



Jeep Commercials

Written by

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From the "Guy the Jeep Guy" stories

by Michael Godby

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FADE IN

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

A showcase workspace for middle management. A desk with a computer faces the door. Ad campaign posters and New York Yankees memorabilia cover the walls.

Beside the door, floor to ceiling windows look out to a cubicle farm. Behind the desk, floor-to-ceiling windows look down on Madison Avenue far below.

GIBSON CRAIG (32), male, handsome, well groomed and dressed, sits at his desk in a large, leather chair. He holds in his hand an industry award for advertising.

As he admires it, he recalls a few commercials from the campaign for which the award is for.

FLASHBACKS BEGIN

INT. LUXURY SPORTS SEDAN - DAY

A MALE MODEL (32), groomed and dressed like Gibson, sits behind the steering wheel stopped at a traffic light. He looks out to WOMEN who stand at the corner and admire him.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

Is it about sleek style? Performance?

Award winning quality and luxury?

(beat)

It's all about image.

EXT. CLUB - NIGHT

YOUNG WOMEN stand in line. The same male model drives by slowly in the same car. The women stop all activity and conversation, turn and watch the car pass.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

(after a long silence)

It's all about image.

EXT. PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Empty but for the lone luxury sports sedan.

The male model walks toward the car, briefcase in hand.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)
 Once again, you are the last to leave
 the office. You earned this. Even
 when there's no one else around, it's
 all about image.

FLASHBACKS END WITH --

TIFFANY CLOUT (28), female, high-maintenance attractive,
 blonde hair, interrupts his thoughts with a KNOCK on the
 open door.

TIFFANY
 Congratulations on your award.

GIBSON
 Thanks.

He sets the award on his desk.

TIFFANY
 (looks O.S.)
 I see Maxine coming. Catch you later.

Tiffany turns to leave. She sneers with a look of absolute
 disgust. He flashes a similar expression. Under their
 professional politeness hides a mutual hatred.

MAXINE (68), female, light gray hair, skirted suit, enters.
 Gibson straightens to attention.

MAXINE
 Congratulations on the award.

GIBSON
 Thanks.

MAXINE
 I'm here to give you some news. We
 landed a new account for Jeep
 Wranglers. Your name and your recent
 success was instrumental in landing
 the account and we're giving it to
 you. The client has high
 expectations.

GIBSON
 Thanks. I'm sure they will be happy.

MAXINE
 Let's hope so.

Maxine leaves. Tiffany returns.

TIFFANY
What did she say?

GIBSON
I'm going to be doing commercials for
Jeep Wranglers.

TIFFANY
That sounds easy.

GIBSON
I'm already drawing a blank.

He picks up the award.

GIBSON
This was easy. I drive this kind of
car and I know why. I have no idea
why anybody would want to drive a
Jeep.

TIFFANY
You need to hire a consultant;
somebody who owns a Jeep and pick
their brains.

GIBSON
I'll think about that.

Tiffany leaves. Gibson sneers and talks to himself.

GIBSON
(mocking tone)
You need to hire a consultant who
owns a Jeep.

He cranes to check for anybody eves dropping.

GIBSON
She's right, I do.
(grits his teeth)
And I hate that.

He looks at his watch.

GIBSON
Almost time for lunch with Paddy. I'm
sure he'll know somebody.

INT./EXT. GIBSON'S CAR - DAY

In light, midtown city traffic, Gibson drives his luxury
sports sedan. He pulls up to a traffic light and stops.

Two young women stand at the corner:

KATIE (24), Goth, attractive with bright, silver-blue eyes, pale skin, shoulder-length black hair, playful smile, and -

LIALA (25), stunning with long blonde hair and an athletic build. Her blue eyes gaze the world coldly.

Gibson straightens his posture and gives them side glances, assumes they are interested in him. His commercial plays in his head.

MALE NARRATOR (V.O.)

It's all about image.

EXT. SAME STREET - DIFFERENT LOCATION

Pedestrians shuffle along a crowded sidewalk. 80s new wave MUSIC from an approaching vehicle draws attention. As the car gets closer, the music gets louder.

GUY'S JEEP passes, a maintained but old red Wrangler with no doors or top. The music BLASTS from large speakers of an impressive sound system behind the back seat.

INT. GUY'S JEEP

Driven by GUY FOZZY (40), slovenly, tee shirt and jeans, shoulder-length brown hair, scruffy beard, slight paunch and slouch. He wears a new pin-striped engineer's hat backwards, NEW YORK CITY TRANSIT MUSEUM PRICE TAG still attached.

INT./EXT. GIBSON'S CAR

Gibson tries to flirt with Katie and Liala. They ignore him.

The two women hear the MUSIC of Guy's approaching Jeep. Liala taps Katie on the shoulder with the back of her hand. They jump to attention with anticipation.

Guy's Jeep pulls up to the light next to Gibson and stops.

The two women rush around Gibson's car and jump into the Jeep. Katie sits in front, changes the MUSIC to 90s metal. Liala climbs over the back of the Jeep and sits in back.

The light changes, the Jeep drives off.

Gibson's stunned WTF expression says it all. As he follows, he pulls out his phone and takes pictures from different angles. After a few blocks, he turns onto a side street.

MONTAGE BEGINS**INT. GUY'S JEEP**

- Guy drives uptown. At the next red light, Katie pulls out a perfume spray and applies it to herself. She sees Guy commence a yawn and sprays perfume into his gaping mouth.

He chokes violently.

- Katie picks up a pen from the center console. She scribbles on Guy's neck. He flinches and grabs the pen out of her hand. He throws the pen to the floor, rolls his eyes.

- Between lights, a miniature, foot-long baseball bat rolls out from under the back seat. Liala picks up the souvenir, inspects it, hands it to Katie.

- At the next red light, Liala stands and removes his hat.

Katie smacks his head with the bat.

He squeezes his eyes shut and holds his head for a moment. He opens his eyes to find Liala swinging his hat above him. Every time he reaches for it, she pulls it away.

When the light changes, she throws it onto the street.

He shifts the Jeep into park, unlatches his seat belt and bolts out of the car. As he retrieves the hat and puts it on, a passing car HONKS, almost hits him.

Angry traffic horns BLARE as he waves an apology and rushes back into the Jeep.

Liala sits. He pulls away.

- At the next block, Liala reaches around the seat and tugs on Guy's ear. He pulls over to the sidewalk and stops.

Katie steps out. Liala vaults out the back like a gymnast.

KATIE

Thanks for the ride.

LIALA

Yeah, thanks for the ride.

KATIE

We need a ride tonight.

GUY

What time?

KATIE
The usual.

GUY
One o'clock?

KATIE
You got it.

GUY
See you at one.

Guy pulls away.

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Upscale sports bar, memorabilia covers the walls.

PADDY (32), male, button-down shirt, blazer, trimmed salt-and-pepper beard, sits at a table and reads a menu.

Gibson enters, walks directly to the table and sits.

GIBSON
Sorry I'm a little late. I had a slight detour on the way here. I need a favor.

PADDY
(Brooklyn accent)
What detour and what favor?

GIBSON
I need to find somebody with a Jeep for some market research. I think I found the perfect person which is why I'm late. I got a tag number for you to look up. I need to contact him. Find out what you can. Let me send you the pictures.

Gibson pulls out his phone and sends the text. Paddy glances at his phone and puts it back into his jacket pocket.

PADDY
I'll see what I can get. What's this for?

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - COFFEE ROOM - DAY

Gibson pours himself a cup of coffee. He adds creamer and sugar.

Tiffany enters.

GIBSON
Good morning, Tiff.

TIFFANY
Good morning.

Gibson takes a sip of his coffee.

TIFFANY
Find a consultant yet?

GIBSON
I have a lead.

Tiffany pours herself a cup of hot water. She adds milk and lemon juice, lets it curdle.

Gibson cringes.

She takes a sip.

Gibson gags and covers his mouth. He dumps his cup into the sink and leaves the room in a hurry.

TIFFANY
(smiling)
Gets him every time.

Tiffany dumps her cup of steamy, white chunks into the sink. She wipes the milk mustache off her mouth and pours herself a cup of tea.

GIBSON'S OFFICE

Gibson takes a seat at his desk when his phone rings. He casually glances at the display, recognizes the caller, picks up the receiver with urgency.

GIBSON
Hold on.

Gibson puts down the phone, leaves his desk. He closes the door, returns to his seat and puts the call on speaker.

GIBSON
Did you get anything?

PADDY (V.O.)
I got a lot. You owe me on this one.

GIBSON
Lunch is on me.

PADDY (V.O.)
Good. I'll tell you at lunch.

GIBSON
Same time?

PADDY (V.O.)
Same table. See you there.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Gibson enters, sees Paddy seated at the same table as before. He walks to it and sits.

Paddy puts down his drink and menu.

GIBSON
What did you get?

Paddy pulls a folder from a chair. He sets it on the table.

A SERVER (40), male, approaches.

SERVER
Sorry to interrupt. May I take your drink order?

GIBSON
My usual.

The server leaves. Paddy opens the folder.

PADDY
Your guy's name is Guy, Guy Fozzy. Just turned forty. He has a short bit about Jeeps on a monthly podcast recorded way upstate.

He's here for the week on vacation. No family. Parents passed twenty-two years ago in a plane crash. No known siblings. Couldn't get any information about relationships. My guess he's single.

Doesn't have a regular job, lives on a couple of undisclosed settlements.

(MORE)

PADDY (cont'd)
 One's from the airline. The other's
 from a hospital over something that
 happened when he was a kid.

The girls are a couple of strippers
 that work in a place called Sal's.
 Don't ask how I know that.

His phone number, hotel and room
 number are in the folder with all the
 other info. Oh, and by the way, I'm
 having lobster.

GIBSON
 Gee thanks. And thanks. I need this.
 (takes a deep breath)
 So, are you coming to poker night,
 tonight?

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gibson enters, sits, picks up his phone. He dials and waits.
 He grimaces.

GIBSON
 Hello. My name is Gibson Craig. I am
 trying to reach Guy Fozzy. I'm a big
 fan of your podcast and I would like
 to take you to lunch and talk about
 Jeeps. Please call me at 212-555-
 4545. I really want to meet you.

OUTSIDE GIBSON'S OFFICE

Tiffany stands by his door with a smile as she eaves drops.
 She hears the CLUNK of a phone hangup and tiptoes off to --

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Nearby in the large cubicle farm, decorated with Hello Kitty
 collectibles.

An empty picture frame sits on her desk. A diploma and a
 mirror hang on a wall.

She sits and turns to her computer, performs a search for
 "GUY FOZZY".

She clicks on a social media link for "RED ROAD CLASSICS".

VIDEO BEGINS**INT. VIDEO STUDIO - DAY**

Two men, DAVE (32) and TIM (30) sit side-by-side at a table. A banner with a 50s style hot rod speeding on a flaming highway hangs behind them.

DAVE
Hello and welcome to another edition of "Red Road Classics". I'm your host Dave LeFranc along with Tim McCallister.

TIM
Hi.

DAVE
In this installment we will show a customized Chevrolet Camaro and a vintage Ford Edsel.

TIM
Also, we'll have the latest editions of "Corvette Corner", "Must Have Mustangs" and "Ask Guy the Jeep Guy".

INTERCUT TIFFANY'S CUBICLE / VIDEO

Tiffany interrupts the video. She slides the progress bar along until she sees a Jeep. She slides it back a little, lets it play.

DAVE
It's time now for Ask Guy the Jeep Guy.

The video set changes to --

INT. MULTI-BAY AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Guy appears on screen, stands in front of his red Wrangler. He holds a wrench.

GUY
Hello everybody and welcome to "Ask Guy the Jeep Guy". I'm your host, Guy Fozzy and I'm here to answer your questions about Jeeps.
(looks O.S.)
What's our first question?

ASKER1 (14), male, asks his question.

ASKER1 (V.O.)

Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. I'm in the middle of a take-home exam for my Earth Science class. What's an isotherm?

GUY

(puzzled)

Well, there are no isotherms in a Jeep. Isotherms are lines on a weather map connecting places of similar temperature. Your next test question is probably going to be about isobars. If so, those are lines on a weather map connecting places of similar barometric pressure. I hope you find my answer useful and good luck with your take-home exam.

(looks O.S.)

Next question.

Tiffany looks puzzled.

ASKER2 (24), female, asks her question.

ASKER4 (V.O.)

Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. I want to place a personal ad on a European web site because I'm attracted to men who have accents. I want to brag about the size of my breasts. What's forty-two inches in metric?

GUY

(raised eyebrows)

Wow. Forty-two inches, huh. Well there's two point five four centimeters in an inch so you've got yourself about a one-oh-seven centimeter bust line. I hope this number makes you happy and good luck with whomever answers your ad.

TIFFANY

This can't be real. This clown is clueless. Can't he see that they are making a joke out of him?

ASKER3 (22), female, asks her question.

ASKER3 (V.O.)

Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. I think my boyfriend is cheating on me. What should I do?

Guy flashes a look of surprise.

GUY

Well --

Tiffany looks away from her screen. She sees KEVIN (21), tall, muscular, walk past her cubicle.

She rolls her chair over and cranes her neck outside, watches him walk away. She slides her chair back to her desk.

She looks at the empty picture frame.

TIFFANY

Could be what I'm looking for.

Her attention returns to the video.

GUY

-- and good luck with your love life.
(looks O.S.)
Next question... about Jeeps?

ASKER4 (7), female, asks her question.

ASKER4 (V.O.)

Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. Can you show me how to stand on my head?

GUY

Ummm... sure. Watch closely.

Guy kneels down and stands on his head.

GUY (cont'd)

The key is to make a tripod with your hands and your head, like this.

Tiffany erupts into a huge smile, almost laughs.

TIFFANY

I don't think Gibson's seen this. If this is his consultant, he's in big trouble.

She slides the progress bar along and returns to the video.

GUY
Can we have our next question be
about Jeeps?

ASKER5 (20), male, asks his question.

ASKER5 (V.O.)
Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. I'm a college
student who masturbates every night.
When I climax, nothing comes out.
Should I be concerned or happy that I
don't make a mess?

Guy freezes, stares into the camera and drops the wrench. It
lands with a CLANK. He stands gap-jawed for a long moment
and blinks a few times.

GUY
What you are probably experiencing is
called a retrograde --

END VIDEO

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - COFFEE ROOM - DAY

Tiffany enters, pours herself a cup of tea, proceeds to --

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Tiffany enters, sits, takes a sip from her tea. She logs
onto her computer.

Gibson walks by, sticks his head in. He is unshaven and
looks like he hasn't slept or showered.

GIBSON
Good morning, Tiff.

She turns to face him and is shocked by his appearance.

TIFFANY
Good morning. You look like hell.

GIBSON
Thanks.

He leaves.

TIFFANY
(under her breath)
Ya think maybe you should move poker
night to weekends?

GIBSON'S OFFICE

Gibson takes a seat at his desk. He takes a sip from his coffee, savors the aroma. His eyes start to close when his phone rings. Startled, he spills coffee on himself. He wipes himself off before the third ring.

He answers the phone, puts it on speaker.

GIBSON
(snappy tone)
What do you want?

GUY (V.O.)
Lunch.

GIBSON
What? Who is this?

GUY (V.O.)
Guy Fozzy. You said you wanted to
take me to lunch.

GIBSON
Yes! Yes I do! Sorry about my tone. I
really want to meet you!

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Tiffany types on her keyboard as Gibson arrives. She stops and gives him her attention. She hunches her shoulders with a cold, "What do you want?" look.

GIBSON
I'm taking a long lunch. I'm meeting
our Jeep consultant.

TIFFANY
Where are you meeting him?

GIBSON
His hotel lobby. Hopefully, we'll be
out for a while.

TIFFANY
Have fun.

Gibson walks away without further comment.

Tiffany rolls her eyes and returns to her work.

TIFFANY
(under her breath)
And good luck. You're going to need
it.

INT. HOTEL LOBBY - DAY

Gibson sits in a chair, pages through his text messages. The elevator door opens revealing Guy. Gibson recognizes and rushes to greet him.

He shakes Guy's hand with the all the phony enthusiasm of a politician.

GIBSON
Mr. Fozzy! Gibson Craig. I am so
happy to meet you.

GUY
You like my show?

GIBSON
Yes! I think you give great advice
and you really know about Jeeps. I'm
looking forward to our conversation.
Ready for lunch?

GUY
Yes. I'll drive if you want to ride
in the Jeep. I think you'll like it.

GIBSON
That would be awesome!

GUY
I'm parked in the garage. This way.

INT. GUY'S JEEP - DAY

Guy drives, Gibson sits in the passenger seat. They plod along through city traffic.

BLUES plays on the stereo.

GIBSON
Nice sound.

GUY

Thanks.

They stop at a light. Katie and Liala approach from the sidewalk.

KATIE

Hey dude.

LIALA

Hey dude.

Guy closes his eyes tightly, pushes his chin into his chest.

GUY

(under his breath)

Why now?

Liala walks to the back of the Jeep.

Katie approaches Gibson, gives him a vicious glare.

Liala signals and Katie goes behind. Liala helps Katie climb over the back of the Jeep before jumping in herself.

Katie crawls between the front seats to the stereo and changes the BLUES to METAL.

KATIE

(to Gibson)

Hey blueballs, you're in my seat.

GUY

Easy. Be nice. This person is a fan of my show.

KATIE

No shit. You have a show?

The light turns green. Guy looks back at the ladies.

Katie makes eye contact with Liala.

KATIE

Make a left at the next light.

GIBSON

We're not going that way.

KATIE

(to Gibson)

Yeah you are.

(MORE)

KATIE (cont'd)
(to Guy)
Dude, you have a show? You never told us.

Katie returns to the back seat.

GUY
I do. It's about Jeeps.

KATIE
Sounds like it sucks.

GIBSON
We're going the wrong way.

GUY
(to Gibson)
It won't be long. Besides, you get to ride in the Jeep.

Gibson gives Guy a look of disbelief before looking at the back seat passengers.

GIBSON
What do you two like about Jeeps?

Katie and Liala exchange a glance. Liala shrugs.

KATIE
It's like a party that takes you wherever you want to go.

GIBSON
That's a good one. I'm going to use it.

Liala reaches around and tugs on Guy's ear. He pulls to the curb and stops.

The two young ladies jump out the back.

KATIE
Thanks for the ride.

LIALA
Yeah, thanks for the ride.

Guy looks over his shoulder for a break in traffic and pulls onto the street.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Guy follows Gibson to his usual table.

Gibson gestures to a seat before taking a seat himself. Guy sits. Gibson picks up a menu. Guy follows suit.

The server arrives.

SERVER
May I take your drink orders.

GIBSON
My usual.

SERVER
(to Guy)
And you.

GUY
Do you have root beer?

SERVER
No.

GUY
I'll have a glass of water.

SERVER
Coming right up.

The server leaves.

GIBSON
The seafood is pretty good here.

GUY
I'm not a seafood person. I like
bacon cheeseburgers.

GIBSON
Those are really good here, too. I
might get that.

GUY
So what do you want to know about
Jeeps?

GIBSON
Why people want to buy them. I want
to hire you as a consultant for
market research. We'll pay you hourly
on an as-needed basis. Are you
interested?

GUY
I'm here on vacation.

GIBSON
So? We can pick up the hotel tab in
addition.

GUY
What about parking?

GIBSON
Parking?

GUY
Yeah. My Jeep doesn't have a roof. I
need to park it in a garage. You
would have to spring for that, too.

GIBSON
Where are you parked now?

GUY
Out front where we left it.

GIBSON
No, I mean like at night... or when
it's raining and you're not driving
anywhere.

GUY
At the hotel.

GIBSON
It should be free with the room.

GUY
It is.

GIBSON
So what's the problem?

GUY
Just covering all the bases.

GIBSON
So that means you'll do it?

GUY
I don't know. I was only planning on
being away for a week.

GIBSON
When did you get here?

GUY
Last Friday.

GIBSON

Today's Wednesday. That's not very long. Why did you come here?

GUY

Catch the sights and sounds of the city.

GIBSON

New York City? There's a lot of sights and sounds to catch in only a week. You're going to miss a lot.

GUY

True.

GIBSON

Do you have a job to get back to?

GUY

Not really.

GIBSON

Do you have a family to get back to?

GUY

No. In fact I was hoping to meet somebody to bring home.

GIBSON

It doesn't exactly work that way, but alright. If that's what you want, you need to give it more time. We can help defray the costs while you look.

Guy looks off into the distance deep in thought.

GIBSON (cont'd)

We're only talking about another week or two. You should be able to meet the perfect companion to bring home by then.

GUY

How much money are we talking about?

GIBSON

We can work that out later back at the office. I just need to know if you'll do it.

GUY

Okay, I'll do it, pending final negotiations.

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)
Now that that is settled, what's your
first question about Jeeps?

The server approaches, sets down the drinks.

SERVER
May I take your order.

Gibson and Guy exchange a glance.

GIBSON
You go first.

GUY
I'll have a Bacon Classic, plain,
rare.

GIBSON
Downtown Burger, double everything,
well.

SERVER
I'll put that right in.

The server takes the menus and leaves. Gibson takes a sip of
his drink, sets it down. He releases a sigh.

GIBSON
My first question... So, how did you
meet those two nice ladies we picked
up?

GUY
They aren't very nice.

GIBSON
Tell me something I don't know.

GUY
Bees can count to three.

Gibson flashes a look of surprise and confusion.

GIBSON
What?

GUY
Bees can count to three. You told me
to tell you something you didn't
know. I bet you didn't know that bees
can count to three.

GIBSON

Okay, I didn't know that. So, anyway, how did you meet them?

GUY

The bees?

GIBSON

No, those girls. How did you end up with a couple of girls like the two we picked up?

GUY

I was handed a "Buy one drink, get one free" coupon in Times Square. I went to the address around closing and sat at the bar. They joined me. We had a short conversation about seating, and about how they both worked there. When I left they followed me out. Then they saw my Jeep and they jumped in and asked me to drive them someplace.

(grimaces)

Now they jump in every time they see me.

GIBSON

So you don't have anything going on with them?

GUY

No.

GIBSON

It's just about the Jeep?

GUY

And the rides.

GIBSON

Do you mind if I record this?

Guy shakes his head and shrugs. Gibson pulls out his phone and after a couple of taps, sets it on the table.

GIBSON

What other chicks have you picked up with your Jeep?

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany works in a video editor on her computer.

GIBSON

This is my assistant, Tiffany Clout.

Tiffany reaches out and shakes their hands. She takes a seat at a small desk in the back of the room with a computer.

Gibson hands out the booklets. He pulls out a display board from the art portfolio and places it on the easel. On it, a picture of Guy's Jeep surrounded by YOUNG, BIKINI-CLAD WOMEN. One stands in back and appears to be dancing.

GIBSON

I understand that you want to expand your market share among young singles. Our market research shows that the popularity of Jeeps centers on women, and their attraction to Jeeps.

The clients exchange puzzled glances.

BILL

You do realize that the Jeep in the picture is an old model. They don't look like that anymore.

GIBSON

It was just a royalty-free pic our art department used. I will have them correct that for next time.

(clears his throat)

The Jeep used in the demo is the latest model year. Tiff, can you confirm that?

TIFFANY

Yes. It's the latest.

GIBSON

So in the booklets are rough drafts of print ads for magazines, billboards and the Internet. I would like to show you a demo of what we would like to put on television and social media. Tiff?

Tiffany presses a couple of buttons on the wall next to her.

Gibson takes a seat next to Maxine.

The lights dim as a view screen drops from the ceiling.

VIDEO BEGINS

EXT. CITY STREET - DAY

Heavy metal music BLASTS throughout the commercial.

JEEP MAN (30), a male model resembles the Brawny Paper Towel Man, wears a tight tee shirt emblazoned with "JEEP" across his muscular chest. He drives a shiny, new, black 2-door Wrangler with its soft top folded down.

As he drives, young, attractive WOMEN turn their heads and watch him pass. He pulls up to a traffic light and stops.

The Jeep is surrounded by young, attractive, female MODELS who dance. A few of them climb into the car, stand on the seats and dance. A YOUNG BLONDE sits on Jeep Man's lap and wiggles as she makes playful, erotic kissy faces at him.

NARRATOR (V.O.)

(over faded music)

Four point oh liter engine connected to a solid and reliable four wheel drive. With the optional sound bar, it makes the new Jeep Wrangler a party that takes you wherever you want to go.

The commercial dissolves to black.

VIDEO ENDS

The screen raises. The lights turn on to slowly reveal three offended clients. Maxine glares at Gibson.

MAXINE

You do have more material, don't you?

GIBSON

I have other ideas in the works, don't we Tiff?

TIFFANY

Yes, we do. I'm sorry it wasn't ready.

GIBSON

That's it for now. The other campaign ideas will be ready for the next meeting. Any questions?

HENRY

We look forward to your other material. See you at the next meeting.

Everyone stands.

MAXINE

We're sorry we didn't have much more to show you. We'll make it up to you in the invoice.

Tiffany leads the clients out.

Maxine glares at Gibson.

GIBSON

Sorry. I know I don't look so good right now but the next one will hit it out of the park.

MAXINE

It better. I-I-I am too dumbfounded to dress you down. What were you thinking?

GIBSON

I got too focused in my market research. I won't make that mistake again.

GIBSON'S OFFICE

Gibson sits with his elbows on his desk. He holds his head in his hands.

Tiffany enters.

GIBSON

Go away.

TIFFANY

Didn't go so good, huh.

GIBSON

A disaster. I'm surprised I still have a job. Hiring that-that Jeep guy was a bad idea.

TIFFANY

It wasn't a bad idea and it's not his fault. I think you misunderstood his message and his situation. If you want, I could try a different approach... unless you have something in the pipeline.

GIBSON
You know I got nothing.

TIFFANY
Good. Make an appointment to meet him tonight at the Gaslighter.

GIBSON
Gaslighter? I don't want to meet him at the Gaslighter. He'll think I'm --

TIFFANY
You're not going. I'm going to tell him that you cancelled. That's my in.

GIBSON
Okay. Whatever.

TIFFANY
Also, give me any information you have on him.

Gibson opens a desk drawer and pulls out the "Guy Fozzy" folder Paddy gave him. He hands it to her.

GIBSON
Here.

TIFFANY
Grassy-ass.

She turns to leave. He gives her the middle-finger salute behind her back. She gloats as she exits.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

A spacious, uncluttered luxury studio. Sliding glass doors lead out to a terrace on one wall. An eat-in kitchen area in an adjacent corner. A bathroom, desk and walk-in closet on the next wall.

The front door and a king-size bed on the third wall. A television surrounded by a couch and chairs on the fourth.

Pictures of herself and mirrors all over.

Tiffany takes a seat on the couch. She picks up a princess landline phone on the end table. She dials and waits.

TIFFANY
Annie! Tiff. Did I catch you at a bad time? --

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)

I just wanted to say that Gibshit is giving me a shot to write and produce his newest commercial. --

I know, right? --

I'm meeting his consultant tonight.

--

Boyfriend material? I doubt it. I saw a video of him online. He's pretty out of it, like something's missing. I think I can use him to sell Jeeps. About all he's good for. I did see a new prospect, though. --

I think he's an intern. I found out his name is Kevin.

(looks at her watch)

I need to go too. Thank you for being there. I love you. -- Bye.

Tiffany hangs up and walks to the sliding glass doors. After admiring the approaching twilight, she closes the blinds and walks to her closet.

INT. GASLIGHTER CLUB - NIGHT

Guy sits at the bar. He looks around the room, overwhelmed by the activity, skin-and-leather dress code and loud noise.

Tiffany walks up behind him, taps his shoulder. He pivots with a start.

TIFFANY

Gibson couldn't make it.

GUY

What?

She speaks in his ear.

TIFFANY

Gibson couldn't make it. Do you want to get a table where it's quiet?

Guy nods. Tiffany takes him by the hand and leads him --

UPSTAIRS

A room with round tables surrounded by semi-circular bench seats, lit with dim, swirling, colored lights.

She leads him to a booth and they sit.

Guy looks around and sees COUPLES and GROUPS engaged in various suggestive activities. He is shocked.

GUY
Are they allowed to do that in public?

TIFFANY
(smiling)
Do what? I don't see anything.

He looks at Tiffany with a look of stark disbelief.

GUY
You don't see what's going on?

TIFFANY
If it bothers you, don't look at them. Look at me.

GUY
Okay

He stares into her eyes.

TIFFANY
I saw your podcast. It's pretty cool.

GUY
Thanks.

TIFFANY
What I want to know is, what's so great about Jeeps.

GUY
Do you want to go for a ride?

She breaks into a big smile.

TIFFANY
Sure.

MONTAGE BEGINS

INT. GUY'S JEEP - NIGHT

- Guy drives uptown. MUSIC blasts from the stereo.

- They stop at a red light. Pedestrians cross in front. A fluorescent MALE RAVER dances to the music as he passes.

- They cross over the George Washington Bridge. They leave New York City for the New Jersey suburbs.
- They pass another Wrangler. The DRIVER sticks his arm out, waves to Guy. Guy waves back. Tiffany smiles.
- They eat parked at a drive-in restaurant. She takes his picture.
- They watch a movie at a drive-in theater.
- They pass several other Jeeps throughout the night and exchange waves with the other DRIVERS.
- Tiffany looks up at the stars in the night sky. She stares at Guy as he drives. She smiles and takes his picture.

EXT. PALISADES PARKWAY - DAY

Guy's Jeep passes by in the early morning twilight.

EXT. PALISADES PARKWAY - DIFFERENT LOCATION - DAY

In the morning twilight, a shiny new black Jeep Wrangler with a soft top folded down passes by.

INT. BLACK JEEP

Jeep man drives the black Jeep down a street in Hoboken. He wears a sport jacket over a polo shirt.

EXT. LINCOLN HARBOR FERRY PARKING LOT

At water's edge, the black Jeep arrives and parks beside a green Jeep occupied by a female model, JOANIE (22).

After an exchange of glances, Jeep Man and Joanie don sunglasses and watch the sun rise over the New York City skyline.

SUPER: "JEEP / IT TAKES YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO BE."

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The image is on the view screen. The lights come on.

Maxine and the three clients sit at the table like in the previous meeting.

Gibson sits at the small desk in the back. He gets up and walks to the front of the room.

Maxine and the clients look impressed.

MAXINE
That was much better.
(to clients)
Wouldn't you agree.

HENRY
I think I can speak for all of us
that we think we have a winner.

He looks to his compatriots. They nod in agreement.

BILL
When can we see this out among the
public?

GIBSON
We'll polish up the final work and
get it out later this week. I'll have
the script for the follow-up
commercial soon. It'll be ready to
show you in a couple of weeks. Any
questions?

HENRY
No. I guess we're done.

They all rise.

MAXINE
I'll have someone show you out.

She steps out, motions to someone O.S., returns.

MAXINE
Steve will show you out.

The clients leave, Maxine closes the door.

MAXINE
That was an excellent turn-around.
I'm impressed. I was having doubts.

GIBSON
I didn't. While I did have a bad
swing and a miss, I knew that I would
hit it out. I'm a natural.

MAXINE
Don't let it go to your head.

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gibson sits at his desk. He holds his award.

Tiffany enters. He sets it down.

TIFFANY
(excited)
So how did it go? Did they like it?

GIBSON
It went well. Heck, they loved it.
They want to go with it.

TIFFANY
Do they want another?

GIBSON
I can take it from here.

Tiffany leaves a little dejected. She looks back toward Gibson's office, rolls her eyes and continues her journey.

CUBICLE FARM CORRIDOR

As she walks to her cubicle, she sees Kevin approach from the opposite direction. She steps in his way.

TIFFANY
Hi. Busy tonight?

KEVIN
Yes.

TIFFANY
Are you sure?

She rubs her hand on his shirt. He steps back.

KEVIN
Yes, I'm sure.

He steps around her. She stares at him as he walks away.

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Tiffany takes a seat. She picks up her phone and dials.

INT. - GUY'S JEEP

Guy drives on a city street. His phone rings. He pulls over, stops and answers it.

GUY

Hello?

INTERCUT - PHONE CONVERSATION

TIFFANY

Hey Guy. What's cookin'?

GUY

Nothing. I'm not cooking, I'm driving. Are you cooking?

TIFFANY

In a way. I want to know if you're free tonight.

GUY

I have to give a couple of people a ride at eight. I'll be free after that.

TIFFANY

Want to meet at the Gaslighter?

GUY

No. Anyplace else?

TIFFANY

I'll think of something and send you a text.

GUY

I look forward to your text.

TIFFANY

Okay. Bye.

GUY (V.O.)

Goodb --

Tiffany hangs up her phone. She looks at the empty frame on her desk and laughs.

TIFFANY

Yeah, right.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tiffany plops herself on the couch. She turns down the SOUND OF THE TELEVISION and picks up her princess phone. She dials and waits.

TIFFANY

Hey Annie, it's Tiff. -- Just catching up. Any news?

(smiles)

Thats cool. I just got a good review on a commercial I wrote. Gibshit says he doesn't need me to write any more but I think he will. I have a sneaking suspicion he's burned out.

--

No, nothing new on the boyfriend front. Kevin is still playing hard to get but I think I can break in.

--

No, I'm not looking to get tied down. I'm just like you. I just want a picture to put in the frame. I think Kevin is young enough that he won't mind if I shop around. He can shop too if he wants.

--

I'm going out with Jeeptard tonight. He's the consultant Gibshit hired.

--

I don't know why. I guess I just want to. I somehow had fun last time.

(laughs)

Love? No chance of that. Anyway, I need to run. Talk to you later.

-- I love you. Bye.

Tiffany hangs up her phone. After she turns off the television, she looks at herself in one of the many mirrors and straightens herself out. She picks up her handbag, turns out the light and leaves.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

The morning sunlight shines on her bed. She lies awake on her side.

She has her back to Guy who lies asleep on his back.

She looks over at him, rolls her eyes and sits up. She nudges him.

He groans but is otherwise lifeless.

TIFFANY

Hey, wake up.

She shakes him more vigorously. He groans.

She flashes a look of pure rage, picks up her pillow and slams him square on the face, full force and then some.

TIFFANY

Get up!

Guy sits up and rubs his nose, checks for blood.

GUY

Ow?

TIFFANY

(coldly)

I need to go to work. I want you out of here before I get out of the shower. Capiisce?

GUY

Yeah, I'm up. Let me get dressed.

Guy gets out of bed. As he picks his clothes off the floor, he admires her naked form as she walks to the bathroom.

INT. DOWNTOWN ATHLETIC CLUB - DAY

Gibson and Paddy sit at their table. They hand menus to the server who leaves.

PADDY

I saw your Jeep commercial. I almost want to buy one. Nice job.

GIBSON

Bitchany did it. My creative fire went out. I tried to pick up where she left off. Nothing. I'm going to see if I can get her to do the next one.

PADDY

Are they going to give her your bonus?

GIBSON

Nah. Ignorance is bliss. What nobody knows won't hurt me.

PADDY
That's not how the saying goes.

GIBSON
I'm in advertising. I make up my own sayings.

PADDY
Just not about Jeeps.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany types on her keyboard. Gibson stops by.

GIBSON
They didn't like my commercial as much as they liked yours. Maxine would prefer that you do the next one. Think you can handle it?

TIFFANY
No problem. Give me a couple of days. I'm going to take off early today to meet with the consultant.

GIBSON
Fine by me.

Gibson leaves. Tiffany picks up her phone, dials.

TIFFANY
(to phone)
Guy, Tiff. I thought you would like to get together this afternoon. You available?
(checks her watch)
Four. -- See you then. Bye.

Tiffany hangs up, resumes her typing.

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - RECEPTION AREA - DAY

Tiffany steps in and clears her throat. A RECEPTIONIST (58), female, Looks up.

TIFFANY
I'm expecting a visitor. Just send him back to my cubicle.

RECEPTIONIST
Okay.

CUBICLE FARM CORRIDOR

Tiffany proceeds to the cubicle farm. She walks past her cubicle to Kevin's and sees him at his desk. She interrupts his work.

TIFFANY

Hi. I got tickets to a concert. You want to go?

KEVIN

No.

TIFFANY

Don't you want to know where or who's playing before you turn it down?

KEVIN

No.

(sigh)

Look. You asked me out like at least ten times the last couple of weeks. I'm not interested. Yeah, you're hot and all that but I see how you treat people. You act like everybody in the world is yours to use or they're in your way. I don't want anything to do with you. Really. Please leave me alone. If you don't stop, I'll go to H.R.

TIFFANY

Your loss.

She leaves in a huff.

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

She sits at her desk and glances at the empty picture frame.

TIFFANY

(sigh)

Oh, well. Could have been hot.

She slumps like her lottery ticket didn't win.

RECEPTIONIST (O.S.)

She's right here.

Guy appears and interrupts the moment.

GUY

Hello. I'm a little early.

TIFFANY
That's quite alright. Perfect timing.

GUY
Anything wrong?

TIFFANY
I received a little bad news, that's all.

GUY
Will a ride in the Jeep cheer you up?

Tiffany slowly lights up with a big smile.

TIFFANY
You know what? I think it will.

MONTAGE BEGINS

INT. GUY'S JEEP - DAY

MUSIC blasts from the Jeep stereo.

- Guy drives the Jeep through a large puddle on a two-lane suburban road. The resulting splash gets them a little wet. Shortly thereafter, he drives through another puddle.

- Tiffany fidgets and pulls her bra out through her sleeve.

- On on another two-lane road, an on-coming Wrangler approaches. When the OTHER DRIVER waves, Guy waves back. Tiffany pulls up her shirt, flashes the other Jeep.

Guy is shocked.

- They drive past several scenic locations in the suburbs.

- They sit parked near a hot dog truck and eat dinner.

- They sit parked at a drive-in ice cream shop for dessert.

- They pass several scenic locations along the Hudson River.

EXT. SCENIC OVERLOOK - DAY

A hillside overlooks the Hudson River, faces west. A shiny new black Jeep Wrangler with the top down arrives and parks. Jeep Man sits behind the wheel, Joanie in the passenger seat. They watch the sun set.

SUPER: "JEEP / IT TAKES YOU WHERE YOU WANT TO BE".

MONTAGE ENDS

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

The image is on the view screen.

Maxine and the three clients sit at the table as they were before. Gibson rises from the small desk in the back.

He walks to the front of the room. Maxine and the clients look impressed.

Maxine gives Gibson a smile of approval.

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gibson sits at his desk. Tiffany enters.

TIFFANY

So, did they like it?

GIBSON

They loved it. A huge success. They can't wait to see what's next. Also, the market research shows that the campaign is also a huge success. Sales are up along with product image. People love Jeeps now.

TIFFANY

Any talk about a promotion?

GIBSON

Let's not get ahead of ourselves.

Tiffany expresses disappointment and leaves.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

Tiffany steps out from an office building onto the sidewalk, busy with late day pedestrians. She walks to the corner.

MUSIC plays nearby. She looks around, sees Guy and his Jeep stopped across the street at the traffic light.

Katie and Liala step into the Jeep and they leave.

Tiffany looks impressed.

INT. GUY'S JEEP

Katie changes the song.

KATIE
We're going to Sal's.

GUY
You're almost there already.

KATIE
And we're going to get there sooner.
We want you to pick us up there at
one.

GUY
Where am I taking you?

KATIE
Sal's. I told you.

GUY
No, I mean tonight when I pick you
up.

KATIE
Why? Are you going to put our
business on your show?

GUY
Do you want to be on my show?

KATIE
Fuckno! I don't want to have to wear
a bag over my head the rest of my
life because I was seen on your lame-
ass show. Where do you shoot it,
anyway?

GUY
At a garage near where I live.

KATIE
No wonder it sucks. You can let us
out here.

Guy pulls the Jeep to the curb and stops.

Katie pulls the collar of Guy's tee shirt way out and looks
quizzically down his front.

GUY
What?

KATIE
I don't see it.

GUY
See what?

Liala drops in a lit firecracker.

KATIE
(smiling)
Now I see it.

She lets go of his collar. He frantically pats the front of his shirt.

GUY
Hey, hey, hey, hey --

With a POW, the firecracker emits a small cloud through the fabric of his shirt. A black, sooty smudge remains.

GUY
Ow!

The girls laugh. Guy scowls.

KATIE
See you at one?

GUY
(groans)
Yeah. See you at one.

Katie and Liala exit the Jeep.

LIALA
Later, dude. Thanks for the ride.

KATIE
Yeah, thanks for the ride and the entertainment.

The two walk away.

KATIE
I don't get it. Nothing sets this guy off.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tiffany lies on the couch, watches television. She turns down the sound and picks up her princess phone. She dials.

TIFFANY

Hi Annie, just checking in. Anything new?

(smiles)

Really? And he lets you play? Sounds cool. I may have a deal like that, too. I'm thinking Jeepster might be what I'm looking for. He's not that bad looking, kind of like a fixer-upper. What I really like is that he does whatever I say. Not only that, he believes everything I say without question. I could probably have a fling... with him right there in the bed next to me... and I don't think he would catch on.

(laughing)

Hmmm, I don't know if I would actually try that. Interesting thought. Kinky. -- I'll let you go then, Bye.

Tiffany hangs up her phone.

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Tiffany enters with a booklet. Gibson is not there. She walks to his desk and sets it down. She studies his computer screen. After a moment, she glares and grits her teeth.

TIFFANY

That asshole's been taking credit for my work! I'm going to -

Her mood brightens.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

- work this to my advantage.

She holds out a cupped hand in front of her.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

(grits her teeth)

I've got his balls right here, right where I want them.

She slowly squeezes her hand closed like she is crushing an orange. She then twists and pulls it like she is pulling it off a tree. She leaves the room with a bounce in her step.

She dances to --

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Tiffany sits and picks up her phone. She dials and waits.

TIFFANY

Hey Guy, it's me. We're doing lunch.
Be here at noon.

She hangs up.

INT. DINER - DAY

Tiffany and Guy sit in a booth.

TIFFANY

So, anyway, I think we should move in
together, you know, like, you move in
with me. What do you say?

Guy gulps like he just swallowed a small hand grenade and
she holds the pin.

GUY

I don't know. Don't you think things
are going a little too fast?

TIFFANY

After the moments we've shared? I
think we really connected. Don't you
agree?

GUY

I-I don't know.

TIFFANY

Don't you feel the magic?

GUY

I don't think I feel anything.

TIFFANY

Of course you do. You're totally in
love with me.

GUY

I am?

TIFFANY

Yes. That's why you want to move in
so bad.

GUY

I do?

TIFFANY

Yes, but if you think I'm going to let you move in looking like that, keep thinking. You're going to have to fix yourself up, work out, get new clothes. You know the drill.

GUY

The drill?

TIFFANY

You know, being in a relationship.

Tiffany looks at her watch.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

Look at the time. I need to get back.

GUY

But we just got here. We didn't order yet.

TIFFANY

Yeah we did. It was great.

She slides out of the booth, gets up, leaves for the door.

After flashing a confused, "What just happened?" look, he leaves the table and follows her out of the diner.

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gibson sits at his desk. Tiffany enters and sits in a chair across from him.

GIBSON

What's up?

TIFFANY

Nothing.

(sigh)

I have writer's block. I don't think I can write any more Jeep commercials. You may have to do them yourself. I'm tapped out.

Gibson panics like someone just stuffed a gun in his mouth.

GIBSON

Is there anything I can do to help?

TIFFANY

I need Guy to work out.

GIBSON

Meaning?

TIFFANY

I think that if he looked more like Jeep Man, I might get more creative.

GIBSON

So you want him to join a health club?

TIFFANY

I thought maybe you could spring for a home fitness center. He's quite shy.

GIBSON

A workout unit for his hotel room?

TIFFANY

No, for my apartment. He's moving in.

GIBSON

Wait, what? I thought you lived in a studio.

TIFFANY

I do.

GIBSON

Where does he sleep?

TIFFANY

With me.

GIBSON

You mean you're...

TIFFANY

We're going out.

GIBSON

Like a couple?

TIFFANY

Yeah, why?

GIBSON

You? With him?

TIFFANY

Why? Something wrong?

GIBSON
I'm having trouble wrapping my head
around this.

Gibson blinks, takes a deep breath, shakes his head.

GIBSON (cont'd)
Him? That guy? He's, he's, he's --

TIFFANY
Smart, funny and rather cute I might
add. -

Gibson stares like he suffered a concussion.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
- And he's my inspiration for the
commercials I've been writing.

GIBSON
I don't think I can justify the
expense to get the company to pay for
this.

TIFFANY
Hopefully you'll think of something.
I'm totally stuck.

GIBSON
Okay, fine. Pick out what you want
online and I'll spring for it.

Tiffany lets escape a toothy smile.

TIFFANY
I knew you would do the right thing.

Tiffany gets up from the chair and leaves the room. Gibson
sits and seethes.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tiffany lies on the couch. A couch cushion propped up on her
feet blocks the morning sun. She talks on her princess
phone.

TIFFANY
...and he's moving in today. The
fitness center arrived last night. I
had it assembled. -- No, Gibshit's
going to pick up the assembly tab.
He's not done paying. I'm taking
Jeeptard shopping for new clothes.
(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)

(smiles)

Awww, That's so nice. You're approval means so much to me. You're the only one in the world who gets me. That's why I love you so much.

The doorbell RINGS.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

That's the doorbell. It's probably him. -- I told the doorman to let him in.

(scowls)

No, I'm not giving him a key. I'm not stupid. Anyway, I have to go.

(checks her watch)

Talk to you later. Bye Annie.

Tiffany hangs up and prances to the door.

TIFFANY

Who is it?

GUY (O.S.)

Hello?

She opens the door. Guy stands with a small suitcase.

TIFFANY

That's it? That's all you're moving in with?

He steps in.

GUY

I was only going to be away from home a week. Where can I put my stuff?

TIFFANY

I'll take that.

Tiffany takes Guy's suitcase to the kitchen, sets it on the table and opens it.

She scoops out the contents in a single wad, pops the garbage can open with the pedal, and stuffs in the wad.

She closes his suitcase, sets it next to the can.

She approaches Guy.

TIFFANY

You and this stupid hat.

She rips his hat off his head.

GUY
Hey, don't take that. That's my new hat.

Tiffany picks up a squeeze bottle of honey from the counter and swirls in a generous serving. She sets down the bottle with a THUMP, holds out the hat.

TIFFANY
You want to put this back on?

GUY
You can throw it out.

She pops open the garbage can and drops the hat onto his clothes. She shows Guy the workout center.

TIFFANY
I'm writing commercials for these things. I need to know how long they last. I want you to wear this thing out. It looks pretty solid so you'll have to really work at it. Have fun. I need to go to work.

GUY
Don't I get a key?

TIFFANY
Hell no.

GUY
What if I need to go someplace?

TIFFANY
You don't. I have to run. I'm late.

She leaves.

EXT. TERRACE

He steps out with the fitness center instruction manual. He meanders past the table and chairs and checks out the fifth-floor view. He sits at the table and reads the manual.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany browses through pictures of Guy on her phone.

Gibson arrives. She continues to scroll.

TIFFANY
(without looking up)
Can I help you?

GIBSON
I was hoping your next commercial was finished, or at least the script.

TIFFANY
Nope. More writer's block I'm afraid. I'm just not getting it. I think new clothes for Guy might help. Walking around in public with a hopeless-looking slob boyfriend pretty much kills it for me. I just can't think. Too bad I don't have the funds.

GIBSON
How much are we talking about?

TIFFANY
About a thou. Maybe two.

GIBSON
A what?

TIFFANY
You heard me. I'm pretty stuck and he needs the clothes. At the moment, he's got absolutely nothing to wear... Literally.

GIBSON
Two thousand dollars for clothes?

TIFFANY
There may be other expenses.

GIBSON
Will a prepaid credit card work?

TIFFANY
Like the tastiest laxative you've ever had. Can you get it to me today?

GIBSON
I'll have it delivered.

TIFFANY
By lunch?

GIBSON
Yes.

TIFFANY

Perfect.

Tiffany looks up with a smile. Gibson walks away. He grits his teeth like he may break a filling.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - DAY

Guy sits on the floor next to a door. He sees the elevator doors open. As Tiffany steps out, he stands.

TIFFANY

What are you doing out here?

GUY

I had to run an errand.

Tiffany unlocks and opens the door. She proceeds to --

TIFFANY'S APARTMENT

Guy follows her in. She closes the door.

TIFFANY

What kind of errand?

GUY

A couple of people I know needed a ride.

TIFFANY

Who?

GUY

A couple of girls.

TIFFANY

Girls? Is there something I need to know?

GUY

Just a couple of girls who ask for rides. They told me I had to pick them up at ten today so I did.

TIFFANY

That was nice. Anyway, we're going shopping so let's go.

GUY

Can I use the bathroom first? I really need to go.

Tiffany rolls her eyes, points to the bathroom.

Guy steps in and closes the door.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK - DAY

Tiffany and Guy stroll along hand in hand. They come upon a trendy clothing store. Above the door a sign reads, "MIDNIGHT THREADS". Muffled CLUB MUSIC blasts through the door.

She opens the door and gestures for him to enter.

With hesitation, he does. They proceed to --

INT. MIDNIGHT THREADS - VESTIBULE

Another door stands before them. The muffled MUSIC is louder. Guy looks uncomfortable.

Tiffany rolls her eyes and opens the door. She shoves him into --

MIDNIGHT THREADS CLOTHING STORE

Roomy with many isles and shelves. LOUD CLUB MUSIC, track lighting and flashing lights inundate the otherwise dark store. Young, attractive SALES PEOPLE dance everywhere.

Guy stumbles in. He stands with his eyes wide open and absorbs it all.

Tiffany pulls him close to her and speaks into his ear.

TIFFANY

Pick up everything you want. I got this.

He leaves to explore the store.

The STORE MANAGER (24) male, athletic build, approaches Tiffany. He holds a tray with two long stem champagne glasses filled with bubbling refreshment.

She reaches for a glass. He pulls it away.

STORE MANAGER

I need to see some I.D.

She steps back, offended. He smiles and winks. She relaxes, returns the smile and takes a glass.

BACK OF STORE

Guy looks at folded shirts on shelves. A waifish, gum-chewing SALES ASSOCIATE (19), female, dances nearby.

He picks up a green Polo shirt and shows it to her. He shouts over the noise.

GUY

Do you have a shirt like this in blue?

SALES ASSOCIATE

No. That's green.

GUY

I know but do you have a shirt like this in blue?

SALES ASSOCIATE

(points to the shirt)

It's green.

GUY

How much is it?

She points to a sign which reads, "NO RETURNS - ALL SALES ARE FINAL".

GUY

Thank you.

SALES ASSOCIATE

Let me know if you need any help.

CHECK-OUT COUNTER

Tiffany lies on the counter. The store manager lies half on top of her. The two kiss passionately.

They notice Guy standing beside them. Shocked, they get off the counter with urgency.

Guy stands unconcerned. He holds a stack of blue jeans. A stack of blue Polo shirts, all identical, rests on top.

Tiffany and the store manager straighten themselves out.

GUY

I'm ready to check out.

STORE MANAGER

I can do that for you.

The store manager rings up the sale.

Tiffany inserts a credit card into a slot, waits and retrieves it. The store manager hands a bag to Guy.

She and Guy proceed to the door. He steps out first.

Tiffany smiles and winks at the store manager. She drops a business card onto the floor before stepping out herself.

EXT. MIDNIGHT THREADS

Tiffany and Guy step out to the sidewalk. Guy looks a little disturbed. Tiffany notices with a look of concern.

TIFFANY
Something wrong?

GUY
They should serve drinks in there.

Tiffany's concern disappears with a smile.

TIFFANY
They do.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany types on her computer.

Guy arrives. She looks at her watch.

TIFFANY
You're late. Why?

GUY
I had to give a couple of people a ride to work.

TIFFANY
Those same two girls?

GUY
Yes.

TIFFANY
They work at night?

GUY
Yes.

Tiffany stands. She straightens out things on her desk.

TIFFANY
How much do they pay you?

GUY
They don't.

TIFFANY
I hope they're nice to you.

GUY
They aren't. So, what's for dinner tonight?

TIFFANY
I made reservations for someplace nice.

GUY
Is that the name of the place?

TIFFANY
No. The restaurant is called "Moonbeam Table". It's artsy, upscale and expensive so we'll have to dress for it.

GUY
You sure we can afford it?

TIFFANY
No problem. I'll just put it on my new Gibson Card. Okay, let's go.

Tiffany picks up her pocketbook, turns and leans in to give Guy a kiss. Something about him catches her attention and she steps back.

TIFFANY
There's something in your ear.

GUY
It's an M&M.

TIFFANY
Why do you have an M&M in your ear?

GUY
One of the girls stuffed it in there. I can't get it out.

TIFFANY
(smiling)
Kinky. Are you into that?

GUY

No. I'm hoping it melts.

TIFFANY

I doubt it will. You know what they say, "Melts in your mouth, not in your ear." Maybe I'll have to eat it out for dessert. Does that make you hot?

GUY

No. I just want it out of my ear.

INT. MOONBEAM TABLE - NIGHT

The low golden glow of indirect lighting accompanies the PIANO MUSIC that radiates from the bar. Full-height windows reveal a view of the Statue of Liberty, New York Harbor and the streets of the Financial District far below.

Tiffany and Guy sit at a candle-lit table for two beside one of the windows. She wears a black, key hole evening gown. He wears a sport jacket over a blue Polo shirt.

Guy stares at Tiffany. She notices.

TIFFANY

Something wrong? You seem rather quiet.

GUY

Nothing's wrong. I'm just focused on how nice you look.

Tiffany gushes. She is genuinely flattered.

TIFFANY

Awww, that's so sweet. Thank you. You look quite dashing yourself.

GUY

Thank you. I saw Gibson this evening when I came by to pick you up. He didn't seem so pleased to see me. I don't know why. He was polite though.

TIFFANY

He can be a prick. He's probably just jealous of your new wardrobe. I was just thinking. You should trade in your Jeep for something new, like the black one we use in the commercials. You could be like Jeep Man.

GUY
I would rather not.

TIFFANY
Why?

GUY
I like my Jeep. Besides, I don't have the money. By the way, I was thinking too. I was wondering if we could stay at my house on weekends once in a while. I haven't been there in a couple of months and I miss it.

TIFFANY
I looked up where you live. You're way upstate past the Adirondacks. Why in the world would you want to live there?

GUY
It's where I grew up.

TIFFANY
But why would you want to stay? Who in their right mind would want to visit much less live in the middle of No-wheres-ville?

GUY
It's not No-wheres-ville. It's Montgomery Lake. It's nice there and I like it.

TIFFANY
It's boring and stupid. Sell the house.

GUY
I would rather not.

TIFFANY
(mocking tone)
I would rather not.

She rolls her eyes and takes a sip of her wine.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
Whatever.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tiffany enters the dark apartment and turns on a light.

She glances at her empty bed and scowls. She takes off her trench coat revealing a Lycra cat suit. She hangs the trench coat in her walk-in closet and kicks off her sandals.

After closing her closet door, she walks to and sits on the couch. She picks up the princess phone, dials and waits.

TIFFANY

Hi Annie, it's me. I hope I didn't wake you. I know it's late.

--

Thanks. I really appreciate you being there. I really need someone to talk to right now.

--

Jeepard's not home where I left him. He wandered off someplace.

--

I went shopping at the Gaslighter. I wasn't in the mood for any action, I was just looking to pick up some new phone numbers.

--

He's probably with those two girls he says he gives rides to. It's just as well. I guess what's good for the goose is good for the tard.

--

I'm not jealous. It just sucks.

--

If it's the same two girls I saw him with, they're pretty hot.

--

Thank you for the advice. I'll let you go back to sleep. I really love you. Good night.

She hangs up the phone, crosses the room and sits at the desk. Her computer screen comes to life with a touch of the mouse. She clicks on a link for "RED ROAD CLASSICS" and slides a video progress bar to almost the end, lets it play.

VIDEO BEGINS

INT. MULTI-BAY AUTO REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Guy looks offscreen with a puzzled look.

GUY

Who's picking these questions? Huh?
Do we have any Jeep questions?

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)
 (hunches shoulders)
 Okay. Next question.

ASKER6 (9), male, asks his question.

ASKER6 (V.O.)
 Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. What do
 flashlight batteries taste like?

GUY
 Alkaline batteries like the ones you
 find in a flashlight have a bitter
 and metallic taste. I hope you don't
 try to eat one and good luck with
 your curiosity into the science of
 Culinary Chemistry. So... next
 question? About Jeeps please?

The voice of ASKER7 (28), male, asks a question.

ASKER7 (V.O.)
 Dear Guy the Jeep guy. I think I'm
 great in bed but I want to be the
 best. I want to make women scream in
 my bed and remember me forever. Do
 you have any advice you could give
 me?

GUY
 Yes. Put mice in your bed. That
 should do it. I wish you the best of
 luck in your adulterous adventures.
 (looks O.S.)
 Next question. I hope it's a Jeep
 question.

The voice of ASKER8 (14), male, asks a question.

ASKER8 (V.O.)
 Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. Are you full
 of crap?

GUY
 Nope. I pooped twice today. Thanks
 for asking.
 (looks O.S.)
 Next question.

The voice of ASKER9 (6), female, asks a question.

ASKER8 (V.O.)
 Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. Can a Jeep fly
 like Chitty Chitty Bang Bang?

GUY

Finally, a question about Jeeps! So, can Jeeps fly? No, sorry, they can't but that was a nice movie. When I was little and the Jeep was new, it felt like it was flying... like it was full of magic. Riding in the back with my parents up front were some of the best moments of my life. That was quite some time ago.

Guy takes a deep breath and releases a heavy sigh. He gives a quick glance O.S.

GUY

Well, that's all the time we have. I'll catch you next time to answer your questions about Jeeps. I'm Guy Fozzy and I've been your host. Thanks for watching and drive carefully. Back to you Dave.

Guy waves to the camera.

RETURN TO SCENE

Tiffany hears a soft KNOCK at the door. She shuts off the video and turns off the computer screen. She walks to the door and peeks through the peep hole. She opens the door.

Guy enters. She closes the door.

TIFFANY

Let me guess. You were giving a ride to those girls, weren't you?

GUY

Yes.

TIFFANY

Why?

GUY

Because they told me to.

TIFFANY

That's it? Because they told you to?

GUY

They wouldn't tell me to if it wasn't important.

TIFFANY

Dear Guy the Jeep Guy. Are you a moron?

GUY

No. I get that question a lot. I don't know why.

With a sigh, her expression changes from annoyed to regret.

TIFFANY

I'm sorry.

GUY

For what?

TIFFANY

Nothing. Let's just call it a night.

EXT. TIFFANY'S TERRACE - DAY

The surrounding buildings glow in the sunset. Tiffany sits at the table, scrolls through her phone. She is dressed to the nines.

Guy steps out, exhausted. He sits.

TIFFANY

Who said you can stop?

GUY

I need to take a break.

TIFFANY

Did you wear that thing out yet?

GUY

No.

TIFFANY

You need to keep at it.

GUY

I'll go back to to it in a minute. What are we doing tonight?

TIFFANY

You're working out. I'm going swimming.

GUY

Can I go swimming with you?

TIFFANY
Do you have a bathing suit?

GUY
You threw it out.

TIFFANY
Oh, well. Too bad.

GUY
What are we doing for dinner.

TIFFANY
I ordered you a pizza.

GUY
What about you?

TIFFANY
I'm swimming.

The doorbell RINGS.

TIFFANY
Pizza's here. I'm leaving. See you
later tonight.

INT. APARTMENT BUILDING - HALLWAY - NIGHT

Guy sleeps propped against the wall next to her door.

The elevator door opens and Tiffany steps out noticeably drunk. She staggers up to guy and gives him a gentle kick.

TIFFANY
Wake up.

Guy wakes up. He rubs his eyes, yawns and stretches. He rises to his feet as she searches for her keys.

GUY
How was swimming?

She rolls her eyes.

TIFFANY
You're home early. What's up with
that? Did you have a fight with your
two girlfriends?

GUY
They're not my girlfriends. They just
wanted a ride after work.

TIFFANY

Right. So what happened? Why are you home early.

Tiffany finds the door key, struggles to slide it into the lock. Guy helps her.

She unlocks the door.

GUY

They saw a friend getting mugged so they got out to help her. They told me to take off.

She opens the door, reaches in, turns on a light.

TIFFANY

You didn't stay to help them?

Guy follows her in.

GUY

They didn't need my help. Trust me. That poor guy doesn't stand a chance.

Tiffany closes the door.

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gibson sits at his desk, stares at his screen and talks on his phone. Tiffany walks in and sits down.

GIBSON

(to phone)

Someone just walked in. We'll talk about it more at lunch.

He hangs up his phone.

GIBSON

So, you finished a new script.

TIFFANY

No. I'm more stuck than ever.

GIBSON

Now what?

TIFFANY

Well, normally I ride with Guy and the ideas just come to me. I just live the commercial. For some reason, it's not happening.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)
I think I need Guy to drive a new
Jeep like in the commercials.

GIBSON
No. Uh-uh. No way. I am not buying
you or your boyfriend a new car.
That's too much.

TIFFANY
Even if it's used to record the
commercials? It becomes a write-off.
You can justify that with the
company.

GIBSON
I suppose I could.

Gibson stares blankly for for a moment. His expression
slowly grows dark.

GIBSON (cont'd)
No way. The company would never
spring for that.

TIFFANY
Well, I want to be driven around in
the Jeep that's in my commercials. I
won't, I mean, can't write
commercials unless and until that
happens.

Gibson takes a deep breath.

GIBSON
Okay. I'll get the Jeep but you
better come across with a script
right after that... no more excuses.
I have a meeting next week and I need
to show something.

TIFFANY
(smiling)
Deal.

INT. PYRAMID MARKETING - PARKING GARAGE - NIGHT

Tiffany marches with Gibson across the garage. Most parking
spaces are empty. They approach a shiny, black, 2-door Jeep
Wrangler, soft top folded down.

GIBSON
This is it. A couple of things to
make clear.

(MORE)

GIBSON (cont'd)
First, it's in my name and I'm
loaning it to you so be nice to it.
Second, keep the miles down. It's a
lease. Here are the keys.

He presents the keys, she grabs them. She opens the
passenger door and takes a seat. She rubs her hand across
various interior surfaces.

TIFFANY
Nice! I like it! I can't wait to be
driven in style for a change. Can I
keep it here until Guy gets rid of
his Jeep?

GIBSON
This is my parking spot. I need it.

TIFFANY
Where are you parked now?

GIBSON
Home. I'm taking public
transportation and I hate the smell.

TIFFANY
So? Keep slumming for a few more
days. I should talk Guy out of his
piece of shit soon. As soon as he
sees this, he'll see the light.

GIBSON
So, will you be done with the new
commercial soon?

She slides out of the Jeep, closes the door.

TIFFANY
Yep. In fact, here it is, ready to
show.

She hands him a thumbnail drive.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
It's the next one that I was stuck
on. Thanks to this --

She gives her finger an exaggerated, loud kiss and presses
it on the Jeep.

TIFFANY (cont'd)
I should be finished with that one
soon, too.

Tiffany gives Gibson a big, gloating smile and skips away.

Gibson glances at the thumbnail drive, scowls at the new Jeep, then glares at her with the heaving breaths of a seething rage.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany sits and admires Guy's photo in the frame on her desk. Guy appears.

GUY
Ready for lunch?

TIFFANY
Yes. Before we head out, I want to show you something in the garage.

She stands, grabs her pocketbook and nudges Guy to proceed.

PARKING GARAGE

Tiffany tows Guy by the hand to the black jeep.

TIFFANY
Here's my surprise. It's all yours. What do you think?

GUY
Mine? Really?

TIFFANY
Yeah, yours.

GUY
What am I going to do with two Jeeps?

TIFFANY
Two Jeeps? No... One Jeep. You're going to kick the old one to the curb. You have this one.

GUY
But I don't want this one. I like mine.

TIFFANY
Why? It's an old piece of junk.

GUY
But it's mine. I like the style.

TIFFANY

What style? It's a Jeep. They're all the same.

GUY

No they're not. They're different and I like mine. Also, I like the sound system. I built it myself. I like the seats and the seat covers and the --

TIFFANY

It's a piece of shit!

GUY

But it's my magic chariot. It has a spirit that brings joy to people. We've been through a lot together. I learned how to drive in the Jeep and my parents passed it down to me when I got my license. It's like the only family I have. It looks after me when it seems like nobody else will. I'm attached to it. I have no attachment to this Jeep.

He pats the black Jeep on the fender.

GUY (cont'd)

(to the Jeep)

No offense.

TIFFANY

Stop being a silly, big baby pussy. You're going to drive this now.

GUY

No.

Tiffany erupts.

TIFFANY

No? Did you say no?

GUY

I believe I just did.

TIFFANY

To me?

GUY

Yes.

TIFFANY

So yes you'll drive the new Jeep?

GUY

Yes, I just told you no. I won't drive this Jeep. My Jeep is parked curbside nearby and it's waiting.

Tiffany glares at Guy.

TIFFANY

I have to think about this. We can't do lunch. I'll see you tonight. Pick me up at six.

She storms off.

He looks around, does not see another way out. He trots to catch up to her.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany sits at her desk and stares at Guy's picture. She sees Gibson walk by. She gets up, watches him step into the restroom.

She rushes quietly to --

GIBSON'S OFFICE

Tiffany steps inside and walks to his desk. She picks up his cell phone and enters a PIN.

TIFFANY

Still hasn't changed his pin. Idiot.

She scrolls.

TIFFANY

Paddy, Paddy, Paddy... Paddy!

She writes a phone number on a post-it and leaves. She returns to --

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

She sits, picks up her cell phone and dials.

INT. PADDY'S OFFICE

Small with a large desk. Licenses, certificates and photos occupy several frames on a wall. Paddy sits in a large chair behind the desk. Two small chairs face him in front.

He picks up his phone.

PADDY
Paddy McNamara, private detective.
What can I do for you?

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

TIFFANY
It's me, Tiffany Clout, Gibson's
assistant.

PADDY
Oh, shit.

TIFFANY
I need a favor.

PADDY
What kind of favor.

TIFFANY
I want a car stolen.

PADDY
Say what? Who's car? Not Gibson's.

TIFFANY
No, somebody else.

PADDY
Who's car?

TIFFANY
Does it matter?

PADDY
You'll have to pay the "No questions"
fee.

TIFFANY
Not a problem. How much?

PADDY
Five hundred dollars.

TIFFANY
That's a lot. Can we come up with a
way that I could work it off?

PADDY
Are you kidding? I wouldn't touch you
with somebody else's junk.

TIFFANY

Your loss. Five hundred it is.
So how soon can you do it?

PADDY

I'm not a car thief. I'll get you a service provider. Five hundred is the finder's fee. You get the name and number when I get the cash, and cash only. The service provider is another cost. You pay them directly.

TIFFANY

How do I get the money to you?

PADDY

You can drop by my office. You know where I am.

TIFFANY

See you in a bit.

After the call ends with a CLICK (O.S.), Tiffany stares at her phone for a moment before she puts it away.

INT. PADDY'S OFFICE - DAY

A doorbell BUZZES. Paddy looks at a small security screen, sees Tiffany. He presses a button and she enters.

She is about to take a seat when Paddy speaks.

PADDY

Don't sit down. You won't be here long. Do you have the money?

Tiffany tosses an envelope onto the desk. He pulls out the cash and counts it before handing her a folded piece of paper.

PADDY

Here's the number. Get a drop phone and only call them on it.

She looks at the paper.

TIFFANY

This is it?

PADDY

Yes. They will steal your car. You want to talk to Jax. They want four hundred now, and they keep the car.

TIFFANY
Perfect. Thanks.

PADDY
Can you do me a couple of favors?

TIFFANY
Sure, what?

PADDY
Get out and don't call me again.

TIFFANY
No problem.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany sits at her desk. She gets up and proceeds to the --

RESTROOM

She enters and closes the door. She steps into a stall, closes the door and sits on the toilet. She pulls out a small flip phone and dials. After a pause, somebody answers.

JAX (V.O.)
Yo?

TIFFANY
I'm trying to reach Jax. I got the number from Paddy.

JAX (V.O.)
Paddy clued me in. Meet me at four in front of the Museum of Natural History, Central Park West steps. Sit on a bench to the left as you face the stairs. Wear something red like a hat or something. I'll look for you there. Got it?

TIFFANY
Got it.

EXT. MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY - DAY

Tiffany stands to the left of the main stairs. She wears a red baseball cap and dark glasses. She paces nervously and smokes a cigarette. She looks around, looks at her watch and drops the cigarette.

She steps on it before taking a seat on a bench.

JAX (22), slim, curly hair, sits close beside her.

JAX
You need a car to disappear?

She turns her head to look at him.

JAX (cont'd)
Don't look at me. Look the other way.

TIFFANY
(looking away)
Yes.

JAX
You got the green?

TIFFANY
Yes.

She pulls an envelope out of her purse.

JAX
Just lay it down between us.

She sets it down. He picks it up and looks inside.

JAX
What do you want me to pick up?

TIFFANY
A red, nineteen eighty-eight Jeep
Wrangler Laredo. The license plate
number is in the envelope. I made you
a key. It's in there too.

He glances into the envelope again and laughs.

JAX
Holy shit! I never broke into a car
with the key before.

TIFFANY
You don't have to break in. No doors.
Just drive it far away. I don't want
to see it again. I'll call you when
and where you can find it. You can
expect a call Friday night. It all
goes down on Friday.

JAX
Friday. Got it. If you cancel, I keep this. No refunds. Okay? I'm leaving now. Wait ten minutes and walk the other way. Got it?

TIFFANY
Got it.

He gets up and walks away.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Tiffany lies on the couch. The evening news plays on the television. The room glows a reddish hue from the setting sun reflected from other buildings.

Guy works out on the fitness machine.

GUY
Can I stop now? I'm pretty tired.

TIFFANY
Tired! You've hardly been on that a few hours.

GUY
I've been on this all day.

TIFFANY
I let you stop for lunch, didn't I? The thing is not even close to wearing out. How am I supposed to tell people how long it will last if I don't know?

GUY
I need to take a shower.

TIFFANY
Okay, you can take a shower.

She watches Guy enter the bathroom. She reaches for and picks up her princess phone. She dials and waits.

TIFFANY
Annie, it's me. I wanted to catch up. Everything is going to plan. I'm taking Jeopardy to a Raven Kosika concert at the Adam and Eve tomorrow night.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)

Not only is Jeeptard's Jeep going to disappear, I'm going to slip him something that will make his mind disappear. Hopefully he'll forget that he ever owned an old red Jeep and he'll never say "No" to me again.

--

Yeah, it's possible I could turn him into a vegetable but so what? He said the word "no" to me so that's what he gets. Can you believe that? After all I've done for him? All I'm doing for him? Anyway, I'm sure I can find another tard if he veggie's out.

--

I won't get caught. He got high at a concert. Everybody does that.

--

I know. I am so happy right now, I could just, I don't know... do anything! I just keep winning!

--

I went out with a one-nighter last night. I'm going out with Jeeptard tonight.

--

He doesn't have a clue. It's great. I can shop around all I want. It's almost like owning a dog.

--

Maybe, I'm not sure. Sometimes I feel like I should change my life around, like I'm doing something, you know, like my life, all wrong. Guy can be nice... and fun. I feel, I don't know, different around him... like... a different kind of special.

--

Who's Guy? Did I say Guy? I meant Jeeptard. Guy's his real name.

--

You didn't know that? -- Oh... Well, now you know.

--

We're having dinner in the Village. After that were going for a long drive. Says he wants to show me something.

(laughing)

No, I've already seen that. Nothing special. Anyway, I should get some good material for work.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)
 I think I hear him getting out of the shower. -- I have to catch you later. -- I love you. Bye.

Tiffany hangs up.

Guy emerges from the bathroom. He has a towel around his waist, rubs his hair with another.

GUY
 Who were you talking to?

She walks into the bathroom and closes the door.

He looks around the room and shrugs it off.

INT. GUY'S JEEP - NIGHT

Parked on a hilltop. On reclined seats, Tiffany and Guy look up at a star-filled sky. Tiffany sits in the driver's seat. Soft, ROMANTIC MUSIC plays from the stereo.

TIFFANY
 What a wonderful evening. Dinner was great. The weather's perfect. I can't believe you let me drive your car tonight.

GUY
 I'm hoping you'll understand why I want to keep it.

TIFFANY
 I had fun driving it. I think I understand the whole magic chariot thing. Thank you for sharing.

GUY
 You're welcome.

Tiffany takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly.

TIFFANY
 You seem to find the nicest places.

GUY
 You like it? We're pretty far away from the city. It's like this in Montgomery Lake.

TIFFANY
 It's very peaceful. I think I could get used to this.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)

Look at all those stars. I love looking at stars. It was a night like this when I met Annie.

GUY

Annie? Who's Annie?

TIFFANY

My best friend and my only friend in the world. We met when we were kids. I was an Air Force brat. My father got transferred a lot, we were always moving. I never could get close to anybody. I met Annie when we moved to No-wheres-ville, near the California desert.

GUY

No-wheres-ville? I never heard of it.

TIFFANY

That's what my father called it. Anyway, I was sitting on the swings behind the apartments looking at the stars and she sat down in the swing next to me. We started talking and bonded immediately. She was also an Air Force brat, a kid just like me and just as bored. We made a pact that we were going to get everything we wished for and be a success at everything we did.

GUY

How has that worked for you?

TIFFANY

It's a fight. Sometimes I wonder if it's all worth it, that maybe it's not what I want. I get lonely. That's another reason why I love Annie. She's always there for me. She's my inspiration. She keeps me going.

GUY

So you've been together all this time?

TIFFANY

Not exactly. We started getting into trouble. My parents didn't approve of Annie and didn't want her around me. I got sent away. I didn't forget about her, though.

(MORE)

TIFFANY (cont'd)

I secretly wrote to her every day. When we went to college we both went to "The U". I've only seen her a couple of times since graduation. We talk on the phone a lot. Once in a while she says I'll see her again soon. I wish. I really miss her.

Tiffany releases a deep sigh.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

It's so peaceful. Sometimes I feel like it's what I need in my life. Look at those stars. Do you know anything about Astrology?

GUY

You mean Astronomy.

TIFFANY

That too, but mostly Astrology.

GUY

I know a little about both. Do you recognize any constellations?

TIFFANY

I see the big dipper.

GUY

Do you see the two stars at the end of the scoop?

TIFFANY

Yeah.

GUY

Draw a line with those two stars and go in that direction upward until you come to another star.

TIFFANY

Okay. What's that?

GUY

That's the North Star.

TIFFANY

Wow. I didn't know that.

GUY

Now go back to the big dipper. With those same two stars, go the same distance in the opposite direction.

(MORE)

GUY (cont'd)
You should see a backwards question mark close to the horizon.

TIFFANY
I see it.

GUY
If you go to the left a little bit, you'll see a triangle.

TIFFANY
Okay. What's that?

GUY
The backwards question mark and the triangle is Leo. The question mark is his head and the triangle is his hips.

TIFFANY
Wow, I see that. Leo, huh. I'm a Leo.

GUY
I know.

TIFFANY
I'm impressed. Thank you.

GUY
You're welcome.

Tiffany turns her head and stares at Guy. After a moment, he notices.

GUY
Why are you looking at me like that?

TIFFANY
I'm just trying to figure you out. I sometimes wonder if your whole personality is just an act.

GUY
Why do you think that?

TIFFANY
Nothing bothers you. You seem to be at peace with the world in ways that I'm not. I envy that. Plus, you seem totally out of it but then you have all the answers. Also, from what I can tell, you have no regrets.

GUY
I don't. Do you?

TIFFANY
I have a few. For one thing, I suspect I've hurt a lot more people than I know. I can't help it. I just want what I want and I know how to get it. Now I'm afraid I set something in motion that I'll regret.

GUY
What's that?

TIFFANY
It's not important. Let's just live tonight like it's our last. Who knows what tomorrow brings.

She climbs across the center console and straddles Guy. She kisses him, softly at first, then with more passion.

INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY

Gibson walks in and sits at his desk.

Tiffany arrives shortly after.

TIFFANY
So, did they like it?

GIBSON
They loved it. Good job. Do we have anything else in the works?

TIFFANY
Yep. It should be in production in about a week.

GIBSON
So how's Guy doing?

TIFFANY
He's coming along.

Gibson is slightly shocked by Tiffany's odd answer.

GIBSON
Got any plans for the weekend?

TIFFANY
We're catching a concert tonight.

GIBSON
Who's playing?

TIFFANY
Raven Kosika and the Aurora Witches.

GIBSON
Never could get into her. So... when
do I get my parking spot back?

TIFFANY
It should be free Monday morning at
the latest.

Tiffany leaves. Gibson's fake smile fades to a smoldering glower.

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Tiffany arrives and sits down. She types for a moment then glances at Guy's picture. She stops typing and stares at it with an admiring smile. She opens a browser on her computer and opens her bookmarks.

She clicks on a bookmark labeled "GUY'S HOUSE" and a map site opens. She switches to "STREET VIEW".

She stares longingly at her screen.

TIFFANY
So this is Guy's house. Looks nice. A
three car garage. Nice hillside view.
Very peaceful. Maybe not so stupid.

After a long moment, she releases a relaxing sigh.

TIFFANY
Very peaceful.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Tiffany sits on her couch and talks on her princess phone.

TIFFANY
He's in the bathroom, I can't talk
long. I just wanted to tell you that
it's all going to happen tonight. I'm
having second thoughts. What should I
do?

As Tiffany listens her eyes brighten and an evil grin grows on her face.

TIFFANY

That's exactly what I needed to hear.
You give the best advice. I really
miss you. -- Really? -- How soon?

-- Awesome! I can't remember the
last time I saw you. I think he's
coming out.

The bathroom door opens and Guy steps out.

TIFFANY

(to phone)

Thank you for being there for me. I
love you and I can't wait to see you.
Bye.

Tiffany hangs up her phone.

GUY

Who were you on the phone with?

TIFFANY

That was Annie. Anyway, I need to get
in the shower. I want you to call and
make dinner reservations. Surprise
me.

Tiffany steps into the bathroom and closes the door.

Guy walks to and picks up the princess phone. There is no
dial tone. He taps the receiver. The phone is dead.

GUY

I can't believe I broke her phone.

He pulls on the wire. After a few pulls, the plug at the end
of the phone cable emerges. He gets down on all fours, looks
around for a phone jack.

GUY (cont'd)

Where did she plug this in?

The search becomes more frantic.

GUY (cont'd)

What the... ?

He gives up.

GUY (cont'd)

There's no phone jack around here.
Who was she talking to?

He stares at the bathroom door with wide, bewildered eyes.

INT. GUY'S JEEP - NIGHT

Guy drives along a city street with Tiffany. He glances around until he finds a parking spot, pulls in and parks.

EXT. CITY SIDEWALK

Guy steps out of the Jeep. Tiffany checks her hair in the mirror, pulls a pin and lets it down. She steps out. They proceed down the sidewalk. Guy studies the neighborhood.

He notes a street sign which reads, "GREENWICH STREET".

ADAM AND EVE CLUB

Tiffany and Guy get into a short line at the entrance. She pulls two tickets from her handbag. When their turn arrives, she shows the tickets to the BOUNCER. He punches the tickets and they enter.

INT. ADAM AND EVE CLUB - BAR

They pass through a lobby to the main club. A half-height glass wall divides the bar from the theater area.

Tiffany hands Guy a ticket.

TIFFANY

You grab the table. I'll get the drinks and be there shortly.

Guy approaches an USHER, shows him the ticket. The usher examines the ticket and gestures for Guy to follow. They enter the --

THEATER AREA

Terraced rings of small, round tables separated by half-height banisters surround a nearly circular stage.

Guy follows the usher to a front row table, center stage.

The usher gestures to the table. Guy hands the usher a tip who nods and leaves. Guy takes a seat at the table.

The lights dim. The shadows of FIVE MUSICIANS and FOUR BACKUP VOCALISTS, all female, step out and take their positions. The stage lighting comes on, the musicians play. A pattern of ghosts from a projector spins around the room.

Lights flash under each backup singer as they sing in turn.

At the end of the song intro, the lead singer RAVEN KOSIKA (30), female, black robe, red contact lenses, long fluorescent green hair, steps out from backstage. She approaches a microphone positioned front and center.

BAR - CONTINUOUS

Crowded, standing room only. The MUSIC from the concert drowns out all conversation. Tiffany searches for someone. She smiles and approaches DENNIS (40), male, clean cut, white suit, black shirt, white tie. He recognizes her.

She nods. He reaches into his jacket pocket and discretely removes a tiny ziplock bag with white powder. She pulls out folded bills. They make an exchange.

She smiles and drops out of sight in front of Dennis. He looks down with extreme shock. He looks around the room and nervously straightens his tie. After a moment, she pops back up with a smile and wipes her nose.

She turns and walks to the bar. She gives the bartender her order and returns to Dennis. She speaks into his ear. He recoils in shock and with gestures, questions her request.

She confirms with a nod. He holds up 4 fingers. She hands him more folded bills. With an uncomfortable expression, he discretely hands her something he hides under his other hand. She smiles and returns to the bar.

Her drinks are served and she pays. She wipes off a tiny glass vial with a napkin and opens it. She adds a couple of milky drops into one of the drinks. She looks around and drops the vial onto the floor.

She wipes another glass vial with a napkin and opens it. She adds a couple of drops of a clear liquid into the same drink. She adds a couple more. With a sneer, she shakes the entire contents into the drink.

She looks around and drops the second vial onto the floor. She crushes both vials with her foot.

She turns and grabs Dennis by the tie and surprises him with a deep, heavy kiss. She lets him go with a smile.

He nervously straightens out his tie, looks around the room.

She picks up the drinks and walks away. She acts like everyone admires her. She proceeds to --

GUY'S TABLE

Guy watches the band with focused interest. She arrives, places a drink before him and sits. He takes a sip and makes a face. He sets it down.

With a look of out-of-control rage, she screams loud enough to be heard over the band.

TIFFANY

Just drink it!

Guy recoils, picks up the drink and chugs it. He winces and shivers, then blinks and shakes his head. He sets down the glass and it falls over, empty.

She gets up and walks over to him. She pulls him up. He staggers and fumbles back into his seat.

She smiles and pulls out the flip phone. She dials and waits. After a moment, she covers her mouth, says something inaudible into the phone and snaps it closed.

She looks at Guy. He presses his hands to his face as if it were numb. She smiles and takes her seat.

EXT. GREENWICH STREET - SAME TIME

A car pulls up across the street from Guy's Jeep. Three young men step out: Jax, THIEF2 (19) and THIEF3 (19). The car pulls away.

They look around as they approach Guy's Jeep. Jax gets behind the wheel, Thief2 gets in back, Thief3 sits up front.

INT. CONCERT - CONTINUOUS

Raven Kosika sings a line from the song.

EXT. GREENWICH STREET - SAME TIME

After checking for traffic, Jax drives the Jeep from the parking space and disappears down the street.

INT. GUY'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

Guy watches Raven Kosika sing a long note. With a snap, he turns to Tiffany. He looks like he can read her mind, knows her plan and is shattered. As lights flash under all four backup singers simultaneously, she flashes a victory grin.

She jumps onto his lap and straddles his leg. She kisses him aggressively and squirms. He turns his head, resists her advances.

He looks to the table on his right, hallucinates. Instead of the next table, he sees what appears to be their reflection but with Tiffany kissing the Midnight Threads sales manager. Her reflection turns and smiles at Guy.

Guy turns his head to his left. Tiffany kisses Guy on the neck. He hallucinates that blood flows from his neck with the kiss.

He looks at the banister to his left and hallucinates. A CUTE SOCK PUPPET sings along with the music. An anaconda rises behind the puppet. It bites and wraps itself around the puppet, pulls it behind the banister.

His gaze returns to the backup singers. Tiffany's motions become more rhythmic. His attention turns to the band.

He gazes onto the table and hallucinates that TWO MINIATURE ANIMATED ADVERTISING ICONS dance in celebration.

With her eyes closed tightly, Tiffany's movements become forceful thrusts.

His gaze returns to Raven Kosika.

Tiffany returns to her seat. She takes a deep breath and blows out forcefully. She smiles in afterglow.

As Guy watches Raven Kosika sing, a blinding stage light behind her shines into his eyes.

Guy hallucinates that the room fades into --

EXT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT

As the music plays, the blinding light becomes the headlight of an approaching train. Guy sits at the table, now located on the tracks. Tiffany sits at the table with him. She calmly smiles and sings along with the music.

He looks beyond her. About ten feet away, Jeep Man sits in the Black Jeep.

Another Tiffany snuggles in Jeep Man's lap, her head rests on his chest. She smiles at Guy, sings along with the music.

Guy looks at the table. The two animated advertising icons stand and sing along with the music with wide eyes and cute, innocent smiles.

Guy looks up at the approaching train headlight now upon him. He closes his eyes tightly and holds his head in pain. The train whistle sounds like the concert.

INT. GUY'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

With his eyes closed, he clings to his head. He releases a blood curdling scream that is audible over the MUSIC.

EXT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - GREENWICH STREET - NIGHT

MUSIC FROM THE CONCERT CONTINUES TO ACCOMPANY THE SCENES.

Guy opens his eyes. Surprised, he finds himself alone at the table, now situated in the middle of the street. There is no traffic or activity. He faces the Jeep-less parking space.

The only other people present are Katie and Liala, who stand side-by-side on the sidewalk. Katie holds the souvenir baseball bat, pats her hand with it. Liala wears his engineer's hat and holds a lit dynamite stick.

They sing along with the music. The black Jeep passes between him and them.

After the vehicle passes, they are replaced with a billboard video screen with Tiffany's picture. Her picture smiles at Guy as she sings along with the music.

Guy sees his red Jeep drive by with Jax behind the wheel. Jax sings along with the music.

The red Jeep passes a billboard with a Jeep advertisement. Text across a picture of the black Jeep Wrangler reads the WORDS TO THE SONG CHORUS.

The image disappears behind the glare of a street light.

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The glare of the street light becomes the glare of an examination pen light held by a DOCTOR (55). The doctor sings along with the music. The doctor disappears in a blink.

After the blink, a nurse enters with a medicine tray.

She sings along with the music as she approaches. She lifts a medicine cup from the tray.

INT. GUY'S TABLE - CONTINUOUS

The song ends. Raven Kosika engages the CROWD with some ad-lib banter. The CROWD CHEERS.

Tiffany remains focused on the band. She does not see Guy get up and leave.

He staggers to a door.

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

EVERYTHING APPEARS IN BLACK AND WHITE, INCLUDING GUY.

He steps out the door and staggers down the hallway.

He passes PEOPLE and furniture styled like they are from over 35 years ago. The muffled BANTER, MUSIC and CROWD NOISE from the concert fills the air.

A door opens. A semi-transparent MAN (26) exits a room, leads a semi-transparent BOY (4) by the hand. Guy opens that door and enters --

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - NURSES STATION - CONTINUOUS

THE IMAGE IS IN BLACK AND WHITE.

White walls and bright lights. The room acoustics mimic a RESTROOM. The concert remains audible, however more muffled.

A NURSE (24) looks in a mirror. She sees Guy enter and leaves in a huff.

Guy sees 4 open doors to hospital rooms. He enters one.

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - HOSPITAL ROOM - CONTINUOUS

ALL BLACK AND WHITE.

Guy closes the door. It sounds like a RESTROOM STALL DOOR. He sits on the bed.

A green COLOR teddy bear sits next to him. He picks up the bear and hugs it.

THE COLOR FROM THE BEAR SPREADS TO AND COLORIZES GUY.

The COLORIZATION SPREADS TO THE REST OF THE SCENE.

He hears someone enter the nurses station.

The hospital room door opens and Tiffany, dressed as EVIL QUEEN TIFFANY, enters. She has long black hair, bright red lips, a long black robe and a silver crown. She looks in.

EVIL QUEEN TIFFANY
He's in here.

TIFFANY'S VIEW

Guy sits on a toilet in the woman's restroom. He hugs a roll of toilet paper. His glassy eyes stare blankly.

GUY'S VIEW

Evil Queen Tiffany steps back and a pair of LIZARD MEN enter. They each take an arm and help him up. They walk him out of his hospital room.

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - HOSPITAL HALLWAY - CONTINUOUS

To the MUFFLED SOUNDS OF THE CONCERT, the lizard men walk Guy down a hall lined with suits of armor. The lizard men follow Evil Queen Tiffany to a large wooden door. She opens it to the squeak of a METAL EXIT DOOR.

EXT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - COTTAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

They step out. The CONCERT SOUNDS cut out. Guy looks out across a large valley of open fields. A setting sun shines on rolling hills. The sounds of CITY TRAFFIC accompany the image.

A white horse drawn carriage, driven by a BODY PUPPET of an ANTHROPOMORPHIC CARTOON FROG, pulls up before him and stops. The lizard men follow Evil Queen Tiffany to the carriage and help Guy into a seat. She enters from the other side.

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - CARRIAGE - DAY - CONTINUOUS

The lizard men close the door. It sounds like a CAR DOOR.

Guy looks out the window at a meadow as Evil Queen Tiffany speaks in UNINTELLIGIBLE GARBLES to the frog. The carriage moves. Guy looks out at the passing rural scenery to the sounds of a CAR ENGINE, A RADIO and BUMPY URBAN TRAVEL.

Evil Queen Tiffany smiles at Guy, then sneers and snaps her fingers in his face. With the snap, day turns to into night, the grassy fields turn into the rubble of a war-torn city.

EXT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - CASTLE - NIGHT

The carriage stops in front of the castle. She GARBLES something to the frog as she exits the carriage.

She returns with a BODY PUPPET of an ANTHROPOMORPHIC CARTOON BEAR dressed in a uniform. The bear helps Guy out of the carriage as Evil Queen Tiffany hands something to the frog.

The bear walks Guy into the castle. Evil Queen Tiffany follows.

INT. GUY'S HALLUCINATION - CASTLE - CONTINUOUS

Evil Queen Tiffany enters and passes Guy and the bear. They walk up to a small SIDEWAYS FACE on the wall. Evil Queen Tiffany pokes one of the eyes of the face and it winces. An opening appears on the stone wall. They step into --

GUY'S HALLUCINATION - JAIL CELL - CONTINUOUS

Bars on all four sides, ceiling open to a night sky. To the sounds of an ELEVATOR, Guy points to an illustration of the constellation Leo drawn in the stars. The door slides open. They step out into --

GUY'S HALLUCINATION - ABANDONED MINE - CONTINUOUS

A track runs down the middle, beams hang overhead. Evil Queen Tiffany walks up to a heavy, iron-reinforced dungeon door on the wall and opens it. She enters, the bear and Guy follow.

GUY'S HALLUCINATION - BLACK VOID - CONTINUOUS

Other than Evil Queen Tiffany, Guy and the bear, the only thing visible is a bed-sized tank filled with a syrupy red liquid. The liquid flows over the sides and disappears into the void. She points to the tank.

EVIL QUEEN TIFFANY
Throw him there.

The bear gently tosses Guy onto the tank. He lands face down on the surface and floats like an inflated raft. Evil Queen Tiffany hands something to the bear.

EVIL QUEEN TIFFANY
Thank you.

The bear leaves and she closes the door. She disappears into the dark. Guy hears a loud clap of THUNDER.

INT. TIFFANY'S APARTMENT - DAY

Guy awakens to another loud clap of THUNDER. Tiffany spoons beside him. He looks around the room and sees heavy rain wash onto the sliding glass doors.

He springs from the bed and rushes to the doors wearing last night's clothes. He stares at the rain with concern.

Tiffany walks up behind him in a black satin negligee. She wraps her arms around him and kisses his neck.

TIFFANY

What are you doing, sweetie?

GUY

I'm worried about the Jeep. I don't remember parking it. I think it's getting soaked.

TIFFANY

What Jeep?

GUY

My Jeep.

TIFFANY

You mean the nice black one you drive me around in?

GUY

No, it's red and I don't remember parking it after the concert.

TIFFANY

You don't own a red Jeep. It's black.

GUY

It's red.

TIFFANY

Are you sure?

GUY

Yes.

TIFFANY

But you don't remember where you parked it last.

GUY

No, I don't.

TIFFANY

Do you remember anything from last night?

GUY

I remember dinner. I remember driving to a concert. I remember the beginning of the concert.

TIFFANY

Anything else?

Guy recites a few words of the song chorus from the concert.

TIFFANY

I'm sure you'll eventually remember that you drove me in a black Jeep, that we had a great time, and you were awesome in bed all night.

GUY

Are you sure that's what I'll remember?

TIFFANY

Yes. Now come back to bed and celebrate the morning with me.

Tiffany grabs Guy's hand, tries to pull him from the glass.

He resists for a moment, focused on the rain. He surrenders and backs away, reluctantly. Outside, a flash of lightning is accompanied by a simultaneous loud crack of THUNDER.

MONTAGE BEGINS

EXT. GREENWHICH STREET - DAY

Guy walks to where he parked the Jeep. It is not there. He looks up and down the street.

EXT. ADAM AND EVE CLUB - DAY

Guy approaches different PEOPLE in the neighborhood with a stack of "LOST JEEP" fliers. He hands each a flier. They look, shrug and shake their heads.

He affixes a flier to a pole.

INT. STORE - DAY

He enters. He shows a flier to an EMPLOYEE at the counter. They shake their head. They walk to and tape it to their display window. Guy mouths a thank you to them.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

He stands at a busy corner and hands fliers to PEOPLE as they pass. They toss them into a nearby trash basket. He notices, takes them out and hands them out again.

MONTAGE ENDS**INT. GIBSON'S OFFICE - DAY**

Gibson sits at his desk and looks at his computer screen.

Guy knocks on the open door.

GUY

Hello?

GIBSON

Hey! Good to see you. What's you been up to?

GUY

I'm here to pick up Tiffany. She wasn't at her desk so I thought I'd step in and say, "Hello." So... how've you been doing?

GIBSON

Well enough. You look like you've been working out.

GUY

I have been. Tiffany got a home workout setup and she makes me use it. She wants me to wear it out. I'm wore out. I'm pretty sore and tired all the time.

GIBSON

Well, you look good. How's the Jeep holding up?

GUY

Which one?

GIBSON

Both, I guess.

GUY

The black one's still like new.

GIBSON

What about the red one?

GUY

I lost it last week. I've been looking everywhere for it. Tiffany's thrilled but I'd give anything to get it back.

GIBSON

You still can drive the black one. It's new. What's wrong with it?

GUY

It's nice but it's not mine. I like mine. Also, Tiffany insists that all the new commercials have to be filmed with that Jeep. She finds it inspirational but I find it inconvenient.

GIBSON

I see. So... how'd you lose your Jeep?

GUY

I don't know. I drove it last week when I took Tiffany to a concert. She bought me a drink and I guess I blacked out. I don't remember anything after that. The Jeep wasn't where I parked it so I must have moved it. I wish there was something anybody could do to help me find it but I guess I'm on my own.

GIBSON

And Tiff gave you the drink and she's thrilled.

GUY

Yeah.

GIBSON

Hmmm... I'll see if anybody I know has seen it.

GUY

Thanks. Any help is welcome and it's all I can ask for.

GIBSON

Are those two chicks still harassing you for rides?

GUY

The last time I saw them, they rescued a friend getting mugged. That was a few weeks ago. I haven't seen them since.

GIBSON

Well, there's some good news. Good riddance to them.

GUY

I guess. I just hope they're okay.

Tiffany enters the room and gives Guy a quick kiss.

TIFFANY

Hi sweetie. I'm all ready.

(to Gibson)

Unless there's something else.

GIBSON

Nope, I'm calling it a day myself. Have a nice weekend.

TIFFANY

You too. G'night, Gibs.

GUY

Drive carefully.

GIBSON

Thanks.

Tiffany and Guy leave.

Gibson picks up the phone and dials.

GIBSON

Paddy! Gibson... I have a question. That Jeep guy is missing his Jeep. You wouldn't know anything about that, would you?

INT. PADDY'S OFFICE

Paddy takes his feet off of his desk.

PADDY

That reptile assistant of yours wanted a car stolen. I gave her a name. I guess that was the car.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

GIBSON

I thought she was behind this. Any way you could get it back?

PADDY

It'd be a long shot but I'll ask around. It may cost you a few bucks.

GIBSON

You know I'm good for it.

PADDY

You'd pay to get back somebody else's car?

GIBSON

I feel bad for the guy and I'm getting tired of that bitch always getting her way. I'd pay anything to see her lose for once. Try your best to find it. I really want to see the look on her face when he gets it back.

PADDY

I hear ya. Anything else?

GIBSON

Nope. See you Monday.

PADDY

Same time, same table.

Gibson stands as he hangs up. He picks up his briefcase, turns out the light, leaves his office.

He proceeds to --

RECEPTION AREA

Gibson passes an empty receptionist's desk, leaves the office.

GIBSON'S OFFICE

Maxine steps in and sees that he is not there. She steps out and proceeds to --

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Maxine enters and picks up a pen. She looks for something to write on, opens a drawer.

She finds a JEEP COMMERCIAL SCRIPT that is WRITTEN BY TIFFANY CLOUT. She pulls it out, flips through it and becomes incensed. She returns it, SLAMS the drawer shut.

She opens another, pulls out a folder.

She rifles through it and sneers at SCRIPTS, OUTLINES, CORRESPONDENCE and NOTES; further evidence that Tiffany writes and produces the Jeep commercials. Her hands shake.

She stuffs it all back and SLAMS that drawer shut.

She releases an angry sigh, flips the pen onto the desk. She storms off without leaving a note.

INT. TIFFANY'S CUBICLE - DAY

Tiffany sits at her desk. Gibson walks by.

GIBSON
Good morning, Tiff.

TIFFANY
Good morning.

GIBSON'S OFFICE

Gibson checks his messages. A few messages play before one has Paddy's voice.

PADDY (V.O.)
Gimme a call. I found your Jeep.

He picks up the phone, dials and waits.

GIBSON
It's me. You found the Jeep?

INT. PADDY'S CAR

Paddy watches an apartment building from across the street. He holds a camera. He speaks to the car's speakerphone.

PADDY
Yeah. The guy who took it still had it. You're lucky it wasn't chopped. It seems he liked it and went for a long ride. He was willing to give it up for the right price.

INTERCUT PHONE CONVERSATION

GIBSON
How much?

PADDY
He wanted ten large but I talked him down to four.

GIBSON
Ouch. Where is it?

PADDY
A place outside of Syracuse called the Bearskin Lounge. That's where he said he would dump it for you to pick up. It should be there now. I'll text you the address.

GIBSON
Way up there?

PADDY
Yeah. Like I said, he went for a long ride. So... have a nice drive.

Gibson grimaces as Paddy laughs (V.O.)

GIBSON
So much for our lunch. I guess I'll see you tomorrow, then.

PADDY (V.O.)
I'm good for tomorrow. Same time, same table.

Gibson hangs up his phone. He walks out of his office.

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Tiffany types on her keyboard.

Gibson appears outside.

GIBSON

I need to get a hold of Guy. Where
can I find him?

TIFFANY

He's at the studio. They're recording
the next demo with the new Jeep. Why?

GIBSON

Nothing important.
(talking as he leaves)
I just have a couple of technical
questions.

RECEPTION AREA

Gibson enters.

GIBSON

I'll be out for the rest of the day.

He leaves the office.

TIFFANY'S CUBICLE

Maxine steps in and sits on Tiffany's desk, folds her arms.

Tiffany slides back, gives Maxine her full attention.

MAXINE

I'll get right to the point. You've
been writing the Jeep material
haven't you.

TIFFANY

Ummm, yeah.

MAXINE

That bastard boss of yours has been
taking all the credit, at least to
me.

TIFFANY

Really? Wow. What a jerk.

MAXINE

It's just as well that we get some new blood. I'm giving you his job. I'll give you the honor of firing him. As soon as he cleans out his office, it's yours.

TIFFANY

Thanks!

MAXINE

No problem. Just don't make the same mistake.

TIFFANY

I won't.

MAXINE

Congratulations.

Maxine leaves before Tiffany can say another word.

Tiffany sticks her head out and watches Maxine walk away.

She logs off her computer, turns off her desk lamp and picks up her pocketbook.

She stands and looks at the framed diploma on her wall.

INSERT - THE DIPLOMA

It is a BACHELOR OF SCIENCE - ADVERTISING degree from the UNIVERSITY OF MIAMI awarded to TIFFANY ANNE CLOUT.

RETURN TO SCENE

She looks in the mirror. The reflection looks like Evil Queen Tiffany from Guy's hallucinations. It speaks to her.

TIFFANY'S REFLECTION

We finally made it, Tiffany.

TIFFANY

(smiling)

Yes, Annie. We finally made it. Nice to see you again.

She leaves her cubicle. She proceeds to --

OFFICE CORRIDOR

Tiffany walks by a row of file cabinets. Kevin stands in front of an open cabinet drawer, blocks her way.

TIFFANY

Move!

The young intern closes the file drawer and steps aside.

TIFFANY (cont'd)

(under her breath)

Why can't you little people just learn to stay out of my way.

RECEPTION AREA

Tiffany passes the receptionist.

TIFFANY

I'm going to the studio to get rid of some garbage. I should be back after lunch.

Tiffany leaves the office.

INT. STUDIO - DAY

Dirt, grass and dry leaves cover the floor in low light. The black Jeep sits in front of and below green screens.

Joanie sits behind the steering wheel.

Jeep Man sits in the passenger seat, points to the ceiling.

JEEP MAN

That's Leo.

JOANIE

Wow! I'm a Leo.

A camera trucks around the Jeep and points to the ceiling. A DIRECTOR stands behind the camera.

Guy stands with the director.

DIRECTOR

And... cut.

The lights come on.

DIRECTOR (cont'd)
That's a wrap! Have a nice day,
everybody.

The studio comes alive with activity. STAGE CREW MEMBERS scramble about the set.

Jeep Man and Joanie leave.

Guy tries to get anybody's attention and is ignored.

Gibson enters and approaches Guy.

GIBSON
I found your Jeep.

GUY
Where?

GIBSON
Upstate. I'll drive. Here's my phone
with the directions.

He hands a cell phone to Guy. They climb into the black Jeep and leave the studio.

EXT. STUDIO

Tiffany steps out of a taxi, pays the driver and sees Gibson and Guy drive past her. She rushes to a company limousine.

INT. LIMOUSINE

Tiffany steps in and sits, SLAMS the door shut. She reaches for the driver and taps him on the shoulder.

TIFFANY
Follow that Jeep!

As the car leaves, she opens the bar and pours herself a drink. Startled, she notices that she is not alone. With a snap, she looks over at Jeep Man.

He looks shocked and confused.

With a quick rise of her eyebrows, she snickers.

TIFFANY
Today really is my lucky day!

JEEP MAN
Don't we have to wait for Joanie?

TIFFANY

What for?

JEEP MAN

Do we have more shooting?

TIFFANY

Lots!

Her snicker grows to a smile as she winks at Jeep Man.

EXT. BEARSKIN LOUNGE - DAY

The sun sets on the large, restored farm house, set close to the road. Open fields and a few trees dominate the surrounding landscape. A porch spans across the front. A sign hangs from a sign post, reads: "BEARSKIN LOUNGE".



The black Jeep arrives, driven by Gibson. He turns left into the driveway.

BEARSKIN LOUNGE PARKING LOT

Gravel with a few cars parked about, set behind the building. Gibson parks near Guy's Jeep. Guy hops out and jogs to his Jeep.

GUY

It's really here! Thanks a bunch!

Gibson slides out.

GIBSON

Don't worry about it.

A limousine arrives and stops in the middle of the lot. Tiffany steps out, noticeably drunk. Her clothes are wrinkled, hair is tangled, makeup smeared.

She staggers up to Gibson.

TIFFANY

Maxine caught on to you taking credit for my work. She gave me your office and told me to fire you.

(pokes his chest)

You're fired.

She staggers to Guy.

TIFFANY

I got me a new studmuffin so I don't need you around anymore either.

(pokes his chest)

You're fired too.

Gibson smiles and points to Guy's Jeep.

GIBSON

Hey, check it out.

She glances at the Jeep.

TIFFANY

Wow. Guy got his piece of shit back. Good for him.

She staggers back to the limousine. Upon arrival, she stands at the open door and stares back at Guy for a long moment. After flashing a quick look of regret, she slides into the limousine, SLAMS the door closed.

It turns around and proceeds down the short driveway and stops at the end.

As it makes a right turn onto the road, a bottle is thrown out of a window.

Gibson glares at the car with clenched teeth and shaking hands as it disappears behind the front of the building.

Guy turns to Gibson.

GUY

Sorry about your job. What are you going to do now?

Gibson calms down with a sigh.

GIBSON

Don't worry about me. I always land on my feet. I'll either get a new job, change careers or, who knows?

(MORE)

GIBSON (cont'd)
(shrugs)
Maybe I'll just ride around in a
Jeep.

GUY
There's an idea.

GIBSON
You okay? You just got dumped pretty
hard.

GUY
(sigh)
Yeah, well... I guess it just wasn't
meant to be.

GIBSON
So much for meeting somebody to bring
home.

GUY
I just have to keep looking. At least
I got my Jeep back.

GIBSON
That's thinking positive.

Guy hops into his Jeep and starts the engine.

GUY
Sounds good.

He turns on the stereo. A SONG about friendship plays.

GUY
Sounds better.

Guy nods to acknowledge the song.

GUY (cont'd)
It's corny, yet appropriate.

GIBSON
So, what are you going to do now?

GUY
Go out to the road, make a right.

GIBSON
Then what?

GUY
Go home.

GIBSON

Drive safely.

GUY

Thanks. You too.

Guy backs his Jeep out of the parking space, stops and shifts into drive. He waves to Gibson, turns and proceeds down the driveway.

Gibson watches the Jeep drive to the road and stop. The right turn signal flashes.

Katie and Liala appear from in front of the building and throw duffel bags into Guy's Jeep.

Katie kneels on the front seat, Liala climbs in over the back and stands. The MUSIC from the stereo changes. The girls exchange a celebratory high-five.

Katie sits and fastens her safety belt. She reaches over and playfully strangles Guy.

She looks back at Liala who extends her left arm and points left.

Guy slumps with disappointment. The right turn signal becomes a left turn signal.

Liala takes a seat.

Guy's Jeep turns left onto the --

ROADWAY

The three ride the Jeep into the sunset.

FADE OUT

THE END

