

USED CAR JOEY

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FADE IN:

1 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - NIGHT

A dimly lit street with rows of older middle-class homes and chain-link fences. Parked cars line the street.

Around the corner comes JOEY VOLARE, 21, ruffled hair, geeky eyeglasses and a new pair of khakis. He rides a rusty tandem bicycle. Joey's like a deer in the headlights, on speed. He HUMS an indiscernible tune.

A parked silver Honda's engine roars to life as he passes. The headlights flick on. It lurches forward, FANCY RIMS twirling. The Honda bangs a U-turn and zooms behind Joey, inching closer and closer. He peeks over his shoulder.

JOEY

Stay calm. Nothing to worry about.

He pedals as fast as he can. The Honda pops up beside him. The passenger window rolls down. DEATH METAL MUSIC blares. To combat this, Joey HUMS even louder.

Joey looks to his side. Fast food leftovers SPLATTER all over him. Mustard, ketchup, the works. The sound of teens laughing. Joey tries to maintain control of the bike.

JOEY

Gonna be fine...

BAM! Right into a parked car. Joey nearly goes over his handlebars. The silver Honda disappears around the corner. Joey peers down. His pant leg is tangled in the bike chain.

JOEY

I just got these! Motherhugger!

He tugs at the pant leg, it won't budge. Joey spots a store sticker that runs the length of the pant leg, peels it off.

JOEY

Casual fit.

He tugs harder, SPLICING the hem at the seam. Joey loses his balance and FLOPS onto the street.

He's like a crab on his back, trapped under his bike. Car horns BLARE as they breeze by. Joey squirms... finally manages to get up before being crushed.

He catches his breath. Pulls a pickle slice from his hair.

2 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Joey rides his bike to the end of a long driveway. He disappears behind the garage.

He reemerges, snags a hose from the side of the house. SINGS a tune as he rinses the condiments from his hair. From across the street, two men watch from a silver sedan.

3 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Unkempt. Dated furniture. A pickle lands on the dirty floor. Joey, exasperated and soggy, snares it and stuffs it in his pocket.

Baseball memorabilia and knickknacks adorn the walls and end tables. All items are either dusty or crooked. Or both. Frustrated as hell, Joey goes about trying to straighten everything.

He fusses over one PICTURE in particular: Joey (age 10) and his dad (early 40s, hideous used car sales getup), outside of Kabibee's Used Cars. He finally straightens it.

JOEY
(eyes on picture)
Ma?!

BLANCHE (O.S.)
(lifeless)
I'm in here.

Her voice literally sucks the life out of Joey. He sees no choice but to make the picture *crooked* -- only he overdoes it, and the picture CRASHES to the floor. There it joins a host of OTHER destroyed picture frames. A closer look at the WALL: an array of nails scattered about.

One big heap of glass on the ground. Joey casually lifts the end of an ugly area rug, kicks the glass underneath it. It CRUNCHES under his foot as he walks away.

4 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

An old, disgusting, matted-down BUNNY SLIPPER presses down on the pedal of a dated sewing machine. A NEEDLE hammers up and down. BLANCHE VOLARE, 50s going on 80, slender, gray streaks, horn-rimmed glasses, hunches over as she sews.

JOEY (O.S.)
What are you doing?

Blanche RIPS a length of fabric down the middle -- revealing Joey standing in the background. The room is in complete disarray. Scattered newspapers, discarded junk food wrappers, an overflowing ashtray.

JOEY

I thought we talked about this.

BLANCHE

It's not for you. Hand me the scissors.

JOEY

Where?

BLANCHE

Open your eyes.

Joey searches through the debris. A STACK OF BILLS rests on an end table. Joey slides out a pair of scissors from underneath.

JOEY

Did you go through the mail?

BLANCHE

Scissors, please.

Joey stomps over and hands them to her.

JOEY

Ma, there's bills to pay.

Blanche spins, points the SCISSORS at him like a weapon.

BLANCHE

Like death and taxes ain't enough.
We gotta be slaves to somebody else?
And they call this the American dream.
More like a nightmare. You hear me?

JOEY

Maybe I should quit college.

BLANCHE

Now you listen. You think all these sacrifices were for nothing? Huh?

As she rants, Joey peeks around at all her *sacrifices*: A BANANA PEEL on the floor. A USED Q-TIP on the coffee table.

BLANCHE
So you can quit? I won't hear none
of that. You hear me?

JOEY
It's just that...

Blanche JAMS the scissors into the top of the sewing machine.

BLANCHE
What? What?!

Joey waves the stack of bills at Blanche.

JOEY
These aren't suggestions, Ma. They
really want you to pay.

BLANCHE
Tell me something I don't know.

JOEY
This isn't about...?

BLANCHE
That's enough, Joey.

Silence. Blanche turns back to her sewing.

JOEY
Did the paper come?

Blanche reaches behind her and flings a rolled-up newspaper
his way (from a pile of rolled-up papers). Joey opens it.

JOEY
This is from last week.

BLANCHE
What's the difference.

She depresses the pedal, the needle HAMMERS away.

5 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

DWAYNE, 40s, cheesy moustache and thinning hair, steps out
of the silver sedan along with RICO, 30s, Billy Idol snarl.

Dwayne plays it casual as Rico crosses the street to a parked
car in the driveway. He checks the handle. Locked. Peeks
inside.

Joey opens the front door, reaches for the paper on the porch, spots Rico. Their eyes LOCK.

JOEY
What are you doing?

RICO
I'm just...

He sprints away, down the street.

JOEY
Hey! Hey!

Dwayne loses the toothpick and hops in the sedan. Joey moves toward it. The car SCREECHES away.

Blanche steps out onto the porch.

BLANCHE
What's all the ruckus?

JOEY
Some guys were stealing your car.

BLANCHE
I don't think so.

JOEY
Whaddaya mean, you don't think so.
I saw them. They were just here.

BLANCHE
Leave it alone, Joey.

JOEY
Leave it alone? But they were...

Blanche shuffles back inside. Joey snags the newspaper, looks around with his chest puffed out. He quickly slumps, slinks into the house and shuts the door.

6 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It's pitch black. A light flicks on. Posters of baseball legends line the walls. A framed PHOTO of Joey's dad sits on a shelf. Joey snags a wooden baseball bat, practices his homerun swing. It does little to cheer him up.

He drops the bat in the corner, plunks down on his bed.

JOEY

It's like everything I do is wrong.
I can't *always* be wrong. Right?
That's like mathematically impossible.

He glares at his dresser. On top is a BASEBALL DOLL, equipped with bat, glove, and an oversized head.

DOLL

(deep, male voice)
Me, me, me. All about the Joey.

JOEY

Shut up.

DOLL

How do you think I feel?

JOEY

Keep it down.

BLANCHE (O.S.)

Joey?

Joey gets up, runs to the door.

JOEY

Saying my prayers, Ma.

BLANCHE (O.S.)

Really?

JOEY

Yeah, really. Good-night.

He holds up a silencing finger at the doll. In one fluid motion, he makes the Sign of the Cross and shuts the light.

7 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Rico steps out of the sedan, tiptoes over to Blanche's car.

Dwayne rolls down his window, gestures for Rico to hurry the hell up. Rico removes a Slim Jim from the front of his jeans, tucks it into the window panel, jiggles it back and forth.

RICO

Come on...

He rolls his eyes. Click. The door lock opens.

8 INT. BLANCHE'S CAR - NIGHT

Rico slides in, flips through a large key ring, drops it on the floor. He bends down, his head hitting the car HORN.

RICO

Crap!

He looks around nervously. Dwayne shakes his head at him. Rico finds the key, sticks it into the ignition. VROOM...

RICO

Now that's what I'm talking about.

He gives Dwayne the finger. Then the CAR ALARM goes off. Dwayne's turn to give Rico the finger.

9 EXT. JOEY'S STREET - NIGHT

Blanche's car races away with the alarm still SQUEALING. Dwayne, in hot pursuit.

10 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Dark, dingy. A sink full of dishes. Blanche stares blankly.

BLANCHE

(impending doom)

Noooo noo...

She SMACKS the toaster.

BLANCHE

Hurry it up, I'm starving.

Joey saunters in and pours himself a glass of orange juice.

JOEY

Who're you talking to?

Blanche ignores him, snares her pop tart.

JOEY

Pop tarts again? You should start eating healthy.

Blanche BITES into her pop tart, wears a bit of it.

JOEY

It's sunny out.

Blanche immediately shuts the curtains. Joey huffs away.

11 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - MORNING

Joey trots down the steps, heads for the back of the house. Stops dead in his tracks. He gapes at the spot where his mom's car should be. Only a greasy puddle remains.

JOEY

Nooo no... I knew it!

He dashes back inside.

12 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - MORNING

Blanche sits at the table, making love to her pop tart. Joey barges in, flush with rage.

JOEY

They're gone, Ma! Gone!

BLANCHE

Who's gone?

JOEY

Your car was stolen.

BLANCHE

(as if delighted)

Oh yeah?

JOEY

My baseball cards were in there. They're collectible.

BLANCHE

Who told you to put 'em in there?

JOEY

No one told me. Aren't you upset?

BLANCHE

At the cards?

JOEY

No. I mean yes. I mean... at the car!

BLANCHE

Maybe the bank repo'd it.

JOEY

What?

BLANCHE
Means repossessed.

JOEY
Thanks, Ma. What about my cards?

BLANCHE
Just get new ones.

JOEY
Dad gave me those.

BLANCHE
I don't need a history lesson.

Joey fumes, stomps about. Blanche licks her fingertips.

Joey steps on GLASS. Peers down. The PICTURE of his dad and him outside Kabibee's Used Cars stares up at him. Joey hones in on the picture.

13 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE - DAY

Joey zooms away on his tandem bike. He passes a SLOVENLY NEIGHBOR, 40s, in ratty sweats, stooping to pick up the newspaper. He watches Joey go.

Joey turns onto a busy street. Rides like he's possessed. His legs push harder, faster.

Cars HONK as they pass, urging him to move closer to the curb. Joey ignores them. He zips by a silver car at a stop sign. Doesn't notice it's the Honda from the night before. It digs into the asphalt, burning rubber as it races forward.

Joey looks back, the car gains.

JOEY
You want some?

He glances down at his pant leg, precariously close to the chain. Joey shifts his foot outward, pedals awkwardly. He turns sharply onto a side street. The Honda SKIDS to a stop.

Joey pedals faster, trying to create distance between them. He peers back. The Honda turns the corner. Gains...

Joey reemerges onto a main street. Hops onto the sidewalk, blows by cafe tables. PEDESTRIANS dive to safety.

PEDESTRIAN
Jackass!

Back down onto the main street. Joey glances back, no sign of the Honda. Looks ahead. It SWOOPS in from the side...

Joey barely evades! The Honda stops on a dime, makes up ground in a hurry. Sways back and forth, toying with Joey.

CONSTRUCTION SITE

Traffic cones right ahead. Instead of racing past them, Joey SLALOMS. The Honda follows suit. A CONSTRUCTION WORKER, 30s, spots the strange pursuit. Shakes her head, befuddled.

Joey makes it through the obstacle course. Starts to tire. The Honda creeps up on his left, nuzzling closer. Joey grimaces... HITS the brakes...

14 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DRIVEWAY - DAY

Joey swerves to safety. He huffs and puffs, pedaling faster, doesn't look back. The sign "KABIBEE'S CARS" looms overhead.

15 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - PARKING LOT - DAY

An assortment of used vehicles. Mechanic FRANKY, 40s, washes down a car while humming a tune. Joey breezes by him, Franky slyly SPRAYS him. Joey doesn't react.

16 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SERVICE AREA - DAY

Salesman SHAMUS, late 20s, strong Irish accent and snazzy threads, rants at his co-worker PHIL, 50s, Middle Eastern features, drab colors and a perpetual sourpuss.

SHAMUS

(puffs on his cigarette)

Frickin' Bruins. Haven't won it since the seventies. That jackass Jacobs... You watch hockey?

He demonstrates stickhandling, as if Phil would not know what that is. Phil spots Joey, approaching them on his bike.

SHAMUS

You want this lame-o?

Phil grunts and disappears inside the dealership. Shamus moseys over to Joey, flicks away his cigarette.

SHAMUS

You here to trade that?

JOEY

Trade?

SHAMUS

You know... for a car.

He gestures grandly at the lot.

JOEY

Are you guys hiring?

Shamus bursts out laughing. He doubles over, holds up a finger, asking for Joey to wait a moment.

Joey waits. Shamus finally recovers. His smile quickly turns upside down when he sees the RUST SPOTS on Joey's bike.

JOEY

(convincingly)

Rustic.

SHAMUS

No.

Joey nods. An awkward pause.

SHAMUS

Seriously. Why are you here?

No response from Joey. His eyes are glued on the showroom window as a Goth girl, clad all in black, drifts by. This is ANNIE, 21. Joey openly gapes. Shamus RAPS on his head.

SHAMUS

Earth to bike lad.

Joey leaves without a word. Shamus stands with his arms outstretched, wondering where the conversation went.

17 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Joey heads straight for the double doors. A CUSTOMER exits, a prime opportunity for Joey to glide right in.

JOEY

Thanks.

But the Customer doesn't hold the door open. Joey RAMS into the edge of the door! He winces in pain.

JOEY

Thanks again.

18 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Joey steers his bike in while fixing his hair. He runs into a waste barrel, toppling it. CUSTOMERS gawk as Joey hurries to refill the barrel with trash.

RECEPTION DESK

Annie types an email and chats on the phone. Pierced eyebrow, overflowing black hair, and blue lipstick that circumvents a sparkling white smile.

ANNIE (into phone)
 Whatever. That is *not* my headache.
 What's he gonna do - stalk me?

Joey glides up to the desk. Annie doesn't notice him. He deploys the kickstand, claps his hands clean, tucks in his shirt, clears his throat. Annie still doesn't notice.

ANNIE (into phone)
 Chucklehead... I'm not gonna worry
 about it. Doing anything later?

Joey SIGHS loudly. Annie swivels her back to him. Joey pouts, marches his bike toward the wall, where a makeshift WET FLOOR sign awaits. He slips... TUMBLES to the floor. His tandem bike is draped over him, the front wheel spins.

By Joey's cheek, a PLATFORM BOOT descends. Then another. Joey turns his eyes upward... past fishnet stockings... a little further, to pink polka dot underwear... and further still to find Annie's face. She glares down at him.

JOEY
 You're not hiring, are you?

19 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - HALLWAY - DAY

Annie marches along, Joey follows close behind.

JOEY
 (mutters to himself)
 Pink polka dots, pink polka dots...

Annie stops short, Joey bumps into her. They arrive at an office door marked: MANGER. Joey furrows his brow at it.

ANNIE
 Robbie, you have an applicant.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
 I don't got time for jerkwads.

ANNIE
He's standing right here.

ROBBIE (O.S.)
(matter-of-factly)
Send him in.

20 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - ROBBIE'S OFFICE - DAY

The scuffed HEELS of Bostonian shoes. They're propped up on a disaster area of a desk.

JOEY (O.S.)
Hello, Sir.

Peeking out from behind the shoes is ROBBIE, 45, quintessential New Yorker. He scowls at Joey.

ROBBIE
Who are you?

JOEY
Joey?

ROBBIE
You asking me?

JOEY
Oh, no. I'm Joey, Sir. Volare.

ROBBIE
Like the car?

JOEY
What?

ROBBIE
Whaddaya mean *what*? Why are you wet?

JOEY
I fell. There was this bucket...

ROBBIE
I'm not payin' for nothing.

JOEY
Not even a paycheck?

Robbie sizes Joey up.

ROBBIE
You sell anything?

JOEY

Sure.

ROBBIE

American? Japanese?

JOEY

Mostly Japanese. Some classics.

He removes a Pokémon trading CARD from his pocket.

ROBBIE

What the hell's that?

JOEY

Uh... my business card.

ROBBIE

Take a seat.

Joey tucks the card away and sits down.

ROBBIE

How much you make per deal?

JOEY

I'm not one to brag.

ROBBIE

Two... three?

JOEY

Five.

ROBBIE

Get out. On my best night I can do three. Maybe, four.

JOEY

Depends who you sell to.

ROBBIE

Now I know you're messing with me.

Joey waves him off, like they've been pals forever.

ROBBIE

You get with girls? There's something weird about you.

JOEY

I uh...

Shamus sticks his head in the office.

SHAMUS

Meeting started. Kabibee's asking
for you.

Shamus disappears. Robbie bolts up, straightens out his desk. He moves to a mirror on the wall. Primps, sucks his teeth.

JOEY

Should I leave?

Robbie looks askance at Joey through the mirror.

21 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Small conference table, dry erase board, a TV on a stand. KABIBEE, early 60s, small frame, hyperactive, fierce face, glares down at his Sales Staff as he paces back and forth.

KABIBEE

Do I look happy to you? Huh? Do I
look happy?

SHAMUS

Not really.

KABIBEE

You're damn right I'm not happy. I
haven't been regular in two weeks.
You think I like prune juice?

Shamus doesn't have the answer. Robbie whisks in with Joey.

KABIBEE

Who the hell's this?

ROBBIE

Our newbie. Joey, meet Kabibee.

JOEY

Nice to meet you, Sir.

KABIBEE

Annie, get in here! Where is she?

SHAMUS

Annie's not Sales.

Kabibee THWACKS him upside the head with a pad of paper.

KABIBEE

Annie's the first voice people hear
when they call. The first one they
see when they walk in. You're telling
me she don't count?

SHAMUS

I didn't say that.

KABIBEE

Yeah?

(bops him again)

Annie! Where are ya?

Annie sneaks in and slides into a chair opposite Joey.

ANNIE

Present.

KABIBEE

Look at you, so cute. You lug nuts
know what our sales were last month?
Do ya?

Silence. Joey's CRUNCHING Lifesaver takes over the room.
He catches on, stops crunching.

ANNIE

Twenty-two cars?

KABIBEE

Bingo, Jack.
(turns a glare at
Robbie)
What's your excuse?

Robbie shrugs.

KABIBEE

Twenty-two ain't gonna do it. Twenty-
two ain't gonna rescue you hoobs
from the unemployment fairy. You
got me?

The Salesmen trade looks. Shamus mouths *hoobs?* to Annie.

KABIBEE

What's this - The Silent Treatment?

He SMACKS the table.

KABIBEE

Wake the hell up. We're gonna ramp things up around here. I'm talkin' now. Pronto. Prontissimo. You speak English?

JOEY

(mutters to himself)
That's not English.

ROBBIE

We got our new sales kid -- guy.

KABIBEE

Kid, what's your name?

ROBBIE

His name's...

KABIBEE

Is your name Kid?

Silence. They all look to Joey for a response.

JOEY

I'm Joey, Sir. Volare. Like the car.

KABIBEE

Like the car, he says...

He can't help but chuckle. The others glance at each other, finally get a sense that it's okay to laugh. Kabibee quickly changes gears. Silencing the laughter.

KABIBEE

Frenchy across the street's kicking our butt. I'm sick of it. Every month with this guy. You think I like being humiliated? I ain't into that. Not no more. You got me?

He scowls at the room. Heads are down. Joey catches on. Puts his head down, too.

KABIBEE

Heads up or I'm gonna chop 'em off. Here's what I want. This month... we sell fifty.

SHAMUS

Fifty?

KABIBEE
Is that a problem?

He gets right in Shamus' face.

KABIBEE
I hope that's not a problem.

He peers deep into Shamus' eyes. He sits perfectly still. Kabibee pivots to Joey, catching him off-guard.

KABIBEE
You like money, kid?

JOEY
Yeah, I like money.

Robbie rolls his eyes.

KABIBEE
Top salesman gets a five-day cruise
for two. All expenses paid. How do
ya like that?

Joey nods. Annie's eyes light up.

KABIBEE
Oo, look at Annie. She likes that.
Fancy ship. All you can eat seafood.
Overpriced beer. You likey?
(swivels to Robbie)
Make it happen.

JOEY
I don't swim.

The room goes quiet. Kabibee squints over at Joey.

KABIBEE
The sharks won't mind.

Chuckles fill the room. Joey plays along, nervous as hell.

KABIBEE
(interrupting)
Now get your asses out there.

The room clears out in a hurry. Robbie lingers. Kabibee's glare tells him it's time to leave. Kabibee whips out a comb and fixes his hair using the reflection from the TV.

KABIBEE
I don't swim...

He snorts, reaches over for the dry erase board eraser.
Uses it to smooth out the sides of his hair.

22 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

The Salesmen scatter. Annie runs for the reception desk.
Robbie walks with Joey to the center of the showroom.

ROBBIE

Whaddaya think. You want the job?
You already know everyone.

JOEY

I gotta check things out. I'll get
back to you.

ROBBIE

Check what out?

JOEY

Some things.

ROBBIE

Gotta ask your mom?

Joey hedges, he doesn't wanna say.

ROBBIE

Is this about the swimming?

JOEY

I get seasick.

ROBBIE

(pshaw)
Seasick...

JOEY

If I win the contest --

ROBBIE

Joey. You don't gotta worry about
that. I'll see ya tomorrow.
(gestures with tie)
Wear one o' these.

He departs. Joey takes a composing breath, turns for the door.

ANNIE (O.S.)

You don't remember me.

Joey squints at Annie behind the desk. Tries to place her.

ANNIE
That would be a *no*.

JOEY
I'm sorry, I...

ANNIE
Mrs. Lynch? Third period?

JOEY
Biology.

ANNIE
Yeah, I don't feel insulted.

Joey searches his memory bank again. Eureka.

JOEY
English.

ANNIE
You remembered!

JOEY
What happened to your hair?

ANNIE
What happened to it?

JOEY
I dunno, it looks... bigger.

ANNIE
Bigger.

JOEY
Did I just insult you again?

ANNIE
No... You should hurry home, though.
Don't wanna be late for supper.

JOEY
A lot you know. It doesn't happen
for a whole other hour.

Annie smirks at him, Joey heads out. Annie watches him pass by the showroom window. At the last moment, Joey peeks in.

23 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

An ASHTRAY is filled with red-lipstick-stained cigarette butts and ashes. A HAND comes down, stubs out another. It reaches for the cigarette PACK, slides out another.

Blanche lights up. She slouches in front of the coffee table, stuffing envelopes. Her knee-high brown plaid skirt is a crime against humanity. The room is one big cloud of SMOKE.

Joey enters with a big grin, downshifts into a coughing fit.

JOEY

I got a...
 (coughing)
I got...
 (more coughing)
I got a...

BLANCHE

We have all night.

JOEY

I got a job.

BLANCHE

Really?

Joey flicks on a fan. It doesn't work. Of course.

BLANCHE

Doing what?

JOEY

Selling used cars.

BLANCHE

You?

JOEY

They have this contest. Best salesman goes on a cruise for a whole week!

BLANCHE

You don't swim.

JOEY

They got flotation devices.

Blanche props her feet up on the table. Her ugly bunny slippers spread way far APART, it's a little off-putting for Joey to continue looking straight ahead. He turns away.

BLANCHE
What's the matter?

JOEY
(to himself)
Pink polka dots, pink polka dots...

BLANCHE
What?

JOEY
Did you go out today?

BLANCHE
Why?

JOEY
Because I give a crap, that's why.
You can't stay inside all the time.

BLANCHE
Says who?

JOEY
Me.

BLANCHE
You're a cop, too, huh? Busy day.

JOEY
There's a whole world out there, Ma.

BLANCHE
Let it stay there.

JOEY
Can I borrow one of Dad's ties?

BLANCHE
Go crazy. But they're a little ugly,
so you know.

Joey rummages through a closet, snags a tie. Exiting...

JOEY
(judgmental)
We did get him crappy presents.

He leaves. Blanche stops stuffing, gazes at the doorway.
Her RED LIPS purse as she puffs away, ashes fall.

24 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey lies in bed. He plays with his dad's tie.

JOEY
Think I'll get my cards back?

The Doll sits idly on the shelf.

DOLL
What're you -- a dope?

JOEY
Shut up.

DOLL
You had to leave 'em in the trunk.

JOEY
Hey, at least I don't sit around all day.

DOLL
Like I have a choice.

A momentary truce. Joey rises from the bed, moves to the dresser mirror.

DOLL
Your dad was right.
(pan up; it's actually
Joey!)
You never listen.

Joey stares at himself disapprovingly.

BLANCHE (O.S.)
Joey?

JOEY
(monotone)
Saying my prayers, Ma.

BLANCHE (O.S.)
Again?

25 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DAY

Joey rides into the dealership on his tandem bike. He tries to adjust his tie, nearly loses control of the bike.

Joey parks it alongside the building. Robbie shuffles out.

ROBBIE

Whoa... Park that thing over there.
We don't need people to see that.

Joey pushes the bike around the corner. Shamus exits the dealership, sidles up to Robbie.

SHAMUS

Think Knucklehead's gonna work out?

ROBBIE

Who knows. We gotta make sales or
I'm dead. You, too, Lucky Charms.

Joey strides back, straightening his tie proudly.

SHAMUS

Oh good God.

ROBBIE

Joey, Shamus is gonna be your protégé.

SHAMUS

Mentor.

ROBBIE

What?

JOEY

He's right. Mentor's the one that
trains the protégé.

ROBBIE

Hey, you like being on the bottom,
that's your business. Now grab me a
coffee.

Joey meanders into the showroom, whistling a happy tune.

SHAMUS

It's wrong to take advantage of him.

ROBBIE

(yeah...)

Yeah.

A white half-ton truck rumbles into the dealership, blaring a melodic TUNE.

SHAMUS

Top o' the morning...

The LOGO on the driver's door is a vixen straddling a huge monkey wrench. Caption: BIG BOYS. BIG TOOLS.

Franky moseys over with a funny grin. He cups something in his hand.

The three men watch in depraved awe as a long leg in a stiletto boot slithers from the cab. This is JENNY, 21, skin-tight short shorts and a see-through blouse.

Her hair flows wildly in the wind as she approaches.

JENNY

Hello, boys.

Franky drops what he's holding. A few taps on the hardtop. Jenny notices they're LUG NUTS, picks them up. She rolls them between her fingers. Gets in Franky's face.

JENNY

Drop something?

Franky can't form a coherent word. Jenny gives him the eye. All over. RAMS her hand into his crotch. Franky winces.

JENNY

Don't drop these ones. 'Kay?

FRANKY

'Kay.

His face frozen with glee, he falls backwards. Jenny sashays toward Robbie and Shamus. Her hips sway rhythmically.

JENNY

Hello, Shamus.

SHAMUS

Hello... Tool Girl.

Jenny's fingers glide down his tie. She takes hold of it.

JENNY

Know what today is?

SHAMUS

Tuesday?

JENNY

It's Saint Patty's Day. Aren't you Irish?

SHAMUS

Last time I checked.

JENNY

You're not wearing any green.

SHAMUS

Are you sure?

Jenny snarls. Twirls her ass up to him as Joey exits the showroom. He immediately spills his coffee.

JENNY

Slap it.

Shamus turns to Robbie.

ROBBIE

If you don't, you're fired.

Shamus winds up and SPANKS her.

JENNY

Is that all you got?

Joey gapes as Jenny leads Shamus toward the truck by his tie.

ROBBIE

(to himself)

Lucky Irish bastard.

Joey sidles up next to Robbie. They watch Jenny and Shamus climb into the truck.

JOEY

Does she work here?

ROBBIE

Oh she works here.

Shamus and Jenny disappear from view. The truck starts bobbing, springs squeaking. Joey's head bobs up and down.

ROBBIE

I look Irish, right?

JOEY

Not really. If you had red hair like me --

ROBBIE

Shut up.

He vanishes into the showroom. Joey's confused by Robbie's reaction. Turns back to the truck. Again, his head begins to bob up and down.

26 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Shamus finagles with the legs of a chair, making it wobbly.
Joey guards the door.

JOEY

Is this gonna be my office?

SHAMUS

Happens to all the new chumps.

JOEY

Cool, it's huge. What're you doing
back there?

SHAMUS

Gotta keep your opponent on edge,
Joey. Write this crap down. Is she
coming?

JOEY

I didn't bring a notebook.

BETTY MAE, 21, a lovely Southern belle wearing a wide-brimmed
sun hat, breezes in. Shamus bolts to his feet.

BETTY MAE

Sorry to keep you boys waiting.

SHAMUS

That's okay. Darlin'. Have a seat.

He holds the chair out. It rocks back and forth. Shamus
takes a seat behind the desk. It looks down on Betty Mae.

SHAMUS

Now then...

JOEY

Where should I sit?

SHAMUS

Go stand in the corner.

Betty Mae furrows her brow as Joey goes to the corner and
stands -- *facing* the corner.

SHAMUS

Now turn around.

Joey spins to face them.

BETTY MAE

I must confess, my chair's a little wobbly.

JOEY

It's to keep you on edge.

BETTY MAE

What?

Shamus glares at Joey.

JOEY

In a good way. Like sharp, or... edgy.

Shamus turns a friendly smile at Betty Mae. He slides a four-square worksheet from the desk.

SHAMUS

Joey, what goes in these boxes here?

JOEY

Umm... trade-in... down payment... and monthly payment.

SHAMUS

That's three, Joey.

JOEY

And PP.
(cracks himself up)
Purchase price.

SHAMUS

Now what about...?

He does a double-take at Betty's large engagement ring.

SHAMUS

Just a second.

He scribbles something. Joey hones in on the lovely Betty Mae. As if an involuntary reaction, his hands loop around to cover his crotch. Joey lets out a small sigh.

SHAMUS

Joey, you got a calculator?

Joey searches himself with one hand, leaving the other to cover his crotch. He switches hands.

SHAMUS

And you want a monthly payment of what?

BETTY MAE

Two-fifty, if that's possible.

SHAMUS

You're gonna need a bigger boat.

BETTY MAE

I'm sorry?

SHAMUS

Jaws reference. You need a bigger down payment.

BETTY MAE

Are you sure?

SHAMUS

Joey, am I sure?

JOEY

Am I supposed to...?

SHAMUS

Quiet.

BETTY MAE

I might be able to come up with a little bit more. How's two hundred?

SHAMUS

What about your husband? Can't he help?

BETTY MAE

He's dead. To me, that is.

SHAMUS

Joey, check out the rock on this girl.

JOEY

Magnificent. I'm sorry your husband is --

SHAMUS

Quiet. Listen to me...

(glances at form)

... Betty Mae. We all got choices, right? You want the car?

BETTY MAE
I sure do.

SHAMUS
You want it more than the ring?

Betty Mae stares wistfully at her ring.

JOEY
(Wedding March)
Dum dum da dum...

SHAMUS
Joey, what the hell?

Betty Mae ekes out a giggle.

SHAMUS
It's like I gotta buy him special shoes.

Betty Mae smiles. Shamus smiles back. Dials an extension.

ROBBIE (speakerphone)
Yeah?

SHAMUS
We got a Code Blue.

ROBBIE (speakerphone)
Be right there.

BETTY MAE AND JOEY
What's a Code Blue?

27 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

A jar of Vaseline sits on the table. MOANS and GROANS fill the room.

BETTY MAE (O.S.)
It hurts. My gosh...

JOEY (O.S.)
I didn't know it would be this tight.

BETTY MAE (O.S.)
Oh my... Easy does it.

Robbie and Shamus hold Betty Mae down as Joey tries to pry off her ring. He plants his foot in her chest.

BETTY MAE

Excuse me!

ROBBIE

Joey.

JOEY

Oh, right.

He slips off his sneaker, sticks his foot back in her chest. Betty Mae wiggles to keep his foot away from her breasts.

JOEY

Almost there...

Salesmen look through the window, drift on by. Annie stops and gawks. Turns on a dime and huffs away. The ring comes OFF. Betty Mae slumps into her chair, relieved. A big sigh.

BETTY MAE

How much you s'pose I'll get for it?

28 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Shamus and Robbie stroll in, thick as thieves. They each take a shot at mocking Betty Mae's Southern belle accent as they puff away on cigars.

SHAMUS

I do declare... I can't believe he would do such a thing.

ROBBIE

(himself)

Hey, that wasn't half-bad.

(in character)

Well shiver me timbers, it's Cubic Zirconia.

SHAMUS

Tacky, tacky, tacky...

They bust up laughing. Shamus breaks away, Robbie takes a peek in the conference room. Joey sits at the table, hunched over, tinkering with a survey on Match.com. A sneaky grin unfolds across Robbie's face.

29 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Joey strides out of the conference room. Annie looks at him askew.

ANNIE

I see you got your shoes back on.

JOEY

Oh. Yeah. Still in training.

ANNIE

Is that what they call it?

JOEY

I guess so, why?

ANNIE

If you're going after Ugliest Tie, I think you're ahead.

JOEY

You're concerned about my clothes all of a sudden?

ANNIE

I'm not concerned. And it's not sudden.

JOEY

Okay, then. Good-night.

He brushes by her. Annie squints at his pants.

ANNIE

Is that coffee I smell?

Joey stops short, lets out a big sigh.

JOEY

Don't you leave at five?

ANNIE

Are you calling me a ham 'n egger?

JOEY

A what?

ANNIE

Look it up.

A big paw lands on Joey's shoulder, startling him.

ROBBIE

We're going out. Let's celebrate.

JOEY

Celebrate, wow. I really need to...

ROBBIE

You need to cut loose, is what you
need to do. Let's go.

Joey looks to Annie, seeking a lifeline. She gives him an "oh well" look. Shamus comes out of nowhere and wraps Joey in a headlock. They lead Joey away. Annie watches them go.

ROBBIE

(over his shoulder)
Don't forget to lock up!

30 INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT

Place is jumping. Joey's crammed in by the window. He's got Robbie next to him, guzzling away. Shamus sits across, scoping out the ladies. Phil dials up the sourpuss.

SHAMUS

So'd you do her on the olive bar or
the salad bar?

ROBBIE

Olive bar. More memorable.

SHAMUS

How do you figure that?

ROBBIE

Olives got history. They got culture.
Nobody remembers a head of lettuce.

He flings a peanut at Phil, he doesn't react. Robbie guzzles, plunks down his bottle. Sends a burp Joey's way.

ROBBIE

How you liking it so far?

JOEY

The burp?
(Robbie chortles)
When do I start making money? Real
money.

ROBBIE

When you start selling on your own.
No more mentors, right?

SHAMUS

You're not drinking?

JOEY

I'm not thirsty.

SHAMUS
Such a sweet lad.

JOEY
Does Phil speak? Ever?

ROBBIE
He's a man of few words, Joey. You
can learn something from him.

SHAMUS
So you and Annie, eh?

He makes a sex gesture with his fist. Joey furrows his brow.

SHAMUS
Say it ain't so. Looks like you two
were getting along.

JOEY
We went to high school together.

SHAMUS
Ahh... a little rekindling. Slap 'n
tickle behind the bleachers?

JOEY
Umm...

Shamus mimes doggie-style sex. And ass-slapping. Joey
watches him. Mystified/horrified.

ROBBIE
Don't use the break room, okay? I
eat in there.

JOEY
Okay. What?

ROBBIE
Whaddaya mean *what*?

Joey looks to Shamus to elaborate. Shamus' horny sex face
quickly fades. Joey's innocence hits him like an anvil.

SHAMUS
Holy crap, he ain't gettin' it.

He and Robbie trade a prolonged, concerned look. Joey's
unsure what's going on.

ROBBIE
Wanna go halvsies on the girl with
the rock?

SHAMUS

You're thinking thousand-dollar
hooker?

ROBBIE

That's what it's gonna take.

JOEY

Wait a sec. You mean the girl with
the ring?

Robbie and Shamus turn away, admire the ladies.

JOEY

I thought it was Cubic Zirconium.
Not even two hundred bucks.

Shamus points out a girl with a robust caboose.

JOEY

Are you saying we lied to her?

ROBBIE

I gave you a job description.

Joey snatches up Phil's beer and guzzles. Joey looks over...

JOEY

Annie!

Annie sits at the bar, dodging the advances of a PATRON twice
her age. She's turned the dial up on Goth. Black lipstick,
extra gel in her hair, and a dog collar.

JOEY

'Scuse me, Robbie.

Robbie doesn't budge. Joey's hemmed in. Panics...

JOEY

Annie, come here! Annie!

Bar Patrons look at Joey, who waves Annie over like mad.
Annie smirks, heads over to their table. Robbie, Shamus and
Phil exit in a jiffy. Annie stops short, as though insulted.
But she's glad they're gone.

JOEY

Hey. You look very...
(eyes dog collar)
... fetching.

31 INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT

Joey and Annie settle into a new booth. They stare at each other, expecting the other to speak first. Joey stalls, plays with the salt and pepper shakers. He spills some salt, debates which shoulder to throw it over. He reasons to toss a little bit over both. Annie can only shake her head.

ANNIE

So?

JOEY

So?

ANNIE

I'm glad we got that out of the way.

JOEY

Is this a regular hangout for you?

ANNIE

No.

JOEY

Huh.

ANNIE

Huh, what?

JOEY

So this is like a coincidence. You being here.

ANNIE

If you want, I can leave.

JOEY

No need for that. So what's a ham 'n egger?

ANNIE

I told you to look it up. Schmoey.

JOEY

So now we're downshifting to name-calling?

ANNIE

Clever.

HANDS come into view. Setting down a CHOCOLATE milkshake for Annie. And a STRAWBERRY one for Joey. He eyes them.

JOEY

Man, we can't agree on anything.

Annie smirks.

JOEY

Were you always this Gothy?

ANNIE

I guess you don't remember that either, huh?

JOEY

I make a point of blocking out my childhood.

ANNIE

So what do you wanna do with your life?

JOEY

Let me guess. I'm not cut out for this, right?

ANNIE

No, I think you can do it. With a little
(air quotes)
training.

JOEY

Nobody uses air quotes anymore. You should be ashamed of yourself.

ANNIE

I am.

Joey assumes she's kidding, but he catches a flicker of something in Annie's eyes. She looks down.

JOEY

You are kidding, right?

Annie peers up at him. Trying to appear perplexed.

JOEY

The part about being ashamed.

ANNIE

... Yeah.

Joey doesn't buy it. He turns away, twiddles his thumbs, smiles at a passing Bar Patron. Female, 30s. Annie leans over and bends Joey's straw.

JOEY

Did I say you could touch my straw?

ANNIE

Did I say I'd listen to what you say?

JOEY

I'm getting a headache.

ANNIE

Try some ham and eggs.

Joey leans back, frustrated.

JOEY

Is this because I didn't recognize you? That was three years ago.

ANNIE

Yeah, a whole three years. And by the way... *Whatever.*

JOEY

You're spiraling out of control now.

ANNIE

Why are you selling used cars?

JOEY

Why are you answering phones?

ANNIE

I asked you first.

JOEY

Is there anything about me you like?

Annie stops to consider this. Joey's intrigued, leans in close.

ANNIE

Drink your milkshake.

JOEY

I'm in hell.

32 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - NIGHT

It's late. Joey enters. Looks around for his mom, no luck. The sound of the TV playing from another room.

33 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Sanford and Son plays on the TV. Joey enters to find Blanche asleep on the couch, Cheetos riddle her sweater. A sock dangles off the end of her foot. In her hand, Blanche holds a glass of prune juice, teetering precariously on her knee.

As Blanche snores away, the glass of juice rises and falls. Joey spies it, approaches her very carefully. The glass begins to slip from her fingertips. Joey grimaces at the sitcom, a person now yells on the TV. Joey edges closer...

He SEIZES the glass before it tumbles from Blanche's knee. Joey gasps, waking up his mom.

BLANCHE

What's wrong? What're you doing?

Joey sets the drink on a coaster.

JOEY

I got some news. Guess who's going on a date?

BLANCHE

Oh yeah? Good for you.

JOEY

Not good for me, good for you. You have a date.

BLANCHE

What?

JOEY

I set up a profile for you. Online. You got three emails already. Isn't that awesome? This guy wants to pick you up on Tuesday.

BLANCHE

Joey, what the hell are you talking about?

JOEY

Weren't you listening? I set you up. You're going out.

BLANCHE

I'm not going anywhere.

JOEY

You're not gonna do it?

BLANCHE

Joey, are you crazy? Who told you to set me up on a date?

JOEY

Nobody told me. Why?

BLANCHE

Why? Because it doesn't work that way. That's why.

JOEY

Then how does it work?

Blanche sits up, Cheetos tumble to the floor.

JOEY

Look at yourself, Ma. This whole place smells like Cheetos and Pop Tarts.

BLANCHE

Maybe it would smell nicer if you picked up around here.

JOEY

I go and do something nice and I'm still a bad guy?

BLANCHE

You call making dates for me nice? Who does that?

JOEY

What if I didn't give a crap? Is that better?

BLANCHE

Let's give it a shot. We'll find out.

Joey's hurt by this. He heads for the doorway.

BLANCHE

You know how many germs there are out there? Diseases? Pesticides?

JOEY

Just don't give up. You've got a lot of...

(gazes at her dangling sock)
potential.

34 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Moonlight filters in through the window. The bed is made. Joey lies on his back, gripping a brand new baseball. The Doll lies on his back on the shelf. Joey dials up the sarcasm on the Doll's voice.

DOLL
Annie seems nice.

JOEY
Are you being a wise-ass?

DOLL
What the hell's wrong with you? You can't even take a compliment?

JOEY
Sorry.

DOLL
You should ask her out.

JOEY
I work with her.

DOLL
Let's stick to things I don't know.

JOEY
It's a bad idea to date someone you work with. Everyone knows that.

DOLL
Everyone I know is pissy and unhappy. Is that what you want?

JOEY
And a 401k.

He drops the ball. It rolls across the floor, to a halt.

35 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Joey enters, freshly showered, wearing only a towel. The door to the outside is propped open, sunlight streams in. The sound of the sewing machine hammering away in the den.

Joey goes through the mail on an end table. Spots department store catalogs, women's fashions. He lays them out evenly on the coffee table for his mom to see.

36 EXT. JOEY'S HOUSE/STREET - MORNING

Joey steps out to grab the paper. The sound of a car driving by, he peeks up. It's Blanche's car! Joey flings the paper over his shoulder (it bops the house), goes tearing after it, holding steadfast to his towel. Only the driver's seat is occupied. A little OLD LADY inside.

JOEY

Come back here! I want my cards now!

He stumbles in his bare feet. Runs faster, catches up to the driver's side window.

JOEY

Give it to me!

The Old Lady gives him the once-over.

OLD LADY

You're not my type.

Joey furrows his brow. Old Lady gives it more juice, leaves him in the dust. Joey tries to catch his breath. Spots the towel lying in a HEAP ten yards away. Then spies Slovenly Neighbor STARING at him from the front of his house.

Joey gasps. Rocks and pebbles be damned, he races back toward his house. Leaving the towel right where it is. Like a zombie seeking out fresh flesh, Slovenly totters after Joey.

37 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey sits at the table, searching angrily for baseball cards on eBay. He swivels... Robbie is right behind him.

ROBBIE

I pay you to jerk off?

JOEY

No, I...

ROBBIE

C'mere, you.

He snares Joey by the ear, leads him to the door. Outside the showroom window, a potential customer wanders about, peeking into car windows.

ROBBIE

Go get 'im, Tiger.

38 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DAY

Joey sneaks out. NOBU, 40s, Asian, scrutinizes a Subaru. Joey eyes him like he happened upon a dangerous beast in the wild.

NOBU
This have fuel injection?

JOEY
Uhh... sure.

NOBU
I don't like those. How many horsepower?

JOEY
You mean specifically?

Nobu ponders if Joey is sane.

JOEY
I can check. If you want me to.

NOBU
Fuel tank. What size?

JOEY
You ask lots of questions.

NOBU
Huh?

JOEY
It's a good size. Holds a lot of gas. For now.

NOBU
What?

JOEY
Nothing.

NOBU
What about spare tire? I must have spare tire.

Joey rushes to pop the trunk. Only a jack. Joey fishes aimlessly for a tire. Nobu shakes his head, tsks-tsks.

NOBU
Show me engine. Better be good.

Joey opens the driver's side door, pops the hood.

JOEY

The engine's nice. It'll get you
from A to B.

NOBU

You know alphabet, huh?

Joey raises the hood. The spare tire is attached to the top
of the engine.

JOEY

Look at that. Like killing two birds
with one stone.

NOBU

You kill birds?

JOEY

Me? No. Not on purpose. It's just
an expression that we...

Nobu stops paying attention. His eyes are glued on a 4x4
pickup, huge tires, huge everything.

JOEY

Big, huh.

NOBU

Big.

39 INT. 4X4 PICKUP - DAY

Joey and Nobu rumble along in silence. Joey can tell Nobu
is liking it by the lack of questions. He decides to take
in the scenery. Then, Joey can't help himself.

JOEY

You know anything about baseball
cards? Ichiro... You like Ichiro?

Nobu turns a hard look at Joey. He shuts up.

40 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey scribbles in numbers on a 4-square worksheet. Nobu
watches him closely.

NOBU

No undercoat. Undercoat, scam.

Joey tries to make sense of his worksheet, turns it upside
down. Then back again.

NOBU

You don't know what you doing.

He bolts from his chair.

JOEY

Wait. You like the truck, right?

NOBU

I like. My wife no like.

JOEY

Where is she?

NOBU

Home. I fix car and go home, too.

He turns to leave.

JOEY

I'll throw in a spare tire!

NOBU

(stops, slowly turns)
Big one?

JOEY

It's a donut. That's just as good.

NOBU

Not just as good. I want big tire.

JOEY

What's the difference?

NOBU

Size matters. Don't you know that
by now?

Joey jumps up with a burst of energy, startling Nobu.

JOEY

Look at you, huh? Look at me. Are
we big? No. We're not big. Are
you telling me we don't count? That's
it. We should just cash in our donuts
and go home? *Uh... sorry, they
weren't big enough.* Come on!

Nobu's dumbfounded by Joey's subtle brilliance.

NOBU

... You very smart man.

Joey's never heard this before.

JOEY

Really?

Nobu nods emphatically. Joey sits down, takes a composing breath. He reaches into the top drawer. Slowly removes a pen. He hands it over to Nobu. Moment of truth.

Nobu shakes his head. Joey deflates. Nobu reaches into his own pocket to retrieve a pen. Renewed hope. He clicks it open. Signs proudly on the dotted line. Joey beams.

JOEY

Cha-ching.

NOBU

What you call me?

41 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DAY

Nobu sits proudly in his new 4x4. Joey leans through the passenger window.

JOEY

Look at you, huh? You look great.
No regrets, right?

NOBU

If I want, I can take back, no?

JOEY

Not a problem.

NOBU

Are you sure?

JOEY

I promise. You can bring it back.
But try to enjoy --

Nobu JOLTS the pickup away. Joey pumps his fist like crazy. He points at Robbie who watches from the showroom window.

42 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Annie waits for Joey in the doorway, holding a stack of folders. Her hair is less wild today, a splash of actual color in her getup. Joey grabs her by the cheeks and lays a passionate KISS on her lips. Annie's taken aback.

Joey quickly takes a seat and logs onto eBay. Types in: ICHIRO and thwacks the enter button. He taps his feet, barely can contain himself. Annie gapes at him from the doorway.

ANNIE

What was that?

Joey's eyes are fixed on the screen. Annie disappears. Joey scrolls through a series of baseball CARDS, finds one that he likes. Clicks: Buy It Now.

JOEY

Yes!

He peeks down. Robbie yanks out the computer plug.

43 EXT. BUSY STREET - DAY

Joey struts his tandem bike to work. Fancy new suit, power tie and Bono-like shades. His bike has been dialed up too - candy apple red color, leopard skin seat, and a ringer.

Joey couldn't be happier. A pickup truck thunders by.

DRIVER

Hey douche bag!

Joey waves at him like he's running for the Senate.

44 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - PARKING LOT - DAY

Joey marches his bike along. In the showroom window are Robbie, Shamus and Phil. They all shake their heads.

45 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - ROBBIE'S OFFICE - DAY

On the walls are various gaudy awards. And the famous Eisenstaedt PHOTO of an American sailor kissing a young woman on V-J Day in Times Square. Robbie devours a steak 'n cheese sub at his desk as he navigates ESPN.com. Droplets of cheese decorate his blotter. The phone rings.

ROBBIE

Yo. Hey, what's going on? What?
Come on... don't tell me that. Why?

He begins to listen, then pulls the phone further and further away from him. A chattering voice on the other end...

He hangs up, polishes off his sandwich. Tears out a page from a mini black book on his desk and devours that, too.

Robbie pops open the bottom drawer of his desk. Dumps his black book. Pulls out a bottle of cheap Scotch and guzzles. He calls up an Excel spreadsheet, grumbles as he scrolls through a series of sales figures. He dials an extension.

ANNIE (speakerphone)

Yeah?

ROBBIE

Send in the stooges.

He fumes, paces his office. Fishes out something from his top drawer. Joey, Shamus and Phil stride in.

SHAMUS

Hey, Boss.

ROBBIE

Fourteen cars, are you kidding me?
What're you jamooks doing out there?

Joey adjusts his new tie.

ROBBIE

What do you think you're doing?

JOEY

What?

ROBBIE

You upstaging me? Comin' in with a tie like that?

JOEY

What do you mean?

ROBBIE

Take it off. Take it off now.

Shamus smirks as Joey undoes his fancy tie. Joey then tosses the tie to Robbie.

JOEY

Keep it.

Dead quiet. Robbie scowls at Joey. Shamus and Phil simultaneously take one step away from Joey. He gets the hint, steps one pace backward. Robbie whips the tie at him.

ROBBIE

Put it back on. Do it.

Joey hurries to tie his tie. Shamus times him.

ROBBIE
We're gonna make things interesting,
dirtbags.

He jiggles a pair of dice. It looks a lot like masturbation.

ROBBIE
Recognize this?

He flings the dice STRAIGHT at Joey.

46 INT./EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DAY

MONTAGE: "ROLL THE DICE" CHALLENGES

1) Shamus, Phil and Joey are huddled around Robbie in the center of the showroom.

ROBBIE
First one to get someone to kick the
tires. Go!

2) Outside. Shamus follows an UNKEMPT MAN, 40s and sloth-like, around a car.

SHAMUS
Nice, huh? Sturdy.

Unkempt turns blankly to Shamus.

SHAMUS
Makes you wanna kick the tires,
doesn't it?

He demonstrates by kicking a tire. Unkempt scratches his butt and waddles around the other side. Shamus follows him. Kicks another tire.

SHAMUS
See what I'm doing? Check it out.

Unkempt removes a partially eaten candy bar from his shirt pocket, gnaws on it.

SHAMUS
Like this. See?

Unkempt wipes his hand on his own shirt. Shamus goes to TOWN on the tire. The candy wrapper falls to the pavement.

3) A DISTINGUISHED MAN, 50s, examines the shiny rim of a truck as he puffs away on a pipe. He looks up at Phil.

DISTINGUISHED

What can you tell me about this vehicle?

Phil shrugs. Just then, a pickup backs over his foot. CRUNCH. He screams SILENTLY. Distinguished peers up, mystified by Phil's silence. Joey leans over to clarify...

JOEY

He's a man of few words.

4) Robbie, Shamus, Phil (who limps about), Annie and Franky watch through the showroom window as Joey gets a WOMAN, 70s, to kick a tire. Joey smiles at Robbie, straightens his tie. Robbie sneers.

5) Showroom. Joey rolls the dice across the hood of a car. He rolls a TEN. Robbie slaps a HUNDRED down on the hood.

6) Back to the huddle. Robbie rubs his chin, deep in thought.

ROBBIE

First one to get a customer to lie on the hood. Go!

7) Parking lot. Joey strolls over to a BUXOM BRUNETTE, 30s. He spots Shamus across the way, decides to get creative.

JOEY

(hearty Irish accent)

Can I help you today, ma'am? My, you look stunning.

BRUNETTE

Why thank you...

Joey sneaks a peek at Shamus who glares back lasers. FLASH FORWARD: The Brunette is sprawled across the hood of a car.

JOEY

And I must say... magically delicious.

SHAMUS (O.S.)

He's not really Irish!

The Brunette peers back at Shamus, turns suspiciously to Joey. Joey, without missing a beat...

JOEY

Would you care to see my shamrocks?

Buxom Brunette raises an eyebrow.

8) Showroom. Joey rolls a SEVEN.

ROBBIE
Luck o' the Irish?

JOEY
You could say that.

He smirks at Shamus. Robbie counts out seventy smackers, stuffs them in Joey's shirt pocket.

ROBBIE
Okay, you lugheads. First one to --

FLASH FORWARD. Still in showroom. Joey jiggles the dice. He rolls... SNAKE EYES. Shamus SHOUTS, high-fives Phil. Joey deflates. Robbie snags the dice. Approaches Joey with a "too bad, so sad" look.

ROBBIE
Did I tell ya what Snake Eyes means?
(hands Joey a twenty)
Go fetch us some donuts. Some coffee,
too. French roast.

Joey puts his head down and heads out. Past Shamus.

ANNIE (O.S.)
I'll go with you.

Joey spins to find Annie.

END MONTAGE

47 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DUSK

Joey walks with Annie to the back of the building.

JOEY
Thanks for offering.

ANNIE
Gets me outta this place.

Joey finds his tricked-out bike. The tires are slashed.

JOEY
Great. We'll take your car?

ANNIE
It's in the shop.

Joey frowns, spins to find Shamus standing a few yards away. He carves an apple. With an especially large knife.

SHAMUS

Bummer, Dude.

48 EXT. CITY STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Joey's SHOES march along. He carries a box of donuts. Annie's SHOES rest on top. She bumbles about in stocking feet, carrying a half-dozen coffees in a cardboard holder.

ANNIE

Got a question for ya. Why the hell do you work there?

JOEY

Who else is gonna hire me? What's your excuse?

ANNIE

I'm fresh out.

(sighs, exasperated)

We work at a dealership, and we're walking to get donuts.

JOEY

Life's a Fiat. How you holding up?

ANNIE

I should thank my parents.

JOEY

For what?

ANNIE

For taking me to rocky beaches. Are you close with yours?

JOEY

My mom, I guess. My dad left eleven years ago. You and your parents were tight?

ANNIE

Still are.

JOEY

That surprises me.

ANNIE

What do you mean?

JOEY
I thought all this...

He refers to her Goth getup, albeit toned down from before.

JOEY
... was sort of a reaction to them.

ANNIE
Nope. I just dress this way.

Joey really digs that. But he can't say it. He sneaks a peek at her as they continue along.

ANNIE
What.

JOEY
Nothing.

ANNIE
Doesn't look like nothing.

Joey stops short.

JOEY
I'm hungry.

He turns to her with a mischievous grin. Annie meets it with a devilish smile.

49 EXT. CITY STREET - SIDEWALK - NIGHT

Joey and Annie sit on the curb, devouring donuts. Their hands and lips are covered with sugary sweetness.

ANNIE
You got jelly, right?

JOEY
Course I got jelly. What am I -- a fascist?

ANNIE
Some of these look small.

JOEY
That's what happens when you bite them.

Annie spies that several of the donuts are bitten into. She follows suit, washes it down with some coffee.

ANNIE

So why'd you kiss me?

JOEY

When?

ANNIE

What do you mean, when? Before.

JOEY

Guess I got kind of excited.

ANNIE

Like delirious?

JOEY

Before or after?

Annie smirks, Joey saved his hide. He sips his coffee. They take in the night air. The sound of passing cars.

JOEY

It's like being on the run.

ANNIE

I could get used to that.

She reaches for another donut. A silver Honda turns the corner. Joey spots it, bails. The engine revs...

ANNIE

Is this jelly or jam? It tastes like jam. What do you think?

She finally looks up, the Honda steers straight for her.

ANNIE

Joey? Umm...

Joey YANKS her onto the sidewalk. The Honda SKIDS to a stop.

ANNIE

My feet!

Joey hoists her up, galumphs down the sidewalk.

ANNIE

My shoes!

Joey rolls his eyes, stops. The Honda SLAMS into Reverse as Joey doubles back to snag Annie's shoes. And one final donut.

The donut hangs from Joey's mouth as he lugs Annie down the sidewalk. The Honda POPS up behind them.

ANNIE

You didn't get me one?

She reaches up, takes a big bite of JELLY donut, pays the price. The Honda gains... Joey HURDLES a

ROW OF BUSHES

CRASH! They roll around, moaning and groaning.

JOEY

Did we ever talk about health insurance?

50 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - NIGHT

The dealership gang paces about, bemoaning their lack of coffee and donuts. Jenny the Tool Girl, included.

ROBBIE

How hard is it to get coffee? Am I right?

JENNY

He's missing a spark plug.

Joey and Annie stride in. Empty hands. And grape jelly all over their smiling faces. They're greeted with wall-to-wall scowls. Phil stands there with his arms outstretched.

JOEY & ANNIE

What?

Jenny meanders over. With her fingertip, she swipes some of the jelly off of Joey's face. Devours it. Slowly.

Joey is transfixed. Jenny smirks at Annie and heads out.

51 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joey enters via the side door, tuckered out.

JOEY

(calling)

Ma?

No reply. He takes a seat at the table. The room is cleaner than when he last saw it. It unsettles Joey.

He strums his fingers on the table. Slower and slower. Joey winds down. Until he finally rests his head on the table.

He goes to shut his eyes and - boom - Blanche returns home. She wears an old navy dress and a grumpy face.

JOEY
Where were you?

BLANCHE
Nowhere.

JOEY
That's impossible.

Blanche makes a beeline for the pop tarts. Jams one into the toaster. Joey tries to make sense of what's happening.

JOEY
Were you on a date?

Blanche narrows her eyes at him.

JOEY
That's awesome.

BLANCHE
Awesome? It was friggin' horrible.
I'm never doing that again.

JOEY
What happened?

BLANCHE
All he could do was talk about his
stupid ex. I'm not sure why the
hell I was even there.

JOEY
But now you have something in common.

BLANCHE
What, misery?

Joey hurries to pour a glass of water, half full.

JOEY
You see this glass, Ma?

BLANCHE
You tell me it's half-full and I'm
gonna break your neck.

JOEY

So what was the conversation like?

BLANCHE

Don't be a wise-ass.

JOEY

Is that what you wore?

BLANCHE

No, Joey. I got changed on my way outta the car.

JOEY

So that's it? One date and you're out?

BLANCHE

I am out.

JOEY

No one bats a thousand in baseball, Ma. It doesn't happen.

BLANCHE

They can all go to hell, too.

JOEY

You're not making any sense.

Blanche pops up the toaster and CRAMS the pop tart into her mouth. Joey's taken aback by the sight.

JOEY

If I told you you were gonna fall in love on the first date, would you believe me?

Blanche is too filled with pop tart to respond.

JOEY

Love happens when you put yourself out there. Again and again. Eventually you hit a grand slam.

Blanche finishes off her pop tart. Calmly pulls out a chair.

BLANCHE

I'm gonna tell you something, Joey. And you're not gonna like it.

JOEY

Surprise!

BLANCHE

Just shut up for a second. And listen. Love... who knows what that is. I know I don't. Your father and I... if it was love, did it last?

Joey watches his mom carefully. Sullenly. Blanche hasn't the slightest idea that her next words may be scarring.

BLANCHE

We grow up with sweet stories. Cinderella... It's all very nice. But outside that door it works a lot different, doesn't it.

JOEY

I know that, Ma.

BLANCHE

You know that. Then just remember this. There's a lot of good hitters in baseball, right?

Joey nods.

BLANCHE

All of 'em hit a grand slam?

The look of defeat on Joey's face says it all.

52 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - BATHROOM - MORNING

MONTAGE: SCREW LOVE. HELLO TO MAKING MONEY.

Joey brushes his teeth. Combs his hair. Points at himself in the mirror.

JOEY

You the man, you the man.

There's a duende to him that's very much like Robbie. He turns up the volume on the shower RADIO.

53 EXT. BUSY STREET - MORNING

Joey struts to work. No bike. He carries a briefcase. The sound of a pickup rumbling closer. It's the same one from earlier. The passenger window rolls down.

Joey instinctively flips the bird without looking. The DRIVER is stifled before getting a chance to shout.

54 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - MORNING

Joey casually cuts in front of everyone, customers included. And pours himself a coffee.

55 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey smiles as he gets another CUSTOMER, 40s, to sign. He leans back confidently in his chair.

CUSTOMER

Why is the undercoating so expensive?

JOEY

Because it costs money.

The Customer furrows his brow. Joey winks, mimes a pistol at him and shoots.

56 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

On the dry erase board, Shamus leads Joey 15-10 in the cruise contest. Joey erases the "10" and jots down "12" with a grin. Shamus' total car sales is \$101,990. Joey updates his total from \$70,800 to \$86,000. Adds a smiley face.

MOMENTS LATER

Joey logs onto eBay. One baseball card, two baseball cards, there's no stopping him.

He looks up. Robbie swooshes by the window, spots the eBay page but couldn't care less. He gives Joey two thumbs up.

MOMENTS LATER

Annie drops off a box of business cards. She runs her fingers through her hair, wanting to be noticed, but Joey's eyes are glued to his shiny new cards. He slides one into his wallet. Then another. Then another. Joey goes nuts. CRAMS his wallet full of business cards. Annie pouts and leaves.

END MONTAGE

57 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Robbie huddles with Shamus and Phil, trading war stories. Phil does most of the listening. Annie pours herself a cup of much-needed coffee.

Kabibee glides in with Jenny draped all over him.

KABIBEE

Where's the Cojones? Is he here?

Robbie turns with a big smile, but Kabibee blows right by him. Robbie's smile turns upside down.

KABIBEE

(calling)

Mr. Cojones? Where are you?

58 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey stares at a spreadsheet. His briefcase is opened on the table. Kabibee breezes in with Jenny.

KABIBEE

Ayyyy... there he is.

JOEY

(stands up)

How are you this afternoon?

KABIBEE

How am I this afternoon? Listen to this guy.

He proudly shakes Joey's hand. Jenny makes a kissy-face at Joey. Kabibee turns his head, the kissy-face is gone.

KABIBEE

There's a cruise in your future, eh? Some swimming lessons?

JOEY

Sounds good.

Kabibee laughs heartily, pinches his cheek. Robbie and Annie watch in mutual disbelief from the doorway as Kabibee and Joey bump fists.

KABIBEE

Don't let it go to your head though, huh? I don't want you winding up like some of the clowns around here.

JOEY

I won't.

Annie spots the smoke coming from Robbie's ears, leaves.

KABIBEE

I'm giving you a raise, too. Can you handle it?

JOEY

I can handle it.

He peeks up. Robbie's face ripples with disgust.

59 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

A brand new \$20 bill is held up to the light. Joey turns it at various angles, admires its power.

JOEY

How ya doing, Mr. Prez? You look a little green.

He removes a wad of CASH from his suit pants, SMACKS the bills on the dresser one at a time.

JOEY

Twenty, forty, sixty, eighty...
(to Doll)
What's up, Shorty?

DOLL

I'm real impressed.

JOEY

Screw you, DollFace.

Like a man possessed. He finally finishes counting, evens out the pile with a big grin. On the bed is a new oxford shirt. Joey unwraps it and tries it on. Props up the collar.

He snares a handful of flashy ties from his bed. Glides to a mirror on his closet door, and samples them.

JOEY

(Robbie-like)
You're buying the car today. Got me?

(another tie)
Yo, Knucklehead. Sign here.

(another tie)
Sign here, too.

(MORE)

JOEY (CONT'D)
(moves in closer)
You heard me.

Blanche shuffles in, wearing a homely smock.

BLANCHE
Are you praying again?

JOEY
I'm done praying.

BLANCHE
What does that mean?

Joey disregards, continues his tie sampling. Blanche gives him the once-over. Doesn't like what she sees.

BLANCHE
Are those clothes new?

JOEY
They sure are, honey.

BLANCHE
Don't you call *me* honey.

Joey brushes off the reprimand, returns to the mirror.

BLANCHE
The bills that were on the table.
Where are they?

JOEY
They're taken care of.

Blanche attempts to process this.

BLANCHE
You burned them?

JOEY
I paid them. It's pretty customary.

BLANCHE
I don't like what's got into you.

JOEY
And this is for you.

He counts out a couple hundred and stuffs it into her smock.

JOEY

Get yourself something nice. Some Victoria's Secret. You like lace, no?

Blanche is unsure whether to feel offended or flattered. But she retains the money.

BLANCHE

What's happening here?

JOEY

What're you talking about?

BLANCHE

You seem completely different. Did you take something?

JOEY

I took two doses of reality. Any more questions?

Blanches gapes at Joey. She's not used to him having the upper hand, and it's frightening. Grasping at straws...

BLANCHE

Those ties look expensive.

JOEY

That's 'cause they are. All Gucci, baby. All the way. I ain't dressing to fail.

He looks askew at his mom. Suddenly, Blanche feels atrocious in her house smock. She backs away from Joey.

About to leave, she reaches into her other pocket and pulls out a handsome, non-flashy tie that she made. She rests it on the bed. Joey turns and notices.

BLANCHE

You don't have to wear it.

She skulks away. Joey holds up a bright orange tie.

60 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - NIGHT

It's closing time. Joey tucks a brand new baseball card into his shirt pocket. Fixes his bright orange tie.

Annie meanders in, leans against the wall in front of him. Her clothes are more grey than pitch black.

ANNIE
You look nice.

JOEY
Thanks.

Annie would appreciate Joey reciprocating, but he doesn't.

ANNIE
That tie's really bright.

JOEY
Like it?

ANNIE
My pupils are still constricting.
I'll have to let you know.

Joey nods, unsure where to steer the conversation.

ANNIE
You seem quiet. Is something wrong?

Joey shrugs.

ANNIE
Doing anything later? I thought we
might...

Jenny struts in, hands on her tool belt. She parks herself on Joey's desk.

JENNY
Hey, Cowboy. Snazzy tie.

JOEY
This old thing?

JENNY
Me likey.

ANNIE
Hellooo. I was talking to him.

JENNY
What're you doing tonight? Let's go
out.

JOEY
Really?

JENNY
You like bull riding?

She takes him by the tie.

JOEY
Umm...

ANNIE
Tool Girl. I said, I was talking to
him.

Jenny smooches Joey's tie. He's ready to burst. Slowly,
Jenny gets down from the desk. Turns to face Annie.

JENNY
What're you gonna do about it, Goth
Girl?

Annie stands up straight. She folds her arms, trying to
appear composed, but there are shades of nervousness.

JENNY
You look different today. Less
Funeral.

ANNIE
Joey and I are going out. So suck
it.

JENNY
Maybe I will.

She slides out her flathead screwdriver. Then, the Phillips.
Silence fills the conference room. Jenny glowers at Annie.
Moseys over to her, confident as ever. Annie wavers.

JENNY
You're gonna be late for your Siouxsie
and the Banshees concert.

ANNIE
A lot you know. They broke up in
'96.

JOEY
Didn't they have a reunion tour?

ANNIE
Shut up, Joey.

Annie and Jenny are now face to face. Sizing each other up.

ANNIE

What're you gonna do? Kill me?

JENNY

If I killed you, you'd have nothing to complain about.

Annie peeks over at Joey. He seems to agree with Jenny.

Annie SURPRISES both of them when she GRABS hold of Jenny and KISSES her. Jenny drops her screwdrivers, pulls away.

JENNY

What'd you do that for?

ANNIE

What'sa matter? Scared?

She looks over at Joey again. He's confused and horny. Robbie, Shamus and Phil stare openly from the window. Phil covers his mouth, fearing a word might slip out.

Jenny nears Annie, breathing heavily. Narrows her eyes. Annie doesn't budge.

Jenny YANKS Annie toward her and KISSES her back. Joey SQUEAKS from behind the desk.

JENNY

(sultry)

I'm taking Mr. Snazzy Boy out. Got me?

Annie simmers. She looks to Joey for a rebuttal, but...

JOEY

She did like the tie.

Annie gapes at Joey.

61 INT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Joey lugs in a tub of popcorn and an extra large soft drink. Tucked in his belt are Twizzlers, Goobers and SnoCaps. Jenny takes her time selecting a seat. Joey follows her around.

Jenny bends over to push away some trash. Holds her pose. Joey's popcorn jiggles, pieces fall to the floor. Jenny settles in. Takes a deep breath and sighs in Joey's face.

JOEY

Listerine?

Jenny reaches for some popcorn, slips it into her mouth.

JENNY
Buttered, huh?

JOEY
I believe so.

Jenny glances at the screen, reaches down into Joey's pants.

JOEY
Lose something?

JENNY
Uh huh.

She pulls out the package of Twizzlers. Unleashes one. It flops back and forth. Joey watches it, hypnotized.

Jenny bites down on it, Joey winces. Jenny devours her Twizzler without hands. Joey shifts his icy Coca-Cola to his crotch.

Jenny turns to watch the preview. Joey does the same. He takes a deep, composing breath.

JOEY
So tell me about your parents.

JENNY
Why?

JOEY
I dunno. Just making conversation.

JENNY
Make a different one.

Joey recoils in embarrassment, returns to the preview. He peeks over at Jenny. Debates whether to put his arm around her. He tries twice, reneges twice. Jenny loses patience, drapes his arm over her shoulder.

JENNY
Was that so... hard?

JOEY
Gettin' there.

Jenny smirks. She moves in tight, whispers something into Joey's ear. He SPILLS his drink and popcorn. A MOVIEGOER in the front section, 40s, scowls back at them.

JOEY
We'd get caught.

JENNY
That's the whole idea, Joey.

JOEY
Shouldn't we watch the movie?

Jenny shakes her head at him.

JOEY
I just don't think that's allowed.
In this venue.

JENNY
(snarls in his ear)
I'll go freshen up. You decide what
you really want.

She gets up, butt-first to Joey. She can't seem to squeeze by him, or does she want to? Joey's eyes are locked on Jenny's ASS as it wiggles back and forth. It mesmerizes him. Jenny's pink THONG peeks out the top of her pants. Joey reaches out for it, as though it was his dying wish... But then Jenny sashays out. Joey watches her go, mouth agape.

He finally turns back around. The Moviegoer frowns at him. Joey gives him a thumbs-up. Adds a second one, to boot.

62 EXT. MOVIE THEATRE - NIGHT

Joey sprints out. Gapes at an empty parking spot with a greasy puddle. He circles it, ponders where he went wrong. Joey plops down and pops open his Goobers.

63 EXT. MAIN STREET - NIGHT

Joey walks home. Peers bleakly up at the street lights. He rests at a bus stop. Picks up a rock and carves "Idio" into the bench. Scratches it out before completing the word.

Joey strides down the street. Tries to thumb a ride but the cars whisk by. He holds out his flashy tie, as if that might make a difference. The cars stream on by.

Joey spots a silver car across the street. The headlights flick on. It approaches him.

JOEY
No, no...

He takes off! Pumping his arms as he races. The silver car gains. Joey looks back. Turns on the jets. Dodges a pile of trash.

The sedan is even with him. The window rolls down. Joey ducks his head...

ANNIE (O.S.)
What're you doing?

JOEY
Annie?

ANNIE
You can stop running now.

Joey slows to a stop. Tries to catch his breath. The sound of an oncoming car... Joey ducks in JUST AS a bag of fast food flies overhead. The bag splatters on the sidewalk.

64 INT. ANNIE'S CAR - NIGHT

Annie hits the gas before Joey has a chance to buckle up. He turns to her, notices that her mascara is streaked.

JOEY
You look different.

ANNIE
Shut up.

She wipes her face. Joey peeks over.

ANNIE
Don't look at me.

Joey looks straight ahead. He holds up a palm, shielding his face from Annie. She smacks it away.

JOEY
What're you doing out here?

ANNIE
Why are you walking home?

JOEY
My date didn't go so well.

ANNIE
Ya think? God, you are such a schmuck. You know that?

JOEY

What're you talking about?

ANNIE

Like you don't know.

JOEY

No. I don't know.

ANNIE

She uses people, Joey. That's what she does. Or is that what you're looking for now.

JOEY

What? You don't know what I'm looking for.

ANNIE

Then why don't you tell me. Mister Snazzy Cowboy Tie.

JOEY

Why'd you bother picking me up if you hate my guts. Huh?

Annie doesn't have an answer for this.

JOEY

You put your hair up and you think it gives you all the answers.

Annie brings the car to a screeching halt. She turns the motor off. Turns to Joey. Icy.

ANNIE

I guess you made your choice tonight.

JOEY

What choice?

ANNIE

You changed. Just like I thought you would.

JOEY

Yeah? I guess that's what happens when you don't have faith in people.

ANNIE

Go to hell. Don't tell me I don't have faith in people.

JOEY
Well where is it?

ANNIE
Not here. Not with you.

Like a dagger through Joey's snazzy tie into his heart.

He opens the door and gets out. Annie starts the car, idles. Joey contemplates what to do. He leans in through the window.

JOEY
It's a jungle, Annie. You know?
Being extinct isn't an option.

ANNIE
Neither am I.

Joey leans back. Annie drives away.

Joey looks back, considers going the opposite way. Then wanders in her direction.

65 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joey lumbers in via the side door. He wipes the sweat from his brow. No sign of Blanche.

He passes through the living room. Pauses on a PICTURE of his mom and dad. Sounds emanate from an adjacent room. Passionate sounds. Joey's eyes shift in the direction of...

66 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Blanche and Robbie MAKE OUT on the couch. Joey's eyes bulge. He falls on his ass with a yelp, lands on a few Cheetos.

JOEY
What the hell? What the hell, what
the hell, what the hell?!

Blanche and Robbie finally notice.

BLANCHE
You're home early.

ROBBIE
Joey?

Joey backs away on all fours.

ROBBIE

What'd you say your last name was?

BLANCHE

Volare.

ROBBIE

Like the car.

Joey huffs, turns to leave.

ROBBIE

And a sweet ride it is...

Joey comes CHARGING. He stops, frothing at the mouth.

BLANCHE

Do you have a fever?

Joey pivots, stomps away.

ROBBIE

I know I do.

Joey CHARGES with a fist in the air. Robbie doesn't budge.

ROBBIE

Does he do this a lot?

Joey SWATS a beverage, it shatters on the floor next to some scattered Cheetos.

BLANCHE

You're making a mess.

Joey undoes his tie, throws it in Robbie's face. Marches out of the room.

67 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joey paces back and forth, mad as hell. He snares a box of Pop Tarts from the counter. STOMPS on it, dumps it in the trash. Blanche stalks in.

BLANCHE

What is wrong with you?

JOEY

Me? You know that's my boss, right?

BLANCHE

What?

JOEY

Bingo, Blanche. Now what're you gonna do about it?

BLANCHE

What do you expect me to do?

JOEY

Break up with him. The night's still young.

BLANCHE

We were hittin' it off.

JOEY

Yeah, I saw that.

BLANCHE

Let me get this straight. I go out, I'm wrong. I stay in, I'm wrong. And what the hell is that smell? Did you have sex, Joey?

JOEY

No! I did not have sex!

He yanks at his hair as he marches away.

BLANCHE

Hey! This is still my house, ya know.

Joey turns, still yanking at his hair.

JOEY

Don't expect me to keep coming back!

BLANCHE

I won't!

68 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - DEN - NIGHT

Blanche glides in, carrying a tray of espresso and biscotti. Robbie sits on the couch with his shoes and socks off. He waves a black sock high in the air like a helicopter blade.

BLANCHE

What're you doing?

ROBBIE

Drying out my socks. Is that coffee
I smell?

He waves both of them now. Blanche fights to keep smiling.

BLANCHE

What a good idea. Care for some
espresso?

69 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - NIGHT

Joey exits the conference room, spots Annie at the reception desk. He strolls up, leans on her desk. Annie ignores him, adds lots of black lipstick.

JOEY

You don't wanna overdo it.

Annie swivels her back to him.

JOEY

Doing anything later?

ANNIE

Good-night, Joey.

She turns off her monitor, snags her purse and strides toward the door.

JOEY

Good-night? We were just talking.

ANNIE

And now I'm just leaving.

JOEY

Come on. What're you doing later?

ANNIE

Sleeping, showering... lying in my
crypt.

JOEY

Did I do something wrong?

ANNIE

You? No. You're a saint.

JOEY

Don't gimme that.

Annie props open the door, turns to Joey with a sigh.

JOEY
C'mon, just tell me.

ANNIE
What do you wanna know?

JOEY
Oh I get it. This is the part where
you hang everything over my head.
Feel better now?

ANNIE
Nope.

JOEY
You think you know everything that's
going on, but you don't.

ANNIE
That's where you're supposed to come
in.

She exits. Joey watches her leave through the window.

Robbie and Shamus stroll up.

ROBBIE
Trouble in El Paradiso?

JOEY
Mind your own business.

SHAMUS
She's hot when she's pissed.

He mimes doggie-style sex.

JOEY
Shut up. And why aren't you in porn?
That's all you think about.

Robbie chuckles, he spins to face Joey. Suddenly, Blanche's
hooker-red SMOUCHES are visible on his cheek!

JOEY
Ugghh... Is that my mom's lipstick?

ROBBIE
What?

JOEY
Go wash your face.

ROBBIE
I'll get to it, don't worry.

JOEY
Do it now. That is so sick.

ROBBIE
You're gettin' excited.

JOEY
You're not dating my mom.

ROBBIE
You like working here?

Joey reaches up, tries to smudge away the lipstick himself.
Robbie catches him. Won't let go.

ROBBIE
What's the matter with you?

JOEY
Nothing's the matter with me.

SHAMUS
I want a second opinion.

JOEY
Screw you.

ROBBIE
What about the cruise? You could
take Annie. A little marimba...
You'll have the whole week to make
up.

JOEY
She's not interested.

SHAMUS
There's a shocker.

JOEY
Fuck you.

SHAMUS
Uh oh, now he's really mad.

From the side door, Nobu scurries in, crying.

NOBU
Please, please. Must take pickup
back. Please...

Shamus and Robbie bust out laughing. Joey breaks free from Robbie's clutches.

JOEY
Yeah, real funny. Don't hurt yourselves.

He ushers Nobu to the other side of the showroom.

JOEY
What's the matter?

NOBU
My wife say she kill me. You must take truck back. Please.

JOEY
Who wears the pants in your family?

NOBU
Huh?

JOEY
Who wears the pants?

Behind Joey, Annie slips in to retrieve a CD.

NOBU
We both wear pants.

JOEY
I can't accept that. Tell her to take her pants off.

NOBU
I can't do that.

JOEY
You love that truck.

NOBU
Lemon law, lemon law! You say you take truck back.

JOEY
That's just an expression.

NOBU
Not just an expression. These lemons are real.

JOEY
No, it's like the two birds with one stone.

NOBU

No, Sir. You lie to me.

Annie frowns in Joey's direction and slips back out.

JOEY

C'mon, tell your wife to get a grip.
It's just a truck, right?

NOBU

Hey! I respect my wife.
(pointing)
Not like you.

He scowls at Joey. Punches his way through the double doors.

Joey stands frozen. He finally peers up - through the window - Annie backs away and drives off. Exiting the showroom on the other side are Robbie and Shamus.

ROBBIE

Don't forget to lock up!

70 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Blanche removes pop tarts from the toaster. Joey stomps in, carrying a large brown paper bag. He tosses the pop tarts in the sink.

BLANCHE

What're you doing?

Joey angrily plunks down Chinese food from the paper bag. Blanche eyes him carefully.

BLANCHE

Did you throw out my Pop Tarts?

JOEY

You like lobster sauce, right?

71 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - KITCHEN - NIGHT

Joey and Blanche trade suspicious looks as they eat at the table. Unlike Blanche, Joey can't get his chopsticks to work. Frustrated as hell, he STABS away at the food. Catches an egg roll and CHOMPS down on it.

JOEY

I didn't see any bills out there.

Blanche is silent.

JOEY

You paid them?

He chortles, thinking it'll get a rise out of Blanche. It doesn't. The quiet destroys Joey.

JOEY

Okay, fine. I want you to stop seeing him.

BLANCHE

Who?

JOEY

You know who.

BLANCHE

We've been over this. You don't get to tell me what to do.

JOEY

You don't see my situation?

BLANCHE

He's phenomenal in bed.

Joey coughs up his food.

BLANCHE

All that chest hair... I can't control myself.

JOEY

Are you trying to kill me?

BLANCHE

We did it all night, Joey. All night. Oh, the humanity.

Joey SMASHES fortune cookies on the table.

JOEY

How could you do that? Don't you love me?

BLANCHE

We broke up, you nincompoop.

JOEY

(catching his breath)
You did?

BLANCHE

I want someone who treats me with respect. Know what I mean?

She snares the one FORTUNE COOKIE that remains intact, sashays out. Joey stares down at all the crumpled ones left.

72 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Joey sits on his bed, lost in his thoughts.

He eyes his baseball bat in the corner, doesn't bother to pick it up. He then turns his attention to the Doll on the shelf. Walks over to it.

JOEY

Go on, say it. Bad son, right? Say it.

He snags the Doll, looks it square in the plastic eye.

JOEY

I said say it, you wimp. Come on!

The silence is deafening. Joey shakes. He spins and HURLS the Doll. It SHATTERS the framed picture of Joey's dad, it crashes to the floor.

Joey stands rigid. He turns to the door, expecting a reprimand from his mother. There is none.

He stares down at the broken PICTURE of his father. Fights away tears. Joey wipes his eyes, kneels down by his bed. A final CRUNCH of glass.

73 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Robbie and Shamus chat in the center of the showroom. A CUSTOMER, 40s with salt-n-pepper hair, approaches.

SALT-N-PEPPER

Can I get some help?

SHAMUS

Just a second. So then what?

ROBBIE

We went back to my place, and... Do I need to write you a book?

Salt-n-pepper leaves in disgust. The clatter of hard-bottom shoes. Important shoes. Robbie and Shamus turn.

And get a load of Joey in a new PROFESSIONAL suit. Slate grey, with a solid blue (non-flashy) TIE. He carries a leather briefcase.

Joey turns cool eyes at them as he strides toward his palace. The conference room. Shamus does his best "la-di-da." It has no effect on Joey.

On the other side is Annie. Who seems to be fighting her own skepticism. Joey flashes her a little smile, Annie pretends to not be affected by his new look.

74 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey sets his briefcase on the table, straightens everything out. Including the PICTURES on the wall. Perfecto!

Annie drifts by, sneaks a peek at polished Joey.

JOEY

Annie, can you come in here a sec?

Annie reappears in the doorway. She folds her arms, trying to remain standoffish.

JOEY

Look, I've been sort of a jackass.

ANNIE

Sort of?

JOEY

Okay, a complete one. Would you consider having dinner with a jackass?

ANNIE

What would be the upside?

Joey pops open his briefcase. Inside, a bouquet of white roses rests on a bed of ice packs. He hold them out to her. They're beautiful. Annie stands firm, gazing at Joey.

ANNIE

Take a good look at me, Joey. Do I look like the sort of girl you wine and dine in fancy restaurants?

JOEY

Okay, I'm gonna need your help on this one. That sounds like a trick question.

75 INT. BAR - BOOTH - NIGHT

Annie and Joey trade looks, awaiting their meals. Joey eyes the salt and pepper shakers, doesn't give into temptation. A patron BURPS from afar.

JOEY

Fancy.

Annie stifles a smile. Aside from dark eyeliner, her Gothiness is virtually gone. Her blue dress comes close to matching Joey's tie. Which he loosens a bit.

JOEY

I like what you're wearing tonight.

ANNIE

(mocking him)

This old thing?

JOEY

Touché, you got me. You look good in colors.

They exchange awkward smiles.

ANNIE

Did you lie to that Asian guy?

JOEY

(holds out his hand)

I'm Joey. I sell used cars. Your name is?

Annie doesn't accept the handshake.

ANNIE

Not Jenny.

JOEY

... Fair enough.

A pregnant silence. Annie leans back. Eyes Joey closely.

JOEY

What?

ANNIE

Nothing.

JOEY

No, it's definitely something.

Annie disappears inside herself. Retrieves something meaningful.

ANNIE

Love can burn. And love can last.
But it can't do both.

JOEY

Who the hell said that?

ANNIE

Benjamin Franklin. To the best of
my knowledge... not a salesman.

JOEY

He's not getting a Christmas card
from me.

ANNIE

Are you saying you don't agree with
it?

JOEY

He's entitled to his opinion.

Annie squints, she won't let him off the hook so easy.

JOEY

Look, if I had to pick... I'd choose
burning.

ANNIE

Over having it last?

JOEY

Forever doesn't make it a good thing.

Annie begrudgingly concedes the point.

ANNIE

So you like sparks.

A smirk appears on Joey's face. He slides a ring box from
his jacket pocket. Opens it for Annie, who gapes.

JOEY

Doesn't everyone?

BACKFIRE. Joey looks out the window. Away goes BLANCHE'S
CAR.

He takes off like a bat out of hell, leaving the ring with
Annie. She gawks at it.

76 EXT. BAR - NIGHT

Joey goes tearing down the street. No sign of Blanche's car. He winces, figuring he was too late. Until he turns and spies Blanche's car parked near a row of shops.

Joey gapes as he approaches his mom's old car. His "white whale" is suddenly staring him in the face.

Joey circles the car, peering in each of the windows. He spots the BOX of baseball cards in the front seat. In the back seat, a mound of clothes. He peeks around nervously. Goes for the door handle. Jiggles it. Locked.

JOEY

Damn.

He spies a rock on the ground, picks it up. Bounces it in his hand, trying to appear casual.

JOEY

This is all wrong.

He drops the rock, wipes the dirt on his pants. Looks at the driver's door.

JOEY

Bingo.

The window is slightly open. Joey wastes no time in removing his tie and fastening a loop at the end. He lowers it inside, finagles it around the door lock. Then drops the tie.

JOEY

Oh, c'mon!

He angrily grabs the door handle. Shakes it. It pops open!

JOEY

Yesss!

He sits there a moment. Takes a deep breath. Reaches for the box of cards...

A huge DOBERMAN lunges forward, SNARLING in Joey's face. Joey SCREAMS. He pulls back, tries to make a quick grab of the box. The dog's jaws SNAP, mouth foaming, teeth gnashing.

BARKS and SCREAMS fill the car. Joey finally jumps out, shuts the door in the nick of time, gasps for air. The Doberman barks wildly, scratching at the glass, foam spewing. Joey SMACKS the glass, peeks again at his cards.

JOEY
Those are mine!

He turns on a dime, runs full force into the Old Lady. Joey YELLS. Gets BOPPED in the head by her big ol' purse.

JOEY
Ow!

OLD LADY
What do you think you're doing? Get out of here, you crook! Now!

Joey struggles to get free from her wrath.

JOEY
I'll leave if you let me go. See how that works?!

He breaks free, hustles back toward the bar.

77 INT. BAR - NIGHT

Joey strides in. No sign of Annie. Runs to the booth.

No sign of the ring. He checks under the napkins. Under the table. Nothing.

Joey looks up. Ponders what it might mean. Smiles.

78 INT. JOEY'S HOUSE - JOEY'S BEDROOM - MORNING

The picture of Joey's dad is gone. As is the Doll. It's a new day. Joey enters in his suit trousers and a French-cuff shirt. He fastens cufflinks. Blanche appears in the doorway.

BLANCHE
You're riding your bike to work in that?

JOEY
You didn't check the driveway?

Blanche marches to the window, expecting to see a new car. In the driveway sits a neat, little Vespa scooter.

JOEY
Nice, huh?

BLANCHE
It's small, Joey.

JOEY
Yup. It's small.

Blanche turns away from the window. Joey expects another critique from his mom, but he doesn't get it. Instead, Blanche looks him over keenly. Her son's all grown up.

BLANCHE
It'll be good on gas.

JOEY
(nods)
That's what I was thinking.

Blanche gives him a soft smile and departs.

Joey opens his closet, reaches for a professional tie. On second thought, he reaches deeper and snags a tie that hangs by itself on a hanger. The one his mom made him.

79 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Through the window, Joey strides up to the glass doors and enters. Annie hunkers down at her desk, typing away.

Joey tries to get a read on Annie's mood, but can't. He doesn't push it. Marches straight into the conference room.

80 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey flicks on the lights and gets acclimated to a new day. He keeps peeking in Annie's direction, looking for a sign.

On the dry erase board, Shamus leads Joey 17-16 in cars sold. Shamus' grand total is \$113,000. Joey's is \$103,000.

Annie surprises Joey.

JOEY
Hey!

ANNIE
Hey. You forgot this.

She hands him back the engagement ring.

JOEY
Forgot it. I guess that's a "no."

Annie doesn't want to say the actual word. Joey nods, tucks the ring into his pocket. A painfully awkward moment.

ANNIE

I just don't think we know each other that well.

JOEY

You really believe that?

ANNIE

Yeah, I do.

Joey takes a seat. Officially lost. Annie figures this is as good a time as any to leave.

Joey opens up Outlook. Sees that he has 10 new emails. Closes out of it. He doesn't know what to do with himself.

Joey paces his office, taking deep breaths, stretching. Trying to change the energy of the day, all on his own.

He pops open the bottom drawer of his desk, rummages through some candy bags. Notices a department store bag that he forgot about. Inside is a FLASHY TIE and a store receipt. Joey's about to stuff it away when he looks up and notices Annie chatting with the UPS GUY, 21. A very friendly guy.

Joey zooms in with an angry glare. He RIPS off his mom's tie, throws it in the trash. Puts the flashy one on.

He thumps his chest. Joey will not be denied. Annie and the UPS Guy notice Joey thumping himself. UPS Guy gets Annie's signature and gets the hell out of there.

81 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Joey slithers out of his office. If he ever were a sales shark, it would be now. He eyes the Customers like prey.

ANNIE

Are you okay?

Joey ignores her. He spots a couple, early 50s, chipper and tourist-looking. ABIGAIL and STANLEY. Fresh meat. Abigail tugs a French poodle on a leash.

Joey glides over to them, with an all-too-relaxed look. Annie watches Joey, deeply concerned.

JOEY

I can help you.

ABIGAIL

That would be wonderful.

Joey leads them toward the conference room.

JOEY

What a lovely dog you have.

ABIGAIL

Thank you.

She smiles at Stanley. Joey passes Annie. Gives her a wink. Annie's jaw drops. She can only watch as Joey leads the couple into his lair.

82 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Abigail and Stanley take a seat across from Joey. Everyone seems to be full of life. Including the dog. A closer look, Joey spies that the poodle is wearing a COLLAR similar to the one Annie was wearing at the bar.

JOEY

Can I offer you something? Coffee?
Kibble?

ABIGAIL

(chuckles)
Coffee sounds great.

Stanley nods in polite confirmation.

JOEY

Be right back.

83 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - COFFEE STATION - DAY

Joey pours two cups of coffee. Annie descends upon him.

ANNIE

What're you up to, Joey?

Joey calmly stirs sugar into the coffees.

JOEY

Did you check out the collar on
Frenchy? I think it looks better on
you.

ANNIE

Screw you. That couple seems really
nice. You better not do anything
stupid.

JOEY

We're running a little low on sugar.
When you get a chance, could you
fetch some?

Annie fumes. Joey ambles away from her.

84 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey nudges the door shut with his foot, sets the two coffees
down with a smile.

JOEY

I hope you like French Roast.

ABIGAIL

We love French Roast. I was just
saying that the other day.

JOEY

Fan-tas-tic.

He peeks at the difference separating him from Shamus in the
sales contest. If Joey can eclipse \$10,000 with this sale,
he will take the lead.

JOEY

So what kind of car are we looking
for today?

ABIGAIL

Something nice. Not too expensive.

Joey nods. He has them on the hook.

JOEY

Why don't we all take a walk?

85 EXT. KABIBEE'S CARS - DAY

Abigail and Stanley check out the used cars, peeking in
windows. Joey gives them some space. But not too much.

JOEY

I hope you don't mind me saying...
but I think you two would look
fabulous behind the wheel of a
Mercedes Benz. And with Frenchy
here in the back seat? Golden.

ABIGAIL

Why thank you. Aren't those expensive?

JOEY

They vary in price. But if it's quality you want...

Abigail and Stanley trade a concerned look.

ABIGAIL

A little less pricey. We have to watch our budget.

JOEY

I hear ya there.

(beat)

How do you feel about BMWs? Or Saabs? Those'll get you around.

ABIGAIL

A little further south. My husband takes ten different kinds of medication a day.

JOEY

Really.

ABIGAIL

It's quite expensive.

JOEY

Ever thought of alternative medicine?

ABIGAIL

Alternative?

JOEY

You know, like herbs or vitamins. Sometimes that's just as good.

STANLEY

I think we'll stick to my doctor's advice.

JOEY

Are you sure? People are crazy about the acupuncture.

ABIGAIL

What about the LeBaron over there? That seems nice.

Joey doesn't need to look. He knows the LeBaron won't put him over the top.

JOEY

Now is a LeBaron the way to show off that beautiful dog of yours?

ABIGAIL

He doesn't need the attention. We give him *all* the love he needs.

A pained smile from Joey.

86 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey glumly lays out their paperwork. He stares at the dry erase board, does some quick math in his head. By accident, Joey hits the intercom button on his telephone.

87 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Customers roam about. Annie hands one a cup of water. The loudspeaker crackles.

JOEY (over loudspeaker)

We have all kinds of options... Rustproofing, undercoating, CD stereo, anti-theft system, detailing. How do you feel about satellite radio?

ABIGAIL (over loudspeaker)

Satellites?

Annie glares up at the loudspeaker.

88 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Joey sits with his hands folded, smiling at the Couple.

ABIGAIL

Do they make some without satellites?

Joey spots Annie approaching through the window. Heads her off at the pass, locks the door. Barricades it.

Annie knocks on the window and points adamantly toward the ceiling. Joey doesn't know or care what she means. He pulls the shade down. It unravels and falls to the floor. Annie continues pointing upwards.

INTERCUT - CONFERENCE ROOM AND SHOWROOM

JOEY

Just ignore her. I think she might be on medication, too.

Abigail and Stanley exchange a look. Annie scowls at Joey. She then spies the Couple furrowing their brows at her. Annie gives them an apologetic smile and leaves.

JOEY

Now that that demonstration's over, whaddaya say we get down to business?

ABIGAIL

Yes to the anti-theft system. If it gets stolen, I really don't see the point of our being here. Am I right?

JOEY

Amen.

ABIGAIL

How does the undercoating work?

JOEY

It protects the... undercarriage.

ABIGAIL

Is that important?

JOEY

Would I waste your time with something unimportant, Miss...?

ABIGAIL

Swanson.

JOEY

It's the way my mom raised me. Be direct, and to the point.

ABIGAIL

How sweet.

QUICK CUT OF SHOWROOM: Robbie smirks at Shamus re: Joey's sales tactics.

ROBBIE

(fisting gesture)

Movin' in for the kill...

Shamus hurries over to help a Customer.

BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

JOEY

Satellite radio is phenomenal, too, lemme tell ya. Do you like classical music? Concerts? Who doesn't like concerts.

ABIGAIL

It's a money thing, that's all. I just don't think it would be wise of us...

She leans over to read Joey's name tag.

ABIGAIL

...Joey, to spend beyond our means.

JOEY

I understand. Do you like poetry?

ABIGAIL

Why do you ask?

JOEY

You can listen to poetry day and night. *Satellites*.

Abigail looks proudly at her husband.

ABIGAIL

My husband's a poet.

JOEY

No shit.

(off Abigail's look)

Sorry for the profanity. Poetry just excites me.

ABIGAIL

I know what you mean.

JOEY

(stands up;
Shakespearean)

Love can burn. And love can last.
But it can't do both.

STANLEY

Ben Franklin.

JOEY

That's right. One of my personal faves. How do you not like Ben Franklin. Am I right?

QUICK CUT OF SHOWROOM: Annie glares up at the loudspeaker. Roughs up the coffee machine.

BACK TO CONFERENCE ROOM

Abigail smiles at Joey. He smiles right back.

Abigail then reaches over the desk and pats his forearm.

ABIGAIL

You're such a nice man.

Silence. The tension in Joey's jaw gives way. As does his phony smile. He bows his head. Joey has never heard these words before. Never from his mom. Or his dad.

Abigail turns to Stanley. Unsure if she offended Joey.

ABIGAIL

(to Joey)

Did I say something wrong?

Joey's lost in his thoughts. He finally peers up at Abigail. In his eyes, you can see that Abigail has healed him somehow.

Joey stands up and casually erases the dry erase board. He turns to Abigail and Stanley with a smile. A true smile.

JOEY

About that undercoating...

89 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Annie stands with her arms folded, scowling out the window.

JOEY (over loudspeaker)

I really don't think you need it.
Same with the rustproofing.

Annie turns. Furrows her brow up at the loudspeaker.

JOEY (over loudspeaker)

You folks need to save money. As
for the anti-theft, a good Club should
do just fine. It's a used car.

Annie gapes at Robbie, who relays it to Shamus.

JOEY (over loudspeaker)
It's got a cassette player. You
don't need satellites.

ROBBIE
He's throwing the contest?

Shamus grins up at the loudspeaker.

JOEY (over loudspeaker)
My mom has to be careful with money,
too. So I know what you're going
through. What good is a car if you
can't afford to eat. Am I right?

An elderly couple trades looks. Joey's honesty is
breathtaking.

JOEY (over loudspeaker)
We'll get you a decent warranty and
you'll be just fine. How's that?

The SOUND of Abigail clumsily climbing the desk to HUG Joey.

ABIGAIL (over loudspeaker)
Thank you, thank you, thank you...

JOEY (over loudspeaker)
Pleasure's all mine. Really.

Annie stands befuddled, gaping in the direction of the
conference room.

90 INT. KABIBEE'S CARS - SHOWROOM - DAY

Joey exits the conference room with a very pleased Abigail
and Stanley. Stanley shakes Joey's hand. Abigail pats him
on the shoulder. Joey gives Frenchy the Poodle a pat.

Annie SPLITS the crowd and lays a GARGANTUAN KISS on Joey's
lips. He nearly buckles under the weight of her passion.

It quickly garners the attention of everyone in the
dealership. Joey's head is swimming. As is Annie's. The
smattering of applause. It grows louder.

Remaining steadfast to Annie's lips, Joey holds out the keys.
Stanley snatches them away and turns to Abigail.

STANLEY
Let's go home.

Still kissing, Joey and Annie wave goodbye to the happy couple.

They finally break. Both, nearly out of breath.

JOEY

You should really warn a guy...

A YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE approaches Joey.

YOUNG WIFE

You seem sort of busy, but... do you have a business card?

JOEY

Business card... I think I might have one in my wallet.

He pulls out his fat wallet, slides one out. Other Customers approach. They're drawn to Joey like moths to a flame.

Shamus watches them all go by. His shit-eating grin dwindles to extreme agita. Bye-bye, cruise. He looks over at Robbie and Jenny. But they're no help.

PHIL

You're screwed.

Shamus grimaces. Of all the times, this is when Phil finds his tongue. Joey doles out business cards left and right.

91 EXT. PIER - DAY

Joey and Annie lean on a rail, watching a cruise ship head out to sea. Annie's hair hangs down by her eyes, only a smidge of makeup. The ship's horn BLOWS.

JOEY

There she goes.

ANNIE

Are you gonna miss her?

JOEY

Maybe not tonight.

He peeks over at Annie. She laughs. They wave together.

They walk along the pier. Joey drapes his arm around her.

JOEY

So you're Gothless now. You're completely without Goth.

ANNIE

I might surprise you from time to time.

JOEY

You better.

He looks over at a shop window. A few steps later, he suddenly stops. Runs back. Gazes in the window in a trance.

JOEY

No way...

ANNIE

What is it?

In the store window is his BOX of baseball cards. The boat horn BLOWS. The trance vanishes from his face.

JOEY

Nothing. Never mind.

They walk along a few more steps. Joey stops, looks at Annie.

JOEY

Wait right here.

He sprints back to the store. Exits a moment later - elated - with the box of baseball cards tucked under his arm.

JOEY

I just had to --

Annie interrupts him with a hot kiss. The ship's horn BLOWS.

JOEY

Those pinto beans were a mistake.

ANNIE

Shut up.

They continue along. Hot off his kiss, Joey puffs out his chest, smiling proudly at the PASSERSBY.

ANNIE

Who are you?

JOEY

We'll see.

They hold hands. And stroll down the pier together.

OVER CREDITS:

92 EXT. SUBURBAN STREET - DAY

Joey and Annie ride the tandem bike. Annie holds tight to the box of cards in back, Joey slurps a milkshake.

UP AHEAD

Repo guy Dwayne uses a Slim Jim on a silver Honda. Rico watches through the rear view of a parked silver sedan.

Two 19-YEAR-OLDS burst from a dilapidated house.

TEEN 1

What the fuck are you doing?

DWAYNE

I'm repo'ing your ass. Sound good?

SCUFFLE. Dwayne SHOVES them both to the ground. They TRIP him. Dwayne bobbles to the pavement. Punches thrown. A SCRUM by the front tire. Dwayne now has each of them in a headlock. Pulls them in tight...

All of 'em. DOUSED by a chocolate shake! They all SHOUT.

TEENS & DWAYNE

What the fuck?!

Joey giggles. Rico watches him ride by with Annie. The Teens come running. Dwayne brings up the rear.

TEEN 1

Come back here, you piece of shit!

DWAYNE

I'm gonna repo your face!

Joey turns on the jets. Ditches the cup in a trash bin. Swish! Annie peers back at them gaining...

ANNIE

You got chocolate?

Joey rings his bike bell with a grin.

THE END