

LEMON LOT

Written By

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TEASER

FADE IN:

INT. EMPTY BALLROOM

A SPOTLIGHT snaps on behind an elegantly dressed MAN and WOMAN so that we see them primarily in silhouette. Nose to nose. Intense eye contact. His Irish blue eyes meeting her Latina brown. Measured breathing. Mounting tension.

His hair is slicked back; hers is pulled back into a chignon adorned with a single red rose. Not sure if they are going to dance or drop to the floor and have at it.

MAN

You have exquisite taste.

WOMAN

(Coy)

Mmmm. I do, do I?

MUSIC: "LA CARMENCITO" TANGO

OK, looks like they are going to dance. On the beat of the "La Carmencito" their heads simultaneously snap toward CAMERA.

MAN

Oh yeah. I could tell the moment I laid eyes on you.

WOMAN

(Not convinced)

Really?

They glide forward with the precision, passion and elegance of the finest tango dancers in the world. He is worldly and ruggedly handsome in a silk suit; she is divine sensuality in a revealing, red sequined dress with matching red satin elbow cabaret gloves.

MAN

A woman who knows what she wants and, if I may, usually gets it.

WOMAN

Hmm.

They tango across the floor while talking. Caminadas, ochos, molinetes. They are amazing.

MAN

I sense a certain... urgency.

WOMAN

Oh, I'm just looking. But a girl  
does need to get around.

MAN

I think you will find I can meet  
your needs. Surpass them even.

WOMAN

(Flirty)

Oh, you can, can you?

MAN

Yes. Satisfaction guaranteed.

(BEAT)

Red seems to be your color. Let me  
show you this.

The Man leans the Woman back in a corte (dip) so that her  
back is arched across the hood of a RED 2011 TOYOTA COROLLA  
LE parked in the center of the dance floor. She runs her  
index finger seductively along the hood. His face is poised  
directly above her breasts.

MAN (CONT'D)

Did I mention the dual air bags?

He quickly pulls her up and back into his arms with a tango  
flourish. His arms are wrapped around her waist, their cheeks  
are touching, both looking in the same direction. It is a  
beautiful romantic picture.

WOMAN

I'm really not ready to commit.

Simultaneously they turn their heads away and tango in the  
opposite direction. She is now leading him.

MAN

What if I make it worth your while?

WOMAN

*¿Quién sabe?*

He retakes the lead and dances her back toward the car.

MAN

Hypothetically, what were you  
thinking monthly?

WOMAN

I was thinking two-fifty.

MAN  
(leading)  
Up to...?

He twirls her five times in a row. Her skirt flies up and we see her tremendous legs and ass. She comes to a stop, at the end of his fully extended arm, standing next to the car.

WOMAN  
Three, three-fifty. I guess.

MAN  
Great. Let's say three-fifty.

The Man unexpectedly and quickly bends the Woman over the hood of the car. She panics and CRIES out. His demeanor remains calm yet calculating.

WOMAN  
What are you doing?

He flips her skirt up and attempts to pull down her panties. What was moments ago very sensual is now horrific and ugly.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
Hey, I didn't say... Stop! What are you trying to do?

She struggles. He persists.

MAN  
We can do this now. Seventy-two months; three fifty. Let me talk to my manager. I know you want it.

His hand drops to unfasten his belt.

WOMAN  
(Realizing)  
Are you trying to fuck me?

INT. SALES CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

ECU on same Woman's face. She is still pretty, but no longer elegant. Hair pulled back in a haphazard ponytail.

WOMAN  
This is bullshit! You are trying to fuck me!

WIDER: A typical used car salesman's office. Cramped, tacky, sweaty. The blinding South Texas sunlight coming through the window is a stark contrast to the dark ballroom we just left.

The Woman is sitting in an uncomfortable chair across from a desk. She is wearing a WAITRESS UNIFORM. Hard to believe this is the sexy tango woman. But it is.

MAN (O.S.)  
(cool as a cucumber)  
No. Not at all.

WOMAN  
I said two-fifty. I can't afford  
another hundred a month --

MAN (O.S.)  
What if I can get you into a Camry  
for that three-fifty? A Prius?

WOMAN  
And who said anything about seventy  
two months? Do I look stupid to  
you, motherfucker?

The Woman gets up to leave, upending her cheap handbag and spilling the contents on the floor. Wallet, make-up, iPod Nano etc. As she gathers her things, cursing all the while, she unknowingly kicks her iPod under the desk.

WOMAN (CONT'D)  
(furious)  
I can't believe you tried to fuck  
me like that.

She STORMS OUT of the cramped office.

REVERSE ANGLE: The Man from the tango sits behind the desk. Not as elegant as when he was dancing, however, he is quite handsome, well manicured, boyish at 40 and dangerously, irresistibly charming. The name plate on his desk tells us this is "MILES O'REILLY: TEAM LEADER."

MILES  
(sotto; matter of fact)  
Of course I tried to fuck you. I'm  
a car salesman.

END TEASER

ECU - A BROWN PLASTIC ARMADILLO FACE

The Armadillo is smiling and wearing a ten gallon COWBOY HAT. The hat has a couple of BULLET HOLES in it and a STEEL ARROW is stuck in its chest. This is Texas after all.

We HEAR a lively TEJANO BAND playing in the near distance.

PULL BACK to REVEAL the Armadillo is 40 feet tall (no shit) and stands atop a 50-foot tall steel pole. It has become an iconic South Texas landmark as identifiable as The Alamo.

In the far b.g. we SEE the San Antonio skyline -- the Tower of the Americas, the Alamodome, the Tower Life Building -- all about twenty miles away.

We CRANE DOWN to see that "The Armadillo" watches over --

EXT. USED CAR LOT - CONTINUOUS

-- fifteen acres of USED CARS for every lifestyle and every budget. A garish SIGN tells us that this is "TINY MAC'S LONE STAR MOTORS: THE BIGGEST CAR LOT IN THE LONE STAR STATE."

This is not the place one goes when one has good credit, an education or is in any way savvy to the ways of getting a good deal on an automobile. This is a lemon lot. It caters to military, minorities, the young, the elderly, the gullible, the disenfranchised, the hand to mouth. Fish in a barrel.

CAM PANS DOWN past plastic multi-colored triangle flags crisscrossing the lot's perimeter and hanging limp in the breathless Texas heat. We continue down to SEE what appears to be a Fiesta going on.

A BARBECUE sizzling up FAJITAS, A MOON BOUNCE, A CLOWN making balloon animals, hired BIKINI MODELS, a dancing PUFFY TACO COSTUMED CHARACTER. Just a typical Friday.

CUSTOMERS (the salesmen call them "Ups") are milling about looking in car windows and examining sticker prices.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - CONTINUOUS

A two-story building with giant glass windows. This is where the deals are ultimately made. The windows are littered with declaratives hand written in shoe polish: "WE ARE THE BANK," "NO CREDIT? NO PROBLEM?" "WE FINANCE ANYONE!" "NEED CASH TODAY? SELL US YOUR CAR!" "YOUR JOB IS YOUR CREDIT!" Etc.

The GLASS DOOR violently swings open -- almost hitting a large, African-American SALESMAN -- and our Tango Woman exits. Still pissed off, fumbling through her purse looking for her keys.

The Salesman gives her the once over, notes her demeanor and passes. There are plenty of non-pissed off "Ups" on the lot.

WOMAN'S POV: A VALET PARKING STATION, attended by TWO MEXICAN-AMERICAN youths, on the other side of the lot.

BACK ON: The Woman, realizing they have her car, storms off.

INT. MAIN BUILDING - SIMULTANEOUS

Miles is several seconds behind the Tango Woman. He gave her a head start. Calm, cool and collected he travels through the internal chaos of the SHOWROOM: SALESMEN taking offers to the TOWER. Babies crying. Customers waiting. Phones ringing.

Miles passes TWO MEN and a WOMAN sitting in chairs along the wall holding job applications. The Woman catches his eye.

MILES

Hello there.

The Woman stands. She is mid-twenties and very pretty. Dressed to impress in an off the rack business suit and high school graduation gift briefcase.

FEMALE JOB APPLICANT

I'm Solana Ortiz. I'm here for the sales position. Mr. Castillo?

MILES

No. Miles O'Reilly. Team leader.

Miles takes her hand in both of his. Sizing her up.

MILES (CONT'D)

You want to sell cars?

SOLANA

Yes. Yes I do.

MILES

Why?

SOLANA

Well, I think I'd be good at it.

MILES

Nuh-uh. You know you'd be good at it. Got it? Say that. "Think" won't cut it around here. Gotta know.

Miles releases her hand and heads off. Solana gratefully considers the advice as she watches him go.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - CONTINUOUS

The African-American Salesman -- BILLY BYRD, Judson High football legend, 40 -- OPENS the door as Miles comes out.

BYRD  
Sending another Up to the Be-Back  
bus? Must be that smooth, Irish  
charm Tiny's always talking about.

MILES scans the lot for the Tango Woman.

MILES  
(casual)  
Fuck you, Byrd. They all come back.

Finding her, Miles follows suit. With purpose.

BYRD  
Yeah, check the board lately? Enjoy  
the steak knives...  
(under his breath)  
... Cocksucker.

Byrd sees a COUPLE checking out a "front-of-lot" car. Turning on the pseudo charisma he heads their way.

BYRD (CONT'D)  
You have a good eye, folks. I'm  
Billy Byrd. Surprised this one is  
still here. How much are you  
looking to spend a month?

MILE'S POV: Following the Tango Woman across the lot, through a row of cars, to the Valet.

MILES (V.O.)  
You never really have a chance. We  
ambush, fast talk, bait and switch,  
up your price, undervalue your  
trade, package your payments, get  
you on the back end. Don't like one  
of us? We'll pass you off to  
another. We lie, cheat, con,  
miscalculate, shift the numbers,  
fudge your credit, add fees, guilt  
you into unnecessary insurance,  
finesse the financing, exaggerate,  
manipulate and wear you down. Hell,  
the moment you pull onto the lot we  
take your car.

ANGLE ON: An ELDERLY HISPANIC COUPLE pulling their CLUNKER onto the lot. A Valet opens the car door.

VALET #1

(Mexican accent)

*Buenos días!* Welcome to Lone Star Motors. Home of the giant armadillo. I'll park your car for you, *Señor*. All part of our customer service.

MILES (V.O.)

Customer service? Bullshit. We are holding your car hostage. And appraising it for trade without you even knowing it.

The Elderly Man exits his vehicle. Another Valet opens the passenger door for the ELDERLY WOMAN. The Tango Woman hands her STUB to the Valet.

MILES (V.O.)

Keeping you on the lot. It's what we do. The longer you're here the more likely you are to buy.

The Valet sees Miles approaching, then sorts through the KEY BOX "looking" for her keys.

MILES (V.O.)

We had this guy when I first started, a legend really, Slick Willie Gomez. He'd throw your keys on the roof and refuse to get them until you bought a car from him. Top salesman six years in a row.

Miles arrives. Contrite. Compunctious. Adorable.

MILES

Ma'am, I am sorry if I gave you the wrong impression back there.

Unlike the other salesman, Miles has no on/off switch. He is what he is: charming as hell. That is what makes him both good at his job. And dangerous. He fools everybody.

TANGO WOMAN

Go away, please.

Miles grins. He has no intention of going away.

MILES

Let's start over.

(clears his throat; then)

Good morning, Ma'am, welcome to Lone Star Motors.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

We have the largest inventory in the entire Lone Star state. We are the home of the giant armadillo.

The last line evokes a CHUCKLE. Can you believe this guy? He holds her eye contact as he takes her hand in both of his.

MILES (CONT'D)

I bet you hear this all the time but you look like Eva Longoria.

WOMAN

(softening a little)

I do not.

MILES

But prettier. I know. I sold her a car. She was in my office just like you. Sat in the very same chair.

WOMAN

(skeptical)

Eva Longoria, the TV star? She was buying a used car.

MILES

We prefer "pre-owned." Yeah, well, no. Not for her. She was buying a truck for her gardener, Armando. His was stolen. She bought him a 2015 Tundra. Red. Even got him the extended warranty.

WOMAN

That is so nice. I knew she was nice. She gives off a vibe, y'know?

MILES

You have that in common as well.

EXT. THE LOT - DIFFERENT LOCATION - SIMULTANEOUS

Byrd is showing a 2013 FORD PICK-UP to a REDNECK and his SON. Byrd notices the Son is wearing a GEORGE STRAIT T-SHIRT.

BYRD

George Strait bought a truck from me. His ranch is about twenty miles south of here. Sold him a 2014 Ford F-250. A lot like this one.

The Rednecks smile at each other. How cool is that?

MILES (V.O.)  
You know how you can tell a car  
salesman is lying?

BYRD  
Lots of celebrities buy from me.  
Sold a four by four to Tommy Lee  
Jones. Lives over in Terrel Hills.

MILES (V.O.)  
Their lips are moving.

EXT. VALET STAND - CONTINUOUS

Miles has almost won the Tango Woman all the way over. The  
Valets continue looking for her keys.

TANGO WOMAN  
Look, I really need to get to work.

MILES  
Listen, Miss Longoria --

TANGO WOMAN  
(laughing; flattered)  
It's Gabriela. Gabriela Aguilar.

MILES  
Gabriela Aguilar. Beautiful name.  
It suits you. It really does.

Miles goes to the key box and easily retrieves her keys.

MILES (CONT'D)  
I'm not supposed to say anything  
until the TV ad airs tonight but we  
have a huge sales event tomorrow.  
Tiny is bringing out the "Wheel Of  
Savings." Come back tomorrow and we  
will really start over.

Miles hands her the keys. Then, pulls them back.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Or! You really liked that Red  
Corolla didn't you?

GABRIELA  
Yes. I mean, I guess. Yeah.

MILES  
Take it to work. That way no one  
can sneak in and steal it out from  
under you.

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

You'll get to really try it out and  
I'll have your --  
(glances at keys)  
-- Honda Civic evaluated so I can  
get you top dollar on the trade-in.

GABRIELA

I don't know.

MILES

Better yet. Take the Camry. You  
deserve a little nicer car.

GABRIELA

Is it red?

MILES

(ta da!!!)  
Salsa red.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - THE POINT

The far right corner of the main building. This is where the  
salesman wait for the customers to come on the lot. It is the  
on deck circle and the central gathering point.

FOUR HISPANIC SALESMAN - HECTOR, JUAN, LUIS and EDMUND -- all  
wearing cheap sports coats, white shirts and colorful ties,  
stand watch over the lot waiting for the next Up. They are  
all smoking CIGARETTES. Each salesman has a small SHAMROCK  
PIN on their lapel right under a LONE STAR MOTORS pin.

EDMUND

-- so I worked up her four sheet,  
bumped her up to three on the  
monthly -- started at two-fifty --  
undervalued her trade by five-  
hundred, added that five to the  
extended warranty and told her,  
"Ma'm, I am going to give you the  
extended warranty at half off,"  
told her she had to get the added  
insurance because she was a credit  
risk, gave her the hundred and one  
points of service bullshit. So,  
we're done, right? I sit the keys  
on the desk and slide the contract  
over to her. "You sign, you get the  
keys." She picks up the pen -- and  
I'm looking at a three pound  
voucher on this. She's about to  
sign, puts on her bifocals and  
notices I inverted the rate.

As they all GROAN, Miles comes around the corner.

EDMUND (CONT'D)

"Uh, Mr. Aguirre, what's this? You said seven point nine percent. This says nine point seven."

MILES

Shame on you, Edmund. Trying to pull a fast one on a defenseless old lady. Bifocals? Really?

LOUIS MONTALVO, 30 and 5'2" offers Miles a Marlboro Red.  
JUAN, late 20s, flips open a Zippo to light it for him.

EDMUND

Bitch grinds me for four fuckin' hours and then walks over something as little as that.

MILES

Next time keep your thumb over it.

They don't get it. Miles sighs, expelling a cloud of smoke.

MILES (CONT'D)

You walk in with the inverted numbers on the contract. Say how you know they are in a hurry to drive their new car home. You know, to show the neighbors. Toss in what a great deal they're getting. Tell them the car is being brought around, freshly washed, and all they need to do is sign on the dotted line and they're done. Put the contract in front of them with your thumb over the rate. Don't let go. Don't sit down. Stand next to them like you are being helpful. Once they sign -- they are U.F.O.

HECTOR REYES, 26 and still learning, is puzzled.

HECTOR

U.F.O.?

LOUIS

"You... fuckin'... own it."

Miles attention is drawn to a beat-up VAN pulling on the lot.

MILES

Who's up?

Hector gestures it's him.

MILES (CONT'D)

Louis, grab the old Mexican couple that just pulled in before one of Byrd's boys talk them right off the lot. Let's go. Ups all over the lot waiting to give you their money. You gonna take it or stand around with your thumbs up your asses?

Hector and Louis snub out their cigarettes, pop Altoids in their mouths and head out.

MILES (CONT'D)

Sell those cars, boys. Sell those motherfuckin' cars.

EXT. VALET STAND - CONTINUOUS

The Valets open the driver's door of the van to reveal a NUN is driving. Hector freezes in his tracks.

HECTOR

You have got to be shitting me.

Hector loosens his tie and extracts a gold CRUCIFIX dangling from a thin chain around his neck. He makes the sign of the cross, kisses the crucifix and begins walking again.

SERIES OF SHOTS: SALESMAN greeting "Ups" and showing cars.

MILES (V.O.)

A while back there was a poll of the least respected occupations in the country. Guess who came in first? Car salesman. Yep. Top of the fuckin' list? Not lobbyists. Not oil or big tobacco executives. Not even politicians. Car salesman. The fuck? We're just trying to make a living here.

INT. GENERAL MANAGER'S OFFICE

Solana is nervously sitting across from the General Manager.

SOLANA

Well, I am Solana Ortiz. I am 24 years old. Graduated South San. Class of 2012. With honors. I attended San Antonio College for two years and --

GENERAL MANAGER (O.C.)  
 Attended? Didn't graduate?

SOLANA  
 Well, no. My mom died so I took a  
 leave of absence. I plan to go  
 back. Get my Associates. Transfer  
 to a four year. Trinity maybe.

GENERAL MANAGER'S POV as he checks out her body with the  
 subtlety of a serial rapist. Slow TILT up and down.

SOLANA (CONT'D)  
 My dad is on disability so I'm  
 taking care of him right now.  
 (switching gears)  
 I have two years sales experience  
 at Dillards. Women's swim apparel.  
 Before that I worked as a lifeguard  
 at Splashtown. But, you know, at  
 Dillard's I really liked sales and  
 worked up to selling on commission.

The General Manager opens his desk drawer. Digs around.

GENERAL MANAGER  
 Why cars?

SOLANA  
 Because I know I'll be good at it.

The GM finds what he is looking for: a PAPER CLIP.

GENERAL MANAGER  
 Sell this to me.

SOLANA  
 Pardon me?

GENERAL MANAGER  
 Sell me this. Make me want it.

Solana tentatively takes the paper clip. Collects her  
 thoughts. Takes a deep breath. And here we go...

SOLANA  
 You have a keen eye, sir. Not only  
 does this clip hold papers together  
 but it does so without marring your  
 documents. A lot of people seem to  
 be stapling these days.  
 (MORE)

SOLANA (CONT'D)

But I tell ya, you've got those holes in the paper and, I don't know about you, but I am always catching the tips on my fingers and that hurts. Let those people keep their staplers. The paper clip is the way to go. Now you may notice these little grooves on the small part here.

Solana leans in holding the clip chest level giving the General Manager an accidental view of her cleavage. Or maybe it's not accidental.

SOLANA (CONT'D)

Not only are they stylish, but they create a little ridge that helps really hold your papers together. This here is a top of the line clip. It's the kind I use. So, if I can get you to commit today, I can have you binding papers in the comfort of your own home or office by evening. Now, how much were you looking to spend?

She's hired.

INT. MILES' OFFICE - A BIT LATER

The Hispanic Couple from the Valet Stand nervously sit in two chairs across from the desk. Louis is sitting in Miles' chair, four square worksheet in hand. Miles enters.

LOUIS

Miles O'Reilly, I'd like you to meet Señor Y Señora Gutiérrez. They like the 2011 Aveo.

MILES

Pleasure to meet you both. I understand you have been putting Louis here through the ringer. Good on you. Gotta watch this guy.

Miles takes the sheet from Louis and gives it a glance.

SEÑOR GUTIÉRREZ

Our son searched the Internet and the trade-in on our car should be higher than what it says there.

MILES

Y'know, if I believed everything I saw on the Internet I would swear September 11th was an inside job, the moon landing was faked, former President Obama isn't an American citizen and the real illegal alien problem is men from Mars as opposed to our friends down Mexico way.

Pausing to let this sink in Miles peruses the sheet.

MILES (CONT'D)

Well, I tell ya, this is pretty fair. But we might be able to wiggle a bit more on your trade if you are willing to buy today. My sales manager is in a good mood and I can't tell you how rare that is. Let me see what I can do.

Miles picks up the phone and dials a few numbers.

MILES (CONT'D)

I tell you what --

Miles hits a button on the phone and hangs up.

MILES (CONT'D)

-- I'll do this face to face. Wish me luck.

We FOLLOW Miles and Louis as they exit the Office and cross through the chaos of the sales floor.

LOUIS

I'm headed back out.

MILES

Yeah, I'll close this. Good job.

LOUIS

You see the board? Lamar poached one from Edmund. The PT Cruiser.

MILES

(not again)  
How?

LOUIS

Said it was a one-legger and he went to lunch. Lamar swooped in. Made the sale. Three pounder.

MILES

God damnit. Another three thousand dollar taco. I want to see him.

LOUIS

You got it, Boss.

They part ways as Miles arrives at --

THE TOWER - CONTINUOUS

A middle-aged HISPANIC MAN stands in the Tower -- an elevated desk in the middle of the sales floor -- talking on the phone. Thirty pounds overweight, bad comb-over, pale and sweaty. This is Sales Manager GUADALUPE GUZMAN. Called Gooze.

GOOZE

(into phone)

-- well, sir, that's impossible.

Miles steps up on a small ledge that puts him almost eye level with the Tower. Gooze gives the phone the finger.

GOOZE (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Yes sir. I understand that. Seems to me, you are looking for a really "good buy" so let me give you one.

(a beat, clears throat)

Good Bye!

Gooze slams down the receiver.

Miles hands the paper to Gooze. Gooze barely looks at it and shakes his head disappointedly. Miles throws his arms up in a dramatic gesture.

MILES

How's the *Quinceñera* coming, Gooze?

INT. MILES OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Señor and Señora Gutiérrez lean forward to watch through the glass. To them, it does not appear to be going well.

BACK ON TOWER

The hand gestures continue but don't match the conversation at all. In fact, they aren't even discussing the sale; they are simply gesturing like they are. It is all for show.

GOOZE

-- I am looking at ten grand for  
this fuckin' thing. I keep telling  
Maria, *Quinceñeras* are outdated.

Miles demonstratively points toward his office. Gooze throws  
his arms up in apparent anger. For show. All for show.

MILES

The triplets are fifteen? Good god.

GOOZE

Do you know what the Marriott  
Rivercenter gets for their main  
ballroom? *¡Híjole!*

Miles reaches over and grabs the telephone. Punches a button.

MILES

So have it in your backyard.

GOOZE

Very evident you aren't married to  
a Mexican woman, *Mi Amigo!*

INT. MILES OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

Señora Gutiérrez continues to watch through the glass.

SEÑORA GUTIÉRREZ

Maybe Humberto was wrong.

SEÑOR GUTIÉRREZ

Let's just see what they say.

CAM PANS slowly from the couple over to Miles' desk.

SEÑORA GUTIÉRREZ (O.S.)

I don't want to look anymore. I'm  
tired. Maybe that's all it's worth.

CAM rests on Miles Phone. The INTERCOM LIGHT is FLASHING.

SEÑOR GUTIÉRREZ

If they come up another five  
hundred on the trade-in we will go  
ahead and buy it. We can --

BACK ON TOWER

Miles listens to the Gutiérrezes on the phone.

MILES (V.O.)

Of course we do.

SEÑOR GUTIÉRREZ (O.C)  
 (filtered)  
 -- afford the monthly payment.  
 We'll just need to be careful.

Miles hangs up. He's got 'em.

MILES  
 Hey, what the fuck is with Lamar  
 poaching from Edmund? That shit's  
 gotta stop. It's not right.

Both men continue gesturing for the benefit of the Couple.

GOOZE  
 Is that ethics talk coming from  
 Miles O'Reilly? What if I started  
 calling you on all your bullshit?

Gooze violently scribbles on the sheet of paper --

GOOZE (CONT'D)  
 I have every confidence you will be  
 able to work it out without my  
 involvement. Godspeed, *Putas!*

-- and violently throws it at Miles.

INT. MILES OFFICE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Miles enters with the sheet, a contract. And the KEYS.

MILES  
 Well, I'm not sure his mood is  
 still good after that, but I really  
 went to bat for you. Truly did.

Señor Gutiérrez relaxes. Reassures his wife with a look.

MILES (CONT'D)  
 The trade-in appraisal we gave you  
 was more than fair. But I told him  
 how eager you were to buy, and that  
 we had already agreed on the rate.  
 So, I was able to get him to come  
 up another... two hundred and fifty  
 dollars on your trade.

SEÑORA GUTIÉRREZ  
 (in SPANISH; to husband)  
*Our car is worth much more. You  
 said, five hundred. Or we leave.*

Miles looks puzzled. Wonders what they are saying.

SEÑOR GUTIÉRREZ  
 (in SPANISH)  
*He said it was a fair deal.*

SEÑORA GUTIÉRREZ  
 (in SPANISH)  
*We took great care of that car.*

Miles pauses for a moment. Then,

MILES  
 (in flawless SPANISH)  
*You have taken wonderful care of  
 your car, Señora Gutiérrez. That is  
 why I was able to get you the extra  
 two-fifty. This is a really good  
 deal. Trust me.*

SEÑORA GUTIÉRREZ  
 Oh my.

Señor Y Señora Gutiérrez are shocked that this blue-eyed,  
 pale gringo has such a grasp of the language.

MILES (V.O.)  
 Seriously? Born and raised in South  
 Texas, selling cars on the  
 Southside for seventeen years and  
 you don't think I can speak fuckin'  
 Spanish? *Chúpame la verga!*

SEÑOR GUTIÉRREZ  
 You speak Spanish quite well.

MILES  
 Mother's maiden name is Ortega.

Miles puts the contract in front of Señor Gutiérrez.

MILES (CONT'D)  
 Sign right here and I will have you  
 on your way in your new car. They  
 are washing it right now for you.

As Señor Gutiérrez signs we notice that Miles, still holding  
 the contract, is covering one of the lines with his THUMB.

EXT. THE LOT - LATER

CLOSE ON a smiling jowly face, under a Serratelli buckskin  
 cowboy hat and puffing on a Finck's cigar. This is TINY MAC,  
 mid-60s and damn near pushing 425 pounds.

VOICE (O.C.)  
OK, Tiny. We're ready.

He is flanked by THREE BIKINI MODELS - one Hispanic, one White, one Black - that make Hooter's Girls look Amish.

WIDER: It is a commercial shoot. A JIB CAMERA comes into frame to begin the shot.

VOICE (O.C.) (CONT'D)  
And in three... two...

The Man comes to life and begins one of the many televised sales pitches that have made him a legend for decades.

TINY MAC  
Hello South Texas. Tiny Mac here,  
and do I have a deal for you.

Tiny begins walking down the row of cars. The jib cam stays a few feet in front of him as it leads him down the path. The Bikini models stay next to him step for step.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
I am closing the lot early tonight  
in preparation for the greatest  
sale we have ever had in our forty  
year history. I kid you not.

Tiny stops in front of each car he describes.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
Just look at these prices. Here's a  
2014 Chevy Malibu for ten-nine, a  
hundred and thirty bucks a month.

The models style next to each car with Carol Merrill hands.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
Here is a 2010 Chevy Aveo for seven-  
nine. Ninety-five dollars a month.  
And I didn't become the truck king  
of South Texas by accident.

The Hispanic Model is having trouble keeping up. Appears her bikini top is way too small for her more than ample breasts.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
Doesn't matter if you are a Ford  
man or a Chevy man. I've got  
Silverados, F-150s, King Cabs,  
Tundras and tons more.

Tiny and Models come to a stop in front of a Toyota Tundra.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)

We open tomorrow at 6 a.m. Bring the kids. We have face painting, a moon bounce. Jaimie The Puffy Taco and Bing Bang the clown. The Tiny Mac Bikini Team. We finance anybody. Bad credit; no credit. Hell, we're all Texans. We will have you driving a top of the line pre-owned car, van, or truck. Same location for forty years. South of San Antonio, off 281, take the Jim Bowie exit and head for the giant Armadillo.

Here's his big closer...

TINY MAC (CONT'D)

I'll even do my belly dance.

Tiny undulates his gut with amazing muscle control. You sort of want to look away... but you just can't.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)

Tiny Mac's Lone Star Motors: The Home Of The Giant Armadilla'.

He finishes with a flourish, the girls style behind him. They HOLD the pose and one of the Hispanic Model's breasts POPS right out of her bikini top.

VOICE (O.S.)

And, cut.

A BEAT. Then laughter. Tiny looks over at the Hispanic Model who hasn't noticed her wardrobe malfunction.

TINY MAC

Never upstage the cars, Darlin'.

He casually tucks her breast back into her bikini top. The Model is somewhere between shock and embarrassment. Tiny rubs his enormous gut with both hands.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)

You know, this all turns to dick when I get a hard on.

INT. SALESMAN'S LOUNGE

The room is dark save for the flickering light of an older model TELEVISION SET.

Solana and one of the other JOB APPLICANTS are sitting in the front row of folding chairs watching the screen. The LIGHT flickers off their faces.

TINY MAC (O.C.)  
 (from the TV)  
 Welcome to the Lone Star Motors  
 family. And we are a family.

ANGLE ON TELEVISION SCREEN

The videotape (yes, videotape) they are watching is about 15 years old. Tiny is standing in front of cars of that era and is a little less long in the tooth. Still fat, though.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
 (on screen)  
 First rule, we don't sell used  
 cars, we sell "pre-owned" cars.  
 Now, get out a piece of paper --

Solana takes out a paper and follows Tiny's directions.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
 -- fold it lengthwise and then in  
 half. Like this. This is your four-  
 square sheet. The four square sheet  
 is your friend. It helps you  
 negotiate.

MILES (V.O.)  
 I'll be the first to admit it is a  
 unique way to do business.

EXT. THE LOT - AFTERNOON

Miles is showing a HISPANIC RANCHER a Chevy Pick-Up Truck.

MILES (V.O.)  
 You don't go into Whataburger and  
 haggle over a what-a-meal.

EXT. BACK LOT - CONTINUOUS

Hector is showing the Nun a 2015 DODGE CARAVAN by the back fence. She is inspecting it like a NASCAR crew chief. Some HORSES graze on the other side of the fence.

MILES (V.O.)  
 It all started with the horse.

EXT. THE LOT - SERIES OF SHOTS

Edmund is showing a truck to an AIR FORCE CADET. Byrd is demonstrating the trunk release feature to a MOM with THREE YOUNG KIDS. Louis eyeballs LAMAR finessing a YOUNG COUPLE.

MILES (V.O.)

Before the car, everybody wanted a horse. Needed a horse. You were judged by the horse you rode. How fast. How strong. What color. What breed. An industry was born.

INT. BASEMENT - SIMULTANEOUS

Solana is absorbing every word from the instructional videotape. Taking notes like a fiend.

MILES (V.O.)

But not every horse had the same value. Seller wants to get the most for his horse; buyer wants to get the most for his buck. So, seller starts out high.

BACK ON HECTOR AND THE NUN.

MILES (V.O.)

Buyer starts out low. Salesman exaggerates the horse's quality. Buyer looks for flaws. They haggle back and forth until the sale is made. Same for horse carriages.

HECTOR

You know what I do in situations like these? I ask myself, W.W.J.D? What Would Jesus Drive?

The Nun stares at Hector.

MILES (V.O.)

When the horseless carriage came along - the car - the horse sellers just switched over. Started selling automobiles.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING

SLOW PUSH across the lot to the top story, corner window of the Main Building.

MILES (V.O.)

And they sold them the same way.

In the window is Tiny Mac, puffing away on his cigar, looking over his empire.

MILES (V.O.)

The car salesman is just a modern  
day horse trader. No more; no less.

EXT. THE BACK LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

The part of the lot the customers never see. Where cars are washed, repaired, cobbled together from old parts. There are tires, junkers and parts everywhere.

Edmund is at the window of a FOOD TRUCK receiving a CARNE GUISADA TACO. He is about to take a bite when a HAND comes into frame and violently shoves it in his face.

EDMUND

Hey, *pendejo*, that's my fuckin'  
lunch, man.

REVEAL: The hand belongs to Miles. He is pissed.

MILES

Way I heard it you already had  
lunch. Blew off an Up for it.

EDMUND

She was a one-legger, O'Reilly. I  
was with her for like an hour.  
Showed her twenty cars.

MILES

Twenty cars? Really? In an hour?

EDMUND

Yeah, *Holmes* --

MILES

Don't *Holmes* me. I'm not one of  
your homeys. I am your team leader  
and your closer, shithead.

EDMUND

Damn, O'Reilly. The lady kept  
saying she had to check with her  
husband.

(RE: his taco)

Shit, you got it on my tie.

MILES

Did you offer to call her husband?  
Did you ask what he did for a  
living?

(MORE)

MILES (CONT'D)

How long they've been married? Did you offer to demo the car over to his office so he could come out and see it? City ain't that big. Was she wearing a ring?

EDMUND

Jesus, relax.

MILES

You seem to relax enough for the both of us. One legging is the easiest out for a woman. "I need to check with my boyfriend." "My husband will kill me if I don't check with him first." I need to ask my brother." Fuck, Edmund, pull your head out of your ass. Buyers are liars. Most one-leggers aren't one-leggers at all.

EDMUND

Pretty sure this one was, O'Reilly.

MILES

Then how did Lamar get away selling her a fucking car?

EDMUND

Lamar did?

MILES

PT Cruiser. Three pound voucher.

EDMUND

Shit man. Three grand? That's not cool. I dibbed her. She was my Up.

Edmund goes to bite what's left of his taco. Miles bats it out of his hand into the dirt.

MILES

She was a lay down with a 680 credit score, dumbass. Not married. She bullshitted you.

EDMUND

Still, Lamar shouldn't've poached her. What are you gonna do?

MILES

Not me. You. What are you gonna do about it? A message needs to be sent. So figure something out.

EDMUND  
 (without a clue)  
 I will. I can promise you that.

INT. STAIRWELL

Tiny Mac is lumbering up the stairs to his office. He is being trailed by the clip board carrying GENERAL MANAGER: ENRIQUE CASTILLO, 50. He is Tiny's number two on the lot.

TINY MAC  
 I want those arrows removed from  
 Dilly tonight. God damn kids.

ENRIQUE  
 I'm on it, Tiny.

Reaching the first landing, Tiny pauses to catch his breath. It ain't easy getting his body up the stairs.

TINY MAC  
 We should get an escalator in this  
 sumbitch.

INT. TINY'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

ECU of JOHN WAYNE'S FACE on a Mexican BLACK VELVET PAINTING. It is Rooster Cogburn from "True Grit." Eye patch, red bandana. Steely look of determination. Tiny's hero.

QUICK SHOTS: John Wayne bust, John Wayne lamp, John Wayne movie stills, more John Wayne paintings etc. Feels like we are in a John Wayne Museum.

The DOOR OPENS. Tiny and Enrique enter. Tiny heads straight for his mahogany desk and plops down into his reenforced leather desk chair. A loud GUST of air is forced from the upholstery.

ENRIQUE  
 ... City council is looking at  
 annexing again.

TINY MAC  
 Call the mayor's office and  
 schedule a lunch. Fuckin'  
 extraterritorial jurisdiction.

Tiny flips the head back on a ceramic John Wayne bust to reveal it is a cigar holder. He picks himself out a good one.

TINY MAC (CONT'D)  
 Time was you bought a politician  
 and they stayed bought.

Tiny bites the end off his cigar and spits it into a John Wayne trash can. Lights it with a John Wayne desktop lighter.

ENRIQUE

A hundred units come in tomorrow.  
Gooze wants to add two salesman  
starting tomorrow. One on Byrd's  
team; one on O'Reilly's. I did  
their final interview and they have  
potential. Especially the girl.

TINY MAC

The one with the tits?

ENRIQUE

All women have tits, Tiny.

TINY MAC

The one with the nice tits?

ENRIQUE

Yeah. Solana Ortiz.

TINY MAC

Sounds good. Ain't like we are  
paying salaries. I do love a  
commission only sales force.

EXT. BACK LOT - LATE AFTERNOON

ECU on several dozen top of the line NECKTIES.

MAN (O.C.)

Look what I have here for you fine,  
gentleman. Designer *corbatas*.

WIDER: The TIE MAN stands behind a FLAT CART, attached to a very "pre-owned" bicycle, displaying his beautiful ties. A group of Salesman gather.

TIE MAN

Name brands, *amigos*.

Miles, Hector and Louis make their way toward the cart.

HECTOR

That fuckin' nun man. She made me  
all nervous and shit.

LOUIS

(to Miles; laughing)  
He actually asked her: what would  
Jesus drive. I'm thinking BMW.

(MORE)

LOUIS (CONT'D)

With a bouncing head chihuahua in  
the window. And some rims?

MILES

You demo her? What was she looking  
for? What parish? What order?

HECTOR

St. Cecilia's. No, man. She's  
looking for a van for the school. I  
dunno. Orphans and shit. I shot her  
an atomic pencil --

MILES

You atomic penciled a nun?

LOUIS

Nuns are one-leggers married to  
God, man.

HECTOR

No. I started high but I felt  
weird, *Ese*. I was an alter boy.

LOUIS

Should have told her a priest tried  
to suck your dick when you were a  
*muchacho*. Church pays big for that.

The three men arrive at the cart. Miles checks out the ties.

TIE MAN

Brioni. Charvet, *Amigo*. Ten bucks a  
piece. Three for twenty-five.

Miles flips a GREEN TIE over and checks out the label.

MILES

Are these counterfeit?

TIE MAN

(offended)

Counterfeit? No! They're stolen.

INT. MILES OFFICE - LATER

Miles is leaning back in his chair, on the phone, examining  
his new ties while on hold.

MILES

(into phone)

Mr. Guerra. I'm looking over the  
paperwork and it looks good.

MILES' POV: The paperwork on his desk has nothing to do with cars. Appears to be real estate related. Loan paper. Permit requests. A PHOTO of a PARCEL OF LAND. A BUSINESS CARD.

MILES (CONT'D)  
 (into phone)  
 Property still available?... Great.  
 No. No. Not at all. Very serious. I  
 am gathering financing as we speak.

Enrique appears in the doorway.

ENRIQUE  
 O'Reilly, I have someone I want --

MILES  
 (into phone)  
 Mr. Guerra, I am going to have to  
 call you back. But, rest assured,  
 interest remains high. OK. Bye.

Miles hangs up.

ENRIQUE  
 I love this guy. Always working.  
 Miles O'Reilly, I'd like you to  
 meet your newest team member.

MILES  
 Whoa, Ricky. My team is full.

Solana tentatively pokes her head in.

ENRIQUE  
 This is Solana Ortiz. Solana, meet  
 Miles O'Reilly. Your team leader.

Enrique is beaming. Solana extends her hand.

SOLANA  
 Mister O'Reilly. It is my pleasure.

ECU: Miles' takes Solana's hand like a man asking a woman to dance. His left hand comes to rest on top of hers. It is the O'Reilly touch.

MILES  
 Solana? Hello.

ENRIQUE  
 Tested off the charts on the  
 S.Q.P.T. And look at her. She used  
 to sell swimsuits.

Solana blushes a bit, but mostly for show.

SOLANA

I know you won't be disappointed.

Miles stares at Solana. Too young for a personal conquest but having a woman on the team might benefit his overall numbers.

MILES

Okay then.

EXT. THE LOT - A SHORT TIME LATER

Miles and Solana are walking through the rows of cars. Solana is having difficulty keeping up in her heels.

MILES

Know the inventory. There are as many as nine hundred cars here at any given time. Sold ones go out; new ones take their place. Someone asks you if we have a 2013 green Ford Fiesta you need to know. Check the inventory sheets and sales board hourly. Know what we have.

(RE: her shoes)

And get some flats. Lady's Foot Locker has girl referee shoes. Get a pair. Get two. Keep a pair in your desk. Fuck-me pumps on the sales floor; ref shoes on the lot.

EXT. THE POINT - SIMULTANEOUS

Miles' Crew (Hector, Edmund, Louis and Juan) are gathered around the outdoor ashtray smoking cigarettes and watching Miles and Solana from afar. Edmund is eating a taco.

HECTOR

There she is: The new team member.

EDMUND

I'd eat a mile of her *caca* just to see where it came from.

JUAN

What wouldn't you eat?

EDMUND

It's my metabolism, *Ese*.

LOUIS

But we have five. Teams are five. Is someone going down?

EDMUND  
She's going down if I know  
O'Reilly.

EXT. BACKLOT - MOMENTS LATER

Solana is trying to keep up. Miles quickens his pace.

MILES  
This is the sausage factory. Cars  
come in, get prepped, get sold.

Miles points to an open GARAGE.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Montoya and his crew patch up  
beaters and make Frankensteins.

SOLANA  
Frankensteins?

MILES  
Take the engine out of one and put  
it in another. Switch out seats.  
Take two shitty cars and turn it  
into one. We sell them to roaches.  
Everybody's gotta drive something.

ANGLE ON: THE GARAGE as a shower of sparks fly from a DODGE CARAVAN. The man holding the BLOWTORCH is menacing even in his Lone Star Motors overalls. The blue bandana and gang tattoos are downright frightening. This is MONTOKYA.

Montoya stands and arches his back. He gets eye contact with Miles and flashes him a sign: FOUR FINGERS on his SHOULDER.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - SIMULTANEOUS

Byrd, Lamar and TWO SALESMAN are gathered around their new TEAM MEMBER: REGGIE HERNANDEZ. He is the man that watched the training video with Solana.

Byrd hands him a LAPEL PIN of a BIRD.

LAMAR  
Welcome to Team Byrd.

EXT. THE LOT - SIMULTANEOUS

Miles is putting a SHAMROCK LAPEL PIN on Solana's blouse.

SOLANA  
Thanks for earlier. It helped.

MILES

They value confidence. And greed.

SOLANA

I can't believe I am starting on  
the biggest sales day of the year.

Miles smiles at her naïveté and hands her a note pad.

MILES

Every Saturday is the biggest sales  
day of the year, Green Pea. Walk  
the lot. Write down every single  
car. Big day tomorrow.

Solana looks out at the acres of cars. Wow.

MILES (CONT'D)

Know your inventory.

EXT. FRONT ENTRANCE - EARLY EVENING

Miles is in his car, a 1964 RED CORVETTE CONVERTIBLE, and  
pulling off the lot at the end of the day.

We CRANE up to see an EXTENSION LADDER leaning against the  
giant armadillo as The Mexican Valets PLUCK out the arrows.

INT. CORVETTE - CONTINUOUS

Miles has papers strewn on the passengers seat. He glances at  
them, dials a number on his cell, lights a cigarette.

MILES (V.O.)

Selling cars isn't exactly a nine  
to five. You want to make money --  
and I mean a lot of money -- it  
requires an after hours work ethic.

A PICK-UP TRUCK pulls alongside the Corvette. A SEXY GIRL in  
a COWBOY HAT leans out the passenger side window and YELLS:

SEXY GIRL

I love your car.

MILES

Thank you. You wanna buy it?

SEXY GIRL

Is it for sale?

MILES

Everything's for sale, Darlin'.

The Girl smiles.

MILES (CONT'D)

(into phone)

Mrs. Lamoreno? *Hola, Cómo estás?*  
*Si, si.* Miles O'Reilly from Lone  
 Star Motors. Wanted to see if you  
 were still in the market for a car.

INT. ST. CECILIA'S CATHOLIC CHURCH

A DOZEN FAITHFUL are scattered in the pews for the seven  
 o'clock mass. Miles KNEELS in a back pew, deep in prayer. One  
 eye pops open above his praying hands.

MILES POV: A group of NUNS are in the front pew. As they  
 stand, we recognize the Nun from the Car Lot.

EXT. ST. CECILIA'S CATHOLIC CHURCH - A SHORT TIME LATER

Miles and the Nun walking together in the parking lot. They  
 stop at the dilapidated Van we saw the Nun driving earlier.

NUN

They stole the third bench right  
 out of it. Here! At the church!

MILES

Huge black market on third rows. So  
 why not just replace the bench?

NUN

Two hundred thousand miles. I say a  
 prayer every time I turn the key.

MILES

(hands her his card)

Come in tomorrow. I'll get you a  
 van. New third row bench, too.

NUN

Miles O'Reilly? Most Irish-  
 Catholics go with saint names.

MILES

My father's a big Miles Davis fan.

NUN

So, Miles Davis O'Reilly: Did you  
 come here tonight to sell me a van?

MILES

Actually, I'm here for a meeting.

Miles gestures to the CHURCH REC CENTER. A small sign reads:  
 "FRIENDS OF BILL W. 8 O'CLOCK."

MILES (CONT'D)  
 I just recognized you from the lot  
 and thought I would say hello.

NUN  
 (not believing him)  
 Well, you better go in then.

EXT. THE LOT - EVENING

Solana, hot and sweaty, has made it to the middle of the lot.  
 She simultaneously jots down the details of a Chrysler  
 LeBaron and rubs her foot. The heels were a bad idea.

MEXICAN VALET (O.S.)  
 This is bullshit, man.

Solana looks up to SEE the Two Mexican Valets SCRAPING the  
 last SHOE POLISHED DIGITS from a car windshield

SOLANA  
 What are you doing?

MEXICAN VALET #2  
*Hola, Seniorita!*

MEXICAN VALET #1  
 We are changing the prices for the  
 sale tomorrow.

SOLANA  
 Seriously? Cutting them?

MEXICAN VALET #1  
 No, jacking them.

MEXICAN VALET #2  
 They all go up five hundred dollars  
 before sale day. Do it every week.

INT. CHURCH REC CENTER

A DOZEN PEOPLE, all wearing name tags, are sitting in folding  
 chairs for an ALCOHOLIC'S ANONYMOUS MEETING. So is Miles.

MILES  
 My name is Miles and I'm an  
 alcoholic.

GROUP  
 Hello, Miles.

MILES

I loved to drink. I mean, it's just what I did. Every night. I'm Irish, so, you know, I guess I figured it was a requirement.

Slight chuckle from the room.

MILES (CONT'D)

Anyway, it just escalated. Started drinking beer in high school. Then I fell in love... with a man.

Miles is getting into it.

MILES (CONT'D)

A man named José Cuervo. Because of that song. You know the one? By Shelly West, I think.

(singing)

*José Cuervo you are a friend of mine; I like to drink you with a little salt and lime.* Remember that one? Doesn't matter. In high school we all went out to Cooter Brown's because they didn't card.

A few nods. It's true. They NEVER carded.

MILES (CONT'D)

One night the house band was playing that song. And so it began. A love affair. Me and José. It was a bumpy one. Got in a few scrapes. A DUI here and there. But I always thought I could handle it. Sowing my wild oats and such. Then, I had that moment of clarity.

(deep slow breath)

A year ago. Well, a year and a day.

Miles holds up a ONE YEAR SOBRIETY CHIP he's been given.

MILES (CONT'D)

It was hot, just like it is now, and I had been out drinking and somehow ended up at an Ice House on the south side. Y'know, where they sell six-packs out the window. Picnic tables, homeboys and kickers alike. That gravel that crunches under your boots with every move you make. So, I've already had a lot of tequila at this point.

(MORE)

## MILES (CONT'D)

It's late. I switch to beer and grab a table. I hear the crunching of gravel behind me and it's this young girl asking me for one of my beers. And she is plastered. Even more than me. So I give her a beer, she sits down and we start talking. I don't even remember about what. She was slurring her speech really bad, I remember that. Hell, I was, too. We were fucked up. Anyway, we end up back at my place. The door isn't even closed and we start tearing each other's clothes off. Two lonely people. Just longing to feel something....

Miles gets eye contact with a PRETTY WOMAN in the group.

## MILES (CONT'D)

... anything. Even for just a night. We fall onto my bed in a fit of passionate, unbridled, lust. I thought we were going to break it. The headboard is slamming against the wall. We're just banging away in a drunken stupor.

ANGLE ON INDIVIDUALS in the group. They are mesmerized.

## MILES (CONT'D)

Next morning, I wake up with one of those headaches where you are just prayin' for death. I look over at the naked girl still asleep on top of the covers and realize I don't even know her name. I figure she probably doesn't know mine, so, we're even, right? I remember mostly that she was just really pretty. I throw on a pot of coffee. I'm already late for work so I figure I better wake this girl and get her out of there. I nudge her a bit. Nothing. I nudge her again and she slowly opens her eyes. Brown. Beautiful brown eyes. Looks around. Trying to get her wits about her and then she starts talking. And I mean, non-stop. Her name is Karen. She lives in Prospect Hill. She's 27 years old. Goes to San Antonio College. On and on and on and on.

(MORE)

## MILES (CONT'D)

But the weird thing about it is, she's still slurring her words. At first, I was thinking she's still hammered. But then I notice a couple of scars right along her hairline, coming down by her ear. Like a cheap, cracked frame around a very pretty picture. So I ask her about it. Turns out, she had been in a car accident and suffered some brain damage. Had three operations. She wasn't retarded, but she was slow, you know? Really slow. Almost like a child. A child in a woman's body.

ANGLE ON the Pretty Girl as a TEAR rolls down her face.

## MILES (CONT'D)

The feeling in the pit of my stomach was the worst pain I had ever experienced. I don't wish it on anybody. I was shaking. I felt like shit, y'know? Like a pig. Like I had taken advantage. What had I done? Something I would never have even considered doing had I been sober that night. That afternoon I came to a meeting. Been coming ever since.

Miles lets his story hang in the air. Not a sound.

## MILES (CONT'D)

The only thing that has kept me going, besides these meetings, has been my job. I pour myself into it. I sell cars at Lone Star Motors. Home of the giant armadillo. In fact, we are having a huge sale tomorrow and, if any of you are interested, I like to take care of my fellow AAers. I have some cards I'll leave on the back table. Ask for me, I'm Miles.

## CHAIRPERSON

(after a long beat)

Are you trying to sell us a car?

Off Miles "Is-that-a-bad-thing?" look.

EXT. SOUTH TEXAS LANDSCAPE - LATER

Way South of the city. Another ten miles south of the lot. Land for as far as the eye can see. STARS light up the sky.

A SIGN, lit by TWO SMALL FLOODLIGHTS, reads: **"GUERRA PROPERTIES, 10+ ACRES, BUY OR LEASE, 210-545-6511. Ask for Francisco."** June Bugs and Moths dance in the luminescence.

WIDER: Miles, bottle of Corona in hand, walks the property, pacing off distances like he's measuring for a homestead. He stares out at the night. His vision is ripe with promise.

MILES

(as he's rehearsed a dozen  
times in his head)

Hello again, friends. Miles  
O'Reilly here at O'Reilly Motors  
telling you to come on down and get  
the deal of a lifetime.

Miles pauses and self-consciously chuckles as he drains the contents of his Corona bottle and sits it on the property's FOR LEASE sign. Walking away, he turns, pulls out a Beretta 92 pistol from his waistband and fires. The bottle EXPLODES.

EXT. MESSAGE PARLOR TRAILER - NIGHT

A flashing NEON SIGN announces that this is ELEANOR'S FULL BODY MESSAGE SPA. It is a trailer surrounded by chain link fence and a gate monitored with a broken security camera. Miles' Corvette is parked out front.

INT. MESSAGE PARLOR BEDROOM

As tacky as you imagine. Lots of red. Miles stands at the foot of a bed containing an ATTRACTIVE PROSTITUTE in what passes at K-Mart as provocative boudoir attire.

PROSTITUTE

(coy)

How much are you looking to spend?

MILES

A hundred bucks?

PROSTITUTE

Up to?

A smile crosses Miles face. This is a regular routine.

MILES

Depends. I dunno. One-fifty, maybe.

The Prostitute lowers a shoulder strap on her teddy.

PROSTITUTE

I have just what you are looking  
for. High performance for sure, but  
I think you can handle it.

MILES

What color is the interior?

PROSTITUTE

(very seductive)  
Pink.

She lowers the other strap, exposing her breasts.

MILES

One-fifty seems like a lot.

PROSTITUTE

Oh, you'll feel every dollar of  
that extra fifty. It's turbo  
charged. And tight. Why don't you  
take a peek under the hood?

Miles lifts the sheet and looks under it. Examining.

MILES

I don't know. Looks like it has a  
LOT of mileage on it.

PROSTITUTE

(mock hurt)  
Hey!!!  
(spreading her legs)  
It'll be the ride of your life.

MILES

Not sure if I'm ready to commit.

PROSTITUTE

(enough; playfully)  
Are you gonna fuck me or what?

MILES

(smiling; ironically)  
I fuck everybody.

EXT. THE LOT - LATE NIGHT

Solana is writing notes on the very last car. Exhausted she  
leans up against the car and surveys her new environment. She  
glances at her watch and takes a deep breath.

SOLANA

What on earth have you gotten  
yourself into, girl?

INT. MASSAGE PARLOR BEDROOM

As promised, Miles is getting the ride of his life. Clear from his face, however, that he enjoyed the haggling more than he is enjoying the sex. He is all about making the deal.

MILES

Are you still driving that Mustang?

INT. APARTMENT BATHROOM - EARLY MORNING

Miles is shaving in the mirror. From the other room, we hear a scene from David Mamet's **GLENGARRY GLENN ROSS**. Miles mouths along with Alec Baldwin. It is his morning ritual.

MILES AND TELEVISION

"A-B-C. A-always, B-be, C-closing.  
Always be closing! Always be  
closing!! A-I-D-A. Attention,  
interest, decision, action. --"

CAM PUSHES IN on Miles' steely resolve in the mirror.

EXT. THE LOT - FIVE A.M.

A WORKER is hosing off the pavement. A MOON BOUNCE is inflating. BARBECUE GRILLS are being lit. Front of lot cars are being repositioned. The calm before the storm. We HEAR:

ALEC BALWIN'S VOICE (O.S.)

"Attention: do I have your  
attention? Interest: are you  
interested? I know you are 'cause  
it's fuck or walk. You close or you  
hit the bricks! Decision: have you  
made your decision for Christ? --"

INT. BASEMENT - CONTINUOUS

CAM pans the faces of the Salesman as they reverently watch the **GLENGARRY GLENN ROSS** scene play out on the television. Incapable of getting the irony they view it with admiration.

ALEC BALDIN'S VOICE

-- And action. A-I-D-A; get out  
there! You got the prospects comin'  
in; you think they came in to get  
out of the rain? A guy don't walk  
on the lot lest he wants to buy.

(MORE)

ALEC BALDIN'S VOICE (CONT'D)  
 Sitting out there waiting to give  
 you their money! Are you gonna take  
 it? Are you man enough to take it?"

The Salesman cheer. High five. Chest bump. They are ready!

CAM FINDS Solana, dressed conservative but sexy, holding a  
 pair of ref shoes in one hand and her note book in the other.

HECTOR  
 Hey, Green Pea.

Hector points to his shamrock pin.

SOLANA  
 Good morning. I'm Solana Ortiz.

Juan and Louis join them. All three check out Solana like men  
 recently released from prison.

JUAN  
 Not yet. You're just Green Pea for  
 now. Until we say different.

HECTOR  
 You sell some cars. You get a name.

Enrique, the GM, stands in front of the SALES BOARD.

ENRIQUE  
 OK, Ladies. *Cállate*. We have an  
 overabundance of product.

Miles enters and stands in the back of the room. Solana is  
 relieved to see him.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)  
 So we have adjusted this month's  
 sales contest. Second prize, as  
 always, remains --

Enrique holds up a cheap set of SIX STEAK KNIVES.

ALL  
 -- steak knives.

The Salesman all laugh. This is tradition. Never gets old.

ENRIQUE  
 That's right! First prize remains  
 the Port A fishing trip. However,  
 we have added a one-day incentive.  
 A hundred cars coming in tonight.  
 (MORE)

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

We do not have room for those  
unless you move a hundred today.

Enrique moves to an old CHALK BOARD.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Never been done. Not in a day. So,  
whichever team moves the most units  
today, and we reach the one hundred  
total, will have their commissions  
for the month bumped to twenty-five  
percent.

BYRD

Sweet, Jesus!

This is huge. All of the Salesman sit up, surprised. Some  
grin; some giggle; some probably have erections.

Enrique flips the chalk board to REVEAL the other side: Each  
Team name is written across the side with blanks where the  
number of UNITS SOLD will be filled in.

LAMAR

The WHOLE month. Retroactively?  
That include minis?

ENRIQUE

Whole month. Retroactively. And,  
yes, that includes minis.

EDMUND

That's what I'm talking about.

ENRIQUE

The contest ends when the inventory  
pulls onto the back lot. It's  
coming up from Brownsville.  
Depending on the line at the  
Internal Border Patrol checkpoint --

Hispanic Salesmen chuckle. They have all been stopped there.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

-- I'd say you have 'til about nine  
P.M. Goes on team totals, gents.

HECTOR

Mo-ther-fuck-er!

BYRD

Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hold up.  
O'Reilly's team has an extra  
salesman. That's not fair.

MILES

A green pea don't count.

BYRD

The fuck it don't. My fifth is a green pea. Why does that count?

ENRIQUE

Edmund Aguirre will not be on the lot today. Not as a salesman.

They all know where this is going. Solana is puzzled.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Edmund, due to lack of sales and three bad comment cards, including one that says,

(reading card)

"The salesman we dealt with needs to brush his teeth and be less stingy with the deodorant."

The Salesman JEER. They love seeing someone else taken out.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Edmund will be in the suit.

Enrique holds up the PUFFY TACO costume. THUNDEROUS APPLAUSE. Nothing like peer humiliation to punish and motivate. Edmund looks to O'Reilly for help. He doesn't get any.

ENRIQUE (CONT'D)

Let's sell some cars boys. Let's sell some motherfuckin' cars.

EXT. SOUTH TEXAS LANDSCAPE - DAYBREAK

An expanse of land close to the Texas-Mexican border. An array of PREVIOUSLY OWNED VEHICLES are being loaded onto 18-WHEELER TRAILERS for transport.

Among the WORKERS, we SEE a MEXICAN FAMILY -- THREE ADULTS and one YOUNG BOY watching the event. Each carry a KNAPSACK.

EXT. THE LOT

The Lot is beginning to purr. About fifty "UPS" are looking at cars, KIDS are jumping in the MOON BOUNCE, getting their faces painted, fajitas are grilling, a TEJANO BAND plays.

ANGLE ON: JAIMIE THE PUFFY TACO holding a "BIG SALE" sign and dancing under the Giant Armadillo to entice passers-by. Good thing they can't hear what Edmund is saying inside.

EDMUND  
 (from inside the suit)  
*Chinga tu madre. Hijo de tu puta madre. Chingada madres.*

EXT. THE POINT - SIMULTANEOUS

Miles pep talking his crew: Hector, Juan, Louis and Solana.

MILES  
 Close quickly. Bring me in early.  
 We are talkin' numbers here. But we  
 are also talking percentages. So  
 don't be giving the shit away.  
 (to Solana)  
 You ready, Green Pea? Any questions  
 you find me. It's baptism by fire.  
 (to everyone)  
 Now rip their fuckin' heads off.

EXT. THE LOT

Lamar has a HISPANIC COUPLE and their TWO KIDS looking at a  
 HYUNDAI just behind Edmund in the Taco Costume.

LAMAR  
 If you buy this today I can get you  
 two ninety-nine a month.

As the Couple gets in the car Lamar calls the Kids over.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
 See Jaimie the Puffy Taco over  
 there? Well, every time you kick  
 him he'll give you a piece of  
 candy. But you gotta kick him  
 really, really hard.

The Kids run toward Edmund. Lamar smiles.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
 What do you say we head into my  
 office and start the paperwork?

Lamar and the Couple head inside as we HEAR:

EDMUND (O.S.)  
 Hey, what are you doing? Get away  
 from me *niños*. Stop that! Hey!

EXT. TINY'S OFFICE - A SHORT TIME LATER

Tiny is smoking a cigar and looking out the window. Enrique  
 stands by the desk.

ENRIQUE  
Twenty-five percent lit a fire.

TINY MAC  
Greed, Ricky. Never underestimate  
the motivation of pure greed. Greed  
and pussy. It's all there is.

INT. EMPLOYEE BATHROOM

CLOSE ON: A MAKE-UP SPONGE being dabbed in water and then a  
WHITE MAKE-UP BASE. BING BANG the clown is stressed, dressed  
and applying his CLOWN FACE MAKE-UP very quickly.

INT. A DIFFERENT BATHROOM

MATCHING SHOT: A MAKE-UP SPONGE is applying a LIGHT BLUE base  
to a different Hispanic FACE. Could be a child's.

EXT. THE LOT - SHORT TIME LATER

Bing Bang The Clown comes bolting out the front doors and  
runs past Byrd and Lamar to take his position.

LAMAR  
Got me a manicure last night. Look  
at these fingers, man. Screams  
success, you know what I'm saying?

Lamar holds up his hands to admire. We notice a STAR SAPPHIRE  
ring on his right hand.

BYRD  
(to Bing Bang)  
Better get to balloon bending,  
Clown. I want me a puppy dog.

LAMAR  
Grown man making a living that way.

EXT. VALET STAND

An OLDER MAN gets out of his car. Surveys the lot. He looks  
startled.

MAN'S POV: FIVE SALESMAN are coming at him at a near run. Off  
the Man's panicked expression...

**MUSIC:** The strains of the LONE STAR MOTORS' THEME (think Cal  
Worthington, but tackier) begin and continue through MONTAGE.

SINGERS (O.S.)  
*If you're fed up with the wearing  
 on your heels; come on in, look  
 around, do we have deals --*

EXT/INT. THE LOT - VARIOUS LOCATIONS

MONTAGE of the Salesman:

Louis demonstrates the automatic door function on a minivan. Hector is greeting a couple of AIR FORCE CADETS. Solana nervously approaching her first Up.

SINGERS  
*-- 'cause you gotta get around, get  
 your dog out of the pound, deals  
 and steals they do abound,  
 don'tcha'know we're world renowned,  
 you can trade your wedding gown --*

A HAND updates THE BOARD. Byrd's Team has sold 5; O'Rielly's Team 4. No wait. Hand erases then writes a 5. The other TEAMS have sold just a few.

Miles has an UP sign a contract. His THUMB covers the rate.

A CUSTOMER shakes Solana's hand. Solana gestures for the Customer to head inside and, once his back is turned, Solana jumps up and down very quickly. Jubilance. Her first sale.

Lamar, for Edmund's benefit, mimes BANGING a FEMALE CUSTOMER from behind as she checks out the car's interior.

THE BOARD: Byrd: 8; O'Reilly: 7. Others have less.

The 18 Wheelers with the inventory motor up I-35.

Tiny is in his office looking over PAPERWORK. He sings different lyrics to the Jingle.

|                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| SINGERS (cont'd) (CONT'D)   | TINY MAC                    |
| -- I'll sell you once; I'll | -- I'll fuck you once; I'll |
| sell you twice. Come back   | fuck you twice. Come back   |
| again and I'll sell you     | again and I'll fuck you     |
| thrice --                   | thrice --                   |

Montoya and his CREW are lifting the THIRD BENCH SEAT out of a BLUE MINI-VAN.

A YOUNG COUPLE in an office look through the glass as Lamar and Gooze appear to argue at the Tower.

Miles hands a CONTRACT to a MAN in a WHEELCHAIR in the FINANCE DEPT. A TWENTY DOLLAR BILL is paper clipped to the corner. The two men WINK at each other.

Louis approaches a SAD LOOKING WOMAN next to a low end car.

SINGERS (CONT'D)  
*-- our truck and vans they sure are  
 yummy --*

TINY MAC (O.C.)  
 (singing off the track)  
*-- buy a car and I'll shake my  
 tummy --*

SINGERS  
*-- don't be scared; it ain't  
 godzilla; just the home of the  
 giant armadillo, aren't you glad  
 this ain't Amarillo; it's Lone Star  
 Motors!!!*

As the last NOTE of the song hangs in the air we END MONTAGE.

INT. SHOWROOM - AFTERNOON

Hector and Miles walking through the chaos.

HECTOR  
 We have eleven. Byrd has twelve.

MILES  
 It's early yet.

HECTOR  
 No it ain't. Those trucks could  
 pull in any minute.

MILES  
*No seas maricón.* Relax.

They turn and enter --

INT. GLASSED CUBICLE - CONTINUOUS

-- a small office. A REDNECK in a TEXAS A&M T-SHIRT stands.

HECTOR  
 Mr. Carlson, this is my boss.

Miles gives the REDNECK a firm, confident handshake.

MILES  
 Pleasure to meet you. A&M grad?

MR. CARLSON  
Class of '87.

Miles pridefully shows off the A&M ring on his finger.

MILES  
Class of '95. Aggies never lie,  
cheat or steal.

INT. DIFFERENT OFFICE - SOME TIME LATER

Miles enters a small office with Juan. A WOMAN wearing a burnt orange LONGHORNS T-SHIRT stands. Miles takes her hand in his. The O'Reilly touch. He is wearing a UT ring.

MILES  
UT? I was class of '97. Lived in  
Dobie Hall. Let's see what I can do  
for my fellow Longhorn.

EXT. HIGHWAY CHECKPOINT - DAY

Our inventory filled 18-Wheelers are at the INTERNAL BORDER PATROL CHECKPOINT. An AGENT walks the length of the rig.

INT. MILES' OFFICE

MILES  
(on phone)  
Mr. Guerra, hello, I should have an  
infusion of capital for a down  
payment. Call me back when you get  
a chance.

Solana sticks her head in.

SOLANA  
I have a grinder on a mini.

INT. GLASSED CUBICLE - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Solana is at the desk. A young CHOLO in chinos, wife-beater and Spurs cap turned to the side is staring her down. Solana slides a CONTRACT across the desk.

SOLANA  
-- this is the rock bottom price.

CHOLO  
Bullshit. My cousin found it  
cheaper at Red McCombs. I just  
don't want to drive way the fuck  
out there.

Miles sticks his head in.

MILES

Solana, I need the keys to the green Impala. Guy on the phone is willing to pay five hundred over sticker. Guess it is a collector's item or something.

SOLANA

Mr. Montemayor is interested in it.

Miles sizes up the Cholo.

MILES

Well, Mr. Montemayor can't have it. I just sold it on the phone. Keys?

CHOLO

You can't do that!

MILES

This is America. I can do anything I want. Keys?

The Cholo leans forward, grabs a pen and signs the contract.

CHOLO

Car's mine, bitch. So there.

As the Cholo's gang tattooed hand pulls out a roll of HUNDREDS and peels off his down payment, Miles winks at Solana. She stifles a smile. That was pretty cool.

INT. BASEMENT

The HAND writes a "19" next to O'Reilly; then a "20" by Byrd.

EXT. THE POINT - AFTERNOON

Edmund, Taco Head off and drenched in sweat, SMOKES and EATS by the ashtray. Cigarette in one hand; FAJITA in the other.

EDMUND'S POV: Lamar shows an F-150 PICK-UP TRUCK to a couple of COWBOYS. Lamar gives Edmund the finger.

MILES (O.S.)

Better get back out there.

EDMUND

Fuck, O'Reilly, you scared the shit out of me. Fuckin' nigger's selling my Ups, man.

Miles stands a few feet in front of Edmund, SUN to his back so that he is almost a silhouette. Edmund squints up at him.

MILES

Isn't the first time.

EDMUND

Why didn't you stand up for me?

MILES

Stand up for yourself. You haven't moved one car this month. I was better off going with a Green Pea.

EDMUND

Come on, O'Reilly. I've been with you for ten years, man.

MILES

You don't sell, you don't make money. You don't make money; I don't make money. That motherfucker -- and let me put this in terms you understand -- is taking food out of your mouth and you let it happen.

ANGLE ON LAMAR opening the hood on the truck. Selling it.

EDMUND (O.S.)

Guy don't play fair.

MILES (O.S.)

Nobody plays fair.

INT. GLASS CUBICLE

The UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN we saw on the lot earlier is sitting in a chair. Her face is prematurely aged and she is wearing a dress that was probably quite nice a decade ago. She clutches a SEE THROUGH VINYL PURSE in her lap.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN

Most of our money has gone to lawyers and court fees. Had to sell the house but we didn't get much. Already had a second mortgage. We used to be so happy there. I was surviving on hope for the longest time. Now I don't even have that. I've been taking the bus up twice a week. The trip takes so long.

WIDER: REVEAL that Louis is sitting at the desk. He is paying more attention to the Maxim Girls on his computer screen than to the poor woman baring her soul.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
I just want to make sure I can get  
there. My boy needs me.

INT. ANOTHER OFFICE - SIMULTANEOUS

A MEEK YOUNG WOMAN holding an INFANT is in the chair. A TWO-YEAR OLD and a THREE YEAR OLD are on the floor playing. Miles and Juan are at the desk.

MEEK YOUNG WOMAN  
Your sign says you finance anyone.

JUAN  
Yes ma'am, but we need a pay stub.

MEEK YOUNG WOMAN  
I ain't got no pay stub. I clean  
houses for cash. I can make more if  
I can drive to more houses.

JUAN  
Ma'am, we've been over this --

MILES  
You get state assistance? Let me  
see your Lone Star Card.

She fishes in her purse. Hands it to him.

MEEK YOUNG WOMAN  
Whatcha gotta see my card for?

MILES  
Three kids?

MEEK YOUNG WOMAN  
Four.

MILES  
So, what, you get six hundred a  
month? And if you declare your maid  
money they lower that?

The Woman nods.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Here is what you are going to do:  
go to Acosta's Ice House on South  
Presa.

(MORE)

## MILES (CONT'D)

Give the man behind the counter my card. He will ring up one hundred and fifty dollars worth of covered groceries. He gives you the cash; you bring it back here as your down payment. You will do this every month until the car is paid for.

Juan can't believe Miles is screwing the government and this woman at the same time.

## MILES (CONT'D)

You miss one payment and I will personally come take the car from you and you will be right back on the bus. *Usted entiende?* But you have to do it today or no deal.

## EXT. THE POINT

Edmund glares out at the lot, puts his Taco Head back on and begins walking. With purpose.

TRAVELING: Edmund passes Hector greeting AN OLDER UP. Bing Bang the Clown making Balloon Animals for some CHILDREN. Juan putting the Meek Young Woman and her kids into a crappy car. Solana turning on the charm for an AIR FORCE CADET.

WIDER: Edmund is making a beeline for Lamar and the Cowboys.

ANGLE ON LAMAR: Hands on the edge of the hood. He points down at the engine.

## LAMAR

It doesn't get any better than the seven point three liter V-8.

## CLOSE ON ENGINE

A GREEN COSTUMED HAND enters the frame and knocks the hood bar out of place. The heavy F-150 HOOD SLAMS down on --

ECU: -- LAMAR'S RIGHT HAND as the hood SEVERS fingers.

Lamar SCREAMS. Edmund keeps walking.

## LAMAR (CONT'D)

OPEN THE HOOD! OPEN THE HOOD!

The Cowboys stare. Miles, Solana and Byrd rush over. Followed by more Salesman and Ups.

Byrd POPS the hood from the cab. Solana tries to find the release at the front of the hood. She can't. Miles can.

CU: Under the truck engine. As the hood OPENS we SEE three SEVERED FINGERS plop down onto the gravel. One FINGER still has a SAPPHIRE RING on it.

Lamar grabs the wrist of his damaged hand.

LAMAR (CONT'D)  
(sobbing)  
My fingers! Oh my God! My fingers.

Solana takes Lamar's TIE off and makes a tourniquet.

SOLANA  
Get some ice to put his fingers in.

BYRD  
Where the fuck are his fingers?

Miles kneels down to look.

MILES  
Found them.

Hector returns with ice-filled LONE STAR MOTORS COFFEE MUG.

Miles stoops under the truck. Using a handkerchief, he picks up TWO of the severed fingers and jams them into the ice. He picks up the third finger and looks at it. Considering.

Miles stands and hands the cup to Byrd.

MILES (CONT'D)  
Coffee is for closers.

WIDER: Byrd helps the sobbing Lamar over to a bench to wait for an ambulance. The Salesmen wander off. Back to work.

Miles approaches the shell shocked Cowboys.

MILES (CONT'D)  
So, what do you say we write this  
baby up?

WIDER: Edmund dances under the Armadillo and spins his "SALE" sign with renewed vigor.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON HIGHWAY 35

The 18-Wheelers are pulled off to the side of the highway in the middle of nowhere. The DRIVERS are taking a break. One is on his cell phone.

One driver CLIMBS to the second tier of the load. He opens the passenger door of a mini-van. He starts the engine and turns on the air conditioner.

DRIVER  
(into phone)  
*Si. Veinte minutos. Si.*

INT. MILES OFFICE

Miles flips his cell phone shut. Hector and Louis hover in the doorway. Solana hands him a contract to consider.

SOLANA  
I know you said to only do minis  
but this Up is a lay down on the  
Pontiac Fiero. I bumped him up.

MILES  
Look at you with the lingo.

SOLANA  
Lay down means they agree to pay  
sticker, right?

MILES  
Oh, I know what it means. Sell it,  
Green Pea.

HECTOR  
See the board? We're up on Byrd by  
two. Lamar ain't posting any more  
numbers today.

MILES  
Yeah, well let's get some insurance  
units. Go girl.

LOUIS  
Boss, I got a lady giving me a song  
and dance about taking the bus to  
visit her son in prison. I'm not  
buying it. Her credit's for shit.

HECTOR  
Buyers are liars.

Miles takes off his college ring and OPENS a DESK DRAWER.

MILES  
Kid in Huntsville?

INSIDE THE DRAWER...

The tools of his trade. College rings, a star of David on a chain, wedding band, ear buds, a Zippo lighter with Air Force insignia, photos and so on. His props. Miles drops the college ring in the drawer. Followed by a STAR SAPPHIRE ring. He closes the drawer.

LOUIS

Better. Bus to Huntsville... then a cab to Walker County or some shit.

HECTOR

Walker County? *Ay, puñeta.*

LOUIS

What's in Walker County?

MILES

Death Row.

INT. HECTOR'S CUBICLE

The Unhappy Older Woman still sits in her chair clutching her prison purse. Miles and Hector are at the desk.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN

I don't have much money left.

MILES

Something reliable. Dependable.

For the first time, Miles seems off his game. But only a bit.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN

I just want to make sure I am there to hand my baby over to Jesus.

She reaches into her prison purse and takes out a photo.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

Here he is as a boy. He used to climb into my arms, just out of the blue and say --

PHOTO: An 8-YEAR-OLD BOY in a BASEBALL UNIFORM. Smiling.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)

-- "I love you mama." They won't even let me touch him now. Two feet away and I can't touch him.

Miles hands the photo back. He glances at the paperwork on his desk. Sees her name and opens Google on the computer.

COMPUTER SCREEN: Miles types "ROMERO" and "Death Row."

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Make me talk to my baby on a phone  
 through glass. Every time he stills  
 says, "I love you, mama."

COMPUTER SCREEN: A page comes up. Headline reads: "SERIAL  
 RAPIST; MURDERER APPEAL FAILS" "ROMERO EXECUTION DATE SET."  
 The accompanying MUGSHOT is of the devil incarnate.

A TEAR runs down the Woman's cheek. She looks in her prison  
 purse for a tissue.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 I thought I was all cried out.

Miles reaches into his pocket and pulls out his handkerchief.  
 It is still BLOODY and WRAPPED AROUND SOMETHING. He offers  
 her a TISSUE BOX instead.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (CONT'D)  
 Thank you.  
 (beat; considering)  
 You remind me of him. Something  
 about your eyes. You have the same  
 look in your eyes my Ruben has.

EXT. THE LOT - SIMULTANEOUS

A CUTE GIRL looks lost as she wanders about. Byrd approaches.

BYRD  
 Can I help you?

CUTE GIRL  
 Yes, I think so, I'm looking for  
 Miles O'Reilly.

BYRD  
 Of course you are.

We recognize the Cute Girl from the AA Meeting.

INT. SHOWROOM

Miles and Hector are outside the office amidst the chaos.  
 Miles is thinking as Louis stares into his eyes.

MILES  
 What?

HECTOR  
 You DO have the eyes of a criminal,  
 you know. I'm just sayin'.

Solana joins them; check in hand. Proud.

SOLANA

He has a pre-approved check for the full amount from Gleason's.

HECTOR

Fuckin' Green Peas. They get all the luck 'cause they don't know how hard the job is yet.

Miles pulls out his cell phone and starts a text message.

MILES

(to Solana)

Have Gooze verify the check and have him sign.

(to Hector)

Do her a mini. Our good deed for the day.

Miles hits SEND on his phone.

UNHAPPY OLDER WOMAN (O.S.)

I'm going to go. This was a bad idea. I'm sorry I wasted your time.

Mrs. Romero, looking quite fragile, stands in the doorway.

EXT. SOMEWHERE ON HIGHWAY 35

The Driver flips his cell phone shut.

DRIVER

(calling out)

*Vayamos. Rápido! Rápido!*

As the DIESEL engines crank to life a Driver climbs back up to the minivan and shuts its engine off.

INT. CUSTOMER WAITING ROOM

Crowded with UPS waiting and taking a respite from the heat. Our Nun is sitting on an old sofa watching a TELENUELA on the television. Miles approaches her with a CLIPBOARD.

MILES

Sister, I am so sorry for the delay. Your van should be ready in a half hour. All I need is for you to sign here and we are all good.

The Nun examines the contract on the clipboard.

NUN  
New third seat and all?

MILES  
My hand to God!

NUN  
I'll hold you to that! I brought  
you something.

She hands him a small SILVER MEDALLION on a CHAIN.

NUN (CONT'D)  
Saint Frances of Rome. Patron Saint  
of used car salesman.

MILES  
Pre-owned. I though Saint Francis  
was animals.

NUN  
That is Saint Francis of Assisi.  
This is Saint Frances of Rome. HE  
is animals. SHE is car salesman.  
Angels would light her path with  
lanterns to keep her out of harms  
way. Pope Pious gave her to car  
salesman to help keep you on the  
path. Metaphorically. Best deal?

MILES  
On my mother's soul.

She notices a blood stain on Mile's pant leg

NUN  
Are you OK? You're bleeding.

Miles glances down. Blood is seeping through his pocket.

MILES  
No, I'm fine. It's not mine. We had  
a little accident on the lot.

NUN  
Everyone okay?

MILES  
Everyone is just fine. Thanks.

She stares deep into his eyes. Then, signs the contract.

Miles takes the clipboard from her and EXITS. As he heads for the door he pulls the BLOODY HANDKERCHIEF from his pocket and tosses it in a trash can.

ANGLE ON TRASH CAN: The bloody handkerchief sits atop the garbage. Sticking out of it is a FINGER.

INT. GLASS CUBICLE

Miles sticks his head in to find Solana comforting Mrs. Romero. Louis is at the desk.

SOLANA

-- I know buying a car seems trivial right now but your son needs you to be with him.

MRS. ROMERO

He says he doesn't want me there.

SOLANA

(soulfully; carefully)

I know how you feel. My brother was in Huntsville, Mrs. Romero.

Louis looks at Miles. Did he know this? Miles shrugs.

SOLANA (CONT'D)

Robbed a liquor store and one of the boys he was with shot the clerk. My brother, Ramon, got life.

Mrs. Romero takes Solana's hand. She understands the pain.

SOLANA (CONT'D)

He told my mother and me that he didn't want us to see him like that. Didn't want us taking the bus up there. So we didn't go. I kept thinking we should. We were very close. Even as children. But we honored his wishes. There was a scuffle with one of the guards. Ramon was hit on the head very hard. He died in the hospital before we could get up there to see him. If I could do it all over I would have been there every visiting day to remind him that, no matter what he did, he was loved.

Mrs. Romero, deeply moved, hugs Solana.

EXT. THE BACK LOT - SUNSET

The BACK GATES SWINGS OPEN and the 18-Wheelers CHUG through.

Montoya points to the second rig and directs the driver to pull that one forward.

MONTOKA  
I need that White Mini in the  
hanger, *rapido, rapido*.

INT. BASEMENT

A few Salesman are getting coffee. Most are still out on the lot. Guzman and Enrique are at the board.

ENRIQUE  
OK, Ladies. Inventory has arrived  
and the contest is over.

CU: The BOARD shows the stats: **"O'REILLY 27; BYRD 22; MENDEZ 17; SOLIZ: 14; IGLESIAS: 19."**

GOOZE  
Looks like steak knives for Byrd  
and O'Reilly for the win.

ENRIQUE  
Close but no cigar, Gooze.

GOOZE  
What do you mean no cigar?

ENRIQUE  
Add it up. The deal was if a  
hundred were moved. Was it not?

Gooze adds them in his head.

GOOZE  
You have got to be fuckin' kidding.

EXT. THE POINT - SHORT TIME LATER

O'Reilly's Team is gathered - Hector, Louis, Solana and Juan - around Miles. Hector kicks the ashtray. Hard.

HECTOR  
One car? One motherfuckin' car?

SOLANA  
I don't understand. We won, right?

MILES

The twenty-five percent was  
contingent on the hundred cars. We  
still did good. Twenty-seven cars.  
And with a Green Pea? You each got  
your five car bonus. That's  
something.

A RED TOYOTA CAMRY pulls up in front of them.

WOMAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Mr. O'Reilly?

REVEAL: The driver is Gabriela. The Tango woman.

MILES

Miss Eva Longoria.

GABRIELA

Sorry I'm late. My shift ran super  
long. My dad's gonna help me with  
the down payment. I'll take it.

Gabriela pounds the steering wheel with excitement.

HECTOR

There it is. The hundredth car.

Miles walks over to the car. Hector kicks the ashtray again.

In the b.g We SEE Montoya with an overflowing PLATE OF  
FAJITAS from the grill headed toward the back lot. He gets  
eye contact with Miles. Gives a thumbs up. Miles nods.

GABRIELA

Do you have a lost and found? I  
lost my iPod when I was here.

INT. BACK LOT GARAGE

Montoya sits the plate of food on a work table in the garage.  
In the b.g. We notice SEATS still wrapped in plastic. He  
makes sure he is alone. Then, OPENS the door of the minivan.

INT. MINI-VAN

SLOW PAN of the THIRD ROW BENCH SEAT.

MONTOYA (O.S.)

*Es seguro. Relájese. It's OK.*

A PAIR OF BROWN EYES OPEN IN THE SEAT.

WIDER: We HEAR the TEARING of fabric and tape as the BODY belonging to the EYES leans forward coming out of the seat where it has been hidden the entire time.

The TWO SECOND ROW captain seats move. Two PEOPLE have been disguised inside the seats. Their arms are in the armrests.

This is the family we saw standing by the trucks as they were loaded. They all have make-up on their faces so they blend in with the upholstery.

SMUGGLED WOMAN  
*¿Dónde estamos?*

MONTOKA  
*San Antonio, Tejas. En América.*

The Smuggled Family hugs and begins removing their disguises.

SMUGGLED CHILD  
*Tengo hambre.*

Montoya, unmoved by the elation of his cargo, opens the knapsack and takes out a fat envelope containing cash.

EXT. FRONT LOT - EVENING

The lot is dying down. A man cleans the fajita grill. The band is packing up. Bing Bang makes one more balloon animal.

Miles sits on the front steps taking it all in. What a day!

The WHITE MINI-VAN pulls up in front. New seats and all. Montoya gets out and hands Miles the envelope, a little lighter now that Montoya has taken his cut.

MILES  
(calling out)  
Sister. Your chariot awaits.

Our Nun begins walking over to the van as a CHRYSLER LEBARON pulls up next to it. Definitely PRE-OWNED. Solana gets out.

NUN  
Well, Miles Davis O'Reilly, you were true to your word.

MILES  
That's all we have in my business.

Miles opens the door for the Nun. She gets in.

NUN  
Mine, too.

MILES

Safe travels, Sister. Let the angels light the way.

Miles looks UP to SEE Solana leading the still fragile Mrs. Romero to her new "pre-owned" LeBaron.

MILES (CONT'D)

Sister, you got a minute, there is someone I want you to meet.

EXT. MAIN BUILDING - LATER

Miles is back on the steps, taking the last drag of a smoke and snuffing it out.

SOLANA (O.S.)

That was nice what you did.

Miles looks up. Happy to see Solana.

MILES

You did good today, Green Pea.

Solana sits next to him.

SOLANA

I'm serious. Mrs. Romero could use a nun in her life right about now.

The DOOR behind them OPENS.

MAN'S VOICE

There you are, O'Reilly. You want your vouchers or what?

REVEAL: It is the man in the wheel chair from finance: ANTONIO SALINAS. He is holding a stack of RED SLIPS.

ANTONIO

Make me wheel all over the damn lot looking for you. I got yours, too, Green Pea.

He hands Solana her slips. He holds up Miles' slips and starts going through them.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

This. This right here is why you will burn in hell for eternity. You screwed a nun on the back end? I mean, I thought I was a heartless bastard.

(MORE)

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

You poached the F-150 from Lamar while the poor motherfucker is on his way to the hospital AND you forced bad credit insurance on a grieving death row mother --

These are revelations to Solana. She isn't sure if she should be outraged, impressed or envious.

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

-- and, seriously, that piece of shit Camry? You ripped the head off that poor girl. How do you do it?

MILES

It's a gift.

SOLANA

How is Lamar?

ANTONIO

Funny thing, that. They reattached two fingers but they lost the third. Poor bastard's only gonna have nine fingers. Guess he'll get to park next to me from now on. Seriously, O'Reilly, go light a candle. Save your soul.

Antonio spins his wheel chair around to go back in. Then

ANTONIO (CONT'D)

And if you ever try and sell a car to someone in my family, you'll be in one of these. I guarantee.

With that, Antonio disappears inside. After a long beat:

SOLANA

Well, I'll see you tomorrow.

MILES

Bright and early, Green Pea.

Solana stands and takes a few steps. Miles can't help but check out her ass. She is pretty.

MILES (CONT'D)

Oh, hey, Green Pea? Sorry about your brother.

Solana turns to face O'Reilly. Pauses. Then, matter of fact:

SOLANA

I don't have a brother.  
(long beat)  
Good night.

MILES

Good night... Solana.

As Solana disappears into the night Miles fishes in his pocket and takes something out.

Miles places two white EAR BUDS in his ears. We FOLLOW the cord down to see that he has... Gabriela's lost IPOD. He scrolls through her play list. Hits PLAY.

MUSIC: A Tejano Version of LA CARMENCITO" TANGO.

EXT. THE LOT - CONTINUOUS

As the MUSIC continues, we SEE a DOZEN SALESMEN dancing the TANGO with UPS. Very similar to the way Miles was dancing the Tango in the cold open.

They tango between and around the cars. Caminadas, ochos, molinetes. They are pretty good.

ANGLE ON: Miles, suddenly darkened by a SHADOW. He looks up.

REVEAL: The Cute Girl from the AA meeting. She reaches down to take his hand. Miles stands. They begin to Tango.

MILES (V.O.)

It's just a dance. Nothing  
personal. We fuck everybody.

WIDER: To see the entire lot alive with the dance. Miles and the Cute Girl out dance everyone. They are poetry in motion.

We CRANE UP so we can SEE the entire lot and then the Giant Armadillo in the f.g. watching over the largest used car lot in Texas. Oops, I mean "pre-owned."

The Tejano Tango MUSIC is momentarily overshadowed by the sound of...

SFX: SCHWING-PLUNK. SCHWING-PLUNK

... two arrows piercing the chest of the Giant Armadillo.  
Damn kids!

FADE OUT

END OF PILOT EPISODE