

TIN CAN ALLEY

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EXT. CITY STREET - AFTERNOON (1991)

A PEPSI BILLBOARD AD of MC Hammer that reads "It's got what it takes" overlooks steady traffic, floating up and down the street, shimmering in the golden August sun.

A clean, proud, blue garage bears witness to the parade.

A 1991 PINK CADILLAC DEVILLE breaks from the flow of traffic and pulls onto the lot.

INT. GARAGE - DAY

The three bay doors are wide open. The noise of the street blends with the garage, a hive of activity with two cars on hoists and a 1970 FORD MAVERICK over the pit.

Underneath the hood of the FORD, a single light illuminates the tidy, expert work of a mechanic.

Grease stained hands work quickly. Coverall sleeves rolled up, hair tied back through a cap.

Wiping her greasy hands, CHARLIE TRIPP (24), comes up for air from the engine block and peaks at the SMALL TV on the workbench showing a cheesy USED CAR AD. Charlie's no Delta Burke. She's her mechanic.

ON TV

Wearing a plaid jacket, a matching tie and a tired smile, JACK TRIPP (70) leads us around the lot with his seamless throwback allure.

Balloons, a huge ramp and a fully inflated 25 foot tall moose are in the background.

JACK

No chance for financing? At Last  
Chance Autos, there's always a  
chance! Hey, we've even got a dunk  
tank with our own dummy. Isn't that  
right, Donnie?

Jack leans against a dunk tank and peers up at the shirtless drowned rat, DONNIE DIXON (25), seated precariously above the discolored water, nodding vigorously.

Through his fogged up goggles we can see his big moment has arrived.

DONNIE  
(with a wooden delivery)  
If you don't know Jack Tripp, you  
don't know jack about cars.

JACK  
(to camera)  
Huh. Guess this Donnie ain't no  
dummy!

Jack grins through his salted good looks and punches the round trigger button. Donnie SHRIEKS as he SPLASHES into the murky water.

BACK TO SCENE

Charlie shakes her head. Same bullshit sideshow.

EXT. GARAGE - DAY

A worn-out man (late 50s) in grey coveralls gets out of the passenger side of the Cadillac Deville we saw earlier.

A white curly mullet rests just above a name tag that reads "GARY".

A smoke clings to his mouth as he shuffles towards the garage.

INT. GARAGE - CONTINUOUS

Gary shuffles silently up to the Maverick, unnoticed by Charlie. He sees the used car ad on TV.

GARY  
Your old man's still got it.

Charlie peeks out from under the hood and warms to the familiar face.

CHARLIE  
Hey Gears!  
(beat)  
Not sure who would want what he's  
got.

Gary doesn't engage. He knows better.

GARY  
His last sale is this weekend,  
y'know.

Charlie goes back under the hood of the car.

CHARLIE

You believe that, I'll sell you my  
Milli Vanilli records.

GARY

Wasn't long ago, you wanted to be  
just like him.

CHARLIE

I'd rather fix it than fake it. I'm  
not much of a bull-shitter.

Gary knows that's true. He holds out TWO TICKETS.

GARY

For you.

CHARLIE

Where'd you get these?

Charlie comes out from under the hood, wipes her hands and  
takes the tickets.

GARY

A friend.

Charlie's suspicious. She takes a closer look. "Detroit  
Tigers vs New York Yankees. 08/11/1991"

CHARLIE

Good seats.

She looks over Gary's shoulder through the bay doors and sees  
the pink Cadillac, idling in the lot. Now it makes sense.

GARY

Y'know kid, some things are worth  
fixin.

Annoyed, she hops into the Maverick. It starts, but barely.

CHARLIE

Never give up on a Maverick.

He wasn't talking about the car and she knows it. Gary lets  
it go as she revs the engine.

GARY

Didn't know you liked baseball.  
That boyfriend of yours know how  
lucky he is?

CHARLIE

Three months. No curveballs. Feel like I'm the lotto winner.

She gets out, peels off her coveralls, revealing a spotless white t-shirt and jeans, and slams down the hood of the car.

CHARLIE

Gotta go, Gears. I'll come by and we'll have a Coke in the Studebaker.

She gives Gary a hug around the neck, stuffs the tickets into her jeans, jumps back into the Maverick and backs out of the garage.

As she passes the Cadillac, she throws the back seat passenger a nonchalant middle finger.

EXT. MINI MALL - AFTERNOON

Charlie pulls into the lot and parks her car next to a RED CONVERTIBLE 1988 CHRYSLER LE BARON.

Faded and forgotten, the mall has become a haven for loan sharks, lawyers and pawn shops, of which there are four.

INT. DINGMAN LAW OFFICE LOBBY - AFTERNOON

The place is dark except for a dim glow that illuminates two shadows from behind an adjoining office door labelled: "Dale Dingman. Personal injury attorney and estate planning."

The only light in the room is a lit shelf with a collection of meticulously placed AUTOGRAPHED BASEBALLS.

We hear a GIGGLE.

Charlie, wearing a Yankees shirt, enters clutching the two tickets, an AUTOGRAPHED WOODEN BASEBALL BAT with a large red bow and a six-pack.

CUT TO:

DALE'S OFFICE - SAME TIME

DALE DINGMAN (30), with preened hair and moustache, wears a dumb smile and leans back in his chair as a redhead under the desk bobs up and down.

BACK TO:

LOBBY

Charlie flips on the light as we hear another GIGGLE from the office. She stops, closes her eyes as disappointment falls over her, again.

A deep exhale.

She clenches her fists and crushes the tickets.

CUT TO:

INT. DALE'S OFFICE - A FEW SECONDS LATER

An enraged Charlie hurls baseballs at Dale, who's scurrying for cover behind his desk with his pants around his ankles.

DALE

I thought you said we had an open relationship?!

CHARLIE

I said I was open to a relationship, Dale!

Disgusted with herself, she nails him in the ass with a fastball and storms out.

DALE

Can't we mediate some sort of --  
Oh shit!

Charlie re-enters wielding the bat, red bow still attached.

He fumbles his pants and scrambles away but she's on top of him like an umpire.

CHARLIE

Lying motherfucker... You know how much I fuckin hate baseball?!

The redhead cowers and watches the beat down from the corner.

CUT TO:

EXT. OFFICE - A FEW MINUTES LATER

Charlie storms out, still clutching the bat, and heads straight for the pristine Chrysler Le Baron.

Batter up! The windshield is a stand-up triple. The headlight, a double. She then fouls off the mirror and the tail-lights.

Spent, she rips open the door to her Maverick, and gets in.

INT. FORD MAVERICK - CONTINUOUS

She attempts to SLAM the door but the rusty hinges spoil the mood.

She turns the keys. The old Maverick lets her down too and sputters to its death. She pounds the dash and screams in frustration.

Completely spent, she peeks at the beat-up Le Baron.

INT. LE BARON

The STEERING COLUMN is ripped open, wires are yanked out and crossed. A spark.

The car roars to life and Charlie pops up to see...

EXT. PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

A beaten and bloody DALE waddling towards her.

DALE

Chuck! That's my car!

He hears the rev of the engine and stops. He sees the murder in her eyes.

SCREECH! The Le Baron lunges forward and closes fast. Too fast.

Dale hits the hood hard, flips over the windshield and lands with a THUD in the parking lot.

Charlie muscles into traffic, flips him the bird and ROARS out of sight.

END COLD OPEN

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTOS - MORNING

A CLOSE UP of FIRE as a barbecue bursts to life.

SHEILA DAVIS (52) jumps back as her chefs hat clings to her curly-haired bob.

SHEILA

Lord sakes!

The balloons and strings of pennant banner have given the weathered lot a bit of curb appeal.

Jack glides past Sheila with a CAMERAMAN in tow.

He leads him to a row of tidy, polished cars, years past their prime -- lined up bumper to bumper. They're outnumbered by the weeds on the lot, several thousand to six.

JACK

This Saturday is a once in a  
lifetime event! Right behind me,  
ladies and gentlemen, is the one,  
the only, Eddie Powers!

The camera man shoots over Jack's shoulder.

We zoom in on a waving EDDIE POWERS (late 50's) in a gold glitter jump suit, helmet and cape, standing on top of a ramp next to a GOLD CAR with a ROCKET strapped to its trunk.

Two meager FIREWORKS go off haphazardly behind him. A pyrotechnics embarrassment.

INT. LAST CHANCE AUTOS - SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

A bull of a woman, THERESA DIXON (48), arms crossed and disgust smeared on her face, watches the scene through the window. Her look as flamboyant and abrasive as her personality.

THERESA

You gotta be shittin me.

BACK TO SCENE

Jack barges into the frame.



JACK

That's right folks, mister Powers,  
and his one-of-a-kind rocket car,  
will jump our entire inventory this  
Saturday!

We zoom out to see all six cars.

JACK

That's how serious I am about you  
taking the leap with me, Jack  
Tripp, at Last Chance Autos. That's  
the kind of faith I have in our  
product! So, bring the whole family  
for our last sale, ever, and own a  
piece of history! If you're down,  
you're never out. Here at Last  
Chance Autos, there's always a  
chance!

Jack gives his signature wink, a thumbs up to the camera and  
holds his pose.

The weary camera man drops his burden off his shoulder.

CAMERA MAN

Clear. Thanks Jack. We got it.

JACK

Make sure you guys run that one  
tonight, after supper. And I wanna  
see the playback first.

CAMERA MAN

(as enthusiastic as he can  
manage)  
You got it, Jack.

The camera man shuffles off revealing a pissed off Theresa,  
chewing gum like it wronged her.

THERESA

You run this past Pink?

Jack's boyish smile still softens her, damn it.

He turns to a smoldering Sheila, whose holding a towel, a hot  
dog and a glass of scotch.

JACK

Just gonna sell, for old times  
sake.

Jack slugs back the drink, towels off and devours the wiener.

THERESA

Old. That's the fuckin key word.  
You're picking a shitty time to  
feel nostalgic.

Sheila flinches at the swearing and apologizes to above.

Gary slides out between them from underneath a 1978 BUICK SKYLARK in his filthy coveralls with a smoke in his mouth.

GARY

Waddya wanna do 'bout these?

He's got white powder all over his face and he's holding two bags of cocaine.

JACK

Throw them in the garage. We'll put them in next week's shipment. Think you can give the cars a polish?

THERESA

Next week?!

Jack helps up a wired Gary, who snorts and spits on the ground.

GARY

I fix 'em. Don't fluff 'em.

JACK

We could all use a bit of polish.

Gary strides towards the garage with the bags.

THERESA

Jack, what do you mean next week?!

DONNIE

I got it, Dad!

A dripping Donnie runs over with a cloth and starts rubbing the hell out of the Buick as Theresa shoves Jack onto the hood of the car.

THERESA

This was our last week! We had the money to pay off Pink.

Donnie knocks off a large chunk of paint revealing a huge rust hole.

Jack escapes Theresa and kicks Donnie away from the car.

JACK

Put that down, idiot. We'll have nothing to sell. Go seed the lot. And stop calling me dad, for Christ's sake.

Jack hands Donnie some change as Sheila escorts him away.

JACK

Some kids are diamonds, but yours is a stone.

THERESA

Said the cubic zirconia of step-fathers. Jack, what happened?

Jack winces as his secret seeps through his face.

JACK

He offered me a new deal. One I couldn't refuse.

Theresa, desperate, reaches for Jack.

THERESA

Then lets sell the lot and go, like we agreed. These fucking tin cans are worthless. Those days are gone. They're not coming back. Neither is Charlie. Look at this place.

A beaten man, numb from the pain of truth, he wrestles with what he has done and yet to do.

JACK

Deal's a deal.

THERESA

Fifteen years, Jack. Fifteen years I gave you. What about that deal?

Jack releases her grip, turns and walks away.

She's so desperate she could spit as Donnie wanders past, scattering coins on the lot.

DONNIE

Mom! There's quarters in here!

INT. LE BARON - SAME TIME

The CAR RADIO blasts Cyndi Lauper's "Money Changes Everything" through the speakers.

Charlie cruises down the street with a beer in hand. The six pack, down three soldiers, sits on the passenger seat.

Through the smashed windshield we see a gauntlet of car dealerships, each more glamorous than the last. Honda, Toyota, GM, Ford, Chrysler, Dodge. All here and ALL NEW!

She spots the half inflated moose, starting to list heavily into traffic.

CHARLIE

What the fuck?

She hops the Le Baron onto the lot and parks next to a glimmering GREEN 1978 FORD PINTO.

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTOS - CONTINUOUS

Charlie gets out of the Le Baron, slugs back the rest of her beer and checks out the mint condition car. The sleek lines and chrome shimmer.

JACK (O.C.)

She's a beauty. One of a kind.

Charlie smiles when she hears the voice. She gets out of the car and runs into her dad's arms.

Jack's caught off guard when Charlie doesn't let go.

JACK

Hey. Easy kid. You're gonna ruin the shirt.

(notices the Le Baron)

Whose car and are there any survivors?

Charlie starts to cry. Jack squirms, his discomfort obvious.

JACK

Okay. Okay kiddo. Uh, let's get you into the office. Sheila! Office!

Jack guides Charlie toward the office entrance like a two-year-old pushes a bike.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Charlie sits in one of the two chairs facing his desk, where Jack is awkwardly perched. It's the only furniture in the room.

JACK  
You wanna talk about it?

Charlie looks up at her dad, framed by the photos on the wall of people smiling and shaking hands with Jack while holding a set of keys. His legacy looms larger than ever.

Charlie buries her face in her hands.

Sheila appears in the doorway, drenched in sweat and streaked with soot.

JACK  
Jesus Christ!

SHEILA  
Our Lord and saviour. What can I get you dears?

JACK  
Scotch. Water for the kid.

Sheila motions for Jack to sit beside his daughter as she limps out.

Jack hesitates, then makes his move.

A long pause. Why is this so hard?

Jack looks at the FRAMED PICTURE on the corner of his desk of ten-year-old Charlie, and a younger version of himself in his Pinto. Route 66. The road trip of a lifetime.

Charlie follows his stare.

JACK  
This place needs you, y'know.

CHARLIE  
Retiring again?

JACK  
For real this time.

Charlie knows that look. She's seen it too many times. She fights back a frown.

CHARLIE  
How much did you lose?

JACK  
Don't worry about it, kid.

He's selling and she's not buying.

CHARLIE  
 My whole life, Dad... Just once  
 tell me one thing, anything, that's  
 true.

His head down, he searches the floor for something fatherly  
 to say.

JACK  
 Everything I do, I do it for you.

CHARLIE  
 Jesus Christ, dad. A Bryan Adams  
 song?

JACK  
 It's true. I did the best I could  
 with the hand I was dealt.

Sheila arrives, all cleaned up, in a nice floral outfit with  
 two waters and a box of tissues.

SHEILA  
 Here we are dears.

Behind her, Theresa darkens the doorway.

THERESA  
 Whenever you wrap up this episode  
 of Donahue, they're ready to  
 playback your commercial.

CHARLIE  
 (to Theresa)  
 Shouldn't you be asleep in a coffin  
 with the rest of your kind?

Theresa snorts at Charlie's feeble volley.

THERESA  
 You're lucky I prefer the blood of  
 virgins.

She walks in and leans down into Charlie's face, smeared with  
 tears from earlier, and offers a tissue.

THERESA  
 Ladies dab. Whores smear.

Theresa pops back up, smile on her face.

THERESA  
 Oh, and the moose is loose again.

Everyone looks out the window at the snarled traffic as Theresa exits.

CUT TO:

EXT. STREET - DAY

Donnie fights a losing battle against the flaccid, flopping, moose in the street, as a sea of cars honk their displeasure.

BACK TO:

INT. JACK'S OFFICE

Sheila and Charlie stare at the scene like puppies in a pet shop window.

Jack hits the intercom.

JACK  
Gary, can you go help Donnie? He's gonna get killed.

Jack takes his water from Sheila, pitches it in the only plant in the room and pours himself a heavy whisky.

JACK  
Why don't you come by tomorrow? I bought half an hour on Channel 6. Tips and tricks from two Tripps. Waddy say?

Sheila frowns. Jack throws back a big gulp of whiskey.

CHARLIE  
I've got a job, dad. And a life. I need advice, not a guest appearance in your cheesy infomercial.

The truth burns worse than the whisky. Jack's forced to be a father.

JACK  
Look, whatever this Dan guy did, he's a loser.

SHEILA  
(so sweetly)  
Dale, Jack.

JACK  
Whatever. Your mother always talked  
about crisis creating opportunity.  
Sparks she called it. Use it, kid.

He gives her a shoulder bump. Charlie knows that's the best  
he can do.

SHEILA  
Jack?!

Sheila points to the window and Jack follows her gaze.

A MAN (45) and his TEENAGE SON pick up a few coins next to  
the Buick.

JACK  
I gotta go, kid.

He finishes his drink and gives Charlie a kiss on the  
forehead before heading for the door.

Sheila chases after him with a lint brush.

Jack stops and looks back at Charlie.

JACK  
Hey, kid. I Love ya.

It catches Charlie off guard.

CHARLIE  
Love you too, dad.

Jack walks out as Charlie watches through the window. Within  
seconds he's showing the father and son the finer details of  
the Buick.

Charlie smiles. He's still got it.

Sheila joins her at the window and waits for her opportunity.

SHEILA  
This place -- your father needs  
you.

Charlie looks at the home she once knew and weighs the past.

CHARLIE  
Some things can't be fixed.  
(beat)  
I need a drink.

Charlie turns and exits.



INT. LEO'S BAR - DAY

An EMPTY GLASS is SLAMMED down in a splash of sunshine on the dirty bar top.

Dusty bottles of the "good stuff" in front of the dingy bar mirror. Charlie is the only smeared reflection.

LEO POLSKIE (60), large, a retired welder but cast as a bartender, fills Charlie's glass with lumpy milk and chews his signature toothpick.

Charlie gives the glass a sniff, dry-heaves and pushes it away. No one is that angry.

CHARLIE

Got anything stronger?

LEO

Taps open at two.

Leo turns his back as the door opens and a dark suited figure walks in.

He hovers behind Charlie. His cologne wrinkles her nose. It's better than the milk.

CHARLIE

Grab a chair. There's a whole fucking bar to sit at.

FIGURE

(bad Schwarzenegger  
impression)

I need your boots, your clothes and  
your motorcycle.

CHARLIE

What the fuck?

Charlie spins to see the pudgy, million-dollar smile of THEODORE ROBINSON JUNIOR(27) -- stout, confident, with the rhythm and style of a love interest in a Janet Jackson video.

CHARLIE

Teddy! You're back?! Holy shit!

Charlie leaps from her chair and gives him a hug. He hugs right back.

She takes in the full view of the best friend she once knew.

CHARLIE

Look at you! Wow!

Teddy picks up her glass of lumpy milk.

                  TEDDY  
 Look at you... wow.  
                   (to Leo)  
 Maybe put the next batch in the  
 fridge?

                  LEO  
 Milk goes under the bar. Same as  
 always.

Leo puts the milk back under the bar.

                  TEDDY  
 How about a real drink?

                  CHARLIE  
 Barkeep's a bit of a tight ass.

                  TEDDY  
 Waddya say Uncle Leo? For old  
 friends?

Leo relents, grabs one of the dusty bottles and pours two drinks.

Charlie immediately downs her drink.

                  TEDDY  
 Okay. Rough day?

Charlie refills her glass.

                  CHARLIE  
 Stop being such a wuss and maybe  
 I'll talk.

They clink glasses. Down the hatch go the drinks.

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTOS - DAY

Donnie is blowing hard and beet red with the nozzle of the half-inflated moose in his mouth. The valve location, erogenous and offensive.

Jack strides past, shaking off the disgust of the display, and tosses a set of keys to the man and his son, lurking next to the Buick.

                  JACK  
 Go ahead. Take it for a spin.

MAN

Oh, it's not for me. It's for junior here. He's gonna use it to pick up chicks in college. Isn't that right, bud?

He laughs like a bro, punches his kid in the shoulder and hands him the keys. The kid stands there like a Roman soldier given the order to march to Africa.

He reluctantly gets in the Buick and slams the door. The mirror falls off.

Jack hustles to pick it up and gently places it on the passenger seat for the kid.

JACK

Take care of her, kid, and she'll be with you longer than any woman.

SON

Great...

The car barely turns over and finally roars to life.

Jack and the man wave as the car chugs off the lot. It backfires for good measure.

JACK

Kid's gonna be a virgin til he's 30.

The man snorts a laugh.

Jack's smile fades as he spots the Pink Cadillac Deville idling across the street.

The back window is down slightly revealing the BALD HEAD of an OLDER MAN as the Cadillac slowly pulls away. Jack watches it go. Concern on his face.

A LOUD HONK brings him back to reality.

He turns to see a scrambling Donnie, being dragged into the street by a fully inflated Moose.

JACK

Christ!

He runs off to save Donnie.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Sheila's humming a hymn while dusting the office. She gives the desk a spray and a good wipe with a cloth.

She lifts the FRAMED PHOTO of Charlie and Jack, wipes underneath and gently puts it back.

The TELEPHONE RINGS. Sheila brightly picks up.

SHEILA

Good afternoon, Last Chance Autos  
where there's always a chance.

She listens intently, smiling away.

SHEILA

Okee-dokey. Motor Inn at nine. See  
you then, dear. Bye-bye now.

She replaces the headset and gives the desk one more quick dust.

Satisfied with her work, she opens the drawer and takes out to large bags of cocaine, shuts off the lights, and exits.

Seconds later she re-enters the room, takes the FRAMED PHOTO of Jack and Charlie off the desk, and scurries back out.

INT. LEO'S BAR - LATER

Teddy is staring in disbelief at Charlie. The dusty bottle sits empty.

TEDDY

Wow. Think he's dead?

CHARLIE

Dunno. Nice car though. Needs some  
body work. It would be nice to meet  
one guy not completely full of  
shit.

TEDDY

You'd think you'd spot a lemon like  
that a mile away.

She gives him a playful shove and finishes her drink as a regular shuffles through the door.

CHARLIE

What about you? You look real nice.

His chubby smile gets her every time.

TEDDY  
Just landed a job at Hank's Honda.

CHARLIE  
(laughing)  
You're working for honkin Hank?

TEDDY  
Better than selling Big Buck's bag-  
less vacuum! If Big Buck don't  
suck, he'll give you back your  
bucks!

CHARLIE  
You? A sales weasel? You're  
kidding.

TEDDY  
Would you like a demonstration?

CHARLIE  
(laughing harder)  
Oh yeah.

Teddy bows like a gentleman, lit by her smile.

TEDDY  
It would be my pleasure ma'am. Wait  
here.

Teddy gives her a slick little wink and saunters out the door  
with a wee wobble.

EXT. MOTOR INN - NIGHT

Jack, holding a small duffel bag, walks alone from his Pinto  
across the quiet parking lot. The Motor Inn clientele is  
hourly, washed up or on the run.

A shirtless Eddie, with rogue chest hair on full display,  
emerges from one of the rooms and meets Jack between a set of  
parked cars.

They shake hands and Jack hands him the bag. Eddie opens it  
and sees two large bags of cocaine inside.

EDDIE  
Cash would have been better.

JACK

Really? What would you buy with cash?

Jacks makes a good point.

EDDIE

Alright, Jack. She's a tiger. You gotta be ready. When you hit the gas, count out four Pontiacs and then, bam! Flip the red switch. Hang on there, boy, and then count one Pontiac, two Pontiac, bam! Pull the latch under your seat. Hit it hard and *before* the jump. That's real important. I did it in Portland. Broke four ribs but it works. Reinforced steel crate. You'll be good. Oh, try not to wear anything flammable.

Eddie smiles and drops a SET OF CAR KEYS in Jack's hand.

INT. LEO'S BAR - LATER

Charlie waits for Teddy and finishes her drink deep in thought.

A grotesque PURSE slams onto the bar top next to her.

Charlie looks over. A scowling, tear-stained Theresa, plops down next to her.

THERESA

Red wine, Leo.

Leo's quick to serve.

THERESA

Leave the bottle.

Charlie stares straight ahead. Unafraid and unimpressed.

Theresa chugs the large glass of wine. It's not pretty. She pours herself another as she gauges Charlie.

THERESA

Do you know what he's up to?

Charlie stares straight ahead and pours herself another drink.

Theresa's unraveling. She needs a lifeline.

THERESA

Damn it. What did I ever see in  
that man?

Charlie sips her drink.

CHARLIE

(deadpan)  
Money?

Theresa finds no ally here.

THERESA

You know, the only difference  
between you and me is that today,  
you got to beat your dog. Mine, is  
digging *our* grave.

Theresa finishes her glass, grabs her purse, the bottle of  
wine and storms out.

INT. PINTO - LATER

Jack plops into the car and exhales deeply. A female hand  
gently comforts him on his shoulder.

He looks at Sheila, ever supportive, in the passenger seat.

SHEILA

You're sure about this?

JACK

She's smart. Smarter than I ever  
was. She'll figure out a way.

SHEILA

And Theresa?

JACK

We'll have to make sure they work  
it out, won't we?

She's ready for the responsibility.

SHEILA

I will be their Sheppard, Jack.

JACK

And I won't be far away. Ready?

Sheila nods, excited as a nerd asked to prom. The Pinto roars  
to life and they drive off into the night.

INT. LEO'S BAR - NIGHT

Charlie, along with a dozen bar regulars, throw debris down onto the floor of the bar.

Teddy wields a Big Buck bag-less vacuum. His suit jacket off and sales pitch on, he waves off the crowd.

TEDDY  
(slurring slightly)  
Alright! That's enough filth you  
filthy animals!

Leo cleans glasses behind the bar, unimpressed by the mess.

TEDDY  
Don't you look at me like that,  
Leo. This here's no problem! Not  
for Big Buck. Cuz if big buck don't  
suck...

CROWD  
We get back our bucks!

TEDDY  
That's right!

The crowd roars. His jovial smile is infectious.

TEDDY  
Hit it DJ!

Right on cue, a drunken patron slams the jukebox and a Roxette vibe electrifies the place like a bolt of lightning.

The music moves Teddy as Big Buck sucks up the slop.

The bar cheers him on.

Vacuum in one hand, Teddy grabs Charlie with the other and twirls her onto the floor. The sloppy, slick surface primed for a dance a decade in the making.

Charlie gets her footing quickly and takes the lead. This is what fun feels like!

A spin, a lift, and, for one of the oldest patrons, a denture dropping dip.

OLD GUY  
My teeth!

Teddy tramples the teeth and the duo falls flat. Charlie, loaded, lands on top. Face to face.



CHARLIE

Well, this is a little bit dangerous.

She kisses Ted deeply and, for a brief second, he kisses back.

A horrible GRINDING NOISE interrupts as Big Buck sucks up the dentures.

Like a slot machine having a seizure, it WHISTLES and SMOKES to a crescendo then BANG!! The entire contents of the bagless vacuum BARF onto the floor.

Charlie follows suit.

Moment over.

LEO

Hey Swayze. Try out this hot number.

From behind the bar, Leo throws an untidy Teddy a mop.

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTOS - LOT - MORNING

The early morning serenity dissipates in the Saturday sun. The string of pennant flags flap gently in the breeze. The moose is stoic, fully inflated and fastened down.

The lot lies waiting.

The old garage bay door is thrown open with a steel RATTLE. Gary saunters out, lights a smoke and makes the four foot commute to his lawn chair. He gets comfy.

Donnie fastidiously scrubs a seagull turd off the fender of a '75 CHEVY, one of the five cars neatly parked next to the ramp in the middle of the lot. In the background is the rocket car, primed and ready.

Sheila gives the sign of the cross and carefully attempts to light the barbecue nearby.

INT. LAST CHANCE AUTO - SHOWROOM - SAME TIME

A THREE PERSON CAMERA CREW do a final check of their gear in the showroom behind Theresa as she smokes with disapproval at the scene outside.

A few people have already wandered onto the lot and are milling around the five cars and the ramp.

THERESA  
 (to herself)  
 What's your game, Jack?

She watches Jack talk to a COUPLE (mid 40s) wearing matching t-shirts with a car on fire and the words "ED-HEADS" emblazoned across the front.

BACK TO SCENE - EXT. LOT

Jack listens politely to the couple and nervously watches as two school buses, billowing smoke out the windows, pull in and unload their trailer trash.

The tailgating begins immediately with coolers, barbecues, boom boxes and lawn chairs. It's poetry in motion.

MALE ED-HEAD  
 Whole fan club's here. We follow Eddie everywhere.

JACK  
 No shit? The whole club?

FEMALE ED-HEAD  
 We even got hitched at one of his jumps.

MALE ED-HEAD  
 Portland. Oooooeee! That was a fiery one!

FEMALE ED-HEAD  
 Not as fiery as that night.

The two Ed-heads suck face.

Disgust takes over worry on Jack's face as he looks at his watch. "10:30."

In the background, a SHRIEK from Sheila followed by a mushroom cloud. The BBQ is lit.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

The place appears worn out although not yet moved in.

A small TV sits on top of a few boxes piled against one paint-chipped wall. A large blanket is heaped on a simple green couch in the centre of the room, take-out boxes littered at its feet.

A single hand twitches with a SNORT. It's the only sign of the sleeping slug underneath.

Teddy, in shorts and a t-shirt, enters holding a bowl of cereal. He plops down on the couch next to the cargo he knows is underneath and flicks on the TV with the remote.

A haggard Charlie peaks out into the sunlit, curtain-less room.

CHARLIE  
Nice place. Yours?

TEDDY  
Yeah. Splitting rent with the  
cockroaches. Super cheap.

Charlie laughs. It hurts.

The sound of the TV fills the silence for a moment.

CHARLIE  
Hey, did we...

TEDDY  
Puke? Oh yeah. You first. Actually,  
Buck was first.

A one-eyed stare from Charlie.

Teddy, a friend not a fiend, reassures her with his bashful charm.

TEDDY  
Just a kiss, Chuck. No big deal.  
The dusty bottle was as dirty as it  
got. Your clothes are in the dryer.  
Buck's in the trash.

Charlie's relieved but slightly disappointed.

CHARLIE  
What time is it? I wanna visit my  
dad today. He was acting weird.

TEDDY  
Just after ten-thirty. Weird how?

CHARLIE  
He said I love you.

TEDDY  
Yeah. Hate it when people do that.



JACK

Here.

Jack holds out a single key.

Gary knows the significance.

Jack pauses a moment, resigned it has come to this.

JACK

Take care of her. Like you always  
have.

Gary takes the key and deliberately puts it into his front  
chest pocket.

They shake hands.

Jack looks at his watch. "11:00". He turns and walks towards  
the crowd gathering around the ramp.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING

Charlie sits on the couch and rubs the sleep from her eyes.  
Is that puke in her hair? Gross.

Charlie picks up a book from the stained makeshift cardboard  
box coffee table. "Trump: The Art of the Deal."

CHARLIE

Ew.

A cockroach scurries across the coffee table.

With a THUD she crushes the cockroach, and the coffee table,  
with the book. Guts are smeared across Trumps face on the  
cover.

TEDDY

Everything okay in there?

CHARLIE

Fine.

She wipes the book on the couch and tucks it underneath.

She grabs the remote and flicks through a few channels on the  
blaring TV.

Channel 6. She stops and stares.

ON TV

Jack Tripp, wearing a gold-glitter jumpsuit and cape identical to Eddie's, stands halfway up the ramp, microphone in hand.

JACK  
Unfortunately, Mister Powers won't be jumping today.

The crowd boos loudly.

JACK  
I know. I know. But I assure you --

FEMALE ED-HEAD  
(almost hysterical)  
We want Eddie!

MALE ED-HEAD  
We came to see a jump!

Ever the showman, Jack smiles as the crowd gives him what he needs.

JACK  
Oh you'll get a jump. When Jack Tripp makes a deal, he delivers. Eddie's a pro. He could easily do this jump. But how about ol' Jack takes a chance?

With more mullets than brains, the crowd is confused.

JACK  
Oh, Jesus Christ. I'm gonna jump the fuckin car!

The mass of morons finally get it and erupt with a roar.

BACK TO SCENE - TED'S APARTMENT

Charlie can't process what she's seeing.

CHARLIE  
What the fuck?

Ted re-enters holding a large cup of coffee for Charlie.

TEDDY  
Why's your dad wearing a cape?

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTO - RAMP

Jack walks down the ramp through the sea of people to Sheila, who hands him his helmet.

JACK

Didn't count on so many witnesses.

Jack nervously stares down the runway at the golden idling rocket car and fastens his helmet strap.

SHEILA

You just make sure you hit that switch. I've got the van waiting. The good lord will watch over you.

JACK

I'm sure he's seen enough.

She claps and twitches with energy.

SHEILA

This is so exciting!

Theresa shoves Sheila aside and barges into the moment.

THERESA

What are you doing? Are you crazy?

There's no turning back for Jack. Everyone's watching.

JACK

You were right. She doesn't want the place. But she needs it and it needs her.

THERESA

Need this? This!? Does she have any idea what we do here? Some stupid stunt and selling a few cars isn't going to convince her to come back.

JACK

She's a fixer. She can fix this place. I know what I'm doing.

Theresa laughs like someone unhinged.

THERESA

Sure, hun. Remind me again, when was the last time you drove a fuckin rocket propelled car off a ramp?

Jack always liked her fire.

JACK

Sometimes you just have to play a hand strong. This will pay off. Aren't you tired of just squeezing by?

She softens her anger and floats a memory in the name of reason.

THERESA

1977. The Sahara.

It stirs Jack.

JACK

Vegas.

THERESA

I remember the first time I saw you. God you were hot that night.

JACK

I couldn't lose.

THERESA

And so cool. Unshakeable.

Theresa steps to him, straightens his lapels and appeals to the man she first met.

THERESA

You remember what you told me that night?

Of course he does.

JACK

Never play on Tilt. Never play desperate.

She hopes this hits home.

THERESA

You're playing on tilt, Jack.

It's too late to fold. She sees it in his eyes.

He kisses her cheek, turns and walks towards the waiting rocket car.

THERESA

Fuck.



Theresa smears away a rogue tear.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Charlie and Ted stare in disbelief at the TV screen.

CHARLIE

No... No, no, no.

Charlie runs out of words as she watches Jack wave to the crowd and get into the car.

INT. ROCKET CAR - A FEW MOMENTS LATER

Sweat pours down Jack's face as the stripped down and reinforced car rattles in a rough idle.

On the dash, Jack locates the red switch. Under his seat he fumbles for the lever.

He stares down the runway then goes over the sequence.

JACK

One, two, three? No. One, two, hit the... then the latch? Shit!

Panic sets in for the first time as Jack pounds the steering wheel and unleashes a blue streak of profanity that could paint the town, well, blue.

EXT. LOT - RAMP - SAME TIME

Theresa and Sheila look on with concern as Jack freaks out in the car.

MALE ED-HEAD

Hey, is he okay?

SHEILA

Oh heavens yes. He's just sayin the Lord's Prayer.

Sheila's surety fades as her gaze returns to the car.

Theresa throws down her smoke and walks away.

INT. ROCKET CAR

Jack, an adrenaline pumping mess, takes a few deep breaths to regain control.

JACK

Here we go. Okay, Jack. Your call.

He clunks the car into gear. He stomps the gas and the roar of horses under the hood take over.

The car quickly builds speed.

Jack hits the red switch. He's pinned back into the seat immediately as the rocket ignites.

JACK

Shiiiiit!

He's got the tiger by the tail.

Smoke blows out the back and the car swerves dangerously towards the crowd, which suddenly realizes this is no pro.

Jack grits his teeth and fights the wheel.

JACK

(yelling)

One pontiac, two pontiac!

The car hits the ramp hard just as Jack pulls the latch. His head SMASHES into the steering wheel, then the seat SLAMS back into full recline.

Jack disappears out of view as the car goes airborne.

EXT. LOT - SAME TIME

The crowd watches in awe as the airborne rocket car, flames spewing out the back, disintegrates off the end of the ramp.

It loses the hood, the fenders and a steel trunk shoots out the back as the parachute deploys mid-air.

The pieces fall to the wayside as the car sails, like a great golden bird on fire, over the five parked cars. The angle is true. The speed sufficient.

It lands with a CRASH, skids and CRUNCHES violently into the back of the green Ford Pinto, and comes to a rest against the inflated moose.

The crowd is stunned silent.

BOOM!

The Pinto and rocket car EXPLODE into a ball of fire as the crowd SCREAMS and scatters.

As Debris and chaos rain down onto the lot, Sheila locates the steel trunk and painfully lugs it towards a van.

The moose, now on fire, deflates into the street.

INT. TED'S APARTMENT - SAME TIME

Charlie, speechless, dumbfounded, stares at the TV. The fire on the screen dances in her eyes.

CHARLIE

Dad?...

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTO - BEHIND THE GARAGE - NIGHT

The light from a 1980 CAMPER TRAILER shines like a beacon in the dark and deserted lot.

A few yards away, a RUSTED OUT 1948 STUDEBAKER sits amongst several decades of deteriorating vehicle parts and tall weeds.

In the passenger seat sits Gary, watching the night skyline through what used to be the windshield, sipping a bottle of Coke.

INT. STUDEBAKER - continuous

The disheveled, tear stained face of Charlie peeks in the drivers side. The door is long gone.

GARY

Hey, kid. Need a ride?

CHARLIE

You're on the wrong side.

GARY

Get in.

A meek smile for her old pal as she plops into the drivers seat, takes a deep breath and tries to gather herself.

Her white t-shirt now a stained mosaic of mascara and margarita memories from Leo's bar.

Lost in the night sky, Gary chooses his words carefully.

GARY

Your dad loved this place. So did you, once. It could be like that again y'know.

CHARLIE

I think he loved this place more than me, which isn't saying much. Look at it.

Gary can't stand to see a broken Charlie.

GARY

Nothin you can't fix. This is your home, your family.

He's right. Damn it.

GARY

You're meant for more than tinkering under a hood. Your dad was sure of that. But that's up to you. You gotta take the wheel.

Charlie considers the possibilities briefly.

CHARLIE

I wouldn't know where to start. I don't even know what to do for a funeral.

The scope of what she just said washes over her. She cries, again.

CHARLIE

Shit, Gears. They don't even know if there'll be anything left to bury. The stupid cop at the station told me there was so much rocket fuel in the explosion it melted out the trunk. Then he laughed! Like it's some fuckin joke! Like dad was a joke.

She sobs and falls into Gary's arms. He hugs her tight against his chest as his own eyes well up. Damn it.

CHARLIE

(through a smushed face)  
And I'm so fuckin sick of crying.

Gary's a hard hugger and lost in the moment.

CHARLIE

(still smushed)  
You smell like cigarettes.

He's also a long hugger. She's running out of air.

CHARLIE  
Gears? You're hurting me.

GARY  
Shit, sorry.

He releases his grip, her face leaking everywhere, snot strings dangling, and gives her his oil-stained rag.

GARY  
Here.  
(beat)  
We're amongst wolves, kid, but  
you're no sheep.

CHARLIE  
Fuck, Gears. I'm not opening a zoo.

She honks into the rag and tries to return it, an oil smear now on her face.

GARY  
Keep it. And this.

Gary hands her the KEY he received from Jack.

GARY  
In his desk. He wanted you to have  
it.

Charlie clutches the key, her dad's parting gift.

GARY  
You gotta get shrewd, like your  
dad. But you're drivin, kid. It's  
up to you.

She's glad he's there. She stares at the Studebaker steering wheel.

Gary POPS her coke and hands it to her.

CHARLIE  
So, what was dad up to?

GARY  
You really wanna know?

CHARLIE  
If I'm driving, I wanna know.

Gary thinks about it. Doesn't matter much now.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - MORNING

The office is quiet. The legend has left.

The dust is thicker. The air, stale.

Charlie, in clean jeans and a t-shirt admires the wall of photos of a younger Jack, his signature wink in each one. The glory days.

She sits at the desk and considers the position.

Inside a bottom drawer she finds a plain, grey lock box.

She uses the KEY and opens it.

On top is a FADED BLACK AND WHITE PHOTO of a YOUNG WOMAN eerily similar to Charlie. She picks it up like a jewel.

CHARLIE

Hi mom.

She carefully pockets the photo and takes out a FORD PINTO MATCHBOX CAR from the box and rolls it on the desk. Simpler times.

The last item in the box, a crudely folded large brown envelope.

Charlie opens it and pulls out a CHILD'S DRAWING.

She immediately recognizes her rainbow crayon colored dream of a garage, cars and stick figures under the HANDWRITTEN TITLE: "Charlies Grage."

In the corner is her NAME and AGE, 7.

Adrift in her childhood vision, she lays it on the desk. She notices something is missing. The FRAMED PHOTO.

A door SLAMS in the showroom.

Charlie looks out to see a blustering Theresa stride in with Donnie in tow, overloaded with paperwork.

INT. SHOWROOM - CONTINUOUS

Theresa puts her coffee down on the reception counter and sweeps several boxes and other clutter onto the floor.

THERESA

Let's go. Hurry up.

DONNIE  
But I like it here, mom.

THERESA  
Donnie, you want a new inflated  
friend or not? Gimme those papers.

She grabs a few files and slams them down.

Sheila pops up from behind the counter, holding a box  
containing her small Jesus figurine collection.

THERESA  
Jesus Christ!

SHEILA  
A whole box of them! Lord sakes  
they're heavy. Where are my things?

She sees her things scattered on the floor. She quickly  
starts picking it up.

SHEILA  
Oh dear.

Charlie emerges from the office behind them.

CHARLIE  
What's going on?

Theresa jumps again.

DONNIE  
Oh, hey Chuck!

He smiles and waves. Charlie always had a soft spot for  
Donnie.

CHARLIE  
Hey Donnie. Don't worry, we'll  
replace the moose.

THERESA  
What are you still doing here?  
Diane would have run to the hills  
by now. You're not thinking about  
sticking around, are you?

CHARLIE  
Don't you ever talk about my  
mother. I grew up here. Dad loved  
this place.

Theresa can't believe what she's hearing.

THERESA

And what would you like to do with daddy's little slum, sweetie? You gonna sell cars? It's worth more than the shiny little memory you have in your head. The time to get out is now.

Sheila struggles to her feet to play peacemaker.

SHEILA

Excuse me dears. If I can --

Charlie uses her only answer.

CHARLIE

You only ever wanted dad for his money.

Theresa laughs, this old argument.

THERESA

What money, doll? This is it. This is all that's left. You have no clue.

Charlie's had enough of the petty feud.

CHARLIE

Here's what I do know. You guys loaded those cars, shipped them out once a week for Pink. You started skimming, your idea I'm sure, to pay him off with his own money. How am I doing? And those papers you have, aren't worth a damn if I don't sign them.

THERESA

Well shit, look at you Nancy Drew.

Sheila intercepts the converging combattants.

SHEILA

I think it best that Jack's Lawyer settle this, dears. That's what I wanted to tell you Charlie. Your dad --

MAN'S VOICE (O.S.)

Hello?

Theresa lights up with evil glee at the sight over Charlie's shoulder.



THERESA

Oh perfect! Come on in.

Charlie spins around to see a bruised and battered Dale in a neck brace with a brief case in one hand and a rubber medical donut in the other.

DALE

Hey Chuck.

Theresa leans into a stunned Charlie.

THERESA

Ouch.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - DAY

Dale, uncomfortable in every way, shifts gingerly on the rubber donut under his still tender ass in Jack's old chair.

He's trying to read the file on his desk, aware of the Charlie's death stare.

Sheila and Gary stand behind Charlie, with their hands firmly on her shoulders.

Theresa is thoroughly enjoying the moment.

Donnie sits beside her, smiling and staring at Dale. He waves.

DONNIE

(whispers to Dale)

Thanks for inviting me.

Dale is unsure what to make of Donnie as Charlie flicks a paperclip at Dale's head.

DALE

Look, for what it's worth I'm sorry.

CHARLIE

Nothing.

DALE

What?

CHARLIE

It's worth nothing.

DALE

He came in two weeks ago, asked me to redo his will. What was I supposed to do?

(beat, shifts nervously)

By the way, um, he never paid. I'm gonna need 120 bucks before we can start.

Charlie leans in. Sheila and Gary hang on.

CHARLIE

(whispered rage)

What?

Dale looks sheepishly around the room.

Theresa is enjoying this. Donnie smiles and gives a thumbs up.

Back to Charlie. She rabbit punches him in the nose.

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTO - LOT - SAME TIME

The Pink Cadillac Deville rolls smoothly onto the lot and comes to a gentle stop.

INT. OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sheila counts out the last of 120 dollars to Dale, who struggles to breathe through the tissue stuffed up his swollen nose. He keeps a wary eye on Charlie.

Gary stands behind her, hands firmly on her shoulders.

THERESA

Alright, fuckin hurry up L.A. Law.  
Skip to the good part.

Dale skims through the document.

DALE

Here we go... To my long-time mechanic and friend, Gary Powell, I leave the 1980 Prowler Camper trailer currently stored behind the garage. To Sheila Davis, I leave my autographed framed photo of Jim Bakker and a \$20 dollar donation to the church charity of her choice.

SHEILA

Oh my.

Everyone turns to look at Sheila, who feels truly blessed.

DALE

To my step-son, Donnie Tripp, I  
leave the dunk tank and the key to  
the waiting room gum ball machine.

DONNIE

He called me son...

CUT TO:

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTO - LOT

The driver of the Cadillac, A large MUSCLED MAN in a suit and  
pink tie, exits the car and opens the back passenger door.

A pair of feet wearing immaculate, pink accented DRESS SHOES,  
and the tip of a DESIGNER CANE hit the ground.

BACK TO:

INT. OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Dale dabs his sweaty brow, swallows hard.

DALE

Finally, control of the estate of  
Mr. Tripp, consisting of the Auto  
dealership and all assets therein  
and the associated lot upon which  
it is currently located at 214 Fair-  
lane Avenue, are transferred,  
forthwith, to my daughter, Charlie  
Diane Tripp and my wife, Theresa  
Elizabeth Dixon-Tripp in a 50-50  
proprietorship.

A stunned silence.

CHARLIE

(to Dale)

You piece of shit. Why didn't you  
tell me?

DALE

(meekly)

Solicitor-client privilege?

He shields his face preemptively.

The muscle man appears in the doorway and, with the voice of a mouse not a moose, issues his orders.

MUSCLE MAN  
Everybody out.

He points to Theresa and Charlie.

MUSCLE MAN  
Not you two. Sit.

CHARLIE  
Who the fuck is this guy?

Everyone's frozen.

MUSCLE MAN  
Now!

He grabs a whimpering Dale by the shoulders, picks him up and throws him out.

Sheila, Donnie and Gary scramble out of the room. Muscle man follows leaving Charlie and Theresa to sit and wait.

The tap-tapping of a cane announces the arrival of ARTHUR "PINK" PINKERTON (69) -- a bald, ominous man in a razor sharp, pink, pin-striped suit.

He takes command of the room, places his hat and cane on the desk, and sits in Jack's old chair.

He softens and turns to Charlie.

PINK  
Hello, Checkers.

She wears an old grudge on her face and doesn't answer.

PINK  
Twelve years later, you're still  
mad.

His calm demeanor doesn't waver.

PINK  
I'm sorry that this is how we have  
to see each other. You've turned  
into a real fine woman. Your mother  
would be very proud.

His compliment strikes a deep chord in Charlie. He changes gears.

PINK

As I'm sure you know by now, your father and I were business partners. And I expect to be informed of any changes, including transfer of ownership or selling the property.

Theresa squirms under his look.

PINK

Which, I would be against.

CHARLIE

Well, this isn't Jack's business anymore. It's mine.

THERESA

And mine.

Pink plays his cards calmly.

PINK

Y'know, Jack and I started this place together, a long time ago. We were going to open a whole string of dealerships, right on this strip. We had a plan. Even got a \$500,000 loan.

Pink smiles at the memory of youthful hope.

PINK

But, your dad was convinced he could secure our investment. Double or nothing.

The death of the dream still haunts him.

PINK

I kept us afloat for a while. I paid back the loan and used my connections to establish *other* business opportunities. I was the silent partner.

He picks up the will and slides it over to Theresa and Charlie.

PINK

You see, Jack and I had an understanding. Reimburse me the million, plus interest and the place is yours. Otherwise, it's business as usual.

THERESA

Million?! Jack paid you!

PINK

You can't pay with what isn't yours. And Jack's still no good at double or nothing.

Pink lets that sink in. Charlie and Theresa haven't got a hand to play.

PINK

We got a good thing here. We take care of each other. Like family. So, waddya say, partners?

He extends his hand to a shell-shocked Theresa and Charlie.

CHARLIE

And if we say no?

Pink leans in.

PINK

I'm sure I can find another Pinto.

Reality settles on Charlie. She reluctantly takes the devil's hand and shakes on it.

A satisfied smile from Pink.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - AFTERNOON

Late afternoon shadows fall on the carnage of cars, stacked heaven high in the massive fenced in compound. It looks like the parking lot at Thunderdome.

The red Le Baron approaches in a trail of dust.

INT. CHRYSLER LE BARON - SAME TIME

Top down, the car pulls up to the gate of the scrapyard in a cloud of dust.

Charlie's solemn face, sunglasses on, turns to Teddy in the passenger seat.

CHARLIE  
Thanks for coming.

His look reassures her. No words required.

TEDDY  
Ready?

They exit the vehicle.

EXT. SCRAPYARD - CONTINUOUS

The last four decades of the auto industry tower over Teddy and Charlie in rusted stacks as they approach a COMPACTOR with a LARGE CRANE beside it holding the burned out Pinto high up in the air.

From inside the crane cab, Gary, wearing his finest coveralls and a clip on tie, smokes a cigarette and waves.

Charlie climbs up to the cab.

GARY  
Ready when you are.

She looks at the crane claw clutching the burned out Pinto.

CHARLIE  
Two minutes.

GARY  
Sure, kid.

Charlie hops down as Sheila, Theresa and Donnie, holding a guitar case, walk up behind Teddy.

She joins the row of mourners as they stand side by side and stare skyward at the Pinto in quiet reflection.

A light wind blows through the dusty lot.

Charlie's fingers find Teddy's hand.

Donnie can't stand the silence.

DONNIE  
(whispering loudly)  
Mom.  
(beat)  
Mom!

Theresa ignores him as her eyes well up.

DONNIE  
Mom! Do I play the song, now?

THERESA  
Oh Donnie, shut the fuck up!

Sheila consoles him as he steps back in line.

THERESA  
Well, can somebody fuckin say something? Can't just stand here leaking all day.

Sheila's time to shine as Sheppard.

SHEILA  
There will be no more death or mourning or crying or pain, for the old order of things has passed --

THERESA  
Anyone other than Mrs. Swaggart?

Sheila abruptly steps back.

Teddy gives Charlie's hand a gentle squeeze. She hesitates and stares up at the Pinto.

She pulls out the MATCHBOX PINTO from her pocket.

CHARLIE  
Well, here we are, Jack. Pretty shitty hand you dealt us. Although, shouldn't be surprised by now. The only sure thing is there's no sure thing, right? But, somehow, I *always* bet on you.  
(beat)  
I guess that makes me the sucker.

Theresa wears a look knowing she's played the fool too.

Charlie gives Gary the signal.

The crane roars to life and the Pinto swings over the compactor, hangs there and is silently released. It almost floats before it lands with a SMASH and a plume of dust in the bowels of the compactor.

Charlie climbs up the ladder on the compactor and stares down at the wrecked Pinto. She holds the matchbox car in her hand for another moment, then tosses into the wreckage.



CHARLIE

(to the ghost of Jack)  
It's my turn to drive, dad.  
(beat)  
Donnie's gonna play a song for you  
now. Please don't haunt him, okay?

Charlie climbs down the ladder and starts up the compactor.

Donnie steps forward holding the guitar and jumps into a passionate acoustic rendition of BON JOVI "Blaze of Glory."

DONNIE

(singing)  
They tell me that I'm wanted, yeah  
I'm a wanted man. I'm a colt in  
your stable, I'm what Cain was to  
Able, Mister, catch me if you can.

Sheila, Charlie and Teddy are stunned by Donnie's voice, that of an 80's rock angel.

TEDDY

(mesmerized, under his  
breath)  
Don Jovi...

DONNIE

(singing)  
I'm goin' down in a blaze of glory.  
Take me now but know the truth. I'm  
goin' down in a blaze of glory!

Donnie's in the zone, baby.

The machine rumbles and slowly starts to crumple and CRUSH the Pinto. An era reduced to a tiny cube metal as Donnie wails on the guitar.

INT. JACK'S OFFICE - EARLY MORNING

Charlie slouches in Jack's old chair, unsure what to do. She opens the drawer and takes out her childhood HAND-DRAWN PICTURE. She stares at it fondly.

In the still open drawer, Charlie takes out a half-finished bottle of whiskey. She opens it, holds it under her nose, inhales the aroma and smiles.

A light knock at the door.

Charlie looks up.

THERESA  
It works better if you drink it.

CHARLIE  
What are you doing here?

THERESA  
Same as you, partner.

Theresa plops into the chair across from Charlie. Both are in foreign territory.

Theresa takes a look at the colored drawing on the desk.

THERESA  
One of your designs?

Charlie pulls it away, protectively, and stuffs it into the desk.

CHARLIE  
I was a kid.

Theresa didn't come to quarrel.

THERESA  
Great expectations, I bet.  
(beat)  
You're gonna want my help.

CHARLIE  
What kind of help could you possibly give me?

THERESA  
You fix cars? I fix books.

Charlie knows Theresa's right.

CHARLIE  
A million dollars worth?

THERESA  
Nowhere else to go. I'm in if you are.

CHARLIE  
We're gonna have to get creative.

Charlie looks out the window as a double-decker tractor trailer pulls in with a loud HONK and a load of automotive rejects ready to join their brethren on the lot.

The battered and bruised Le Baron, parked out front, a shimmering beauty in comparison.

EXT. LAST CHANCE AUTOS - MORNING

Gary and Donnie are untying the straps on the tractor trailer.

A gruff looking, impatient DRIVER holding a clipboard meets Charlie and Theresa as they exit the dealership.

DRIVER  
(To Charlie)  
Yo. You Checkers? Where you want  
'em?

He hands her a clipboard.

CHARLIE  
The scrapyard?

Charlie signs.

DRIVER  
(laughing)  
That's where we just come from.

He grabs the clipboard and heads back to the truck.

CHARLIE  
(to Theresa)  
So, what now?

THERESA  
We load them with product and wait  
for the call to ship 'em out. Jack  
usually picked out a few sparklers,  
to keep up appearances on the lot.

Charlie sighs and walks to peruse the inventory on the trailer.

She spots something, stops and rubs the grime off the front fender of one of the cars.

CHARLIE  
(to herself)  
No shit... 1970 AMC Hornet?

Gary approaches, a pile of straps in hand.

GARY  
Waddya find?

CHARLIE

A spark.

He gives her a smile.

A tap on her shoulder. The driver hands her a huge black garbage bag.

DRIVER

This is yers too.

Charlie peeks inside the bag and pulls out a limp, deflated moose antler.

CHARLIE

Hey Donnie!

Donnie lights up at the sight of the antler, rushes over and hugs Charlie.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

Sheila putters around her bright kitchen.

She reaches into the top pantry, pulls out a glass and a bottle of Scotch; the good stuff.

She carefully pours it while humming to herself.

EXT. SUBURBAN HOUSE - DAY

Sheila exits her front door with the single glass of scotch and a neatly cut sandwich on a tray.

She moves briskly to the garage and goes up a set of stairs at the back that lead to the loft.

She reaches the loft door, gently knocks and goes inside.

INT. LOFT - CONTINUOUS

Sheila moves about the well furnished room and places the tray on the kitchenette island in front of the FRAMED PHOTO of Jack and Charlie on that road trip.

Sheila exits but we stay on the photo and the glass of scotch.

In the reflection of the glass we see a door in the room open and a figure walk towards the island.

An older man's hand comes into the frame, picks up the scotch, offers a silent cheers and disappears out of the frame.

END EPISODE