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Mrs Murry

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A Meek Application

To those of us that drive on the roads, that live in the city, to those learning and instructing in our schools and for those poverty stricken, I have an idea to apply. To those of us that find it difficult to prosper in a high population area with low standards of education and with an overall detest for the aforementioned, I have a solution to apply to your wounds! We can agree that the problem rends deeply into our population. We can also agree where this problem is not only a social one, but a political problem. Our problems did not take school with serious intent, laugh in the face of life, and can't find a solution to our energy crisis, our problem is our youth, our prisons, our fuel. My solution is to make an example of the problem masses and convert them into biomass.

The fuel we gain from this conversion may give us such needed varieties of energy like methane, ethanol, and biodiesel. Such types of energy are critical for the future of our transportation and heating. The methane could be used for heating your homes, heating your food, even your toilet seat could be heated to keep your backside warm while you make ordure. The ethanol would be used to fuel the majority's transportation, while the biodiesel could accommodate the semi truck drivers who transport our goods from place to place.

The first to be selected for this program would be the inmates. Like the Three Strikes Law in California, three strikes of serious offenses (deemed so by the state) will allow you to participate in this project. Those participants will be hauled off, and told that they are being moved to a finer prison in the small town of Red Oak, Iowa. In reality though, they are being sent to Detroit, Michigan where the premier factory is located. Other factories will be discreetly placed in high population areas, in the same way that water purification factories are discreetly set in high population areas.

The factory would be of very simple construction. It would be one story high, a white building with no windows and only a few doors with a semi truck opening to allow participants easy access to the building.

INT. CITY BANK - DAY

Richard CRASHES through a glass window into a bank robbery gone wrong. Richard's partner, Natalie, is already there, AIMING her SNOUT at the two robbers. One robber is holding a HOSTAGE. The other robber is holding a LARGE BAG OF MONEY.

NATALIE

Let go of that hostage!

RICHARD

LCPD! Drop the bag!

The robber holding the LARGE BAG OF MONEY jumps out of a nearby open window.

NATALIE

Go get 'em, Richard!

EXT. LARGE CITY - DAY

Richard follows the robber with the BAG out the window. Richard jumps on top of the getaway car as it races away from the bank.

RICHARD

Woof! Hey! Slow down! I'm trying to save the day!

Richard holds on tight to the roof of the getaway car. Positioning his HIND LEGS over the thin roof.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Now I'll have to cite you for speeding!

Using his HIND LEGS, Richard cuts through the thin roof, just enough to fit a handful of CRACKED PEPPER into the car.

RICHARD (CONT'D)

Let's get sneezing!

The driver sneezes, crashing into a fire hydrant and stopping the car. Richard handcuffs both robbers sitting in the car. Natalie walks out of the bank with the freed hostage, and the robber in handcuffs. Standing together triumphantly, Natalie and Richard call their Sergeant.

SERGEANT MCKAY

I'm proud of you two pups! Head back to HQ when you're all done there.

INT. LC POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Natalie and Richard are met with high praise by their colleagues and superiors. Natalie sighs and slouches over her desk and takes a sip of sparkling dog water. Richard is standing nearby.

INT. BEDROOM - DAY (FLASHBACK)

Surrounded by other dogs barking loudly, Natalie drinks from a dirty water bowl.

INT. LC POLICE STATION - AFTERNOON

Natalie bunches up her paw into something like a fist. She pours some coffee into her water bowl, making the water slightly brown. Sergeant McKay approaches.

SERGEANT MCKAY

I know you're shift is about to end, but I have another mission for you.

SERGEANT MCKAY (CONT'D)

We just got a tip about a con man stealing money from hardworking rats.

Richard and Natalie look at each other in disgust.

SERGEANT MCKAY (CONT'D)

I need you two to park outside this address and figure out how he's been lying to these poor rats!

EXT. CRIMINAL'S HOUSE - EVENING

Richard and Natalie trade sips from a thermos of hot coffee. Using a pair of binoculars, Natalie sees different people coming in and out of the house. They come in with a BAG OF MONEY, then leave holding loose BARS OF GOLD.

RICHARD

Something's happening in there, but I don't know what.

NATALIE

Whatever it is, it seems pretty popular. Think he knows every customer?

Natalie hands Richard a BAG OF CASH. Richard exits the undercover car and walks over to the house, knocking on the door. Someone opens the door, and they let Richard in.

INT. EMPTY HOUSE - EVENING

Richard takes a deep breath. The person who let him in is silent, waiting for Richard to say something. There's a window behind the person, and Natalie is peeking inside.

RICHARD

Hey... so I need to buy gold from you, please. I'm desperate. My son's school only accepts payments in gold. And my husband and I are separating, but because he's so selfish, he's making me pay for his apartment, and his apartment only accepts payments in gold! So, you see my situation, I need a steady supply of gold. Can you help, or what?

Richard puffs his chest out and stands there looking at the person sternly. The person nods, gently taking the BAG OF CASH out of Richard's trembling hand. Richard stands there quietly while the person counts the money. Natalie walks away from the window (heading towards the front door). Once the person finishes counting, they hand Richard BARS OF GOLD.

PERSON

Thank you for...

RICHARD

LCPD! You're under arrest, villain!

Natalie kicks the door open with her HIND LEGS.

NATALIE

Yeah, villain! We're arresting you!

The villain is arrested and taken to jail by other officers. Now, Richard and Natalie are searching around the empty home looking for clues. Natalie finds a few PAY STUBS in a closet next to some GOLD.

NATALIE (CONT'D)

Think I found something useful
behind the GOLD BARS!

Natalie grabs a few PAY STUBS and reads them.

NATALIE (CONT'D)
 These are PAY STUBS for the rats!
 But look, instead of a cash amount,
 it says 'cheese that looks like
 gold.'

RICHARD
 The rats were probably promised
 gold in exchange for their labor.

Natalie shakes her head in disgust, collecting all the PAY STUBS and leaving with Richard to bring the evidence to Sergeant McKay.

INT. LC POLICE STATION - NIGHT

SERGEANT MCKAY
 Another great job! Good work you
 two! But I have another case that
 needs solving.

Sergeant McKay takes a big swig from his COFFEE MUG.

SERGEANT MCKAY (CONT'D)
 I'm calling this case, 'The Man Who
 Hanged, Was Murdered.' You're going
 to investigate the murder of
 someone who was recently hanged
 after spending 3 years on death
 row.

Richard and Natalie look at each other, confused.

RICHARD
 I thought...

NATALIE
 Isn't that normally how we do
 executions?

SERGEANT MCKAY
 Normally, but his body was found in
 his old house. According to
 forensics, he didn't die by
 hanging. The victim was stabbed to
 death.

Sergeant McKay bites down on a donut.

SERGEANT MCKAY (CONT'D)
 First, I need you two to head to
 our execution parlor and see what
 they have to say.

(MORE)

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

Larry, The Dog Lawyer walks into the interrogation room at his local police station. The client John Jacobs is there waiting.

LARRY

Nice to meet you, John Jacobs.

JOHN

Nice to meet you too.

LARRY

I'm Larry, The Dog Lawyer. I'm your public defender.

Larry paws at his tie.

LARRY (CONT'D)

Bark, bark!

Larry has several items in his inventory: John's phone, a notepad, a pen, a full water bottle, and the relevant police reports.

LARRY (CONT'D)

So, what happened?

JOHN

Should I start at the beginning? Well, I was arguing with a neighbor of mine. He called the police on me a month ago claiming I stole his Christmas decorations, shockingly that's not why I'm here today. I didn't steal his property, and I've never broken the law--aside from this murder I'm about to tell you about.

Nodding, Larry is already thinking about how to spin this case to get his client the best deal. He brings out the police report.

JOHN (CONT'D)

I know everything that police report will say. But let me tell you what it doesn't say. So, a few weeks ago, once I learned it was my neighbor who called, I drove past his house to confront him. There he was standing outside his house with his hands on his hips. It was like he was waiting for me.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

We shouted at each other for a while, and then he furiously tossed his keys into my truck. I'm not sure why he did that, but I drove off as soon as he did. There was two keys on the key chain. One for the house, and the second was a small key that I didn't recognize at the time, but that small key was his gun lock.

LARRY

Are you sure he was the one that called? It wasn't anyone else?

JOHN

I'm sure it was him. But that's beside the point. The point is, about a week later I used the keys he gave me to break into his home where I found his gun case and took his gun. I kept it in my truck for a few weeks, I was looking to sell it, actually.

Larry points out that the police report doesn't include any information about finding a gun.

LARRY

Why didn't you sell the gun, or get rid of it some other way?

JOHN

I didn't sell it because I couldn't find anyone to buy it. But that's beside the point. The point is, I used the gun to kill my ex-wife's boyfriend. I don't know what happened to the gun after that.

Larry has a feeling that something has happened to the gun, but decides to hold off on talking about it right now.

LARRY

Why did you kill your ex-wife's boyfriend?

JOHN

I killed him because my ex-wife and I had just gotten divorced last year. I found out she'd been seeing him all these years we've been married, and I had no idea.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)

I mean, I knew they were seeing each other, but she told me it wasn't a serious relationship. And I was also in another relationships that weren't serious. But she was lying! Her and her boyfriend were very seriously dating! And on top of it all, she asked him to never mention the relationship to me!

Larry hands John a water bottle from his briefcase. He quickly drinks half of the bottle, and hands it back.

LARRY

I'm so sorry about what happened.

JOHN

Before I killed him, I put him in handcuffs and drove with him out to this hidden lake that's surrounded by thick tree coverage. It was really private, and romantic. We talked for a few hours. He explained what had happened. He pleaded for his life. I wasn't interested in listening to any of that. I took his life, not because I had to, but because I knew it'd hurt my ex-wife. And so, even if I end up in jail, it was worth it.

Larry scribbles in a notepad and taps his paws. He thinks, "I could really go for a bone right now, something to calm my nerves. My client just admitted to first-degree murder, he even seems totally lucid and in control. It would be difficult to convince any jury that my client is innocent."

Larry looks John up and down and notices his shoes. John is wearing fashionable leather boots with pointed tips.

LARRY

You're a shoe fan?

JOHN

Yeah of course! I rotate between twenty different shoes, replacing each pair after they get a certain amount of use.

LARRY

What do you do with the shoes after your done with them?

JOHN
I donate them to unhoused people.

LARRY
That's wonderful!

Larry thinks for a moment. He notices how expensive John's phone is.

LARRY (CONT'D)
I have an idea, how much money can you gather?

JOHN
I have about 20,000 in savings, and another 250,000 in stocks.

Larry paws John's phone as well as a small scrap of paper over to John.

LARRY
The police are allowing me to give you your phone. You should call your stock broker, we need to make a political donation.

Larry stands up, concluding the meeting.

LARRY (CONT'D)
Call me when you hear back, I'm on my way to talk with the District Attorney about your case.

EXT. NICE PATCH OF GRASS - DAY

Larry walks to the District Attorney's office. During his walk, he gets a call from John who says he can take out \$150,000 right now, and that "other thing" was tossed into the lake after it was used. Larry is happy to hear about the money, but doesn't mention the "other thing". On his way to the District Attorney's office, Larry sees a nice patch of grass and goes to the restroom there.

INT. D.A'S OFFICE - DAY

The District Attorney's office is climate controlled. It felt like it could be 65 degrees Fahrenheit in there.

LARRY
Hey District Attorney! Think we can talk about my case?

DA
Be quick, I have an important
meeting soon with the mayor.

The District Attorney was wearing a thick grey suit jacket
over a nice light blue button down and sea blue bolo tie.

LARRY
I have a client who is in trouble,
totally innocent, and has the money
to back that up!

DA
Well we do have a tiered system
with that sort of thing. How much
money does he have?

Larry, for a moment, thinks. Larry offers half the amount to
drop the case.

DA (CONT'D)
I'll take that! Thank you.

The District Attorney types into his computer. The computer
beeps, boops, and bops.

DA (CONT'D)
The case is dropped!

LARRY
Thanks again, have a good one!

INT. POLICE STATION INTERROGATION ROOM - DAY

LARRY
Your case was dropped,
congratulations! I did have to give
the District Attorney the full
amount, just so you know.

JOHN
Hurray!

Larry nods, satisfied that he could help his client while
also secretly helping himself.

JOHN (CONT'D)
But wait, Larry, how'd you do it?

LARRY
That's a great question, let me
start at the beginning.