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FADE IN:

The opening scene takes us through a variety of activities taking place in New Jersey.

A) An aerial view of a middle class community. As cars pull out of their driveways they stop to pay a toll at the booth positioned at the end of their driveway to get onto the street. A spinning newspaper stops, SUPERIMPOSED with the headlines: "POLITICAL SCANDAL LEADS TO HISTORICAL DEFICIT - WHERE WILL WE FIND THE MONEY?"

B) School children lined up in the halls of their school waiting to receive their daily dose of Ritalin. The look on their faces is one of mindless twits. A spinning newspaper stops, SUPERIMPOSED with the headlines: "SCHOOL SHOOTINGS UP - OFFICIALS TRY TO GET A GRIP ON THE CAUSE"

C) A family awakens from their beds as bulldozers FIRE UP and plow into their front porch. An OFFICIAL LOOKING MAN with a hammer is at the side of the house tacking up a notice that reads "EMINENT DOMAIN". A moment later the bulldozer takes that part of the house out. The family runs SCREAMING from the house. A spinning newspaper stops, SUPERIMPOSED with the headlines: "BUSINESSES FLOOD TO THE CITY - MAY CAUSE RISE IN PROPERTY TAXES"

D) The scene pans over a variety of crime scenes in New Jersey. The scenes consist of a cross burning, child abductions, assault and battery, and robbery. All the while police patrols do nothing but sit by the side of the road waiting for speeders and seat belt violators to drive by. A spinning newspaper stops, SUPERIMPOSED with the headlines: "CRACKING DOWN ON SEAT BELT VIOLATORS, BECAUSE WE CARE ABOUT YOUR SAFETY"

The opening scene finishes.

SUPER: WHAT YOU ARE ABOUT TO SEE HAS BEEN INSPIRED BY ACTUAL EVENTS THAT HAVE TAKEN PLACE IN AND AROUND THE STATE OF NEW JERSEY. THE NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE PERVERTED, THE CORRUPT, THE GUILTY, AND EVERY STATE OFFICIAL ADOLPH

HITLER WOULD BE PROUD TO CALL SCHUTZSTAFFEL (SS).

Our opening scene takes us to:

EXT. ATLANTIC COUNTY - COURT HOUSE AND JAIL - MORNING

It's a beautiful day. The courthouse is relatively busy with many people going in and out of the courthouse. All the pedestrian traffic walks out of the scene leaving the closed doors of the courthouse in view.

EXT. COURTHOUSE DOORS

are closed. A moment passes and the DOOR BURST OPEN. BOB FARMSIDE, mid 20s, a man who trusts his government (until now) burst out onto the steps a moment later. Anger is his emotion of the day. Directly behind him is his best friend, BILL HORIN, mid 20s, black, Kramer from Seinfeld type who believes in most conspiracy theories. Bill hurries to catch up to Farside. Bill's speech is hurried and excited throughout the rest of the scene. He almost asks the next question before Farside answers the previous question.

BILL

Why was your license suspended?

FARMSIDE

(angry)

How the hell do I know?

Bill breaks stride to catch up.

BILL

Well, when did you find out?

FARMSIDE

When I got pulled over.

BILL

What did you do wrong?

FARMSIDE

Not a damn thing!

BILL

Then why'd they pull you over?

Farside stops in his tracks. Bill bumps into him.

FAR SIDE
(incredulous)
Ran my tag!

Bill apologizes for running into Farside and backs up.

BILL
Why'd they run your tag?

FAR SIDE
Cop said he had nothing better to do.

BILL
They can't do that, buddy.
(getting quiet and
secretive)
See! This is what I've been telling
you about. You never listen. This
is in clear violation of the Fourth
Amendment.

Farside starts toward Bill's car. The car is a 1970 something clunker.

FAR SIDE
Yeah, right. This is New Jersey and
they're cops.

Bill looks around as though he's looking for logic in that statement.

BILL
Yeah, so, ... what's that mean?

Farside reaches Bill's car and tries the door handle; locked. Farside motions for him to hurry a bit.

FAR SIDE
That means they can do whatever
they want apparently.

Bill unlocks the car, gets in, and slides over to unlock Farside's door. Farside opens his door.

BILL
So, whatta you going to do?

Farside is just about to get in the car and stops.

FAR SIDE
(incredulous)
You're kidding, right?

Bill shrugs, then thinks as though he's contemplating a life and death situation.

FAR SIDE

(matter-of-factly)

Driving while suspended, \$475 to start. Additional fines and suspensions. Surcharge of a grand a year for 3 years. All for a parking ticket I never got.

Farside ducks into the car. Bill pumps the gas pedal vigorously and cranks the engine. It doesn't start. Bill turns to Farside; almost whispering,

BILL

Are you sure?

Farside shoots him a look out of the corner of his eye.

BILL

I mean, where was it issued, this ticket?

FAR SIDE

Newark.

BILL

Newark? When were you in Newark.

(then quietly)

Is this one of those trips you take?

Farside rolls his eyes.

BILL

(leans in close)

You can tell me, buddy.

FAR SIDE

(clenched teeth)

I've never been to Newark. Who the hell would ever go to Newark?

BILL

(very secretive)

You know, when you're doing your thing.

Farside, somewhat frustrated,

FAR SIDE

I don't do a 'thing'.

BILL

Then how the hell did you get a parking ticket there?

Farside looks at him as though he's looking at an idiot. Bill realizes his blunder and looks up and around trying to ignore the situation. This is the first time we realize Bill has a habit of looking for birds that aren't there. This lasts for only a few seconds. He snaps to,

BILL

Hmmm, that's strange, huh?

Farside shakes his head ruefully.

CUT TO:

INT. NEWARK PARKING COMMISSION BLDG. - DAY

It's a busy day with typical activities going on.

INT. COMMISSIONER'S OFFICE

Inside the office is COMMISSIONER TERRENCE HUFF, a huge black man in his 50s with a Don King look. Terrence is dressed in a \$3000 suit. His secretary, Shaneekqua, a buxom woman in African garb, stands by his side as he tosses another dart into a board covered with the ALPHABET and NUMBERS. The Commissioner tosses a dart. It sticks into #7.

COMMISSIONER

7! What've we got?

Shaneekqua writes the number on her pad.

SHANEKQUA

ZMU-707

The commissioner nods his approval.

COMMISSIONER

Look it up. See who we got.

Shaneekqua punches up the tag number on the computer. The screen fills with information and Shaneekqua reads.

SHANEKQUA

Mary Thompson. Down in Penns Grove.

The Commissioner nods approval.

COMMISSIONER

Do we send her a summons notice?

Shaneeekqua gets all excited like a contestant on a game show. She reaches into a box and stirs the contents. She picks out a GREEN BALL from the box and holds it up.

COMMISSIONER

(somewhat disappointed)

Send the notice. It's Ms. Thompson's lucky day. The Commissioner walks to the homemade dart board and pulls the dart from it. He puts it back in his desk.

COMMISSIONER

What's today's tally?

Shaneeekqua pulls out her list and counts,

SHANEEKQUA

37 notices. 13 screwed!

The Commissioner nods.

COMMISSIONER

Okay, give the screwed the usual 4 weeks then send their info to the local police departments.

SHANEEKQUA

You want them to stake out the houses, or catch them away from home.

COMMISSIONER

Better to have it away from their homes. (beat) Turnpike would be best if possible.

Shaneeekqua smiles broadly. The Commissioner pulls down the window shade over his door.

COMMISSIONER

Come give daddy some sugar.

Shaneeekqua tosses her pad and walks seductively toward the Commissioner. We see her massive butt quiver as she walks.

CUT TO:

EXT. JERSEY TURNPIKE - SHOULDER OF ROAD - 8:30 P.M.

It's the southern end of the turnpike. There's not a lot of traffic at this time of the day. A New Jersey State Police cruiser is parked on the shoulder of the road next to the sign that reads 'EXIT 1 - PENNSGROVE.

INT. NJSP CRUISER - TROOPER BRYCE WILLIAMS

TROOPER WILLIAMS is right out of the academy. Book smart, but not a bit of common sense. In full dress, he looks more like a storm trooper. Actually, his uniform would be more appropriate for Hitler's SS. Williams reads from a list that reads: NAMES OF PEOPLE WITH SUSPENDED LICENSES. CIRCLED IS MARY THOMPSON - REGISTRATION ZMU-707: 1988 TOYOTA COROLLA.

Williams' RADIO CRACKLES and a message comes across.

RADIO (V.O.)

Williams, Thompson has just passed the tollbooth to get on the turnpike. Light blue Corolla.

WILLIAMS

Roger that.

On the opposite side of the turnpike a LIGHT BLUE COROLLA heads north on the turnpike.

EXT. JERSEY TURNPIKE - TRAFFIC LANES

Williams' cruiser SQUEALS ACROSS LANES OF TRAFFIC, across the median, and onto the northbound lanes of turnpike traffic causing an eighteen wheeler to all but jack-knife. Williams's cruiser disappears up the turnpike.

EXT. NORTHBOUND JERSEY TURNPIKE - SHOULDER

Williams has the blue Corolla pulled over onto the shoulder of the road. OVERHEAD LIGHTS in full glory. Williams exits his cruiser and approaches the Corolla.

EXT/INT. BLUE COROLLA

Inside the Corolla is MARY THOMPSON, a white haired little lady in her 70s. She sits, somewhat unaffected, wondering what she did wrong. Williams approaches.

WILLIAMS
Ma'am, license, registration, and
insurance card.

Mary reaches over to her glove compartment to get her paperwork. Williams quickly jumps back, pulls out his gun, and points it at Mary, screaming,

WILLIAMS
FREEZE!!! Hands out the window.

Mary, just shy of heart attack, panics. Her frail, tiny hands, shaking, reach out the window.

MARY
You said you wanted my information.

Williams TAKES A DEEP BREATH and holsters his gun.

WILLIAMS
Okay, Ma'am, but please, no more sudden movements.

Sweet little ol' Mary looks at him like he's a nut.

MARY
(under her breath)
Pansy!

Mary gets her information and hands it to Williams. Williams glances at the documentation.

WILLIAMS
Okay, Ma'am, I'll be right back.
Williams heads back and gets inside his cruiser.

TIME ELAPSE SPFX

The sun moves quickly in the sky, then the moon, and cars race by as hours pass. The sun comes up again.

TIME ELAPSE SFPX ENDS

Williams gets out of his cruiser and back to the Corolla. When he reaches Mary's window, he finds her sleeping. Cobwebs have attached to her head. Williams KNOCKS ON THE WINDOW to wake her.

WILLIAMS
Sorry it took so long, Ma'am,
computers are a little slow today.

Mary moves very slow. Williams panics a bit.

WILLIAMS
Ma'am, are you okay!?

MARY
Just a little stiff, is all.

Williams lets out a SIGH of relief.

WILLIAMS
Had me worried a bit. Pulled over a
diabetic the other day. Went into
shock. Didn't make it.

Mary, with deep concern,

MARY
Oh, I'm so sorry to hear that.

WILLIAMS
Yeah, you and me both. You can't
imagine the paperwork involved with
that one.

Mary covers her mouth in disgust.

WILLIAMS
Anyway, Ma'am, you're driving with
a suspended license.

MARY
(shocked)
That can't be.

WILLIAMS
Can, and is, Ma'am.

MARY
I've never had a ticket, ... in 54
years!

Williams shrugs nonchalantly,

WILLIAMS
You'll have to take it up with the
judge.

MARY

Oh dear. I guess I will. May I have my documentation so I can be on my way. I'm awfully late for a doctor's appointment.

Williams CHUCKLES.

WILLIAMS

Sorry, Ma'am, I can't let you proceed. Your license is suspended.

MARY

(somewhat protesting)
But I, ... How will I get my car home?

Williams HUFFS and SIGHS as though he really can't be bothered by this.

WILLIAMS

Don't you have anyone at home that can come get it?

Mary, very lost now,

MARY

No, I live alone. My husband died, and I have no family.

WILLIAMS

Yeah, well, cry me a river.
(after a thought)
Leave it here, it'll be towed.

Mary perks up a bit.

MARY

I have triple A. Do you suppose I could call them?

Williams rudely shakes his head.

WILLIAMS

No one's allowed to tow from the turnpike except turnpike tow trucks.
(afterthought)
And that's gonna cost ya.

Mary looks like she has just resigned herself to eating dog food for the next month.

MARY

Well, will you please give them my address so they get it there.

Williams LAUGHS.

WILLIAMS

They only tow off the Turnpike, Ma'am. After that, you can call your AAA.

Mary starts CRYING.

WILLIAMS

(disgusted)

Here we go.

EXT. NORTHBOUND TURNPIKE - CRUISER

approaches the scene with Williams and Mary.

INT. CRUISER - HODGES AND JEFF

Two NJ State Troopers; BARRY HODGES, mid 50s, crew cut, in the passenger seat, is old school. He realizes that every now and again rules must be bent. He's been a trooper for years and one of the few left from the old days when troopers used common sense and were respected.

His partner, driving, is JEFF LINDEN, mid 20s, a wet-behind-the-ears wanna-be college grad who knows squat about the streets. Jeff is a bit of a prissy boy; a metrosexual.

JEFF

Hey, that's Williams. We were in the academy together. Let's give him some back up.

Hodges looks at his watch.

HODGES

We're supposed to be in Trenton.

JEFF

We'll make it. We're allowed to speed, remember?

Jeff SWITCHES on the OVERHEAD LIGHTS.

EXT. JERSEY TURNPIKE - SHOULDER OF ROAD

The second cruiser pulls up behind the first. Jeff gets out, Hodges is right behind.

JEFF

Hey Bryce, what have you got?

Williams walks back to meet Hodges and Jeff at the back of the Corolla.

WILLIAMS

Old lady driving while suspended.
(looks at her in disgust)
Now she's crying because she has no
one to get her car.

Hodges holds out his hand for her paper work. Williams hands it over.

HODGES

(reading, shocked)
She's 72 years old!
(beat)
Probably has no one.

Williams backs up just a bit for her benefit and all but yells,

WILLIAMS

Well, she should have thought about
that before she decided to break
the laws of this great state!

Hodges checks to see he has ALL the paperwork.

HODGES

You're right. Who the hell does she
think she is? She has no right to
live.

Hodges takes out his gun and heads toward her window. Both Williams and Jeff watch in a little bit of horror as Hodges leans into her car. A moment later, he heads back to the other two troopers. Mary pulls away and gives them the finger. Both Jeff and Williams fumble for their guns.

HODGES

Gotta love Aunt Mary.

The two troopers hear that and settle down.

JEFF AND WILLIAMS
Your aunt?

WILLIAMS
(dejected)
Told me she had no one.

Hodges gets back in the car.

HODGES
Trenton won't wait forever.

Jeff and Williams shake hands and head to their respective cars.

EXT. TRENTON - GOVERNOR'S OFFICE BUILDING - LATER THAT DAY

It's a beautiful day with typical activity around the building.

INT. OUTER OFFICE OF JIM MCGREEDY

The outer office of Gov. Jim McGreedy looks like a typical governor's office. The secretary's desk is empty. There are some MOANS coming from inside the office.

Hodges and Jeff approach the office door. Hodges is just about to knock when they hear,

MCGREEDY (O.S.)
I'm CUMMIN'!

Hodges stops his hand and looks to Jeff,

HODGES
What the hell was that?

Jeff reaches for the doorknob.

JEFF
He said come in.

HODGES
How'd he know we were here?

Jeff shrugs and reaches for the doorknob.

INT. INNER OFFICE OF MCGREEDY

It's far from the typical politician's office. It has all the necessities but has the decor of Liberace's bedroom.

MCGREEDY, sharp dressed politician, sits at his desk. It's very apparent he's getting head from someone under his desk. From the front of the desk we see McGreedy's hands moving up and down guiding someone's head. He is in ecstasy, on the verge of orgasm. The DOOR OPENS and the troopers enter. Jeff is unaffected by what's happening at the desk. Hodges sees and is somewhat taken aback.

JEFF

Good afternoon, Governor.

McGreedy's eyes burst open. His one hand comes up and motions that he'll be with them in a moment. Jeff nods like a goober not knowing what's going on.

Hodges looks up and down, somewhat embarrassed. McGreedy MOANS as he climaxes. Jeff looks at him and nods, still clueless. Hodges pulls back in disgust. McGreedy rolls back his chair and lets the person out from under his desk. Jeff and Hodges approach McGreedy. From under the desk, USAMA, a mid 30s middle eastern man, the spitting image of UBL gets up from the floor. McGreedy introduces them.

MCGREEDY

Officers, I'd like to present Usama Ben Dover, our head of Homeland Security.

UBD approaches Hodges. As he does he first wipes some goo from his chin then offers his hand to Hodges to shake.

UBD

(thick accent)

My friends call me Ben.

Hodges backs off a bit and threateningly puts his hand on his gun. UBD effeminately backs off. He offers his hand to Jeff. Jeff anxiously accepts the hand.

JEFF

Ben, nice to meet you.

As they break the hand shake a bit of the goo stretches out and snaps. Hodges watches and cringes. Jeff looks at the goo now on his hand and wonders what it is. Confused, he SNIFFS it. Hodges watches in horror. Still confused, Jeff tastes the goo, looks up like he's at a wine tasting event, and doesn't really mind the taste.

Hodges is grossed out.

UBD (V.O.)

I am very pleased to be meeting you
and hoping I will make proud of the
governor and protecting your fine
state.

Hodges looks inquisitively at UBD.

HODGES

Where you from?

UBD rushes over and offers his hand again. Hodges quickly
shakes his head wanting nothing to do with his hand. UBD
backs off.

UBD

Ah yes, I'm from a little town in
Northern Iraq.

Hodges' eyes bulge open.

HODGES

Iraq!?

McGreedy's PHONE RINGS.

HODGES

(incredulous)

You're not a citizen? How the hell
are you, . . .

McGreedy answers the phone and motions for silence. Jeff,
brown nosing, holds up a finger to his lips toward Hodges.
Jeff licks the finger again. Again, Hodges is grossed out.
McGreedy WINKS at Jeff a 'thank you'. Hodges shows his
disgust as UBD waves a girlish wave and exits the office.
Jeff SNIFFS his hand again trying to place the smell.

MCGREEDY

Yes, dear, . . . yes, dear, . . .
All right, I'll, . . . yes, I'll
pick some up.