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# Goods

By Ray Eames

She's a real beauty, huh?  
Yep, a real beaut.  
This car is for you. Now, let me guess.  
The man of the house  
needs a second car  
so the little lady  
can go to the garden club  
while he plays gin rummy  
with the boys, huh?  
Actually, we need a car  
so we can go rock climbing.  
Rock climbing?  
Why would anybody go climb a rock?  
Man, things are changing.  
I remember when men were men  
and women were gals  
and we'd call coloreds, coloreds.  
You know, actually,  
I think we're gonna get going.  
Hey, come on, sweetie, don't be a bitch.  
Let's talk some numbers here.  
Hey, hey, hey,  
don't talk to my wife like that.  
Hey, boy, I fought in the big war.  
I mean, nobody tells me what to do.  
You understand? Hold this.  
- Oh, my God.  
- Audie Murphy, motherfucker.  
Somebody get Dick Lewiston off the lot.  
What's it matter anyways, Mr. Selleck?  
No one's selling anything.  
- It's a damn killing field out there.  
- Mr. Selleck, I think I made a sale.  
- Terrific. Good job, Teddy.  
- And he wants to pay in cash,  
non-sequential unmarked bills  
neatly packed in this canvas bag.  
Well, that's a bank bag, Teddy.  
My eyes. My eyes. My LASIK.  
- Shit. Somebody call the cops.  
- It burns!  
- Teddy, go flush your eyes out.  
- I feel like a Smurf just jizzed in my face.  
We got to do something.

I've had this lot 27 years,  
and it's dying right before my eyes.  
We either do something drastic,  
or we pull the plug.  
I'm thinking about calling a hotshot,  
a weekend warrior.  
I was thinking about  
calling a mercenary.  
What?  
- A mercenary?  
- Hell, Zooha, I got no choice.  
The bank's crawling up my ass  
for back payments.  
If we don't turn this thing around  
by August,  
- this place is gonna be a TCBY.  
- But a mercenary?  
All they do is sell cars and move on.  
There's no connection  
to the community, Ben.  
Don't do this.  
It hasn't gotten that bad, has it?  
Please, God,  
forgive me for what I'm about to do.  
- By the way, great sale.  
- Hear, hear.  
Very good.  
Thank you, darling.  
I don't know why, but I can't enjoy  
breakfast anywhere but a strip club.  
My mom used to  
always cook bacon naked.  
She would cook bacon all day long.  
Don "The Goods" Ready. Yes. Yeah.  
You want some cars sold.  
We'll be there.  
Fourth of July weekend, three-day sale.  
We got a dealership in the ICU.  
Two hundred and eleven cars  
getting suntans on the lot.  
Guess what, fellas?  
We're going to Temecula.  
Fuck, Don.  
Honey, we just finished the last job

three hours ago.  
I still smell like customer.  
Don, I don't mean to complain,  
but it's been a year and a half  
since I've been home.  
And I'm 90% sure  
I left my front door open.  
I don't know, Don.  
I think we sit this one out.  
You've been pushing us pretty hard  
since 'Querque.  
Forget about 'Querque, all right?  
What do we do? We sell cars.  
What does a tiger do?  
Hunts and kills prey.  
What else are we gonna do in this life?  
I need every swinging dick in that field.  
Babs, come on. Let's do it.  
All right. We are headed  
to Temecula, California.  
Population 98,000.  
It's a family business.  
Owner, one Benjamin K. Selleck.  
Married 30 years to wife, Tammy.  
One daughter, lvy, age 29,  
looks good in beat-up jeans.  
Yes, she does.  
One son named Peter, age 10,  
loves robot dinosaurs and pizza night.  
Looks like 10-year-old Peter  
got a five o'clock shadow.  
Yeah, it must be the fax ink.  
God bless the Hacienda Court,  
but their fax service...  
- What are you doing, honey?  
- Enjoying myself.  
Sir, there's no smoking on airplanes.  
I know. It's ridiculous, isn't it?  
Don't worry about it, I'll be quick.  
Sir, if you light that,  
I'll have to report you to the FAA.  
Stacey, do you know when the first  
commercial flight went smokeless?  
- No.

- 1973.

And did you know that in 1969,  
when smoking was allowed  
on all flights,

- we put a man on the moon?

- I had no idea.

Look.

You know what that is?

That's a remnant of a better time,  
but they welded it shut.

And it starts with ashtrays,  
and it ends with all of our precious  
freedoms being stripped away.

I remember back in the day  
when you got on a plane  
and you knew

you were in for a good time.

- A little smoking, a little drinking.

- Yeah.

And the stewardesses.

Stacey, you come from a proud tradition  
of blazing hot stewardesses.

And now you can't do one damn thing  
without someone reporting you to  
the Department of Homeland Security.

- Am I right?

- That's right.

- You listen to Don.

- I had to take my pants off  
and nibble my Old Spice  
down to three ounces  
just to get on the plane, Stacey.

They made me throw out  
my mouthwash.

I had to give up my bath jellies.

They made me breastfeed  
some old man.

That's what I'm talking about.

But we don't have to take it, Stacey.

Like Henry David Thoreau  
and Rosa Parks

and David Lee Roth

when he left Van Halen,

we can say, "Enough. Enough injustice."

And when you and I are old and gray,  
we can look back on this  
and remember when we were  
and we smoked one,  
we smoked one for America.  
Yeah.  
You motherfucker.  
Nice work. Nice work.  
Who are you?  
I'm Don Ready, and I got the goods.  
This is some killer kush.  
Nun pops her head out and says,  
"Shit. Guess I got to gargle."  
Poor Don. It's like everything he does  
is to make him forget about 'Querque.  
Takes a lot of pain to sell cars  
the way that man does.  
- You're here from Selleck Motors?  
- No, but my dad is.  
You're supposed to put the name of the  
party you're picking up, not your own.  
I love the drawing, though.  
Yeah, I'm a really good drawer.  
I like to draw stomach muscles  
the most.  
I can also draw Darth Vader's helmet.  
I can also draw him.  
I can draw a saber,  
a lightsaber or a regular sword.  
It doesn't even matter.  
What the fuck is wrong with you?  
Are you drunk?  
Are you retarded?  
Because we're here to help you.  
Don't move. Dad, Amber Alert! Adult!  
Stranger danger! Stranger danger! Dad!  
Here, relax, Peter, okay? Take a swig.  
It looks like it wasn't the fax ink.  
He's some sort of man-child.  
It's a pituitary problem, ma'am.  
He's 10,  
in the developing body of an adult.  
I'm sorry, buddy. I am totally sorry.  
Put it up here. High five.

Good effort there. You must be Ben.

I'm Don Ready.

- That's me.

- And this must be lvy.

Wow! Can I ask you a quick question?

How much does a polar bear weigh?

- No idea.

- Enough to break the ice.

- Don Ready. How are you?

- Wow.

- Went old-school with you.

- Impressive.

I'm Babs.

And, yes, the rug matches the drapes.

And this beautiful man is Jibby.

- Hi.

- What's up?

And who is this guy?

Well, you are a strapping young man.

- Brent Gage, sir.

- Brent Gage, now that is a strong name.

I don't know why, but right off the bat,  
I like you a lot.

What's going on?

Peter, let's help the crew  
with their luggage.

Awesome. Hold this, Dad. Transformer.

Cute, isn't he?

I'd fuck him.

Hey, what is wrong with you, lady?

He is a child.

We're only gonna be here

for three days,

so try not to fall in love with me.

I'm sorry, has a girl ever bought that?

I'm just, you know, buckshot approach.

I'm just gonna keep firing

till I hit something.

That's delightful.

So, there was a kid up the street,

Chris Bamberger,

had one of those brand-new,

tricked out Krazy Kruisers.

Side brakes,

streamers off the handle grips.  
In other words, fully loaded.  
What am I driving?  
A fucking Hoppity Hip.  
Basically a balloon with a handle on it.  
It might as well have had  
a bumper sticker on the back that said,  
"My parents don't work."  
So I walk up to him, hop up to him.  
I introduce myself,  
and I say, "You seem like a cool guy."  
"Why don't you have a Hoppity Hip?"  
You know? I tell him it's faster,  
it's cooler.  
It's got the finger-molded hand grip,  
double-enforced bouncing axis.  
I work this kid like a pro.  
Walked him through the brochures.  
Offered him a bubble gum cigarette.  
Even threw in some night crawlers  
to sweeten the deal.  
Bottom line is,  
this kid was actually happy  
to bounce around on the balloon,  
while I rode away on his brand-new,  
tricked-out chopper.  
I like to think that was my first sale.  
Right over there is Selleck Motors.  
I thought you might want to take a look.  
Jesus, Ben,  
looks like a refugee camp for dirty men.  
Looks like the bus station  
in Total Recall.  
We're gonna fix your place up, Ben.  
We're gonna get you  
a Creatable Inflatable,  
goddamn American flag,  
balloons, all that shit.  
Plus, we need a radio and TV blitz,  
and we're gonna need to round up  
a celebrity to make a lot appearance.  
I know just who to call.  
Now, let's hit the Hacienda Courts,  
or as I like to call it, home.



I mean, I paid for it.  
It'd be disrespectful not to masturbate.  
All right, let's keep this anonymous.  
Don't look at me. Don't look at me.  
Don't even... Don't you look at me.  
Yeah. Dawson's Creek.  
James Van Der Beek, my nigger.  
Okay, Peter,  
it's time to go sit in your big chair.  
Now, everybody dig in. Don't be shy.  
I'm sorry, Mrs. Selleck.  
I'm one of those rare birds that prefers  
takeout over a home-cooked meal.  
Well, I got to tell you, Don,  
that is flat-out weird and rude.  
But you do what you need to do.  
You know, Mr. Don Ready,  
our lvy here actually left graduate school  
to come back and help us out  
with little Peter.  
- Wow.  
- That's the kind of girl she is.  
You can take the girl  
out of Temecula, but...  
Hey, Brent.  
...you can't take Temecula  
out of the girl.  
You see my wife over there?  
Yeah.  
It is a dead marriage.  
But, you know, you learn to live with it.  
You drive around, out at night,  
windows down, music up.  
Some people call it cruising.  
Me, I call it looking for a friend.  
- Are you my friend, Brent?  
- No.  
So tomorrow morning, our troops  
will rendezvous with your troops  
at 0700, and then  
I'll hit the floor for my intro speech,  
like a mountain lion  
pouncing on an unsuspecting jogger.  
Make sure your underwear

is tight tomorrow,  
because you will have a boner.

Amen.

I like the sound of that. Right, Brent?

By Tuesday, my friend,  
you are back in the black.

Well, hear, hear.

Okay, Mr. Ready,

this business has been in our family  
for 40 years, so no sleazy stuff, okay?

Don't worry about it, darling.

We're not gonna break the rules.

We're just gonna bend them a little bit.

Okay, okay. I just... I know your type.

You know, it's all the thrill of the hunt.

I get it.

I mean, you crave it. You corner it.

But, Mr. Ready,

let me ask you a question.

Do you know what to do

when you catch it?

- Are we talking about pussy?

- Oh, my stars. You didn't.

- That's what she was saying.

- Oh, my goodness!

I'm sorry, I apologize.

I'm a Christian man,

or whatever religion dominates

the region that I'm selling in,

but you have to admit, it did sound like

she was talking about

the big vajayjay, right?

- Didn't it?

- Amen.

I guess it kind of did. Yeah.

Hey, come on, man.

Jibby was a pro bowler

for two years on the tour.

Got a lot of great stories.

Well, what can I say?

It was the go-go '80s,

the height of professional bowling,

girls, limos, wristbands.

Ivy, I think you got the wrong impression

of me earlier.

I'm a really sensitive person, all right?

For instance, I'm not a texter.

I'd rather hear your voice, you know.

- Hey, everybody, I'm lvy's fianc.

- Look who's here.

Paxton, such a weird thing to say  
when you enter a room.

Well, I'm just letting everybody  
know the deal.

Well, I am Paxton Harding  
of Harding Imports.

And you must be the guys who are  
going to save Ben Selleck Motors.

- Yeah. That's the idea.

- I didn't catch your name, friend.

That's because

I didn't give it to you, friend.

Well, a couple of friends ought to know  
each other's names, right?

- My name's Don Ready.

- All right.

I guess I won that little exchange.

You fell for it.

In fact, let me be the first  
to tell you guys, good luck.

Everyone at Harding Imports  
and every dealership in this town  
is rooting for you guys.

You got a Harding guarantee on that.

I swear to God.

I'm off to rehearsal.

All right? I want to give my two ladies  
a kiss on the cheek.

You are so sweet.

You know, Paxton here is in one  
of those popular bands in Temecula,  
Balls Out.

- No, Big Ups.

- Big Ups. Sorry.

Either way.

Big Ups is the name of the band.

It's me and Ricky and Jason, and we...

You know, we sing about life

and love and passion,  
and I'm not gonna lie to you,  
we have some pretty sick dance moves.  
Are you in a boy band?  
No, I'm in a man band.  
We're all over 30, we call it a man band.  
You're men in a boy band.  
We opened for O-Town,  
right here in Temecula, okay?  
- Google it.  
- No.  
- Google it.  
- No.  
Why wouldn't you google it?  
I just told you to google it.  
- Google "Big Ups."  
- You know, I googled it.  
It said you fucking blow.  
That was O-Town's website.  
You know what? I'm rising above this.  
While you guys are yukking it up,  
I'm gonna go rehearse with Big Ups.  
Ricky and Jason are in the car. Let's go.  
- All right, bye-bye.  
- See you all tomorrow.  
Man, that dude is garbage.  
What a jerk.  
Who wants a big hunk of this meat?  
Hey, guys.  
A couple guys came in here earlier  
looking for Vanessa,  
and I got a little bit of bad news for you,  
Vanessa is dead.  
Here's Radio Moscow.  
It's funny, I haven't been in Temecula in,  
what, 23 years.  
Last time I was here,  
I spent two straight days  
in a Hacienda Courts  
with the third runner-up  
to Miss Temecula.  
Never saw her again.  
Hey, what do you make  
of this Selleck guy?

I got to be honest with you,  
have you noticed him saying  
overtly sexual things to me?

- Touching me?

- I haven't.

That is disgusting.

But don't get me wrong,

I have an erection.

Babs?

Can I tell you a deep, dark secret

I ain't never told anyone before?

Baby, I really would rather you not.

I'm tired.

I'm 42 years old,

and I ain't never, ever

made love to a woman.

- You're a virgin?

- Hell, no.

No, I've been with hundreds of women,

maybe thousands.

I just ain't never really ever made love

to a woman.

You know, I've done three ways,

four ways,

mnage trois, mnage cinq, six.

I've 69ed, 89ed, 114ed.

Golden, diamond and platinum showers.

I like that.

I mean, I've ripped shit up.

Done all that.

But I ain't never, ever made love

to a woman.

You will, Jibby.

As long as we're being honest,

I've something I want to share with you.

I think I want to make love

to a 10-year-old boy.

What?

But he's in the body

of a 30-year-old man,

so who's to blame?

- You the adult.

- Right.

You'd be the one to blame.

Hey, Babs. Hey, Jibby.  
Hey, Don,  
there are three hot dancers over there.  
I think they might be good for the sale.  
Yeah, sign them up. Good energy,  
make the customers happy.  
Hey, guys,  
get those food orders in quickly,  
'cause in 25 minutes the kitchen  
is rented out for a porno shoot.  
- Are you disgusted? I am.  
- Book the DJ.  
You sure, Don?  
I just thought after 'Querque...  
Hey. 'Querque was 'Querque.  
This is this.  
It's time for all of us to move on,  
all right?  
And it starts with booking that DJ.  
Where is he? I even wore my tight  
underwear for the boner speech.  
Just relax, honey. He's getting ready.  
As for the underwear,  
I think it was just an expression.  
Look, I may be old-fashioned,  
but the man says,  
"Wear your boner pants,"  
I wear my boner pants.  
You can do this. You are a winner.  
Don Ready has the heart of a champion.  
I'm a fucking stallion. I should be owned  
by a goddamn Middle Eastern sheikh.  
There's almost no doubt  
you invented the phrase, "It's all good."  
In the schoolyard, a Don Ready  
is a euphemism for a hard-on.  
All right, fellas,  
everybody gather around.  
Now, you all know the deal.  
Over the next few days,  
Don Ready and his team  
will be overseeing sales.  
Basically, they will be your boss  
for the weekend.

Now, I trust them. And if you trust them,  
together we will sell cars.  
You were the first person to wear  
a Von Dutch trucker hat.  
- I really regret that.  
- As well you should.  
Look at my husband.  
Looks like he's got a Don Ready.  
Give me a minute.  
I'm Babs Merrick.  
I'm gonna tell you people a little story.  
A story about a girl who grew up  
in the worst part of the South Bronx.  
Well, one day, this little girl fell in love  
with a boxer named Winston.  
But their love was too good to last,  
and one day,  
the Vice Lords came a-calling,  
saying, "Winston,  
it's time to take a dive."  
Coroner found two bullets in his heart.  
One of them  
was meant for this little girl.  
It's a hard world, mama  
You got to push on through  
'Cause life in the ghetto  
Well, everyone told this little girl  
to shut her mouth and go away.  
But she didn't do that.  
She made sure every single one  
of those pieces of human trash  
looked her straight in the eye  
before she pulled the trigger  
on that platinum.357 Magnum.  
Jose!  
Ramon!  
It ain't easy  
I got to tell you people, on TV,  
they don't show the dead man  
when the poop leaves the butt.  
Make no mistake, gentlemen,  
when you die, poop leaves your butt.  
Man. That is a dark story.  
I know. I made it up.

Have a great sale, everybody.

- What?

- Great sale.

It ain't easy

- She made it up?

- It ain't easy.

I'm Brent Gage.

They call me The Magician.

I am a wizard with numbers.

I have never, never lost a sale  
to bad credit.

Quick story. A couple years ago,  
MC Hammer, remember him?

He was in bankruptcy,  
living on the street,  
sleeping in the left leg  
of his Hammer pants.

The next day,  
I financed that man a car,  
no questions asked.

Hammer lived in that car  
for the next year and a half.

So you guys are just taking over?  
With your cool nicknames  
and your confidence?

I mean, how are we supposed to feel?

Yeah, what about our sales?

Our commissions?

It's all good.

I'm Don "The Goods" Ready.

Everyone here told you their story.

Here's mine.

I have hair on my balls and I sell cars.

The end.

All right. Today, tomorrow, Monday.

It's July 4th weekend, everybody,  
and we're going to war, all right?

When you guys are deep in the shit,  
I want you to think about the real heroes  
of this Independence Day.

The Revolutionary War soldier  
who had his gangrene foot sawed off,  
with nothing to numb the pain  
except a shot of whiskey



and that guy with the weird headband  
playing the flute.  
What about Private Jones, huh?  
Seventeen-year-old soldier.  
Got his guts shot out  
in a 'Nam rice paddy. All right?  
Dick here knows what I'm talking about.  
He's talking about freedom,  
you fucking queers!  
Don't even get me started  
on Pearl Harbor.  
Our Navy boys out there  
enjoying the bright Hawaiian sun,  
when all of a sudden, here comes  
the Japs flying in low and fast.  
This dealership is our battlefield.  
Don't give up the fight.  
We are the Americans,  
and they are the enemy. Never again.  
Never again.  
Never again!  
- Never again! Never again! Never again!  
- Never again! Never again! Never again!  
Let's get him!  
Eat my shit!  
- Dad, don't you think you should step in?  
- No, he can take it. He's squirrely.  
Stop! All right, stop!  
Everyone, calm down!  
Put him down, Jibby.  
Okay, we have all just participated  
in a hate crime.  
Was it a hate crime  
or a freedom crime?  
All right, everyone, just calm down.  
Bottom line,  
we have all just committed  
a federal offense.  
Which means that G-men  
are gonna be crawling all over this lot.  
Let's get our story straight.  
Dang came at us with a samurai sword,  
fire extinguisher,  
and Chinese throwing stars.

- Yeah.

- That seems plausible.

No, I did not. No, I did not. I...

We got to get a sword  
and get his prints on it.

There was no weaponry of any kind!

Okay, Dang, how about this?

You get first dibs on customer ups.

In return, you agree to forget all about  
being the victim of a hate crime.

Okay.

- That's it, Dang. That's the guy we love.

- Thank you, Mr. Selleck. I'm really sorry.

I'm not even Japanese. I'm Korean.

Korean? Why didn't you say so?

On that note, let's man those  
battle stations, everybody, all right?

Never again.

We got one hour.

Let's get this place in shape.

Really simple, boys. If you take this six,  
you flip it, that's the price.

You know what you can do with this?

You can take this  
and turn it into that if you want.

You've taken \$3,000 off this car.

It's back down to your original price.

- Zooha, to sell you must...

- Confine, confuse, conflict.

Nice! Teddy Dang, to close, you must...

Lie, loan, leave.

Nice. Mr. Dick Lewiston?

Go fuck yourself,  
you bald-headed son of a bitch.

- I've seen more hair on bacon.

- Good enough.

Wow, you must be the girls  
from the strip club.

- Yes. Heather.

- Hey, Heather. How are you?

Your job is to greet people,  
get them in the buying mood, okay?

- I have an idea.

- Sure.

Since it's July 4th, I thought it'd be good  
to talk to the customers  
about how this government  
has been cutting benefits for veterans.

Let me guess, you are dancing to pay  
for your Masters in Political Science.

- Yes. How did you know?

- I don't know.

Stripper stories,  
they usually come in three,  
college student, single mom, cokehead.

What's your son's name?

I'm kidding.

I don't even know what I'm saying.

I'm bananas.

You guys are doing an amazing job.

Sapphire, wipe your nose. God.

All right, we gonna be selling  
some cars today.

And tomorrow,  
you know who we got coming in? I do.

American Idol's very own

Bo Bice's brother is coming down.

Yes. Eric Bice will be right here,  
rocking the stage.

Hey, DJ. This place is about to pop.

Why don't you throw on  
some Charlie Daniels?

Good call.

Nobody tells DJ Request what to play.

Let them tell you what to play,

they lose respect for you.

They lose respect for you,

you lose control.

Not today.

All right.

- You want to thumb wrestle?

- Yeah, I'm awesome.

- You won.

- I totally beat you.

- What are you gonna do to me now?

- What?

- You better spank me or something.

- Babs! He's 10.

Ten and a half.  
Do you hear that, Ready?  
Ten and a half.  
Brent. Those are my kids.  
Yeah. And probably a good reason  
you're not selling.  
What are you talking about?  
Zooha, let's face it.  
You've got husky kids.  
I know it, you know it,  
and every Chuck E. Cheese  
in a 50-mile radius knows it.  
You know who doesn't need to know it?  
The customer.  
I don't understand.  
Look, you put up a picture of skinny kids.  
Customer thinks, "Oh, my lord,  
this guy needs the commission.  
"He's got to feed those hungry mouths."  
Okay. I get it. I get it.  
Should I take down the picture  
of my wife?  
No, that's your closer.  
Fat kids, customer hates you.  
Fat wife, customer pities you.  
Shit, Zooha. That's the best fat wife  
I've seen in four or five years.  
Can I have a copy of it?  
Nice balloons.  
Wow, that line must have  
knocked them dead in the frat house.  
Come on,  
I'm just trying to have some fun.  
So, you pumped for the big day?  
Yeah, it should be great.  
They say you sell some cars.  
Let's see you sell some cars.  
No, no, I'm not talking about the sale.  
I'm talking about your wedding.  
Excited to spend the next 60 years  
of your life with...  
- Paxton?  
- Paxton.  
BMW boy band Paxton.

Seems like a super guy.

Now, now.

All right, what about you?

You have any relationships  
that last longer than a lap dance?

Have you seen what these girls  
do these days?

I mean, we are living in the golden age  
of lap dances.

- Wow, that has got to be tiring.

- No.

You don't want a home life?

You don't want to live for somebody  
other than yourself?

No time.

I'm on the road 51.5 weeks a year,  
and I like myself a lot. I'm having a blast.

You know what? I don't believe you.

Look at them.

They're like crazy boat people. I love it.

Give away free hot dogs  
and put up an inflatable gorilla,  
shit's gonna go down.

I feel exactly like I did before I landed  
on lwo Jima, I swear to God.

There's no difference at all.

Attaboy, Teddy.

Pain is weakness leaving the body.

Sell these bastard cars! Sell the metal.

Sell the metal. Sell the metal.

Sell the metal. Sell the metal.

Go, go, go, go, go, go, go!

Welcome to Selleck Motors.

Let's get you in a car.

- Hi.

- Hi.

- Hi. Welcome to Selleck Motors.

- Yes, sir.

Welcome to Selleck Motors.

Thanks so much.

What's wrong with her?

What's her name?

Stephanie.

Hey, little Stephanie.

You're amazing.

What did you say to her?

Shut the fuck up.

Why don't we get you into  
one of these minivans?

Zooha!

- You feel it?

- Yeah.

I call it the divine rush.

Money for cars. Salesmen  
putting themselves on the line.

Capitalism, it's my high.

I haven't seen the lot like this  
since I brought in the Bandit Car.

You know, rumor is that  
that car is one of the cars  
that was in Smokey and the Bandit.  
That weekend this place was hopping.

I was thinking we should get that  
out of here, you know.

It's bad for business.

No, that car is a collector's car. That's  
worth \$200,000, won't take a cent less.

But in this Auto Lister, they have  
the same exact car for \$1,000 less.

Wow. What a great deal.

- Excuse me, can I see that?

- Sure.

My, my.

If you can get this car for 1,000 less,  
you should definitely buy.

In fact, let me call.

Thank you.

- Here you go.

- Thanks.

Hello?

Hi, I'm calling about the car  
you have advertised.

Can we get a drink?

- No, I don't want to go for a drink.

- Yeah, I can put you in my truck.

We can drive around.

You can see how it handles.

- Maybe go to the reservoir.

- Excuse me? I...  
- Put the lotion in the basket.  
- Who...  
- Put the lotion in the fucking basket.  
- Oh, my God.  
See, I try to tell women all the time.  
Auto Lister's like MySpace  
for serial killers.  
I don't want to see another one of these  
on this lot.  
I think I'll just take this car  
right over here.  
Okay, here's the deal, Gary.  
I know the stereotype.  
I'm a woman, got a luscious body,  
provocative clothes.  
I'm gonna use sex to sell cars.  
You know what's gonna sell this car?  
Price, nothing else.  
I mean, I like men.  
I like men a lot.  
I can't believe I'm doing this.  
Do you know what I love?  
I love women.  
Yeah?  
I mean, I'm talking me, an Asian chick,  
and a schoolteacher in a shower.  
- Yeah.  
- Get all soapy together and so wet.  
And you know what?  
Maybe like a construction lady comes in,  
like, you know,  
like I can't even tell if she's hot or not.  
- Okay.  
- But then she says,  
"Looks like I could do some work here."  
- And she takes off her hat.  
- It falls down. Sure.  
And then you guys come over  
and all three of you undress her.  
- Yeah. Hey, hey, guess what?  
- Yeah.  
- What? No.  
- I'm next door.

Yeah, 'cause I'm the superintendent,  
and I'm working on like paperwork,  
like doing people's checks, I'm like...  
Yeah.

- "What is that noise?"

- Like, "That's weird.

"There's not supposed to be anybody  
next door."

"Hey, who's in there?"

And I just hear, "Oh, oh."

I listen by the door for a while,  
then I open it up, I'm like, "Hello?"

- I still can't see the steam.

- Like, "I'm so scared. Who is it?"

"Who is that man?"

"Hey, you're not supposed  
to be in here."

- Can I give you something to say?

- Yeah.

Say this, say, say,

"Hey, I knew something was missing  
in this apartment,  
"a big cock."

"I knew something was missing  
in this apartment, a big cock."

And we're fucking, and then  
someone else goes, "Oh, yeah..."

- Fuck. I just thought of something, man.

- What?

How the fuck are you gonna get there?

I'm right next door, remember?

I'm just gonna walk over.

No, man, this is miles and miles away,  
man. You got to get there soon!

I'm, like, managing  
a bunch of properties?

Yes!

How are you... It's across town.

How are you gonna get there?

I don't know. I don't have a car.

I gotta get a bus...

No, man,

you got to fucking take this car.

Yes. I am gonna buy this car.



It's a good car, right?

- No.

- I don't give a shit. I'll fucking push...

Go see the dudes in the back!

- Run, man! Run!

- I'm gonna go buy this car.

In your country,

they would cut your hands off

because you're stealing from us.

You guys have got an amazing deal,

I can't believe it.

Mom! Mom!

- How we doing?

- Kicking ass.

I was worried earlier,

but we're gonna have a great day.

- Check out that Blake kid. He's on fire.

- Yeah, I noticed.

Wasn't that your move?

Well, mine ended

with the two-gun salute to heaven,

but it's damn close.

You remember when I told you

that I partied with that beauty queen

I didn't put a hat on my jimmy.

Jesus, Don. You don't think

Blake's your son, do you?

I'll tell you what,

why don't you guys go to finance

- and I'll meet you there, all right?

- Okay.

That's impressive, Blake.

You're a natural.

Spend a lot of time

growing up around dealerships?

No, but my mom always said

that I had it in my blood.

I remember this one time as a kid,

I traded my crappy Huffy bike to this kid

down the block

for his brand-new shiny Schwinn.

- No shit.

- No shit, Don.

Hey, was your old man around a lot

when you were growing up?  
No. He took off before I was born.  
I'm gonna go back to the sale, Don.  
- Blake, how old are you?  
- Twenty-two.  
Hey, kid. Don.  
Remember that guy  
that wanted the Explorer?  
Here's what I got him to do.  
Buy his own house from himself for \$1,  
which means nothing, but to the bank...  
Don.  
- Hey.  
- What's going on?  
Good job.  
What'd I do, Don?  
Fuck you, I don't need your validation.  
Look at that number.  
Seventy-one cars sold.  
I am looking at some  
real salesmen out here. Good work.  
Yeah, we've actually sold 34%  
of the inventory.  
Wow! I'm proud of you.  
And, by the way, congrats,  
whoever pulled off a Nigerian buyback,  
haven't seen that in years.  
- That was me. You can suck it.  
- What's a Nigerian buyback?  
Guy takes a customer's trade-in,  
then 20 minutes later,  
sells it right back to said customer  
at a mark-up.  
And we're looking at  
an even better day tomorrow.  
Bo Bice's brother coming in here  
to sing some tunes.  
Shut up. Eric Bice?  
The very same.  
So, I think we do a little celebrating.  
And after a hot first day,  
there's only one way to do it. 'Okie.  
- What?  
- What's 'okie?

Tell them about it, Dick.  
He's talking about karaoke,  
you fucking queers.  
God damn,  
Dick knows what I'm talking about.  
- Let's go. Let's get into it.  
- Nice job, everybody.  
I've been watching you out there, girl.  
Your moves are probably responsible  
for 10 sales.  
Well, any individual who pursues  
his or her own self interest  
actually promotes  
the interest of society as a whole.  
It's all trade, baby.  
That's what makes the world go 'round.  
That's funny. I always thought  
love made the world go 'round.  
See you.  
Love.  
Boy, you should be proud.  
You took a rag-tag bunch of losers and  
turned them into first-rate salesmen.  
That's what I do, Ben.  
- Hello, Ben.  
- Hello, Stu.  
Looks like you guys had a heck of a day.  
Hey, Paxton, Lance Bass called.  
He said he... Fucking forget it.  
Yeah, like he would have your number.  
Hey, Lance Bass never opened  
for O-Town.  
My boy did. You can google it.  
Yeah, I told them that already, Dad.  
They refused to google it.  
Well, let me cut to the chase  
for you here, Ben.  
My boy Paxton's band, Big Ups,  
they're really starting to click,  
and we're running out of rehearsal  
space over at Harding Imports.  
So Paxton had a good idea.  
He said why not make an offer  
on your lot,

nice price, before the bank gets it?  
That way,  
Paxton's out front selling Beemers,  
then he runs around the back,  
makes gold records. What do you think?  
I don't know, Stu.  
We had a pretty good day here.  
We had an outstanding day.  
Don't be all humble, Ben. Come on.  
All right, hold it, Don.  
Give us a couple minutes alone,  
will you?  
- You got it, Ben.  
- You too, Paxton.  
Hey, you know, even if Ben doesn't sell,  
we're gonna get this place for pennies  
on the dollar when he goes B-rupt.  
Really? You're gonna screw over  
your future father-in-law?  
It's called business, Don. Okay?  
And besides, I would do anything  
to take Big Ups worldwide.  
So, lvy isn't enough for you?  
You have a crush on my fiance.  
That is rich!  
Here's the deal, old-timer. Get over it.  
Here is why  
I'm not threatened by that at all.  
- A, I have a beautiful car.  
- Yeah.  
- B, I have a \$44 haircut.  
- Right.  
Yeah, and C, I have slick threads. Yeah.  
- Men's Wearhouse. I like the way I look.  
- Right.  
I'm Temecula's newest hard-on, dog.  
A, it looks like you just snapped into  
a Slim Jim.  
B, your suit looks like it was...  
- I'm glad we could work all this out, Ben.  
- Work what out?  
Well, Don, it's time I start thinking  
about my future grandkids.  
I sold the lot to Stu.

He made me a real good offer.  
Thank you for your support,  
and you'll be paid  
for the whole four days.  
But we're pulling the plug.  
Can we get all of their stuff  
out of here, pronto?  
We want to rehearse here tonight.  
Hold on. Hold on a second.  
What about family? What about history?  
What if we save this lot?  
What if I could guarantee you  
that I could sell every car off this lot?  
Ben, that's foolish.  
You don't even know this guy.  
Look at him.  
He's a gun for hire, a tramp.  
Don, we're talking about over 140 cars.  
Sure, it'd help the lot,  
but that's impossible.  
All right.  
Look, either I sell every car on this lot,  
or I leave Temecula  
and get out of the game for good.  
- Doesn't move me at all.  
- And you get Brent Gage for the night.  
Sorry, Stu, but the deal's off,  
at least till I see how this thing pans out.  
Okay.  
You know,  
since you're almost family, Ben,  
here's what I'm gonna do.  
I'm gonna save you a job on my lot,  
after the bank forecloses on yours.  
Damn it. Why are they standing  
in the way of my dreams, Daddy?  
Look it, here's the deal.  
Call your TV guy. Tell him we got to cut  
some new spots right away.  
I have a script for you, never fails.  
More than words  
Is all you have to do to make it real  
Wait, now, so,  
he offered to pay us off

and we could leave town flush.  
And you said no.  
Yep.  
- Motherfucker.  
- Hey, chill, chill!  
Come on, man, calm down. It's Don.  
He wouldn't do it  
if he didn't have a good reason.  
And then I told Ben  
that if we don't sell all the cars  
that he could have Brent for the night.  
- Motherfucker...  
- All right. All right.  
- Jibby, handle him.  
- Calm down. Calm down now.  
All right, here's the scenario, all right?  
Tomorrow, I'm gonna sell  
an assload of cars.  
And I suggest  
you gentlemen do likewise.  
What the hell we gonna do?  
Why don't we chill a little bit, Jibs?  
Just chill. Okay, it's cool.  
Don said we got  
TV spots tomorrow, right?  
Bice is hitting town.  
We're gonna pull this off.  
I'm gonna hit you with a little Seger.  
Superbad, eyes up here, let's focus.  
This one goes out to Blake.  
It's about a boy, the son of a man,  
a mother's child.  
Let's get him a tissue,  
'cause it's about to get raw.  
What the fuck is wrong with that guy?  
On a long and Ionesome highway  
East of Omaha  
Okay, I got to ask you a question.  
Does Don know what he's doing?  
I've seen that man say a lot of crap  
just to sell cars and move out of town.  
But this time, he really means it.  
Truth be told,  
he ain't been the same since 'Querque.

- 'Querque?  
- The Duke City.  
A-Town. Captain Kirk.  
Albuquerque.  
- Who calls it Captain Kirk?  
- I don't know.  
We lost a good man down there.  
- He quit?  
- Died.  
- From a car sale?  
- Hell, yes.  
The rest of us come to terms.  
Don's still fighting it.  
Wow.  
Only Jeff Robins wasn't looking,  
so I pegged him in the head.  
- What is it?  
- It's really a fun juice.  
- Okay.  
- Okay. Just don't tell your dad.  
You know what else is really fun?  
Going to a motel and wrestling.  
I love wrestling.  
I can get you into a figure four leg-lock.  
Like this.  
You know, your legs'll be all tied up.  
Sold.  
- You'd be screaming.  
- That sounds fantastic.  
Okay.  
- Are you good at keeping secrets?  
- Absolutely.  
'Cause I've got a present for you.  
Secret present outside,  
by the dumpster.  
Is it a baseball mitt?  
Fits you like a baseball mitt,  
like a glove, I hope.  
Is it new or is it old?  
It will be new for you.  
All right, that means  
I'm gonna have to break it in.  
- Yep.  
- I'm gonna have to break it in.

I'm gonna have to...

I'll put a ball in there, and I'll tie it off.

Right.

And then I'll put lotions and oil on it,  
and I'll sleep with it under my pillow.

Yeah. That was Turn the Page

by Bob Seger.

I'm Don Ready. Good night.

So listen, let's meet outside

by the dumpster...

**- Hey, it's 11:**

- Oh, man.

- I got to go home.

- No. No.

No, I got to go home,

put my pajamas on, and I got to shave.

I know, but, Peter, before we do this,

we'll just...

- We can wrestle later.

- No. In fact, I'm gonna...

Waitress, can we get

another whiskey sour?

- Just for the road, and a...

- We're closed.

...paper cup, please. God damn it!

Just one more drink.

I'll cut off your tits with a knife, you bitch!

Babs, listen, I like the energy.

Let's play through.

Party back at the Hacienda Courts.

Everyone's welcome. No guys.

If you want to go far

Put yourself in a kicking car

At Selleck Motors

I started Selleck Motors

almost 40 years ago,

and I've had a good run

here at my dealership, and in life.

But now I'm dying, Temecula.

I got cancer of the nads.

But before I die, I want to see

one last big Fourth of July blowout.

So, my family and I are asking you



to come on down to Selleck Motors  
and buy one final car from us  
before I'm dead.

Looks like the chemo is kicking in,  
so you better hurry.

- Jesus, Ben, why didn't you tell me?

- Daddy.

It's just a commercial, Peter.

And, Brent, my privates are fine,  
I swear to God.

Good for you, Ben.

It's gonna work, Ben.

It's gonna work like gangbusters.

- Yeah?

- Yeah.

Okay, if you don't like the car,  
then go buy a truck, cheapskates!

Every day, it's a gay safari.

Give me the balloon back. Piece of shit.

- Thank you. We appreciate this.

- I'm so sorry.

If there's anything I can do...

It's such a tragedy. Tammy's so brave.

Hey, Don. I'm not sure this is working.

I mean, people clearly care about me  
and all, but we're not selling cars.

Stay positive, Ben.

We're gonna hit this hard until 3:00.

When Bice gets here,

he's gonna take it over the top.

Hey.

Can you bring the mood up?

You know, play something good?

Like Y.M.C.A. by the Village People.

You read my mind.

Just out of curiosity,

what time do you get down from there?

Every day they will test you.

Every day they will push you to the brink.

You must fight them, DJ. Fight them.

I'm gonna do something that I don't do.

I'm gonna throw in some free floor mats,  
all right?

Now hold on. Hold...

- Jesus.  
- Wait, wait, wait, wait.  
Don! What's going on?  
You know what?  
If you would've told me 10 years ago  
that I were to hit the wall  
in a three-day sale in Temecula...  
- You're hitting the wall now?  
- Well, yeah.  
Let me ask you something.  
What do you think this means?  
- I had this dream. I was just saying...  
- Yo! Hey!  
...you know, "Listen, Don, you're a..."  
- Ivy, let's go.  
We got lunch with my mom in,  
like, two seconds.  
- Be right there.  
- We got to hurry.  
She'll be drunk in about 15, so giddy-up.  
- Don, what happened in Albuquerque?  
- Nothing. Nothing happened.  
You kidding? It was...  
Listen, go have a great lunch with...  
With your fianc.  
Time to hit the road.  
Hey, Don Ready,  
looks like you had a rough day.  
It's okay,  
sometimes it happens in the auto trade.  
If you suck.  
Hold on.  
You got to admit, dude,  
that was a good exit line.  
- Right? I got a better one.  
- Yeah.  
Hey, Don Ready, I'll see you in  
1-Don't-Know-How-To-Sell-Cars-Ville.  
Yeah, that one, granted, not as good,  
but that's 'cause  
I won't be in that town. Fucker.  
Damn it. Psych. Psych.  
I just psyched you out.  
I'm going that way, so fuck you.

All right, people.

We got Eric Bice, brother of Bo Bice,  
coming up in the next five minutes.

You might want to sit  
in one of our cars...

Hell of a turnout for Bice.

This day's starting to look up, huh?

We need it.

We're getting killed out there today.

- Don, we got problems, big problems.

- What's up?

- Bice isn't showing.

- What?

His booking agent said  
he's got adult chickenpox.

But he gave me some other options.

The mascot for the San Jose Sharks  
hockey team.

He'll show,

but he can't wear the Shark suit.

What's this I'm hearing about Bice?

He motherfucked us.

He motherfucked us like a pro.

- I'm going on.

- What?

- I'm going on.

- No, wait, Don, be careful.

I'm getting a real sketchy vibe  
from this crowd.

Ivy, don't you see? This is everything.

I get to sing, which sells more cars,  
which helps your family.

Plus, my son gets to see the old man  
come through in the clutch.

What son?

Eric Bice! Eric Bice!

Hey, everyone!

I'm Don Ready. I'm a car salesman.

This is gonna go well.

Yeah. Now, unfortunately,

Eric Bice has adult chickenpox,

but I'm gonna be filling in for him.

Drop it!

Just take those old records off the shelf

I'll sit and listen to them by myself  
He's no Bice! He's no Bice!  
Yeah, I should've said something.  
Don's a bad singer.  
I want that old time rock and roll  
Fuck you!  
Aren't you people tired  
of being screwed over?  
Then let's fucking riot!  
Hold up a minute!  
Get him!  
Stop it!  
Hey... Hello! Hey, guys!  
Mr. Selleck, we got to get you  
out of here. Come on.  
We got to hide, Brent.  
We'll be safe in my room.  
Hold up a minute!  
Hold on! I got a big show!  
This does not look good for you,  
Uncle Sam.  
And concussion.  
Don't mess with him!  
That kid's got retard strength!  
Dork!  
See.  
Who the fuck brought alligators?  
I never thought I'd say this,  
but thank God the police are here.  
Welcome, police.  
Come on,  
let's lock up some white people.  
Y'all are all retarded.  
Hello?  
This day is completely shot.  
Can you believe these animals?  
What the hell's happening  
to this country?  
What are you talking about, Dick?  
You started it.  
You remember? Cops gave you a ticket  
for inciting a riot. You old goat.  
This is horrible. Let's face it. It's over.  
It's not over. Over?

When is the last time that there were  
that many cameras on this lot?  
We got five hours left in this day, okay?  
Now, I intend to sell some cars,  
all right?  
Now, get in here. Let's go over  
some talking points. Come on.  
Baby, if you are true  
I'll keep doing it  
Doing it, right there, to you  
Doing it  
Doing it  
Doing it  
Doing it to you  
Julio, pick up line nine. Julio, line nine.  
You know, look, guys,  
the big problem here?  
We need a bigger rehearsal space.  
Not a problem. Here's why.  
Huge riot down at Selleck Motors.  
The place is going down in flames.  
We're taking it over.  
It is the new Big Ups rehearsal space.  
- Are you serious?  
- Yeah.  
We're gonna...  
We're gonna take it over.  
Pardon me, boys.  
Some bad news from Selleck Motors.  
Look at this.  
Listen, people get excited  
over used cars,  
and, occasionally,  
they'll punch and burn things.  
Now, some call that a riot.  
Me? I call it excitement  
over the low, low prices  
down here at Ben Selleck Motors.  
The police are the real heroes.  
And because of that, we're offering  
20% off and 0% financing  
to any police officer that comes down,  
anyone with a police hat,  
anyone that says the word "police."

This Don Ready is like the rash  
between my balls and thigh.  
And if you find an alligator in your car,  
\$500 off!  
Congratulations, Officer.  
You see that, Ben?  
Just like that, we're back in business.  
Motherfucker, I ring the bell.  
The reason that the Japanese outsell us  
is because they make  
more fuel-efficient vehicles  
while Detroit insists on  
pushing gas-guzzling SUVs.  
God damn, girl, you turning me on.  
Would it be improper of me  
to ask you out for a drink tonight?  
I don't know, Jibby.  
I've been hurt before.  
Well, my problem is  
I ain't never allowed myself to be hurt.  
I'm trying to be more vulnerable.  
Well, you're an honest man, Jibby,  
and honesty is the first step  
to being vulnerable.  
You can pick me up at 9:00.  
- Hey, Don.  
- Hey, Jibs.  
What's with the shit-eating grin?  
For the first time in my life,  
I have a chance  
to make love to a woman.  
Love.  
I'm glad we found the right car for you.  
Hey, Blake, you ready?  
For what?  
A little catch.  
You know, I'm starting to think  
that maybe lvy was right,  
maybe it's time for old Don Ready  
to settle down and plant some roots  
in this crazy old world.  
Great.  
I mean, I've been on the move for  
so long that I've never taken time to stop

and to hug the people  
that are important in my life.  
And, Blake, don't ever think that  
you're not important. All right?  
Great.  
You ever think about your daddy?  
No.  
I mean, who wants to think about  
some piece of shit that gets  
a woman pregnant and then takes off?  
You know, I'm not bitter.  
I did fine without him.  
He's probably out there with no family,  
nothing real to hold onto.  
Can you imagine how meaningless  
life must be for a prick like that?  
What a douche.  
- Hey.  
- Hey.  
I cannot believe this riot actually helped.  
You are insane.  
You know,  
I'm gonna be sorry to see you go.  
Well, lvy,  
goodbyes are an occupational hazard.  
Okay, wow.  
I don't know what's going on with you.  
You are hot, you are cold.  
One minute you're happy,  
then you're snapping at me.  
I mean...  
What happened in Albuquerque?  
You don't want to know what happened  
in 'Querque.  
Actually, I do.  
Come on, what? You can trust me.  
Just let your guard down.  
McDermott was my best friend  
and the greatest car-sale DJ  
anyone's ever seen.  
Damn it, it shouldn't have  
gone down like that!  
I was all wrapped up with this woman.  
It wasn't gonna work.

I knew that. Blah, blah, blah.  
I was trying to impress her.  
We had already sold a bunch of cars  
that weekend,  
but I wanted to take it over the top.  
So, I thought, hey,  
let's put a few bucks into it, you know?  
Get a good crowd in there. We'd airdrop  
McDermott in, dressed as Abe Lincoln.  
He would float in and say...  
I freed the slaves, now I'm gonna free  
those cars from the slavery  
of high prices!  
We had a bunch of great lines  
for him to say.  
Hey, just like John Wilkes Booth,  
our prices are gonna sneak up  
behind you and blow your brains out!  
When I asked him, he didn't even blink.  
He just did it.  
Thanks, buddy.  
This is the thrill of a lifetime!  
Drop zone! Drop zone!  
Me, I was on the ground  
with Mrs. Talero.  
We planned to meet  
in the back of a Taurus.  
That is so good. My husband never  
does that to me anymore. Oh, yes.  
She had me pack a bag  
of sexual accoutrements.  
Basic shit, you know,  
rubbers, lube, dildos.  
Weirder stuff.  
Executioners' masks, French ticklers.  
Yeah! Take me away!  
The only problem was  
I took the wrong bag.  
Fuck! Don gave me the wrong bag!  
I can only imagine  
what was going through  
McDermott's head  
as he fell to his death.  
Got to try to get away from this dildo!



The regrets he must've had.  
Most people who are in this situation,  
their life flashes before their eyes  
and they go through a list of regrets!  
For the next 45 seconds, I want to go  
through the list of things I've done right!  
Number one, full-length back tattoo  
of the Hawaiian Punch guy!  
He had a huge heart,  
but, my God, was he stupid.  
Number three, had my wisdom teeth  
put back into my skull!  
Christ, the dildo's back!  
I'm gonna get into an aerodynamic tuck  
and use the dildo to cushion my fall!  
I killed my best friend.  
I wish I could say  
I didn't think it would end this way!  
But I got to tell you,  
I always knew it would!  
Falling to my death, dressed as  
Abe Lincoln, holding a big, purple dildo!  
This is how I drew it up.  
Next thing I know, it's raining dildos.  
Had I just been focused on the sale,  
it wouldn't have gone down like that.  
Now it's all happening again,  
with you and Blake.  
I'm losing who I am and my focus.  
You think that riot was an accident?  
No, no, no.  
It happened because I lost my focus.  
That was damn good Seger.  
And now I'm falling for you. Yeah, no,  
not again. I'm not gonna do that.  
Wait, Don, come on, don't go.  
I'm gonna go sell some cars,  
Mrs. Harding.  
"Z."  
Seven.  
- Hey, guys.  
- Brent.  
I have to say something.  
I think Don might think I'm his son.

Now, I've met my dad. He lives in  
Louisiana. I just wasn't raised by him.  
Don's going through  
a lot of big changes in his life,  
and right now you might be  
the rock he's holding onto.  
Are you saying  
I should pretend to be his son?  
Because, Brent, that's fucked up.  
Is it? Or is it fucked down?  
Look, Don Ready would make  
a damn good father to you,  
and right now, I don't see a lot of guys  
lining up for the job.  
Think about that. And while you're at it,  
you think about why your dad left you.  
Come in here and blame Don.  
That's pathetic.  
It's about 20 minutes on the down side

**of 9:**

I hope you're curled up with  
your best girl, making music together  
in between the sheets.  
Look at this. You know, everyone's gone,  
so you can shut it down. Thank you.  
Looks like that's gonna do it for me.  
Good night, sweet Temecula.  
May all your loves be tender...  
- Seriously! Shut it the fuck down!  
- Thank you.  
See, I don't do what I'm told.  
I'm what's called contrarian, all right?  
I hate...  
You gonna turn the lights off on me?  
Like that's gonna scare me?  
I don't give a fuck!  
I'm homeless, motherfuckers!  
Wow! Hey...  
Come on in.  
Shouldn't you be at home  
with Bell Biv DeVoe  
writing personalized vows or some shit?  
Don, I'm here.

Don't make me change my mind.

Yo, we're Temecula's  
number-one pop sensation.

- Big Ups!

- Big Ups!

And we're gonna be kicking it live,  
right here at Harding Imports tomorrow,  
so come on down!

- Congrats again on that. Yeah.

- Thanks.

- You want to turn it off?

- He needs to see this.

With lease-to-own options  
and a full-service garage  
We're gonna make love.

Love.

Love.

Love.

- Head & Shoulders?

- How'd you know?

My uncle uses it.

We're actually making love.

I'm making love.

We're making love.

You know what nobody ever told me  
about making love?

- What?

- How boring it is.

Yeah.

You can do anything you want.

My safe word is "blueberry pancakes."

Okay.

Let's have sex  
in every corner of this room.

Okay.

I fucked up.

I should've got a bigger room.

- That's okay.

- I have points and I didn't use them.

Continental breakfast in bed.

- Hacienda Courts style.

- Wow.

You know why  
this is the best breakfast?

- Why?  
- Bear claws, crullers,  
prison-size orange juice.  
You know, I actually feel bad for Paxton.  
I didn't mean to come in  
and split you guys up,  
but engagements are made  
to be broken.  
Don, I'm not leaving Paxton.  
What?  
You don't love him.  
Well, now, that's not necessarily true.  
And, you know, I'm almost 30 years old.  
I mean, what am I supposed to do,  
you know?  
I want things,  
and I want a family,  
and Paxton wants those things, too.  
I mean, look, nobody dreams of buying  
an '88 Lynx station wagon,  
but we sold one yesterday, right?  
And the people who bought it, bought it  
because buying a 2007 Land Rover  
wasn't an option for them.  
So, what are my options, Don?  
What about us? What about giving us  
a chance? I mean...  
Where, in the Hacienda Courts  
in Boise?  
Or how about  
the Hacienda Courts in Wichita?  
'Cause if things go really well,  
we could raise our kids  
in the Hacienda Courts in Muskogee.  
What did you even come here for?  
Because I wanted one last fling.  
And I know  
you're not gonna stick around.  
So, you're just gonna have sex with me  
and then leave?  
This hurts!  
Guess this is what  
women mean when they say,  
"So you're just gonna have sex

with me and leave? This hurts."  
I'm sorry.  
Something that I want is being taken  
away from me, and I don't like it!  
I don't like it!  
This is exactly how I felt after 'Querque!  
Screw everybody!  
The only thing that I trust  
in this world is cars!  
Come on, Don!  
Come on!  
- What's going on?  
- Don!  
Don's never been late  
for the last day of a sale.  
Don's gone,  
and you did not see me here.  
Okay.  
Well, did he go to the lot?  
I don't know.  
He kind of just freaked out and left.  
'Querque all over again.  
Fucking 'Querque.  
He's gone.  
Looked everywhere, called the cops.  
No one knows where he is.  
I'm sorry, fellas,  
I apologize from all of us.  
No. Hold on.  
You guys did your best.  
I mean, it was an uphill battle  
from the beginning, right?  
But, hey! We still sold some cars, right?  
We still sold some cars!  
Might as well dust off the old rsum.  
Hey, wait just a minute.  
I practically built this dealership myself,  
and I remember a day when  
we wouldn't hang our heads  
or talk about closing the lot.  
A customer would walk in here  
and this place would pop!  
There you go, Ben.  
And having Don "The Goods" Ready

here for three days  
made me remember why I became  
a car salesman in the first place.  
Mr. Selleck's right.  
We can do this.  
Don has taught us all something.  
He knew more about us  
than we knew about ourselves.  
Yeah.  
You know, I never much cared for Jews,  
queers or fucking Eskimos,  
but that's just the way I was brought up.  
Is that it?  
Yeah. That's it.  
I just wanted to put that out there.  
I thought we were opening up here!  
Guys. We can sell these cars.  
- There you go!  
- Ready has carried us this far.  
Well, I say we start  
carrying our own weight.  
So let's get out there and sell the metal!  
Who's with me?  
- We are!  
- We are!  
- I'm with you! Listen to him!  
- We are! We are!  
- We are! We are! We are!  
- We are! We are! We are!  
- We are! We are! We are!  
- We are! We are! We are!  
You don't even know this guy.  
Look at him.  
He's a gun for hire, a tramp.  
He's probably out there with no family,  
nothing real to hold onto.  
And I know  
you're not gonna stick around.  
James Van Der Beek, my nigger.  
Well, if it isn't  
Don goddamn fucking Ready.  
Holy fuck. McDermott?  
He has returned  
He is McDermott

Oh, my God!  
I been waiting a long time  
to set the record straight with you, man.  
He's setting  
the record straight, motherfucker  
I trusted you, Don. I trusted that what  
we were doing was bigger than all of us.  
But it turns out, all you wanted to do  
was get your ball sack played with  
by some woman with bad credit.  
It's an age-old tale  
His trust was betrayed by tang  
Balls and wiener.  
They let angels out of heaven  
to cuss at people?  
Yeah, of course.  
That's what's going down, dipshit.  
Fuck you, Don Ready, fuck your family  
I don't get it, McDermott.  
Man, you used to be so easygoing and...  
Yeah, I was. I was easy breezy.  
And then, guess what?  
I fell out of a plane and hit the ground,  
and I didn't bounce.  
But you know what did bounce?  
My asshole through my face.  
Geronimo, splat  
Displaced anus  
I'm so sorry, McDermott.  
I need your help, man. I feel so empty.  
Don't you get it, Don? This is where  
all the cars we sell end up.  
It's not about the cars.  
It's about the team  
and finding people you love. That's it.  
- What do I do?  
- You know what to do.  
Get off the road, man.  
I mean, after 35, it just looks pathetic.  
While we're on the subject  
You're too old for a Facebook page  
I'm sorry, McDermott.  
It's okay, man. I'll see you in 28 years.  
That's when you're gonna die.

August 19, 2036

How am I gonna die?

Choking on a sausage patty  
at a strip club.

Is there any way they could sing it?

'Cause it sounds sad.

No, it's not very lyrical, and it is sad.

So, no.

- A little bit? A little...

- No.

We talked about it in the heaven  
spaceship that brought us here.

- We got to jump. Change your ways.

- No, no.

See you, Don.

Oh, my God, lvy and the team,  
they need me.

They need me right now. Need me.

Thank you, McDermott!

Get them out of the back lot  
and into the front!

Let's go, let's go!

I think you guys are gonna  
really like this car. It's a good fit.

Good news.

My finance guy says it's gonna work.

Are you serious?

Zooha!

It's all Don. You understand?

All of it.

Retard!

I love you.

I've got some things

I need to make right on the ground!

I'm doing this for my friend McDermott!

He died, and I'm jumping for him!

Makes all the sense in the world!

One, two, three! Jump!

You got yourself a good deal there.

Pop the clutch! Pop the clutch!

We did it.

We sold every last car on the lot.

Man, I wish Don was here to see this.

Hey, look, everyone! It's Superman!



I want to come down  
right at Selleck Motors, all right?  
- Got it.  
- All right.  
Where are the cars?  
Wait a minute! Is that Don?  
Look out! Run! Run!  
Watch your head, team! Coming in hot.  
Hey, Jibby, where are all the cars?  
Don, we did it.  
We sold every single one of them.  
You're shitting me. That's fantastic!  
- They all stepped up.  
- Unbelievable.  
I'm proud of you guys, all of you!  
We couldn't have done it without you,  
Mr. Ready.  
You taught us all to stand on our own.  
Your time here has been rich  
and filled with wisdom.  
I don't know what to say.  
Why not start with the truth, Don?  
Well, the truth is, you sons of bitches  
saved Selleck Motors!  
Fuck you, Don Ready!  
You didn't sell all the cars. You lose.  
You're losers.  
What are you talking about? All the cars  
are gone. Lot stays with the Sellecks.  
Come on, Stu, a deal's a deal.  
We sold all the cars on the lot.  
Nobody sold the Bandit Car.  
Rules are rules. The lot's mine.  
The Bandit Car?  
Don said every car on the lot.  
Bandit Car's a car and it's on the lot.  
Hold on a second. That thing is a prop.  
Don, that is not a prop.  
That is a \$200,000 automobile.  
This is good.  
Is this the great Don Ready complaining  
about how hard it is to sell a car?  
Did you hear that, everybody?  
Did you hear that?

Maybe he's not so great.  
Maybe he sucks!  
So, I guess you lose!  
Ben, you lose the lot.  
Don, you have to skip town.  
Right, everybody?  
You know, Paxton, I been doing  
a lot of thinking these past few days.  
About what, asshole?  
Dreams.  
About how we either, you know...  
We either cherish them  
or let them die on the vine.  
What'd you want to be  
when you were a kid?  
Me, I wanted to be a ref in the WNBA.  
You know, 'cause I like women  
and I like basketball.  
Can you get off my back?  
- You want to do this one on your own?  
- Yeah, thanks, man.  
I get that. Okay, you guys do your thing.  
What'd you dream about, Paxton?  
Music. Music's been my passion  
ever since I fell in love with the classics.  
Now, when you say classics,  
what do you mean?  
Well, it's a pretty short list.  
You got your 'N Sync.  
You got your 98 Degrees,  
your Boyz II Men.  
And then pretty much  
the Backstreet Boys  
came along  
and revolutionized music as a whole.  
Hello!  
What about O-Town?  
That was the best night of my life.  
See, I haven't had the best night  
of my life yet. Someday though, huh?  
All personal crap aside,  
I hear Big Ups is pretty damn good.  
- Come on, who said that?  
- People talk.

- Is he doing what I think he's doing?

- No way.

If he moves that car,  
I'll eat my own pussy.

Attagirl.

Thirty-two years in the business  
and I've never seen this,  
a dealer-to-dealer lot sale.

This is suicide.

Come on, Don, stay focused.

Let me ask you something, man.

You ever think about just dropping  
everything and going for it?

I'm not talking about setting up  
some studio in the back of a car lot.

I'm talking about you, Ricky and Jason  
living the life, man,  
and putting yourselves  
on the line on a daily basis.

Wait. What are you doing?

Picture this, Paxton.

Big Ups touring  
the Florida Panhandle, right?

Gainesville, sold out.

Pensacola, sold out. Right?

And now it's Panama Beach.

Lights go down,  
and all you can hear is 7,500 girls  
screaming at the top  
of their lungs, right?

And the bass, it starts pumping.

Pump, pump, pump, pump.

The girls start jumping.

Jump, jump, jump.

Ricky and Jason, they hit the stage.

Dance, dance, dance, dance, dance.

What happens next, Paxton?

I don't know. What?

- An engine roars to life.

- What?

I mean, just fucking roars!

Who rises from beneath the stage?

- Who?

- Jesus.

The guy with the best hair  
in the business.  
- Paxton Harding!  
- Yeah.  
- In the goddamn Bandit Car...  
- What?  
...T- top, golden eagle on the hood.  
And the word is,  
it's one of only five used in the movie.  
And the girls, they love it.  
And you want to know why?  
Yeah. 'Cause we're good.  
You're goddamn right, you're good.  
You, my friend,  
are a full-blown rock star in that car.  
Holy shit. He might have him.  
I feel like I'm watching  
a wonder of nature,  
like a blue whale giving birth  
or a pig going down on a hyena.  
You know, Paxton,  
a man much wiser than myself  
once said that  
most men lead lives  
of quiet desperation.  
Now, do not silence Big Ups  
before the girls,  
nay,  
the world, has heard the first verse.  
Pump, pump.  
Pump, pump.  
Pump, pump.  
How much for the Trans Am?  
No payments till January.  
I'll take it!  
He did it!  
Who just got 80 grand  
for that prop, huh?  
- Big Ups!  
- Big Ups!  
This is the new band car!  
Yeah!  
Get it down!  
Hey, Brent, we would've had a wonderful

weekend up at that cabin, huh?  
You know what?  
I'm gonna fucking knock you out.  
You already have.  
Basically, I have to carpe diem here, lvy.  
See you!  
Well, it's official. I am single.  
I'm sorry, lvy. I was just selling a car.  
Are you? Are you really sorry, Don?  
Okay, you got me, I'm not sorry.  
You know what?  
Paxton and the Bandit Car  
were just parked on the spot  
where I intend to plant some roots.  
- You hear that, team?  
- What?  
What, honey?  
Cutting up the Hacienda Court card.  
Yep. I'm settling in Temecula.  
- Don!  
- Yep.  
I've been doing a lot of thinking  
about friends and family,  
and I decided that I can't care for them  
as much on the road,  
so I'm settling here.  
- Speaking of family, where's Blake?  
- Right here, Don.  
Come here, Son.  
Now, your father, he can't do anything  
about the past, but I'll tell you  
I can guarantee you I will always be  
there for you in the future, all right?  
Don, I'm like a foot taller than you.  
Hug your father.  
Come here, Son. There we go.  
Thanks, Dad. Daddy.  
I love it. As far as the beautiful  
lvy Selleck is concerned, she's it for me.  
- She's the one.  
- That was just a one-night stand, buddy.  
No, no, you're my woman.  
That's my son. Don't overthink it.  
Now, if someone went

and made a beer run,  
I think we'd have everything we need  
for a goddamn kickass party.  
DJ! Play We Are Family  
by Sister Sledge!  
Drop it!  
Finally! Somebody hit the nail on  
the head. That's what I'm talking about.  
That is a perfect song.  
What the fuck?  
I warned you over and over again  
not to tell me how to do my job.  
You brought this on yourself.  
Are you happy?  
Just play a good song!  
You got it, friend!  
Hey, McDermott, we did it.  
A happy ending!  
Yeah, if you call selling cars  
in Temecula a happy ending.  
Temecula is not  
even motherfucking Fresno  
Well, I'm gonna make the most of it.  
Ivy Selleck, come here.