

CODE ENFORCER

by  
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And  
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Fade in:

1 EXT. A RUN-DOWN SHACK IN A TOBACCO FIELD, VIRGINIA - NIGHT 1

TITLE CARD READS: April 26, 1865 - Virginia

A dozen or so armed MEN mill around outside the shed,  
starring intently at the DOOR.

DAVE (V.O.)

My great great grandfather, Wilford  
Petty, got a knock on his door one  
night in 1865. A man had shot  
President Lincoln, and was holed up  
in the shed of one of his  
neighbors.

One of the armed men throws a ROCK at the door, it clatters  
to the ground.

MAN

Booth! Come on out! We've got ye  
surrounded.

DAVE (V.O.)

Great Great Grandpa Wilford was a  
man of action. A heinous crime had  
been committed and the perpetrator  
was not going to go free if he had  
anything to say about it.

WILFORD PETTY (40's, dashing, tall), grabs a can of LIQUID,  
charges the shed, dowses the liquid on the old dry wood, then  
touches it off with a TORCH.

The shed goes up in seconds. Wilford staggers back a few  
steps. An armed SOLDIER in a Union uniform shouts.

SOLDIER

Petty! What are you doing?

WILFORD

He'll come out now, Jeb - that  
bastard'll pay now.

In seconds, John Wilkes Booth staggers out the burning front  
door, he has his HANDS in the air. Wilford jumps him, PUMMELS  
him to the ground - the rest of the MOB aims GUNS at the  
prone man

multiple gunshots

FADE OUT

Title card READS: September, 1933 - streets of Houston, Texas

FADE in:

2

EXT. HOUSTON STREET SCENE, 1930'S - DAY

2

A MAN WITH CRAZY EYES holds a YOUNG WOMAN in front of him with a GUN to her head. Other crazy-looking GANGSTERS stand behind him, holding other CIVILIANS in front.

DAVE (V.O.)

And my Great Grandpa Chuck was with the Feds when they cornered members of Bonnie and Clyde's gang in Houston.

CRAZY EYES

You'll never take us alive, coppers! What you gonna do, kill all these innocent people?

The FEDS stand by helpless as the gangsters move toward a waiting CAR. They raise guns, but put them down again as there is no good shot.

DAVE (V.O.)

And Great Grandpa Chuck was also a heroic man of action...

CHUCK PETTY, 30s, dashing, dapper in suit, grabs a TOMMY GUN from a nearby uniformed officer. He charges into the street.

FED CHIEF

Petty! What are you doing?

Chuck waves him off, mows down GANGSTERS, CIVILIANS and all.

CHUCK

Cuff'em, boys.

A flashbulb POPS and when the glare clears, we see a newspaper with a photo of the Feds, Chuck up front, with cuffed dead gangsters. Headline reads "Hero Federal Officer Nabs Murderers."

FADE OUT.

Title card reads: August 1, 1966 - University of Texas campus

FADE in:

3

EXT. UT AUSTIN CAMPUS, 1966 - DAY

3

STUDENTS crouch in fear behind benches, the fountain, trees.  
POLICE hide as well, guns drawn.

DAVE (V.O.)

Grandpa Willie was a rookie cop the  
day a student went nuts and started  
shooting from the tower on the  
University of Texas campus. Grandpa  
was a man of action as well.

WILLIAM PETTY, 30, striking, eyes the DOOR at the base of  
the tower. A few other COPS try for the door, but a hail of  
bullets turns them back.

DAVE (V.O.)

He saw something that needed doing,  
and he did it.

William grabs a trash BARREL, heaves it over his head and  
charges the door. Bullets ricochet off the steel barrel.

POLICE CHIEF

Petty! What are you doing?

The barrel strikes the door, opening it before bouncing off,  
and William staggers backwards hitting the GROUND  
unconscious. A couple of COPS and a FIREFIGHTER rush in.

DAVE (V.O.)

And though Grandpa was certainly a  
hero that day...

A flashbulb POPS and when the glare clears, we see newspaper  
photos of Austin Police Officers Ramiro Martinez and Houston  
McCoy accompanied by headline, "Heros Stop Crazed Gunman."

DAVE (V.O.)

...The lineage stopped there.

FADE OUT.

Title card reads: July 1, 1986 - South Austin

FADE in:

4 EXT. SOUTH AUSTIN STREET, 1986 - DAY

4

A square-jawed JAMES PETTY, drives a car down street in suit and tie.

DAVE (V.O.)

My father was on his way to the  
Police Academy when he was run off  
the road in a freak accident.

A BEATER CAR, driven by a HIPPIE, swerves to avoid a SQUIRREL in the road, heads straight at James' car. James YANKS hard on the wheel, goes off-road, crashes into a TABULI SHACK.

DAVE (V.O.)

He survived the wreck, but did not  
survive the aftermath.

The OWNER of the shack helps James out of the wreckage. Hands him a glass off nasty green liquid, which James drinks to calm his nerves. He immediately starts to CHOKE.

JAMES

What is this?

DAVE (VO)

Dad was allergic to wheat grass. He  
never made it to the Police Exam.

VERN (VO)

Petty! Petty!

FADE OUT.

Title card reads: June 2008 - LakeField Hills, A Gated  
Community in Austin, Texas

FADE in:

5 EXT. LAKEFIELD HILLS, PRESENT - LATE AFTERNOON

5

DAVE PETTY (20's - early 30's, kinda dopey) stands lost in thought, facing an 8-house cul-de-sac with a single, wheeled trash dumpster at the curb.

Dave wears the khaki short sleeve shirt/shorts/cap combo of the Code Enforcer. He has a PAD and a PEN in his hands.

He is just fixated on the trash container. The voice of VERN SPEINER (40-50's, total dick) from behind stirs him.

VERN (VO)

Petty! What are you doing?

Dave shakes his head to clear it. He looks at the trash barrel, then looks back at VERN, who sits in a cheesy Code Enforcers' golf CART. He looks impatient.

VERN

Come on, write the cite, it's getting late.

Dave WAVES at him, then turns back toward the garbage can. He swallows hard, then steps toward the cul-de-sac.

He makes it right up to the trash barrel and is about to WRITE a citation when he is interrupted by the gruff-sounding, but jovial VOICE OS.

JIMMY (O.S.)

Whaddaya doin there, Pal?

Enter JIMMY SPATTIBUCCI; big, rough, loud. He wears flannel PJs and a tank top, and is watering his shrubs.

DAVE

Afternoon, sir. I'm officer Dave Petty. I need to talk to you about your trash receptacle.

Jimmy drops the HOSE and steps toward Dave.

JIMMY

My trash re-what-tacle? What do you cops want with my -

DAVE

I'm not a cop. I'm with the neighborhood Home Owners Association, Department of Code Enforcement. Your trash receptacle has been out at the curb well past the three hour grace period following trash removal.

Jimmy looks Dave up and down, starts LAUGHING.

JIMMY

You givin' me shit cause I left my trash can out?

DAVE

There are codes in this neighborhood, Mr... Mr...

JIMMY

Spattibucci, Jimmy Spattibucci.

DAVE

Mr. Spittle... Sputterba...Jimmy.  
The codes for this district clearly  
state in chapter 6, section 4,  
subsection 3 paragraph 7, that  
trash receptacles may only remain  
in view during -

Jimmy laughs, SWATS Dave on the back jovially.

JIMMY

You freakin' pullin' my leg?  
What're you gonna do, arrest me?

DAVE

Well, no.

JIMMY

Garnish my wages? Take my house  
away?

DAVE

Uh...no.

JIMMY

So... nothin' you can really do  
that would hold up in court,  
izatright?

Dave looks nervously back toward Vern, who sits like an  
Easter Island Head and watches.

DAVE

Well... I can write you a citation.

JIMMY

You gonna fine me?

DAVE

Yes, sir.

Jimmy makes a dismissive GESTURE and walks back to his  
watering.

JIMMY

Take your college talk and go and  
get the fuck outta here. The day  
you start paying my bank note,  
youse can tell me how long I can  
leave my trash can out.

Dave slumps his shoulders, WRITES the citation and holds it  
out toward Jimmy. He watches Jimmy a moment, glances back  
toward Vern, then WRITES another citation, holds both out.

DAVE

I... I still have to give you  
these, sir.

JIMMY

What's the other one for?

DAVE

You're watering on an A day. You  
live in a C zone.

Jimmy takes a half-assed GLANCE toward the tickets. He turns his HOSE on the hand with tickets, getting Dave wet in the process. The wet citations FALL to the ground, Jimmy waters his shrubs again.

Dave SLOGS back to the golf cart and gets in. Vern stares at him, SHAKES his head.

6

INT. - LAKEFIELD HILLS CODE ENFORCER OFFICE - DAY

6

Vern stands at his desk, fists on hips, barking at Dave.

VERN

Now what in hell is so dad-gummed  
hard about doing your job, Petty?  
We are in Code Enforcement. That  
means we have codes. And we enforce  
them. Simple as wrestling nachos  
from a baby.

DAVE

I wrote the citations.

VERN

Yeah, cause I was there. If I was  
not there would we have had the  
sound of one hand falling in the  
forest?

DAVE

Um...uh... I don't...

VERN

Excuses are for excuse-makers,  
Petty. You have balked at  
fulfilling your duty as Code  
Enforcer for LakeField Hills for  
the last time. I'm putting you and  
Susan together for a few weeks -  
you need supervision. At least  
Susan knows how to follow orders  
and not question anything.



7

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET, LAKEFIELD HILLS - DAY

7

Dave and SUE LAMAR (30's, short, tough, wise ass) drive the Code Enforcer Cart through manicured subdivision streets.

Sue SMILES and WAVES to homeowners here and there. Most of the residents FROWN or show some form of DISDAIN for the CEs and their cart.

SUE

I'm telling you, Dave, our own government is waging war on us. I mean, never even mind the whole 9-11 thing, I've got DVDs at home that will make you faint. Let's look at the Federal Reserve, okay? It ain't "Federal," man. It's set up by rich white business men to help other rich white business men.

DAVE

(lost in other thoughts)  
Uh-huh.

SUE

Hey, you listening? People need to wake up. Do you have any idea what your so called "Birth Certificate" really is? Do you?

DAVE

This is so stupid, Sue.

SUE

Dude, your being signed over to indentured servitude to the government at the very moment of your birth is nothing to shrug off as stupid. It's evil genius - and all documented on some of the government's own websites... that's how cocky these bastards are.

DAVE

Don't people have anything better to do with their lives?

SUE

What?

DAVE

Telling people how they should handle their homes? Who cares?

Sue realizes they are talking about two different things.

SUE

Oh, that. It's what we do, Dave.

(beat)

You gotta write the cites, man.  
Vern's gonna have your ass.

DAVE

Yeah, but some of these codes are  
just so ridiculous.

SUE

Welcome to LakeField Hills, home of  
rich folks, wannabee rich folks,  
and people just plain living way  
the hell outside their means.

(beat)

Subdivisions are all about image,  
dude. These asinine codes just help  
the HOA Board feel even more  
superior than the rest of us.

DAVE

Just sucks. I want to fight real  
crime, not annoy people.

SUE

Yeah, well, this is what guys who  
can't be cops do with their days;  
they interfere with people's lives.  
Don't park a car in the street  
overnight,

Sue POINTS out the violations as they drive and talk  
pick up your paper by noon from the  
driveway, no non-approved yard  
decor, and for the love of God, DO  
NOT build a planter on your  
easement without checking with  
Planning and Zoning first - because  
they will take your ass down.

Dave MOTIONS toward all the violations Sue was pointing out.

DAVE

Then why aren't you writing those  
up?

SUE

(shrugs)

Eh, later. Let's go get a burger.

8

EXT - BURGER BARN - DAY

8

Dave stares off into space as he eats his fries.

DAVE

I can be a cop.

SUE

Whatever, Dave.

DAVE

I can. My whole family were -

SUE

Heard this before. If you were cut out to be a cop, then you'da passed that exam by now, man. In fact - you'd have actually made it to the exam by now.

DAVE

I have trouble...driving...to the exam, Sue. You know that.

SUE

I know, but you need to get over that, man. Besides, cops get shot. They get thrown up on at 6th street. They fish mangled bodies out of Town Lake, bloated, gray bodies with goo dripping out of every orifice, maggots squirming around in their...

DAVE

Alright, alright. I get it.

SUE

Just sayin' is all. Look, would you at least try to write some cites today - even just the really blatant ones?

DAVE

Yeah, okay.

(beat)

Then how about we start with that big ugly mural house near Houston Oaks Drive. Sounds pretty blatant.

SUE

Sonny Goblotto's place?

DAVE

Whoever. Neighbors been complaining about it for weeks. Supposed to be a total eyesore.

SUE

But... that's Sonny Goblotto's place... He's a big deal.

DAVE

You can take me there or you can appologize to me for being mean.

9

EXT. LAKEFIELD HILLS RESIDENTIAL STREET- DAY

9

Dave and Sue are making their way down the road. Sue finally breaks the silence.

SUE

Hey... I was just messin' with you back there. I'm sure you'll pass the police exam this time.

(brightens)

Hey - maybe you could make the Governor's List this year. That'd burn Vern's ass good, huh? You get on the short-list, and he just rots in LakeField Hills? That'd be awesome.

DAVE

Too late. We're still going... anyway, I heard the last slots were filled already.

SUE

Oh. Really. Sorry, man.

(beat)

I bet you anything you pass the...

Sue's GAZE is taken elsewhere. Dave follows. They see the fancy GATES of another community - RiverPark at the Mountain - open slowly, a sassy PICKUP, with the emblem for RPM Code Enforcement pulls out.

SUE

Oh, these jerks. I hope they stop, I'd like to tell them off so bad.

The truck does STOP, right next to them. Sue SLUMPS low in the driver's seat - keeps her gaze on the truck.

Two ENFORCERS - DIRK and BOBBY, (30's, muscle-heads) in much nicer looking uniforms, sunglasses and cowboy hats glance down at Dave and Sue, grinning.

DIRK

You little boys lost? Oh (to Sue)  
sorry, I thought you were a boy.  
Because you look like one.

SUE

I'll bet no one ever makes that  
mistake with you, Mary.

DAVE

Come on, Sue... let it go.

BOBBY

Ooh, Rosie O'Donnel got some bite.

Sue starts to snap at them, Dave stops her. She seethes.

DIRK

Yeah, too bad Weenie Boy doesn't.

BOBBY

Hey Weenie Boy, tell us your names,  
we'll find your mummies. Nice go-  
cart.

They laugh and peal out. Sue FLIPS them off.

SUE

What'd you stop me for, I was gonna  
rip those Fatheads.

DAVE

They ain't worth it.

Sue drives the cart down the road.

SUE

Lousy RiverPark dicks. Think  
they're better than us. Who do they  
think they are? Freakin' scumbags.

(beat)

That is a nice truck, though.

DAVE

You see those uniforms? Must be  
new. They look like cops now.

SUE

What do we look like?

10 EXT. HOUSE IN LAKEFIELD HILLS - DAY 10

Sue and Dave drive slowly past two BOY SCOUTS walking in the opposite direction selling popcorn. The four are dressed a lot alike, and eye each other for a moment, before parting.

11 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE - DAY 11

Dave and Sue come tooling up to the entryway to a HUGE and GARISH new home in the finishing touches of being built. Construction/landscaping CREWS buzz about the lot.

A mangy-looking DOG digs up some fresh landscaping, is chased off by a WORKER. As the dog runs past Dave and Sue, they see it holds an old soda CAN in its mouth.

DAVE

Does that dog have a collar?

SUE

Probably has one of those government chips in its ass. Feds'll pick him up.

Dave eyes Sue.

DAVE

The Feds don't care about some loose dog, Sue.

SUE

Yeah, they're too busy with manufacturing "food shortages" and setting up the New World Order to worry about some programmed dog.

DAVE

Sue...

SUE

Ehh... He's already run off. Where's this big ugly mura...DAMN.

Sue's and Dave's eyes rivet to a huge MURAL on the high wall that surrounds the estate. The mural is a gaudy, not particularly artistic painting of "Old Italy."

SUE

That has got to break some real laws, never mind any code.

The camera rests on a topless WOMAN, holding a GLASS of wine and a huge BREAD STICK and straddling a TIGER.

SUE  
They have tigers in Italy?

DAVE  
Now how does something like this  
get approved?

SUE  
From what I hear, if you're Sonny  
"The Chin" Goblotto and you want a  
naked woman painted on your wall,  
you get it approved. Let it go.

DAVE  
Let it go? Some doofus leaves a  
basketball hoop out in their own  
driveway - I gotta cite their ass.  
This guy uglies up the whole  
neighborhood and you say let it go?

SUE  
Forget about it Dave. It's  
Chinatown.

Dave gives Sue a confused look; Sue shrugs. Dave walks toward  
the building.

DAVE  
My ass. This guy needs a talking  
to. Get on the walkie - find out  
where Vern is.

12 EXT. HOUSE IN LAKEFIELD HILLS - DAY

12

Sue and Dave pull up to a house where Vern stands  
authoritatively on the lawn. He stares at the house - where  
an OLD LADY is perched precariously on a LADDER, trying to  
touch up the house TRIM with a BRUSH and paint.

VERN  
When I say the paint needs touching  
up, Mrs. Hudgins, I mean the trim  
too. Don't forget them soffits.

Mrs. Hudgins GRUMBLES under her breath, then loses her  
balance, SLIPS from the ladder, GRABS a rain spout and hangs  
by one hand, other hand and legs flailing.

Vern tears up the CITE he was writing, then turns, non-  
plused, toward Dave and Sue.

VERN

There you are. Look, I understand your concern - but Sonny Goblotto is a fine up-standing member of LakeField Hills - a Citizen with papers, mind you - and he doesn't need any aggravation from us.

DAVE

But you said to write up violations, sir. He's got -

VERN

Hello, Petty, you ain't hearing me. Sonny Goblotto ended his career with 11 straight decisions, and a record that still stands for getting hit in the face without going down. He don't got no violations. Verstehen Sie?

Blank stares from Dave and Sue.

VERN

Understand? Susan, I thought I could trust you with Petty, here. You can do this like a hole in the head - fill him in, wouldya? I got important crap to do.

Vern turns and pulls a folded newspaper from his back pocket.

VERN

And if I find your HOA Subdivision newspaper unread in the trash again, Mrs. Hudgins, there'll be hell to pay. Hell.

He whips the paper toward Mrs. Hudgins. It hits her and she drops to the ground.

VERN

Parker!

Officer PARKER drives a cart up, Vern gets in and they drive off. Dave looks at Sue.

DAVE

Way to back me up, man.

SUE

He started talking German. That's pretty heavy shit, dude.



Dave rolls his eyes.

DAVE

So the one person who needs to be written up, isn't. Who the hell is this Sonny Goblotta anyway?

13

INT. SONNY'S ITALIAN RISTORANTE - DAY

13

The busy lunch hour has passed and WAITERS and WAITRESSES are milling about, setting tables and closing out their tickets.

BAM! From out of the kitchen swinging doors booms Sonny Goblotta (50's), a large man who looks every inch the washed-up, punch-drunk prizefighter he is.

He might have also been considered handsome once upon a time, but now looks more like the love child of Marlon Brando and Phyllis Diller.

He SWAGGERS, grumbling through the restaurant, people WAVE hi, and he WAVES and loudly SHOUTS back. He passes his Manager, MAURICE (40s, quiet, snooty) and briefly stops to talk.

SONNY

Hey - Maurice, you ever hear of a House Owners Association? What the hell is that - they're asking me a bunch of questions allasudden. Like I don't have enough with this joint, my bookie and the wife naggin' my ass. It's pissin' me off, you know what I'm sayin?

Maurice shrugs. Sonny approaches two waitresses, LAURA SMYTHE, 25, pretty but tough, and JASMINE BUSTAMANTE 20's, very outgoing, some might say trampy, who are refilling SALT & PEPPER SHAKERS.

LAURA

Jasmine, I need to get out of here so I can pick up Alfred. You know he turns two day after tomorrow?

JASMINE

Where does the time go, right? We having a party for him?

LAURA

Of course - gonna be...

Sonny gives Jasmine a little PAT on the rear. Grabs some BREAD STICKS from a tray and JAMS them in his mouth as he talks.

SONNY

Jazzy, you gonna make it out to my place later?

JASMINE

(smiling)

I don't know, Sonny.

SONNY

Aww, c'mon... I got a lot of stress to shake off. Let's make a few drinks, have a few laughs... huh?

Sonny has his BACK to Laura, who silently mouths to Jasmine, "Jazzy?" Jasmine turns her attention back to Sonny.

JASMINE

Okay. Sounds like fun.

SONNY

Great! Come by around five o'clock.

(turns, looks Laura up and down)

You can come too, if you want.

LAURA

Uh, thanks anyway.

(to Jasmine)

I need to see about Alfred.

SONNY

Hey. Why you wearing the old shirt?

LAURA

(looks down at her shirt)

Oh... the new one's kind of small.

Jasmine is wearing one of the new SHIRTS, which is a very TIGHT, form-fitting "Hooters" type T-shirt with the "Sonny's" logo embossed along the chest.

LAURA

I think I need a bigger size.

SONNY

(staring at Laura's chest)

Trust me... you don't. Make sure you wear it tomorrow.

(to Jasmine)

Ciao baby!

Sonny winks, pats Jasmine on the rear again - then turns to leave when he is met by FRANKIE, big ol' genial Texan. Sonny tries to find a means of escape - can not - he smiles weakly.

FRANKIE

Hey, Sonny Boy, when you and the missus gonna drop by for a beer and a steak? We ain't seen you in forever.

SONNY

Eh...soon, Frankie. Yeah, catch you later, huh, I gotta go.

FRANKIE

Ok - see you later, Slugger.

He throws a few "air jabs" at Sonny, who kinda slaps them away and quickly EXITS the restaurant. The girls continue filling the shakers.

LAURA

So what's the deal with his wife?

JASMINE

Bonnie? She sells all the really high-end houses out this way. I think she's a student of Tony Robbins.

LAURA

Yeah... I see her face plastered all over town.

(beat)

I just meant, well... never mind.

Jasmine stops what she's doing and looks intently at Laura.

JASMINE

What?

LAURA

Nothing.

JASMINE

We're just friends, Laura.

LAURA

Yeah, mental note to self: don't let Sonny babysit Alfred.

Outside, Sonny gets into his fancy CAR, backs out of his "owner" spot - we see a bumper STICKER on his car "I (heart) my mistress." He PEELS out of the lot.

14

INT. JUST FOUR PAWS PET GROOMING - DAY

14

Laura is standing at the counter.

LAURA

So how was Alfred today?

GIRL AT COUNTER

Much better. He didn't try to  
scratch my eyes out this time.

We now see a wide shot of Just Four Paws, which clearly is a  
PET GROOMING establishment. Another GIRL enters from a back  
room, holding ALFRED, who is dressed in a kitty outfit.

LAURA

There he is.

(reaching for him)

How's my sweetheart?

(to Girl)

He looks great!

(to Alfred)

Don't we wook gweat, don't we? And  
no more big bad nails to dig up  
Momma's garden - no more diggy  
diggy for baby.

The girls look at each other with disgusted GLANCES. We see a  
close-up of the Girl's hands, covered in band-aids, as she  
passes Alfred off to Laura. We also hear a low GROWL.

Just then, LYLE BUMGARNER (40's - redneck type) walks in with  
his scraggly dog (from earlier), DUMBASS, on a leash.

LYLE

Hey ya'll. Dumbass here is coming  
in for her nail trimming - got to  
keep her from digging up our yard.

Dumbass and Alfred look at each other - a BONDING MOMENT  
passes between them. They almost touch NOSES as they pass  
each other in slow motion, romantic MUSIC swelling.

Music abruptly stops.

LYLE

C'mon Dumbass, this ain't no church  
social.

LAURA

Thanks for everything.

GIRL AT COUNTER  
You're welcome!  
(in a lower voice)  
...and good riddance, you filthy  
animal.

15 INT. CE OFFICE - LATER

15

Vern sits bobbing at his desk reading The GULAG ARCHEPILAGO, and taking notes. GRINNING and NODDING every once in a while.

He stuffs SEA KELP into his mouth from a bag on his desk. As we go past we see Vern sits on a big blue EXERCISE BALL...

We continue past him to Dave's cube...

Dave sits at his desk TYPING reports. Sue walks in with a BAG of Aunt Annie's pretzels, and the MAIL.

SUE  
Dave - you seen this?

Sue throws an opened ENVELOPE on Dave's desk. Dave ignores it, into his work.

DAVE  
Uh-huh.

Sue sits, pulls a cinnamon PRETZEL and starts to eat.

SUE  
Would have thought you'd be a tad  
more excited then.

DAVE  
Very.

SUE  
... 'cause the Governor's List may  
have had a drop out.

Dave keeps typing for a few seconds - then recognition sets in. He turns slowly toward Sue.

DAVE  
What?

SUE  
Yep - Someone heard one of the guys  
from River Vista Canyon on Arbor  
Hill dropped out - he got his real  
estate license. Or went to jail.  
Something like that.

Anyways, if it's true - there's one spot open. The Governor's gonna speak to all the HOAs over at the Haven River at Canyon Trail office.

Dave stares at his screen, he looks over at Sue, then looks to the doorway, where Vern stands FRAMED, hands on his hips.

Sue stops mid-chomp on her pretzel.

VERN

I wouldn't count my hopes in one basket, if I were you, Petty. How about you go cite Mrs. Brown for her tree limbs occluding the neighbor's fence. Think you can handle that, Herr Junge?

DAVE

Sorry, Vern - but Sue said the Governor is speaking

SUE

Um...it's in the morning.

DAVE

Thanks Sue.

VERN

Petty, follow me please.

Dave rolls his EYES, Sue watches him leave.

INT. HALLWAY - FOLLOWING

Dave stops by bathroom door, looks around, doesn't see Vern. Vern's voice comes from bathroom.

VERN

For today, Petty.

Dave hesitantly opens the door to see

16

INT. BATHROOM - FOLLOWING

16

Vern sitting on the commode, pants down around his ankles, arms crossed, asshole look on his face.

Dave balks, covers his eyes, tries to back out, but is blocked by Parker. Dave turns back awkwardly tries to pay attention to Vern.

VERN  
224 Clubhouse Dr.

DAVE  
224 Clubhouse. Isn't that Mrs.  
Brown's place?

VERN  
Yeah, Petty, Mrs. Brown's place.  
You been by there lately?

DAVE  
Come to think of it I do believe  
I've been by there a couple of  
times to warn her about her tree.

VERN  
Yeah, so. Where are the citations?

DAVE  
I haven't actually issued a written  
citation at this point. Could we  
talk out in the...

VERN  
Really. When, then, actually, do  
you think you might issue one?

Vern cocks his head, waits for an answer.

DAVE  
Well, Mrs. Brown has assured me  
it's just been an oversight. She's  
aware she needs to trim it.

VERN  
How many times have you warned her?

Vern does a courtesy flush.

VERN  
The neighbors say they've called  
you about it every week since the  
first. (glances at his watch)  
That would be one month.

He pulls a small calculator out of his pocket.  
...there are 4.5 weeks in a  
month...

He hits the total, then turns the result toward Dave.

VERN

...that would mean you have warned  
Mrs. Brown at least 4.5 times.

DAVE

I'm sure she's gotten the message  
by now... she's a very nice lady.

VERN

Kind of easy on the eyes, too, huh?

DAVE

Uh, I guess she's not bad.

VERN

Not bad? You kidding me? She's  
built like Rue McClanahan. But  
totally hot body notwithstanding,  
effective code enforcement plays no  
favorites. All code violations are  
created the same and must be  
enforced just as the samely.

DAVE

Like Sonny Goblott's mural?

Vern pauses, Glares at Dave, stands up, leans forward.

VERN

Are you trying to pull on my  
weiner? Don't... pull... on my  
weiner, Petty. Cause I pull back.

Dave has no response. He glances back at Parker.

VERN

Get over there and cite her.

Dave doesn't move an inch, deer in headlights like.

VERN

You want to be a cop, right?

DAVE

Yeah.

VERN

Then you go down to that house and  
you start acting like a cop,  
soldier. Write her up.



17 EXT. MRS. BROWN'S HOUSE - DAY

17

Dave walks up to the door and knocks.

DAVE  
Mrs. Brown?

A voice comes from around the side of the house.

MRS. BROWN (O.S.)  
Around the side, sweetie.

Dave goes around the side. He sees Mrs. Brown - 60's, must have been a looker back in the day. She washes a fancy sports car in short shorts and straining tank top. She spots Dave.

MRS. BROWN  
Ooh, hello officer.

DAVE  
Hi, Ma'am.

MRS. BROWN  
You've been out here ten times,  
honey. Call me Emma.

DAVE  
Mrs. Brown, the neighbors are  
asking after your peach tree again.

Mrs. Brown LOOKS back at the TREE, whose limbs are just barely reaching over into the other yard.

MRS. BROWN  
That little ol' thing? Why on  
earth?

DAVE  
The branches ma'am. They're in the  
neighbor's yard. And that neighbor  
has a peach allergy.

MRS. BROWN  
You're not gonna arrest me, are  
you, officer?

She BITES her lip, does a naughty wiggle.

DAVE  
No ma'am; again, I can't arrest you  
- just a reminder - at some point  
I'll have to write you up.

MRS. BROWN  
Ooh - did you say "write" or  
"feel?"

Dave blushes.

DAVE  
Have a nice day Mrs....

Mrs. Brown makes a pouty face at Dave.

DAVE  
...Emma.

MRS. BROWN  
Bye now - Silly. Cute. Boy. Come  
back any time if you need to  
measure anything else.

18 EXT. LAKEFIELD HILLS STREET - DAY

18

Dave is crouched down, measuring the grass with a special ruler. The RiverPark at the Mountain TRUCK drives up slowly.

DIRK  
Look, Bobby, Lakefield Hills'  
finest, hot on the trail of a  
renegade lawn growing out of  
control. So brave!

BOBBY  
Measure, Yard-Boy! Measure like the  
wind!

They laugh and Dave watches them drive off, looks at his ruler and citation book, sighs and puts them away; then just sits in the grass and stares off into space.

DAVE  
Is it too much to ask for just one  
lousy little real crime? I'm going  
home and going to bed.

19 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE - EVENING

19

The house is dark, except for a LIGHT in an upper bedroom window. We hear the faint sound of love making - giggling, 'oh...ooh yeah's".

20

INT. BONNIE GOBLOTTO'S CAR - EVENING

20

BONNIE Goblotto (40's) Wears the same bright BLUE JACKET we see in all her signs and billboards.

Riding next to her is BAXTER, 40's - preppie - yes, you heard me, preppie; complete with pastel sweater tied loosely around his shoulders.

Bonnie pulls over and stops in front of a yard with one of her for sale signs in the yard; A "SOLD" sticker pasted over it. Baxter opens the door and gets out.

BONNIE

Sorry the paperwork took so long -  
welcome home Baxter!

BAXTER

No big deal, Bonnie, took me longer  
to start BaxterWare - but that was  
worth the wait too. So, can I help  
you

Bonnie peels out, letting the car door close itself.

BAXTER

with your sign?

Baxter notices a piece of paper stuck to the sign, he grabs it and reads.

BAXTER

"Welcome to LakeField Hills - "For  
Sale" sign needs to be removed on  
closing. 50 dollar fine; V.  
Speiner?" What the...

21

INT. BONNIE GOBLOTTO'S CAR - EVENING

21

Bonnie talks on her bluetooth.

BONNIE

Yeah, I'll be staying downtown  
tonight at the condo. I'm running  
by the house right now to put the  
trash out first. Okay... talk to  
you in the morning.  
(hangs up)

As she drives on we see a bumper STICKER on her car "I (club)  
my husband"

22 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - EVENING 22

BED with messed sheets and quilt, CLOTHING and all manner of odd OBJECTS strewn about the room. Spent CANS of Redy-Whip, jerky movement. A FRISBEE spins away from the head of the bed - GIGGLES, squeaky toy sounds.

23 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE - FOLLOWING 23

Bonnie pulls into the driveway, then STEPS out of car.

24 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - FOLLOWING 24

The bed JERKS awkwardly. A CAT screeches - then human laughter.

Suddenly Bonnie enters the room with a CAMCORDER pointed at the shenanigans. She pauses at the foot of the bed.

BONNIE

Maintain that position for the camera, Sonny... it's your least repulsive side.

Surprised EXCLAMATIONS from each of the participants, SHEETS are pulled off screen; then Sonny steps toward Bonnie, WRAPPING himself in sheets.

He wears a dog collar and LEASH, which hangs to his side.

Jasmine, wrapped in a sheet, disappears into the bathroom, Bonnie's camera capturing every move.

BONNIE

You obviously don't eat at his place, do you honey. You could use a plate of lasagna.

SONNY

What's the problem now, baby? Did you forget to call me some name or other? I thought you was staying at the condo tonight.

BONNIE

I am... just needed to come by and pick up a few things.

She SETS the camcorder down on the DRESSER. Jasmine then comes dashing out of the bathroom and quickly EXITS the bedroom. Bonnie sits down on the foot of the bed.

BONNIE  
And we need to talk.

SONNY  
Oh ferchissake, this again.  
Anything, baby...  
(pulls on "wife beater")  
... let's talk.

We hear the SLAM of the front door.

BONNIE  
Sorry to scare your little friend.  
(she lights a cigarette)

SONNY  
You smoke?

BONNIE  
Sonny, I don't need you. I've built  
a successful real estate empire, I  
have a fantastic office downtown,  
everybody recognizes my Blue  
Jacket... and I even have my own  
hard body on the side for  
entertainment; surprised? You look  
surprised.

SONNY  
(motioning more  
vigorously)  
Yeah, yeah, Bon, just tell me what  
we're talking here.

BONNIE  
To begin with, divorce. I also want  
five million in cash, 50 percent of  
Sonny's, the Porsche, the Plasma TV  
and the downtown condo. You can  
keep this playboy mansion of  
yours... and all your other... ew.

SONNY  
The Plasma? Are you out of your  
freakin' mind, Bonnie? No way!

Bonnie stands and JABS a finger at Sonny as they argue over  
the bed. He runs his fingers thru his hair in frustration.

BONNIE  
Are you trying to muck with me,  
Sonny? Do not muck with me, Sonny!

Believe me, you start mucking with me, Sonny, and you'll be left with nothing but rags! You got me, rag man? RAGS.

SONNY

Hey, hey... calm down there, honey buns... we can talk these things over... let's just... talk this out...

She heads for the CLOSET next to the bed, back to Sonny. She rifles through the hangers and starts pulling CLOTHING out of the closet and placing them on the bed.

BONNIE

Oh, I'll talk, baby, I guarantee you that. I know more than a few things about your "business" dealings, paying off officials for this eyesore you call a house - I've put up with years and years of your screwing around on me...

Sonny starts to move toward her, fists clenched, the leash attached to his collar stops him - it's attached to the bedpost. He yanks at it.

BONNIE

I've looked the other way when you skimmed money out of my bank account, closed my eyes and pretended I was somewhere else during "sex" with you, and put up with your friends at dinner parties - I know plenty, baby - I've already talked to my attorney and he says you don't have a foot to stand on.

Sonny grinds his teeth and YANKS spastically at the leash. It finally gives, FLIES back toward Sonny, who ducks, and the leash WRAPS around Bonnie's NECK.

Sonny raises an eyebrow and nods, "eh, why not?" He swiftly moves in and tightens the leash on her neck.

Close-up of the CAMCORDER sitting atop the dresser across the room, pointed at the scene. The red "record" LIGHT is on.

25

EXT. CE OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

25

A VIDEO CAMERA focuses on the GOVERNOR, 60's, all the way Texas, who stands at a podium. Assorted code enforcers from the district sit in folding chairs with baited breath.

GOVERNOR.

Glad you all could make it here today. Let's just cut the crap and get right down to the meat and potatoes.

SUE

Mmmm...tasty metaphor.

GOVERNOR

Short story goes like this. There is one opening left over on my list this year for a spot with the prestigious Texas Rangers. As you all know, we try to get candidates from every law enforcement organization in the state, and we know how well this district's code enforcers are doing in upholding the law. So we are honored to say that the last spot will be filled by a candidate from one of the following communities.

He motions to a SCREEN set up behind him. A SLIDE flashes on - as are all the subsequent ones - of a beautiful gated community.

GOVERNOR

Hard Canyon Rock at the Oaks...  
Mountain Lake River at the Park...  
Hill River Oaks at Mountain  
Arbor... Vista Canyon Arbor at Oak  
Hills.... River Creek Lake at  
Mountain Rock Vista Park...  
RiverPark at the Mountain, and  
LakeField Hills.

A slight MURMUR goes up from the crowd. An AIDE steps forward to look at the Governor's list.

GOVERNOR

Is that a misprint? LakeField  
Hills... at the... what?

AIDE

No sir, not "at" anything; just  
"LakeField Hills"

Big MURMUR goes up from the crowd. Vern is embarrassed.

VERN

Dang. I told them we should have re-  
named it LakeField Hills at the  
Lake. Carn-sarn it.

GOVERNOR

Well, okay, let's simmer down,  
folks. The candidate from one of  
these communities with the most  
monthly kills - that is, the best  
record for clean cites, will win  
that spot, and head off to the  
Academy next month.

Excited CHATTER runs through the crowd.

Dave shows up, he scooches in next to Sue.

DAVE

What'd I miss?

SUE

Are you kidding me? It's official -  
He announced the open spot.

DAVE

Really?

SUE

This is it, Dave, this is your  
chance.

GOVERNOR

Oh, and just a side bar - it should  
be noted that RiverPark at the  
Mountain is currently the front  
runner - Team 15 leads all other  
districts with 213 cites apiece.

Dirk and Bobby bang knuckles and laugh.

SUE

CRAP.

Dave and Sue walk toward their parked cart.



SUE

Damn RiverPark fags. We have to figure out a way to beat them, then it's all gravy. Man, I'd love to meet them sometime when they ain't in their faggy little truck. I'd give them -

She stops abruptly as they turn the corner and Dirk and Bobby stand before them.

BOBBY

Look, it's the two lost babies from LakeQueer Hills.

SUE

Stand back, Dave, they'll start flinging their feces any moment now.

BOBBY

What were you guys doing at this meeting? Not like any of you stand a chance of making the List.

DAVE

We have just as much chance as you.

DIRK

Maybe in numbers, but not in actual do-the-jobness. None of you guys has what it takes. Not one. And when I say "guys"...

Bobby WALKS right up to Sue. Sue's NOSE is in his CHEST.

BOBBY

He means "guys." Have anything else to say to us?

Sue is flustered - can't form a sentence

DIRK

Yeah, totally what we thought. Come on, Bobby, let's go start the Ex-Cite-ment.

They strut off, hop in their truck.

Dave and Sue are tooling down the road. The RADIO periodically SQUAWKS with the voice of Vern giving orders.

VERN (VO)  
Autumn Festival decorations are fine, but be very clear that no Supernatural or Spook-related decorations can go up before October 27. Don't even know why we need them at all.

SUE  
10-4, Chief, over.

VERN (VO)  
Pumpkins good, Jack-o-lanterns bad.

Dave rolls his eyes.

Suddenly Dumbass is TROTting next to them, carrying an old dirty WATCH in its mouth - she catches Dave's eye.

Sue attempts to pull along side her, but Dumbass speeds up.

DAVE  
Hey - there's that dog again.

The dog looks over at Dave, then PICKS UP his pace. The cart has a hard time keeping up.

SUE  
What kinda person owns a mangy mutt like that?

28 EXT. RUFUS & LYLE BUMGARNER'S HOUSE - DAY

28

RUFUS and Lyle Bumgarner (40's) stand in front of their old, piece of crap CAR, staring intently and drinking beer.

The yard is at least a foot overgrown with WEEDS everywhere. TRASH is randomly strewn about.

LYLE  
How'zabout "General Lee?"

RUFUS  
Among other things, that name's already taken, Lyle.

LYLE  
So? It's not like it's a registered copyright or nothin'.

Rufus walks toward the car, gestures with his hand, spilling beer in the process.

RUFUS

I believe CBS television owns that name - or possibly CMT.

LYLE

How 'bout "The Rebel Yell"!

RUFUS

(rolling his eyes)

Lyle, you know how I feel about the Civil War. Though I live in the south, I do not agree with the politics of Jefferson Davis, nor the Draconian techniques of the aforementioned General.

LYLE

The "Hell Yell"... paint some flames on it.

Rufus pauses in deep thought. This appears to be a rare event. He pops open another cold one.

RUFUS

Hell yeah!

LYLE

(surprised)

You like it?

RUFUS

No... name the car "Hell Yeah"... with an explanation mark!

LYLE

How come?

RUFUS

Because every time we're burnin' up and down these streets, I guaran damn tee we'll be screamin' "Hell yeah!" at the top of our lungs!

LYLE

(High fives Rufus)

Hell yeah!

Dumbass has finally reached her destination, Rufus and Lyle's. She SITS near them, drops the dirty watch.

LYLE

Whatcha got now, girl?

Lyle grabs the watch, takes another swig, burps.

Dave and Sue pull up in the cart. Dave is visibly in awe of the plethora of violations before him. He looks over at Sue.

DAVE  
Wow, what a dump.

SUE  
How 'bout you look at it like an opportunity?

Dave looks at Sue, not understanding.

SUE  
Governor's List?

Dave slowly nods - steps out of the cart, citation book in one hand, grass ruler in the other.

DAVE  
Good afternoon, gentlemen.

LYLE  
Howdy.

Dave surveys the property as he walks toward Rufus and Lyle. The grass is almost up to his waist, two other cars sit up on blocks, a trash barrel is chained to the curb.

The dog comes trotting over to Dave.

DAVE  
This your dog?

LYLE  
Yeah, Dumbass.

DAVE  
Excuse me?

LYLE  
Our dog... her name is Dumbass.

Dumbass trots closer to him.

DAVE  
Alright. Well, anyway, I'm Dave Petty and that's Sue. We're Code Enforcement officers here in LakeField Hills and I spotted your dog, uh, Dumb...dumb, roving about without a leash.

LYLE  
Roving?

RUFUS

Should have named her Rover.

DAVE

Well, anyway that's just for starters, you see...

RUFUS

Don't go gettin' all 16-41 on us, officer. Or 58-06. Or even 3-15-71. Don't even start throwin' chapter and verse at us, cause them don't apply here.

Dave takes a sideways look at the hicks, shocked. He looks back at Sue, who gives him the THUMBS UP.

DAVE

Uh, okay...?

RUFUS

We're bordered by four communities, but don't belong to none of 'em, see. Grandfathered in during Johnson's administration. Our daddy was a state official. We know your codes back and forth, brother - so don't even try it.

Dave sizes them up.

DAVE

Well then. You guys... have a nice day. Sorry to bother you.

Rufus and Lyle look at each other, incredulous.

LYLE

You ain't gonna run us in?

DAVE

No.

LYLE

Call for back-ups 'cause you think you spotted a meth lab out back?

DAVE

Nope.

RUFUS

Not gonna bring in the dogs and tanks and SWAT teams?

Take us down the station house and slap us around like naughty school girls?

DAVE

Uh...no. No.

LYLE

Why in hell not? Everybody else does.

DAVE

If you guys are somehow exempt from a bunch of silly codes, then I say more power to you... saves me the trouble of writing them up.

Dave turns to walk back to the cart. Rufus grabs a BEER from a cooler on the ground.

RUFUS

Hey, brother.

Dave turns back around, Rufus LOBS the beer to him.

RUFUS

You're alright.

Dave tips his CAP, waves thanks with the beer. Sue perks up - where's her beer? Lyle lobs one - HITS Sue in the HEAD.

29

EXT. COMMUNITY ROAD - AFTERNOON

29

Dave and Sue sit in cart drinking beer and looking out over the mountains.

SUE

You need to get mean, man. You have to want it. Want it BAD. You already know the codes up and down, but you have to write them - have to WANT to write them in your sleep. You have to BE the VIOLATION, man, you have to whip out that pen and...

DAVE

Okay, okay. I get it. I need to be more aggressive. (beat) Five days till List Announcement Gala, right?

SUE

Yep - on Halloween. I mean, uh,  
Autumn Festival...ween. Gonna be  
right here at the clubhouse, too.

Dave and Sue just stare. A HONK wakes them up. Sue looks  
behind her at three CARS backed up in the road. The lead car  
HONKS again.

Sue steers the cart out of their way. As they continue down  
the road, Sue seems to be DISTRACTED by the cars behind them.

SUE

That car behind us, does it have  
government plates?

Dave points and shouts.

DAVE

Sue, look out!

A COLLARLESS Alfred walks out in FRONT of their vehicle, and  
sits down and stares at them. He has an old dirty GLOVE in  
his mouth - which he drops as

Sue MASHES on the brake stopping inches from the cat's NOSE.

Dave and Sue look at each other, then back at the cat.

SUE

You thinking what I'm thinking?

DAVE

Uh-huh. No collar. A 31-26. That's  
a clean cite. Come to poppa.

Dave reaches behind the seat, and pulls out a POLE with a  
rope noose at one end - device designed to capture wild  
animals. He cautiously makes his way toward the cat.

DAVE

Here, kitty, kitty... nice kitty...

He SLINGS the harness around Alfred's neck, then quickly  
tightens it.

Alfred lets out an angry GROWL and begins THRASHING about as  
Laura rushes up to the scene, holding his COLLAR in her hand.

LAURA

Alfred! Hey, what are you doing?  
Let him go!

DAVE

It's Dave, Ma'am. And stand back,  
he may very well be rabid. I've got  
this under control.

Dave WRESTLES with the pole, clearly out-matched. At one point the pole is WRENCHED from his hands, and starts willy-nilly whacking him about the torso before he can grab it.

LAURA

He's not rabid, officer. He's my  
cat!

DAVE

Oh. Then what's he doing out loose  
on the street with no collar?

LAURA

He jumped out of the car when we  
got home... like two minutes ago!

DAVE

Sorry, didn't mean to be so rough  
on him.

One last WHACK upside Dave's head from the pole - then Laura swoops Alfred off the ground and quickly UNDOES the harness around his neck.

LAURA

You could have strangled him!  
(to Alfred)  
There, now... you okay? Mommy's  
here now.

Suddenly, the RiverPark at the Mountain truck pulls up. Dirk leans out the window.

DIRK

Are you in need of assistance,  
ma'am?

SUE

Funny, this doesn't look like a  
fudge-packing emergency.

LAURA

Thank God the police are here. Yes,  
officers.

(glaring at Dave)

This guy over here nearly strangled  
my cat!



DAVE

I apprehended the cat using an approved animal control device.

(to Laura)

And they ain't cops.

LAURA

Well, they look like cops. I don't even know what you look like.

Dave sighs. Dirk and Bobby chuckle. Dave glances back at Sue, who gives him a confident NOD.

DIRK

Cat strangling, huh? That sounds like animal cruelty.

They laugh.

LAURA

Thank you!

(motions toward Dave)

Can you arrest him?

DAVE

What?! Ma'am, this isn't even their jurisdiction.

Dave looks back to Sue, searching for an answer. Sue makes a face that says "Do It." Dave turns back to Dirk.

DAVE

And they obviously don't know the animal cruelty statutes very well.

BOBBY

Animal cruelty: the act of causing pain, suffering, torture, injury or death to an animal - as defined in section 7. Animal Cruelty.

DAVE

You forgot failing to provide necessary food, care, veterinary treatment, and shelter.

DIRK

You caused unjustifiable strangulation to that cat.

DAVE

Ordinance No. 97-07-21-03, clause 4, paragraph C: the Chief Code Enforcer or his Designate

is hereby authorized and empowered to physically restrain and/or impound, through any means necessary, any pet deemed dangerous, unsavory or unattractive.

BOBBY

Perhaps you are unfamiliar with Spokane?

DAVE

Spokane was ruled unconstitutional because it denied citizens due process.

BOBBY

(becoming more agitated)  
Altman verses City Of...

DAVE

The Fourth Circuit said it didn't violate the fourth amendment, overturned on appeal. Enforcers vindicated. Ferret exonerated.

DIRK

(very agitated)  
Justification for incarcerating this cat... which obviously isn't posing a danger...

DAVE

LakeField Hills, Ordinance No. 36-21-05-03, Section F, parenthetical 4: it shall be unlawful for the owner of any dog or cat to permit same to be off the premises of the owner unless it is wearing at all times, permanently affixed to its collar or harness, both a serviceable tag indicating the date and duration of the rabies vaccination, and a current and un-revoked City registration tag.

Dirk and Bobby are speechless, defeated.

DIRK

You may have won this round, Code Boy, but remember this: I'm telling.

He rolls up the window and the truck peels away.

SUE  
Suck on that, RiverPark.

Dave, still on the rush, acts tough, pulls out his citation BOOK, clicks his pen.

DAVE  
I'm afraid I'm going to have to  
cite you for the loose cat, you  
heard the leash code.

LAURA  
A leash... on a cat? Are you  
retarded? Tell me you're shitting  
me. What kind of total dick writes  
a citation for a loose cat?

30 EXT. - LAKEFIELD HILLS CE OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY 30

A tired Dave and Sue stand and watch as Vern inspects a line of lawn ORNAMENTS held by residents. The ornaments range from tasteful to tacky. A sign reads "Lawn Ornament/Approval Inspection Day with Chief Speiner. 10 AM to 4 PM."

VERN  
Me, that's who! I'm the one who  
gets to hear the complaints when  
one of my officers uses excessive  
force in apprehending a animal.

He looks at RESIDENT'S plaster TOAD, nods approval - Toad lady almost jumps out of her skin with excitement.

DAVE  
Those guys are liars! Did I use  
excessive force, Sue?

Sue shrugs sheepishly. Dave rolls his eyes. Vern looks at another RESIDENT'S Plastic DEER. Snears, grabs deer, throws in a discard pile. Resident grimaces.

Vern eyes another resident, BILL - 40-50, with a wire-frame animal, confused.

VERN  
What is that?

BILL  
It's a wire-frame animal, sir.

VERN  
I know that - what is the animal?

BILL  
It's a javelina, sir.

VERN  
Javelina, eh?

BILL  
Yes sir. A wild pig.

Vern fumes a moment, then grabs the javelina and tosses it on the discard pile.

VERN  
Don't patronize me, Bill, I was teaching pigs to play piano when you were still renting in South Austin.

Bill winces, hangs head, ashamed.

VERN  
Wild pigs are NOT an enhancement.  
(to Dave)  
Those guys are your peers from the fine community of RiverPark on the Mountain. They are also experts who know all about excessive force.

DAVE  
Peers? They don't even have a firm grasp of the animal...

VERN  
I don't give a rat's aunt what they grasp firmly, Petty. What I do give a fig about is how my jurisdiction performs. How many cites you write today, by the way?

Vern eyes Baxter, who has his arms full of Pink plastic FLAMINGOS. They eye each other for a few seconds

VERN  
You're new here.

BAXTER  
Yes sir. Baxter Dupree, I own BaxterWare, we make the software you guys use to

VERN  
You seem to like your pink flamingos.

BAXTER

Yes sir. Nothing brightens up a yard like...

Vern grabs one, looks it up and down with a sneer.

VERN

Everybody loves the Phoenicopterus Ruber Plasticus. Bill, what does this gentleman need to know?

Bill eyes Baxter, then Vern, fidgets nervously.

BILL

Come on, Vern. Let him be. He's new.

Vern slaps the flamingo back into Baxter's arms, then addresses the crowd.

VERN

Not knowing of the code is not an excuse to not know the code.

BAXTER

I read the code book you left on the porch. I didn't see

Vern stares Baxter down, seethes - Bill tries to intervene

BILL

Now... now, Vern, it states in the bylaws that... you can't use personal prejudice when... Vern... stop...

Vern explodes, grabs the Flamingos, stomps to a nearby CHIPPER, starts it up, jams the flamingos in - PINK PLASTIC sprays out the back.

Baxter sobs

BAXTER

You heartless son of a bi...

Vern ignores him as other Residents console Baxter.

VERN

(to crowd)  
Schneiden Sie die Scheise. This is lawn ornament inspection and approval day, people, not happy carnival day. You see any hotdogs or balloons around here? Clowns?

An embarrassed resident clutching a porcelain CLOWN tries to hide it under his shirt.

VERN  
How many cites today, Petty?

DAVE  
Five.

VERN  
Five? Just FIVE? And you want to win a spot on the Gov...

There is a commotion OS. The three turn to look toward the office where

The Governor has just walked out, SHAKING HANDS with the receptionist and various other code enforcers.

Vern does a quick check Governor, then changes his tune

VERN  
Five? Just five? What is your basic malfunction, Petty? Did you not understand my morning affirmation about rendering Caesar?

GOVERNOR  
Petty? Is this Bill Petty's grandson?

VERN  
Yes sir, unfortunately, the apple didn't rise to the top like it should have. Not quite the man his grandfather was.

At this Dave becomes visibly upset.

VERN  
Couldn't pass - excuse me - could make it to the police exam last six tries. And today I get a call from another HOA that he's been wailing on kittens with ninja weapons.

GOVERNOR  
Damn shame - I knew your granddaddy, boy - nobody else I'd want with my back in a fight. But police work isn't for everybody.

He looks at the line of yard ornament folks.

I like you, you just keep writin'  
them citations.

Dave sags his shoulders and stares at the ground.

Governor PATS Dave on the shoulder and walks away.

Vern grins at Dave and follows the Governor.

VERN

And don't you ever let me hear you  
over-abused a helpless animal  
again. PARKER!

Parker is there, Vern slaps a plastic OWL in his chest.  
Parker glares at Sue and Dave, then proceeds to launch the  
OWL into the chipper.

In parking lot we hear Vern

VERN (VO)

Hang on there, your honor - I got  
this great idea for a victory  
barbeque in celebration of your re-  
election.

GOVERNOR (OS)

That was two years ago, Vern. And  
call me Bucky.

VERN (OS)

Never too late for a celebratory  
barbeque, Bucky...

GOVERNOR(OS)

I like the way you think, Vern.

Dave looks around - all the other CEs and residents all of  
the sudden get BUSY and AVOID his eye contact - even Sue.

Dave walks away shaking his head.

SUE

Awww, come on Dave - Let's go grab  
a beer.

31 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - NIGHT

31

Jasmine is parked in front of the television with Alfred. She  
is drinking a beer.

Laura comes through the front door, sets her purse and a bag  
of groceries on the counter.

LAURA  
You're home early. Still bummed  
about last night?

JASMINE  
Yeah. I guess. Wanna watch a movie  
with us? We just started a new one.

Laura walks over and sits down the couch. The sounds of  
vigorous SEX can be heard OS from the TELEVISION.

LAURA  
That's kind of pathetic, Jasmine.  
(she picks up DVD case)  
Home alone with a cat watching  
"Forrest Rump"... like some lonely,  
eccentric divorcee... taking a  
break from, uh, flower arranging or  
something.

JASMINE  
I like Forrest Rump. And I think  
he's got the right attitude. Life's  
a little like a box of condoms...  
and we all have a destiny to  
fulfill... and stuff.

LAURA  
Pretty deep.

She grabs the REMOTE off the table and shuts off the TV.

LAURA  
I'm sorry. This is really bringing  
me down - Let's go shoot some pool.

32 INT. FLANNIGAN'S POOL HALL - NIGHT

32

Laura and Jasmine are shooting pool, drinking.

LAURA  
Eight ball, corner pocket.

She shoots and makes it.

LAURA  
Woo-hoo!  
(high fives Jasmine)  
Two out of three?

JASMINE  
Sure... I'll rack.



LAURA

So when you going to tell me what happened with you and Sonny?

JASMINE

Eh. Let's just say I'm not seeing him anymore. I think I'm gonna move back east with my mom.

LAURA

Oh, I'm sorry Jasmine. Sounds ugly.

JASMINE

Yeah. A big ol' pile of ugly wrapped in yuck.

Jasmine laughs, then takes a shot.

33 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S GARAGE - NIGHT

33

We see a close-up of stairs leading down into a garage and hear a steady succession of "thumps." Then we see the legs of Sonny enter frame as he drags a shower curtain-wrapped person-sized BUNDLE down into the garage.

He approaches a large chest FREEZER and leaves the body next to it while he wheels the trash CAN over next to it. He then proceeds to empty the contents of the freezer, packages of meat, etc., into the trash.

34 INT. FLANNIGAN'S POOL HALL - SAME

34

Dave and Sue are sitting at the bar, nursing beers.

SUE

A lot of this stuff is even in the mainstream media, they try to sell us on how great it is for us.

Dave seems to be lost in thought, not paying attention to Sue's conspiratorial rant.

SUE

(waving her hand)  
Dave... wake up, man.

DAVE

Huh?

SUE

And what about all the "toll roads" and how they encourage you to get a "special tag" that scans your car when you pass through? Oh, it's for your security...

(points to security camera above bar)

Look, even have cameras pointed at people just enjoying a beer.

(to BARTENDER)

Hey, you expecting any domestic terrorists in here tonight?

BARTENDER gives Sue a puzzled look, then resumes making drinks.

SUE

Yeah, just what I thought. I'm asking you Dave - why do they keep track of us - especially up here in Whitey Town - there's no crime out here in LakeField Hills. NONE.

35 INT. - SONNY'S GARAGE - NIGHT

35

Sonny takes out a box of FISH STICKS, can't bring himself to toss them, finally he rips open the box, stuffs some in his mouth, some in pockets, then tosses the box.

When he runs out of room in the trash can, he retrieves a box of trash BAGS and begins filling them with frozen stuff.

Finally the freezer is EMPTY and with some effort he heaves the BUNDLE into it and closes the lid.

36 INT. FLANNAGAN'S BAR - NIGHT

36

Two frozen beer mugs WHUMP on the bar next to Dave and Sue. Dave notices Laura, who approaches the bar to order drinks.

DAVE

Hey - it's her!

SUE

Who?

DAVE

(pointing)

Her... the cat girl.

SUE  
Better not let her see you. She  
might whack you with a pool stick.

The bartender approaches Laura to take her order.

DAVE  
(eyes fixed on Laura)  
Hold on, Sue.  
(to Bartender)  
Put those on my tab, please.

Laura looks over at Dave, confused. Her expression changes as she recognizes Dave.

LAURA  
Oh, it's you.

DAVE  
Hey there, we were just talking  
about what happened with your cat  
today.  
(motions toward Sue)  
You remember Sue.

LAURA  
Big excitement, huh?  
(beat)  
So this is where you unwind after a  
harrowing day of stalking dangerous  
cats?

Sue smiles a bit much, a silly grin on her face.

SUE  
We don't just stalk cats.

LAURA  
(ignoring Sue)  
Is there special training for that?  
(she smiles)  
Are you guys armed?

Dave shakes his head shyly. Laura smiles.

LAURA  
Just a deadly smile, then, huh?

DAVE  
Well, I am planning on entering the  
police academy next year and -

LAURA  
 (cuts him short)  
 Hey, you play?

She indicates the pool table

DAVE  
 Love to, but we have an early day  
 tomorrow and...

LAURA  
 Oh - too bad. Thanks for the  
 drinks.

She winks, walks back toward the table. Dave just smiles  
 stupidly. Sue stares in disbelief.

SUE  
 Are you retarded?

- 37 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S DRIVEWAY - NIGHT 37  
 Sonny, in gloves and hat, climbs into Bonnie's CAR and speeds  
 away.
- 38 INT. FLANNIGAN'S - NIGHT 38  
 Laura gets to the table - Jasmine is gone. She spots Jasmine  
 leaving with a cute GUY; she growls.
- 39 EXT. FLANNIGAN'S POOL HALL - NIGHT 39  
 Laura is leaving the pub. As she makes her way to Jasmine's  
 car, we see Sonny in the BG pull into the parking lot in  
 Bonnie's car.  
 Laura notices him as he gets out of the car and locks it.  
 Laura gets into Jasmine's car and drives off.  
 Sonny briskly WALKS toward the street, clutching the keys  
 with his gloved hand. He TOSSES the KEYS into the woods, then  
 takes his leather gloves off and stuffs them in his pocket,  
 singing "Rags to Riches."
- 40 INT - CE OFFICE BREAK AREA - MORNING 40  
 Sue, Dave and some other CEs sit in the break area, chatting  
 excitedly.

SUE

Okay, I got online and checked the records for all the enforcers in this district. Not counting those Ass Pirates over at RiverPark, three of us are pretty close to the top cites. Of course Vern is ahead right now with 191. Wendy  
(indicates WENDY)  
you have 132, and our own Dave Petty has 107.

DAVE

107? Me?

SUE

I've been writing a lot for you. But you have at least 40 that you were supposed to write up this week alone - that'd put you at 147 by tomorrow - and not to mention any new ones you pick up before Friday. And if the rest of us start throwing some of ours at you - you could cream Vern - and then all you'd have to worry about is RiverPark.

WENDY

What about me?

SUE

What about you, Wendy?

WENDY

Maybe I want to be a Ranger. We should throw all the cites to my list, I'm already closer. I want to be a Ranger, Sue. I want to be a Ranger bad.

SUE

Wendy, for the last time, Chuck Norris is not a real Texas Ranger.

WENDY

Okay, okay... Jesus. Bastard.

DAVE

What about you, Sue?

SUE

Come on. The only thing I want to do less than work for The Man, is actually become The Man.

WENDY

Yeah, but...

SUE

NO. Sorry to be so rough, Wendy - but we all know Dave here already has hero blood in him, he's from a long line of supercops - and he will not be denied. We'll start by picking up those 40 something cites you should have.

VERN (OS)

You wouldn't have been talking about all these, would you?

Everyone turns to see Vern standing there. He has an evil GRIN on his face and a handful of CITES.

He flourishes the PAPERS, and grins again.

VERN

Actually, 63 of them. Read 'em and cry! Don't mess with the Big Dogs, boys, or you'll get the horns.

Vern walks away, Dave is crestfallen.

41 EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET NEAR SONNY'S HOUSE - DAY

41

Sonny, looking sweaty and disheveled, blunders out of the woods, looks around, throws his hands up.

SONNY

Damnit, can't swing a dead cat without hitting another street. Where the hell am I gonna bury that little...

He notices a APPLE CIDER STAND being run by a LITTLE BOY. Out of breath, Sonny reaches for his wallet and pulls out a \$50 bill, slaps it on the table.

SONNY

Here, kid. Gimme one of those Ciders. I'm so thirsty I could drink Joan Rivers' bath water.

The wide-eyed boy looks at the \$50 bill, then back up at Sonny.

LITTLE BOY  
WOW! Gee, thanks mister.

SONNY  
Less talk, and just make with the juice, kid.

The boy POURS a cup of cider, which Sonny slams down in one gulp. Sonny removes his cap to wipe sweat off his forehead.

SONNY  
(burps, hands the boy the empty cup)  
Another.

Sonny looks down the street at a construction crew for a local POOL company working away. He grabs the cup of cider, downs it motions for another.

He eyes the pool work intently. Downs the other cider. A LIGHT goes off in his head.

SONNY  
Gimme my change kid, come on.

The kid slumps, starts to count out quarters and nickels and dimes.

Sonny snaps at the kid, gesturing angrily.

SONNY  
Hey, while I'm young, alright? This ain't my lunch break.

42 INT. CODE ENFORCEMENT BREAKROOM - DAY

42

Vern eats a yogurt at a table, intently STARING at Dave across from him eating a sandwich. Dave stares back, a little apprehensive. A few other CEs eat at the other tables.

Vern suddenly yanks up a thick citation BOOK, stuffed with old wrinkled and yellowed citations.

VERN  
Know what this is, Petty?

DAVE  
Citation book. From a million years ago?

VERN

That's funny, Petty. So funny I seem to have grown immobile from the laughter it provoked. Yeah it's a citation book. Know whose?

DAVE

I'm guessing yours. Since you have it in your holster.

VERN

You're a regular Hercule Poirot, Petty. You're a dad-gummed Inspector Gadget.

Vern whips out a plastic bowl and holds it out toward Dave.

VERN

Tabouli, Petty?

Dave freaks out at the sight of the Tabouli. He is unnerved.

DAVE

Um...n...no... thanks?

VERN

So you've found that hazardous waste dump known as the Bumgarner property and you didn't see a single violation of any code?

DAVE

Oh. uh. Well, if they were actually in our

VERN

I don't give a bag of elbows who's in my whatsis, Petty. But I do give a hoot about not lettin' them squatters get away with murder. And by murder I mean laughing in my face and making me, and by extension you and every other Code Officer, look like idiots. I've been after the Bumgarner's shithole for years.

DAVE

Vern, I even checked with the police, there is no -

Vern's phone rings. He answers.



VERN

Vern Speiner. Hey, Leon, what? Oh, that was Bonnie Goblotto's car - it was left at Flannigan's, so I had it towed this morning. No telling what might have happened to it there. Sure, not a problem, bye.

Vern hangs up and sneers at Dave.

VERN

Face it Petty, "checking with the police" is the closest you're gonna get to being a cop. I spoke with the zoning commissioner this morning and when I get him to re-zone the Bumgarners - most of these (flourishes the cites) Are good. And a few of your buddies have taken it upon themselves to give me their cites this week.

Wendy cries, gets up to leave the other table. Vern doesn't even look at her.

VERN

Knock it off Wendy. He doesn't know you exist.

Wendy sits back down, pouting.

VERN

And that puts me in position to beat RiverPark at the Mountain. Put that in your pipe and see who salutes it.

Vern walks out triumphant. Dave glances back at Wendy and the other defeated CEs, they look back, searching for a leader.

DAVE

What? Any of you have a plan?

43

INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BACKYARD - DAY

43

Sonny is meeting with Jimmy Spattibucci. They're hovering over a plan of Sonny's lot, Jimmy clicks a pen open.

SONNY

I don't want nothin' too big, Jimmy. Maybe 75 feet.

JIMMY

I can fit the pool there, but it won't meet code. You gots to have a certain amount of footage between your pool and the perimeter of the yard. City will never approve it.

SONNY

Freakin City? Fuggetabatit... I can take care of that part.

JIMMY

Well if you can take care of that, we can break ground tomorrow.

SONNY

Yeah Baby!

(pats Jimmy on the back)

How long will it take to pour? I'm in a tad of a hurry, you know, I'd like to have a party on the Autumn Thing Day. What happened to Halloween?

JIMMY

Oh, I don't know Sonny. That's awfully soon...

SONNY

I'll throw in a little extra for you if you have it ready by then. I would REALLY appreciate it, Jimmy.

They wink at each other, shoot each other with "tiny pistols."

JIMMY

(smiles)

I'll see what I can do.

SONNY

(pats him on the back again)

Way to be, buddy.

(walking him to the gate)

How's Stella?

JIMMY

Good... her gout's much better.

SONNY

Glad to hear it... and the kids?

Sonny's phone rings.

JIMMY  
They're good.

SONNY  
(walking back to phone to  
answer)  
Excellent... thanks, Jimmy.  
(Jimmy walks out)  
Hello? Nope, haven't seen her. She  
was staying in town at the condo  
last night. Yeah, you said it -  
cold as iron.  
(hangs up)

44 EXT. BUMGARNER'S LOT - DAY

44

Lyle and Rufus are fiddling with a big black ANVIL in the  
lawn. Dumbass and Alfred watch.

RUFUS  
What'd we get last time?

LYLE  
Almost four hunert feet. I tripled  
the charge this time.

RUFUS  
Hoo-wee. We's gonna blast this  
sumbitch...

Dirk and Bobby are passing by, stop to watch.

DIRK  
Those damn hillbillies. What are  
they making, horse shoes now?

Bobby rolls down his window.

BOBBY  
Hey, boys! I think we found your  
banjos down by the river.

They laugh, high five each other.

Rufus and Lyle look up to see Dirk and Bobby's truck stopped  
by their mailbox.

RUFUS  
Who's that?

LYLE  
Some kind of cops or somethin'.

BOBBY

We know you don't get mail from us,  
so we thought the best method of  
DELIVERENCE was to come in person.

LYLE

Nah, I guess they're post office.

They drive off, congratulating themselves on their fine  
senses of humor. He and Lyle back off a few steps.

RUFUS

Punch it.

Lyle hits the PLUNGER on a small box on the ground.

BOOM!

A charge sends the anvil FLYING hard and fast out of view. It  
comes back into view just as it CRASHES into the HOOD of  
Bobby and Dirk's truck.

DIRK

What in hell?

The truck starts to SWERVE out of control.

BOBBY

Look out! Rockslide!

The truck heads for a temporary GUARDRAIL, with a sign that  
reads "Off Road Vehicles ONLY"

DIRK

No! This truck isn't up to Code for  
off-roading!

Their truck CRASHES through the rail and down the slope out  
of view.

RUFUS

Shame to ruin such a nice truck.

LYLE

Yep. Plus we done losted the anvil.  
Ain't that some dirt.

45 EXT. MRS. BROWN'S DRIVEWAY - DAY

45

Dave, a big box in his hands, walks into driveway where MRS.  
BROWN is potting FLOWERS dressed the same as last time.

DAVE

Uh, good afternoon, there, ma'am.  
Doing a little gardening?

MRS. BROWN

Just re-potting my mums. You like  
my mums, officer?

She SHOVES a potted flower at Dave, puffs her CHEST out.

DAVE

Real good... Mums, ma'...Emma. Umm.  
You had this box in your driveway -  
that's kinda against the corrugated  
materials code.

MRS. BROWN

Oh, thank you for taking care of my  
box, baby. It's my costume for the  
Gala.

She takes the box, BENDS down to open it, giving Dave more of  
a VIEW than he would care for. She pulls out a COW COSTUME,  
complete with UDDERS. She wiggles one, gives Dave a sly wink,  
starts to talk, Dave cuts her off.

DAVE

(clearing his throat)  
Yow. Okay, uh, the reason I dropped  
by was to remind you, uh, well...  
actually, I'm afraid I'm going to  
have to write you...

MRS. BROWN

Oh I totally understand, sweetie.  
You have to do your job. Wouldn't  
want my peaches dangling in someone  
else's yard, would we?

She shakes her TORSO. Dave WINCES and looks away.

DAVE

(handing her the citation)  
So you think you can take care of  
this before next week?

MRS. BROWN

My boyfriend, Bucky'll take care of  
it. He'll be here this afternoon,  
staying for the weekend.

Suddenly a little FAWN scampers across the lawn.

MRS. BROWN

Ahhh...look! A little Bambi! I just love them... so cute and peaceful. Bucky hates them, though, because they poop pellets in the yard.

Dave's line of SIGHT takes him to Sonny Goblottto's house across the river. All he can see is the big gaudy MURAL. Dave only half hears Mrs. Brown in the BG.

Something CLICKS in his head. He yoinks the cite back from Mrs. Brown.

DAVE

Did you say "Bucky," ma'am, as in Governor Bucky?

MRS. BROWN

Shhh! No one's supposed to know.

She winks at Dave, then looks OS.  
Ooooh - they pooped in the yard...

46

EXT. CODE ENFORCER OFFICE PARKING LOT - DAY

46

Dave walks up and stands next to Sue, who is watching Vern instruct locals in the fine art of picking up POOP after their pets.

The parking lot has orange CONES set up in a kind of obstacle course. Vern, Baxter walking at his side, drops SCOOPS of POOP here and there with a big SPOON from a white tub.

The poop has several consistencies, from hard and round, to watery. Vern keeps EYING Dave and Sue as he sets up.

VERN

It ain't always going to be very grabbable, folks. The first hurdle to get around is making a quick assessment as to what type of waste you are dealing with.

SUE

Hey Dave - where you been?

DAVE

Vern sent me over to Mrs. Brown's again - but wait til you hear what I found out.

SUE

No - listen to this first. A  
bulletin just came in. RiverPark at  
the Mountain is out.

DAVE

What?

Vern looks right at Baxter, nods down at the poo at their  
feet, grins.

VERN

A quick glance will tell you all  
you need to know - is it firm, is  
it runny, is it steaming? But make  
no mistake - whatever the condition  
- it needs to be picked up and  
placed in the proper receptacle -  
of which many new ones are now  
installed on your streets. Use  
them, or you will have to carry the  
transgressing material home in an  
approved 3 mil bio-degradable  
baggie.

Baxter just stares back at Vern, not wanting to move.

VERN

NOW!

Baxter spooks, he yanks a baggie from his pocket and kneels  
to scoop the poop, he has difficulty. Vern STOOPS to pick up  
a big steamy load of poop easily.

He stops when he hears Sue. He eyes Dave. Dave and Sue eye  
him back.

SUE

Yeah man - seems they had an  
accident - they're busted up - out  
of the running for the year. That  
means it's just you and Vern now.

VERN

Parker.

Parker steps over to Vern. Vern motions for Parker to put his  
hand out; and when he does, Vern plops the POOP into it.

Vern takes off his rubber gloves, grabs them in a fist and  
approaches Dave and Sue, never taking his eyes off them.

VERN

Now just what are you yammering  
about, Susan?

SUE

See for yourself, Chief.

Sue hands the fax over to Vern, who reads it intensely.

VERN

Huh. You know what they say about  
biting off things you can't eat.  
Well, that goes both ways.

47 INT. - SONNY'S RESTAURANT - DAY

47

Sonny SLURPS a big bite of spaghetti, it dribbles down his  
chin as he eats messily.

As he eats, he WATCHES Laura and Jasmine. He squints his eyes  
as he thinks. FRANKIE swats his back, startling him.

FRANKIE

Hey, Sonny, you an' that wife of  
yers come by for barbeque, huh? The  
Mayor is coming this Friday...

SONNY

What the hell, Frankie, you tryin'  
to kill me? I'm eatin' here.

FRANKIE

Sorry, Sonny - just excited about  
seeing you and Bonnie again.

SONNY

No biggie, Frankie - I'll tell her  
when she gets home tonight. Ain't  
seen her in a day or so.

FRANKIE

Great - see you around, big guy.

Frankie leaves. Sonny eyes Jasmine, takes another big bite of  
his spaghetti. Cocks his head, calls after Frankie.

SONNY

Frankie, you got a pool, right?



48 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE- DAY

48

We see several work TRUCKS parked in Sonny's driveway. A very large four-wheel drive pickup has a sign which reads "Spattibucci Pools" on the side.

Dave walks by the house and looks at the POOL WORK going on. He makes his way toward the back yard and peeks through at the excavation going on.

A hand SLAPS Dave's shoulder, Dave turns around and is faced with Jimmy Spattibucci.

JIMMY

Well if it ain't Officer Numbnuts. Whatchu doin' here, pal, makin' sure Sonny's yard is raked in the right direction?

DAVE

Is Mr. or Mrs. Goblotto around?

JIMMY

Sonny's a busy man... and the Mrs. is gone, don't live here no more.

DAVE

I was just noticing that this pool violates a couple dozen codes.

Jimmy nods his head too enthusiastically.

JIMMY

Really? Wow, you'd think the Mayor would have noticed some of that when he signed this.

Jimmy holds up a piece of PAPER.

JIMMY

In case you don't know what this is, it's a Writ Of Approval sayin' that whatever Sonny wants to build is Jake with the City. Kinda like them Letters of Transit from Casablanca, you know? Now go and get the fuck outta here.

Sue, on her cellphone, pulls up behind Jimmy and BEEPS the pathetic HORN on the cart.

SUE

Dave, what are you doing? They got their papers, man. Let's go.

Dave eyes Jimmy a second or two longer.

DAVE

The Mayor, huh?

JIMMY

The Mayor.

DAVE

Okay. Sorry to bother you then.

Jimmy laughs as Dave leaves with Sue.

JIMMY

What a spaz.

49

EXT - LAKEFIELD HILLS STREETS - DAY

49

Dave and Sue drive - Dave is excited, giddy - Sue is on her cell phone.

DAVE

Sue... Sue, I've got it.

SUE

Hang on - I have a call in to Alex Jones' show, their gonna put me on the air in a minute.

DAVE

I got it, I know how to win.

SUE

What - the cites thing?

DAVE

Yeah, the cites thing.

SUE

How?

DAVE

Sonny Goblotto.

A voice comes on the line on Sue's phone.

PHONE VOICE

Hello, this is Alex Jones, who do we have here?

SUE  
Are you freakin' kidding me?

VOICE  
No ma'am, I am not kidding you, but  
your government is.

SUE  
They'll kill us.

VOICE  
I like your spunk, kid - Yes they  
will - if we let them, that's why I  
urge you to check out my website...

Sue hangs up the phone and stares at Dave.

SUE  
Have you told anyone yet?

DAVE  
No, I just came up with the plan a  
few minutes ago. Listen, just  
looking at his lot - with the pool -  
I counted 38 violations, that's  
without even digging any deeper.

SUE  
38? Holy crap! But he has the Mayor  
on his side.

DAVE  
Take a detour up to Clubhouse Drive  
real quick. I think we can a little  
deeper than the Mayor.

50 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BACKYARD - DAY 50

A BACKHOE digs a huge hole while Jimmy and Sonny look on.  
Sonny gives Jimmy the THUMBS UP and steps inside the house.

51 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BACKYARD - DAY 51

Dave and Sue approach the Hispanic-looking FOREMAN.

DAVE  
Excuse me, sir.  
(with very poor  
pronunciation)  
Como estas?

The foreman stops and stares at Dave.

DAVE  
Necesitamos una palabra con usted.  
umm...  
(looking around)  
it seems to be too close to the  
edge of the property. No es bueno,  
la piscina.

The foreman continues to STARE blankly at Dave.

DAVE  
Entienda?

The foreman finally speaks. He has no discernible accent.

FOREMAN  
All necessary paperwork has been  
filed with the City. Any other  
issues you may direct toward the  
Mayor himself. Need me to call Him?

The foreman slowly TURNS toward the front gate where a piece  
of PAPER has been taped next to the entrance, barely visible.  
He slowly extends his index finger toward the paper.

FOREMAN  
Entiendas?

He punctuates "entiendas" with a poke of his finger to Dave's  
chest, then turns to walk away

SUE  
The Mayor? Hmm. Okey dokey.

Dave and Sue turn to leave, then Dave turns back.

DAVE  
Correct me if I'm wrong, Officer  
Lamar, but doesn't the Governor  
beat the Mayor?

SUE  
Um...yeah.

Dave whips out a piece of paper.

The foreman blinks a few times - starts to say something.  
Stops. Starts again.

Dave stands and gloats a moment. Then he and Sue as one take  
out cite books and click pens, then walk past the Foreman.

DAVE

And we're not with the City - we're  
with the HOA. Call that one in,  
pal.

52 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE, BEDROOM - DAY

52

Sonny reclines on his bed, pulls out his cell PHONE, punches numbers.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

We see a "Happy Birthday Alfred" SIGN hanging on the wall.  
There's a CAKE with two candles burning.

Laura and Jasmine are singing "Happy Birthday" to Alfred. All three are wearing party hats. Jasmine's phone rings.

JASMINE

Hello?

INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE - SAME

SONNY

Hey, Jazz, it's Sonny.

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN - SAME

JASMINE

Uh, hi. What's up?  
(mouths his name to Laura)

SONNY

Well I was just wondering if you'd  
like to come over and check out my  
new pool?

JASMINE

Hmmm, uh, is everything alright  
over there?

INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - SAME

SONNY

Yeah, no worries. Bonnie's not  
coming around no more. We're  
getting a divorce.

He looks out the window and sees Dave and Sue poking around,  
he gets aggravated.

JASMINE

Oh... I'm sorry.

SONNY

Well don't be... it's exactly what  
we both want.

(beat)

So come see the pool?

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE, KITCHEN- SAME

JASMINE

Um. No, Sonny. I don't think so.

SONNY

Oh, come on baby, the other night  
was...

Sonny notices Sue and Dave citing the hell out of his yard.

- what the hell?

JASMINE

Are you yelling at me, Sonny?

INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sonny watches Dave and Sue writing cites one after another.  
The foreman is clearly trying to talk them out of it. Sonny  
gets more spastic.

SONNY

(yelling)  
Why would I be yelling at you,  
Jazzy?

JASMINE

Sure sounds like yelling... I don't  
have to put up with that kind of  
treatment

SONNY

(yelling)  
I ain't yellin' at you, what is  
your problem - if I was freakin'  
yellin' at you you'd know it; now  
just get your butt over here.

Jasmine eyes Laura - Laura gets the situation, she shakes her  
head vigorously "no."

JASMINE

I'm sorry, Sonny. It's over between  
us. Please don't call me anymore.

She hangs up, looks over at Laura.

LAURA  
Good for you, Jazz.

JASMINE  
I'm calling mom. Help me pack.

INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - SAME

Sonny angrily slams his cell phone down on the night stand. Suddenly he notices something across the room - the CAMCORDER. He walks over, picks it up, pushes the play button. Nothing.

SONNY  
She used up the battery? That witch think I just flush money down the spout?

He smashes the camera against the wall.

53

EXT. CODE ENFORCEMENT OFFICE - DAY

53

Dave and Sue walk around the side of the building. Vern is crouched by a DOWNSPOUT with his arm jammed up into it. A bunch of other CEs and local residents stand around watching.

VERN  
This will happen a few times a year, so all you have to do is find what's jamming it...

He yanks his arm out with a sucking noise, and has a soggy, drowned SQUIRREL in his fist.

VERN  
...and yank it out. Remember to always dispose of the material in approved 10 mil animal disposal bags available at the front desk.

Vern sees Dave and Sue and immediately stands.

VERN  
Where you two been? You know today is Neighborhood Clean Up Day.

Everyone turns their gaze toward Dave and Sue. Sue does an abrupt ABOUT FACE and heads in the other direction.

VERN  
Lamar, get back here.

Sue slinks back and stands behind Dave.

VERN

I heard you boys were giving Sonny  
Goblotto a hard time again today -  
have you forgotten our little chat?

Dave stands resolute - Sue shuffles her feet and stares at  
the floor.

DAVE

What chat was that, Vern?

VERN

Oh, you want to play all "What chat  
was that, Vern" huh? I can play  
that book.

DAVE

He's putting in a pool now, sir. A  
slew of code violations going on.

VERN

A slew? You buy yourself a new  
dictionary or something, Sherlock?  
Anyway - I think the Mayor would  
argue that "slew" with you.

Vern whips out a writ.

DAVE

And I think the Governor would  
argue that with the Mayor.

Dave whips out his writ.

DAVE

That's right, a Writ of Discovery,  
signed by the Governor himself.

Dave and Vern stare each other down a few seconds. Writs  
crumpled in hands. Vern points the squirrel at Dave.

VERN

You better be real sure you want to  
play this game, Petty, 'cause when  
the dice are thrown, and your  
goalie's out of the net, I'm gonna  
rain down on you like flies on  
rice.

Odd looks from several CEs.

VERN

Sie erhalten mich?



DAVE

Ja, Mann - ich erhalte Sie.

Vern flinches first. Dave grins wryly.

VERN

You just signed your own Death  
March, Petty - you slip up once -  
just once - and you're a milk  
carton boy.

Vern lumbers away, comes back - SLAPS the wet SQUIRREL into  
Baxter's chest, it hits with a SQUISH; then he storms off  
again. Other CEs go wide eyed. Sue just STARES at Dave

SUE

Wow. That was the most bad-assest  
thing I have ever seen. And I saw  
all the Die Hard movies.

54 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - SAME 54

We see a close-up of Sonny's face. He appears to be in deep  
thought, nodding, murmuring. He glances over to a box in the  
corner of the room, then gets up and walks over to box.

He bends down and pulls out one of the new waitress "form  
fitting" T-shirts.

55 FLASHBACK. INT. GOBLOTTO'S - DAY 55

Sonny flirting with Jasmine - Jasmine wears the tight T-  
shirt.

Back to present

56 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S BEDROOM - SAME 56

Sonny slowly begins to smile.

SONNY

(to himself)

I'm one of them genius things.

He quickly arises from his seat and leaves the room.

57 INT - DAVE'S CUBE - LATER 57

Dave stands at his file cabinet searching through a Code  
BOOK.

Vern enters behind him, just watches for a moment. Dave FEELS his presence, he doesn't turn around.

DAVE

Vern.

VERN

Dave.

DAVE

Can I help you?

VERN

Actually, thought I might be able to help you.

Dave turns, looks Vern over, suspicious

DAVE

What do you mean?

VERN

I just was thinking over our earlier discussion, and I think I was way out of line.

DAVE

Really?

VERN

Yes Dave, you see, I wasn't always this tough, unforgiving and ornery. Fact is, I was once like you. Only my name was Vern.

58

FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

58

A younger Vern, longer hair, smile, drives his cart through a neighborhood. Waves to residents, who smile and wave back.

VERN (VO)

I let people get away with a lot, they were just silly codes, after all.

Vern laughs with a DOG WALKER as the walker tries to walk away from a pile of his DOG'S steamy POO. The OWNER of the lawn that the dog crapped on comes forward.

Vern motions to the poo, makes gestures about the cute dog, all laugh like characters from Leave it Beaver.

VERN (VO)  
 But one day...one fateful day. I  
 was taking my dad to the petting  
 zoo at the Memorial Day Gala.

Vern drives his DAD - an elderly guy in goofy German lederhosen - in the cart. He notices some GUYS finishing up a pick up game of basketball. The HOMEOWNER heads inside, leaving his mobile HOOP unattended.

Vern politely asks the guy to take the hoop in. The guy pops a beer and flips Vern off.

VERN (VO)  
 There are guys like him everywhere,  
 son. Code flaunters. No-Goodnicks.  
 You never know until it's too late.  
 I got into it with him. Pretty bad.

Vern and the guy are arguing, Vern whips out his citation book, the guy slaps it away, grabs Vern in a headlock and yanks him around the Hoop.

Vern's father clambers out of the cart and tries to stop the fracas.

VERN (VO)  
 That's when it happened. Dad was  
 trying to smooth things over for  
 me...

Vern breaks free, tries to pull the hoop into the guys yard, the guy grabs the other side.

The two engage in a tug-o-war while Vern's dad tries to stop them. Vern tries to wave his father away - the guy lets go of his side with a sneer.

In slow motion the hoop is yanked Vern's way, out of his hands.

Vern's dad can not move out of the way quick enough. Vern and the guy WATCH in horror as the hoop comes down on Mr. Speiner

VERN  
 Your life can change like a dime  
 through a goose. That day was my  
 goose.

Vern KNEELS by his dad, whose head is twisted in the NETTING of the basket, legs up in the air like a roach. Vern strikes a pose much like Willem Defoe's in "Platoon"

VERN  
WHYYYYYYYYY!

59 BACK TO PRESENT

59

Vern has his FACE in his HANDS, Dave still eyes him suspiciously.

VERN  
So you see, we have a lot in common. That's why I understand your desire to do good - Dave. And that's why I'm going to request a transfer for you to RiverPark on the Mountain. As you know, they're a tad short handed right now, plus they have those really nice trucks. And someone with your drive and personality will really thrive...

Dave cuts him off sharply and derisively

DAVE  
Oh... you're good, Vern... you're really good.

VERN  
What?

DAVE  
Hoping I would not have know about Rider 6, codicle 13, sub-stratum 2 article 5 - "Any Code Enforcer transferred from HOA to HOA loses all previous cites and starts over at the new HOA" Nice try, Vern.

Vern goes from victim to assailant in no time flat. He points a finger at Dave.

VERN  
That how you want to shave that emu, Petty?

DAVE  
I guess so, Vern.

Dave smirks and turns back to his work. Vern SEETHES behind him. Then, without warning,

Vern jabs his FOOT behind Dave's KNEE, making Dave's knees collapse, and Dave falls unceremoniously to the ground.

VERN

There's more where that came from,  
Herr Junge. Just you wait. Frozen  
revenge tastes better.

Vern storms out. Dave is left with a quizzical WTF look on his face.

60 INT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S GARAGE- SAME

60

Sonny has the Bonnie freezer open

SONNY

Sorry to have to do this, babe.

He reaches in and grabs something, tugs hard to get it out. It's an earring. He sticks it on the Tshirt, then wads it up, shoves it into the freezer, thrashes it around a bit, then pulls it back out.

He mangles the tshirt a bit, then puts it in a baggie and seals it up starts to leave. He reaches back into the freezer, pulls out a popsicle, shuts the lid and leaves.

61 INT. GOBLOTTO'S ITALIAN RISTORANTE - EVENING

61

Laura enters the kitchen area and begins tying on her apron. Maurice approaches her, frowning.

MAURICE

Where's your uniform?

LAURA

It's kind of small.

MAURICE

Form-fitting, Laura, that's the way it's made.

LAURA

I'm confused. Is this an Italian restaurant or Hooters?

MAURICE

Please don't get sassy with me, Laura. We don't appreciate sass here. Mr. Goblotto wants all you girls wearing those uniforms... period. Go home and get it.

LAURA

Are you serious?

Maurice just stands and stares at her, arms folded. Laura sighs, puts her apron down, and walks off.

62 EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S DRIVEWAY - SAME 62

Sonny, wearing sunglasses and a baseball cap, gets into Jasmine's Honda Accord and drives away. Dave and Sue pass by just as the Accord exits Sonny's driveway.

63 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - SAME 63

Sonny pulls into driveway, steps from car, and walks to the back of the house. He tries to open a window, but it's locked. He then tries the sliding glass door and to his pleasant surprise, it opens.

64 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE- SAME 64

Sonny walks across the living room, leaving the back door open. We see Alfred scamper by and dash out the back door.

Sonny enters Laura's garage from inside. He spots the washer and dryer. Above the washer is a cabinet. He pulls the baggie out of his jacket pocket, removes the items with his gloved hand, then places them toward the back of the cabinet.

65 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - SAME 65

She hurriedly makes her way toward the front door and just as she grabs the knob, she notices Alfred go zooming by her toward the street. She chases after him.

66 INT. LAURA'S HOUSE - SAME TIME 66

Sonny hears the car. He freaks. He finishes up his business and runs out the back door.

67 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, BACK YARD - SAME 67

Sonny exits, closes the sliding door, then turns and runs toward the woods...stops right in front of

A new brick wall with a sign on it that reads "Another fine project brought to you by your HOA" No way out!

In the front yard, Laura looks around for Alfred. She is panicking just as Dave and Sue drive up with Alfred.

DAVE  
You lose this, Ma'am?

Laura smiles.

LAURA  
Where did you find him?

DAVE  
He was digging around the  
neighbor's flower bed.

LAURA  
You're not going to cite me for  
that are you?

Dave and Sue look at each other.

DAVE  
Cite you for what?

Laura and Dave smile at each other. Sue points towards  
Laura's house.

SUE  
Hey, what's he doing here?

They turn to look, Sonny tries to make it look like he was  
just passing on the street.

SONNY  
What, against your precious rules  
to jog now?

DAVE  
You're walking.

SONNY  
I'm in cool down mode. Conserving  
electrolytes and stuff. Everybody's  
doin' it. It's nothing suspicious.

Frankie drives by, waves and shouts out the window.

FRANKIE  
Hey, Sonny - how about Fajitas at  
our place with the wife?

Sonny waves him off gruffly and walks swiftly and awkwardly  
past Dave, Sue and Laura. They just stare as he goes.

LAURA  
He's starting to seriously creep me  
out. Can I tell you two something?

Dave looks at Sue, shrugs. Sue shrugs back.

68

INT. LAURA'S HOUSE, LIVING ROOM - LATER

68

Dave and Sue sit on the couch across from Laura, sipping a glass of water.

DAVE

Wow. Really? Isn't he married to that real estate lady?

LAURA

(becoming more animated)  
Yeah, and she like busted in on them the other day with a camcorder when they were in bed! Pretty wild, huh?

DAVE

So what happened?

LAURA

Well, Jasmine's freaked out by it all. I think she's gonna break it off. But it's kind of awkward and all since she works for him.

Sue puts a hand on Laura's arm

SUE

That must have been so horrible for you, is there anything I can...

Dave and Laura each give Sue a WTF look.

SUE

You know...um...surveillance sweep, for bugs or... oh never mind.

Awkward moment between the three of them.

LAURA

Anyway. I think he was stalking us at Flannigan's the other night. And then this today.

DAVE

Hmmmmmm...



LAURA  
(changing the subject)  
Are you going to be okay - I mean,  
your boss isn't going to attack you  
again or anything is he?

DAVE  
I doubt that.

SUE  
If he does try anything again,  
these will take care of him.

She whips out a can of pepper spray with her left hand a  
taser with her right.

DAVE  
Where the hell did you get those?

SUE  
The Bumgarners. Yours are out in  
the cart.

DAVE  
Cool!

LAURA  
(suddenly jumping to her  
feet)  
Oh! I got to get back to work!

Dave stands, pulls out a business card and hands it to her.

DAVE  
Oh, okay. Well thanks for the  
water. If you ever need anything,  
or, have any questions... call me.

The three walk to the door.

LAURA  
Thanks... bye, Dave.

Dave and Laura share a look as Laura closes the door.

69 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - SAME

69

Dave and Sue walk toward the golf cart.

DAVE  
Wow - she turned out to be pretty  
cool.

Dave does a double take at Jasmine's car as he climbs in to the golf cart.

DAVE

Hold on a second.

He suddenly gets up from the cart and walks back toward house, rings the doorbell. Laura answers the door pulling the "form-fitting" shirt on. Dave can't help but notice.

LAURA

Yes?

DAVE

I just remembered something. You said you saw Sonny Goblotto at Flannigan's the other night?

LAURA

Yes, why?

DAVE

Maybe nothing. Okay, well, see you later.

(to Sue)

Okay, partner - let's go cite the bad guys.

Dave climbs back in and they drive off.

70

EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE - DAY

70

Sonny's large trash CAN is parked next to the street along with four plastic trash BAGS. Dave and Sue come puttering up and stop at Sonny's. Dave begins writing a citation.

Sonny comes pulling out of the driveway, but is blocked by Sue and Dave's cart. He stops and rolls down his window.

SONNY

What now?

DAVE

(stepping over to Sonny's car)

I'm afraid you can't have these plastic bags out here on the curb, Mr. Goblotto. "All bags must be placed in a sanctioned trash receptacle, with closing lid so that said bags shall be invisible to the naked eye."

SONNY

(rolling his eyes)

My freezer's busted and they can't  
send a repair out for another  
week... got a bunch of bad meat  
here.

DAVE

Sorry, sir, the code regarding  
trash disposal is very clear - it's  
the biggest code in our manual...  
27 pages.

SONNY

What, I'm supposed to wait 'til  
freakin' next week to get rid of a  
bunch of stinkin' rotten meat?

DAVE

I'm a Code Enforcer sir, not a...  
meat guy. By the way - Were you  
driving your wife's car the other  
night by Flannigan's?

SONNY

Move your fucackta buggy out of my  
way before I flatten it!

DAVE

You seem a bit edgy, Mr. Goblotto.  
Something wrong?

Sonny guns his engine - Dave hurriedly jumps into the cart  
and Sue backs it up so Sonny can get by. Sonny burns rubber  
as he exits the driveway.

DAVE

Hmmm.

Sue drives Dave away, and they see Vern's CART coming in the  
opposite direction, Parker driving. As the two carts PASS  
each other both Vern and Dave take out their pads and pens.  
Parker and Sue EYE each other. Then gun their engines

71

EXT. - LAKEFIELD HILLS - EARLY EVENING

71

Dave and Sue drive like people on a mission, Sue points OS.

DAVE

I'm telling you, Sue, it all makes  
sense. Vern tows Sonny's wife's car  
from Flannigan's, nobody can reach  
her...

and that Spatibutterball guy says  
she doesn't live at the house any  
more.

The cart pulls up to a house where a woman is bringing  
groceries into her house through the garage. Sue hops out.

SUE

I got it.

Sue writes a cite, puts it in the lady's bag

SUE

Violation 86-21. Garage door open,  
garage not in use for garagely  
functions. Plus two of your car  
tires are on the yard. I'm Officer  
Petty. Have a good day.

Sue hops back in the cart and they drive off.

DAVE

And Laura says she saw Sonny in the  
parking lot that same night, and  
later we see Sonny at Laura's  
house, claiming he's "jogging."

The cart pulls up to another house, Dave gets out, writes a  
citation. Looks around the yard, writes another. He sticks  
them on the door, gets back in the cart.

A man walks around the house, sees the cites, grabs and reads  
them, starts to swear.

MAN

What the... I'm not even having a  
yard sale!

SUE

Today was neighborhood-Wide yard  
Sale - Non-participation is  
strictly prohibited. Plus your  
Lantana has been trimmed too short,  
and your front door is unseemly.

DAVE

And Sonny builds this pool, which  
is pushed through in one day,  
despite numerous separate  
violations. Then he becomes very  
agitated when we questioned him  
back there. I think he's trying to  
hide something.

The cart stops at another residence, some people are hanging around the yard, talking drinking. Dave and Sue get out and start to write citations.

Three people approach Dave and Sue

PERSON

What's this all about, officers?

Sue stops him with one finger.

SUE

Open container code 08-35.4, lawn chair violations of sections 3, nine and forty-eight, and

PERSON

Give me a freakin' break, man, you expect me to

Sue whips out her pepper spray and sprays the guy square in the face, he goes down in pain. Two others approach, angry.

Dave whips out a taser and zaps one, Sue waves her spray can.

SUE

Who's next? Huh? Who wants some?

DAVE

We are within our rights to use these defense items pursuant to Statute 72, page 41, paragraph 5, marginalia 2.6. Look it up.

The other partiers all stop dead.

DAVE

Obstructing a Code Enforcing Agent in the justifiable application of their sworn duty - six counts.

Dave whips off a handful of cites, tosses them at the people, they get back in the cart

DAVE

I'm officer Petty, have a nice day.  
(to Sue)  
He's guilty, Sue, it all adds up.

SUE

Come on Dave, that's all so circumstantial and flimsy it's not even funny. Are you listening to yourself?

You're talking about murder. How does someone who's just your totally average, run-of-the-mill former heavyweight boxer, Italian restaurant owner with friends in high places and a name like Sonny "The Chin" Goblotta, kill someone? Seriously.

They drive on in silence.

72

INT. LAKEFIELD HILLS POLICE STATION- DAY

72

Sonny is sitting at a table with two POLICE DETECTIVES, SPENCER, 40's, no-nonsense, and FERGUSEN, 30's, affable. Sonny has a very somber expression on his face.

SONNY

That's pretty much it, officers. My wife is missing, and now my girlfriend is acting all weird and won't talk to me.

SPENCER

(glances at Ferguson, then back at Sonny)  
Okay... do you think the two things might be related?

SONNY

Wow - I hadn't even thought of that... like how you mean?

FERGUSEN

Did either of them know of the other, did they ever meet, or have harsh words?

SONNY

Gosh, I don't know. They may have, I guess. My wife did frequent the restaurant.

SPENCER

(nodding, scrawling notes)  
Maybe jealous of the attention?

Sonny feigns deep thought.

SONNY

Hmmm, hadn't thought about that.  
You mean they may have been jealous  
of each other and gotten into a  
fight, perhaps one ending in death?

(takes a quick side  
glance, lowers voice)

Wow - maybe that's why she has  
been acting so weird and angry  
lately. Jasmine, I mean.

SPENCER

(appears deep in thought)

Okay, Mr. Goblotto - I think we  
have enough to go on for now -  
thank you for coming to us with  
this matter and being so  
cooperative.

FERGUSEN

Everything you've said here will be  
held in the strictest of confidence  
of course.

SONNY

(feigning tears)

I just want her back, that's all.

SPENCER

Your wife?

SONNY

Yeah. That one.

FERGUSEN

We're on it.

Sonny leaves. The detectives look at each other

FERGUSEN

You think he's telling the truth?

SPENCER

Yeah, he's clean. Unless he's a  
really good liar and knows how to  
plant evidence and stuff a body  
into a hole in his back yard.

Sonny STUFFS Bonnie's BODY through the rebar lining of his  
pool. Sonny then starts to shovel DIRT in to cover her.

Dave and Sue enter the pool yard from the gate

DAVE  
Afternoon, Mr. Goblotto.

Sonny jumps a bit, leans back against the grave.

SONNY  
Jumpin' Mother of God, Don't you bastards ever just call? What is it now - the damn cable line transgression?

SUE  
No sir, you handled that already.

SONNY  
Then what? The whole fountain easement deal?

DAVE  
No sir, that seemed to get handled as well.

As they are talking, Dumbass and Alfred walk around near the top of the pool where Sonny was digging. They start to SCRATCH at the ground, then start to DIG more furiously.

SONNY  
Then quit bustin' my balls, here, guys, huh? You can see I've taken care of the damn mural.

He gestures back toward the mural which now has the naked woman wearing PASTIES over her nipples. Sue and Dave stare and nod approval.

Meanwhile, Dumbass and Alfred have unearthed an ARM and Alfred meows, Sonny looks up - sees the arm, FREAKS and tries to stuff it back into the ground.

Dave and Sue turn back around and see Sonny trying to fight off the dog and cat.

DAVE  
Alfred!

Sonny can't get the arm back in the ground, so it HANGS out in place of his own left arm. He folds his "arms" and stares at Dave and Sue.

SONNY  
What?



DAVE

That's Alfred, Laura's cat. He got loose again. Would you grab him?

Sonny looks up at Alfred, then down at his "arm."

SONNY

You freakin' grab him.

SUE

Sir, is there some reason you can't help us in securing this animal?

SONNY

I ain't no dog catcher.

DAVE

He's a cat.

The extra arm SLIPS from Sonny's grasp and hangs limp. Sonny's eyes go wide.

Dave and Sue just stare.

SONNY

Damn arm, always goes to sleep on me. I think I have that RLS thing.

DAVE

That's restless leg syndrome.

SONNY

Yeah, but I got that so bad that the rest of my body gets exhausted.

He picks his arm up again and CLASPS his fingers over his belly, twiddling one thumb.

SONNY

So if you need the damn cat, grab it and let me get back to work - I got a pool to finish.

Dave and Sue go after Alfred, who runs away with Dumbass - they chase after.

As soon as Dave and Sue are out of sight, Sonny starts to re-stuff the body parts into the structure.

He pulls Bonnie half out to re-situate her, and pushes her back in.

Unseen in the treeline of his lot, Dave WATCHES the action, eyes wide.

SUE  
What is it? What's he doing?

DAVE  
Holy cow, Sue, he's stuffing a body  
in there. We've got to get the cops  
and come back here.

74 EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - LATER

74

Two uniformed POLICE officers are standing outside Laura's front door. Officer 2 rings the doorbell. Laura opens the door. Jasmine walks in behind her.

OFFICER 2  
Laura Smith?

LAURA  
It's Smythe. Can I help you?

OFFICER 1  
Ma'am, may we have a word with you  
about your roommate, Jasmine  
Bustamante?

LAURA  
Um, Sure, come on in.

75 EXT. - SONNY'S BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

75

Dave runs through the open gate into the yard.

DAVE  
Back here officers - you'll see  
what I'm saying.

Two DEPUTIES follow Dave and stop all three stare wide-eyed.

The pool has been POURED - nice pool too - water falls, lush landscaping, lights.

DEPUTY 1  
Wow - nice pool. This guy knows how  
to live.

Dave is flabbergasted.

DAVE  
No - it was right over here, I saw  
it with my own eyes.

Dave runs to where the BODY was dumped - now a JACUZZI - with a big stone MARKER with the name "GIRL SOUP" etched into it.

DAVE

What? How...

DEPUTY 2

I'm sorry, sir, but we are going to have to arrest you for misrepresentation, trespassing, false accusations against a prominent citizen, lying, and being an annoying idiot.

Dave looks at the deputies. They start laughing, then walk away. Dave just stands there, stunned.

76

EXT. LAURA'S HOUSE, DRIVEWAY - EARLY EVENING

76

Laura's house is surrounded by crime scene TAPE and several LakeField Hills police officers are milling about. Officer 1 holds the clear plastic BAGGIE which Sonny planted, up to Detectives Spencer and Ferguson.

OFFICER 1

We found this in a cabinet just above the washing machine.

Spencer takes the bag from Officer 1, looks at it, then hands it off to Ferguson.

SPENCER

Where are the suspects?

OFFICER 1

Follow me.

The two walk over to a squad car where Laura and Jasmine are seated in the back, HANDCUFFED. They are visibly upset and have been crying. Spencer snaps on a pair of rubber gloves.

SPENCER

These ladies been searched?

OFFICER 1

They're clean.

SPENCER

We'll see about that... Evening, ladies.

LAURA  
(doesn't make eye contact)  
I want to talk to my lawyer.

Spencer glances toward Ferguson, then back to Laura.

SPENCER  
You bet... no problem. I'm  
Detective Spencer... Guy Spencer.

JASMINE  
You'll forgive us if we don't shake  
your hand.

SPENCER  
No problem, uh, Ms. Smith is it?

LAURA  
SMYTHE! S-M-Y-T-H-E. it's phonetic,  
Detective... "Spinker" is it? And  
where's Alfred?

SPENCER  
(confused, looks at  
Officer 1)  
Uh... ummmm...

OFFICER 1  
(whispers to Spencer)  
It's her cat... treats him like a  
kid.

SPENCER  
Oh...

Dave comes pulling up in his cart and parks behind the squad  
car. He walks toward Spencer.

DAVE  
What's going on here, officers?

He glances in the car and sees Laura and Jasmine.

DAVE  
Laura? Jasmine?  
(to Spencer)  
What's going on? What happened?

LAURA  
Help us Dave, we've been framed -  
They think Jasmine killed Mrs.  
Goblotto - and they think I'm an  
accessory.

FERGUSEN  
(looking Dave up and down)  
Who are you?

DAVE  
Dave Petty, LakeField Hills code  
enforcer.

SPENCER  
I'm afraid this is a little out of  
your jurisdiction, buddy. Why  
don't' you get back in your...  
(notices the silly golf  
cart)  
...vehicle, and head off to the bat  
cave.

Laura begins to cry again.

DAVE  
Where's your evidence?

FERGUSEN  
Hey, Barney Fife... this is a  
police matter. Please move your big  
boy cart out of the way so we can  
transport this young lady to the  
station.

Spencer turns to climb in his car.

DAVE  
Hey. Where's her cat?

Spencer stops and faces Dave with an icy stare, hisses like  
some character from CSI.

SPENCER  
Move the cart.

DAVE  
Or you'll what?

Two BIG COPS each GRAB an end of the cart and lift and move  
it rather roughly out of the way. Then they get in their car  
and DRIVE OFF with Laura and Jasmine.

DAVE  
Oh.

Alfred scampers up to Dave with something in his mouth. He  
drops it on the ground.

DAVE  
There you are, Alfred. What did you  
dig up now?

Dave stoops down and picks up the object - an earring,  
attached to an EAR.

DAVE  
(dropping it in shock)  
Oh my god!

Alfred grabs the ear again and dashes up into a tree.

DAVE  
No, no, come back, Alfred. Come  
back to... daddy. Here kitty,  
kitty...  
(under his breath)  
...damn cat.

Dave climbs the tree. He straddles a branch and reaches for  
Alfred, then the unmistakable sound of a cracking branch.

DAVE  
Uh, oh...

77 INT - EMERGENCY ROOM - EVENING

77

Dave sits on a TABLE, getting BANDAGES on his ribs while Sue  
stands by. Dave has a butterfly band aid on one eye, two  
fingers in SPLINTS.

DOCTOR  
Really should leave that sort of  
thing to trained professionals,  
sir.

DAVE  
I am a trained professional.

Doc looks Dave up and down.

DOCTOR  
Okay.

SUE  
How do you know it was a human ear?

DAVE  
I think I know a human ear when I  
see one.

SUE  
Maybe the cat still has it.

DAVE  
With my luck, the cat ate it.

The Doc stops what he's doing and gives them a quizzical look.

DAVE  
(to the Doc)  
We're trying to solve a murder  
mystery.

Doc looks skeptical, nods her head, resumes wrapping the bandage.

78 EXT. CODE ENFORCER HQ PARKING LOT - AFTERNOON

78

A BARBEQUE honoring the Gov's two-year-old re-election. Vern helms the grill, drinking a beer and burning the crap out of some steaks.

Dave charges in from the street.

DAVE  
Vern, is he here yet?

VERN  
This is a closed shindig, Petty.  
Dignitaries only.

DAVE  
I just need to speak to the  
Governor real quick - there has  
been a horrible mix up in a murder  
case here - an innocent woman has  
been arrested on false charges.

Vern, stops mid-steak flip, and glares at Dave.

VERN  
Parker.

Officer Parker comes in and takes the tongs and chef's hat from Vern and proceeds to grill.

VERN  
Murder now? Petty, have you been  
smoking weed and watching Johnny  
Depp films again? Can't you see  
we're all relaxing and having a  
good time here?

Dave takes a quick look at the gathering, sitting stiff as death pictures of 1800's Mormons.

DAVE

I found an ear - a HUMAN ear, dug up by a cat.

VERN

This is Texas. You dig anywhere you're bound to find an ear or something. I found this just walking to work today.

Vern pulls up a dripping plastic BAG from out of the cooler on the ground. FLIES buzz, brown LIQUID drips.

VERN

So what?

Vern sets the bag back in the cooler. Then pulls a rack of ribs out of the same cooler and throws them on the BBQ.

The Governor exits the building with a beer and Mrs. Brown on one arm.

GOVERNOR

Vern, what's going on? Did I hear someone say "murder" and "ear?"

DAVE

Sir - the police arrested Laura Smythe and her roommate for the murder of Sonny's wife, but they didn't do it... Sonny did, and

GOVERNOR

The hell you say...?

VERN

That does it, Petty, I've had enough of your ill-conceived blitzkrieg into my party. If the police arrested someone, I think we can all rest assured that someone deserved it. Sorry about this Bucky, don't get sucked into his fantasy world.

GOVERNOR

Not at all Vern, it's good to see a man with gumption. We highly value gumption in my office.

Vern fumes.



VERN

Except that Petty has been warned before - and this is the last straw on that huntin' dog - Officer Petty, you are hereby relieved of your duty as Code Enforcement official for the State of Texas, Travis County, subdivision of LakeField Hills - drop your Pad and Pen on my desk and clear out.

DAVE

But Laura didn't do anything, sir.

VERN

Heraus, Petty! Just scrape up some dignity and slink out of here on your belly. And if I see you within 100 yards of my jurisdiction again, I'll have you water boarded, commensurate with dictem 5, phoneme 1.3 of the Code.

The Governor nods in approval.

GOVERNOR

Good work Vern, why don't you grab me a beer - let's talk.

VERN

Comin' right up, Bucky.

Vern looks Dave up and down and sneers.

79

EXT. - BURGER BARN - DAY

79

The Burger barn is decked out in Fall Festival decor. Dave sits on a picnic table, head in his hands - discouraged.

Sue sits at the wheel of the cart, holding a sparkler in her hand watching it do its thing.

SUE

Oh man, that sucks. We were right on his ass with kills too. What you gonna do now?

DAVE

The hell with the competition, Sue. Vern's been cheating and plotting against me anyway. I saw him screwing with the software the other night.

At another table, Baxter is eating a hotdog and listening in to the conversation. He raises an eyebrow.

DAVE

I'm going to pick Laura up.

(sighs)

I emptied my savings to bail her out.

SUE

Bummer. Hey, that would suck if it turns out she really *is* guilty... and she goes crazy and like kills you in the middle of the night.

Dave just gives her an icy stare.

SUE

Sorry.

DAVE

Sue, I need you to be serious for once. I'm going to need your help so we can prove their innocence.

SUE

Come on, man, you know all I do is talk - I'm no good at actually *doing* anything.

DAVE

I need you, Sue - Laura and Jasmine need you. We need to search his property. He's hiding something - there have to be some clues.

(beat)

Toss me the keys.

Sue just stares at him, wide eyed.

SUE

Dave - you don't drive.

DAVE

I know that Sue. But this is important. Give me the keys. No. You drive. Then we'll swing by Sonny's.

Baxter gets up, pulls out his cellphone and dials.

SUE

Alright. I just hope he doesn't know about Texas' notoriously lax gun laws.

80 INT. VERN'S OFFICE - DAY

80

Vern sits at his desk, talking on the phone.

VERN

No, I told you, he's been relieved of his commission - he has no authority to be bothering you, Mr. Goblotto - if he comes back on your property - you are well within your rights to call the police. And if he sets foot in your house, well, need I remind you about the incredibly lax gun laws we have here in Texas?

(beat)

That's right, sir, happy hunting.

Vern slams down the phone. Gets up, pulls a big cowboy HAT out of a bag and tries it on in the MIRROR behind his desk. Then puts on some mirrored SUN GLASSES. He starts to SING the theme from "Walker, Texas Ranger."

VERN

For the eyes of the Ranger are upon you...

81 EXT - LAKEFIELD HILLS STREETS - EVENING

81

Dave walks with Laura.

LAURA

Wow - a human ear. That is really kinda creepy - you think it's hers?

Dave doesn't want to say.

LAURA

Thanks for bailing me out.

DAVE

Sure, no problem.

LAURA

Sorry you lost your job.

DAVE

It's okay.

LAURA

Sorry I got you tangled up in all this.

DAVE

I don't mind, it's what I do.

LAURA

Sorry Alfred thrashed you around like a little bitch and you fell out of the tree and got hurt.

DAVE

...thanks

They stop in front of Laura's house. She heads toward the house. Stops.

LAURA

Hey... why don't you come on in?

82

INT - LAURA'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON

82

Dave and Laura sit in her living room - they look beat. The DOORBELL rings. They jump. Laura goes to the door and peaks through the peep hole.

LAURA

It's just Sue.

DAVE

Oh, good.

Laura opens the door.

LAURA

Hey, Sue.

SUE

What's up?

DAVE

Thanks for coming. We have to get into Sonny's house - find clues before he's had a chance to totally clean up after himself.

SUE

Break into his house?

DAVE

I don't see any other way. Laura?

LAURA

It sounds like we have to.

SUE

Break into his house?

DAVE

Okay. It's settled - Sue, Sue - can we count on you here? I'm gonna need you to get over to the Bumgarner's and have Lyle set some small charges under the pool so we can find the body. Then meet us back at Sonny's at 9 pm - everybody else will be at the Gala. Okay?

SUE

Break into...?

83

EXT - SONNY'S HOUSE - LATER

83

A CE cart is parked just down the street. Dave, Laura stand at a side window.

Sue DRIVES up to the house silently in another CE cart, sneaks up to the window with a CAMCORDER in hand. She takes a flat metal BAR from her jacket, hands it to Dave, who starts to jimmy the window.

SUE

Compliments of Rufus. Lyle says the charges are set to blow once we're gone. Gives us about an hour.

DAVE

What's the camera for?

SUE

Document what we find.

DAVE

Well you don't need to document the fact that we're breaking and entering... turn it off.

Sue complies, the window POPS up, and Dave pushes it up enough to climb in. Laura follows; Sue hesitates, then climbs in after them.

84 INT. SONNY'S HOUSE - FOLLOWING

84

Dave, Laura and Sue, camcorder on again, stand in a spare room. They have flashlights.

SUE

What are we looking for?

DAVE

I don't really know - anything -  
smear of blood, torn clothes, that  
sort of thing.

They SPREAD out and start to SNOOP around the house,  
eventually meeting right back up again in the spare room.

LAURA

This is hopeless, Dave - we have no  
idea what we're trying to find.

SUE

I agree with Laura.

Dave frowns, starts to think...think...

85 FLASHBACK SCENE

85

Dave harasses Sonny about the trash, and Sonny says his  
freezer is busted.

86 BACK TO PRESENT

86

DAVE

The Freezer!

87 INT - SONNYS BASEMENT - FOLLOWING

87

Dave, Laura and Sue approach the FREEZER apprehensively. Dave  
musters up the nerve and grabs the handle, he THROWS it open,

DAVE/SUE/LAURA

Aaaaaghh!

The freezer is empty - yet frosted over, obviously working.

DAVE

Hmm, that's odd.

SUE

What?

DAVE

He said his freezer was busted. And what's this?

Dave reaches in and pulls out some long brown HAIR.

SUE

Oh that's nasty, he has hair in his freezer.

LAURA

Now why would there be this much human hair frozen to the inside of the freezer? Unless...

SUE

There was a human body...

DAVE

Frozen in the freezer. Let's go get some baggies.

88 INT. CE OFFICE - EVENING

88

Vern stands in front of his mirror adjusting his fancy CE Dress uniform - looks like something Mussolini might wear. He gives himself a nod, and heads out.

89 EXT. CE OFFICE - FOLLOWING

89

Vern locks the door, turns around to face

Baxter, and an angry MOB of local residents wielding lawn ornaments and using solar powered lawn lighting as torches.

BAXTER

Hey Vern. Going somewhere?

They stare each other down a moment. Vern makes a slight movement to wipe his nose, then

He whips out a citation BOOK, rips the spine off, and flings the LOOSE CITES at the crowd in a flurry. The mob CRINGES and covers their faces - Vern takes off at a tear across the parking lot.

Baxter recovers, and rallies the troops.

BAXTER

Get him!

The mob sets off after Vern.

90

INT. SONNYS KITCHEN - FOLLOWING

90

Dave slips the hair into a BAGGIE, and goes to grab another. The box is EMPTY.

He rummages around under the SINK looking for more. He notices the broken CAMCORDER in the trash.

Dave takes the camcorder out of the trash, opens it, the tape is still inside. He presses the play button - nothing.

DAVE

Hey, Sue look at this...

Sue walks over, Dave hands her the tape.

DAVE

Can you play this in yours?

SUE

Yeah. What is it?

DAVE

That's what I want to find out.

Sue turns off her camcorder, pops her tape out, then puts the other tape in and presses play. All three gather around and stare intently at the pop-out screen. We hear the sound of Jasmine and Sonny in the bedroom. All three get a disgusted look on their faces.

SUE/DAVE/LAURA

Ewww!

Now we hear Bonnie's voice, followed by Jasmine's scream of surprise. Sue and Dave are no longer disgusted as they behold Jasmine in all her glory.

SUE

Jasmine's looking good, though.

Laura grabs the camcorder and fast forwards, then presses play. We hear Bonnie and Sonny arguing, then Sonny lunges at Bonnie with the leash.

SUE/DAVE/LAURA

Ah-ha!

Just then a car is heard pulling up outside. Sue freaks.

SUE

Shit - he's back. He's gonna find us! We're all gonna die! We're all gonna die!



Laura SLAPS Sue, she calms a bit.

LAURA  
Chill out, drowse the lights.

It gets real dark, we just hear them now.

DAVE (VO)  
Quick... uh, back to the spare  
room. Through this door... over  
here...

LAURA (VO)  
Ouch, what the hell.

SUE (VO)  
Sorry.

The three FUMBLE noisily about in the dark.

Keys JANGLE at the front door - it opens. LIGHTS come on,  
Sonny and Jimmy stand in the doorway and see

Dave stuck in the PANTRY feeling around for a way out. Sue  
and Laura are TANGLED together by the sink. Sue has a hand on  
Laura's BOOB. Laura eyes her.

SUE  
Uh - I was... just seeing  
if...what's that?

Sue points OS, when everybody looks, Sue SPRINTS for the  
spare room and DIVES out the window.

DAVE  
Jesus, Sue.

SONNY  
We'll catch her later - right now,  
I'm reminded of a little something  
I like to call the "Shoot 'em if  
they're inside your home" code.

Sonny pulls a big gun from his waist.

DAVE  
It's no use, Sonny. We know what  
you did, and where you hid the body  
- and we found this tape that  
proves it.

JIMMY

You mean that tape that will fall from your hand when he shoots you trespassers? That tape?

Dave eyes Laura, worried.

DAVE

Uh, yeah, that'd be the one.

SONNY

Say goodbye, you annoying punks.

Sonny levels the gun on them, PULLS back the HAMMER... then--

MEEEROOOWWR!

Alfred lands on Sonny's head scratching and clawing and biting. Sonny drops the gun and flails around hitting the walls trying to get the cat off his head.

SONNY

Jimmy, get this raccoon off my head!

JIMMY

Whoa! It's like that "When Animals Attack" shit.

Jimmy turns to help Sonny, but finds Sue standing there, holding a can of pepper spray.

DAVE

Thanks for backing me up, Sue.

SUE

Not a problem, Dave.

Sue raises the CANISTER, depresses the button.

Pffft. Nothing.

Sue's eyes go wide. Jimmy grins, reaches for the gun on the floor right next to him only to find

Dumbass snarling, teeth bared. Drooling eye-level with Jimmy.

JIMMY

Oh crap.

Sonny finally yanks Alfred off his head, which is now covered with claw and teeth marks. He throws Alfred at Laura and Dave.

SONNY

Catch!

LAURA

No! Alfred!

Dave drops the tape to catch Alfred, Sonny GRABS the TAPE and bolts for the door.

Jimmy eyes his options - chickenshit Sue with empty pepper spray, angry Dog, Laura and hissing cat.

A tense beat passes.

Jimmy eyes Dumbass, dumbass eyes Jimmy, Laura eyes Dave, Dave eyes the door, Alfred eyes dumbass.

Jimmy moves first - he reaches for the gun.

SUE

Dave - stop Sonny!

Sue JUMPS at Jimmy, as does Dumbass and Alfred.

Laura looks to Dave - gives him a quick KISS.

LAURA

Go get the bad guy, Dave!

She gives Jimmy an impressive round-house KICK to the face as Dave bolts out the door. Jimmy flies against a wall.

SUE

Nice.

91 EXT. GOVERNOR'S GALA TENT ON FAIRWAY - NIGHT

91

Guests are filing into the tent set up for the speech. The Governor checks his watch, waves as people file in.

GOVERNOR

Now where in Hell is Vern? That boy makes ass-kissin' an art. Charles, how you doing? Holy Jeez it's been a long time.

92 EXT - SONNY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

92

Sonny jumps into the Code enforcer cart and drives away at top speed - about 10 MPH.

Dave runs down to the other cart and stops dead. FEAR on his face

# FLASHBACK SEQUENCE

Dave's father runs off the road and crashes into Tabuli Shack

# BACK TO PRESENT

Dave stares at the cart, then stares after Sonny - who isn't very far away yet. He screws up his face and hops into the cart and gives chase.

93 EXT. LAKEFIELD HILLS STREETS - NIGHT

93

The two carts weave through golf course terrain, in and out of trees.

At one point some joggers pass both carts and stare kind of incredulously. Sonny keeps looking behind him, but both carts are at the same speed so no headway is made.

Dumbass charges Dave's cart and hops in next to Dave.

DAVE

Good girl, Dumbass.

DUMBASS

Arf!

The two carts "speed" through a construction site. Sonny's cart gets hung up in some soft earth for a bit, Dave closes in, but Sonny gets out and pushes his cart out, then hops in and speeds away again - only just in front of Dave.

94 INTERIOR - GOVERNOR'S CELEBRATION TENT - NIGHT.

94

The Governor and his posse drink and chat. Mrs. Brown COW stands at his side, MARGARITA glass in hand, a little tipsy. On the costume is a sandwich BOARD that reads "Eat Bucky's Meat!". Governor's Aide checks his watch impatiently.

95 EXT - LAKEFIELD HILLS - NIGHT

95

Sonny passes orange road pylons in the construction site, as he passes he grabs each cone and flips them behind him, trying to slow Dave down, Dave uses all his defensive driving skills to avoid the cones.

96

INT - GOVERNOR TENT - NIGHT

96

GOVERNOR.

Well what am I doin' standing here  
chewing my cud waitin' on Vern for.  
Let's head 'em up.

The governor takes to the podium and tests the mike.

GOVERNOR

Test test, is this on? Ya'll hear  
me alright?

It is. They do.

GOVERNOR

My friend here (indicates cow)  
wants to remind ya'll to buy my new  
Beef Jerky links, available at all  
convenience stores in Texas.

Cow WAVES to audience, points to sign on sandwich board.

GOVERNOR

Okay, as you all know we're here  
tonight to recognize those brave,  
dedicated law enforcement officers  
who have been named to this years  
Governor's list for induction into  
the Texas Rangers Academy.

Applause and cheers around the tent.

97

EXT - STREETS - NIGHT

97

A skateboarding punk comes out of nowhere and hits Sonny's  
cart broadside, the Punk has his hand palms outward, and the  
impact pushes Sonny's cart off course, and into the golf  
course fairway again.

Sonny is jolted to the side of the front seat; and arm gets  
caught in the seat belt, his foot gets jammed on the gas  
pedal, and the cart has no steering now.

SONNY

What the crap?

Dave avoids the punk.

DAVE

Curfew is in two hours, young man.

Skater flips him off.

DAVE  
I know your mom.

Skater eyes get wide, he skates off in a hurry.

Dave's Cart pulls alongside Sonny's, he tries to grab the cart, but the wonky steering yanks it away at the last minute.

Dave sees the cart head toward the edge of a small cliff.  
He mashes on the "gas", the cart barely speeds up any more.  
Sonny finally clambers over the seat and behind the wheel.

SONNY  
Yeah, baby, who's your daddy now?

He looks up just in time to see the edge of the cliff loom ahead - his eyes widen.

Dave's eyes widen. Dumbass barks. Suddenly,

Vern, mob close behind, throwing lawn ornaments as they go, springs from the shadows and sprints past between Sonny and Dave's carts. Dave is veered to the left and makes it away.

Sonny can't adjust and goes over the cliff. Sonny Plows down a steep hill, being THRASHED by branches, and the occasional armadillo that flies up and hits him. He sees in the distance the lights of the gala.

SONNY  
MOMMY!

98 INT. GOVERNOR TENT - NIGHT

98

Governor is still babbling on and on. Scattered applause.

Vern and mob sprint in the side opening - Vern scans the room just as

Sonny's cart CRASHES through the front flap of the tent and PLOWS THROUGH the buffet table - throwing food and decorations everywhere.

Patrons SCURRY about to get out of the way. Vern does a "bodyguard" sideways flying DIVE to protect the Governor

VERN  
Neeeeeeiin!

The Governor just watches Vern dives right past him and lands on his head off stage. The mob descends on Vern.

GOVERNOR  
What in tarnation?

When the dust and commotion settles, all that can be heard is the faint electric BUZZ of the cart HORN, which the unconscious Sonny's body is leaning on.

Seconds later, Dave's cart peels around the corner and stops next to Sonny's cart. Dave gets out, confidently stands over Sonny and the cart, and writes his last cite

DAVE  
Sonny Goblotto, by the authority vested in me as a former Code Enforcer for the Community of LakeField Hills, I hereby put you under citizen's arrest for the murder of Mrs. Sonny Goblotto and the framing of innocent citizenry. And I hereby cite you for 182 counts of Code Violation, including reckless driving on a fairway, endangerment of local fauna, and burying bodies in a pool easement without proper paperwork.

GOVERNOR  
SumBitch! He drove on our fairway?!  
Good work, Officer Petty.  
(he motions to his aide)  
Add them 182 cites to Petty's count. Where does that put him?

Baxter produces a THUMB DRIVE from his pocket, flourishes it.

BAXTER  
32% of Vern's cites are bogus,  
Governor - I have proof on this drive - with those 182 cites, Petty has him beat by a mile.

Sonny lifts his head - stares at Dave - lifts his hand to show the destroyed video tape. Dave slumps, defeated.

SONNY  
But YOU ain't got no proof that I killed nobody, copper.

GOVERNOR  
Is this true, young man?

DAVE  
Well, I ...I did...

Sonny grins.

GOVERNOR  
Then I'm afraid you'll have to let  
him go - and put you under arrest.  
Damn shame, Petty.

Sue and Laura run up to the opening of the tent and look in.

LAURA  
Dave? What...

A huge EXPLOSION rocks the tent - followed shortly after by  
more DEBRIS falling through the tent - debris such as pieces  
of Sonny's pool - including the "Girl Soup" marker and  
Bonnie's Blue Jacket - which flaps down into Frankie's hands.

BAXTER  
Holy cow - Bonnie!

FRANKIE  
So... Is Bonnie not coming over for  
Brisket?

CROWD  
(gasps)  
He DID do it! Oh my word - a  
murderer!

SONNY  
What the crap...?

GOVERNOR  
'Cuff him, boys.

Officers cuff Dave.

GOVERNOR  
No no, dad gum it - him - Sonny!

The cops un-cuff Dave and proceed to cuff Sonny.

SONNY  
And I would have gotten away with  
it too, if it wasn't for these  
meddling code enforcers!

Vern, a little woogy from the fall, is dragged to his feet by  
the mob.



VERN

Is the Governor safe?

GOVERNOR

Yes he is, No thanks to you. You pathetic, cheating cattle rustler.

VERN

But I... but... but

GOVERNOR

You can hang your butt from a lamp-post, but it don't light up my driveway, boy.

Vern is completely lost

VERN

What does that even mean?

GOVERNOR

What it means is, while you was trying to suck up to me, and discredit this fine example of a law enforcement officer, you almost let a murderer go scott free. Speiner, you're off the list, and you're stripped of your rank as Chief of Code Enforcement for Lakefield Hills.

VERN

That's not fair...

He pouts and tries to rush forward, but Baxter whacks him in the face with a Pink FLAMINGO, knocking him out again.

GOVERNOR

Petty, like your ancestors before you, in the face of great danger, you put your own life on the line to bring a dangerous criminal to justice. While others stood by doing nothing, you took action and now our community is just a little bit safer... and a little bit more in compliance with code. Therefore, it is my great pleasure to offer you a spot in the Academy and the chance to become a Texas Ranger!

There is great clatter of applause from those in the tent, the COW grabs Dave's BUTT. The Governor goes to pin an award on Dave's shirt.

But surprisingly, Dave motions the pin away. It gets quiet.

DAVE

Mr. Governor, sir, while I thank you indeed for this great honor you bestow upon me, I have to graciously decline the offer.

GOVERNOR

What?

SUE

What?

PATRONS

What?

DAVE

You see, as a Code Enforcer, I always thought that the codes were, well, kinda stupid, and ridiculous, and obnoxious and really dumb.

Gasps from the crowd.

DAVE

But in the last week, it was just those codes that led me to capture this criminal. The Codes do serve a purpose. Families work hard to buy a house starting in the low to mid 200's in our communities; and they know that this community will give them the look and feel of upscale citizens and model members of society. There needs to be order. We can not have boats visible in the driveway, like they do in those other, non-gated neighborhoods.

(more gasps from crowd)

We can not, nay, shall not let the grass grow past three and one quarter inches in height or yellow from lack of water. Trash receptacles must be brought in on time, basketball hoops will not blight our cul-de-sacs... and by god, patio furniture that does not match the trim color of your house will not stand as long as I am a Code Enforcer. So I regretfully decline the position with the Texas Rangers, your eminence.

There is complete silence, crickets. Everyone just stares.

GOVERNOR

Are you retarded boy? Are you one  
bread-crumb coating shy of a  
chicken-fried steak?

Dave stands by with a deer in the headlights look on his  
face. Sue grabs a cup of beer, hands it to Laura who hastily  
splashes it in Dave's face.

DAVE

Huh? Oh, uh, sorry.

He grabs the pin from the governor and pins it on.

DAVE

YOINK! Temporary insanity.

Wild applause from crowd.

99            EXTERIOR - LAKEFIELD HILLS - DAY

99

subscript: two weeks later

100           EXT. SONNY GOBLOTTO'S HOUSE - DAY

100

Dave stands next to a Code Enforcer's cart, looking off into  
the near distance. From his point of view, work crews can be  
seen CLEANING UP the garish monstrosity of Sonny's mansion -  
power washing off the mural, fixing the Fountain etc.

Sue's voice brings Dave out of his reverie.

SUE

Petty, what're you doing?

Sue wanders over from the house down the way, putting her  
cite book away.

DAVE

Hey Sue, just came by to say see  
ya. Parker said you were out here.

SUE

Yep - supervising the removal of  
this heap - making sure the Great  
Spotted Salamander-eating Northern  
Warblebeak isn't disturbed. You  
finally getting your dream, huh?

DAVE

Yep. I leave for Dallas in an hour.

Sue looks around

SUE

You walkin? Need a lift?

DAVE

Nope, here it comes now.

Dave points down the road. A car pulls up next to them, Laura driving, Alfred shotgun

LAURA

Hey Davey, you ready? Hi Sue.

SUE

Ma'am. You take care of ol' Dave now. He's got a mighty big destiny to fulfill.

LAURA

I will. You take care too, Sue. And thanks for everything.

Sue awkwardly hugs Laura. Dave and Sue shake hands, Dave goes to hug her, Sue stops him.

SUE

Not here, man, they have camera's everywhere, and we wouldn't want to start any rumors about our... relationship.  
(winks)

Dave laughs, gets in the car, they drive off.

DAVE

You're a strange chick, Sue. Later!

SUE

Later man.

The RiverPark at the Mountain CE truck pulls up next to Sue at the cart. Dirk and Bobby - still in bandages and arm casts, sneer down at Sue.

DIRK

Hey little boy, your go-cart break a wheel? You stranded?

BOBBY

Yeah, maybe we could find a shopping cart at Randall's and use it to fix your buggy.

They LAUGH derisively and nudge each other.

Sue laughs with them for a bit, then lunges at them with taser and pepper spray drawn. In one swift motion, she tases and sprays, we hear shrieks, cut to black.

101

THE END

101

"where are they now" pieces:

-- Vern is manager of a shitty apartment complex, he argues with a woman at the front desk - when she leaves;

VERN

Man, she's sexy.

ASSISTANT

Like Tina Fey sexy?

VERN

No. I said sexy... like Tyne Daley!

-- Governor sits in a dog run with dozens of dogs playing around him - he plays guitar and sings some really odd folksy tune.

The Governor retired after another term, and started to play folks music and write Texas-flavored novels. He also has his own brand of salsa.

-- Sue was head Code Enforcer - a position she held for three years then suddenly disappeared after citing a black limo left in a cul-de-sac overnight.

-- Baxter Dupree took over as head CE, and made a few changes to the neighborhood (shot of neighborhood street with pink Flamingos in every yard). Right before he was dragged from his house at two in the morning by an angry mob.

-- Dave made it into the Texas Rangers, and led the raid that captured Jimmy Spattibucci and his gang of renegade pool builders and drug dealers.

-- Laura married Dave, they live in a nice quiet older community with no HOA in the Park Heights Springs area of Austin, Texas.

Laura owns her own restaurant "Chez Alfred."