - DAY

The two saboteurs make it into a large electrical room full of routers and switches. The room also houses all communications, T3 internet lines, and emergency power boxes. They take off their packs and begin taking out tools. Among the tools are smoke bombs and other paramilitary gear.

CUT TO:

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

Ted is about to hit save on his twenty-page essay when the power goes out. The room goes to total darkness.

TED (O.S.)

NO!!!!

JOHNNY (O.S.)

There's no need to panic. The emergency power should come back on any second now.

LATIFAH (O.S.)

I don't like this Mr. Johnny.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Any second now.

Someone coughs as the room begins to fill with smoke, thereby setting the fire alarm and sprinklers off. Trainees begin to scream and shout in terror.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - DAY

The old man at the guard gate picks up the phone to dial the main office. He shakes the phone, but the line is dead. The strike captain waits nervously in the truck.

GUARD

The phones are out. Damn cameras are out! Hell, there's been a breach! You wait here!

The guard jogs off in the direction of the main campus. The striker backs the truck up to take off.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - DUSK

All 601 trainees stand outside, many soaking wet. Johnny uses his megaphone to try and organize the group. The other staffers pull out computers and A/V equipment from the classrooms onto the lawn.

JOHNNY

Well people, we're not going to complete your academy training. The power's out, and it's almost dark now. Normally, we assign officers based on their scores and skills, but I'm going to have to do this arbitrarily, I guess.

CUT TO:

CAMERA PANS ACROSS THE FACES OF SCARED, WET, AND PATHETIC TRAINEES. THEIR LACK OF PREPARATION IS EVIDENT.

JOHNNY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

We have five divisions: Central, West LA, South, Harbor, and Hollywood. Each group will send one member to each division, and a second to the Central Division because it's the busiest.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

EMILY

How do we decide who gets which division?

JOHNNY

I guess we're going to have to draw names out of a hat or something.

LATIFAH

Uh-uh. I want to be close to my babies. Don't make me drive all the way to Harbor, Mr. Johnny.

JEFFREY

I'm certainly not working in the Southern division. That's South Central!

JOHNNY

This is only temporary anyway. This whole strike could be over tomorrow for all you know. Just write your names on a piece of paper, and one person from each group will pick them from my hat. I'll go around and write in the assignments by hand.

CUT TO:

The trainees pull pens and paper out of their pockets and begin scribbling their names as best they can. Some use their own leg as a table, others use their palms. Ogre tries to use Emily's head for a table.

EMILY

Get your damn paws off me, homie!

OGRE

You best recognize, beeyatch.

CUT TO:

Johnny goes around to the different groups. Group 66 is next in line. Emily gathers up the paper scraps and waits for Johnny.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

Alright. Group 66. Great. Place the names in my hat.

(pause)

West LA: Latifah Washington,

CUT TO:

Latifah gives a neck swerve indicating she approves of her new assignment.

CUT TO:

JOHNNY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Hollywood: Ogre Vasquez,

CUT TO:

Ogre stands listening to his headphones, unaware of what has just happened.

CUT TO:

JOHNNY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

South: Jeffrey Dover -

CUT TO:

JEFFREY

What?! There's got to be some mistake.
Draw again!

CUT TO:

JOHNNY (CONT.)

Harbor: Mee Suk Sum,

CUT TO:

Mee smiles. She looks different without her glasses and with her hair wet. Johnny notices, as does Ogre.

CUT TO:

JOHNNY (CONT.) (CONT'D)

Central: Ted Kisinsky. Who's left?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

I am.

JOHNNY

Then you go to Central, too.

JEFFREY

What about "Tiny"?

JOHNNY

We'll put him with Ogre.

JEFFREY

Great. Just great!

JOHNNY

You'll all report to your division headquarters tomorrow at 7 am. We'll make tomorrow a red, white, and blue day.

TED

I'm sorry. Could you explain that again?

JOHNNY

That's first priority enforcement: Red is for "no parking," white is for "passenger loading," and blue is for "handicapped." The first day is usually the toughest, so let's just focus on the basics, got it?

EMILY

I'll be there at 5:00 AM sharp Chief.

JEFFREY

Sir, is there any way that Ted and I can be put on the same route? We carpool.

JOHNNY

Mr. Dover, just follow your orders and don't make my life more complicated than it already is.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (4)

JEFFREY

Oof!

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - NIGHT

The two saboteur twins watch from a distance. They look at each other and laugh. They look up behind them at the strike captain who is also laughing.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

They no way they gonna keep our jobs for more than a day. Two max.

CUT TO:

EXT. METERMAID ACADEMY - NIGHT

The group disperses to their cars. Ted follows Jeffrey who is clearly distraught.

JEFFREY

I can't believe they put me in the ghetto. Two weeks ago I was dressing mannequins at Barney's, and now this...

TED

Maybe it won't be that bad. The media totally exaggerates the crime rate in minority neighborhoods.

JEFFREY

Nothing's going to cheer me up, so don't bother, Ted. Well, maybe a little something...

TED

I just want to go home and get a fresh start tomorrow morning. I can't afford to lose this job.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Ted and Jeffrey open the door to find that the apartment is full of hot, young, gay men. The brawny man from the morning plays host, serving up cosmopolitans.

[Groovejet's "If This Ain't Love" plays on the CD system]

The revelers shake their asses to the music; TWO PARTY-GOERS are dancing up on the couch getting down and dirty. AN ASIAN PARTY-GOER grabs Ted's ass as he walks by, causing Ted to jump.

MALE LOVER

Hey boys! Come join the party!

TED

No thanks. I'm just going to go to bed now. I've got to be downtown before 7:00 AM.

MALE LOVER

Suit yourself, party pooper.

Ted walks into [his] room, only to find TWO GAY MEN making out in his bed.

CUT TO:

INT. CLOSET - DAY

Ted sleeps in the closet. He is awakened by the sound of the street sweeper outside. He stumbles to the bathroom, tiptoeing around used condoms and empty glasses, closing the door behind him.

TED (O.S.)

Oh, no!

He rushes out of the bathroom with a note from Jeffrey.

INSERT HANDWRITTEN NOTE:

Dear Ted, I couldn't find you, and
I didn't want to be late on the
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED (O.S.) (cont'd)
 first day, so I guess I'll see you
 tonight. XO Jeffrey

Ted runs over to the living room, and the clock reads 8:07.

CUT TO:

EXT. METRO BUS - DAY

Ted sits at the front of the bus just across from the DRIVER. He is extremely anxious to get downtown, and he grows increasingly frustrated with every stop. [Ludacris' "Move Bitch" plays, adding to the tension]

TED
 Can't you go any faster? I'm late for my
 first day of work.

BUS DRIVER
 So what do you want me to do? It's not
 like I can just fly over traffic or
 something.

TED
 Well, go around this bunghole. He's
 obviously looking for a parking spot.

BUS DRIVER
 Don't blame me, blame those meter
 maids who went on strike. We can't
 even stop at the proper bus stops
 these days. It's chaos, trust me.
 (beat)
 You're better off underground. Try
 the subway; downtown's about the only
 place the darn thing runs to anyway.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN JEWELRY DISTRICT - DAY

The corner of Broadway and 6th Street in downtown. The old theaters and bank buildings have been taken over by Persians and Armenians selling wholesale jewelry. The sidewalks are crowded with Hispanic shoppers. Cars are parked all along the streets, blocking every stretch of curb in sight.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily and ten other SCABS stand in a huddle in their new D.O.T. uniforms. Emily's nametag reads "E. Normus." The SQUAD SARGEANT stands in the middle, talking on his radio.

SQUAD SARGEANT

He's a no-show. Copy that, Johnny.

(pause)

Alright rookies. Get to your cars and clean this crap up. Emily and you five rookies hit the Fashion District; that's everything south of Main and between 6th Street and the 10.

CUT TO:

EXT. FASHION DISTRICT - DAY

[Timo Maas' "To Get Down" plays] Emily drives alongside cars on Los Angeles Street in her vehicle. She makes her first stop in front of a perfume store where a BLUE SUV is parked in front of a fire hydrant. She gets out of her car and types up the ticket.

Satisfied, she goes over to the driver side and tries to put the ticket under the windshield wiper, but she can't reach the top of the SUV. She stands up on the running board, grabbing onto the side mirror for support. Her weight breaks off the mirror, and she falls to the ground. She quickly gets up and runs back to her car, afraid that the car owner might have seen her.

CUT TO:

She doesn't have to drive more than a few feet before finding another violator: a monster truck parked in a loading zone. She gets out of her car, takes a good look at the truck, and gets back in her car.

EMILY

Goddamnit!

CUT TO:

EXT. DIDDY RIESE COOKIES - DAY

A popular cookie shop in Westwood Village near UCLA. COLLEGE KIDS and SOCCER MOMS go into the store. Latifah comes out of Diddy Riese with a cookie ice cream sandwich, and walks back to her car, which is double-parked in the middle of the street.

She spots a couple of PERSIAN TEENS parking a RANGE ROVER in a handicapped spot in front of HABIBI CAFÉ. The driver puts a blue handicapped placard up on the windshield before exiting the car.

LATIFAH

Uh, uh. I know you didn't just do that in my area...

She walks across the street to the Range Rover and sets her ice cream sandwich on the freshly waxed hood before commencing to type up a ticket.

LATIFAH (CONT'D)

Interruptin' my breakfast and makin' me type on this damn thang..

She struggles to type up the ticket, and the two teens have noticed her in the meantime. They come back out to defend themselves.

PERSIAN KID 1

Why are you giving this car a ticket?

LATIFAH

I'm not giving "this car" a ticket, I'm giving you a ticket. Parking in a handicap spot...

PERSIAN KID 2

We have a placard. We can park here.

LATIFAH

You don't look handicapped to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

PERSIAN KID 1

Yes, I understand that ma'am. You see, I'm here to pick up my grandmother. It's her car. She's right inside if you don't believe me.

LATIFAH

Uh, huh. You can tell that to the judge.

PERSIAN KID 2

Do you know who I am? My father owns half this block!

LATIFAH

Then you should have no problem paying for this ticket.

PERSIAN KID 1

Maybe we can work something out.

LATIFAH

What you talking about?

PERSIAN KID 1

Well, normally we just pay the parking person half of whatever the ticket is.

LATIFAH

You sayin' them other parking officers was takin' bribes?

PERSIAN KID 2

Why don't we just report her.

LATIFAH

Report me? What you gonna report me for?

PERSIAN KID 2

Parking in the middle of the street to buy an ice cream. Putting your food on our private property. That's unprofessional.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

He pulls a digital camera out of the car and starts snapping pictures. Latifah grows worried.

LATIFAH

Hell, just forget about the whole thing.
I'm new. That's my bad.

PERSIAN KID 1

Don't forget your ice cream.

They give her a thumbs up (the middle finger equivalent for Iranians).

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

Ogre sits outside the SAMUEL FRENCH BOOKSTORE on the north side of Sunset Blvd. Several BEAUTIFUL ACTRESSES walk into the bookstore. Ogre's car starts to move up and down in a rhythmic pattern. None of the shoppers realize he is spanking his monkey while fantasizing about them.

CUT TO:

INT. SAMUEL FRENCH BOOKSTORE - DAY

A sexy COLOMBIAN ACTRESS in a pair of skintight white pants bends over to grab a book of monologues from the bottom shelf. She is the former Miss Universe from Ogre's magazine.

She takes her selections to the counter where a disheveled BEATNIK works behind the counter, taking his time to ring up the female customers.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET BLVD. - DAY

Ogre is out of his car giving tickets. His navy blue pants are five sizes too big, and his khaki shirt is only buttoned on the top button, gangsta style. He approaches a cherry red Volkswagen beetle and begins to type in the license plate. A BLONDE BOMBSHELL in workout gear walks over to the car and starts to cry.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

BLONDE BOMBSHELL

That's my fifth ticket this month!
And I haven't worked since last week!

Ogre is noticeably bothered by her crying. He goes to console her with a handkerchief. [JAY Z's "Bonnie and Clyde" plays]

OGRE

No cry, no cry baby girl.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL

Couldn't you make an exception, just this once. I'd be really grateful.

OGRE

Shorty you fine, an ass like that is one of a kind.

BLONDE BOMBSHELL

You're sort of cute yourself. Why don't I write my number on that ticket for you, and you can call me sometime.

OGRE

(like Ja Rule)

I can't wait no more!

She writes on the ticket. Ogre beams as he takes the ticket without reading it then puts it in his pants. He walks to the next car, a dark green Miata with the top down.

Ogre recognizes Miss Universe as she walks over to her car. He tries to act cool even though he's whacked off to her picture dozens of times before. She looks upset that he's giving her a ticket.

OGRE (CONT'D)

No cry, no cry baby girl.

MISS UNIVERSE

You speak Spanish?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

OGRE

Claro que si.
(Of course I do.)

MISS UNIVERSE

¿Ahora porque me da una multa?
(Why are you giving me a ticket?)

OGRE

Pues, no te lo tengo que dar.
(Well, I don't have to give you one.)

MISS UNIVERSE

¿Sabes quien soy?
(Do you know who I am?)

OGRE

Creo que te haya visto alguna vez.
(I may have seen you once before.)

MISS UNIVERSE

Vamos a hacer un trato.
(Let's make a deal.)

Ogre walks in closer, getting more nervous.

OGRE

Me parece bien.
(Sounds good to me.)

MISS UNIVERSE

*Te voy a dar mi autografo en ese
papelito si no me multas.*
(I'm going to give you my autograph on
that little piece of paper if you don't
fine me.)

OGRE

Mejor dame un beso y-
(Why don't you give me a kiss instead)

SMACK! She slaps Ogre across the face, grabs the ticket, and gets inside her car. She opens the glove box and adds the ticket to her collection inside.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

MISS UNIVERSE

¡Eres un patan sin verguenza!

(You're a shameless jerk!)

Ogre stands there with his hand on his cheek in embarrassment. He pulls the previous ticket out of his pants to console himself, only to discover it says:

INSERT TICKET: "GO SCREW YOURSELF."

CUT TO:

EXT. MARINA DEL REY - DAY

Washington Blvd. ends at the beach. Cars fill the cul de sac, parked in a domino game pattern. Mee Suk Sum is on foot, giving tickets to the cars in front of C&O TRATTORIA as ROLLERBLADERS and BICYCLISTS pass on the boardwalk. Her uniform is a size too small, revealing her surprisingly attractive figure.

CUT TO:

After ticketing dozens of cars, Mee returns to her car that she left running. She has locked herself out, and her car blocks all the other cars in. She breaks down and starts crying hysterically.

CUT TO:

INT. SUBWAY (METRO) - DAY

Ted sits on a train with frightening characters when suddenly the train comes to a stop and the lights grow dim. An old man's voice comes over the public address system.

SUBWAY OPERATOR (V.O.)

There's been a slight problem folks.
Do not panic, and do not attempt to
exit the trains.

(in a bad Spanish accent)

No panico. Problemo chico. No exito por
favor.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Ted looks at his watch. He wears a HONEY NUT CHEERIOS watch he acquired with three General Mills proofs of purchase.

INSERT WATCH: 10:45 AM

TED

This is the largest metropolitan area in the country, and we can't figure out PUBLIC TRANSPORTATION!

His voice is so full of rage that he scares even the freakiest of characters on the train.

CUT TO:

EXT. SOUTH CENTRAL - DAY

[Noriega's "Nothing" plays] as Jeffrey cruises through a low income Black neighborhood. The neighborhood is bleak on a good day. Houses have bars on the windows--not the kind that can be taken off with a drill, but the real deal Hollyfield.

WOMEN with braids push shopping carts down the street, an OLD MAN hangs out on a porch, and KIDS run around a yard, chasing each other for fun.

Jeffrey can't believe his eyes, and he has all the windows rolled up. He has to ticket all the cars on this block.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF STREET SIGN: "NO STOPPING ANYTIME"

CUT TO:

He stops at an old Ford Thunderbird and pauses for a moment to psyche himself up. Just then, two muscular Black MEN come out of a house with their shirts off. They are covered in tattoos and look menacing. They walk over to Jeffrey's car slowly, eyes locked on Jeffrey. He panics and hits the gas. The two men run after him for about ten yards until he's gone.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Jeffrey whimpers from the near attack.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD BLVD. - DAY

Five STARLINE TOURS VANS are parked in front of the MANN'S CHINESE THEATER. Behind them, a crowd of TOURISTS from all over the world take pictures in front of stars on the Walk of Fame. A woman dressed as CHARLIE CHAPLIN unsuccessfully attempts to get the attention of a JAPANESE TOURIST.

Tiny drives up in his vehicle in full mini-uniform, catching the Japanese tourist's attention.

JAPANESE TOURIST

Cool!

He starts snapping pictures of the chimp. Others abandon the Walk of Fame and begin a crowd around Tiny. Tiny doesn't notice his fan club, and proceeds to type up tickets for the tour vans.

The crowd can't believe it. They go nuts and applaud as Tiny swings from van to van, giving out tickets. A JAPANESE FEMALE TEEN faints from the excitement (a la Beatles fans).

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

Johnny Stinking Bear sits behind his desk. He has put up new photos and decorations. He has his head in his hands as a radio broadcasts all the meter maid problems and complaints.

METER MAID (V.O.)

They're throwing bottles at me!

LIEUTENANT (V.O.)

Pull out! Pull out!

A knock at the door. It is Ted. Completely frazzled from his arduous commute.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

What do you want?

TED

I'm reporting for work.

JOHNNY

You're four hours late, Ted.

TED

I know. I had a little trouble getting here.

JOHNNY

That's too bad. We could use smart people like you out there. It's not going too well.

SEARGENT (V.O.)

Unit one, what were you doing at the Spearmint Rhino for two hours?

JOHNNY

I thought the first day was going to be problematic, but it's absolute chaos out there. The computer has only logged fifty-seven tickets all day, and half of them are from the monkey.

TED

Tiny?

OPERATOR (V.O.)

Johnny, I've gotten three sexual harassment calls this morning from the Hollywood division - all for Officer Vasquez. Please advise.

TED

Please, Mr. Bear, let me go out there. I promise I'll give out lots of tickets.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

JOHNNY

Give Officer Vasquez a warning and clear any tickets from the records of the women complaining.

TED

Please, I need this job. I've got nothing!

JOHNNY

Only because you're Irene Kiss' ex-husband. She and I go way back. Wayyyyyy back.

Johnny leans back in his chair and looks up at the dream catcher with a smile.

TED

How did you know?

JOHNNY

I did a background check on you to see if you really went to Harvard.

(pause)

You were assigned to the Garment District, but you'd might as well get started right here outside the Court House and City Hall. You bring me 50 tickets by nightfall, and I'll let you stay on.

TED

You got it.

Ted leaves the office with a smile on his face, full of hope. Johnny waits until Ted is gone and he picks up the radio once more.

JOHNNY

Listen up Rookies. You are pathetic! It makes me sick to hear all these blunders on this radio frequency. The D.O.T.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY (cont'd)
is no joke, and I will not sit here and
let a motley crew of scabs ruin the image
that I have worked twenty years to
create!

Johnny takes a deep breath and then squeezes the radio to
actually broadcast his message.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)
Alright Rookies, keep up the fight.
Division Captains, meet me at Central
Command in ten minutes.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOS ANGELES STREET - DAY

Emily rolls up in her cart with a step ladder in the back.
She gets out of her car, carries the ladder in one hand and
the ticket machine in the other. She looks pissed off,
determined to give out tickets.

CUT TO:

A CHEVY IMPALA with tinted windows sits in a red zone in
front of an urban clothing store. Emily sets her step ladder
next to it, climbs up, and proceeds to type up a ticket. She
leans over to place the ticket:

EMILY
Lift, position, release.

Before she can leave the ticket, the car rises another foot
higher, out of her reach. The Impala has hydraulics, forcing
Emily to climb up another step on her ladder.

The car rises another foot. Emily tries to look inside the
car, but the windows are completely tinted.

The car lowers, and Emily tries to place the ticket, but it
rises again. The driver is toying with her. She gets down
from her ladder and kicks the car door with her little foot.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The DRIVER is Snoop Dogg, the Long Beach rapper. He gets out of his car and looks down at her with a mean scowl.

SNOOP DOGG

Oh, you bad, huh?

Emily doesn't hesitate, and she punches Snoop Dogg in the balls (a straight right cross from Emily's height). Snoop Dogg bends over from the pain, and Emily puts the ticket in Snoop's mouth.

CUT TO:

EXT. L.A. COUNTY COURTHOUSE - DAY

Ted straightens his glasses as he types up his first ticket. He looks even dorkier with his uniform on. He places the ticket on a Mercedes Benz just as the owner comes to move it. A sharp dressed LAWYER approaches Ted.

LAWYER

Hey! What are you doing?!

TED

I gave you a citation for parking violation 217, expired meter.

LAWYER

Don't I know you from- you went to Harvard! We had Frank for American Literature.

TED

Um. That's right.

LAWYER

Well how the hell are ya'?

TED

Um. Fine I guess.

LAWYER

How did you end up doing this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

I'm just going through some tough times since I lost my job as a journalist.

LAWYER

That's right. You said you were going to become a writer. That's great. I mean, I'm sorry that things are going badly.

(pause)

Well gosh, I was just coming out here to put in more change. I have a big case inside. It's a celebrity shoplifting sort of deal. Why don't you void this ticket, and I'll put in a couple of more quarters.

He fishes through his suit pocket for some change, and starts to put money into the meter.

TED

I can't. I'm sorry. The law's the law.

LAWYER

You're kidding.

The lawyer's facial expression turns from buddy-buddy to one of spite.

LAWYER (CONT'D)

So much for class loyalty. I won't forget this, Meter Maid!

Ted reaches down for his walkie-talkie.

TED

This is Ted at the courthouse, over.
(beat) Looks like I'm going to need the boot.

Ted smiles to himself. He's finally gained some confidence.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

A large room that looks like it belongs at the Department of Defense or NASA. Johnny and the five Division Captains (including the Central Captain who let the saboteurs go) stand in front of a huge electronic wall map of Los Angeles. Red lights mark the location of each and every meter maid vehicle.

Johnny holds a pointer and paces back and forth in front of the electronic grid.

JOHNNY

Gentlemen, this is worse than I thought it would be. Or could be for that matter.

HOLLYWOOD CAPTAIN

Johnny, if I may, my simian Officer is doing quite nicely. He's 95% more efficient than our standard Officers.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

That's probably a fluke. We're not even sure if he's giving out tickets to people who deserve them.

HARBOR CAPTAIN

Since when does that matter?

JOHNNY

I'm not worried about the zoo Rookie, I'm talking about the other 200 officers on this first shift. They're horrible!

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

I agree. We need to end this strike. The City has to concede.

JOHNNY

That's not for us to decide. We have a job to do in the meantime. That means each of you is going to be responsible for motivating your men, women, and apes.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

SOUTH CAPTAIN

Hell, most of my officers have never seen the ghetto. They're too scared to give out tickets. Four have been attacked already. And it's not even dark out yet.

JOHNNY

Well then make them more scared of you.

WEST LA CAPTAIN

I'd like to switch officers with him. You gave me a bunch of 'hood rats' and homeless people. They're probably digging through the trash of some Bel Air Mansion instead of patrolling their areas.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLMBY HILLS ESTATE- DAY

A SCAB tries to fit a big screen TV left out for the garbage collection in the back of his Focus.

CUT TO:

INT. CENTRAL COMMAND - DAY

Johnny crosses his arms.

JOHNNY

I seriously doubt that, Wally. What they really need is more training.

CENTRAL

Well I say we call the Mayor and tell him this whole scab thing isn't going to work. It's as simple as that.

JOHNNY

No. I'm calling an emergency meeting at the Academy tonight.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - NIGHT

Johnny stands in the middle of 580 scabs. The other 21 scabs are either in the hospital or have quit. They all look exhausted in their wrinkled uniforms. Johnny uses his megaphone to broadcast his voice to everyone.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR

All right people. Some of your peers have quit. Others are in the Hospital from minor injuries. But most of you are here. And you're here because you need the job. So when you go back out tomorrow, just remember that. YOU NEED THIS JOB. And this job needs you. I'm re-instating a quota system starting tomorrow morning. Each officer will give 50 citations per 8 hour shift, or you will be cut from the program.

The crowd turns to each other and begins murmuring. Johnny yells over them to get their attention back.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (cont'd)

Let's get it quiet out here, people!

(pause)

That's the deal. And just so you know, Tiny gave out 77 tickets in the six hours before his car had to be recharged.

Johnny, sensing a lack of motivation, switches gears.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (CONT'D)

Look, people, this academy isn't just about writing tickets. It's a place where you can learn courage, confidence and self-respect. Tools for success. You don't need no Kaballa, yoga or Scientology. It's all right here. You just need to believe, then good things will happen. I believe each and every one of you can get out there and do good work. You're not a bunch of losers, like everyone says. You're winners.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Johnny takes a hard look at his audience.

JOHNNY STINKING BEAR (CONT'D)

At least in my book. (beat) Okay, back to business. We'll reconvene here tomorrow - same time.

CUT TO:

Ted and Jeffrey look beat up. Jeffrey wants to cry.

JEFFREY

I can't do it, Ted. I'm going to quit. I have to.

TED

Don't talk like that. So you were assaulted your first day. Twice. At least you're not in the Hospital.

JEFFREY

I didn't give out a single ticket all day! The two times I tried, I was beaten up by...by thugs! How am I supposed to go from 0 to 50?

TED

Why don't you drive around USC? That's in your territory, and it's all rich White kids.

JEFFREY

Oooh, yeah. College boys...

CUT TO:

Meanwhile, Mee is sobbing. Ogre sees this and approaches her with his handkerchief.

OGRE

No cry baby girl.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

MEE SUK SUM

I can't help it. My parents...
they'll disown me if I get fired from
this job. That's the whole reason I took
this job; to make them proud.

Ogre stares blankly. Mee blows her nose in Ogre's
handkerchief loudly. She hands it back to Ogre, but he
signals for her to keep it.

CUT TO:

Latifah wobbles away with barely enough energy to hold
herself up. Emily easily catches up to her.

EMILY

So how many tickets did you give out
today Super Size?

LATIFAH

I know you did not just call me that.
Girl, after this day, I will squash your
little Keebler Elf-looking self.

EMILY

It's just a question, Sista. You
don't want to go toe to toe with me.
Besides, we're part of the same group,
remember?

LATIFAH

Not for long. I'm gonna quit. This
job's too much damn work. I'm just
waiting for the end of the week so I can
collect unemployment.

EMILY

You can't collect unemployment if you
quit.

LATIFAH

What you talkin' about?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

EMILY

You have to be let go for reasons beyond your control. Like when the strikers come back and they cut you.

LATIFAH

Damn, that's what happened from my last job. Well, there's no way I'm gonna be able to give out that many tickets. That's too much walking.

EMILY

So don't get out of your car.

Latifah stops to rest and think a while. Emily keeps going without her.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKED CAR - NIGHT

The Central Division Captain sits in his car on a cell phone. He's looking through luxury car, boat and travel brochures.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

I'm going to take me one of those sex tours in Thailand once we win this strike.

The last of the scabs can be seen walking towards their cars through the windows. His tone and demeanor express his anger.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

No, Ol' Fart Breath is determined to make this work. But the Chief gave us one more chance - he set a quota of 50 per scab. We just have to make sure none of them reach the quota.

STRIKE CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Don't worry about that. We know what to do.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

Oh, and Hollywood's got a hot-shot
chimp that's beating all the records.

STRIKE CAPTAIN (O.S.)

What's he look like?

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

A Chimp. A real fuggin' monkey.

STRIKE CAPTAIN (O.S.)

They got them a monkey?

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

A winding road near the Hollywood sign. The two Russian
twins sit in a parked car next to a house on the cliff. They
wear street clothes this time. The passenger twin uses his
cell phone while the driver eats an In-N-Out burger.

TWIN 2

Yes, I'm calling from 1407 Canyon
Drive, and there's a car blocking my
driveway. I think it's a rental car.

DOT DISPATCHER (O.S.)

That's up by the Hollywood sign, right?

TWIN 2

That's right.

DOT DISPATCHER (O.S.)

Probably some tourists. We get these
calls all the time. I'll send an
officer out to take care of it.

TWIN 2

Thank you so much.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE BEAN - DAY

Latifah walks into the coffee bean at San Vicente and Barrington in Brentwood. The place is busy, full of young, good-looking CUSTOMERS drinking mochas, lates, and reading the Financial Times. The Strike Captain walks in behind her and goes to the pick-up counter.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Ogre pulls up in his car, bass pumping out the windows as he listens to 50 CENT. He gets to the address and then parks his car on the downhill slope. He gets out with his ticket PDA and walks up the hill to check for violators.

Meanwhile, the twins have run over to his abandoned car with a large pair of WIRE CUTTERS.

CUT TO:

INT. COFFEE BEAN - DAY

A nineteen-year-old COFFEE BEAN EMPLOYEE shouts out order names. The strike captain stands nearby with a paper sack.

COFFEE BEAN EMPLOYEE

Two Vanilla Ice Blendeds with whipped cream for Lat...Laisha?

The strike captain steps up with a smile.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

It's Latifah. She's in the bathroom.
I'll make sure she gets them.

COFFEE BEAN EMPLOYEE

Okay.

He takes them a few feet away, opens the paper bag, and pulls out a bottle of clear liquid laxative.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He drinks from each of the Ice Blendeds just enough to make room for the laxative.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Ogre is back in his car. He makes a three point turn on the narrow street and starts downhill.

CUT TO:

Ogre's car speeds down the hill, barely making the turns without hitting parked cars and trash containers.

CUT TO:

INT. OGRE'S CAR - DAY

Ogre tries to put on the breaks, only to realize they're done. His only choice is to ditch his vehicle into the canyon below before something worse happens.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Ogre jumps from his car as the vehicle plunges into the canyon. A FAMILY witnesses the crash from their back deck.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST LA - DAY

Latifah gives out tickets on Santa Monica Blvd. near the Mormon Temple. She uses a mechanical arm to place tickets on windshields without exiting her car. She sings a Marvin Gaye tune before interrupting herself abruptly.

LATIFAH

Ooh. That was not pretty.

She rolls down her own window to let in some fresh air.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATIFAH (CONT'D)

Uh, uh. I know I don't have to go right now when there ain't no public bathrooms. Ah, hell.

CUT TO:

EXT. MORMON TEMPLE - DAY

Latifah has parked her car and scurries about the Mormon Temple grounds looking for a bathroom. She approaches a MISSIONARY in a suit and asks for directions.

LATIFAH

Bathroom- I need a bathroom NOW.

MISSIONARY

The Visitor's Center. Just look for the statue of Jesus.

CUT TO:

Latifah walks as fast as she can without separating her butt cheeks. She totally misses the Visitor's Center and heads for the Temple itself.

LATIFAH

Oh, Jesus. Where are you?

CUT TO:

Latifah barges in through an entrance into the holy building reserved for only the most worthy of Mormons. A temple WORKER dressed in an all-white suit tries to stop her, but she completely runs him over like a fullback over a cornerback. SLOW MOTION as she knocks him over and opens a door, releasing bright beams of light.

CUT TO:

EXT. USC CAMPUS - DAY

Jeffrey patrols the perimeter of Hoover near Jefferson. He drives slowly, watching the FOOTBALL TEAM practice without their pads on.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

There are plenty of expired meters that he can ticket. He exits his car and tickets several BMWs, Porsches, and a Lexus, each time pausing to watch the hulking athletes run plays.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Emily is ticketing the hell out of cars parked illegally for a convention. She's left her car behind her half a block. In the distance, a STRIKER (#2) hunches over next to the mini-car.

CUT TO:

The striker slashes the little tires on Emily's vehicle. They quickly deflate and the plastic frame ends up on the pavement.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE - DAY

Tiny tickets shoppers on Melrose Avenue near Curson. The sidewalks are packed with TEENYBOPPERS dressed in super low-cut jeans and tight t-shirts, JAPANESE PUNKS, and MOTORCYCLE BAD BOYS. Tiny makes his way down the street towards vehicular blight: DENNIS WOODRUFF'S CAR.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP:

Dennis Woodruff, "Actor for Hire", stands outside his car soaking up rays and trying to get noticed. His car looks like an eighth grade art project, paper-machéed, spray-painted, and tweaked all-over. He's proud of his creation, but he doesn't have a nickel to feed the meter.

CUT TO:

Tiny swings onto the hood of Dennis Woodruff's car and slaps a ticket under the wiper.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

DENNIS

Hey! Don't you want my autograph?

CUT TO:

A skinny Black STRIKER (#3) walks his two Rottweiler dogs on Melrose. They foam at the mouth, hot on Tiny's trail.

CUT TO:

EXT. HOLLYWOOD HILLS - DAY

Ogre walks down the long road towards Franklin Avenue. He is breaking a sweat, and he takes off his uniform shirt to expose the white wife beater covering his lanky frame. He sees a swimming pool in a backyard a few houses down the hill, and heads in that direction.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Ogre leans over the side of the pool and scoops water over his head. It's about 90 degrees in the City, and he's just hiked two miles downhill.

WOMAN (O.S.)

Are you the new pool boy?

He's startled by a WOMAN in her 40s laying out topless on a lounge chair.

CUT TO:

Ogre's eyes balloon as a bikini bottom hits him in the face.

CUT TO:

EXT. CONVENTION CENTER - DAY

Emily kicks her disabled vehicle a couple of times in rage. She looks around but sees nobody. She's only given out 34 tickets so far.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - DAY

Ted gives tickets to cars outside of historic City Hall. The Mayor walks out with some of the Middle Eastern parking lot owners. He stops to shake their hands as they head for their cars (which Ted has just ticketed).

MAYOR

Gentlemen, things will be as good as normal soon. You'll see.

RABBI SCHWARTZ

We'll give these scabs one more day.

PERSIAN MAN

Tahajob mikonam! I cannot believe my eyes! I think I may have received a ticket!

They look over at Ted who has just placed a ticket on a Rolls Royce Corniche.

MAYOR

You see! They're doing better by the minute.

RABBI SCHWARTZ

Maybe too little, too late.

CUT TO:

EXT. MELROSE AVENUE - DAY

With Tiny in sight, Striker #3 lets his dogs off their leashes. The dogs sprint after Tiny who hasn't noticed he's being hunted.

CUT TO:

The dogs knock over a FEMALE SHOPPER, causing her to scream as she falls. Tiny turns to see the dogs in pursuit, and he darts up a wooden power post.

CUT TO:

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - DAY

It's about 4 o'clock, and Emily is worn out. She gives tickets to several cars that have just been parked on the sidewalk for tonight's Lakers Game. The purple lights at the Staples Center are lit in the background, and people wearing KOBE JERSEYS and THREE IN A ROW t-shirts pass Emily on the way to the game.

CUT TO:

INT. CITY HALL - DAY

Ted enters the Mayor's office reception area. The Mayor's hot secretary greets him. She wears a pencil skirt and criss-cross blouse that shows off her boobs.

SECRETARY

Hi, can I help you?

TED

Um, well, yes. Maybe.

Ted can't stop staring at her boobs, but she's used to it.

SECRETARY

What can I do for you?

TED

Well, I just saw the Mayor with a couple of Middle Eastern men-

SECRETARY

You mean the parking lot owners?

TED

Right. Anyway, I just gave one of them a ticket, but if they were here on official City business, then I can void it before it gets into the computers.

SECRETARY

You don't need to worry. I've already taken care of it. It was Mr. Ehsani.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

So they were here on official business?

SECRETARY

You're one of the replacements?

TED

Yes, Ted Kisinsky.

SECRETARY

Well, Mr. Kisinsky, it's not really any of your business. Now if you don't mind, I've got work to do.

TED

Got it. Nice looking at you- I mean, talking to them- you. You.

CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

Ogre floats on his back in the middle of the pool wearing only his boxer shorts. He has a peaceful smile on his face.

WOMAN (O.S.)

You should get going soon. My husband usually gets back from the studio around 5:30.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN LOS ANGELES - DUSK

The sun sets behind the downtown buildings. The sky is a beautiful combination of blue, crimson, and orange; some of the building lights are on, adding to the spectacular view.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily stands outside the arena near the locker room entrance. She spots a new yellow H2 Hummer with plates that read "BIG SHAQ", parked in a handicapped spot. The parking lot is empty, but Emily goes by the book.

CUT TO:

INT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

The arena is full of West side residents and the Who's Who of LA. JACK NICHOLSON, STEVEN SPIELBERG, and company. The LAKER GIRLS do a sexy dance routine to [Christina Aguilera's "Dirty"].

CUT TO:

EXT. STAPLES CENTER - NIGHT

SHAQUILLE O'NEAL closes the back door of his H2, his Lakers bag slung around one shoulder. He sees Emily typing up a ticket, but he's late for the game.

EMILY

You're parked in a handicapped spot,
Big Guy. That's a \$165 ticket.

SHAQ

Don't scratch the car.

EMILY

Then maybe you should take this yourself.

She hands the ticket to Shaq. He crushes it into a ball with one hand and throws it back to Emily, hitting her in the face. He walks off towards the locker rooms.

EMILY (CONT'D)

Come back here and pick that up!

SHAQ

Make me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Emily runs after him into the locker rooms. The GUARD doesn't notice her until she's already made it inside.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOMS - NIGHT

Shaq puts his bag down, sits on a bench, and throws his game jersey on. Emily barges in and jumps onto his back, putting Shaq in a choke hold.

CUT TO:

EXT. LOCKER ROOMS - NIGHT

Shaq runs out with his uniform on as the arena announcer introduces his teammates.

ARENA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Number 35, Mark Madsen.

CUT TO:

INT. LOCKER ROOMS - NIGHT

Emily is locked in Shaq's locker. She tries prying it open with a pocket knife.

CUT TO:

INT. COURT - NIGHT

The Lakers are gathering near center court, forming two lines. The players run through the isle as each one's name is called. Shaq has just entered the arena.

ARENA ANNOUNCER (O.S.)
Number 8, Kobe Bryant.

Fans cheer, and Shaq gets ready for his turn.

ARENA ANNOUNCER (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Number 34, Shaquille O'Neal.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Shaq runs no more than two steps before Emily dives for his ankles. He runs out onto the court dragging Emily Normus. The security guards run out onto the court after her.

CUT TO:

EXT. METER MAID ACADEMY - NIGHT

Johnny stands out front with only 420 scabs present. He looks disappointed. The other Division Captains stand nearby, with the Central Captain grinning at the results.

JOHNNY

Well, only twenty-seven of you managed to meet the quota today. I'll contact the Mayor and let him know the news.

TED

Wait! We tried our hardest, and even though we didn't meet the quota, we improved substantially. I know Jeffrey here went from 0 his first day to 19 today.

JOHNNY

He gave out 7.

TED

(to Jeffrey)
You said you did 19.

JEFFREY

I said I did a 19 year old.

JOHNNY

Doesn't matter. It's not good enough. I'm under strict orders from the Mayor.

Mee Suk Sum starts crying hysterically.

JOHNNY (CONT'D)

Why are you crying? You met the quota.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEE

Oh.

JOHNNY

For the rest of you who didn't, return your car keys and uniforms to your Squad Lieutenants and collect your paycheck.

TED

Who else made it from Group 66?

JOHNNY

Normus made it to 39, Vasquez had 5 this morning and he's booked another 10 in the last half hour, Washington had 16, Tiny managed 62 before being mauled by a pack of wild dogs.

The Central Division Captain chuckles out loud. Ted notices.

TED

So where are they?

JOHNNY

They didn't show up.

(pause)

I'm keeping you and Normus even though you missed your quota. I need you to do an interview first thing in the morning. They wanted Tiny, but I know you're the most articulate Replacement Officer we've got.

CUT TO:

EXT. ROSCOE'S CHICKEN AND WAFFLES - NIGHT

Ogre walks up Gower from Hollywood Blvd. past the late night eatery. A crowd of Black people waits for a table inside. Ogre tickets two limousines out front. The doorman notices and runs over to plead with Ogre.

DOOR MAN

Yo, my brother. Let me take care of you here. These cars are VIPs.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

He pulls out some cash from his pocket and tries to give it to Ogre.

OGRE

I got tha sickest vendetta, Nigga you play with my paper, you gonna meet my Beretta...

DOOR MAN

Say what?

Just then, SUGE KNIGHT and his ENTOURAGE exit Roscoe's and see the exchange between Ogre and the doorman.

SUGE KNIGHT

What's the problem here? Can't keep the pigs off my ride for forty-five minutes?

OGRE

You ain't a friend of mine, you ain't no kin of mine, what makes you think that I won't run up on you this nine? We do this all the time...

Suge Knight's BODYGUARDS grab Ogre by the shoulders and lift him off the ground, awaiting further instructions.

SUGE KNIGHT

You a rappa', huh?

OGRE

Holla!

SUGE KNIGHT

Hell, if Dre can take a White Boy from Detroit and make him a hit, I can take this Mexican and make me some chedda'.

His entourage laughs at his comment.

SUGE KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Put him in the back.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

The two heavies stuff Ogre in the back of the limo.

CUT TO:

INT. POLICE STATION - NIGHT

Latifah and Emily are handcuffed and being escorted by a POLICE OFFICER to the release desk.

POLICE OFFICER

This one was arrested for trespassing, and this one for assault and attempted battery. She's got a lot of spunk, this little one. Took five security guards just to pry her off him.

JOHNNY

I'll take them from here.

CUT TO:

EXT. SUNSET ROOM - NIGHT

The Hollywood nightclub has a huge line out front. A FERRARI and a BENTLEY wait to be valet parked next to some LIMOS. STEADY CAM past the long line through a side door that opens up into the VIP patio. Booths draped with silk canopies are filled with PLAYMATES, MOGULS, and EURO-TRASH.

Ogre sits with Suge Knight and his entourage of bodyguards at one booth, drinking Kristal champagne. Some PLAYMATE TYPES sit on Suge's lap, drinking from his champagne glass. Rap music blares from inside the club.

SUGE KNIGHT

Damn, this could be huge! Boy don't even speak English- just Ebonics and rap! It's definitely a recipe for success.

GIRL #1

He's cute! I'd download his MP3s.

SUGE KNIGHT

Bitch, get off my lap, talkin' that mess!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The former Miss Colombia stumbles by their booth; she is noticeably inebriated and looks sexy with a capital S. Ogre's eyes light up, and Suge calls her over to their table.

SUGE KNIGHT (CONT'D)

Yo' shorty. Get yo' fine ass over here.
You J-Lo's cousin?

She is escorted over by one of his guards. She smiles at the attention.

SUGE KNIGHT (CONT'D)

This here's my new rap star...Ogre.

MISS UNIVERSE

Oh, I know you from somewhere. You famous, huh? We should spend some time together. Have some fun...

She grabs a glass of champagne from the table and squeezes in to sit on Ogre's lap.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - NIGHT

Latifah, Emily, and the Division Captains crowd around Johnny's desk.

EMILY

I swear, Chief. Someone is after us.
How else do you explain all of this?
Someone is trying to sabotage us from
doing our jobs!

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

That's ridiculous!

LATIFAH

That was the most terrible experience
I ever had, Mr. Johnny. I quit.

Johnny looks at them both with pity.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

I've made up my mind. Normus, you're on suspension for the rest of the week. Washington, you're being moved to the Central Division. And no more coffee breaks.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

But she didn't meet the quota!

LATIFAH

Didn't you hear me? I ain't workin' here no more.

EMILY

Chief, it is the end of the week.

JOHNNY

Well then take Latifah's route. The Lakers don't want you anywhere near Staples. You made a fool of us in front of 30,000 people. And you blew Shaq's game. They're doing badly enough this season as it is...

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

You said any sca- any replacements who didn't meet the quota would be cut!

LATIFAH

Mr. Johnny! I ain't meant for hard work. And this job is hard work. Harder than the Post Office and Airport Security.

JOHNNY

Look Washington. The L.A. Marathon is coming up this weekend, and I just cut almost four-hundred officers tonight. I can't afford to lose any more officers. Not even you.

CUT TO:

EXT. CITY HALL - NIGHT

The Central Division Captain meets with the strike captain and some other strike leaders in the dark. They wear hats and coats to disguise themselves.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

The little one suspects foul play.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Damn midget. I knew we should have taken us more serious actions.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

Don't worry. The Marathon is exactly the opportunity we need. If they screw that up badly enough, the Mayor will be begging to reinstate us.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Better hurry. I've done missed a paycheck already. You know I gotta make that paper.

CUT TO:

INT. KNBC STUDIOS - DAY

The Burbank news studios are bustling with activity. Irene Kiss walks in with her cameraman in-tow. Her PRODUCER is running over story ideas with the other reporters in front of the NEWS DESK SET.

PRODUCER

Irene, there's been a change of plans. Turns out the monkey was attacked yesterday, so you'll be interviewing a human replacement.

IRENE

The smelly Medicine Man?

PRODUCER

No. Ted Kisinsky.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE

Are you kidding me?

PRODUCER

Is there a problem?

IRENE

That's my ex-husband! He practically stalked me for six months after our divorce- and you invited him here to the studio? I had better get that 20% raise my agent's asking for!

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFREY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Jeffrey wears a colorful Custo Barcelona shirt and some Diesel jeans. He sits on the couch, sipping on tea while talking to Ted who is in the bathroom.

JEFFREY

Don't you worry, Mister. I'll bet you she doesn't even bring up your restraining order.

Ted comes out wearing a neatly pressed uniform. His hair is combed differently and he wears contact lenses.

TED

Well, how do I look?

JEFFREY

Not entirely horrible. In a good way.

(pause)

Just be confident. If you act like you don't even want her, she'll work to get you to want her. You know?

TED

Sounds like reverse psychology to me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JEFFREY

Exactly! A woman like her is an attention whore! She needs for people to worship her in order to feel good about herself. If you act like she's nothing special, it will drive her crazy. She'll be eating out of your hand, just begging for attention.

CUT TO:

INT. KNBC STUDIOS - DAY

Ted walks into a sound stage used for interviews. Irene Kiss sits in one chair next to her cameraman. An empty chair awaits Ted.

CAMERAMAN

Hi, Ted.

TED

Hi, Carlos. Long time no see.

IRENE KISS

I'm only going to say this once. If you stray from the interview, bring up anything about our marriage, or start to beg me to get back with you, I will call the police and have them arrest you. I'm sure you haven't forgotten about that restraining order I have?

TED

Nice to see you, too. Don't worry. This isn't a social visit, anyway. I'm here on official D.O.T. business.

IRENE KISS

I can't believe you're a scab meter maid... how humiliating.

TED

Let's talk about the issues, Irene.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

IRENE KISS

Fine, let's get this over with.

(pause)

Tell me about the chimpanzee you work with. What is the point of doing that? Is it supposed to be a slap in the face of those on strike? Like a bargaining chip?

TED

Actually, it was my idea.

IRENE KISS

Right. Sounds like one of your brilliant ideas... so then tell us all about your rational, Einstein?

TED

Well, basically, strikes are wrong. Often times, workers start to think that they're better than they really are and start making demands that are to the company's detriment. They forget that they were once hired with little or no experience and trained at the company's expense. The company is better off protecting its investment in human capital up to a point. After that line has been crossed, the company might as well start over and hire new employees at a lower wage and re-invest in its labor pool. The previous D.O.T. employees crossed that line. Whether they are replaced by new humans or our primate cousins is immaterial.

CUT TO:

Irene's producer raises his eyebrow at this point.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

IRENE

Well whatever that means, I find it insulting.

(pause)

Assuming the City decides to let the striking employees go, will it reduce its parking ticket rates accordingly?

TED

The fine rates are not representative of the expenses incurred by the City. They are determined by the level of significance of the offense, and what it will take to deter possible offenders.

IRENE

Sorry I asked.

TED

Next question.

IRENE

Let me see, here...

TED

Perhaps you'd be interested in hearing about the Mayor's ties to a consortium of parking lot owners and their private contributions to his election and re-election campaigns?

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Ask him about the midget attacking Shaq. We've got sweeps coming up.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIGUEROA/6TH STREET - DAY

Johnny supervises TWO METER MAIDS who are setting up barricades for the LA Marathon. He studies a MAP of the Marathon route.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

JOHNNY

You two are going to have to set up the entire course. We don't have any more staff to help out.

(pause)

We'll head West from here down to Martin Luther King Blvd.

CUT TO:

INT. TWINS' CAR - DAY

The two saboteur twins sit and watch the meter maids set up. They eat tacos while they wait for Johnny to leave.

TWIN #1

Don't get salsa on the phony route maps. That will be a dead give-away.

TWIN #2

You make sure not to get salsa. You're the messy eater - not me.

CUT TO:

CLOSE UP OF PHONY ROUTE MAP:

The map looks almost identical to the one Johnny was looking at, except the course follows a haphazard pattern like a maze game.

CUT TO:

TWIN #1

Let's go, the Chief is leaving.

Johnny gets into a D.O.T. car in the distance and leaves.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIGUEROA/6TH STREET - DAY

The two twins walk towards the meter maids. They each wear an 'official' LA Marathon windbreaker and other paraphernalia.

TWIN #1

Gentlemen, we're here from the LA Marathon Committee. There are a couple of changes to the route.

TWIN #2

Boy am I glad we found you before you got too far. You would have really gotten into problems with your superiors.

METER MAID

Really? Thanks fellas.

CUT TO:

EXT. KNBC STUDIOS - DAY

Irene Kiss follows Ted out to his car.

IRENE KISS

So how come you don't call me anymore? I mean, I'm glad, but I'm curious.

TED

Irene, I have a pretty busy life now. Besides, why would I call?

IRENE KISS

I won an Emmy for my coverage of the last riots, you know.

TED

Congratulations.

IRENE KISS

I was grazed by a bullet. Got this scar on my thigh.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She pulls up her skirt to show him her upper thigh. He takes a good look, but doesn't get excited.

TED

I'm in a relationship.

Irene looks hurt for a moment, then walks over and starts making out with Ted. Ted struggles for the first second, then relents, and finally enjoys what he's been dreaming of since their separation, but then suddenly pushes her away.

IRENE KISS

What were you saying about your being in a relationship?

TED

No, Irene, I am in a relationship with someone else. And I certainly don't love you anymore. That's why I don't call. It's taken me awhile to figure this all out. The academy has taught me that if you can't love yourself, no one else will either.

Ted walks off, closing his eyes as he pleads with his conscious to not turn back.

CUT TO:

EXT. THE ALLEY - DAY

The downtown area is packed with cars and pedestrians shopping in the Fashion District *Callejones* (alleys). Ted is back at work, vigorously enforcing the parking laws.

CUT TO:

An elderly woman on a Lark (motorized shopping cart) waits in a red zone as she purchases a hot dog from an illegal street vendor. She watches her dog and peppers cook slowly in bacon grease. Ted issues her a citation.

OLD WOMAN

What is this?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

You're parked in a red zone.

OLD WOMAN

Parked? This isn't a car.

TED

Is that thing motorized?

OLD WOMAN

Well, yes.

TED

Then you are in violation of the code.

The other PATRONS waiting for their bacon-wrapped dogs boo in protest. One takes the plastic ketchup bottle and squeezes it all over Ted's face and uniform. Someone else knocks him down, and he disappears onto the sidewalk in a crowd of angry citizens.

CUT TO:

INT. JOHNNY'S OFFICE - DAY

A MAN wearing a uniform from the LA Zoo exits the office, just as Ted comes limping in.

ZOO TRAINER

Sounds good, Johnny. We'll get you the first dozen tomorrow and the rest by next week.

JOHNNY

Thanks Herman.

Johnny notices Ted. He is a complete wreck with blood and ketchup stains and a ripped up uniform.

JOHNNY (CONT'D) (cont'd)

Good golly- what the heck happened to you?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

What does it look like? I got my butt kicked.

JOHNNY

Well, that Irene Kiss is a tough cookie. She smacked me once for touching her-

TED

Not her!

JOHNNY

We'll have to get you cleaned up. I'm going to need your help for the big run tomorrow.

TED

How's Tiny?

JOHNNY

I haven't had time to call the vet.

TED

Well, then who was that man from the zoo?

JOHNNY

Ted. Can you keep a secret?

TED

That depends.

JOHNNY

Well, since it was your idea. We've decided to fill the remaining Parking Enforcement Officer vacancies with chimps.

TED

What?! You've taken this too far!

JOHNNY

Ted, they're more efficient, cost almost nothing, and they don't have a union. Not yet anyway.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

TED

Good Lord! So when were you planning on telling everyone else on the squad?

JOHNNY

After tomorrow's Marathon.

TED

So that's it? You just used us to get you through the Marathon?

JOHNNY

You don't understand.

TED

What don't I understand, Johnny? That the Mayor's getting campaign funds from the parking lot owners? That the D.O.T. is corrupt? That the millions the City makes off of innocent citizens is used to buy lobster and new cars?

JOHNNY

That's enough.

TED

That the reason we don't have real public transportation is because of the "private contributions" that you alluded to from car companies and gasoline refineries?

JOHNNY

That's enough! I warned you to keep your nose out of the Department's business, Ted. Now you leave me no choice.

TED

You can't stop me now, Chief. I've already sent the story to the Associated Press. I used to work as a journalist, Johnny, but I've never stopped being one.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (3)

JOHNNY

I have nothing to do with any of those things, Ted. I was just doing my job.

TED

I know, Johnny. That's the problem. Everyone in the government is just doing his job.

JOHNNY

What's it going to take to keep you from incriminating me, Kisinsky?

TED

I want everyone in Group 66 to get one more chance.

CUT TO:

INT. JEFFREY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Jeffrey makes up Mee Suk Sum. She has now undergone a full transformation, and she looks great.

JEFFREY

You look fabulous, honey. Another Jeffrey Dover masterpiece! Someone had to take Kevin Aucoin's place.

MEE SUK SUM

Thank you. Ted's not going to believe how beautiful I look.

JEFFREY

You're dating Ted?

MEE SUK SUM

Well, we've only talked a couple of times, but I really like him.

JEFFREY

I did all this work for Ted?

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

MEE SUK SUM

Don't get angry. He's a nice guy.

JEFFREY

He's old enough to be your father.
And he isn't cute. I thought you were
going out with an actor or a model at
least.

MEE SUK SUM

Jeffrey, you saw my inner beauty. Why
can't you see Ted's?

JEFFREY

I did, and it's barely the size of my
thumb. I noticed when we were at the
urinal the first day of the Academy.

MEE SUK SUM

Oh!

(pause)

He's the only man who ever noticed me for
Mee. Besides you.

JEFFREY

Well, he's not all that bad, then.

CUT TO:

Just then, Ted walks in the front door.

TED

Jeffrey, I brought your uniform. Chief's
giving you one more chance.

(pause)

Wow. Who's your friend?

MEE SUK SUM

It's me, silly man.

TED

Mee?

MEE SUK SUM

Yes, me.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

A moment passes.

MEE SUK SUM (cont'd)

Ted, there is something different about you, too.

TED

Yes, Mee, it's true. I've gone through a metamorphosis in the last couple days. I've figured out the reason everything was going wrong in my life is that I lacked the confidence and will power to make things change. I've been too scared to take risks and let life just drag me along. Well, not anymore.

Ted grabs Mee and gives her a big kiss.

CUT TO:

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

Johnny briefs about 30 scabs and a dozen chimps dressed in uniforms. The excitement before the big race is building, and hundreds of thousands of participants and fans make up the ambiance.

JOHNNY

Seems that someone is trying to sabotage us after all. The intended route for the Marathon is on these maps. I need for you all to redirect traffic away from these streets for the duration of the race. There's no time to put up new barriers.

EMILY

I knew it. Someone's going to pay for this.

TED

Don't worry, Johnny. We'll fix everything.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATIFAH

Mr. Johnny, can I be near the finish line? I heard they have some buffets set up.

Johnny looks at Ted, and then nods unwillingly. Latifah smiles with glee.

CUT TO:

MONTAGE OF METERMAIDS DIRECTING TRAFFIC IN TIME FOR THE RUNNERS TO CONTINUE ON COURSE. LAS KETCHUP "ASEJERE" PLAYS.

EXT. DOWNTOWN - DAY

OVERHEAD SHOT ZOOMS DOWN TO:

Emily struggles to get noticed by cars, but she manages to stop them. The pack of RUNNERS goes right over her.

CUT TO:

EXT. VENICE/OLYMPIC - DAY

Mee talks some truckers into parking their eighteen-wheelers in front of a major intersection, creating a perfect tunnel. For the first time in her life, she enjoys the power of poontang. The pack has thinned out somewhat, as the better runners break away from the crowd.

CUT TO:

EXT. PICO/ROBERTSON - DAY

Jeffrey pats male runners on the butt as they go by, NFL style. Some look bothered by his form of encouragement. One ANGRY RUNNER goes back to throw some punches at him.

CUT TO:

EXT. FARMER'S MARKET (THE GROVE) - DAY

The strike Captain eats barbecue ribs from a plate on the hood of his car. His CELL PHONE rings, and he has to maneuver the phone without getting sauce all over it.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Yeah?

CENTRAL CAPTAIN (O.S.)

They found out about the race path.
They're using scabs to direct traffic
around the original route.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Damn!

CENTRAL CAPTAIN (O.S.)

Our only hope is to stop them from
finding the correct intersections.
They just passed Pico and Robertson.
The route gets tricky here.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Ah, hell. I might as well just do this
myself. I got both maps. I'll
get to stirrin' up trouble.

He hangs up.

STRIKE CAPTAIN (CONT'D)

After I finish these ribs.

He goes back to devouring his spare ribs.

CUT TO:

EXT. SAN VICENTE/WILSHIRE - DAY

Tiny stands near the BIG 5 SPORTING GOODS store at the tricky
intersection. He has managed to stop all cross-traffic. The
CARS sit and wait at their ends.

CUT TO:

The striker with his two Rottweilers stands at the other end
of the intersection on the sidewalk. He lets the dogs off
their leashes, and they sprint out after Tiny.

CUT TO:

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Tiny sees them, beats his chest with his fists and shows teeth - a sure sign of chimpanzee anger.

CUT TO:

An IMPATIENT DRIVER in a Toyota Supra uses the turn lane to go around the stopped traffic. He guns his car into the intersection.

CUT TO:

The Rottweilers run straight into the car, denting the side of the Supra and leaving the dogs unconscious.

CUT TO:

Tiny locks his eyes on the striker holding the empty leashes and heads after him on all fours.

CUT TO:

Tiny catches the striker and starts beating him with his fists, pulling hair out at the same time. The man screams in horror. His screams aren't heard as the RUNNERS enter the intersection and all eyes and ears turn toward them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FAIRFAX/6TH STREET - DAY

Ted prepares to stop traffic heading South on Fairfax. The strike captain pulls up in his car and yells out the window.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

There's a bad wreck up on Sunset!

TED

What?

STRIKE CAPTAIN

There's a big wreck up on Sunset!
You gotta go help!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TED

I have to stay here and stop traffic.
The Marathon's coming through here
any minute now.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

Hell, that's just a damn race, this
is about lives!

TED

I'll radio for the police.

STRIKE CAPTAIN

(to himself)

Damn Cracker.

(to Ted)

Well, this ain't even the right
place for the Marathon. You
supposed to be at 3rd Street.

TED

Who are you?

STRIKE MANAGER

I, uh. What do you want to know
that for?

TED

Look, for all I know, you could be
one of the Officers on strike. Now
move along. I'm not leaving my post.

STRIKE MANAGER

(to himself)

Well if you ain't leavin', then I'm
gonna have to move you.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Hold it right there, Jermaine.

He turns to see Johnny Stinking Bear and a pair of Police
Officers. The RUNNERS make it into frame.

CUT TO:

INT. HELICOPTER - DAY

THE ABC NEWS CHOPPER flies over the marathon action. The REPORTER inside looks out the side door and comments. It's full on chaos. All the streets are jammed with cars.

REPORTER

Looks like rush hour traffic is pretty bad today. As for the marathon, the runners are hitting the last stretch of this 26.2 mile contest. Looks like there were some last minute changes to the race route again this year. You can see there are barricades set up to my left, although the runners are using this trajectory on my right.

CUT TO:

EXT. WILTON/OLYMPIC - DAY

Ogre stands chillin' in the middle of Koreatown, listening to his headphones. He's managed to get everything under control, and hundreds of Koreans have lined up to watch the race. He is approached by the Central Division Captain.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN

Officer, you're to re-station yourself two blocks to the East at the other end of the Koreatown Mall. I'll take over here.

Ogre doesn't understand a word. He just ignores the Division Captain.

CENTRAL CAPTAIN (CONT'D) (cont'd)

What didn't you understand, Boy? I told you to move it.

(pause)

Well? Don't you speak any goddamn English?

(pause)

Jesus Christ!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

It's too late, as the race leaders enter onto Olympic. The crowd begins to cheer as one of the leaders is Asian.

CUT TO:

EXT. OLYMPIC/FLOWER - DAY

Latifah eats from a catering box full of goodies she nabbed from the finish line. Her radio comes on.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Washington? Are you there?

LATIFAH

Yes, Mr. Johnny. I'm not eating. I'm here working hard.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Be on the lookout for Officers on strike. It turns out that they're the ones responsible for your incident at the Mormon temple. And they're hoping to screw up the race today. Just stay on your mark no matter what.

LATIFAH

They responsible? I wanna know who, 'cuz I got something to tell them.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Just focus on this marathon. You're the last leg of the race. We're all counting on you.

LATIFAH

'Cuz I don't appreciate that. I'm still havin' problems with my bowel movements since that day.

JOHNNY (O.S.)

Just keep cars off Flower Street!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LATIFAH

That is disrespectful and rude. Uh-uh,
no one does that to Queen Latifah...

CUT TO:

The two Russian twins have heard everything. They are dressed in runner's gear including LA Marathon runner's bibs with numbers. They approach Latifah from a distance.

TWIN #1

Hey there, Queen. How about some
Ex-lax to wash down those cookies?

LATIFAH

What did you say to me?

TWIN #2

How would you like the runs on
Marathon day?

LATIFAH

You them boys with the Range Rover?

TWIN #1

Let's just say you can thank our
friend for your quality time on
the toilet the other day.

LATIFAH

I'm gonna kill y'all!

TWIN #2

You have to catch us first.

She lunges towards them and they run off. She keeps up a good pursuit before #2 breaks off. Latifah keeps after #1.

CUT TO:

A Police officer waits at the intersection Latifah abandoned. He slaps his open palm with his night stick as #2 arrives winded.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

POLICE OFFICER

You going the wrong way, aren't you?
Finish line's the direction you just
came from..

CUT TO:

Latifah's uniform buttons have popped open, and she is practically topless. The Russian twin is growing tired, and Latifah is determined.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

The spectators grow more excited as the loud speaker announces the runners have turned onto Flower Street.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

It's Motumbo Ukwahey and Ling Tam Xiao
in the lead. The rest of the pack is
turning onto Flower Street.

The crowd cheers and a ROCK BAND performs on a temporary stage.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOWER/WILSHIRE - DAY

Twin #1 gives up. He stops with his hands on his hips, only to get plowed over by a sweaty Latifah. She opens a can of whoop-ass and starts swinging, kicking, and scratching.

LATIFAH

You messed with the wrong Lady, fool.
I'm a Thug's 'ho from Inglewood. And we
don't take crap from no one.

TWIN #1

I didn't do it! I swear!

LATIFAH

Too late now. I'm all fired up!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

She continues to bludgeon him.

CUT TO:

Satisfied with the beating she gave him, Latifah stops to realize that her uniform is trashed. She takes off his runner's uniform and walks towards an alley.

CUT TO:

Latifah comes back out with the saboteur's runner's outfit on. It's too small on her, but it's better than a ruined uniform. The Marathon ticket with entry number is still pinned on the uniform.

CUT TO:

The twin comes back out from a store with a huge knife. He's bloodied and in his underwear, but he wants revenge.

CUT TO:

The runners are approaching as the saboteur calls for Latifah's attention.

TWIN #1

Hey fat ass! It's payback time.

Latifah sees the knife and runs. He musters the energy to run after her. The Marathon leaders run behind them.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

The crowds cheer and photographers set up near the finish line to get a shot of the winner. Two VOLUNTEERS put up the finish line tape.

ANNOUNCER (O.S.)

Wait- this just in from less than a mile away, there seems to be a new front runner?? And someone pursuing her with a weapon!

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

The crowd reacts to the bizarre news.

CUT TO:

Latifah run with all her strength. Close behind is the saboteur with the knife, and a few steps behind them are the Kenyan and the Chinese runner.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

News reporters, photographers, event sponsors, and just about everyone else is crowded around now as the race comes down to the wire.

Latifah can be seen running in first position towards the tape. The Kenyan uses his kick and shakes off the Chinese runner, and soon passes up the saboteur.

CUT TO:

EXT. FLOWER STREET - DAY

Latifah hears footsteps closing in on her and she lets out a yelp of survival as she moves even faster.

She is two steps ahead of the Kenyan who is a third her size. Thinking it is still the saboteur, she runs for her life. They near 5th Street and the finish line.

CUT TO:

EXT. FINISH LINE - DAY

Latifah breaks the tape screaming between gasps for air.

LATIFAH

He's got a knife! Police! He's got a
knife!

Photographers can't believe their eyes, but they snap away by instinct. The Kenyan is livid. He falls to the ground, pounding his fist into the street. Latifah runs towards a Police officer and collapses from exhaustion.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

Photographers surround her and snap photos.

CUT TO:

EXT. WEST HOLLYWOOD - DAY

A man buys a copy of the LA Times out of a machine on the street. He flips through the different sections of the paper.

INSERT: FRONT PAGE OF LOS ANGELES TIMES

A picture of Latifah breaking the tape is on the front page cover story. The reader's eyes move down to the next story on the front page.

The headline reads "Planet of the Apes: D.O.T. to Replace Striking Officers with Trained Chimps".

FLIP TO NEXT SECTION:

INSERT: CALENDAR SECTION

Ogre stands in a menacing pose dressed in gangsta clothing. The headline reads "The Next Eminem?" The reader's eyes move down to the next story on the page. The headline reads "KNBC Dumps Irene Kiss".

FLIP TO NEXT SECTION:

INSERT: SPORTS SECTION

A picture of Emily (in a Lakers jersey) sitting on Shaq's shoulder. The caption reads "Lakers Select First Mascot At Fans' Request".

FLIP TO NEXT SECTION:

INSERT: LOCAL NEWS SECTION

"D.O.T. Corruption Scandal" wins Pulitzer prize for journalism. The byline credit reads Ted Kisinsky, LA Times Reporter. The reader's eyes move down to "Weddings and Funerals, D-7."

FLIP TO PAGE SEVEN

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

INSERT: PAGE SEVEN

The reader's eyes scan down over various wedding
announcements to "Engagements Announced: Kisinsky - Sum."

TURN-AROUND to see the reader is Jeffrey. He smiles as he
reads the news.

CUT TO:

INSERT TITLE:

"Coming Soon: MM2: The Rise of the Apes"

CUT TO:

FADE TO BLACK.