

TYCO PARKS THE CAR

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OVER BLACK:

INTERVIEWER (V.O.)
So, how many parking tickets do you
think you get in a year?

FADE IN:

INT. TYCO'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

CU on a FLAT SCREEN TV as a News special about parking in NY
plays.

We see TWO ELDERLY LADIES in their **parked car**. They answer
the INTERVIEWER'S question.

ELDERLY LADY
We never get a ticket.

ELDERLY LADY TWO
Never.

ELDERLY LADY
A Parking ticket? Never.

TYCO (O.C.)
(mimics the lady)
Never.

Another Interview. A MIDDLE AGED MAN in his **parked** car.

MIDDLE AGED MAN
There was one gentleman threatened
me one day. He said, "Don't park in
this spot or I'm gonna slice ya
tires."

Another Interview. A YOUNG GUY, "Way too cool for school,"
sits in his **parked car** and holds up his PARKING TICKET.

YOUNG GUY
This morning I was being a little
lazy. So, I had to be here at 9:30,
I guess on the dot. I was assuming
it wouldn't be that intense. The
tickets 65 bucks.

TYCO
65 bucks?!

Finally we see the boy/man watching the news segment. It is
TYCO BANGLER (39) sprawled on the couch.

He is covered with cheese doodle cheese all over his fingers and face. He has not a care in the world.

TYCO (CONT'D)

Why would you ever have a car in New York City? That's just asking for trouble.

CLICK! He Changes the channel.

1

EXT. STREET - LATE AFTERNOON

1

STEPHANIE BANGLER (30's), a sweet, and attractive woman with a thousand watt smile enters frame with Tyco. Her hands cover his eyes. She pulls them away and...

STEPHANIE

TA DA!

TYCO

What am I looking at?

STEPHANIE

Our new car!

TYCO

What?!

STEPHANIE

Well, it's not exactly new. It's a 1993 Mercury Sable. Isn't it amazing?

TYCO

No, amazing would be a new car. Please tell me you didn't buy this.

STEPHANIE

No. It's my dad's car. I thought with the baby coming and everything, it would make our lives easier if we had a car.

TYCO

This car?

STEPHANIE

Yes, this car. Come on. Get in.

He reluctantly gets in.

TYCO

I've never seen your dad drive this car.

STEPHANIE

Sherry's been in the garage for a while.

TYCO

Sherry?

STEPHANIE

That's my dad's pet name for it.

She closes the door, runs to the other side and hops in.

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

So, what do you think?

TYCO

I think it smells like your dad.

STEPHANIE

(Ignores his comment)

Okay, so alternate side parking can be a bit of a thing, so, I need you to move the car in the morning.

TYCO

Me? Why Me?

STEPHANIE

Because you're the one not working.

TYCO

I'm trying to find a job Steph! In case you haven't noticed there's not much work for dancers approaching forty.

STEPHANIE

All I'm saying is, you're the one that's home. So, I need you to be responsible for Sherry.

TYCO

Again with the Sherry. Steph, I don't think this is such a good idea. A car in New York?

STEPHANIE

Oh, come on, you can move Sherry by 9:30.

TYCO

9:30?

STEPHANIE

Sure. You're up by 9:30, right?

2 INT. BEDROOM - LATE MORNING 2

Tyco's wakes up, barely. He sits on the edge of the bed, scratches his nose and exits.

3 INT. BATHROOM - CONTINUOUS 3

He takes a long, happy piss. His eyes are barely open.

He glances toward the mirror above the sink and sees a note in red lipstick. "Move Car by 9:30. Love, Steph." He smiles and then exits.

4 INT. BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS 4

Tyco swan dives back into bed.

DREAM SEQUENCE

A classic nightmare, Charlie Chaplin style. The world goes to black and white and we see Tyco run to the car, only to find a FEMALE PARKING COP in the process of writing a ticket. Tyco begs and pleads with her to not ticket him. Tyco grabs her! She ain't having it. She lifts him into the air and hurls him onto the hood. OUCH!

DREAM ENDS.

Back in the bedroom. Tyco bolts up.

TYCO

Shit!

5 EXT. APARTMENT BUILDING - MORNING 5

Tyco flies out the main entrance in boxers, a winter coat and one shoe. The other shoe flies down the stairs. He tries to retrieve it, but chooses to let it go. He runs down the block.

6A EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS 6A

Tyco finally reaches the car. He sees a bright Orange piece of paper. A TICKET!

TYCO
Son of a bitch!

He slowly walks back to the apartment, pissed.

7A **PARKING MONTAGE** 7A

7B Several shots of Tyco running to his car, looking for parking spots, battling other car parkers for spots, arguing with the FEMALE PARKING COP, etc. He repeatedly exits his apartment without a ticket, and re-enters with one.

END MONTAGE

INT. APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - DAY

7C Tyco sits on the floor and stares at a huge pile of tickets. He loses his shit. He laughs. He screams, he cries, etc. What the heck is he going to do with all the tickets?!

7D LATER 7D

Tyco, still on the floor, watches his cat, BILLY JOEL, scratch and shred at the tickets. IDEA!!

LATER

CU as Tyco feeds the tickets into a PAPER SHREDDER. He celebrates with manic enthusiasm as each ticket disappears.

The cat stares at him.

TYCO
(to the cat)
What? You think you're better than me?

The cat continues to stare. Tyco turns the cat away.

TYCO (CONT'D)
Go lick yourself.

He continues to shred.

8

INT. BEDROOM - LATE EVENING

8

Tyco lays in bed and reads a Young Adult novel.
Stephanie hops on the bed and tosses his book.
She starts kissing his neck.

TYCO

Hi.

STEPHANIE

Have I told you how proud of you I
am?

TYCO

No. But that's okay.

Tyco kisses her back, getting into it.

STEPHANIE

You're the most wonderful,
responsible, amazing man I know.

TYCO

Really?

STEPHANIE

Really.
(she kisses and talks)
You somehow manage to take care of
the house, the cat and Sherry, and
never, ever get a parking ticket.

Tyco's eyes go wide. TICKET?

STEPHANIE (CONT'D)

You deserve a treat.

TYCO

I do?

STEPHANIE

Uh huh.

She smiles and heads "downtown."

Tyco reclines like a King.

TYCO

I do.

We hear a NOISE. Stephanie pops up.

TYCO (CONT'D)
What? What's the matter?

STEPHANIE
What was that?

TYCO
Nothing.

She gets off Tyco and heads out of the room.

TYCO (CONT'D)
No. No. Steph. Steph! Don't stop!!

An awkward silence.

TYCO (CONT'D)
Steph?

Stephanie enters the room with the cat and the shredder in her arms. Tickets everywhere!

STEPHANIE
(calmly)
What are these?

BEAT.

TYCO
Two shredders?

STEPHANIE
Are these parking tickets?

Tyco sits up.

TYCO
Okay, look, wait. Wait. Before
you....

STEPHANIE
How many?

TYCO
This is your fault.

STEPHANIE
How many?

TYCO
I don't know. Twelve?

STEPHANIE
Twelve.

TYCO
Fifteen.

STEPHANIE
Fifteen.

TYCO
Twenty two.

STEPHANIE
Twenty two??!!

She is about to explode and Tyco hops out of the bed and explodes before her.

TYCO
You have no idea! Parking in New York sucks! No matter what I do, I get a ticket. One minute late. Ticket. I forget to move the car. Ticket. I try to move the car, but people won't let me out, ticket. Then the Street sweeper guy comes. So what do I do? I try to do the right thing and I try to move my car. Then some schmuck comes in and takes my spot! They wait Steph, like vultures, ready for you to make a wrong move. It's crazy. No matter what I do! Ticket! Ticket! Ticket!! I mean what am I supposed to do, sit in the car all day and all night?!

9 INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

9

Tyco sits in the car. He pounds a pillow behind his head and tries to recline the seat. PUSH! PUSH! It's jammed. He tries again. PUSH! PUSH! Finally! He falls out of frame. We hear him whimper like a puppy.

10 EXT. STREET - MORNING

10

Tyco wakes up and the world comes into focus. Well, the world as he knows it. A TICKET!!

TYCO
Oh Come on!!

HONK! HONK! HONK!

Tyco sees KEVIN WII, a smart, friendly, Asian man in the LEXUS behind him.

HONK! HONK! HONK!

TYCO (CONT'D)
What the hell does he want?

Tyco walks to the LEXUS. The window rolls down.

KEVIN
(slight accent)
Good morning!

TYCO
Yeah, whatever. Dude, is there a reason you keep honking at me?

KEVIN
You slid down. She didn't see you.

TYCO
Excuse me?

KEVIN
Ticket Lady did not see you. If the Ticket Lady see you, you don't get a ticket. If she don't see you. You get a Ticket. She didn't see you. You get ticket.

TYCO
Okay, got it. Thank you.

He walks away.

KEVIN
I never get a ticket. I wait it out!

Tyco stops.

TYCO
Dude, what do you want from me?

KEVIN
We "car parkers" have to stick together.

TYCO
What?

KEVIN
 You, me, all of us who move the
 car. We are car parkers.

TYCO
 (sarcastic)
 Okay.

KEVIN
 Everyday I see you move your car.
 Waste time. Don't move the car.
 Wait it out. Stay inside. Stay
 awake.

Before Tyco can respond Kevin's window rolls up.

Tyco rolls his eyes, "What a weirdo." He goes back to his car, grabs the ticket and heads for home.

PARKING MONTAGE II

Tyco moves the car, he tries to find a spot, he argues with other parkers, etc. It just goes from bad to worse when his car get's towed!!

LATER

Tyco sits in front of his apartment, munching on a bagel. Thinking, "What the hell has happened to my life?" He hears Kevin's voice.

KEVIN (V.O.)
 Stay inside. Stay awake.

11B INT. TYCO'S CAR - MORNING

11B

Tyco sits for barely a second when his eyes begin to close. HONK! HONK! Kevin wakes him up.

LATER

Tyco scans the car for something to do. Anything to pass the time.

He does impressions. Bill Cosby, John Travolta, etc.

He makes a call.

TYCO
 Yeah, can I get a delivery?

He eats a Burrito and periodically scratches his nose.

He farts and makes himself laugh.

He finds a disposable camera and takes pix of his crotch.

Finally! The PARKING COP approaches. She peeks in, sees Tyco and continues on her way. Tyco follows her and watches her peek into Kevin's car. She keeps walking.

11C

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

11C

Tyco jumps out of the car and runs to Kevin's car. The window rolls down.

TYCO (CONT'D)

I did it!!

KEVIN

Congratulations.

TYCO

Dude! You were so right!

Kevin smiles. "I know."

TYCO (CONT'D)

I don't even know your name.

KEVIN

Kevin. Kevin Wii.

TYCO

Tyco. Tyco Bangler.

(He leans inside the car)

Wow. Nice car. So tell me, what do you do in your car?

KEVIN

This is a good time for me to work.

Get away from wife and baby.

(off Tyco's look)

Once the baby comes, your life is over. Use time wisely.

TYCO

Use time..

Kevin's window goes up.

TYCO (CONT'D)

Wisely. I got it. I got it.

Tyco steps away from Kevin's car. He get's it.

He kicks the air, very proud of himself.

TYCO (CONT'D)
I beat the system! Yeah!!

12 EXT. STREET - MORNING

12

Tyco walks down the block. He carries a coffee, a shoulder bag and a new, happy confidence. He passes other "Car Parkers." A WOMAN putting on make up. A MAN watches a movie on his IPHONE. AN ELDERLY MAN reads the paper, etc.

Tyco waves to Kevin and Kevin honks Back. HONK! HONK! It's a new day!

Tyco gets in his car and sets up his "office." He pulls out SHEET MUSIC, pens, paper, etc. He places his cup of Jo on the dash, and gets to work.

He sings, he makes notes, he sips his coffee, and periodically scratches that pesky nose. He keeps scratching his nostril to the point that it becomes a distraction.

He looks in the rearview mirror and sees an exceptionally long nose hair.

He tries to push the hair back into his nose, but no luck. He scans the car for a scissors, something to cut with. Nothing. Oh well. He finally braves it and...YANK! He pulls it out!!

TYCO
OOOWWWWWWW!!!!!!

Tyco throws his head back and bangs it on the seat and it sends him into the steering wheel. OUCH! He bangs the HORN! His arms flail and he hits his HOT COFFEE! It splashes all over his body.

TYCO (CONT'D)
Son of a....

The pain is excruciating. He jumps out of the car and starts to dance, jump, etc. Whatever he can to "shake off" the pain. He eventually settles into a light jog.

Kevin sees Tyco. He gets out of his car and jogs with him.

KEVIN (O.C.)
Good idea Tyco.

Tyco sees Kevin next to him, jogging.

TYCO
What?

KEVIN
 Good use of time.

BING! Tyco get's an idea.

EXT. STREET - MORNING

Tyco places a sign on top of Sherry, "Tyco's Car Parkers Dance Class." We hear the sound of the Bee Gees, "You Should Be Dancing," or something disco and upbeat.

Tyco kicks his leg, claps his hands and runs to the middle of the street where he leads several CAR PARKERS in a dance/aerobic class. It's like a scene out of FAME or a Broadway show.

TYCO
 And run. And run. Run to your car
 run to you car. See the ticket. See
 the ticket! Rip the ticket. Rip the
 ticket. And rip. And rip. Rip that
 ticket. Rip that ticket. See the
 cop. See the cop. Kick the cop.
 Kick the cop. Kick the parking cop.
 And kick. Kick. Kick, Kick. And run
 run run run. And Drive. And drive.
 Drive. Drive Drive. Shimmy like you
 love it and scream!!

Everyone screams and applauds.

TYCO (CONT'D)
 (to the group)
 I'll see everybody back here on
 Thursday, 9:30 sharp! And As I
 always say, "Why wait it out, when
 you can sweat it out?"

Everyone cheers, and happily heads up the block ready to start their day, without parking tickets.

Tyco turns and sees the Parking Cop. It's like a Western showdown as they stare at each other. And then...

Tyco grabs her and takes her for a TWIRL. They dance happily down the street. NO TICKET!!

THE END.

