

(Name of Show)

("Title of Episode")

by

(Name of First Writer)

(Based on, If Any)

Revisions by

(Names of Subsequent Writers,
in Order of Work Performed)

Current Revisions by

(Current Writer, date)

Name (of company, if applicable)

Address

Phone Number

"Car Wars - Pilot"

COLD OPEN

FADE IN:

1950s 16mm INDUSTRIAL FILM -- a METAL FAN blows cool air on HORACE WANKS, early 60s. A cantankerous country gentleman with pomade-slick wavy hair, matching bow-tie & suspenders plays with one of those 'BALL ON A STICK' toys. On the office desk is a NAME PLATE: HORACE WANKS, Owner.

Just when Horace Wanks gets the ball to sit on the stick, he notices the camera is on him.

HORACE WANKS

Damn-it, you didn't tell me that contraption was on!? Did you get me diggin' in my ass a moment ago?

(reacts to cameraman,
stands)

Good morning, Horace Wanks here.
It's come to my attention that we
Americans are on the verge of a new
age--

Behind Horace Wanks is an aluminum, jet-age logo for SWIFT MOTORS.

HORACE WANKS (CONT'D)

--challenged to rethink what we do
and how we do it.

(stops)

History teaches... if you're going
to follow in someone's footsteps,
make sure they haven't eaten beans.

SWISH PAN TO:

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MORNING

PRESENT DAY. TRAVIS PRYCE, early 30s, an oily snake-charmer, dashes up the driveway, passing new cars. Double-taps a car.

TRAVIS

You and Nancy fighting again?

ANGLE ON CAR INTERIOR -- a SALESMAN sits up, peels off a sleep mask, puts on his coat, steps out of the car, funk-tests his breath -- it's bad! - time for work.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - MORNING

The place isn't open yet. CADILLACS and other GM models fill the sales floor. A few SALESMEN prepare for the coming daily battle.

ANGLE ON CORNER LUXURY CUBICLE -- KERRY RAUBERS (sounds like "robbers") early 30s, *the boss's son* makes cheap suits look good. Intimidating when he arches his eyebrows at you. A motorized shoe-shine machine buffs his boots.

Hungover, Kerry drips Visine in his eyes, pours whiskey in a cup, taps out too many aspirin. A FRAMED PHOTO of a cute Ivy-League suburb woman on his desk in his cubical.

KERRY

(looks at calendar)

Is it the zoo or the ballet today?

Kerry switches the cute woman's photo with a NEW PHOTO of a TRAILER PARK VIXEN.

Entering, Travis sees Kerry and quickly detours into the BREAK ROOM. Kerry pulls a REDBULL from his mini-fridge, mixes it with the whiskey, chases down the aspirin. It's 7:56AM.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

A fancy coffee machine ANNOUNCES it has finished brewing.

TRAVIS

(pours a cup)

Rule #1, never be the coffee-punk.

LAVERNE RUSSO, early 20s, Southside sexpot, raven-hair enters, adjusting her bulging boobs in her tight blouse.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

I see someone's in a great mood.

LAVERNE

Mr. Raubers is going to announce who's Number One for the month. I already won.

TRAVIS

How do you know?

LAVERNE

I didn't blow ten guys for the extra protein.

Travis does a double-take bobbling the coffee pot.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - KERRY'S PLUSH CUBICLE - MORNING

Kerry talks to NED BEAVERS, 58. Known as "PRETTY SHOES" for his assortment of pimp-quality footwear. Pretty Shoes is a grizzled sales vet with a pair of teeth so perfect, you believe every word he says.

PRETTY SHOES

Whew! Lactose intolerance is a beast. Sounds like a pack of ducks is following me.

SFX: SHATTERING GLASS. Kerry and Pretty Shoes wince.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - BREAK ROOM - MORNING

Travis cleans up the chunks of glass with paper towels. Several employees who hurry in for coffee are PISSED when they see Travis broke the fancy coffee pot.

LAVERNE

(checks her watch)
Leave that.

Laverne pulls Travis out, following the employees who hurry to...

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

The Swift Motors SALES TEAM sits behind three long tables.

ADAM MURPLESON, 23, an ungracefully tall, bad-postured hayseed class-clown WIGGER arrives with three pink DONUT BOXES. The guys snatch the boxes from him and dig in.

PRETTY SHOES

(sits next to Adam)
You've got impeccable taste in ties, my friend.

ADAM

(brushes off lint)
Normally, I'd ga'head'n let you give me dap like that, but THIS is my Pops' lucky tie. Yo Sun, check it out, yours is twenty times dooper.

PRETTY SHOES

Ya think? Yours goes better with my outfit. Buy ya lunch if you switch for the day? All you can eat.

ADAM

Oh, I can eat. You da man!

Adam and Pretty Shoes switch ties.

KERRY

(drags himself in)

Good morning.

The Sales team's response is weak. The door swings open. CLINT RAUBERS, 57, the tall, smug owner has chiseled jaw muscles. He slips in and bolts the door like it's a cage.

MR. RAUBERS

You've got to be kidding me? The Java Lava Volcano blend isn't perking you up enough? Maybe we'll go back to instant? Save me some money.

Silence. Every single employee glares at Travis.

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)

Let's try this again, shall we?

"Does my team get'er done!?"

(loves their enthusiasm)

Okay! Thank you for giving up your Saturday to come in. It says a lot about your commitment to your profession.

KERRY

How was your day off, Mr. Raubers?

The employees laugh. Mr. Raubers refuses to talk about it.

TRAVIS

(whispers)

Why does he call his dad, "Mr. Raubers"?

LAVERNE

(whispers)

Because. That's his name.

MR. RAUBERS

Not as good as my good friend Mr. Pretty Shoes. On *his* day off, he unloaded the last Hummer! Putting him just shy of the lead.

Mr. Raubers points to a DRY ERASE BOARD SCORE CHART. We see, "PEPÉ SANCHEZ" is in the lead by \$2,000. 2nd Place is "PRETTY SHOES". Laverne a distant third.

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)
 For dispatching that thirsty girl,
 It's time you join the secret
 society.

Kerry pulls out a chair for Pretty Shoes, who stands on it. Mr. Raubers quickly pulls out a pair of BIG scissors, cuts Pretty Shoes' (Adam's) tie in half. Everyone CLAPS, CHEERS!

ANGLE ON ADAM spitting his donut out. Pretty Shoes winks.

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)
 Today's the last day of the month,
 and I thought Pretty Shoes was
 going to be the leader for the
 sixth straight month and get that
 giant commission bump. But my man
 Pepé Sanchez --

Mr. Raubers' CELL PHONE rings. He answers it.

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)
 Okay, give me two minutes.
 (hangs up)

Mr. Raubers unbolts the door. Before stepping out:

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)
 Two hunters in the woods found
 themselves face-to-face with a
 seven foot Grizzly bear. This was
 it. One hunter says to the other,
 "Which one of us do you think he's
 going to eat?" The other guy says,
 "I don't have to beat him, I have
 to beat you."

Mr. Raubers slides out.

ADAM
 (deadly serious)
 Wait... what did the bear say?

And we're out.

END OF COLD OPEN

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - DAY

Pretty Shoes approaches Travis.

PRETTY SHOES
Hey, can you do me a big favor?

TRAVIS
Sure, what do you need?

PRETTY SHOES
I have to run a quick errand, I'm expecting a couple to come in, he's about 40, dumb-looking with big teeth, she's cross-eyed but real pretty. I've been working them all week, could you stall them until I get back?

TRAVIS
Not a problem.

PRETTY SHOES
Thanks, you're a life saver.
(Exits in a hurry)

KERRY
Travis! Come here a sec.

KERRY'S PLUSH CUBICLE

Kerry has a soft serve ice cream machine.

KERRY (CONT'D)
--it was Vegas, I was in a condo near The Strip. My shoes were off and I was tied to a chair. The guys that had me were holding hammers. Ever seen a guy a walk with broken toes, Travis? The phone rang. They weren't going to answer it, but they did. It was Kermit The Rooster calling. He vouched for me and they let me go. I owe him. That's the only reason why you're here, and --

TRAVIS
--funny 'cause Kermit owes me. I pulled some strings and got him out of his drowning mortgage.

(MORE)

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

The Feds were going to seize it,
but some cheese-dip for brains
bought that ugly yellow & green
fake marble townhouse for five
times what he paid.

On Kerry's desk is not only a jar of cheese-dip, but a PHOTO
of Kerry proudly standing in front of a yellow & green
Townhouse.

TRAVIS (CONT'D)

Since Kermit owes me and you owe
him, then you owe me.

KERRY

The only problem with that my
friend, is today's the last day of
the month, and WE have to sell at
least three cars or the dealership
gets a ding. That means you, yes,
you, have to sell one car. Or I
can't keep you.

TRAVIS

I turned over five million-dollars
in mortgage my first week at the
bank, I can sell anything.

KERRY

Just stick to the script, Nipsy
Russell.

CUT TO:

**1950S 16MM INDUSTRIAL FILM -- HORACE WANKS SITS AT A PICNIC
TABLE GUZZLING A COKE.**

HORACE WANKS

(spits out HOT food)

**Sweet Jesus! That's spicy! A Nipsy
Russell is a guy who eats the
chilli before asking who made it.**

RESUME:

Travis looks at Kerry for clarification. Kerry picks up the
phone, makes a call. Shoos Travis off.

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN LOT - DAY

Adam gives a meek-looking CUSTOMER a set of keys.

ADAM
 (pounds fists)
 Fo'shizzle my Niz--

The Customer zooms off the lot in a new Chevy Camaro.

ADAM (CONT'D)
 (dancing to the showroom)
 Boo-Ya! That's \$2,500 on the board!

Laverne dismisses Adam with a lewd gesture, checks her make-up and hair in the reflection of a vintage '73 BARRACUDA. Travis arrives behind her.

LAVERNE
 Did he give you the speech?

TRAVIS
 What speech?

LAVERNE
 The one where he puffs up real tough and lets you know he's got a small penis.

TRAVIS
 ... is this from an eye-witness account? Or--

LAVERNE
 --don't be stupid and think I'm some ditz with a rack who puts out to get sales. The world sees you how *it* wants to, not how you want it to. Remember that.

TRAVIS
 Hey, kudos to you for being third place on the board. What do you say to me shadowing you for a couple days?

A ruggedly handsome REDNECK approaches.

REDNECK
 Laverne!

LAVERNE
 Hey darlin'?

REDNECK
 You know why I'm here!

LAVERNE

(to Travis)

The answer is "yes," but I have rules.

TRAVIS

Which are?

Laverne jumps into the Redneck's arms for a hug. She moves his hand from her back to her ass, and squeezes her own ass with his hand!

They jump into the Barracuda. The growling vintage car peels out.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MR. RAUBERS'S OFFICE - DAY

CLOSE ON a wall-mounted 70" plasma TV playing the latest SWIFT MOTORS COMMERCIAL. We see Mr. Raubers wearing a mustard three-piece suit and a purple cape - jumps off a car's roof delivering an enthusiastically cheesy tag line.

PULL BACK and we're in the cluttered workspace of a genius. Mr. Raubers is a narcissist, you can tell by his coffee mug. He LOUDLY swishes his coffee in his mouth before swallowing (a ritual he does with EVERY drink).

KNOCK-KNOCK.

KERRY (O.C.)

You wanted to see me, Mr. Raubers?

MR. RAUBERS

Adam just sold a Camaro, any movement on the other two we need today?

KERRY

I'm not worried.

MR. RAUBERS

Well you'd better be! I just got off the phone with Gepetto in Detroit. He says our region will be experiencing cutbacks. The three dealerships with the lowest sales after July 4th weekend are getting castrated.

Kerry

That won't be us.

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)

Your salary is the one getting sawed if it is.

(Kerry reacts)

Disco Bob just hired three new sheep. Find out what's cooking.

KERRY

(gets up to leave)

Yes, Mr. Raubers.

MR. RAUBERS

How are things working out with the new guy?

KERRY

Travis? A bit of a dim bulb, but he's catching on faster than Monkey Lips.

MR. RAUBERS

Who?

KERRY

Adam...

MR. RAUBERS

Oh, Ok.

KERRY

I vote we axe Adam, or at least steal his commission by giving him the Malibu--

MR. RAUBERS

--and have Bruno break it up?

Mr. Raubers wanders over to an over-sized, vintage photo of Horace Wanks in front of Swift Motors in the early 80's. Next to to Wanks is his cross-eyed daughter holding an infant.

MR. RAUBERS (CONT'D)

That's a little harsh for your second cousin's illegitimate son.

KERRY

Yes, Mr. Raubers.

MR. RAUBERS

I have high hopes for Adam. He reads the Wall Street Journal cover to cover.

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN LOT - DAY

We find Adam smelling his fingers. He wears a 6-button double-breasted ghetto-length suit jacket (as in it comes down to the knee). Travis walks up.

ADAM

Hey, ever put deodorant on your butt?

TRAVIS

Are we talking roll-on or spray?

ADAM

What are ya? Dumb!? Spray is cold acid that burns the membranes.

TRAVIS

Dude...

ADAM

Where'd Pretty Shoes go?

TRAVIS

He took off after the meeting.

Adam performs a twisting yoga pose.

ADAM

How does he expect to beat Pepé if he's not even here?

TRAVIS

What are you doing?

ADAM

Quantum Physics fasting; expands your stomach so I can eat more at lunch.

TRAVIS

...on average, how many cars do you sell a month?

ADAM

I got skills, boy.
(sees a car pull in)
You thought mechanics get rich off of dumb chicks, watch this.
(MOON WALKS OVER)

TRAVIS

Is this what Kerry taught you?
Taking advantage of people because
you can?

A 22-year old cute, bratty COLLEGE STUDENT gets out of a
Lincoln Towne Car clutching an ATTACHE CASE.

ADAM

Watch and learn.
(to College Student)
Hello there, ma'am, it's a
wonderful day at Swift Motors,
isn't it?

COLLEGE STUDENT

Why are you moon walking?

ADAM

I'm glad you asked! My name is Adam
and yours is?

COLLEGE STUDENT

(points to a new Impala)
How much is this one?

ADAM

Let's not talk about price yet.

COLLEGE STUDENT

I'm going to scream.

ADAM

Uh... gimmie a sec to go check.
(runs off)
Talk to Travis, he's new.

COLLEGE STUDENT

New, huh?

TRAVIS

Yes, ma'am. My first week.

COLLEGE STUDENT

That means you're still honest.
Will you sell me this car? I want
to buy it now... meaning now.

TRAVIS

Are you sure this is the one?

COLLEGE STUDENT

Do I look stupid? I'm not going to buy the first car I see. I test drove it last week.

TRAVIS

Here? Who was helping you?

COLLEGE STUDENT

Does it matter? Let's try this again. Hi, I want to go inside and trade the briefcase for the car.

Prongs pop open: Travis's sees STACKS OF CASH.

ADAM

(sprints back)
You must be Irish!

COLLEGE STUDENT

I'm not Irish.

ADAM

It's your lucky day. I'll tell you what I can do for you. Do you know how much horse power is waiting for-

TRAVIS

--she wants to know how much.

ADAM

(evil glare)
My manager told me I can tell you after we floss around the block and plant the seeds for a life-long fruitful relationship.
(opens the door)
Lemmie get that door for you.

COLLEGE STUDENT

(kicks the door shut)
How about you get me the price?

Travis shoots Adam a "WTF!?! " look.

ADAM

(sotto, earnest)
Stick to the script...
(to College Student)
And how did you two meet? Are you looking for a vehicle for commercial loading? By the way what part of town do you and your husband live in?

COLLEGE STUDENT

Is he for real?

(Travis shrugs)

Where's my phone, I need a picture.

ADAM

Move over Travis, let me get on my good side!

COLLEGE STUDENT

(pointing)

I think that's a UFO!

The guys search the sky. They hear the Lincoln peel out of the parking lot.

ADAM

Women! Ya try to out smart'em, and they're too stupid to letcha!

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - PEPÉ'S CUBICAL - DAY

PEPÉ SANCHEZ 32, a dashing and ageless Latino overflowing with swagger, chats on the phone in a thick RUSSIAN ACCENT.

RUSSIAN CUSTOMER (ON PHONE)

...and he had seven tv screens in his jeep! That is what the Blacks and Spanish people do, I don't want such craziness.

PEPÉ

Sir, crazy is if you have it and don't need it. But I would never judge a man for having what he wants. That Cherokee with the seven TV's was a family car, seven kids, like the Brady Bunch.

RUSSIAN CUSTOMER

He was not a drunk-driving rapper?

PEPÉ

Doesn't matter what he was, I got him what he wanted, and I'll do the same for you. Come on down and see me for the best deal in town.

Pepé hangs up. Turns around and sees Travis.

PEPÉ (CONT'D)

(drops Russian accent)

What's the deal, Papi?

TRAVIS

Kerry put the screws on me to get on The Board. At my old job, everyone worked as a team to close deals.

PEPÉ

Ha! Good luck with that in the car business, honcho.

TRAVIS

Do you have any words of wisdom?

PEPÉ

...it doesn't matter what you do in life -- butcher, baker, candlestick maker -- as long as you have an angle and the balls to execute.

TRAVIS

Break it down.

PEPÉ

When I was an investigator in Miami, and I saw--

TRAVIS

Whoa, wait a minute, like Phillip Marlowe?

PEPÉ

The Birdman did it all - skip traces, cheating spouses, pet-napping and house stealing, where they scoop your house out of the ground put it on a flatbed and take it with them.

TRAVIS

And you gave that up for this?

PEPÉ

Everybody's got weird secret desires, stuff you don't want you to know about. Those inner yearnings come out in what you say, how you dress and what car you drive.

TRAVIS

What's the diagnosis on Laverne?

PEPÉ

Ask Pretty Shoes. He says Hoover face is the best he ever had.

TRAVIS

Pretty Shoes? Pretty Shoes!

PEPÉ

Don't get it twisted, we're the hobbits and he's Gandalf. Watch yourself around that guy.

TRAVIS

Right, so... if Pretty Shoes is the Wizard, and you're Birdman, who's Adam?

PEPÉ

Monkey Lips. He wears funny cologne.

Flash cut of Adam laughing like a chimpanzee.

TRAVIS

What's my nickname going to be?

PEPÉ

Give it time. It'll come.

TRAVIS

...I've got it! The perfect name.

PEPÉ

Hold it, hombre. You don't choose your own nickname. I have dibs on that.

TRAVIS

Make it better than Monkey Lips.

Pepé shrugs, then sees someone on the lot.

PEPÉ

Hey, go wrangle that old-timer. I'll meet you out front in a sec.

TRAVIS

Got him!

Travis runs off. Pepé digs deep into his desk drawer.

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN LOT - DAY

Travis chats up an OLD MAN (82) who breathes with the help of an OXYGEN TANK CART in front of a hatchback.

TRAVIS
 ...personally, I like a little junk
 in the trunk.

A platinum blond-haired man approaches smoothing his perfectly fluffed hair.

PEPÉ
 (posh British accent)
 Ah, yes, Travis, my boy, who have
 we here?

Stunned, Travis wonders WTF Pepé is doing in that wig?

TRAVIS
 Mr. Welty, this is Pepé. He's
 training me.

PEPÉ
 Good morning to you then, Mr. Welty
 is it?

OXYGEN MAN
 (labored breathing)
 What's so good about it? I'm the
 one forking over my hard earned
 money. Know this: I don't like you
 and I don't trust you.

PEPÉ
 (bellowing laughter)
 I say! Pish-posh, Mr. Welty.

TRAVIS
 Mr. Welty was just telling me about
 his family, how his son took a job
 in London.

PEPÉ
 Splendid! Do you by chance holiday
 across the pond?

OXYGEN MAN
 I wish. My damn social security and
 pension together barely make ends
 meet.

PEPÉ

Bravo, Mr. Welty. What sort of battle cruiser are we looking--

Oxygen Man thrusts a SHEET OF PAPER at Pepé.

PEPÉ (CONT'D)

What's this?

OXYGEN MAN

My research. I'm getting a car with those options, and if you think I'm paying a penny more, you're as dumb as you look.

PEPÉ

Nonsense, we wouldn't have it any other way.

(reviews document)

This is quite a commendable set of options you've selected. Tell me, you don't seem to have the ceramic brakes, do you think that's wise with the extra weight you're carrying with that precious oxygen?

OXYGEN MAN

Well, no. Didn't think about that.

PEPÉ

That's quite alright, we certainly can accommodate any upgrade...

(points to document)

Crikey! Your chosen auto doesn't offer such an option, and you wouldn't want to risk life, limb and the pursuit of whatever happiness you have left without them, would you?

OXYGEN MAN

No, I wouldn't.

PEPÉ

Then I have just the automobile for you. Travis, if you'd be so kind, get the kind gentleman sorted, mind his paraphernalia.

Travis helps Oxygen Man with his tanks.

CUT TO: a Royal blue PIMPED-OUT CADILLAC ESCALADE with 26" rims. Pepé and Oxygen man are sipping tea. Pepé offers Oxygen Man an odd-looking pastry.

TRAVIS
What are those?

PEPÉ
Crumpets, young fellow. Snack food
for the civilized species.

Oxygen Man dips a crumpet in his cup of tea.

OXYGEN MAN
I thought tea was for whimps, this
is not bad.
(looks at price tag)
Good Gravy! This is not what I
wanted to spend.

PEPÉ
You don't want to be all fur coat
and no knickers then, do you?

OXYGEN MAN
(to Travis)
What did he say?

PEPÉ
Everyone jumps at the numbers, and
yet how many of these have you seen
whizzing past in traffic?

TRAVIS
Quite a few.

PEPÉ
Who wears the pants? You or the
lady of the house?

OXYGEN MAN
My wife punched her ticket five
years ago.

PEPÉ
My word. Dreadfully sorry.
(opens car door)
Pop inside...

OXYGEN MAN
I don't pop anywhere, but okay.
(gets in)

PEPÉ

Feel the soft embrace of the Tijuana leather, when was the last time you experienced something so comforting? Feels like your late wife hugging you! Do you agree?

OXYGEN MAN

Her favorite color was blue.

PEPÉ

Then come with me and let me show you how to enjoy what little time you have left! I assume your credit is splendid?

OXYGEN MAN

785.

PEPÉ

Better than a poke in the eye with a blunt stick.

OXYGEN MAN

(to Travis)

Huh?

PEPÉ

We can get the payments as low as \$975 a month.

OXYGEN MAN

Now wait just a minute, mister! My social security and pension are only \$1100.

PEPÉ

Did your 401(k) recover with the Dow?

OXYGEN MAN

Not enough. Only about 80%.

PEPÉ

It's going to be a trifle challenging, but I'll bash the bishop for you.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Pepé adds \$33,795 to his total on the dry erase board. Pepé is WAAAAY ahead of Pretty Shoes.

Kerry walks past sneering at Travis "where's yours!?"

TRAVIS

How much did the 26-inch rims set him back?

PEPÉ

(drops the accent)

Hey, all I know is I just put an extra five big ones in my pocket.

(puts arm around Travis)

In the mortgage biz, you convinced people to take out home-equity loans for crap they didn't need, right? Same thing.

TRAVIS

How much are you breaking me off?

PEPÉ

For what!?

TRAVIS

Riding shotgun and not blowing your cover.

PEPÉ

I'm the Birdman, and the Birdman, like all birds of prey, he don't share his kills.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - DAY

Travis sees an attractive 40s COUPLE walk up. Pepé at his desk paints his face to look like a Black guy. Outside, Adam does the Cabbage Patch. No one sees the customers enter.

40'S COUPLE

Hi, we're looking for Pretty Shoes.

TRAVIS

He's uh...

40'S COUPLE

--still at lunch?

TRAVIS

Didn't you hear? He's having a triple bypass.

Off the Young 40s Couple...

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. WHITE YUKON (DRIVING) - DAY

Travis drives a new White Yukon. The 40's couple rides in the back. Travis hits a button and a RAP VIDEO plays in the HEAD REST TV SCREENS.

TRAVIS

I don't even want to show you the standard model. If anything screams "Cheap Bastard," it's an RS. That's "Regular Shit" in car talk. These puppies come fully-loaded for a reason: Make-The-Panties-Moist.

(looks to the wife)

Can I offer you lunch?

40'S WIFE

We've already eaten.

TRAVIS

(turns to husband)

When you're out with the boys, killin' a few cold ones on the way to the strip-club, the bump eliminator makes sure you don't spill a drop.

40'S WIFE

(frisky)

What if you wanted to lay the seats back and park in a dark, private place?

TRAVIS

You won't feel a thing. Watch this cornering.

(steps on the gas!)

These sport tires really grip the asphalt!!!!!!

Young 40's Couple hang on for dear life!

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN LOT - DAY

Pepé (resembling Jimmy Hendrix in that afro wig) browses the lot with a paranoid VIET NAM VET in a ratty infantry jacket.

PEPÉ

Trust me, it's still here.

VIET NAM VET
 Somebody moved it.
 (touches the ground with
 his cheek)
 15 minutes ago. The sun's been out
 all day, the ground is still cool.

Pepé realizes Viet Nam Vet knows some wacky shit, as the Barracuda skids dangerously close to Pepé and Viet Nam sliding perfectly into the parking spot.

Laverne gets out with her Redneck customer.

LAVERNE
 Somebody's whipped from the tight,
 slippery quicky.

REDNECK
 Hoowee! You're something else,
 Laverne! Let's call up the credit
 union and see what they say.

Laverne ushers Redneck off, wags her tongue at Pepé.

PEPÉ
 (pissed)
 Gimmie the keys.

LAVERNE
 It's a done deal.

PEPÉ
 Nothins' done till the old man says
 so! I said gimmie the keys!

Laverne makes him run with a bad throw.

PEPÉ (CONT'D)
 That broad's a fake fart if ever
 saw one.

VIET NAM VET
 What's a fake fart?

CUT TO:

1950s 16mm INDUSTRIAL FILM -- Horace Wanks leans against a vending machine, munching on a Zagnut candy bar. Notices the camera.

**HORACE WANKS
 A Fake Fart is when you think
 you're pushing out a fart... and
 well, things don't end so pleasant.**

RESUME SWIFT MOTORS CAR LOT:

Pepé leads Viet Nam to the Barracuda.

PEPÉ

If you get a ticket, I'll pay for it. What kind of a driver are you?

VIET NAM VET

There's two kinds of Marines. The Quick and the Dead!

Pepé salutes.

EXT. STREETS - DAY

A matte-Black stealth Tahoe with tinted windows is parked. Kerry sits inside looking across the street at DISCO BOB'S AUTO EMPORIUM (the rival) when he sees DISCO BOB 52, vertically challenged, wearing his trademark bowler hat.

Disco Bob greets customers at the entrance with red tickets.

INT. STEALTH TAHOE - DAY

KERRY

(on phone)

Bro, you should have talked to the one in the blue corduroy thong! She called me today asking about you. I was with the twins behind the VIP curtain, the Crustaceans. What? "Croations" Same thing. Bro, I can hardly walk. You CAN make it up to me. I'm throwing a little party at my place this weekend. Five girls to every guy.

Sashaying across the street in a pair of hot pants is the sexy Trailer Park Stripper from Kerry's desk photo.

KERRY (CONT'D)

Bro, I gotta run.

Trailer Park Stripper gets in.

STRIPPER

Daddy? How come you didn't tell me how exhilarative being a real spy can be?

KERRY

Exhilarating.

STRIPPER
When's my next assignment?

KERRY
Uh, as soon as you report the intel
from your current mission.

STRIPPER
Do you want me to kick your ass?
The events that perspired--

KERRY
--Transpired.

STRIPPER
Anyway, what they've got goin' is a
lottery, whoever buys a new car
gets a chance to win a free one.
That's the smartest thing I ever
heard of.

KERRY
(hits himself)
Damn, damn, damn.
(dials on cellphone)
Mr. Raubers, Disco Bob let loose a
Lucky Lucy.

MR. RAUBERS(O.C.)
(over phone)
Damn, damn, damn.

STRIPPER
I wonder if the CIA is hiring part-
time?

Kerry drives off, nearly hits a bike-riding pedestrian.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - DAY

Pepé makes a copy of Viet Nam's license and sees Laverne's
Redneck drop his wallet while he looks at another car.

Pepé discretely kicks the wallet under the car, picks it up
on the other side, runs out.

Laverne finds Redneck admiring a Trans-AM, sits him down at a
desk, passes him a soda, a pen and presents PAPERWORK.

LAVERNE
Pass me your driver's license,
babe, time to run your credit.

Redneck pats his pockets for his wallet????

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Just as Travis's White Yukon pulls up to the entrance, Pepé and Viet Nam in the Barracuda ROAR out in the street. Viet Nam's wallet flies out of the passenger side window landing in the gutter.

The Yukon parks. Travis gets out.

40'S WIFE

We're going to need some time to talk about it.

TRAVIS

Go ahead.

(beat)

Oh? You mean at home?

40'S HUSBAND

You've been more than helpful, Travis, we'll be in touch. Do you have a card?

TRAVIS

Sure, here.

The young couple leaves. Travis stomps inside, PISSED!

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Pretty Shoes comes out of Mr. Raubers's office.

PRETTY SHOES

(to Travis)

Any word on that couple?

TRAVIS

It's been tumble weeds.

PRETTY SHOES

I'm about to grab some grub at Your Mother's House, you look like you could use a fill-up.

TRAVIS

I could use a drink.

PRETTY SHOES

Your Mother makes mine extra stiff.

INT. YOUR MOTHER'S HOUSE FOOD JOINT - DAY

Darts, pool tables, jukebox, pretty wait staff. Pretty Shoes and Travis sit in a booth.

YOUR MOTHER'S HOUSE WAITRESS
 (taking order)
 Gin and Tonic and...

TRAVIS
 I'll have an Irish Car Bomb.

PRETTY SHOES
 Rough morning? Tell yourself today
 won't be as bad as yesterday.

TRAVIS
 Easy for you to say.

PRETTY SHOES
 You've gotta to be motivated in
 sales, kid. Take me for instance,
 my favorite daughter tested into
 Mensa. Private schools cost wazzoo-
 ripping coin. I put in work for the
 old man and his chump son because I
 have a special need.

TRAVIS
 Then why let Pepé take the lead?

Your Mother's House Waitress hands Pretty Shoes a check.

PRETTY SHOES
 What's this? We haven't ordered.

Your Mother's House waitress points to... Adam! Who wipes his
 mouth with his bib and has three GIANT DOGGIE BAGS.

YOUR MOTHER'S HOUSE WAITRESS
 He said you were handling this.

PRETTY SHOES
 A hundred sixty-seven dollars? What
 the... Penguin steaks!?

ADAM
 Got my grub on, sun!
 (points to his tie)
 Try 'em sometime. Good eatin'.

Adam hurries out... before Pretty Shoes can throw something
 at him.

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN LOT - AFTERNOON

Travis and Pretty Shoes drive up in a Cadillac sedan. Travis
 gets out.

TRAVIS

All I need is one.

PRETTY SHOES

Let guys like Adam work hard. You work smart. I've got to take care of something, be back in half an hour.

Behind Travis -- at the Barracuda -- Viet Nam borrows a pen from Pepé, pulls out a checkbook and starts to write.

Laverne, crouched behind a car with a FLARE GUN, points it at the sky -- POW! Viet Nam dives under a mini-van, shivering from shell-shock.

PEPÉ

(runs over to Laverne)

Back off, you little--

LAVERNE

--INCOMING!

Viet Nam possum-crawls under a long line of trucks.

PEPÉ

Terrific.

Laverne sexy-smiles, then runs back inside with the Keys.

ADAM

Watches their antics, chortling when Mr. Raubers taps him on the shoulder.

MR. RAUBERS

Don't laugh so loud, it sounds like you're having too much fun.

MEEK CUSTOMER (O.S.)

Uh, Mr. Murpleson, sir.

Adam spins around. Meek Customer from earlier is back with the Camaro. His pitiful crestfallen, no-dignity-having face speaks loud and clear.

ADAM

Did you forget to fill out the survey sayin' how dope I was?

MEEK CUSTOMER

(embarrassed)

Uh... my wife said, "no."

ADAM

No to what? She wants it in red?

MEEK CUSTOMER

My wife said I have to give the car
back.

Pepé, overhears, THROWS HIS VOICE (ventriloquist-style), so it appears as if Adam says: "Oh, you're a bitch?" Meek Customer hears this, and his shattered dignity flares to an ugly violent rage.

Pepé jumps in and stops meek Customer from strangling Adam.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Adam is pissed as he erases his commission from the Dry Erase board. Mr. Raubers sneers at Adam.

MR. RAUBERS

That's your penalty for being
ignorant.

Travis exits and sees the Young 40s Couple is back and sitting at Pretty Shoes' desk alone.

Travis has one more chance.

END ACT TWO

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

INT./EXT. WHITE YUKON (MOVING) - DAY

40'S WIFE

(driving)

Question. Can we get it without the rims?

TRAVIS

(in backseat)

That's like being a clown and boycotting the big shoes. Alotta clowns out there. You don't want to look like an idiot. Make this left.

Husband and wife turn the stereo up and mumble in private. Travis does "I got 'em!" hip thrusts.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - AFTERNOON

Travis has the couple at Pretty Shoes' desk.

TRAVIS

I'm sorry, where are my manners? Can I get either of you something to drink? We've got coffee, sodas juice, and water.

40'S WIFE

Oh, you can get me an iced cafe mocha? It calms my nerves.

Husband gestures "me too!" Travis dashes off.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - BREAK ROOM - AFTERNOON

Travis runs up to the coffee machine. Oh no, it's still broken from this morning. Adam is grinding coffee beans... for what, even he doesn't know.

ADAM

Yo! Peep that crazy-ill sound.

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - AFTERNOON

Travis dashes across the car lot and into the street, dodging angry traffic to get to a Starbucks.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - AFTERNOON

Travis returns dropping cream and sugar packets all over the place. He bends down to pick them up. When he rises he sees Pretty Shoes handing a set of keys to the Young 40s Couple!

PRETTY SHOES

The pleasure was all mine. Your first oil change is on me. Bye now.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - CONFERENCE ROOM - AFTERNOON

Pretty Shoes adds the Yukon sale to the dry-erase board. He's in first place. Kerry claps his hands, making a scene that draws several employees in the room. Mr. Raubers strolls in.

Travis is pissed. Pepé arrives dressed as a Cowboy.

MR. RAUBERS

Uh oh, Pepé. You just got bumped out of first place. Pretty Shoes sold a fully-loaded Yukon to a Math teacher! Pepé?

PEPÉ

What?

MR. RAUBERS

Oh, I'm sorry I thought you were trying to be The Man here!?

Pretty Shoes receives high-5's and hand shakes. Pepé simmers.

INT. SWIFT MOTORS - BREAK ROOM - DAY

Pretty Shoes buys a Coke from the machine. Does a hyper victory dance. Travis enters.

PRETTY SHOES

Pass me a straw, kid.

Travis knocks the box of straws to the floor.

TRAVIS

You snaked me. I spent all day with them. Yeah, you said you worked 'em all week, but --

PRETTY SHOES

(karate stance)

Kid, kid, you got it all wrong. I bought that Yukon.

(off Travis's face)

(MORE)

PRETTY SHOES (CONT'D)

That was my sister Wanda and her husband Kimani; I gave them the twelve grand for the down payment.

TRAVIS

...what are you saying?

PRETTY SHOES

There was no way I was going to lose to Pepé and miss the commission bump. I'm the top guy here, have been for the last six years, but the game is rigged.

TRAVIS

Break it down.

PRETTY SHOES

You're new, give things time to start making sense. Old Man Raubers won't bump my cut of the take except through his carnival of contests.

TRAVIS

You busted your hump for six months straight and still could have lost?

NED PRETTY SHOES

It makes no difference to the old man.

TRAVIS

He gets paid regardless.

PRETTY SHOES

Now you see why car salesmen shoot to kill.

TRAVIS

How can you afford to pay a car note and your daughter's tuition?

PRETTY SHOES

With the extra 8.5% the Old Man is given me, I'll make up the 12 grand quicker than a stampede of frogs.

TRAVIS

That's what you meant by working smart?

Pretty Shoes winks at Travis, walks out.

CUT TO:

1950s 16mm INDUSTRIAL FILM -- Horace Wanks puts the final lick on his hand-rolled cigarette. Lights it with a Zippo. Enjoys the unfiltered bliss.

HORACE WANKS

You can't keep a white suit clean working in a coal mine, ya pea-brain jackass!

RESUME:

EXT. SWIFT MOTORS - MAIN SHOWROOM - DUSK

Travis and Pepé (still as the Cowboy) watches as Adam scares off another customer.

KERRY'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hey.

Travis sees Kerry eating a cheese-steak in a car.

KERRY

Well Mr. Sub-prime, the day is almost over, whatcha got for me?

TRAVIS

Must be the heat wave we're having.

KERRY

You set up shells for six figure frauds and didn't get caught.

TRAVIS

That's not how I do business anymore.

KERRY

You did it before, you'll do it again... for me.

TRAVIS

Maybe you didn't hear me.

KERRY

I'm going to cut you a break, but you're gonna owe me.

(Travis reacts)

If you don't do three credit checks before lunch tomorrow, don't come back from Your Mother's House.

(MORE)

KERRY (CONT'D)

Get your stuff and meet me at my car in five minutes.

TRAVIS

Where are we going?

KERRY

A little errand. For letting me down today.

INT. THE MILK WAGON STRIP CLUB - NIGHT

Kerry and Travis sit center stage watching a POLE DANCER. A flirty WAITRESS brings drinks. Another has T-bone steak dinners. Kerry is the man here. He chats up a Waitress.

KERRY

Trust me when I say we're going all out this time - the hot tub is going to be FULL of Jello shots. I need you and your girls there at around 9 and...

(points to girl on stage)

Bring her too.

Kerry and Travis watch the Waitress walk off.

KERRY (CONT'D)

(to Travis)

There's a lot of money out there, and it's ours for the taking.

(raises his glass)

We're giving car salesmen a good name.

WHAM! The stripper falls off the pole, LANDING ON THEIR TABLE, spilling their food and drinks. They help her up.

FADE OUT.

THE END