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FADE IN:

EXT. CITY STREET - MORNING

STEWARD FISHER, a.k.a. STEW, a debonair young male in his mid 30s, skids down a small street in his Mustang and makes an illegal right turn.

HARRY, his mooching friend, in the passenger seat, ducks for cover. POLICE SIRENS BLARE and FLASH in Stew's rearview mirror.

STEW

Harry, I thought you said this way was—if I get any more moving violations now for any reason, I will lose my license.

A hefty FEMALE POLICE OFFICER steps out of the vehicle with a baton in one hand. Her other hand rests on her gun holster.

In her vehicle, there is a picture with the outline of a man's head, the words "Speed Racer" above it and a large bullet hole in his forehead.

Harry keeps his head down as Stew sinks in the seat and taps his forehead in deep thought.

HARRY

She gave me a ticket yesterday.
You can't mess with her.

The female police officer stops at Stew's window and slams her hand down. Stew jumps.

FEMALE OFFICER

Driver's license, Sir. Not only were you speed racing like Tom Petty, but you made an illegal turn.

Stew hands over his driver's license. She stares at it and slams it on her clipboard.

Stew, Harry, Female Officer

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FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

Steward...

Stew cringes at his name and carefully turns toward her.

STEW

Um...people call me Stew—because its wonderful seasonings are mixed with tasty meats, sauces and vegetables...

He smiles in a flirty way.

STEW (CONT'D)

...carrots, corn, etc., which I like to call 'sweet things,' like you, darling...

She smiles and whispers.

FEMALE OFFICER

Stew's my favorite-meal.

STEW

And how it all has to simmer for a while so it's all tasty and delicious, like you, sweet mamma.

She smiles big, can barely speak and taps her chest.

FEMALE OFFICER

Now I put it together. Stew.

She looks up in thought and back to him.

FEMALE OFFICER (CONT'D)

You're the famous speaker who helped me be a better single mom. And you're worth the ten million you make a year...

STEW

Fifteen, but who's counting.

Stew, Harry, Female Officer

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FEMALE OFFICER

Oh, darling. Maybe it was my
mistake. Have a glorious day!

STEW

You, too sweet thing you.

He smiles at her as she dances away like a smiling
ballerina. Stew drives off as Harry looks in disbelief.

HARRY

I got a \$200 tick-how?!