

1 EXT. DAY - PARKING LOT 1

SEAN SHARON MIDDLETON is waiting inside his car for the Diner to open. We see a cheap paper sign on the door "Early Bid Special! Only \$5.00 (plus tax.)" We see crumpled coupons strewn throughout the car. A pack of gum obscures some surplus auction paperwork. Sean reaches for it. He pops his second to last piece into his mouth as he rolls around his new favorite words lazily in his mouth.

SEAN

Contrapposto.
 Contralto.
 Canker.
 Angular.
 Isoperimetric... No, pretentious...
 Isosceles.
 Gallantly. Gallantly. Gaul. Gauche.
 Terribly Gauche.

2 EXT. DAY - DINER REAR 2

Meanwhile around back some nogoodniks, TANNER & HUNTER, are cooking up a ruckus. Tanner scrawls an anarchy symbol on the dumpster while Hunter leans against a wall flipping a quarter, practicing looking cool.

3 EXT. DAY - PARKING LOT 3

We return to our hero. He's really cutting loose.

SEAN

Acromioclavicular formaldehyde
 Acrobatical vehicular homicide
 Sabbatical introspective cackle ogle
 cattle
 protective
 Shackle bogle battle
 detective

He throws the pack of gum back on the auction paperwork. We see now that it's for the sale of a car. We see the outside of his car for the first time. It's an old black and white police cruiser. Sean can still be heard but his frantic rhyming is muddled.

4 EXT. DAY - DINER REAR 4

One of the bad guys, TANNER, sees a twenty dollar bill on the ground near the corner of the building. He goes to pick it up, but in rounding the corner he sees the cruiser.

TANNER
Shit! Cops!

His friend, HUNTER, freezes in fear.

HUNTER
My PO's gonna be PO'd and my mom'll
kick your ass.

Tanner realizes the gravity of their situation.

TANNER
This is it. We're not going down
without a fight.

5 EXT. DAY - PARKING LOT

5

Sean is rapping to himself locking and unlocking the door to the rhythm.

SEAN
Gingivitis Titus Andronicus
Androgyny Sympathetic poetic kinetic
symphony
hall & oat-meal-worm-hole-grain-oat-
meal-worm-holy-see-side-burning-man-
made-of-honorary

Sean narrows his eyes seeing the criminals come around the back of the building. They're coming right for him. They're... Crying and apologizing. They beg forgiveness, say they were just trying to express themselves. Defeated and ashamed they open the back of the cop car and let themselves in, closing the door behind them. They sniffle and there is a long silence.

SEAN
Are you going to bring us to your
jail?

Another car pulls up to the diner. Sean looks at the clock on his dash. It's almost opening time.

Tanner gets a better look at Sean.

TANNER
Excuse me officer? Are you a cop?

Hunter is surprised at the question.

HUNTER

Oh my god you're not a cop. Who are you?

He reaches for the handle, but there isn't one.

HUNTER

Let us out! Help! Help! HEEEEELP!

A lady gets out of the other car and starts eyeing the cop car.

SEAN

Quiet!

Sean nervously waves to the lady. She waves back and continues on her way.

SEAN

I'm undercover.

HUNTER

You're undercover in a cop car?

We see the outside of the car. It is still very clearly an old cop car. The lady unlocks the diner and walks in.

SEAN

If you cooperate, and help me crack this case. I'll let you off. Sound fair?

The hoodlums nod.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Why's it full of trash back here.

Sean clenches his teeth and looks in the mirror putting on his best tough as nails, cut the bullshit, I am the law, sort of tone.

SEAN (CONT'D)

Because that's where I put garbage.

He turns around and spits his gum at them as the cower together.

SEAN

That lady in there. See that nice looking lady? Olga Pavlichenko. Human trafficker and opiate smuggler. Never comes to a complete stop at intersections

TANNER
This diner's just a front!

Tommy elbows him.

HUNTER
Dude, shut up!

SEAN
This is the world we live in boys.
Nice ladies selling smack to fund
their flesh rings. Well, somebody's
gotta take a stand. Somebody's gotta
fight back."

TANNER
Yeah alright!

SEAN
I'm going to go in there and ask for
home fries, rye toast, two eggs over
medium, and the most important part.
Vinegar pie. That's their code. Then
I'll be one step closer to being in
the fold.

HUNTER
And why do you need us?

SEAN
I need some cash. I forgot my wallet
at home.

Long silence.

HUNTER
Wait... What?

Sean's face remains cold as steel.

HUNTER
Um... I've got a quarter...

SEAN
Alright fine, next stop Attica!

TANNER
Wait wait! We don't have any money,
but there's a twenty on the ground
right over there.

Sean turns and gives them the "I've got my eyes no you"
signal. He gets out of the car and picks up the twenty. As he

passes back by the car he gives his prisoners a wink. Hunter turns to Tanner.

HUNTER

Have you ever thought about what you want to be when you grow up?

Time passes. Sean walks out of the diner satisfied with his free meal, and change to spare. He lets the convicts out of the car.

SEAN

Thanks to your cowardice snitching this city is one step closer to redemption. Now go home and tell your mother's you love them. Or an appropriate matriarchal figure in your life.

They thank him profusely and scamper off. Before closing the back door he sees Hunter's quarter lying on the seat. He reaches for it but knocks it off the seat and underneath the partition. He climbs further in grasping for the coin. We see Sean's feet fully enter the back of the car. Outside the wind blows some loose garbage around.

6 EXT. NIGHT - PARKING LOT

6

The car is still outside the diner. The back door is closed. We hear muffled rhyming. Sean is trapped in the back of his own cop car. Various pieces of trash have been fashioned into useless hooks and slim jims. He chews his last piece of gum to a beat in his head.

SEAN

Zulu Cthulhu
Madagascan menagerie
glass ass apothecary
apocalyptic lipstick ricochet stick
up in Uruguay

"Olga Pavlichenko" taps on the window.

OLGA

I'm calling the police

She shuffles back inside and scowls at him.