

"Heat Wave"  
Spec Script

By

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Parks and Recreation

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## PRODUCTION NOTES

This episode is written as though it took place in the second half of Parks and Recreation's sixth season. Ann and Chris have left the show. Leslie as of now still works for the Parks Department. She is considering the job with the National Parks Service, but has not yet accepted.

Regarding the episode itself: As a heat wave is breaking out throughout the town, many production decisions should keep this in mind for background jokes. Characters sweating, trying unorthodox ways to beat the heat, gradually stripping to various levels of dress (or undress) as the day goes on, etc. (Except for characters who have been noted as having specific reactions to the heat-- namely, Ron and Donna.)

### COLD OPEN

INT. LESLIE AND BEN'S HOUSE - MORNING - D1

The camera is set in close-up on a television showing a news report. The chyron reads "Pawnee Faces Record Heat Wave". The report is showing a montage of local residents coping with the heat. We hear the voice of PERD HAPLEY reporting.

PERD (V.O.)

And thanks to this record heat wave, temperatures in Pawnee are hotter than ever. This reporter is courageously ignoring the protests of others and doing something unorthodox to beat the heat...

The news camera pans out to reveal a shirtless Perd on site reporting.

PERD

...By taking his shirt off. I'm Perd Hapley, with "What's Happening with Perd?"--

He is cut off when BEN turns off the TV. LESLIE is watching intently and is a little annoyed at this.

BEN

Why are you watching that? It's just going to make the heat more unbearable.

LESLIE

(already a little manic)  
Because I have to come up with a solution to this heat wave. Pawnee  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE (cont'd)  
needs its director of Parks and  
Recreation right now, because  
people can't recreate if it's too  
hot to go outside!  
(deep breath)  
Why aren't you more worked up about  
this? You're the city manager!  
Declare a crisis! Fix the  
temperature!

BEN  
Calm down, it's not-- "Fix the  
temperature?"-- it's not something  
we can really do anything about.  
It's an act of nature, you know  
that.

LESLIE  
I know. It's just... if I'm going  
to take the National Parks job, I  
want to make sure I do my job well  
until the last day. I don't want  
people thinking I gave up on this  
city.

BEN  
Well, I was planning to propose we  
finally clean and re-fill the pool  
in Ramsett Park. That should help--

LESLIE  
A pool's nothing. No one will  
remember that. Besides, that pool  
will only hold, what, ten people  
tops?

BEN  
It's registered as a capacity of  
forty-five...

LESLIE  
And last week we moved up to the  
second-most obese city in the U.S.

BEN  
...Right. Okay, well, tell you  
what, think of something better,  
and I'll consider it.

LESLIE  
You'll consider it?

BEN

You know what I mean. Look, we  
gotta get to work. Think on it,  
okay?

Ben walks away. Leslie stands, looking resolute. She begins talking to herself, but gradually increases in volume until she's almost shouting at the end:

LESLIE

I'll do more than think on it. I  
will solve the heat wave. I will  
deliver the city from this desert  
unto the promised land! I will be  
Pawnee's Hot Moses!

BEN (O.S.)

What?

LESLIE

Nothing!

**END OF COLD OPEN**

**ACT ONE**

INT - RON'S OFFICE - D1 - MORNING

We see RON sitting at his desk, in his usual clothing. He is remaining remarkably still. We stay on him for a while and can gradually see he is visibly uncomfortable. A single bead of sweat forms on Ron's forehead. He notices the camera catching his distress.

TALKING HEAD - RON'S OFFICE

RON

The central air at City Hall broke  
this morning. Apparently government  
planning did not account for every  
single office in the building  
running the A/C at 52 degress.

We see a brief montage of people working and sweating. A lot of sweating.

RON (CON'T)

Now, I have a thick torso.

CUT TO:

## SWANSON PYRAMID OF GREATNESS

We get a close-up on the "Torso" entry.

RON (V.O.)

It has served me well as a source  
of both strength and insulation  
through the Indiana winters.

CUT TO:

TALKING HEAD - RON'S OFFICE (CONT.)

RON

However... it also tends to retain  
heat.

(with increasing anger and  
frustration)

And when it's very hot out, that's  
bad!

Back to Ron sitting in his office, trying to will himself  
cool. He's the most uncomfortable we've ever seen him.  
(Including that time he had a hernia.)

INT. - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - D1

DR. HARRIS is reviewing ANDY's results with APRIL and Andy.

DR. HARRIS

Well, Mr. Dwyer, you're mostly  
healthy, although I'm worried about  
your sugar intake. You might want  
to cut back, or you'll be at risk  
for diabetes.

ANDY

What?! That's crazy! If sugar is  
unhealthy, then why does it taste  
so good?

(scoffs)

And what's "dial beetles" anyway?  
It sounds like a phone line to talk  
to bugs, which would be awesome.

APRIL

Doesn't Wilford Brimley have  
diabetes? Will Andy grow a huge  
walrus mustache?

DR. HARRIS

Yes. That's how the human body  
works. Anyway, diabetes is pretty

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

DR. HARRIS (cont'd)  
serious. If left untreated, it  
could eventually require amputation  
of some lower extremities.

APRIL  
You'd cut off his feet? That's so  
medieval!

DR. HARRIS  
No, gangrene is medieval. That's  
what we're trying to avoid.

APRIL  
It's 2014 and we're still worried  
about gangrene? What kind of doctor  
are you anyway? I'm filing a  
complaint with the board! They'll  
have your head!

DR. HARRIS  
(ignores her)  
Mr. Dwyer, do you have any family  
history of diabetes?

Andy stares blankly. Dr. Harris dumbs it down a shade.

DR. HARRIS (CON'T)  
Did anyone in your family have  
"sugar problems" when they got  
older?

ANDY  
No. Oh, wait, my grandpa had to  
stop eating sugar for the last  
fifteen years of his life, because  
it made him sick... and he was in a  
wheelchair after he lost a foot...  
but that was probably something  
else.

April looks at him as this goes over his head, betraying  
some worry.

CUT TO:

TALKING HEAD - DR. HARRIS' OFFICE

APRIL  
When Andy broke his leg, Ann had to  
wait on him hand and foot and he  
turned into a huge jerk.

(beat)

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

APRIL (cont'd)  
If he gets diabetes, he'll be like  
that forever.

CUT TO:

INT. - DOCTOR'S OFFICE - D1

APRIL  
Seriously, Dr. Harris, what does he  
need to do?

DR. HARRIS  
Just cut down on his sugar intake  
and he'll be fine. Nothing to worry  
about beyond that.

APRIL looks to Andy. Camera pans to ANDY, who has his eyes closed, air-drumming and quietly singing along to a song about candy he just made up. Pans back to April, who's worried.

INT - TOM'S OFFICE - D1

TOM is seated at his desk, not facing the door. Ron, still visibly suffering from the heat, walks in with a manila folder.

RON  
Tom. Hello.

TOM  
Alfonso Cua-Ron!  
(to camera)  
Finally saw *Gravity* on Friday.  
Been waiting all weekend to use  
that.  
(turns to Ron)  
Whoa! You are red! Are you okay?

RON  
(unnaturally stiff)  
Fine. I have something work-related  
for you.

RON hands TOM the folder, then walks away. Tom has seen him pull this move before.

TOM  
Ron, come on, I know this is  
empty--

As he opens it, a folded piece of paper falls out.

(CONTINUED)

TOM  
--What the hell?

He opens the paper, reading it to himself.

TOM  
"Meet me at the third floor  
radiator in 15 minutes?"

Tom looks up and at the camera, puzzled.

CUT TO:

INT - THIRD FLOOR - 15 MINUTES LATER

Ron is waiting. Tom approaches.

RON  
Good. You are here.

TOM  
Yeah. What's with all the secrecy?

Ron gives him a look. Secrecy is its own virtue. Tom immediately remembers who he's talking to.

TOM (CONT.)  
Right. Never mind. So?

RON  
I couldn't risk anyone in the  
office hearing this.  
(leans in; speaks quietly)  
I need your help.

Tom's face lights up briefly, as he wants to have fun with this, but it quickly goes out with a look from Ron.

TOM  
Sure thing. What can I do?

RON  
How can I put this?  
(thinks)  
Though your lifestyle has made you  
soft, like a woman--

TOM  
Thank you.  
(direct to camera)  
That's persistent application of  
moisturizer--

Ron clears his throat loudly. Tom turns back to him.

(CONTINUED)



RON

I have also observed that you know  
how to make yourself comfortable.

Beat. Tom's not sure what to make of this.

RON (CON'T)

The Swansons are a hardy people. We  
are suited to the many tasks of the  
forest and to the harsh Indiana  
elements. I can chop wood in a  
blizzard. I can hunt deer in  
freezing rain.

(beat)

But in all my years, I've never  
experienced heat like this.

TOM

Come on. This is what you need from  
me? Mr. Macho Man?

(puppy voice)

It's just a little heat wave! It  
just wants to warm you up, Ron!  
Warm that cold heart of yours!  
Won't you let it into your heart?

Ron is not amused.

TOM (CONT.)

Okay, okay. What have you tried?

RON

Everything.

MONTAGE:

Ron attempts various methods of keeping cool which are  
increasingly absurd and physically comic. (Example: Ron  
stuffs a bunch of ice cubes down his shirt collar. After a  
couple of seconds, a bunch of water splashes down out the  
bottom of his shirt and hits the floor.)

TOM

Wow. Well, I have to hand it to you  
for your creativity... Look, if  
it's that bad, why don't we just  
take the day off, hit the pool or  
something?

RON

That's fine for today, but what if  
this heat wave lasts? No, I need  
something to keep me cool here. If

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (cont'd)  
I'm out of the office too long,  
work might get done.

TOM  
All right, all right. I'll start  
thinking on it.

RON  
Thank you.

TOM  
Can I go now? I keep waiting for  
one of the fourth-floor knife  
fights to fall through the ceiling.

Ron quickly gives his consent. Tom exits.

INT. - APRIL AND ANDY'S CAR - D1

April is driving. She and Andy are almost home from the  
doctor's office.

APRIL  
Maybe Dr. Harris has a point. You  
do eat a lot of sugar.

ANDY  
Come on! You're gonna take his  
side? I've been eating like this my  
whole life. Why should I stop now?

APRIL  
That's the point. We're getting  
older. It can happen sooner than  
you--

ANDY  
(interrupts)  
Not me! I'm gonna live forever!  
Just you watch.

April is clearly irritated that he blew her off, but she  
says nothing, just giving him a look. When she looks back  
outside the car, her eyes go a little wide. In the next  
shot, we see she's staring out the window, jaw agape, at  
their house.

ANDY  
Babe?

After a few seconds, he notices she's staring and looks out  
the window too. Unlike her, he can barely contain his  
excitement.

TALKING HEAD - OUTSIDE APRIL AND ANDY'S HOUSE

April is standing by the car.

APRIL

So Andy took a tour of the Sweetums  
factory last weekend... and spent  
our electric bill money on candy.  
And Sweetums uses some kind of  
cheap corn syrup...

We get a shot of the house, which has brown goo oozing out  
from under the front door and windows.

APRIL (V.O.)

...which, apparently, melts on a  
really hot day.

Back to April.

APRIL

So now Andy's turned our house into  
a disaster area. But that's fine,  
because he's just so whimsical and  
wonderful--

She's interrupted by a loud crash behind her. The camera  
pans over to the FRONT DOOR, where we see a wave of brown  
goo flow out the door, and then hear...

ANDY

Wooooooooooooooooooooo!

ANDY is sitting on a garbage can lid, riding the syrup-slide  
out of the house like a wave.

We cut back to April. She appears distressed.

ANDY (O.S.)

April, this is AWESOME! Sugar surf!

That does it. April walks away from the talking head and to  
Andy. We stay with the talking-head perspective and only see  
this scene from a distance, without hearing it. April starts  
yelling at Andy. Andy looks surprised, then hurt. Then he  
starts yelling back. After a few seconds of this, we...

CUT TO:

EXT. APRIL AND ANDY'S HOUSE - CLOSEUP

Immediately in the middle of their argument:

APRIL

--you don't care! At all! You don't even notice it's your fault.

(sighs, takes a breath)

Sometimes I think you do need to grow up.

This hits Andy hard.

ANDY

What did you say?

APRIL

You need to grow up! You can't keep destroying everything of ours and not caring. You're immature.

ANDY

(offended)

Oh, now I'm immature? In that case, maybe you'd prefer I act boring. Maybe I should just... wear a suit all the time. And get a job... as a... bank... scientist. I can start talking about my stock fart polio!

APRIL

Fine, do it. If it'll make you stop eating like a six-year-old.

ANDY

Fine, I will. I'll go be just like everyone you hate. What does it matter, since you clearly hate me already?

APRIL

(frustrated)

That's not... you know what? I can't talk to you when you're like this.

ANDY

Then good day, madam.

Neither of them move for a beat. We can see April is hurt. Finally she walks back to the car.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

Fine, I'm going to my parents'  
house. I'm not sleeping in syrup  
anyway.

Andy watches her leave with a mix of hurt and confusion. He doesn't like that they're mad at each other, but he still feels like he's in the right.

**END OF ACT ONE**

**ACT TWO**

INT. PARKS OFFICE - AFTERNOON - D1

Tom is sitting at his desk, deep in thought, when DONNA walks up with a glass full of something partially frozen. She is too fabulous for the heat to have any effect on her.

DONNA

Daiquiri?

TOM

Naw... I gotta get this project  
finished.

(beat, as it registers)

Wait, why are you drinking at work?

Donna laughs, with a look that says "Why wouldn't I?"

TOM

I mean, where'd you even get that?

DONNA

My Camelback. What, you think this  
is for style?

INT. PARKS OFFICE - TALKING HEAD

DONNA

Leslie's too busy to notice, and  
Ron likes it when we don't work...

(sips daiquiri)

You know, I think I'm gonna go  
sunbathing tomorrow.

INT. PARKS OFFICE - AFTERNOON - CONT.

DONNA (CON'T)

It keeps my drink cold, my drink  
keeps me cold, and that... is very  
cool.

(CONTINUED)

Tom grins. That's clever. Then a spark of inspiration hits him. He stands and heads for the exit.

TOM  
I'll be right back.

INT. - BEN'S OFFICE - STILL D1

Ben is working at his desk. Leslie walks in with a binder.

BEN  
Hey. You think of anything?

LESLIE  
I'm glad you asked, because I sure did. I call it Project COOLDOWN:  
The Committee Organized On  
Logistical Details Of Weather  
Normalization. It's a nine-step  
plan involving six departments,  
and--

BEN  
--Leslie, we need something we can  
do as soon as possible, and under  
budget. By the time you finish  
reading that, it will be too late.

LESLIE  
(deflated)  
...You didn't even let me open the  
binder.

BEN  
Do I need to?

LESLIE  
Come on. This is important to me.

After a second, Ben nods for her to continue.

LESLIE  
Well, I calculated that if we raise  
sales taxes on sugar and income  
taxes on everybody named Steve,  
then, through a cross-coordinated  
research and development effort, we  
can fund the discovery of a  
weather-controlling machine which  
should be operational and cover an  
area the size of Pawnee in...  
(looks at watch)  
...thirty-eight years.

(CONTINUED)

Ben is nonplussed. Leslie's demented enthusiasm fades as reality sets in.

LESLIE

Okay, okay. I'll keep trying.

BEN

Great. But I can't wait forever. I want to float the pool idea out there and see how people respond. I called a town meeting.

Leslie gasps audibly.

BEN (CON'T)

There's no point in filling the pool if nobody will use it. And we need to get the word out to them to be careful in this heat, anyway.

LESLIE

A town meeting?! Are you crazy? Waste our time dealing with those nut cases? Ugh. What have we ever learned from a town meeting?

BEN

We have an obligation to the townfolk.

Leslie gives him a look. "Those idiots don't know what's best for them, that's why they need us."

BEN (CON'T)

Leslie, it will be fine.

CUT TO:

INT. - PAWNEE TOWN MEETING - N1

It is not fine.

Leslie and Ben are at the front of the room. A crowd of about two dozen of Pawnee's more colorful characters are gathered for the meeting, along with a female Sweetums executive who is currently speaking, while the crowd murmurs approvingly from time to time.

SWEETUMS EXEC

Oh, this so-called "heat wave" is simply part of your nanny state, global warming agenda. You want to be able to tell businesses what to do!

(CONTINUED)

Some of the crowd clap and cheer, with "yeah"s and "that's right"s mixed in. Looking pleased, she continues.

SWEETUMS EXEC (CONT.)

The next thing you're going to say  
is that the heat wave is caused by  
the chemicals that the Sweetums  
Factory is dumping into the water!

Ben was unaware of this. He is surprised, but also tries to keep the meeting on track.

BEN

Uh... I wasn't... but thank you for  
bringing that to my attention.  
We'll, uh, form another committee  
to look into that... but right now,  
all we're really trying to do is  
make sure the residents of Pawnee  
take proper precautions.

(beat)

Wait, what kind of chemicals are we  
talking here?

LESLIE

Look, it hasn't been this hot in  
Pawnee in over seventy years. The  
weather reports don't lie.

SWEETUMS EXEC

Oh, the weather reports! When was  
the last time a weatherman got  
anything right?

The crowd laughs.

LESLIE

(to Ben)

I told you.

BEN

(to everyone, irritated and  
pedantic)

Okay, first of all, they get the  
weather right all the time. You  
just only remember the times they  
don't. It's called selective  
memory. And second, what, exactly,  
is so crazy about science?

That sends the crowd into an uproar. Various townspeople  
speak unprompted, with the crowd murmuring assent afterward.

(CONTINUED)



TOWNERPERSON #1 (FEMALE)  
Science doesn't know anything! I  
ate the plants in my backyard and I  
got sick! Why couldn't science stop  
that?

TOWNERPERSON #2 (MALE)  
She's right! Science is a lie to  
make people forget the one true  
faith! If there is a heat wave, it  
must be the will of our god!

LESLIE  
Oh, what, so you don't care if the  
town burns and people die so long  
as it's the will of Zorp or  
something--

TOWNERPERSON #3 (MALE)  
(interrupting)  
YOU LEAVE ZORP OUT OF THIS!

The crowd is in full-on revolt now. Leslie and Ben have lost control of the meeting. Ben is frustrated. Leslie throws up her hands and gives him an "I told you so" look.

INT - APRIL AND ANDY'S HOUSE - STILL N1

MONTAGE:

We get a montage of Andy playing in the sludge. He's defiant, determined to spite April by having fun. He's doing stuff like playing air guitar, belly-first slides, drop kicks, elbow drops, etc. Real kinetic, real messy.

The montage ends with a particularly raging air guitar solo, maybe singing a song along with it. He ends it with a "Yeah!" and stands there, grinning and out of breath, for a few seconds. Then his face falls.

ANDY  
I miss April.

INT - RON'S OFFICE - D2

Tom knocks as he walks in, with a Camelback in one hand and a legal notepad in the other, with sketches of his project. Ron looks at him, displeased.

RON  
Knock, then enter.

(CONTINUED)

TOM

Sorry, I was just excited. I have something for... your project.

This immediately gets Ron's attention (as well as forgiveness for barging in).

RON

Continue.

TOM

I have an idea. You ever heard of a Camelback?

Tom holds up the Camelback as he says this. Ron nods.

TOM

Well, what if there was some way we could take a similar design, but rig it up to be like... I don't know, a body suit that circulates cold water or something. Is that ridiculous?

(trails off to himself)

It sounds ridiculous when I say it... like a superhero Ben would have invented... "Cool Water Man"...

(re: Ben, shakes head)

Nerd...

RON

(standing up)

...I don't know if it'll work, but I'd rather find out than stay here another minute. Let's go to my shop.

TOM

Great. I'll help you build it.

RON

No, son. This is something I have to do myself.

A beat for Tom's reaction: *This is a matter of personal pride for Ron. Respect.*

RON (CON'T)

Because you are dangerously unqualified to work with power tools.

Tom's face falls.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - LATER - D2

Ben is working. Leslie barges in, looking a little frazzled. She has not slept much.

BEN

You know, I'd still like it if you knocked...

LESLIE

Look, that town meeting was a complete disaster. So I stayed up all night to brainstorm new ideas.

BEN

I know. You were really loud.

LESLIE

Well, I'm sorry, you can't hold it against me, I had to make up for your massive waste of time last night, and I--

BEN

Actually, once things calmed down, I talked to a few people who thought the pool was a good idea. We're voting on it later.

LESLIE

No! What? When? You've got to hold it off for me!

BEN

You know I can't do that. That's a huge conflict of interest.

(beat)

Look, the vote's at 7. If you can come up with a better idea by then, you can pitch it to the City Council. But your time is better spent working on something else.

LESLIE

That's where you're wrong, Ben. Because I am the Deputy Director of the Pawnee Parks Department, the greatest government agency in the history of mankind, and it is populated with the most creative, brilliant, and tender people I have ever known, and I am proud to be a part of this team, and I am proud

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE (cont'd)  
to serve these great people. I'd  
also like to thank my mother,  
Marlene Griggs-Knope, who was my  
personal and professional  
inspiration and who long ago set me  
on the path that has led to this  
day, where I stand before you as  
your new leader, the next President  
of the United States of America--

BEN  
You slipped into your acceptance  
speech again. Go back to your  
office.

LESLIE  
My office! Where my team is! We  
will put everything else on hold to  
solve this crisis immediately!

BEN  
Don't...

Leslie ignores him and walks out confidently.

BEN (CON'T)  
...do that...

Ben sighs and glances to the camera.

CUT TO:

INT. PARKS DEPARTMENT - IMMEDIATELY AFTER

We start just outside the department. We follow Leslie's  
continued confident stride toward the offices. She clearly  
has a speech prepared, and launches into it the instant she  
crosses the threshold.

LESLIE  
Okay, gang, listen up. We're in  
heat wave crisis mode. Stop what  
you're doing and...

There's nobody in the office, except JERRY, politely paying  
attention. Leslie trails off as she takes this in. (If we  
look closely, we can see in the background, through a  
window, Donna sunbathing in the courtyard.)

LESLIE  
Where is everybody? ...What the  
hell?

(CONTINUED)

Jerry shrugs.

END OF ACT TWO

ACT THREE

INT - PARKS DEPARTMENT - STILL D2 - LESLIE'S OFFICE

Leslie is sitting in her office, frantically brainstorming. Probably drinking a gigantic, sugary coffee drink.

LESLIE

(to herself)

Popular approval... popular approval... I need some way to understand how the average Pawneeans sees this heat wave... Someone who thinks and acts just like these doofus turd monsters...

She looks up from her desk and sees Jerry performing some mindless, mundane department task.

LESLIE

Hey, Jerry? Can you come here for a minute?

JERRY

Sure thing, boss.

Jerry gets up and heads to her office. Pratfall optional-- perhaps he slips in his own sweat.

LESLIE

So... let me ask you, when it's really hot like this, what do you like to do to keep cool? What would you like to see Pawnee provide during a heat wave?

JERRY

Well, gosh, Leslie, I'd have to think about it for a second. I don't think you've ever asked me for an idea...

(snaps his fingers in inspiration)

You know what? I always like to go to the pool when it's hot out. The water keeps me cool, and Gayle and the girls love to sunbathe. And now that you mention it, we live near Ramsett Park, so it would be

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

JERRY (cont'd)  
wonderful if that pool was  
re-opened...

Leslie grows increasingly irritated as Jerry speaks and she realizes he's proposing exactly what Ben wants to do.

LESLIE  
(interrupting)  
Fine. Stop it. That was terrible.  
Get out of here. You're useless,  
Larry.

Jerry looks a little hurt as he leaves.

LESLIE  
Wait.  
(beat as Jerry stops and turns  
around)  
I'm sorry. I didn't mean it. It's  
not your fault. You can't help  
being Larry.

Jerry smiles.

LESLIE (CON'T)  
But I am going to start calling you  
Larry again.

JERRY  
Well, fair's fair.

Jerry walks back to his desk. April storms into the department, still upset from yesterday but putting on an angry facade.

JERRY  
Hey, April!

APRIL  
Shove it, Leroy.

April walks into Leslie's office.

APRIL  
Hey, you busy?

LESLIE  
April! I am busy, but I always have  
the time for my number one  
protégé--

(CONTINUED)

APRIL  
Okay. Never mind.

April turns to leave.

LESLIE  
No, wait, come back. April. I am here for you. And you need me. And I need you. Forever and ever. Amen. Hey, have you seen Ron?

APRIL  
Yeah, he's sawing Tom in half or something.

LESLIE  
Oh, Ron.  
(beat)  
Wait, what?

APRIL  
All I know is Ron brought Tom to his workshop. You're too late anyway, he's already dead. So focus on my problem.

LESLIE  
Problem? April? What's wrong? Tell me what's wrong, April. April, talk to me. Tell me--

APRIL  
Okay, okay. Stop. It's just, Andy's mad at me because I told him he needs to grow up a little and eat healthier. And it sucks, but this is really important to me. I shouldn't have called him immature, but I need him to understand how important taking care of himself is.

LESLIE  
(thinking)  
Well, April... I'm glad you brought this to me. Because you are totally in the right. And it's important, when you're right, to stand strong and steadfast and to keep pushing until you get your way no matter what because you know what's best for everyone--

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

Okay, okay. I get it.

April's expression changes, as thinking on how Leslie's approach is ridiculous gives her an idea that might not be.

APRIL

You know what... I just had an idea. I'm gonna go.

LESLIE

(excited)

Oh, great! Are you going to take my advice?

APRIL

No.

Beat. Leslie frowns.

APRIL (CON'T)

...But it helped.

Leslie smiles again.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - STILL D2

Ben is working. Door's open. COUNCILMAN JAMM enters.

JAMM

Wyatt Earp!

Ben is confused.

JAMM (CON'T)

No one calls you that? Anyway, can we move this pool vote up and get it done now? Me and Dexhart want to hit the early-bird special at the Glitter Factory. Buy one lap dance... get two strippers.

(weaselly chuckle, then to camera/himself)

Only costs twice as much as a regular lap dance. Totally worth it.

BEN

I don't know... I have some city officials still working on an alternate proposal.

(CONTINUED)



JAMM

C'mon! It's simple, it's easy, it's cheap, and it's fast. Can't do better than that. Let's just put this baby to bed. What are you waiting on?

Ben is feeling the stress of being torn between his promise to Leslie and his recognition Jamm is right. After thinking it over for a few seconds, he finally nods.

BEN

Fifteen minutes?

JAMM

(as he turns to leave)

Sex-cellent. I'll get the guys.

Jamm leaves. Ben worries how he's going to explain this to Leslie.

INT. - RON'S WORKSHOP - THE SAME DAY

Ron is wearing what appears to be a tracksuit. He has a hand-plunger (i.e. like what someone would buzz in with on *Jeopardy!*) in one hand. Cut-up Camelbacks, plastic tubing, etc., are strewn everywhere.

RON

I'll be damned. It actually works.

Ron pushes the plunger a couple of times.

TOM

The water's circulating?

RON

It is! Your design works! We did it!

TOM

Wow, that's awesome. You think we should sell these?

RON

I do. We're going to have to come up with designs for more styles of clothing, though. I can't wear this in the office.

TOM

Sure you can! You can wear whatever you want and it becomes cool! You're Teflon Ron!

(CONTINUED)

RON

If I wear this to work once, it's over. People will be making jokes at my expense. Some of them might even try to high-five me.

TOM

Okay, well, even if I can figure out how to make it work for your normal work clothes, I can't do that today.

Ron gives him a look that says, "Sure you can, son, if you just embody all of the virtues of masculinity and apply yourself to this idea."

TOM (CON'T)

Seriously, it will take whole new designs... I spent all night coming up with this, it took you all day to build, it and that

(indicates Ron's tracksuit)  
was the easiest item to work with.  
It's gonna take a while.

(beat)

The heat wave could be over by then. You're gonna have to make a choice.

Ron looks pained as he contemplates that choice.

INT. BEN'S OFFICE - 6:45 PM - D2

Ben is doing something nerdy he'd rather keep private. (Say, playing with action figures and reciting dialogue for them.) A loud knock at the door startles him and he quickly hides what he's doing. He stammers a bit.

BEN

Come in!

Leslie enters confidently.

LESLIE

Mr. Wyatt! Hello. I hope you are ready--

BEN

Leslie... come on...

LESLIE

Hey. You told me I had until seven.  
I'm fifteen--

(CONTINUED)

(checks her wristwatch)  
--fourteen minutes early! That's  
not much time, so I'd better get  
started with my presentation...

Ben grows increasingly distressed as she talks before  
finally interrupting her here.

BEN

Leslie.

His tone gets her attention.

BEN (CON'T)

The council asked me to move up the  
vote earlier today. And in my  
capacity as city manager, I  
couldn't find a good reason to deny  
them.

LESLIE

Wait... what? What are you saying?

BEN

We had the vote this afternoon. The  
measure to fill the pool at Ramsett  
Park passed, and we're going to  
begin tomorrow.

LESLIE

No. No! Hey, you told me I had time  
to come up with a plan! You  
promised!

BEN

Look, I know I did, and I'm sorry.  
But as City Manager, I have to do  
everything possible to avoid  
showing you any favoritism. And the  
only reason to hold off the vote  
was to let you come up with  
something, and I couldn't, in good  
faith, hold up a vote because you  
had a wild idea for a project that  
wouldn't even be finished for  
years.

Leslie visibly lets her guard down as Ben speaks. After a  
few seconds, she talks.

LESLIE

It just feels really crappy. I  
mean, I know you're doing your job,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

LESLIE (cont'd)  
but I was hoping to come up with something that could be a nice goodbye to Pawnee if I take the National Parks job. Something I'd be remembered by. And my own husband stopped it from happening. That... that sucks.

BEN  
I get it. And I'm sorry.  
(beat)  
Look, it's admirable how willing you are to step up in a crisis. And I totally understand that you want to do something for your legacy in case you leave Pawnee. But you don't want your final project to be something you whipped together at the last second. It should represent the love, devotion, and dedication you've shown to Pawnee for so many years.

Leslie listens, and as Ben gets to the end, smiles, and nods when he's finished.

LESLIE  
You still owe me for not telling me you had the vote, though.

BEN  
I'm sorry. Will you let a guy buy you some waffles?

LESLIE  
Ooh, you bet! Let's go to J.J.'s!  
(amorously)  
And then maybe you can "make it up to me" at home...

BEN  
Oh yeah?

LESLIE  
(yawns suddenly and loudly)  
Oh, wait, no. I'm tired. I'm so tired. I want waffles and then I want to go to bed for the rest of the week.

(CONTINUED)

BEN

Okay, okay. Come on.

Ben puts an arm around Leslie's shoulder and they walk out of his office.

EXT. APRIL AND ANDY'S HOUSE - SUNSET - D2

Andy's cleaning the mess. April approaches him.

APRIL

Hi. Can we talk?

ANDY

(attempting to be  
hurt/prideful)

Oh. It's you. You came back... to  
the scene of the crime.

APRIL

Look, I'm really sorry. I shouldn't  
have said what I did. I love you  
just the way you are.

This gets Andy's full attention, and his hurt facade drops.

APRIL (CON'T)

I guess it's just... we're not  
getting younger. And I got worried  
when Dr. Harris started talking  
about removing your feet.

Beat. Andy listens with empathy.

APRIL (CON'T)

You're so much fun. I can't imagine  
you having to be laid up like that.  
You'd be so unhappy.

Andy frowns. He knows it's true, but he'd never really  
thought about those consequences before. After a few  
seconds, April smiles and tries to lighten the mood.

APRIL

I mean... how could you be a karate  
champion with only one leg?

ANDY

That's a good point.  
(beat; light bulb goes off.)  
Bruce Lee.

(CONTINUED)

APRIL

Bruce Lee had both legs.

Andy chuckles-- *Oh, April, it's so cute you think you know martial arts.*

ANDY

No, he didn't. That's why his style was called the "Foot Fist Way." Because he had one foot and one fist.

April resists the urge to correct the numerous mistakes in this assertion.

APRIL

You're right, babe. I must have forgotten.

(beat)

Oh, if you only have one leg, though, how will you give me piggyback rides at the mall so the security guards will chase us?

ANDY

Ha! Yeah! It's so funny watching them run out of breath. Remember that one guy who made that sound and grabbed his chest when he fell down?

APRIL

He had a heart attack. ...That's why we stopped doing it for a while.

ANDY

(still laughing to himself)

Yeah, it was super funny.

(beat)

Okay, okay, I see your point. It's just that... I love those things! I love candy and cake and ice cream and treats! They're delicious! They make life fun! I love you too, but I don't want life to stop being fun.

APRIL

I know. But Dr. Harris also said you only need to cut back, not quit completely. So I thought of a compromise.

(CONTINUED)

(beat)  
What if we say... Andy Dwyer  
doesn't eat sweets...

FLASHBACK:

INT. - CHILDREN'S BIRTHDAY PARTY

April continues speaking over a brief clip of Andy performing as "Johnny Karate".

APRIL (V.O.)  
...But Johnny Karate does?

END FLASHBACK

APRIL (CON'T)  
That way, the more you work, the  
more you get dessert... and you  
know, birthday cake is the best  
kind of cake!

ANDY  
(dead serious)  
It is the best kind of cake.  
(nods to himself; normal tone)  
Okay. I'll do it. For you, babe.

April kisses him.

ANDY (CON'T)  
Sucker. I'm still gonna eat as much  
cake as I want. I'm just gonna work  
all the time now!

April grins. Two birds with one stone. They hold each other  
as they watch the sunset from their front yard.

**END OF ACT THREE**

**TAG**

INT. RON'S OFFICE - MORNING - D3

Ron's sitting at his desk in his regular clothes. Tom  
enters.

TOM  
Couldn't do it, huh?

RON  
I had to make a choice between my  
own personal comfort, or  
(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

RON (cont'd)  
maintaining the air of authority  
necessary to do my job.  
(beat)  
I chose the one that instills fear  
in other people.

TOM  
(deadpan)  
That's big of you.  
(normal)  
What are you going to do for  
yourself, though? You really gonna  
work through this heat?

Ron gets up and walks to the corner of the room. He pulls a tarp aside to reveal a huge industrial fan sitting on the floor.

TOM  
Wow. How strong is that thing?

Ron grins to himself.

RON  
I thought you'd never ask.

Ron flicks a switch and turns the fan on. Tom is knocked off his feet and gradually blown out of the room. Any stray objects in its path, possibly including papers, etc., on Ron's desk, are similarly blown away. Ron's hair is slightly blown out of place.

TOM  
Ron... come on... turn it off!  
Ahhh!

Ron watches Tom get blown all the way out of his office, then closes the door with the door remote. His grin slowly becomes bigger and bigger, and eventually we can hear him giggling through it.

END OF SHOW