

**MOTOR CITY SALES**

A

Comedy Series

Pilot Episode

By

Jack Bennett

FADE IN:

EXT. MOTOR CITY SALES - DAY

(Joe, Plumber, Blair)

A MODERN CAR DEALERSHIP. LOTS OF NEWER CARS.

A SHARP DRESSED WOMAN, 30'S, STANDS BETWEEN A ROW OF CARS. SHE TAKES PICTURES OF THE SIGN ON THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING WITH HER SMARTPHONE.

A CLEAN, OLD, BLACK CONVERTIBLE WHEELS UP AND JOE BOOK, GETS OUT. LATE 30'S IN A SWEAT SUIT, HE CARRIES A GYM BAG AND RACQUETBALL RACQUET.

HE APPROACHES THE BUILDING, OPENS THE DOOR AND A MAN WITH, "STEVE'S PLUMBING" EMBROIDERED ON HIS SHIRT, WALKS OUT CARRYING A TOILET.

CUT TO:

INT. MOTOR CITY SALES SHOWROOM - DAY

(Debbie, Joe, Chace, Marty)

A TYPICAL AUTO SHOWROOM WITH SEVERAL CARS DISPLAYED.

SURROUNDED BY VELVET ROPES STANDS A FLAWLESS 1932 OLDSMOBILE.

JOE ENTERS.

DEBBIE COLARINI STANDS BEHIND A "RECEPTIONIST'S" COUNTER.

DEBBIE

Bad morning at racquetball, Joe?

JOE GRABS A STACK OF MAIL OFF THE COUNTER.

JOE

Debbie, I love my me-maw but next time

I'm gonna fill her oxygen tank with

Nitrous-Oxide and put a clothes pin on

her I.V.

CHACE SINCLAIR 35, IN A TAILORED SUIT, SEATED AT A DESK STUDIES, "DEALER-WEEKLY.COM" ON HIS COMPUTER.

CHACE

Nice ride out there, Joe.

JOE

Yeah... just got it.

DEBBIE

From?

JOE'S DISTRACTED BY THE WOMAN ON THE LOT.

JOE

I found a guy who knew a guy who...

(THEN) Who's taking care of --

CHACE JUMPS UP AND HEADS OUTSIDE.

CHACE

Got it.

DEBBIE

Earth to Joe... the car you bought?

JOE

What car?

MARTY JURKOWSKI, 70, A WARM FACED MAN IN A RUMPLED SUIT SITS AT A CLUTTERED DESK. HE DOESN'T LOOK UP.

MARTY

The sixty-six Impala, three fifty, V-eight, Automatic, turbo glide trans --

DEBBIE

Is there a car you don't know, Marty?

MARTY BEAMS. CHACE QUICKLY RETURNS.

JOE

What's her story?

CHACE

She said she'd come inside shortly and  
to leave her alone.

JOE

That's never stopped you before.

CHACE

Joe, I can read people... and she has  
Steven King written all over her.

(THEN) That convertible for sale?

JOE

Everything's for sale, Chace.

CHACE

This mean I can sell your thirty-two  
Oldsmobile?

MARTY

Joe would never sell his pride and  
joy... would you?

JOE

No.

MARTY PATS HIS BROW WITH A HANDKERCHIEF.

JOE

But the convertible, yes.

CHACE TAPS A FEW KEYSTROKES ON HIS COMPUTER.

CHACE

Perfect. I have a customer for it!

JOE

That's my man.

MARTY

Ah-HEM!

JOE

Couldn't do it without you, Marty.

MARTY

How did the race team do last night?

JOE JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD.

MARTY

Lee Petty used to tell me, 'if you ain't cheatin' you ain't tryin'.

JOE

You knew Richard Petty's dad?!

MARTY

No, Leland Petty. He handled payroll with me in my army unit in WW-II.

JOE CROSSES OFF.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

(Joe, Debbie, Blair)

AN EXECUTIVE OFFICE. DESK, LEATHER CHAIR AND COUCH. WINDOWS OVERLOOK THE SHOWROOM. ALSO GYM BAGS, GOLF CLUBS.

AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOS, RACING MEMORABILIA, A PICTURE OF JOE -- HIS ARM AROUND A MAN IN A RACING SUIT. A CAR BEHIND THEM LETTERED WITH, "MOTOR CITY SALES," DECALS.

JOE TOSSES HIS BAG ON THE COUCH, SITS AT THE DESK AND PICKS UP A PHOTO OF HIMSELF WITH A BOY ABOUT 10 YEARS OLD AND A GIRL ABOUT 8.

A MOMENT... HIS CHILDREN. YOU CAN SEE THE RESEMBLANCE.

HE TURNS TO HIS COMPUTER MONITOR, TYPES --  
 "DEALER NETWORK PROSPECT SYSTEMS" AND HITS 'ENTER.'  
 "YOU HAVE NO NEW SALES PROSPECT LEADS TODAY."

JOE

And it continues.

JOE THUMBS THROUGH THE MAIL. ALL VERY OFFICIAL LOOKING  
 MARKED, "FINAL NOTICE," AND "URGENT."

JOE SETS THEM ON A SIMILAR PILE THEN PRESSES A BUTTON ON HIS  
 DESK PHONE.

JOE

Debbie, I'm ready for my eleven-am.  
 And when the guy from the bank comes  
 in, give me a heads up.

DEBBIE (OC)

Will do.

LIKE A BASKETBALL PLAYER, JOE YANKS HIS SWEAT SUIT OFF WITH  
 ONE MOTION. HE THROWS A TOWEL AROUND HIS PRIVATES AND LIES  
 FACE DOWN ON A MASSAGE TABLE.

THE WOMAN FROM THE LOT, BLAIR WELDY ENTERS. SHE'S A NO-  
 NONSENSE MOVER AND SHAKER, SMARTPHONE IN HAND. SHE FREEZES.

BLAIR

O-M-G!

JOE JUMPS OFF THE TABLE AND FALLS TRYING TO COVER HIMSELF.

DEBBIE (OC)

HEADS UP!

JOE  
 (From the floor)

You're not Louie!

BLAIR

Astute. There may be hope.

JOE GETS BACK ON THE TABLE.

JOE

Well, as long as you're here.

BLAIR GOES BACK TO HER PHONE.

BLAIR

I am not a masseuse, you handball!

I'm Blair.

JOE

You're Blair Weldy?! From the bank?!

I, I thought --

BLAIR

I was a man?

JOE

No, yes, well, um...

BLAIR

Cause a woman can't make it in the,

'All Boys Car Club?'

BLAIR PICKS UP A PICTURE OF JOE AND DALE EARNHARDT JR.

BLAIR

You know Dales sister runs JR.

Motorsports, don't you?

JOE

Yeah, how's THAT working out?

BLAIR TAPS THE SCREEN OF HER SMARTPHONE.

BLAIR

Did you know women buy nearly sixty percent of all cars sold?

JOE FUMBLES WITH THE TOWEL AROUND HIS WAIST.

BLAIR

Let's get right to it. You've been a customer with our bank since you started and was one of the most successful dealers in town.

JOE

Was? You mean is.

BLAIR

You say potato, I say, was.

JOE DROPS INTO HIS DESK CHAIR, HIS EYES GO WIDE AS HIS BUTT HITS THE COLD LEATHER.

BLAIR

It's happening all across the country. Guy starts dealership, makes big money, spends big money, lives the high life, loses his shorts...

HER EYES DART DOWN, THEN BACK UP.

BLAIR

Guy loses touch, wife leaves, market drops, guy sells out to the big boy down the street.

JOE

I'm not the only one on life support.

BLAIR

But, you are the only one with your own EMT... ME!

BLAIR PICKS UP A PICTURE OF JOE AND A RACE CAR DRIVER.



BLAIR

I'm your, 'Crew Chief' if you will.

BLAIR SPINS HER SMARTPHONE SO JOE CAN SEE THE SCREEN.

BLAIR

Look at these. They make the national  
debt look like... profit. But don't  
feel bad, Joe. It's not your fault.

JOE SMILES.

BLAIR

I'm just messing with you. OF COURSE  
it's your fault!

JOE STANDS AND WORKS TO GET HIS PANTS ON.

BLAIR

The first thing we do is remove the  
cross above the door.

JOE

Say what?

BLAIR

We are no longer NON-PROFIT, Joe.  
We'll be selling hi-line cars to the  
'creme de la creme' in a month.

BLAIR SPOTS VIDEO GAMES ON JOE'S DESK.

BLAIR

Maybe two.

SHE TOSSES THE GAMES IN THE TRASH AND EXITS.

JOE SMILES, OPENS HIS CREDENZA REVEALING LOTS MORE VIDEO  
GAMES AS HIS PANTS DROP TO HIS ANKLES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. BLAIR'S OFFICE - LATER

(Blair's Boss, Blair, Joe, Debbie)

THIS DUSTY OLD, UNUSED OFFICE ALSO OVERLOOKS THE SHOWROOM.  
BOXES AND CAR CATALOGS STACKED TO THE CEILING.

BLAIR HANGS AN ACCOUNTING DIPLOMA ON THE WALL.

HER SMARTPHONE ON THE DESK. THE FACE OF AN OLDER MAN -- HER BOSS, ON THE SCREEN.

BLAIR'S BOSS

Don't waste any time. That joint is  
costing this bank a fortune. And I  
don't need to remind you, we aren't  
exactly on solid ground ourselves.

BLAIR

(under her breath)

Quicksand comes to mind.

BLAIR'S BOSS

WHAT?

BLAIR

Nothing! I got it! Get the real  
numbers, dump the crew, foreclose and  
move on.

BLAIR TAPS HER PHONE AND IT GOES BLACK.

SHE PUTS ANOTHER DIPLOMA ON THE WALL. JOE ENTERS.

JOE

Make yourself at home why don't you?

BLAIR

Because Ty Pennington doesn't host  
the, 'Extreme Hoarders & Storage Wars  
Makeover.' (THEN) Hmmm. Maybe  
'DOOMSDAY PREPPERS.'

JOE THROWS SOME OFFICIAL LOOKING CONTRACTS ON HER DESK.

JOE

I went over these. They're fine.

SHE LIFTS A TROPHY WITH A FEMALE TENNIS PLAYER OUT OF A BOX.

BLAIR

Fine? Then explain Mr. Goldberg? We  
lost four hundred on that deal.

JOE

We?!

JOE PICKS UP THE TENNIS TROPHY AND PUTS IT BACK IN THE BOX.

JOE

There is no we! There's not even a  
you! And Goldberg's a lawyer. I need  
to keep him happy.

BLAIR

I'll bet. But don't worry, I cross  
the "t's" and dot the "i's". Besides,  
who can trust them? They are worse  
than used car sales --

JOE GLARES.

BLAIR

I mean, well, anyway you won't need  
him anymore.

JOE

He's not MY Lawyer... He's my ex's.

BLAIR

A divorce lawyer against a used car  
salesman in court. I would *PAY MONEY*  
to see that on Judge Judy.

SHE IMITATES A REPORTER INTO HER PHONE.

BLAIR

So, Mr. Jury Foreman, who won? (SHE  
CHANGES VOICES) Who cares, we didn't  
believe either one of them.

JOE

Are you done?

BLAIR TOUCHED A NERVE. SHE LOOKS AWAY.

JOE

Just because you are some VP in charge  
of VP's in charge of... whatever, you  
can't barge in here and take over.

BLAIR

You've got two options Joe. Either I  
stay or you go... your call.

JOE

Huh? Whatever. Listen, it's more than selling cars. It's making dozens of important decisions every day.

DEBBIE (OC)

Joe, the plumber wants to know what color the new toilet should be?

JOE PICKS UP THE PHONE.

JOE

(OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER) Sales meeting, thirty minutes!

BLAIR

Perfect, my sales meeting should be over by then.

JOE THROWS DOWN THE RECEIVER AND WALKS OUT.

BLAIR TAPS THE SCREEN ON HER PHONE. AN IMAGE OF THE SIGN ON THE FRONT OF THE BUILDING APPEARS ALTHOUGH NOW IT READS,

"BLAIR'S MOTOR CITY SALES." SHE SMILES.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM

(Joe, Chace, Marty, Debbie, Everyone, Blair)

A TYPICAL MEETING ROOM. LARGE TABLE, MOTIVATIONAL POSTERS.

JOE ENTERS WITH A NEWSPAPER AND A BOX OF DONUTS.

JOE

Morning gang. I bought donuts.

CHACE

Thanks, but Blair already bought!

MARTY BEHIND A WELL-WORN THICK BOOK TITLED, "1966 CHEVROLET IMPALA MANUAL".

MARTY LOWERS THE BOOK. DONUT CREAM COVERS HIS LIPS.

MARTY

You know in nineteen sixty-six General  
Motors raised their own cows for the  
leather seats?

CHACE HANDS BLAIR A CUP OF COFFEE.

DEBBIE ENTERS WITH A STACK OF PAPERS.

DEBBIE

Here's the paperwork, Blair.  
Alphabetized and collated, as you  
requested. And your messages.

JOE

Anything for me?

DEBBIE SETS A LARGE, FLAT PACKAGE WRAPPED IN BROWN PAPER ON  
THE DESK. SHE HANDS JOE AN ENVELOPE.

DEBBIE

Your free samples from Extenze.

JOE

Anything else?!

DEBBIE

I canceled next weeks massage.

JOE POINTS. DEBBIE EXITS.

JOE

So let's get started. I see I don't need to introduce our guest, the Blair Witch. As you all know, business has been down a bit.

BLAIR TAPS THE SCREEN ON HER PHONE. THE LIGHTS DIM AND A GRAPH PROJECTS ON THE WALL.

EVERYONE

Whoa!

SHE TAPS THE PHONE AND A RED LINE PLUNGES OFF THE GRAPH.

JOE WINCES AND QUICKLY TURNS ON THE LIGHTS.

JOE

So I've been working on another promotion.

CHACE

I'm game. Marty?

MARTY

Anything's got to be better than our 'Trunk Load of Tequila,' sale.

CHACE

I parked that car right where Joe said to park it.

JOE

I said the drug store shopping center, not the drug treatment center! (THEN)  
Anyhow, we will --

BLAIR

-- Joe, I'm running this meeting.

JOE

No, you're not!

BLAIR

Yes, I am!

JOE TAKES HER PHONE! SHE FREEZES.

BLAIR

All right, all right. We're all  
friends here.

JOE GIVES HER PHONE BACK.

BLAIR

Okay, Joe. Show us the road to  
salvation for Motor City Sales.

JOE OPENS HIS NEWSPAPER.

CHACE

What is that?

MARTY

It's called a newspaper. They used to  
cut down trees and then --

CHACE

Wow, I heard stories but I never...

CHACE WINKS AND SMILES AT BLAIR. SHE GIGGLES.

JOE

Look at this ad. This store is  
selling TV's for ninety-nine cents to  
its first six customers.

MARTY

Are those working TV's?



JOE

Don't you get it? We sell our old trade-ins for five bucks.

BLAIR

Five dollar cars, Joe. You really are CEO material.

CHACE

I'm with you, Blair. I'm here to make money. Five bucks doesn't leave much room for my commissions.

BLAIR

Great plan, Joe. We lose money on every car but we make it up in volume.

JOE STARES AT HER LIKE, "THAT DOESN'T EVEN MAKE SENSE."

JOE

You people are real visionaries. You know I'm hooked up with the coach for the pro hockey team. We'll advertise during the games that we're selling cars for five dollars. We get rid of a bunch of old cars, now here's the brilliant part. If they don't like the five dollar cars --

BLAIR

If?

JOE

We show them something more...

BLAIR AND CHACE SMILE... THEY GET IT.

BLAIR

Profitable. You know, that might  
work... But I doubt it.

JOE HOISTS THE WRAPPED PACKAGE.

JOE

I'm calling it my "BIG, AS-IS," sale.

JOE RIPS OFF THE BROWN PAPER TO REVEAL A COLORFUL POSTER.

JOE

Ta-Da!

THE POSTER READS: "BIG ASSES" SALE. THE GROUP BUSTS OUT  
LAUGHING.

JOE

DEBBIE!!!

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - LATER

(Marty)

MARTY STARES PERPLEXED AT A COMPUTER TOWER THAT NOW STANDS  
MAJESTICALLY ON HIS DESK. LIKE THE GORILLAS IN 2001 A SPACE  
ODYSSEY, HE POKES AND PRODS A FEW TIMES... THEN, SUDDENLY,  
THE DVD DRIVE OPENS, STARTLING HIM.

HE LEANS IN CAUTIOUSLY AND HIS EYES GO WIDE. HE SETS HIS  
COFFEE MUG IN THE DRIVE, LEANS BACK AND SMILES.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE

(Chace, Joe)

JOE WATCHES MARTY THROUGH THE WINDOWS OF HIS OFFICE.

CHACE BOUNDS IN.

CHACE

Quepasa mi amigo? (THEN) Someone  
shoot your dog?

JOE

What?! No.

CHACE

Would you like me to?

JOE

Excuse me?

CHACE

I've seen your dog.

JOE

Max is fine, but thanks for your  
concern.

CHACE

We'd be doing it a favor.

JOE

Chace, you've been here how long now?

CHACE

(proudly)

Got here at seven-thirty this morning.

JOE RAISES AN EYEBROW.

CHACE

All right ten o'clock -- ish. (THEN)

Oh, you mean how long. Nine months.

JOE

Really?

CHACE

Well, this time.

JOE

Seems much longer... Anyhow, we've really gotta sell some cars and turn this place around or she's gonna --

CHACE

You're the owner. Tell her to leave.

JOE

I can't. I'm a little behind on our bills so she's here to see where the problem is.

THROUGH JOE'S WINDOW, MARTY WITH HIS MOUTH WIDE OPEN IS NOW SOUND ASLEEP IN HIS CHAIR. JOE JUST SHAKES HIS HEAD.

JOE

I don't trust her.

CHACE

I told you I could read people.

JOE

I'll bet she's just here to show a profit on paper and then pull the whole thing out from under me.

JOE PICKS UP THE PICTURE OF HIM WITH DALE EARNHARDT JR.

JOE

I am NOT going to let that happen.  
But I need you on your best behavior.

CHACE

No Pro-blay-ma.

CHACE PICKS UP SOME DARTS.

CHACE

I'll bring back my, "Car Care for Women," seminars on Friday nights. That always provided... satisfaction.

JOE

I said BEST behavior!

JOE TAKES THE DARTS FROM CHACE. CHACE EXITS.

JOE OPENS THE DOORS ON A DARTBOARD TO REVEAL BLAIR'S PICTURE.

JOE

I can do this.

JOE STARES AT THE DARTS AND ROLLS ONE BETWEEN HIS THUMB AND FOREFINGER.

CUT TO:

EXT. OUTSIDE JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

SFX. THUMP THUMP THUMP

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - LATER  
(Chace, Marty)

MARTY READS THE IMPALA MANUAL. CHACE STUDIES A WEBSITE ON HIS COMPUTER.

CHACE

So, Marto' Who's your money on?

MARTY

I dunno, you saw Blair, she's tough.

CHACE

Don't worry, Joe asked me personally  
to step it up.

MARTY PICKS UP THE EMPLOYMENT AD SECTION OF A NEWSPAPER.

MARTY

We had a good run.

CHACE

(READS) It says here a salesman got a  
customer in the trunk of a car to show  
the guy how much room it had. I am  
gonna try that.

MARTY

Is that legal?

CHACE

I'm not gonna shut it!

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

(Joe, Marty, Coach)

JOE'S OFFICE NOTICEABLY CLEANER WITH THE ABSENCE OF HIS GOLF  
CLUBS, GYM BAGS, ETC. JOE TALKS ON THE SPEAKER PHONE WHILE  
HOLDING A HOCKEY STICK AND LINING UP A PUCK ON THE FLOOR.

JOE

Coach, this advertising campaign will  
be great. I just need you to do a few  
live promos.

JOE SLAPS THE PUCK HARD.

SFX. CRACK!

MARTY WEARING A WELDING HELMET AND A CATCHERS MITT. THE PUCK NOW LODGED IN THE GLASS OF THE HELMET.

MARTY

Dang.

COACH (OC)

Sure. And hey, my new star lineman has a thing for the classics.

JOE

Say no more. I just picked up a sixty-six Impala. AM/FM, stereo radio with four speakers and --

COACH (OC)

I was thinking more along the lines of your thirty-two Olds.

JOE

Always the comedian, Coach.

COACH (OC)

When you gonna sell me that car?

SILENCE.

COACH (OC)

Can't blame me for asking. I'll send him down to take the Impala for a quick spin before the game this afternoon. You make him happy, I'll make you happy.

JOE CLICKS OFF THE PHONE, SMILES CONFIDENTLY.

JOE

I'm gonna prove to Blair that I can  
run this show.

MARTY TAKES OFF THE HELMET, JERKS THE PUCK OUT OF THE GLASS  
AND HANDS IT TO JOE.

MARTY

AH-HEM!

JOE

Couldn't do it without you, Marty.

JOE AND MARTY EXIT, SHUTTING THE DOOR.

BLAIR'S PICTURE NOW HAS THREE DARTS STUCK IN HER NOSE. SHE  
HAS A TALL, POINTED WITCH HAT DRAWN ON HER HEAD.

CUT TO::

INT. BLAIR'S OFFICE

(Blair, Blair's Boss)

BLAIR TALKS TO HER BOSS ON HER SMART PHONE.

BLAIR

I don't know, sir...

SHE LOOKS OUT HER WINDOW. MARTY NOW HAS THE CD DRIVE OF HIS  
COMPUTER OPEN TOO. A DONUT SITTING ON THAT.

BLAIR

I think we'd have a better shot saving  
MY SPACE.

BLAIR'S BOSS

My what?

BLAIR

Exactly. But you are the boss. One  
Month... yes, sir. Goodbye.

THE SCREEN GOES DARK.



BLAIR

How hard can it be?

BLAIR SLIDES HER FINGER ACROSS HER PHONE, TAPS IT AND THE SCREEN TURNS TO THE YELLOW AND BLACK TEXT THAT READS:

"CAR SALES FOR DUMMIES."

CUT TO:

EXT. DEALERSHIP LOT - LATER

(Sven, Chace)

A COMPACT CAR ENTERS AND SVEN THYLANDER, A BIG MAN WITH CHISELED GOOD LOOKS, GETS OUT WITH MUCH TROUBLE.

CHACE POLITELY APPROACHES SVEN WHO STANDS NEAR A CAR.

SVEN WALKS TO THE FRONT OF THE CAR. CHACE DOES THE SAME.

SVEN HEADS TO A DIFFERENT CAR AND CHACE APPEARS AGAIN.

ONCE MORE, SVEN TURNS AND CHACE IS RIGHT IN HIS FACE.

SVEN

(SWEDISH ACCENT) You move fass. How  
you do dat?

CHACE

It's a gift.

SVEN

Coach say, ask for Yo Book.

CHACE

That's all right. I take care of all  
of... Yo's customers.

SVEN

Sven vant classic car. Hot car for --

CHACE

Picking up the chicks, right?

SVEN

Sven not farmer! Sven like girls.

CHACE

Who doesn't? Let's take a look.

THEY WALK TO THE 66 IMPALA CONVERTIBLE.

CHACE

It must be your lucky day. My Gramma  
had one of these. She was the  
equipment manager for a hockey team.

SVEN

Sven play Hockey.

CHACE

Wow! What are the odds?

CHACE POPS OPEN THE TRUNK.

CHACE

Just look at the size of this trunk.

CHACE GETS INSIDE THE TRUNK.

CHACE

Come on, get in.

SVEN

Vass you do-ink here?

CHACE

We do this all the time. It's an  
American tradition. Hop in.

AS CHACE GETS OUT, SVEN GETS IN. THE LID BONKS HIM ON THE  
HEAD. HE GOES UNCONSCIOUS AND THE TRUNK SLAMS SHUT.

CHACE

Oofda!

CHACE FUMBLES WITH THE KEYS AND IT BREAKS OFF IN THE LOCK.  
HE GETS FRANTIC, LOOKS AROUND AND RUNS OFF.

CUT TO:

INT/EXT. SHOWROOM/DEALERSHIP LOT - CONTINUOUS  
(Blair, Customer)

BLAIR SPOTS A FEMALE CUSTOMER ON THE LOT, HUSTLES OUT THE  
DOOR AND RIGHT UP TO THE WOMAN.

BLAIR

Welcome to Motor City Sales! What can  
I sell...

CHECKS HER PHONE SCREEN.

BLAIR

-- I mean show you today?

CUSTOMER

I think I need a mini-van for my  
family.

THEY APPROACH THE 66 IMPALA CONVERTIBLE.

BLAIR

Wow, look at this car. This would  
fit... how many kids do you have?

CUSTOMER

Five.

BLAIR

Five! My God how can... I, um mean,  
that is so nice.

CUSTOMER

Maybe you have a station wagon?

BLAIR

Probably.

BLAIR JUMPS BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE 66.

BLAIR

Let's take a spin. Who knows, you  
might like it.

BLAIR WINKS AND SMILES AS THE TWO WOMEN DRIVE OFF.

BLAIR

You know in nineteen sixty-six,  
General Motors raised their own cows  
to make the leather.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO.

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER  
(Commentator, Joe, Chace, Marty)

JOE WATCHES HOCKEY ON TV.

MARTY IS REPLACING THE GLASS IN THE WELDING HELMET.

THE CAMERA ANGLE ON TV CUTS TO THE COACH, FUMING BEHIND THE GLASS AS THE TEAM SITS TOTALLY DEJECTED.

COMMENTATOR (V.O.)

With the game starting in less than  
two hours, and Sven a no show, the  
team doesn't stand a chance.

CHACE PASSES JOE'S DOOR WITH AN OLD DRILL, CROWBAR, ETC.

JOE

Chace! Come in here.

CHACE

No can do. I gotta customer in a car.

JOE

STOP!

CHACE DOES.

JOE

Anyone been in here asking for me?

CHACE

Yeah, I showed him the Impala.

JOE

Then he left?

CHACE

Not exactly. Heh, heh. You see, I  
had Sven in the trunk and then --

JOE

-- Wait! You had Sven, in the trunk?!

MARTY

Uh, oh.

MARTY SLIPS ON THE HELMET.

MARTY

(filtered)

I told you that was a bad idea.

CHACE WALKS OUT -- JOE AND MARTY FOLLOW.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

(Joe, Debbie, Ronnie, Chace, Marty)

CHACE ENTERS THE SHOWROOM -- JOE HOT ON HIS TAIL.

JOE

Chace! What's going on? Where's Sven  
and where's the Impala?

DEBBIE

Blair took it.

A FEMALE COP - RONNIE STONE, WALKS IN.

JOE

Hello, Ronnie. What brings you to our  
humble abode... *again*?

RONNIE

I'm looking for a car.

CHACE

Finally ready to trade in that Gremlin  
of yours?

RONNIE

Yeah, like *that* could ever happen.

MARTY

Now that was a classic. Did you know  
it had --

CHACE

What kind of car you looking for?

RONNIE

(CHECKS HER NOTEBOOK) Nineteen sixty-  
six Impala convertible.

CHACE SPINS ON HIS HEELS.

CHACE

You and me both.

RONNIE

Excuse me?

JOE

What are the odds?! I just bought a  
sixty-six Impala.

MARTY

Dual exhaust, Posi gears with --

RONNIE

-- I'm not here to buy it! A  
truckload of classic cars was stolen.

JOE

Stolen?

RONNIE

Stolen.

MARTY

Like, "stolen," stolen?

RONNIE

No, like stolen, stolen! Now let me see the bill of sale, title, whatever you got.

JOE

Oh, um, that's gonna be a problem.

RONNIE'S MIC CRACKLES.

RONNIE

(INTO HER MIC) Two-one-seven, go ahead. Uh huh... Roger that. (TO JOE) We got a lead. I'll be back.

JOE

Of course you will.

RONNIE EXITS. CHACE PEEKS AROUND THE CORNER.

CHACE

You going to the pokey, Joe?

JOE

Probably. What would possess you to get Sven in the trunk?

CHACE

You told me to.



JOE

I TOLD YOU?!

CHACE

You said to step up my game so I've  
been studying and it turns out --

JOE

-- STOP! Let me get this straight.  
Blair's on a test drive in a stolen  
car and my customer is in the trunk.

CHACE

Technically, Sven's my customer.

MARTY

Technically, it's kidnapping!

THEY ALL STARE AT MARTY WHO SLINKS INTO HIS DESK CHAIR.

JOE

Could this get any worse?

DEBBIE

Chace broke the key off in the lock.

JOE GRABS THE PHONE AND DIALS.

CUT TO:

INT. THE IMPALA - SAME TIME

(Blair, Joe, Cop)

BLAIR AND HER CUSTOMER CRUISE IN THE IMPALA. BLAIR'S CELL  
PHONE RINGS. SHE TAPS THE SCREEN AND JOE'S NUMBER APPEARS.

BLAIR

Hello, Joe.

JOE

Blair you gotta get back here, now!

BLAIR

Why? Things are working out great.  
As a matter of fact, this charming  
lady would like to trade her car in.  
Can we do that?

JOE

Of course we can. What kind of car  
does she... (THEN) No, no, no, Blair.  
Quiet! Get that car back here!

BLAIR TURNS AWAY FROM HER CUSTOMER.

BLAIR

I don't know what is going on Joe but  
believe it or not, I'm on your side.  
Unless of course you'd like to just  
hand all your dreams to the bank?

JOE

Blair! Listen! That car is stolen!

BLAIR

Stolen? (THINKS) oh, right.

BLAIR COVERS HER PHONE.

BLAIR

(TO HER CUSTOMER) He says this car is  
a real steal!

BLAIR PUTS THE PHONE BACK ON HER EAR.

JOE

No! There's a guy in the trunk! Get  
that car back here!

BLAIR

Big trunk back there, got it!

BLAIR GIVES THE CUSTOMER THE THUMBS UP.

JOE

Blair!

BLAIR

Sell, sell, sell!

A POLICE CAR, SIRENS BLARING, ROARS UP BEHIND THE IMPALA.

JOE

Wait! What was that?!

BLAIR

Gotta go!

BLAIR WHEELS THE IMPALA TO THE CURB. A COP APPROACHES.

COP

This your car?

BLAIR

Not for long.

BLAIR WINKS AT HER CUSTOMER.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - LATER

(Joe, Marty, Reporter, Sven, Chace, Debbie)

THE TV IS ON. MARTY AND CHACE WATCH INTENTLY AS JOE ENTERS.

JOE

How many times are two you going to  
watch this?

MARTY

Publicity's, publicity, Joe.

REPORTER

(on TV)

So Sven, what happened?

SVEN

I go to Moter Zity Zales to zee car.  
Next ting I know, salesman name Chez  
Zink-lare--

CHACE

YES!!!

SVEN

Knocks me on da het. I wake up in da  
police station.

SVEN'S FACE UP CLOSE, HE TALKS THROUGH HIS MISSING TEETH.

SVEN

It's dare fault. Now cause of Moter  
Zity Zales, we loos' game.

DEBBIE (OC)

(OVER THE LOUDSPEAKER) Joe Book to the  
showroom, please. Joe, showroom.

THE THREE MEN HUSTLE OUT THE DOOR.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

(Mob Guy, Blair, Marty, Chace)

ON THE LOT, HALF A DOZEN CRAZED PEOPLE WEARING HOCKEY MASKS,  
CHARGE THE BUILDING.

A MOB GUY SPOTS JOE.

MOB GUY

That's the owner! Get him!

THE MOB GUY SHAKES THE LOCKED DOORS AS MARTY WAVES A WHITE  
ANTENNA FLAG.

BLAIR

Looks like your promotion's a big hit.

What's next, free Twinkie giveaway at  
over-eaters anonymous?

MARTY

That won't work, Blair. Twinkie is  
out of business.

BLAIR AND JOE RUN OUT OF THE SHOWROOM.

CHACE SMILES AND HEADS TO THE DOOR.

CHACE

Get out of my way, Marty. I can  
handle this. One at a time folks, one  
at a time.

CUT TO:

INT. BLAIR'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

(Joe, Blair)

BLAIR AND JOE RUSH IN. JOE SLAMS THE DOOR AND PRESSES HIS  
BACK UP AGAINST IT.

BLAIR REPEATEDLY TAPS THE SCREEN OF HER PHONE.

JOE

What are you doing?

BLAIR

Calling the cops.

JOE

Good idea, tell 'em to send backup!

Better yet, the S.W.A.T. team!

BLAIR

Are you for real?! I'm not calling  
the cops, I'm calling my boss!

JOE

What?! NO!

BLAIR

Yes! You said you had this place  
under control.

JOE

I do, or at least I did! Until you  
got here and tried to take over.

BLAIR

The asylum is being run by the nuts.

And you, Joe Book are MR. PLANTER!

ICONS FLY ALL OVER THE SCREEN OF BLAIRS' PHONE.

JOE

The bank didn't send you in to help.  
They sent you in to spy on me, then  
shut me down, didn't they?

BLAIR

That's right! But I made a mistake...  
I BLINKED! Then I let you suck me  
right into your madness. Give me one  
reason why I shouldn't make this call?

JOE PICKS UP THE PICTURE OF HIS KIDS.

JOE

I'm trying to get custody. This is  
all I live for. Everything I do is to  
see my kids... on MY TERMS.

BLAIR STOPS.

BLAIR

I'm sorry.

A TEAR RUNS DOWN HER CHEEK.

JOE STARES. HIS EYES GO WIDE.

JOE

I remember you! You were an intern at  
the bank, still in high school.

SHE TRIES TO HIDE HER FACE AND TEARS.

JOE

I came in for the business loan. You  
were crying. The quarterback on the  
team wouldn't go to the prom with you.

BLAIR'S SMILES WEAKLY.

BLAIR

You came into my cubicle to talk.

JOE

(BEAMS) That's right!

BLAIR

God, I hated that.

BLAIR GOES BACK TO HER PHONE.

JOE

Remember I lent you that Porsche to drive to the dance so you could rub the guy's nose in it?

BLAIR

I picked up my best friend and a bottle of wine.

JOE

In high school?!

BLAIR

Oh, don't be such a prude. (THEN)  
At the dance we were bobbing for fruit in the punch bowl when he came over. He let me wipe my face on his sleeve.

JOE

Come on, Blair, don't do this.

BLAIR LOOKS AT JOE, HE LOOKS AT HER. THEY CONNECT.

JOE

Thanks. (THEN) So how did rest of the night go?



BLAIR

We went outside and sat in the  
Porsche. He apologized. It was so  
romantic... Then I threw up on him.

JOE

So, *that* was the smell we never got  
out of that car.

BLAIR

It was nice you did that.

JOE

That Porsche was my baby.

BLAIR

It was just a car!

JOE

You just don't understand the love  
affair with... oh never mind.

BLAIR

OK Joe, one more chance. I gotta see  
how you're going to wiggle out of  
this, this, this --

JOE

-- Big As-is sale.

BLAIR

Riiiiight.

BLAIR LOOKS OUT OVER THE SHOWROOM.

MARTY HAS A CUSTOMER WEARING A HOCKEY MASK AT HIS DESK.

ANOTHER ONE SITS AT CHACE'S DESK AS SEVERAL OTHERS WAIT.

BLAIR

How do they do it?

CUT TO:

EXT. THE HOCKEY ARENA - LATER

(Joe, Blair)

JOE AND BLAIR PULL UP IN THE 32 OLDS. THE CAR IS PERFECT AS STREETLIGHTS GLIMMER OFF OF IT.

JOE

This is going to be the biggest  
sacrifice I've ever made in my life.

BLAIR

Joe, IT'S A CAR!

JOE

And your phone is just a phone.

BLAIR

How DARE you!

JOE GETS OUT, THEN WIPES THE DOOR HANDLE WITH A CLOTH.

BLAIR GETS OUT AND SLAMS THE DOOR. JOE WHIMPERS.

BLAIR WIPES HER PHONE OFF WITH A CLOTH.

CUT TO:

INT. THE HOCKEY ARENA - CONTINUOUS

(Joe, Coach, Blair, Sven)

JOE AND BLAIR SLIP AND SLIDE ACROSS THE ICE OF THE FRIGID,  
EMPTY ARENA. COACH AND SVEN STAND AT CENTER ICE.

JOE

Coach, before you say --

COACH

-- That I'm gonna kill you?

JOE

I don't know how this happened but the bottom line is, it did. I'd like to make it up to you.

JOE HOLDS UP THE CAR KEYS.

JOE

Take it, Coach. Take my thirty-two Olds. It's yours.

COACH

That's nice, but I got a better idea.

COACH

MAESTRO!

WITH BLAZING LIGHTS AND MUSIC, THE JUMBO-TRON LIGHTS UP. A HUGE PICTURE OF JOE WITH DEVIL HORNS AND A PITCH FORK. THE COACH'S VOICE BOOMS THROUGH HUGE SPEAKERS.

COACH (VO)

Visit Motor City Sales during their five-dollar, big asses sale! When you're looking for a screwing, they know what they're doing.

THE JUMBO-TRON GOES BLACK.

BLAIR

And you said I didn't get it? I gotta call to make.

JOE SEES SVEN STARING AT BLAIR AND THINKS.

JOE

I'll meet you in the car, Blair.

BLAIR

Give it up, Joe.

BLAIR WALKS AWAY.

JOE

Sven, you like what you see?

SVEN

Ya, you can make her be date vit Sven?

JOE

Everything's for sale. (THEN) But I don't know. I don't think you're her type.

SVEN

Why? Sven be nice catch.

JOE

You see she's not really into jocks. She likes power, money, brains.

SVEN

Sven, haf degree, physics Geneva University. Speak lots of language!

JOE

Really?

SVEN

(in flawless French)

J'aimerais passer du temps avec elle.

SUBTITLED - I WOULD LOVE TO SPEND TIME WITH HER.

SVEN

(perfect Italian)

Le posso trattare al mondo.

SUBTITLED - I CAN TREAT HER TO THE WORLD.

SVEN  
(In Swedish)

Jag skulle behandla henne som en  
ängel.

SUBTITLED - I WOULD TREAT HER LIKE AN ANGEL.

SVEN  
(in Terrible English)

I vut holt 'er lik vumon, a flower.

JOE

Excuse me?

SVEN

Sven sury, still ver-kink on Ink-lish.

(THEN) So, make us be on date?

JOE

I dunno, maybe I could find you a less  
expensive unit.

SVEN

No, no. Sven want diss unit. And

Sven make lot money. Please, Joe.

Sven do any-ting.

JOE

Anything? (THEN) Let me talk to her,

but don't hold your breath. Deals

like this are few and far between.

COACH

I'll vouch for that.

JOE EXITS.

SVEN AND THE COACH WATCH THROUGH THE ARENA WINDOWS AS JOE APPROACHES BLAIR.

JOE IS OVER THE TOP ANIMATED AS HE WAVES HIS HANDS AND PACES. BLAIR CONTINUES TO SHAKE HER HEAD, 'NO.'

JOE RETURNS AND STICKS OUT HIS HAND.

JOE

You got yourself a deal there, friend.

SVEN AND JOE SHAKE HANDS.

JOE

You are one tough negotiator, Sven.

You ever give up hockey, you come see me at Motor City Sales.

SVEN

Really?!

JOE

No.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - LATER

(Blair, Chace, Debbie, Joe, Marty)

AS CHACE CLEARS PAPERS FROM HIS DESK, MARTY SHAKES HANDS WITH THE LAST REMAINING HOCKEY FAN WHO EXITS.

BLAIR

Chace, how did you do it?

CHACE

You don't get to be the number one salesperson by accident.

DEBBIE

Right. When you backed a car over the former number one, it was deliberate.

CHACE

I was acquitted. (TO BLAIR) Besides, it's like a magician... we NEVER reveal our secrets.

JOE PULLS MARTY OFF TO THE SIDE.

JOE

Spill it.

MARTY

Chace and I got an early start on your five-dollar asses sale.

JOE

AH-HA! I KNEW it would work!

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - A FEW DAYS LATER  
(Sven, Atmosphere, A Boy)

BANNERS HANG THROUGHOUT THE DEALERSHIP:

"SVEN THYLANDER AUTOGRAPH SESSION TODAY."

SVEN SITS AT A DESK.

A YOUNG BOY APPROACHES SVEN. SVEN SIGNS, THE BOY SMILES. HE'S MISSING A BUNCH OF TEETH.

CUT TO:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS  
(Blair, Joe)

BLAIR AND JOE LOOK OUT OVER THE SHOWROOM.

BLAIR

How did you pull this off?

JOE

I made a deal with the devil.

BLAIR

So you and Lucifer ARE on a first name basis. But how did --

JOE

-- I set you up on a date with Sven.

BLAIR

What?!

JOE

In exchange, he'd sign autographs.

BLAIR

Oh, my God! You pimped me out!

BLAIR GOES RIGHT TO HER PHONE.

JOE

Go ahead. Tell your boss the whole place went down the toilet because you wouldn't go out on one measly date.

HANDS ON HER HIPS, BLAIR FUMES.

JOE

You know, if we charge every one of those customers, six point seven-five percent interest, instead of six point five-seven, we make an extra sixty eight cents a month.



BLAIR THINKS, THEN SMILES.

BLAIR

Maybe there's hope for you after all.

JOE

Really?

BLAIR

Of course not.

CUT TO:

INT. SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

(Joe, Blair, Marty, Chace, Sven)

MARTY AT HIS DESK WITH THE PLUMBER. A PINK TOILET NEXT TO THEM. THE PLUMBER SIGNS, SHAKES MARTY'S HAND AND EXITS.

BLAIR AND JOE APPROACH A FLAT-SCREEN TV THAT NOW HANGS ON THE SHOWROOM WALL.

BLAIR TAPS HER SMART PHONE AND THE SALES GRAPH APPEARS. THE RED LINE NOW SHOWS A MICROSCOPIC UPWARD CLIMB.

JOE

It looks like I did it, Blair.

BLAIR

You?

JOE

Look, even Marty sold a few.

MARTY

Darn right, three sales!

BLAIR

How much money did we make?

MARTY RACHETS HIS OLD SIDE ARM CALCULATOR A FEW TIMES.

MARTY

This can't be right.

CHACE SHAKES HANDS WITH BLAIR'S FEMALE CUSTOMER.

CHACE

Thank you, Mrs. Jenkins. You can pick  
it up tomorrow.

THE CUSTOMER LEAVES.

BLAIR

What's going on with my customer?

CHACE

Technically, she's my customer. And I  
sold her a mini-van.

BLAIR

A mini-van? I showed her the Impala!

CHACE

She has five kids, her oldest delivers  
pizza's after school and she's a girl  
scout den mother. Why would she buy  
an Impala convertible?

BLAIR IS DUMBFUNDED. JOE LEANS IN.

JOE

Number one skill in auto sales is  
listening, and Chace does it better  
than anyone.

BLAIR

Wow... Who knew?

SVEN ENTERS. HE CARRIES A BOTTLE OF RED WINE.

JOE

Sven. What brings you here?

BLAIR

He be going on date vit me.

SVEN SMILES AT HER SILLY IMPRESSION.

JOE

Really? Well things look good all around. I'll tell you what. For this special occasion, you two lovebirds can take my thirty-two, which I remind you is still mine.

CHACE

You'll love it Sven, big trunk.

MARTY

Did you know that the nineteen thirty-two Oldsmobile was the first car to have an automatic choke?

THEY ALL STARE AT MARTY.

SVEN

(TO BLAIR) Joe, say you not goot vit drink. You go-ink throw up on Sven?

SHE SMILES AS THE CROSS OFF.

END OF ACT TWO:

TAG:

INT. JOE'S OFFICE - SEVERAL DAYS LATER  
(Blair, Joe)

JOE SITS AT HIS DESK, THE PICTURE OF HIS KIDS IN HIS HANDS.  
BLAIR'S EYES GLUED TO HER PHONE AS SHE ENTERS.

BLAIR

Are you watching this game, Joe?!

THE CROWD ERUPTS AS TIME EXPIRES.

BLAIR

Sven was so pumped, he could have won  
it by himself.

JOE IS LOST IN THOUGHT. SHE HANDS HIM AN ENVELOPE.

JOE

This the eviction notice?

BLAIR

Not yet.

JOE OPENS THE ENVELOPE. THREE TICKETS.

JOE

The Daytona 500?!

BLAIR

You're not the only one who can get a  
hook up. Take your kids.

JOE

Maybe there's hope for you too.

BLAIR

Really?

JOE

Of course not.

JOE LOOKS CLOSELY AT BLAIRS' SMARTPHONE. THE FRONT OF SVEN'S  
JERSEY HAS A LARGE RED STAIN.

JOE

What's that on Sven's jersey?

BLAIR

He said he'd leave it there for luck.

JOE

Poor guy. He'll never get the smell  
out of that jersey.

SVEN REMOVES HIS HELMET. HE'S WEARING SWIMMER'S NOSE PLUGS.

FADE OUT.