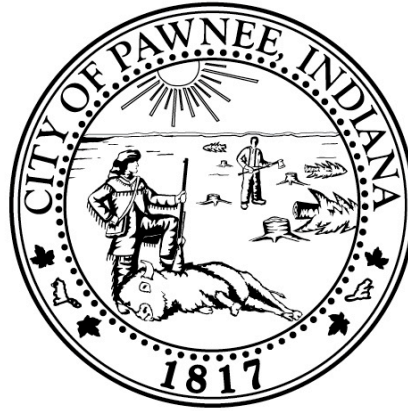


PARKS AND RECREATION



Canvassing
#01003

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TABLE DRAFT
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ACT ONE

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT OFFICE - MORNING - DAY 1

LESLIE strides down the hallway, into the Parks Department.

LESLIE

Hello, Donna. I have the conference room booked for this morning, right?

DONNA

Yup.

LESLIE

And the large meeting room for tomorrow night?

DONNA

Yes. Stop asking.

LESLIE TALKING HEAD

In her office.

LESLIE

Tomorrow night is our very first public forum solely about our new park project. It's like my sub-committee's Debutante Ball. Or Bar Mitzvah. Or -- what's the name of that Native American thing where they send the kids off into the desert to have visions or something?

CAMERA PANS OVER to TOM.

TOM

Wet Dream.

LESLIE

Really? Okay. Like the proud Wamapoke tribes of yore, this will be the Sub-committee's first Wet Dream.

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - LATER - D1

Leslie, MARK, ANN, APRIL, and Tom have gathered. Mark has a bowl of OATMEAL in front of him. Leslie is shuffling papers.

ANN

(to Mark)

Mm. Hearty breakfast.

MARK

It's the most important meal of the day.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

ANN

I think lunch is the most important--

Leslie very, very loudly, bangs her GAVEL.

ANN / MARK / TOM

Wow. That was loud. / You don't need to do that. / Whoa!

LESLIE

Sub-committee members! This is a very, very exciting and important day. Tomorrow is our first public forum about the park project.

MARK

Yeah... I want to say again, this is a bad idea. It's way too early for a public forum.

LESLIE

Normally. Which is why we're going to stack the deck in our favor... Today, we're going canvassing!

No responses.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Canvassing!

TOM

We heard.

LESLIE

Going door-to-door, talking to Ann's neighbors, whipping them into an excited, positive frenzy, and getting them to come to the forum. Canvassing!

ANN

That sounds great!

MARK

Okay. I don't want to be the guy who just keeps saying that things are bad ideas.

(beat)

But what the hell. That's also a bad idea. We don't have anything concrete to say to them.

LESLIE

Again, I'm one step ahead of you here. Because I've written a script for us.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED: (2)

Ann smiles. Mark sighs and shrugs. "I tried."

Leslie hands out enormous, unwieldy BINDERS. The team flips through them.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

It covers every eventuality and tells you exactly what to say.

TOM

(reading)

"If person is a man, turn to page two."

(he turns)

"Hello, Man."

ANN

What are the arrows and stop signs for?

LESLIE

I decided to use something I'm familiar with from childhood.

TOM

Loneliness.

LESLIE

Choose Your Own Adventure. I read all the "Choose Your Own Adventure" books.

TOM

Because you had no friends.

LESLIE

Because I love adventures.

ANN

Well, I'm excited.

LESLIE

(beaming)

And I'm excited that you're excited! Take an hour to look over the scripts, and I'll see you at the pit, where we will team up.

(to Ann, semi-whispered)

You're with me!

ANN

(smiling)

Okay.

MARK TALKING HEAD

MARK
...Bad idea.

INT. MARLENE'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Leslie strikes an affectedly casual pose in the doorway.

LESLIE
Hey there, Education Czar a.k.a. "My Mom!"

MARLENE
In or out, Leslie. Doorway is creepy.

Leslie smiles at the camera -- how funny is her mom?

LESLIE TALKING HEAD

LESLIE
My mother is my hero. She's been on the Pawnee School Board since 1989. She invented the motto of the Pawnee public schools: "Every Kid's an Honors Student." She came up with that when she eliminated the honors program.

INT. MARLENE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS - D1

Leslie can't seem to find a nonchalant perch.

LESLIE
So. You hear about the Deputy Mayor?

MARLENE
Ooooh -- no. You got dirt?

LESLIE
Huge dirt. I read in the paper he's lukewarm about the Mayor's new clean streets initiative. You didn't hear it from me.

Marlene stares at her.

MARLENE
What do you want, Leslie?

LESLIE
Nothing. I'm just dropping in to gossip, chat, talk -- like we always do. But we're both super busy, so I will bid you adieu.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(she bows dorkily, then)

Oh, speaking of -- wow, I almost forgot --
I have this thing tomorrow night. My
first sub-committee public forum, 7pm...
Gonna get the people out, rap about our
park proposal... I'll be leading it,
so... no biggie. But kind of a biggie, I
guess. Anyway, if you want to pop by?

Marlene laughs.

MARLENE

Why in a million years would I want to do
something like that?

Leslie laughs, too. Way harder than Marlene.

LESLIE

Ha ha! That is so true. Which is why I
was fake-inviting you.

Marlene sighs.

MARLENE

Tomorrow night at seven?

LESLIE

Council chambers.

MARLENE

Make sure you serve good refreshments.

LESLIE

I'll tape off a seat for you.

MARLENE TALKING HEAD

MARLENE

My daughter... means well.

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT OFFICE - LATER - D1

Outside Ron's office.

RON (O.S.)

(calling)

Leslie?

RON pokes his head out. Only April is there, texting.

RON (CONT'D)

Where's Leslie?

(CONTINUED)

APRIL
Out.

RON
Haverford?

APRIL
Out.

RON
...Okay. Well, is there anyone else
here?

APRIL
I don't know.

Beat.

RON
Are you here?

APRIL
Yeah.

RON
What's your name again?

APRIL
Natalie.

RON
...No. It's "April," isn't it?

APRIL
Yeah.

RON
Why did you say Natalie?

APRIL
I don't know.

Ron stares at her.

RON
Come here.

They walk to the PERMITS DESK. There's already a couple
PEOPLE waiting to be helped.

RON (CONT'D)
You're on permits duty.

He walks off. April looks at the people.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED: (2)

APRIL

...Next.

RON TALKING HEAD

In the b.g., April stares blankly at the STACKS OF PERMITS. Moves one to another stack. Moves it back.

RON

April is a very sour, obstructionist person. That makes her my ideal representative of the government. If citizens come here looking for a handout and they're greeted by a kind, warm person who helps them efficiently, they might be tempted to come back. I can't risk that.

EXT. PIT - DAY - D1

Leslie hands out little care packages to the team.

LESLIE

Okay -- I've got bottled water, everyone take one. Stay hydrated. Here's some sunscreen for your beaks -- Tom, you probably don't need any -- and everyone take a packet of gorp.

She passes around PLASTIC BAGGIES filled with GORP. They're labeled with hand-written stickers that say "Knope Gorp!"

TOM

Mmmmmmm!

ANN

When did you have time to do all this, you nut?

LESLIE

Aw, it's nothing. Just a little something I whipped up.

MARK

My gorp is all gummy bears.

LESLIE

Ding ding ding ding! You got the lucky gorp pack! You win a prize! The prize is gorp.

(tosses him some gorp)

Gorp is delicious, but it's also pure energy.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE (CONT'D)

We have to hit every house in the neighborhood -- I want that forum tomorrow jam-packed with park supporters.

Ann shakes her head, smiling.

ANN TALKING HEAD

ANN

Leslie's incredible. She has the energy of a 10-year old.

(holds up gorp)

And the same taste in snacks.

EXT. PIT - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Leslie uses a stick to point at a map of Pawnee, placed on the ground.

LESLIE

I've divided the neighborhood into thirty-two sectors -- 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, et cetera. We'll split up into two teams.

MARK

Team One, et cetera.

LESLIE

Exactly. Teams are me and Ann, Tom and Mark.

(she links arms with Ann)

And we're gonna win!

TOM

Win what?

LESLIE

On your marks... go get 'em!

She BOLTS out of frame. Ann, after a beat, jogs after her. Tom and Mark look at each other.

TOM

Teammates.

MARK

Uh-huh.

EXT. GWENDOLYN'S HOUSE - LATER - D1

Leslie and Ann RING the first doorbell, binders in hand.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

This is going to be great. We're like door-to-door salesmen, but we're selling something wonderful, that everybody wants -- for free! You excited?

ANN

Definitely.

LESLIE

Good! Look humble.

A woman, GWENDOLYN, answers the door.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(to Ann)

Woman. Page two.

(she flips a binder page)

Good morning, friend! We are representatives of your local government. Do you have a moment to talk about the Sullivan Street Pit?

GWENDOLYN

Sure.

LESLIE

Excellent!

(flipping through binder)

Said yes... no husband visible... ah! Here we go. Would you support turning that lot into a community park?

GWENDOLYN

...Sure. That sounds like a good idea.

Ann and Leslie smile at each other. This is going well.

ANN

Well, we're having a public forum tomorrow -- would you like to come by?

LESLIE

(prompting)

"To voice your strong support."

ANN

...to voice your strong support?

GWENDOLYN

Tomorrow...

(calling inside)

Honey, what are we doing tomorrow night?

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED: (2)

LESLIE

(sotto)

Dammit. She has a husband.

Leslie rapidly flips through the binder.

HUSBAND (O.S.)

Watching TV.

GWENDOLYN

Sorry, we can't make it. We're busy.

ANN

Oh, but it would be really great if you
could come--

LESLIE

Ann, wait--

Leslie keeps flipping... it takes a while.

GWENDOLYN

Sorry. Good luck. I'm all for a park.

ANN

Okay. Well, thanks for your time.

LESLIE

Wait -- just... hang on...

Leslie keeps flipping. Finally.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Thanks for your time.

Ann looks at the camera.

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT OFFICE - PERMITS DESK - LATER - D1

A WOMAN IN LINE talks to April.

WOMAN IN LINE

(handing back a permit)

No, I need a tree planting application.
This is for docking boats.

April hands her another form.

WOMAN IN LINE (CONT'D)

This is also for boats.

APRIL

You're a boat.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

The woman looks annoyed.

ANGLE ON RON enjoying this. He glances to camera and heads back into his office.

EXT. BARRY'S HOUSE - LATER - D1

Mark and Tom talk to BARRY. He's eating a fudgesicle.

In the EXTREME B.G., we see a DALLAS COWBOYS CHEERLEADERS poster with LAURA LINNEY'S FACE taped over the faces.

BARRY

Hello?

TOM

Hey! Barry!

Mark glances at Tom, confused.

TOM (CONT'D)

It's Barry -- the weirdo who comes to all our public forums.

Barry smiles pleasantly.

TOM (CONT'D)

Listen, man, we're meeting at the council chambers tomorrow --

BARRY

I'll be there.

TOM

I know you will. It's about that pit on Sullivan.

BARRY

(brandishes the fudgesicle)
You shut the fuck up about that pit!!!!

MARK

(holding up hands)
Whoa, man, take it easy.

BARRY

(also holding up hands)
Whoa, man, relax! Tom, call off the dogs!

MARK

Okay. Thanks for your time.

They walk off. Barry yells after them.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

BARRY

Don't forget your snack!

He THROWS his fudgsicle at them.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - D1

Leslie and Ann on the sidewalk talking to a MAN.

MAN

I don't think so.

ANN

Really?

MAN

Yeah. I used to live near a park.
Traffic, lights, kids playing... I don't
think I want that.

LESLIE

(flips through binder)
Well, let me address the traffic concern
with several data points... hold
please...

The man looks annoyed. Off Ann's look...

ANN TALKING HEAD

ANN

A lot of people don't want a park,
surprisingly. Some are just apathetic.
Turns out it's really hard to get people
involved.B-roll: Ann and Leslie at a series of peoples' doors... after
each of them, Leslie charges on. Ann gets slower and more
disappointed.

ANN (CONT'D)

(to camera)

I guess the only reason I'm involved is
that my boyfriend fell into a giant pit.
Maybe Leslie and I should start shoving
people into the pit. Anyway, at least
I'm with Leslie. She's... intense. But
awesome.

Leslie JOGS into frame.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

(upbeat, to Ann)

Another no. Soldier on, woman! Hit that
pavement! Work for the people! Hut hut!

Leslie marches off. Ann looks at camera.

ANN

...Sometimes the intensity sort of
overwhelms the awesome.

EXT. MORGAN'S HOUSE - LATER - D1

A guy, MORGAN, talks to Mark and Tom.

MORGAN

A park, huh? That seems like a good
idea.

MARK

Great. Would you be willing to come to a
public forum tomorrow and show your
support?

MORGAN

Absolutely! Hey listen, will there be a
playground for children at this park? Or
maybe like a kids' pool?

MARK

Oh. You have kids?

MORGAN

Nope.

TOM

Uh oh.

MORGAN

Also, will this park be at least one
thousand yards from my place? 'Cause I
really don't want to have to move again.

MARK

Okay. Later, man.

Morgan closes the door and they walk off.

MARK (CONT'D)

Awesome. Canvassing was a great idea.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

TOM

Listen, my brutha -- we're both really smooth talkers. I think we might score better as lone wolves.

MARK

Split up?

TOM

Yeah. Increase our odds. You know. Cool. Okay -- later.

Tom runs off. Mark looks after him.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - D1

Ann is obviously tired. Leslie isn't.

LESLIE

Keep moving, keep going, nose to the grindstone, no means yes.

ANN

(stopping her)

Leslie. Can we maybe take a break?

LESLIE

It's been an hour and a half. Have some gorp!

ANN

It's just -- nobody's saying they'll definitely come. I wish we could just push a button and make the pit fill in with dirt.

Leslie is horrified.

LESLIE

Never wish that. Ann, the whole point of democracy is decisions are made by the people, as a group. This is a gift, to be able to talk to them. A gift from the founding fathers.

ANN

I get that. I do. But also, it's my day off, and I'm hot.

LESLIE

...You'd rather live in a dictatorship?

ANN

I guess not.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

I'm sorry. I'm hot, too. Let's blow on each others' faces.

Ann looks a little weirded out.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Or we could drink some water.

ANN

Yeah, let's do that.

Leslie grabs Ann's arm.

LESLIE

Wait. Check it out.

ANGLE ON a young PREGNANT mother, KATE SPIVAK, playing with her TODDLER DAUGHTER on the front porch.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Young mother. And she's preggers. Total park bait. She'll come to the forum.

ANN

Leslie...

LESLIE

She will. If anyone will, she will.

Leslie approaches.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hello there! I'm Leslie Knope, from the Parks Department, and this is my colleague Ann.

KATE

Hi -- Kate Spivak.

LESLIE

Hey, Kate. We're here because your government has a great idea. We want to put an awesome new park on the abandoned lot over on Sullivan Street--

KATE

Uh-oh.

(picking daughter up)
Are we stinky?

LESLIE

Yes she is. We're having a forum tomorrow night to discuss our plans--

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED: (2)

KATE
(to Leslie)
Just... hang on.
(sniffs)
Oh yes. We are very, very stinky.
Sorry, I need to change her. If you have
a flier or something, you can leave it.

Kate starts to close the door. Ann looks discouraged.
Leslie panics a little.

LESLIE
(blurting)
If you really cared about your daughter,
you'd come to the forum and support the
park!

KATE
...Excuse me?

LESLIE
(small)
Because parks are nice for kids.

A beat.

KATE
And... just to be clear. I don't care
about my child unless I come to your
thing and support your whatever?
(beat)
When did you say this forum was?

LESLIE
...Next month.

Kate grabs the flier out of Leslie's hand.

KATE
Tomorrow night. I'll be there.

Kate takes her daughter inside. A beat.

LESLIE
We got one.

Off Ann...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - D1

SPY SHOT: Five or six KIDS crowd Tom's VAN. They tighten into a circle.

TOM

Okay. Looking good out there, guys.

DUKIE

Mr. Haverford, one lady bought a chocolate but then she ate it and said it tasted bad and wanted her money back.

TOM

Come on! You gotta leave before they eat it. And do not call the bars "chocolate," 'cause legally they don't contain the right ingredients. Okay -- break's over. Go.

Tom gives them high-fives all around, and the kids run off in various directions. Tom turns, notices the camera. Caught.

TOM TALKING HEAD

TOM

It's a youth basketball team I coach.

He looks nervous. JUMP CUT.

TOM (CONT'D)

Fine, it's kids selling candy door-to-door. It's a good deal for them. They get exercise, they're outside, and I split the profits fifty-fifty, with a small twenty percent commission, which I also get. It's like sports, with candy. For money.

EXT. PIT - LATER - D1

The team has reconvened, minus Tom.

LESLIE

Okay, Tom called me a second ago and said he was doing great, so I told him to keep at it. For the rest of us: new strategy.

MARK

We go home.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

LESLIE

(in love)

Ha ha. Goal readjustment: we concentrate on each getting just one park supporter to that forum. If you change one mind, you can change the world. How? Because if each of those one minds each changes three more minds, that's nine minds, right? Plus the original three. Pretty soon that forum is packed!

They look at her, disheartened. Beat.

MARK

If I can suggest something?

LESLIE

Always.

MARK

Maybe we should shake up the teams. Re-energize a little.

LESLIE

Great! I like the way you think. How about me and Mark--

MARK

I'll go with Ann.

ANN

I'll go with Mark.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Jinx! No backsies. We all had the same idea. Mark and Ann -- power team.

MARK

Great.

Leslie forces a smile.

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT OFFICE - PERMITS DESK - LATER - D1

The permits are stacked on the desk. Taped in front of them, a handwritten note: "TAKE UR OWN."

There's also a plastic cup, marked: "TIPS APPREC8D ;)."

April sits behind the desk, texting. The line is no longer orderly.

MAN IN LINE

Excuse me? Can I just--

APRIL

Hold please.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

She continues texting. Her PHONE RINGS.

APRIL (CONT'D)

No way -- I was just texting you. What's up? Really? That's gay.

At the table, Ron watches, munching on POPCORN.

APRIL TALKING HEAD

APRIL

The permits desk is pretty rad. I did this.

She turns and lifts her shirt to show a red "APPROVED" stamp placed like a tattoo on her lower back.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - D1

Leslie soldiers on, talking to camera.

LESLIE

Yes, I am currently a canvassing team of one. But when a government employee is among her people, she can never be lonely. In times like these, I always think: W-W-M-M-D. What Would My Mom Do?

(thinks)

...She'd call my mom!

(takes out phone, then)

No. She'd figure it out on her own.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - D1

Mark and Ann walk along.

ANN

So, you've worked with Leslie for a while. She's a little... uptight, isn't she?

MARK

Leslie? Nooooo. ...Yes. Yes, very.

ANN

I know she means well, but... man.

MARK

Yeah. I used to be as optimistic as Leslie when I first started. She's kept it going for eleven years. I lost it the first month.

(CONTINUED)

ANN

A month's not bad. It only took me an hour.

MARK

Well, it's hot out.

EXT. STREET / FRED'S HOUSE - AFTERNOON - D1

Leslie walks down a street, still talking to camera.

LESLIE

I just have to prove to Ann that it's about perseverance. All I need is one strong "I'll be there." The next person I meet, I'm converting.

Leslie stops. The house in front of her has an AMERICAN FLAG hanging on the porch. She smiles.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

That's the one. I can feel it.

Leslie KNOCKS on the door. An older man, FRED TESSOP, answers.

FRED

Hello.

LESLIE

Hello, sir, I'm from the Pawnee Parks Department. We're holding a forum tomorrow night to discuss turning that pit on Sullivan Street into a park.

FRED

Hmm... have you considered a new senior center? The one I go to has very slippery floors. It's like a giant bathtub!

LESLIE

Well, sir, I firmly believe that a park is the way to go. I'd love to spend a little time with you and see if I can't get your support.

Fred seems happy to have a visitor.

FRED

Well, come on in. I'll put on a pot of coffee.

He disappears inside. Leslie glances to camera and follows.

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - D1

SPY SHOT: Tom watches one of his fleet, RANDY, eating one of his CANDY BARS. He chews, guiltily.

TOM
Randy! Come on, man!
(he takes the bar)
Never eat the merch.

Tom gives each kid a SLICE OF BREAD.

TOM (CONT'D)
Here you go. Fill up the tank.

The kids eat the bread. Tom notices the camera. He groans.

TOM TALKING HEAD

TOM
It's the main problem with the business model. You give a kid candy to sell, he's gonna be tempted. What's the answer?
(holds up slice of white bread)
Hundred calories, tons of carbs for that long-lasting power boost, and none of that healthy taste kids hate. Plus, it expands in their stomachs, so they fill up quick. For the huskier kids--
(holds up three stacked slices of white bread)
Bread sandwich.

ANN AND MARK TALKING HEAD

ANN
So, it turns out we were basically drumming up opposition.

B-roll: Ann and Mark leaving various doors, indicating "no" to the camera, eventually slipping a flier under a door and quickly leaving.

ANN (V.O.) (CONT'D)
Telling people about the project, then telling them exactly when and where they could complain about it.

Back on camera.

ANN (CONT'D)
Then we realized something that changed our game plan.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

MARK
(pointing to the house they're
in front of)
That's Ann's house.

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER - D1

Ann shows Mark in. Andy is on the couch, playing ROCK BAND in boxers and an open flannel shirt. He doesn't look up, intent on an expert-level guitar riff.

ANDY
(calling off)
Babe, someone at the door.

Ann looks at Mark, then the camera.

ANN
Yeah, it's me, honey. I wasn't home.

ANDY
Oh, I thought you were in the bathroom or something.

ANN
All day?

ANDY
I know, right? I was like, "she's taking
awhile."

Andy cranes his neck. Sees Mark. And the cameras.

MARK
Hello.

ANDY
Hey, man, what up? Lemme just pause
this, so I don't lose any fans.
(he pauses the game)
Mork, right?

MARK
...Mark.

ANDY
That makes more sense. Right on.

Ann goes into the kitchen. As she does:

ANN
Hon, can you--

She indicates that Andy should cover up a little.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

ANDY

Oh yeah. Sorry.

Andy reaches for the nearest thing -- a cereal box -- and places it over his crotch. It doesn't do much.

Ann brings in glasses of ICED TEA. Mark sips his and sighs.

MARK

This is so much better than knocking on people's doors.

ANN

Yeah.

ANDY

Hey, bro, you play Rock Band? Drums are wide open. I'd offer bass, but it got broken when I smashed it.

Mark looks at a FRACTURED, SMASHED ROCK BAND BASS on the floor.

MARK

I'm good, thanks.

ANDY

"I'm good" like you suck, or "I'm good" like you're scared 'cause I'm a professional musician and you'll get crushed?

(then)

I'm just kidding you.

(to Ann)

I like this guy!

MARK

And I like you!

Ann looks a little unsure.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - LATER - D1

Leslie and Fred drink coffee and eat little cookies.

LESLIE

...And that is why there is no better use for that lot. What's more American than a park, Fred?

FRED

Leslie, it sounds like a good idea.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE
(starting to get up)
Great! Then I will see you tomorrow at
the forum!

FRED
But I'm just not sure.

LESLIE
(sitting back down)
Okay. Which part makes you unsure?

FRED
Turning the pit into a park.

LESLIE
That's... the whole thing.

FRED
Well, don't get me wrong -- I've lived in
this neighborhood my entire life.
Sullivan Street used to be a dirt road
between two farms.

Leslie perks up.

FRED (CONT'D)
Heck, my wife grew up right near Ramsett
Park, and we used to take our grandkids
there...

Leslie glances at camera: this guy's a catch!

INT. ANN'S HOUSE - NIGHT 1

Andy plays Rock Band in the b.g., as Ann and Mark drink iced
tea. Ann is on her cell PHONE, trying to cover the
background noise as much as possible.

ANN
Wow -- Leslie, that sounds amazing.
We're, uh -- doing okay. Plugging away.
Okay, we will. Yes, I'll tell him.
(she hangs up)
Leslie says she's got a "hot lead." She
also says "hi" and "what's up" and "carry
on." ...Should I feel bad?

MARK
Do you feel bad?

ANN
Not really.

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

MARK

Then don't. So, what's your story?

ANN

What story?

MARK

You and Andy. How'd you meet? Gaming convention? You meet on-line? You guys play Xbox Live against each other?

She gives him a look.

ANN

No, we got set up by a girlfriend of mine.

MARK

Huh. What'd you do to her?

He chuckles. Ann doesn't. He stops.

ANN

Okay. Bye bye.

MARK

Come on. I'm kidding.

ANN

Bye, Mark. I'll see you tomorrow.

She gets up and walks back into the LIVING ROOM and plops down next to Andy. Mark sits uncomfortably, trying to smile to the cameras a little.

ANDY

Hey, babe.

ANN

Hey. Let's do "Gimme Shelter." I'll sing.

ANDY

Nice!

Mark gets up and makes his way awkwardly to the door.

MARK

(small)
Bye, guys.

ANDY

Later, man.

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - LATER - N1

Fred is fast asleep, his chest rising and falling. Leslie has dimmed the lights, and speaks quietly to not wake him up.

LESLIE

(to camera)

I've been here for four hours. I'm not leaving. I mean, it's only 7:15. This has got to be a nap.

(quietly)

Fred?

(louder)

Fred?

(beat)

Fire!

(beat)

He'll wake up. He's so close to saying "yes."

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD - STREET - LATER - N1

SPY SHOT: The kids gather around Tom, their ringmaster.

TOM

How we doing, guys? Everybody good?

DUKIE

I'm tired.

RANDY

Yeah, I got homework.

TOM

Come on, guys, it's dinner time -- everybody's home. Just give me one more good hour--

He sees the camera like: "C'mon! You guys are everywhere!"

TOM (CONT'D)

Okay, great work team. Head on home, you little scamps! God love ya!

(as they drag ass home)

Stay in school!

INT. FRED'S HOUSE - LATER - N1

SPY SHOT: Camera looks through the window, into Fred's living room. Fred is still asleep in the chair. And on the couch, curled up like a baby, is Leslie -- fast asleep.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

EXT. FRED'S HOUSE - VERY EARLY MORNING - DAY 2

Leslie, bedraggled, stumbles out of Fred's house and looks around... disoriented...

EXT. PIONEER HALL - PARKING LOT - LATER - D2

Leslie pulls up and stumbles out of her car.

INT. LESLIE AND TOM'S OFFICE - LATER - D2

Tom is at his desk. Leslie rushes in. She looks like she slept on a couch. Because she slept on a couch. She frantically searches piles on her desk.

LESLIE
Where's my gavel?

TOM
You smell like old man.

LESLIE
Darn it!

Leslie looks around, opens a closet and grabs a BIG GREEN CAN. She sprays herself with it, like perfume.

TOM
Now you smell like old man and carpet.

LESLIE
Sub-committee meeting. Now.

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT CONFERENCE ROOM - MOMENTS LATER - D2

Tom, Mark, and Ann sit around the table. Leslie presides.

LESLIE
Tom, how'd you do?

TOM
Five or six, that's all.

LESLIE
Good for you. I only got a maybe.

TOM
Well, they might flake.

LESLIE
Mark, Ann?

ANN

Uh... I'm not sure we had anything definite.

LESLIE

It's just so frustrating. We all worked really hard! We pounded that pavement non-stop, all day yesterday.

Mark tries to look at Ann. Ann can't look at anyone. She glances at the camera, feeling terrible.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Well. Okay. Thanks everybody. I think the best thing would be: if we delay the forum for between one and ninety days.

ANN

You want to cancel the meeting?

LESLIE

Delay. Because I have strep throat.

ANN

You do? Let me see.

LESLIE

I don't have strep throat.

MARK

You can't cancel, Leslie. You sent out fliers; it was listed in the paper. Those people are going to come.

LESLIE

(gaveling hard)
Dammit!

Everyone jumps, reacts.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

What a mess.

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT OFFICE - PERMITS DESK - LATER - D2

April sits behind the desk, handing out permit applications. Her attitude hasn't changed, but the (short) line is moving smoothly. Ron wanders over.

RON

What's going on, here?

Nobody answers. The machine continues smoothly.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

RON (CONT'D)

No no no no...

(to April)

That's it. You're done here. Donna,
you're back in.

Donna, who is at her desk reading a Richard North Patterson novel, sighs and takes April's place behind the desk.

APRIL

But I figured it out.

RON

(annoyed)

Yeah. I know.

APRIL TALKING HEAD

APRIL

They go, "I need permit whatever" and I give them one from the whatever box. Then they're like, no, the pink one, so I give them the pink one, and they're like, "thanks," and then the next person comes up.

(then)

I was kind of a superstar.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - NIGHT 2

PAN ACROSS people in the crowd, including Kate, who looks like she can't wait to get up and yell.

UP ON THE DAIS -- Out of view of the auditorium, Leslie nervously talks to camera.

LESLIE

(to camera)

This might be just fine. Maybe the naysayers changed their minds overnight.

Leslie nervously peeks out as PEOPLE file into the room. She pulls back, aghast.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Omigod. Omigod. My mom is here.

ANGLE ON Marlene in the front row, looking around crankily.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

(happy, despite herself)

My mom is here.

(wait: fuck)

My mom is here.

(CONTINUED)

IN THE SEATS -- Mark sits behind Ann in the audience.

MARK
Hello.

ANN
Hey.

MARK
Listen, I want to apologize--

ANN
(smiles, curt)
Don't worry about it.

She walks off. Mark stares after her.

MARK TALKING HEAD

MARK
Yeah, I patched things up with Ann. So,
I guess we're back to being...
acquaintances.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER - N2

There's a relatively large crowd. They don't seem happy.
Leslie speaks into a microphone.

LESLIE
Good evening. My name is Deputy Director
of the Parks and Recreation Department
Leslie Knope. Thank you for coming to
our very first public forum about our
proposal to turn Lot 48 on Sullivan
Street into a community park. Yeah!!

Nothing from the audience. Leslie glances nervously to
camera. Marlene notices and looks to camera, too.

MARLENE TALKING HEAD

MARLENE
This is going to be a train wreck.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - CONTINUOUS - N2

LESLIE
I will now open the floor for comments.

Kate JUMPS UP (as do a few other PEOPLE) and goes to the mic
in the aisle.

Table Draft

CONTINUED:

KATE

Hello. My name is Kate Spivak, and I want to say that I am firmly, one hundred percent against this park. I think it would be bad for the community, and there are hundreds of better uses for that space.

Many people in the crowd APPLAUD. Leslie looks scared. This is off to a terrible start. Leslie gets back behind the microphone.

LESLIE

Okay, thank you for your comments. Before we continue, I'd just like to give you a little history. The City of Pawnee was incorporated in 1817, after Reverend Luther Howell of Terre Haute traveled one hundred miles by ox and planted a flag in the ground, before being twisted to death by a small band of Wamapoke Indians.

LESLIE TALKING HEAD

LESLIE

Yes, uh, Democracy does mean hearing the public's opinion. But Advanced Democracy also has dozens of loopholes built in. One of those is: the filibuster. You just keep talking, and nobody can do anything 'til you stop.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - MOMENTS LATER - N2

It's been a while. People are getting antsy. Marlene looks impressed and proud.

LESLIE

...leading to the massive raccoon problem we still enjoy today.

(taking out a book)

Now let's take a magical journey through a little thing I like to call: "The Phantom Tollbooth," by Norton Juster.

MAN IN CROWD

Excuse me? Can't you read that children's book on your own time?

LESLIE

(snaps)

I have the floor!

(she begins to read)

"There was once a boy named Milo..."

(CONTINUED)

KATE

This is supposed to be a public forum.
That means the public talks, and you
listen.

Leslie sees Fred in the crowd. She brightens.

LESLIE

Okay. Yes. You are right. Let's start
with that gentleman, right there.

Fred looks slightly surprised, but makes his way to the
microphone.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Go ahead, sir.

FRED

Well, my name is Fred Tessop. I've lived
in Pawnee all my life.

LESLIE

All your life, wow. I am going to listen
to you. Continue.

FRED

I remember when I was a young boy, I used
to go feed the birds in Ramsett Park. I
do feel strongly that Pawnee would
benefit from a new park, so my
grandchildren and their children can feed
birds for years to come.

The crowd seems touched. Leslie looks incredibly relieved.

LESLIE

Thank you, sir. A moving tribute to my
proposal.

FRED

(to crowd)

I would also point out that I did not
feel this way yesterday. But that young
lady speaking up there had so much
passion for the project, she spent the
night with me.

The crowd REACTS.

TOM

Whoooooa!

LESLIE

Cut his mic. Cut his mic.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED: (2)

Ann stands up.

ANN

Okay, wait... hang on. Hi, everyone. My name is Ann Perkins, and I'm a Pawnee citizen just like you. I live right next to that pit, and I'd like to say for the record: I also fully support Ms. Knope's proposal to turn it into a park. And you know what? It seems like she's working really hard to try to get something done, and make the neighborhood better, and I think we should respect that.

Leslie is tremendously moved. She and Ann smile at each other.

KATE

(to Ann)

Aren't you the one who came to my door with her yesterday?

ANN

(caught)

Uh--

KATE

Oh my God! They brought audience plants!

The crowd responds.

KATE (CONT'D)

Most of us think this park is a bad idea, so why don't we take a vote!

People APPLAUD. Mark looks around. He jumps up and goes to Leslie.

LESLIE

Water!

Mark gives her his bottled water which she gulps as he talks.

MARK

(quietly)

Don't let them vote -- even unofficially, if it goes on the record it's terrible for us.

Leslie smiles wanly and nods.

(CONTINUED)

Table Draft

CONTINUED: (3)

LESLIE

Okay. Okay, everyone. This woman was right when she said we should hear what everyone has to say. So, please, everyone who wishes to speak, line up at the microphones.

People start FILING FORWARD toward the mics. Leslie takes a deep breath. Marlene winces and turns away.

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - LATER - N2

B-roll: Person after person talking at the mic, getting animated.

Intercut with shots of Leslie sitting quietly and nodding, Ann and Mark looking exasperated, and Tom happily reading *The Phantom Tollbooth*.

ANN (V.O.)

This is brutal.

ANN TALKING HEAD

ANN

A couple weeks ago, I was at a public forum, yelling at Leslie. Please tell me I wasn't as obnoxious as those people.

(beat)

I wasn't, right?

TOM TALKING HEAD

TOM

Normally, I don't agree with Leslie about anything.

(holds up *The Phantom Tollbooth*)

But this book is amazing!

INT. COUNCIL CHAMBERS - LATER - N2

Leslie looks really intent and concentrated.

COMPLAINING MAN

--used to live next to a park. You can't park in front of your house on the weekends, because of the softball games. You can't sleep at night because of the lights.

Reveal that Leslie is actually watching the CLOCK on the wall. It ticks to 9pm. She BANGS down her gavel loudly. The crowd REACTS.

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE

Okay. Thank you, sir, but our time is up! That concludes our meeting.

KATE

What about the vote?

LESLIE

I am sorry, but we ran out of time. We will hold additional forums in the future, and we look forward to seeing you all there.

People begin to get up, grousing.

TOM

(closing the book)

Oh, are we done? That was fun!

The crowd begins to disassemble. Leslie looks toward her mom. Marlene gives her a small, approving nod. Leslie, exhausted and relieved, smiles back.

INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - LATER - N2

Tom exits, a smile on his face. A MOTHER approaches him. She's not smiling.

MOTHER

Tom Haverford?

(brandishing a candy bar)

I think you know my son, Randy?

Reveal Randy, standing there with her, looking sheepish. Tom loses the smile and quickly ushers them away from the camera.

INT. CITY HALL - HALLWAY - MOMENTS LATER - N2

SPY SHOT: On a long lens, we see the mother YELLING at Tom. Tom pleads with her. Eventually, he takes out a WAD OF CASH and hands it to her. She looks at it, disgusted. Then she puts it in her purse, and walks off. Tom looks annoyed.

TOM TALKING HEAD

TOM

There's a high turnover in this industry. I have it built in to my business plan.

JUMP CUT.

TOM (CONT'D)

She took all my money!

INT. LESLIE AND TOM'S OFFICE - LATER - N2

Leslie sits at her desk, happily spinning the globe. Ann is sprawled out on a chair, defeated.

ANN

Man, I don't know how you do it. It's way tougher than I thought, being on the other side.

(small)

I'm sorry I gave up.

LESLIE

What? You didn't give up. You're here.

ANN

...Yeah. I'm here.

A beat.

LESLIE

Um. Are you here 'cause you need a ride home?

ANN

No, I've got my car.

LESLIE

Oh.

(then)

So... we're just... hanging out?

ANN

Yeah. I mean, if that's okay.

LESLIE

Yes! Oh! Yes, that's... cool.

(She offers a bag)

Gorp?

ANN

Sure.

EXT. COURTYARD - MOMENTS LATER - N2

From outside, we see Ann hanging out in Leslie's office, eating gorp. Leslie looks pleased.

END OF ACT THREE

TAG

EXT. ANN'S HOUSE - LATER - N2

Ann comes home, wiped out. She notices something propped against the door. Picks it up.

It's a new ROCK BAND BASS GUITAR, with a RIBBON and a NOTE attached. She opens the envelope. Reads it, smiles slightly.

She brings the bass inside.

END OF SHOW