

BIG RON'S LOCAL

Written by

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When a new dealership brings stiff competition to town, Big Ron
and his crew might have to start putting work before play.

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FADE IN:

EXT. BIG RON'S LOCAL - DAY

The sun is just rising. Sitting next to the large rolling chain link gate of a used lot is a deflated, sun-faded DANCING TUBE-MAN. Behind the gate used trucks and cars sit in jagged rows.

Beside the lot is a large Mechanic's garage adorned with a raggedy banner that reads "BIG RON'S LOCAL LUBE N' FIX".

Below the banner are two large bay doors and a double doored front entrance.

On the west side of the shop a LONE TRUCK is parked at the far end of a small lot.

Past the property is little more than farmers field.

One of the large bay doors begins to roll itself open. From the door emerges a LARGE MARQUEE.

As the sign is rolled out the large neon letters are revealed to read "LIKE CAR LUBE. THE OTHER KIND IS ON FIFTH STREET".

The sign is followed by RON (55), the indigenous shop owner who is clumsily wheeling out the marquee.

He takes a step back and wipes his forehead with an old rag, leaving a big grease stain. Ron reads the marquee over with a huge grin painted across his now greasy face.

RON

Ha! Like car lube. It's going to be a good day.

On his way back into the shop Ron stops and plugs in an extension cord. The WHIRRING of a fan can be heard and the dancing tube man springs to life.

Two cars pull into the west lot, the garage door rolls shut and the open sign flicks on.

INT. SHOWROOM

Sitting in the center of the showroom is a white 1963 CADILLAC COUPE DEVILLE sporting a huge pair of bull horns above the grill, white walled tires, and gleaming gold 100 spoked rims.

Tucked in the corner is a large grey desk where Ron stands, his face still smudged with grease. In front of him the shop crew is gathered. Standing in a horse shoe are TIFF(32), ANDY(65), and a few others. Near the front of the group the twins CAM & ZANDER(23) are clapping their fists aggressively against out stretched hands.

CAM ZANDER
 Rock, paper, scissors, shoot! Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
 Cam shoots scissors and Zander shoots rock.

CAM (CONT'D) ZANDER (CONT'D)
 Ugh! No way Rock beats scissors! Boom one
 nothing!

Zander violently slams his fist through Cams hands. Cam shoves him in retaliation.

CAM (CONT'D)
 Another one.

The two line back up, hands stretched and eyes locked.

CAM (CONT'D) ZANDER
 Rock, paper, scissors, shoot! Rock, paper, scissors, shoot!
 Cam throws rock, Zander throws paper.

CAM (CONT'D) ZANDER (CONT'D)
 Damn it! You're cheating. Paper beats rock! Woo! Two
 for two idiot!

Zander shoves Cam, in retaliation Cam charges and the two stumble trying to wrestle each other into a headlock. Cam eventually get's Zander around the neck causing him to buck and the pair bump into Tiff. The coffee spills out of her pulp fiction themed BAD MOTHER F**CKER coffee mug.

TIFF
 If you two morons spill my coffee
 again I will pour the rest of it
 over your thick skulls. Understood?

ZANDER
 Yes, Tiff.

CAM
 Sorry Tiff.

Tiff takes a careful sip of her coffee as she glares at the young brothers. The twins straighten their backs and turn their attention towards Ron.

RON

Hello people of Big Ron's local,
welcome to long weekend Friday! We
have a big day ahead of us.

At the back of the crew stands JEREMY (19), a lanky teenager draped in oversized coveralls, safety glasses, and a bright yellow hard hat. There is a lone spot untouched by grease on the chest of his coveralls where a name tag was recently removed.

TRAVIS (27) sneaks in late and places his hand on Jeremy's shoulder.

TRAVIS

Hey, you must be the new guy. I'm
Travis.

Travis stretches out his hand for Jeremy to shake.

JEREMY

Hey.

Jeremy reaches out and shakes Travis' hand carefully before crossing his arms and turning his head back towards the front of the shop. His shoulders are slouched, and he is careful not to make eye contact while scanning over the rest of the crew.

RON

Now, before we get started I just
wanted to address an issue we've
been having. I know we've had a few
customers coming in looking for
books about automatic transmissions
this week, unfortunately you'll
just have to let them know... We
only have manuals! Get it? Books?
Manuals? Automatic transmissions?
Manual transmissions?

The crew reacts sarcastically.

RON (CONT'D)

Alright, alright calm down. We do
have a lot of work to get to today.
First thing's first, I'd like to
introduce the newest member of our
team, Jeremy! He is a Saskatchewan
Youth Apprentisanship student, and
he'll be working here to get his
last high school credits!

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Now from what I understand he's new in Estevan so please make him feel at home, and give him a big ol' Big Ron's Local welcome everyone!

The crew applauds lazily as Ron claps enthusiastically from behind his desk.

RON (CONT'D)

Alright, now since it's your first day Jeremy, you'll be following me around and getting a feel for the shop. Tiff, you've got to finish off the rebuild on that jeep.

TIFF

I'm on it sir, she'll be purring by lunch.

Tiff turns and bumps purposefully into Zander before staring him down.

ZANDER

Sorry. After you.

RON

Travis, I'm too old to understand what you do. So just go be a tech guy. There should be work orders waiting on your tool box.

TRAVIS

Yes sir.

(to Jeremy)

Hey new guy, if you hear anything about a party, you let me know okay?

JEREMY

(confused)

Yeah. Sure.

RON

Andy, suspension, suspension, suspension. I've got a pile of leaf springs and struts with your name on 'em.

ANDY

Why do I always have to do the crappy suspension jobs? These idiots can't drive anyways. Not like an alignment is gonna help. Always got to do the stupid...

Andy's grumbling trails off as he waddles towards the shop.

RON

Alright, now Cam, Zander.

(beat)

I need you two to tidy up the shop
and then get ready for the "special
project" we talked about.

CAM

Roger.

ZANDER

Roger.

The twins run off towards the shop leaving Jeremy and Ron standing awkwardly alone. A few moments pass as the two stare at each other. SLAM.

ZANDER (O.C.) (CONT'D)

I'm okay! I'm okay. Should really
get some non-slip shoes.

RON

Alright. Jeremy, come with me.

EXT. FRONT LOT - DAY

Ron leads Jeremy to the marquee where he stops and turns around. Ron takes a large whiff of the prairie air.

RON

There's nothing in the world like
the big open prairie skies. Isn't
it just gorgeous out here kid?

JEREMY

It kind of smells like cow poop.

RON

Aha, that's fertilizer! Get used to
that. These here prairies are the
back bone of our country you know!
With out that cow poop our crops
couldn't grow. And with out our
crops who knows where we'd be. My
family has been farming these lands
for as long as history can
remember. You know, right now
you're standing on Treaty 2
territory. This land here means a
lot to me and my family. Especially
this shop. My father opened this
business over 50 years ago. He's
big Ron you know. Technically I'm
little big Ron.

JEREMY

Anyone ever call you that?

RON

Only my wife when she's trying to hurt my feelings.

Jeremy finally cracks a smile.

RON (CONT'D)

See that little dusty lot there. That used to be the shop. Now we keep the used vehicles there. Staff parking is there on the west side of the building, and all the customer cars get parked right here in the front lot until we can get them in the garage. This here is the one highway in and out of town, and one mile on either side of us is absolutely nothin. Never has been. We're the only car shop for fifty kilometers either direction. I don't know why but that always made pops extra proud.

Ron turns dramatically and points Jeremy's attention the marquee behind him.

RON (CONT'D)

And last but not least, la piece de resistance, my marquee! I do all the jokes myself! Get it, like sex lube?

Jeremy laughs awkwardly.

JEREMY

Aha, that's a good one.

Jeremy looks nervously at his feet.

JEREMY (CONT'D)

Um, in school they told us customer cars should be locked up over night, it's like a safety concern or something.

RON

Oh, I wouldn't worry too much about that! It's a small town, we've had this shop for over 50 years and never had a single car go missing.

Ron leads Jeremy back towards the shop, stopping just before the front door.

RON (CONT'D)
Oh, and if anyone asks that's the key drop off. The lock is broken right now, so you just have to spin it so it looks locked.

JEREMY
(under his breath)
Nothing's gone missing in 50 years eh?

Ron fiddles with the lock.

RON
I'll get a new one after the long weekend, when the hardware store opens.

The two walk inside.

END ACT I

ACT II

INT. SHOP - DAY

Ron and Jeremy walk into the shop which is split into bays. The THUD & HISS of air tools can be heard in the back ground as well as the distant booming of techno music.

RON

At the back of the shop is the detailing bay. As an apprentice that's where you'll spend most of your time. Every customer get's a free detailing with service!

Jeremy peers towards the back of the room where he notices several electrical cords are laying in pools of water accumulated through out the detailing bay.

RON (CONT'D)

Then you've got the tire station, the mechanic's bays, and right here is where we dispose of all the waste and used products.

The disposal area is messy. One barrel labeled "USED FILTERS ONLY" is filled with BRAKE PARTS, BATTERIES, and OIL FILTERS.

JEREMY

Shouldn't oil filters and batteries and stuff be separated? That's what our teachers told us. It's good for the environment or something.

Jeremy points at the barrel inquisitively.

RON

Oh the garbage guys do that for us, they're great at their job. You just worry about getting those customer's cars clean. Now let's go meet the team!

INT. TRAVIS' BAY

Travis is sitting in the front seat of a TOYOTA ARISTO fiddling with a space aged STEREO DECK and blasting TECHNO music.

A large FLAT SCREEN TV is playing a video game stream. The tops of the tool boxes and counters are littered with DRONES, CAMERAS, MICROPHONES, and other miscellaneous electronics.

Ron and Jeremy approach, Ron tries to yell over the music.

RON

Travis, meet your new co-worker!

Travis turns off the music, steps out of the car, and is startled by the two men lingering in his work station. Ron and Jeremy remove their ear protection.

TRAVIS

Woah, hey, didn't see you guys there. I was just souping up this phat import. I threw in four bangin sixteen inch subs, and hooked them up to a thousand watt amp. It pumps out over a hundred and twenty decibels! The back seat vibrates like the stands at a Tiesto concert... the ladies dig it.

Travis winks at Jeremy.

RON

(Ron tries to act cool.)
Oh yeah, the ladies love a hype, dope, sick, bumpin' sound system don't they?

Travis and Jeremy stare blankly.

RON (CONT'D)

Anyways, Travis, this is Jeremy. Jeremy, Travis. He's our tech wizard, you can put that in your... wait. I didn't give you your welcome gift yet! You two get to know each other I'll be right back!

Ron scurries off. Travis and Jeremy stand awkwardly a few feet apart. Travis points to the sound system in the trunk.

TRAVIS

What kind of music do you listen to?

Jeremy thinks deeply for a moment

JEREMY

You got any Lil Uzi Vert?

TRAVIS
Lil Uzi Vert? A man of culture.

Travis puts his arm around Jeremy, leads him to the passenger side of the car, and opens the front door.

INT. INSIDE THE ARISTO

Travis and Jeremy sit in the car nodding to XO TOUR LIF3 by Lil Uzi Vert. Travis begins to look around suspiciously.

TRAVIS
Okay, they can't hear us. So here's the deal. You're like me, a loser, and around here us losers have to stick together. These "alpha bros" don't want us around, but we deserve to have fun just like everyone else!

JEREMY
Um, you think I'm a loser?

TRAVIS
No! I don't think you're a loser. Society does. I think it's cool that you listen to sad rap and wear clothes that don't fit right.

Jeremy looks hurt but understanding.

JEREMY
I don't... these aren't even my clothes... I just...

TRAVIS
Point is, there's a party going on or something, and they're keeping it a secret because they think we're losers! So if you hear anything, just let me know, okay?

Ron knocks on the window and startles the two. They get out.

INT. TRAVIS' BAY

Ron excitedly hides his hands behind his back.

RON
Okay, it's nothing big, just a little welcome gift. Everyone gets one when they're hired!

Ron hands Jeremy a NOTEPAD branded with the letters BRL, and a PEN with Jeremy's name engraved on the side.

RON (CONT'D)
You can keep notes about your new
work family in there!

JEREMY
Thanks.

RON
Okay Travis, you get that bumpin'
system rockin'. Let's go Jeremy.

The loud TECHNO blasts again, Ron and Jeremy put on their ear protection and walk away.

JEREMY
Shouldn't he be wearing ear
protection?

RON
Oh, he's one of those rave kids.
He's used to it.

Jeremy opens his note book and writes down: **TRAVIS: PARANOID,
IMPROPER PPE. Tech Wizard.**

INT. ANDY'S BAY

Andy is rolling around on an old office chair, carrying an OLD IMPACT WRENCH, and tightening the lug nuts of a RED 1995 CHEVROLET SILVERADO. Ron and Jeremy approach the bay.

RON
Andy! Hey Andy, get over here and
meet the new kid, Jeremy!

Andy stops what he's doing, and starts wheeling himself over. Ron and Jeremy remove their ear protection.

RON (CONT'D)
Andy, this is Jeremy, he's here to
get the last of his high school
credits and learn about the
industry... from the best!

Andy gets up and walks towards Jeremy but turns and grabs a tire instead. Andy grunts.

RON (CONT'D)
And Jeremy this is Andy, our
longest standing employee!
(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

He's also our union rep, and our certified shop safety supervisor.

Jeremy looks around Andy's bay and sees an OLD MOTORCYCLE is propped up by a shaky STACK OF RUSTY RIMS, A PAIR OF SAFETY GLASSES that have accumulated a film of grease and dust from sitting unused, and Andy wearing NIKE SLIDES.

JEREMY

Nice to meet you too. You seem very... qualified.

Several BOTTLES OF CHEMICALS with danger labels sit open next to a welding torch. An RC CAR with a CAMERA mounted on top rips out from behind the open bottles.

ANDY

Travis you freak, quit spying on me.

Andy smashes the RC car with a wrench as it drives by. He returns to mounting the new tires.

Ron and Jeremy put on their ear protection as they walk away.

JEREMY

Shouldn't he be checking the torque spec? That's what they told us at school. Always tighten to spec.

RON

Oh, that is to spec! We use the German spec here.

JEREMY

(Puzzled.)
The German Spec?

RON

(With a German accent.)
Good-N-tight! Get it? Like guten tag.

Jeremy forces a laugh, then opens his notebook and writes.

ANDY: Old guy, grumpy, over-tightened lug nuts.

INT. TIRE STATION

Cam & Zander are tossing wrenches at old batteries. A wrench hits the terminals, sparks fly and the twins cheer.

RON (O.C.)
What the hell are you two doing?

CAM
Playing a game of sparky wrench.

ZANDER
One point if you hit a terminal,
five if it sparks.

CAM
Ten points if you weld the
wrench to the battery.

ZANDER (CONT'D)
Ten points if you weld the
wrench to the battery.

RON
(Trying to hold in his
frustration.)
Boys, this is Jeremy. He's going to
be helping out on the wash bay.

CAM
Gnarly, nice to meet you new guy!

ZANDER
If you need anything let us know!

CAM
(Whispering)
Anything...

RON
Okay, um, how about we give "weldy
battery" a rest. Don't you boys
have something to be doing right
now?

Cam & Zander look at Ron dumb founded.

RON (CONT'D)
Something food, drink, and candle
related?

CAM
Right! We are on it boss!

The two push and shove as they race off towards the showroom.

RON
And then get back to the detailing
bay!
(to Jeremy)
Those are the twins.
(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Cam and Zander, they're our other apprentices. They'll be showing you the ropes.

Jeremy gulps as he looks at the pile of used batteries and melted wrenches.

JEREMY

Can't wait.

Jeremy opens his notebook and writes:

CAM & ZANDER: ... a lot.

INT. TIFF'S BAY

Tiff is working hard on a 2009 JEEP WRANGLER. Ron and Jeremy approach and Ron greets her cheerfully.

RON

Hi sweetheart, how is the rebuild coming along?

Tiff stops working on the Jeep. In slow motion she turns, ties back her hair, and lights a cigarette with an oxy-acetylene torch.

Jeremy freezes and stares.

TIFF

Dad, if you call me sweetheart at work one more time, I will burn grandpa's shop to the ground.

(Turning to Jeremy.)

Hi Jeremy, I'm Tiff. If my dad gives you a hard time, or you need anything at all just let me know okay?

JEREMY

I like Jeeps.

TIFF

Yeah, me too. They're a great vehicle. Very reliable. I can show you how to re-build the top end next week if boss man over here doesn't mind.

JEREMY

(Stuttering.)

Yeah, uh yes. That would be. I could. Yeah.

Ron elbows Jeremy in the ribs and glares at him briefly. He then takes the cigarette out of Tiff's mouth, throws it to the ground and stomps it out.

RON

We'll see. And what have I told you about smoking in the shop... and all together for that matter?

TIFF

Quit.

RON

Quit. Now Jeremy, if you're done stuttering Tiff has some work to do, let's leave her to it.

TIFF

I'll talk to you soon Jeremy.

JEREMY

Not if I talk to you first.
(Turning, to himself.)
What? Not if I talk to you first?
Idiot.

As the two walk away Ron points out an empty bay lined with pristine tools.

RON

That's McMann's bay. He'll be back Tuesday after the long weekend.

INT. DETAILING BAY

An old, very dirty TOYOTA TERCEL sits in the detailing bay.

RON

Alright, well you've met the shop crew and it's almost lunch time. So why don't you get this Toyota cleaned up then come get me in my office when you're done. Soap is there, water is there, brushes are there. Cleaning products for the inside are in that bucket there, make sure it's spotless! Every customer gets a free detailing!

Jeremy looks nervously at the dirty old Tercel.

JEREMY

Yes sir.

INT. RON'S OFFICE

Ron is sitting with his feet up on his desk eating beef jerky and talking on the phone.

RON

We'll also need one large Hawaiian,
and two large pepperoni.

There's a knock on the door and it opens slightly

RON (CONT'D)

(In a panic.)

No mom, I'm just at work. You need
my credit card number? Okay mom.

Jeremy's head pokes through the door. Ron sighs with relief.

RON (CONT'D)

I'm so sorry. Give me one second.

(To Jeremy.)

Thought you were Travis. What is
it?

Jeremy points out into the shop.

JEREMY

Can you come check if I did an
alright job?

RON

I'll be right out.

Ron returns to his phone call and Jeremy notices a drone lingering in the vents above Ron's desk.

INT. DETAILING BAY

Ron stands dumbfounded in front of the Toyota, which has been cleaned immaculately.

RON

... Yeah... you did an alright job
kid. You can break for lunch.

Jeremy heads to the lunchroom, when he is out of sight Ron looks over the car in detail. He is very impressed. Ron leaves, and Travis emerges from a used oil barrel in full scuba gear.

END ACT II

ACT III

INT. LUNCH ROOM

Jeremy is alone at a table finishing his lunch. Travis walks by and grabs Jeremy's brown lunch bag. He holds the bag up next to his own, each has their name circled by a heart.

TRAVIS

Your mom makes your lunch too huh?
See, losers got to stick together.

Travis slams the bag back down in front of Jeremy. The bag hits the table with a loud WHACK as though there's something inside. Travis walks away.

JEREMY

It's... It's my first day, she
doesn't usually... I can pack my
own.. ugh. You're the loser.

Jeremy grabs the bag in frustration and notices something inside. He pulls out A PEN, a TWENTY DOLLAR BILL, and a NOTE. Jeremy reads the note.

JEREMY (V.O.)

This is a voice recorder, not a
pen. Button down means recording.
Sales staff love to talk. Put this
in your pocket and ask about the
party.

INT. REC ROOM

The sales team TAMMY, EDDIE, MORGAN, and STEVE (30s) are drinking coffee, and eating doughnuts. The room is filled with MAGAZINES, COMFY COUCHES, and SNACKS. Ron and Jeremy enter, the sales team do not acknowledge them.

EDDIE

And then I said, best I could do
was twenty two percent, and she
bought it!

MORGAN

Ha! That's what the old bat gets
for collecting a pension!

The group explodes with laughter.

TAMMY

I had a marine come in the other day and I told him I'd give him the military discount. I added five percent to the sticker price. He loved having his ego stroked so much he didn't even notice!

STEVE

Classic Tammy! The devil truly does wear Prada.

Tammy flashes her expensive, red Prada stilettos.

EDDIE

Want to play a game of foosball before some dumb customer shows up?

STEVE

You read my mind.

Eddie and Steve turn to the foosball table as Ron and Jeremy approach.

RON

Tammy, Morgan, this is Jeremy he's going to be working in the shop.

TAMMY

(Pinching Jeremy's cheeks)
Oh he's so cute! Where do you find these adorable apprentices?

MORGAN

(Tugging at Jeremy's coveralls.)
He could use some fashion tips though.

JEREMY

Nice to meet you two. Ron, is it okay if I go play foosball with them?

RON

Oh sure go ahead, I have to have a word with these ladies anyways.

Jeremy clicks on his RECORDER and approaches the foosball table nervously.

JEREMY

Hey guys, I'm Jeremy. I'm going to be working in the shop.

EDDIE
Nice to meet you kid.

STEVE
Hey, how's it going?

JEREMY
Have you guys, um heard anything
about a party tonight?

EDDIE
Yeah man!

STEVE
Big shindig tonight, right here
after work.

Travis falls loudly out of a broom closet wearing headphones
attached to a hand held SPY SURVEILLANCE RECORDER.

Everyone stares while Travis dusts himself off and walks
slowly out of the room.

RON
Okay, um.
(Ron checks his watch.)
You know what, why don't we just
call it a little early today? I'm
going to get the crew together, and
we'll have our end of day meeting
in five.

INT. SHOWROOM

Ron stands behind the sales desk ready to address the
employees the same way he did in the morning.

RON
Okay everyone quiet down, quiet
down people. Now I know it's a
little early to be calling it a
day, but I've officially closed up.
Computers are down and it is the
long weekend! I've got some big
news.

A large bearded CUSTOMER with tattoos bursts through the
door.

CUSTOMER
(Panting.)
Oh thank god you're open! My truck
just died on the side of the
highway and I need 'er to finish a
contract this weekend.

RON

(Politely.)

I'm so sorry sir, we're actually closed. But, if you leave your keys in the drop box out front we'll get to it first thing Tuesday morning!

CUSTOMER

Closed? Your sign says you're open until 6. I need my truck fixed.

RON

I'm sorry sir, but we're all shut down for the day. We'll look at it first thing Tuesday.

CUSTOMER

(Frustrated.)

Where's the closest shop?

JEREMY

Fifty kilometers either way.

CUSTOMER

Who asked you loser?

(Turning his attention
back to Ron.)

You are the laziest mechanic I have ever met! Closing early long weekend Friday, leaving a working man out to dry. You have no respect for the working class!

The customer approaches Ron's desk.

RON

Sir, just leave your keys in the key drop.

The man is now face to face with Ron who is fearlessly standing his ground.

CUSTOMER

Not until you give me one good reason why you should get to close early. I should call the better business bureau on you. Give me one good reason.

RON

You want a good reason? I'm throwing a party, okay? A big fat working class appreciation party! You see Travis over there?

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

He's a certified, journeyman mechanic. Today is his last day as an apprentice. So me and the rest of my family here at Big Ron's Local came together and threw him a surprise party! So now that you've ruined all of our hard work, could you kindly drop your keys in the drop box outside and we will get to your truck on Tuesday! We. Are. Closed!

CUSTOMER

I am leaving you the worst google review you've ever received! If you weren't the only shop for fifty clicks I'd be gone! Out of here! That is a ninety thousand dollar rig, if there is a single scratch on it Tuesday evening I will have your head!

The man leaves in a huff.

RON

Well Travis... Congratulations. There's drinks and games in the rec room, pizza is on the way.

Cam & Zander pop confetti and blow noise makers loudly while the rest of the crew sits in awkward silence. The twins start chanting slowly.

CAM

Party. Party. Party.

ZANDER

Party. Party. Party.

Slowly the team gets on board.

ALL

PARTY! PARTY! PARTY!

The crew celebrates and congratulate Travis.

Everyone files into the rec room, loud TECHNO MUSIC plays.

On his way out Jeremy leaves a note labeled SAFETY CONCERNS on Ron's desk.

INT. SHOWROOM - DAY

It's Tuesday morning and Ron walks through the showroom whistling cheerfully as he begins his daily opening routine.

He notices the note on his desk labeled SAFETY CONCERNS. As he begins to open the note something seems to pique his attention outside. He walks to the front door.

EXT. FRONT LOT - DAY

Ron approaches the lock box which is hanging open, the broken lock is laying on the ground. Panic sets over Ron's face.

RON

The truck. Where the hell is that
guy's truck?

Ron runs around the parking lot frantically. Suddenly he stops. The panic turns to horror as Ron stares across the street.

Directly across the road from Ron's shop sits a brand new gigantic dealership. Two bright red DANCING INFLATABLE TUBE-MEN flail gracefully next to a high tech neon sign that flashes MONDO-DEALER/NOW OPEN.

There is a glass showroom filled with gleaming new vehicles, a quick lube bay, and a touchless drive-thru car wash. The parking lot is busy with action and a group of beautiful young women and handsome young men in matching uniforms are welcoming a line of customers into the shop.

Ron drops to his knees and yells to the sky.

RON (CONT'D)

No!

FIN.