

# THE ENFORCER

Written by

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INT. BEDROOM - DAY

CLOSE on the LCD of a smart-phone on a nightstand. The clock on the screen changes from 6:59am to 7:00am. AN ALARM SOUNDS, repeating itself until a hand comes into frame, picking up the phone and swiping the screen, stopping the alarm.

TREVOR, a young man in his mid to late twenties, sets the phone back down on the night stand and tosses off his bed covers. He stands up, walks over to his bedroom window and opens the blinds, letting in the morning light. Trevor stares out the window, downtown San Francisco in the distance.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Today's the day. Got to land this one. Car payment is due in a week, rent and utilities the next. A trip to the grocery store and a few tanks of gas later and I'll be bone dry, unless I find something fast.

Trevor looks over his shoulder at the door of his closet.

TREVOR (V.O.)

But first things first, the outfit.

Trevor approaches his closet and opens the door, revealing his wardrobe.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Do I go for full on professional or the casual look? Something in between I think. Want to make a good impression, but don't want to look too desperate doing it. Polo top, slacks, and sport coat should strike the right note.

Trevor takes a sport jacket, button-up polo shirt, a pair of black slacks, a pair of black dress shoes, and dress socks from his closet and lays them on the bed.

INT. BATHROOM - DAY

Trevor brushes his teeth at the sink.

TREVOR (V.O.)

After laying around on Uncle Sam's dime for so long, waking up this early feels down right criminal, but nothing lasts forever.

INSERT: Close on a fossette handle as Trevor turns it on.

INSERT: Close on a shower head as hot water begins to spray out of it.

INSERT: Trevor in the shower shampooing his hair.

INT. HALLWAY - DAY

Fully dressed in his chosen outfit and carrying a briefcase, Trevor walks down the stairs of his apartment.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

Trevor enters his garage gets into a Toyota Corolla.

INT. CAR - GARAGE - DAY

Trevor types an address into a GPS device on his dash board. He puts on a pair of sunglasses and presses the button on a remote attached to the visor. The garage door begins to open behind him.

TREVOR (V.O.)

It's a treacherous world out there, full of snakes and vultures, but I can't hide from it any longer.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Trevor starts the car as the garage door continues to open. Light pours in, illuminating the dark garage.

Trevor backs the car out of the garage into the daylight.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Once more unto the breach.

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

An SFMTA parking enforcement vehicle with the word INTERCEPTOR painted on the rear bumper, slowly drives up the street.

INT. SFMTA VEHICLE - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

THE PARKING ENFORCER, a middle aged man wearing an SFMTA uniform, sunglasses, and an intimidating glare steers the vehicle with one hand while operating a mobile device in the other. He looks back and forth between the device and the parking meters on the sidewalk, checking to see which ones have cars parked next to them.

PARKING ENFORCER (V.O.)

They have no regard for the rules. They park their cars with impunity, as if we're not out here watching, but we are.

The enforcer spots a car parked at an expired meter and stops the vehicle next to it.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The enforcer steps out of the vehicle with his device and approaches the passenger's side of the parked car, checking the meter, which is expired. He prints out a ticket on his device and places on the windshield of the parked car.

PARKING ENFORCER (V.O.)

When will you degenerates learn? Obey the rules or pay the penalty.

INT. CAR - ROUTE 101 - DAY

Trevor drives down the highway. He exits onto 9th street in downtown San Francisco.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The enforcer walks back to his vehicle. As he gets in the vehicle, Trevor drives past in the b.g.

INT. CAR - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Trevor drives down the street. He checks his GPS, which indicates that the destination is close.

GPS (V.O.)

Continue five hundred feet to destination on left.

Trevor notices an empty parking space ahead and slows down.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
A spot right next to the building.  
Costanza would be proud.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Trevor parallel parks his car next to an expired meter.

INT. CAR - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Trevor places the car in park, shuts the engine off, and removes the keys from the ignition. He grabs his briefcase and looks down at his coin tray, which only has three quarters.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
Shit! Only three quarters. That won't  
even get me twenty minutes.

Trevor grabs the quarters.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Trevor gets out of the car and approaches the meter.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
Maybe I'll get lucky and some good  
samaritan left me a blessing.

Trevor reads the meter to see that its expired.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
No luck.

He notices that the meter only takes quarters.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
No credit card reader either.

Trevor looks around, noticing a corner store at the end of the block.

TREVOR (V.O.)  
Corner markets won't give out change and  
neither will the laundromats.

Trevor checks his watch.

TREVOR (V.O.)

No time for that anyway. Better to take  
my chances than be late.

Trevor plugs the three quarters into the meter, giving him sixteen minutes. He removes his sunglasses, looks up and down the street for parking enforcers, and enters a nearby office building.

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Trevor enters the lobby and checks in at the front desk, handing his ID to the LOBBY RECEPTIONIST and signing the check in sheet. He finishes checking in at the front desk and enters one of the elevators.

INT. SFMTA VEHICLE - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The enforcer continues driving up the street, stalking parked cars.

PARKING ENFORCER (V.O.)

Who's next? I know you're out there, you  
always are. Its only a matter of time  
before one of you slips up.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

CU on Trevor's parking meter, which changes from nine minutes to eight.

INT. RECEPTION - OFFICE - DAY

Trevor exits the elevator and enters the reception area of an office building where he is greeted by Hiring Manager, ROLPH. The two shake hands and exchange pleasantries.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFFICE - DAY

Trevor and Rolph enter a conference room and sit at a large table, across from each other. The two converse while Rolph looks over Trevor's resume.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Stay focused. Maintain eye contact and project confidence. Don't lose your train of thought and definitely don't think about the parking meter. Its got to be expired by now. If I'm lucky the ticket will only be sixty dollars, which I won't be able to pay on time, which means It'll really be a hundred with the late fee and then a suspension warning after that, unless of course I nail this.

Trevor continues to chat with Rolph.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

CU on Trevor's parking meter as it changes from three minutes to two.

INT. SFMTA VEHICLE - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The enforcer continues to check his device, looking for expired meters. He spots a car parked at an expired meter and slows the vehicle down.

PARKING ENFORCER (V.O.)

There you are. Another one bites the dust.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

The enforcer parks his vehicle alongside another parked car and gets out, approaching the meter next to the car. He begins to issue a ticket, with Trevor's car only a few spaces away in the b.g.

CU on Trevor's parking meter as it changes from one minute to EXPIRED.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - OFFICE - DAY

Trevor and Rolph stand up and exit the conference room.

INT. RECEPTION - OFFICE - DAY

Trevor and Rolph shake hands and Trevor gets in the elevator.

INT. LOBBY - OFFICE BUILDING - DAY

Trevor gets out of the elevator with a broad smile on his face as he walks through the lobby toward the exit.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Nailed it. I should be getting a call back by the end of the week. But now for the moment of truth. Not that it matters. Soon I'll have the money, but who has the time?

EXT. STREET - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Trevor exits the office building onto the street where he sees a RANDOM MAN and the enforcer arguing next to a parking meter a few spaces from his car.

Trevor approaches his car and checks the windshield to find that there is no ticket. He quickly gets in his car.

INT. CAR - DOWNTOWN SAN FRANCISCO - DAY

Trevor puts his keys in the ignition and starts the car.

TREVOR (V.O.)

Looks like chance was on my side today.

He looks into the passenger side mirror and sees the man arguing with the enforcer.

TREVOR (V.O.)

God speed, brother. I suppose it had to be someone.

Trevor puts his sunglasses back on and grabs a hold of the steering wheel. He maneuvers the car out of the parking spot and drives down the street.

TREVOR (V.O.)

I got away clean this time, and it'll be public transportation from here on out in this part of town, but the day is bound to come when I drive these streets again.

(MORE)

TREVOR (V.O.) (CONT'D)  
Next time he'll be out there, and next  
time I'll be ready.

THE END