

LESLIE

1/4

9.

FANCY - SIDES - LESLIE

INT. WHISTLING PIG (A BAR) - CONTINUOUS - AT A BOOTH
Maureen STARES (the same "bad boy" look on her face) at a WAITER, 20/30's (who we recognize as the Hunk, now clothed, hair pulled back) who WAITS for Maureen to answer his question.

LESLIE, 35, Maureen's BEST FRIEND, a squat Parking Enforcement Officer (who loves her job) sits across from Maureen, ENJOYING the scene:

LESLIE

(to Waiter) Boy, she is not here, is she? Actually, I think she might be in your pants - you better check.

Leslie CHUCKLES at her own joke. Maureen, embarrassed, recovers (but only enough to trip over her order):

MAUREEN

Oh, sorry, I, beer, dark, ale, pint.

The Waiter writes her order on his PAD.

LESLIE

And I'll have a pint of your cheapest draft. AND just so you know, we're here together but we're not here together, if you know what I mean? Man Eaters. That's us. And you can write that down on your cute little pad.

Leslie WINKS at him as he leaves.

MAUREEN

(embarrassed) Oh my god. I was just barely speaking English there.

LESLIE

You got it bad for this guy. You want me to hit the crapper so you can ask him out?

MAUREEN

No. I'm not going out with him.

LESLIE

But you've been crushing on him for weeks.

FANCY JUNE 22/09 "LESLIE"

LESLIE

214

10.

MAUREEN

Exactly. Which means I'm already having a relationship with him in my mind and it's perfect - but I ask him out and suddenly it's...real. And we all know how those go - for me.

LESLIE

Man! Why can't I have an imagination like that? Instead I've got the world's strongest neck.

MAUREEN

I think I'd rather have the neck because I'm sure he thinks I'm an idiot. I mean in reality. In our relationship in my mind, he thinks I'm totally cool. I sound crazy don't I?

LESLIE

No. But remember you're talking to the person who actually thought it was Garfield stuck to that guy's bumper.

MAUREEN

Oh Les, let that go.

LESLIE

I know, it just seems so obvious now.

End scene.

END

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LESLIE 3/4 .

11.

INT. PARKING ENFORCEMENT VEHICLE
Maureen recovers from the fantasy. Leslie is parking the car.

MAUREEN
I've got to stop that.

LESLIE
Old habits die hard - I still suck my
teeth. We're here.

Maureen looks out the window - they are parked in front of The Whistling Pig but ALSO in a NO PARKING zone.

MAUREEN
(re: signs) You can't park here.

Leslie chuckles.

LESLIE
That's a good one. (deadly serious) I
got my official cones.

Maureen nods - of course.

EXT. WHISTLING PIG - CONTINUOUS
Maureen and Leslie get out of the car - Leslie puts her official cones around the car.

MAUREEN
I haven't even thought about what I'm
going to say...

LESLIE
Come on, you're Queen Maureen, you've
got a million little phrases...

MAUREEN
What am I going to do? Walk up to the
waiter and say, "Prompt, pleasant and
polite, the Three P's will serve you
right"?

LESLIE
Good point. (I know) I've got some
new lines you could use, like, "hey
there cutie, you wanna patootie?" In
this case, patootie means...

MAUREEN
I got it. I think I'll just wing it.

LESLIE
Suit yourself.

414 LESLIE

12. 4/4

INT. WHISTLING PIG (A BAR)

The bartender answers Maureen's question as Leslie looks on.

BARTENDER

That's employee information. I'm not supposed to give that out.

Leslie takes control.

LESLIE

(to Bartender) Uh, can I have a quick word with you - over here?

They move "over here" as Maureen leans heavily on the bar.

LESLIE

Look. We both know you're not supposed to give out employee sensitives but we also know I'm not supposed to make tickets go away: the one I could give you for parking too close to the emergency exit out back or your two outstandings.

After a beat.

BARTENDER

Just a name?

LESLIE

Correctly spelled. It's all I need - unless you want to change your mind about my previous offer.

BARTENDER

I have a girlfriend.

LESLIE

And I have the patience of an emperor penguin.

As if to prove it, Leslie settles onto a barstool. The Bartender hands her the waiter's info but Leslie's mind is on other things. Maureen takes the piece of paper...

MAUREEN

Thank-you.

...and pulls Leslie away from the bartender.

END