

**ONLY DRIVEN BY AN OLD LADY**

A COMEDY SERIES

Created by Kenneth Segura Knoll

PILOT SCRIPT

"BORED AND BROKE"

TELEPLAY: DANIEL LANDES AND KENNETH SEGURA KNOLL

Based on a Treatment by Kenneth Segura Knoll

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### CAST DESCRIPTION

**HECTOR BARRIOS** - Hispanic in his late 40's. Married to Sylvia; they were high school sweethearts. They have two children, a daughter, Christina, who is in college, and a son Benny who is in high school. Hector is a college-educated, with a degree in Business. After college Hector chose to return home, to Albuquerque, and open an auto body shop specializing in low-rider cars. In high school, he was known as the "class clown with the nicest low rider". He is actively involved in community activities. He is very much a local hero. He is actively involved in the Catholic church and has a long-time relationship with the Priest, having served as an altar boy and he often went to him for advice about dealing with an addicted mother and father in jail. He

is a sharp dresser and takes every opportunity to dress up, especially his Zoot Suit look.

**SYLVIA BARRIOS** - Hector's wife who worked to help get Hector through college. She continues to be supportive of Hector. She runs the body shop's business office and is actively involved with her children's lives. She likes to dress up but has a completely different idea than Hector about what ONLY DRIVEN BY AN OLD LADY

**DAVIS JEFFERSON** - Davis, a tall African American, over 70, always wears denim jeans, high-top basketball shoes, and a variation of hooded sweatshirts with college logos. He is a former Semi-pro Basketball player. He retired as the Advertising Director of a Car Mall. He was never married. Happy-go-lucky, but, when necessary, he uses his size to enforce his way. Davis and Michael are old Army buddies.

**MICHAEL MORISON**- Michael is an English American, over 70. He is the sharper dressed of the group. Michael is a retired Chemistry Professor who loves to play practical jokes. Victoria's nickname for him is Professor Kelp from The Nutty Professor. Like Kelp, Michael is awkward but intelligent. After an incident at a local fireworks show, Michael has been barred from handling "explosive materials" by a Judge. His wife recently passed away.

**ROI PATEL** - Roi is an East Indian, 70+ who arrived in America ten-plus years ago. He is known to wear traditional Indian clothing for special occasions. Most of the time he wears white shorts, bright Hawaiian shirts, and Sandals. Roi loves to gamble and was known to buy in high-stakes games. Roi is retired but earns extra money selling jewelry (Native American Jewelry). The authenticity and value of the jewelry is questionable.

**VICTORIA STEVENSON** - Victoria is your typical "blue-haired" woman in Senior living facility. Always meticulously dressed - makeup is always perfect. Her personality is opposite of her look. She likes to visit Male Burlesque shows, is addicted to shopping - running up credit cards to limit and is known for

**TV PILOT: BORED AND BROKE**

FADE IN:

Albuquerque New Mexico

EXT. Uptown / Metro Mall - Mid Morning

HECTOR BARRIO, a slim Hispanic male in his late 40's, drives down the street in his 1979 Candy Apple Red El Camino. As he passes people on the street, they gawk and smile at his ride.

Hector pulls into the parking lot of the Uptown Metro Mall, where he sees a (needs a paint job) 1964 Chevy Impala driving around in circles. Several people are staring at the car, many of them laughing.

Hector stops his car, jumps out, and assesses the situation. He turns to a YOUNG HISPANIC MAN standing near him and nods.

Hector

Orale. What's going on here?

Young Hispanic Man

I don't know. She's been driving in circles for a while now.

Hector runs over and waits for the Chevy to come his way. As it passes, running along side the car, he reaches through the driver's side window and tries to reach the keys. The eighty-five-year-old driver, OLIVIA MARTINEZ, beats his arm away and tries to roll the crank up window up as Hector runs alongside the car trying to keep up.

Hector finally manages to squeeze his body halfway through the window as Mrs. Martinez continues to circle the parking lot. Hector finally reaches for the keys and turns off the ignition. The car rolls to a stop and people begin to applaud.

Exhausted, Hector staggers over to a curb and plops himself down as a police car arrives. Several people pat Hector on the back and walk off laughing as Hector checks out his favorite shirt that is torn.

SAME TIME

EXT. Historic Plaza - Day

Outside of a two-hundred-year-old adobe-stucco church - sign that reads: *St. Francis of Assisi*.

Plaza Park with a spattering of working-class cars and trucks in parking spaces. Directly across from church blue shuttle van with *Roosevelt Senior Living* on the side of it.

Narrow to

Inside the van is a hefty thirty-something driver/caretaker, CARL SPENCER. He's dressed in a white uniform and is eating popcorn by the handful as he studies his cell phone.

INT. *ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI* - DAY

Narrow to

Sunlight shines through a beautiful stained glass window and unto an urn, a folded postal uniform, and a postal bag located in front of an OLDER PRIEST, who is dressed in a black and white robe. The church is lit by an abundance of candles, but occupied by only a scattering of people, most in their seventies, eighties, and nineties.

OLDER PRIEST

May our Lord bless and comfort each  
of you during this time of grief...  
and may God give you the comfort  
and peace that you seek and may the  
soul of...

The priest pauses, looks at a piece of paper, and continues.

OLDER PRIEST (CONT'D)

And may the soul of Clarence  
Newman, a dedicated postal worker  
of forty years, rest in peace.

In the first row sitting alone is VICTORIA MAYS, an attractive, well-dressed, and vivacious senior. She dabs her eyes with a handkerchief and looks down as the priest closes his Bible.

In the fourth row is ROI PATEL, an elderly American East Indian, who is dressed in his native formal attire (a Sherwani with a pallu over his shoulder).

Next to him are two other elderly men, MICHAEL MORISON and DAVIS JEFFERSON. Michael is wearing a blue suit and a white shirt and tie. Davis, a tall African American, is wearing denim jeans, high-top basketball shoes, and a hooded blue sweatshirt. He also has a ball cap sitting on his lap.

As the priest signals everyone to stand, Michael pokes Davis, whose chin is resting on his chest and is sound asleep.

Michael stands and Roi and Davis join him. Michael makes the sign of the cross and looks at Roi, who rolls his eyes and wags his head no.

Davis is now looking for his cane under the bench in front of him. When he finds it, he hoists it in the air like he's just reached the top of Mt. Everest.

The priest, who is now walking towards the front of the church, sees Davis and frowns. Davis apologizes with his eyes and makes the sign of the cross with his cane.

EXT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING - AFTERNOON

Parked in front of the rest home is the van from the Catholic church parking lot. On the front of the lawn is a sign that reads: *Roosevelt Senior Living - There's No Place Like Home*

The one-story white brick building is surrounded by green grass, three willow trees, and several well-manicured beds of flowers and bushes.

INT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING - AFTERNOON

The interior of the senior home is decorated with several well-known artistic prints and numerous vases filled with artificial flowers. The furniture is mid-century modern and everything in the facility is exceptionally clean, except for a few of the patrons who have food and drink stains on their shirts, blouses, and pants.

A HANDFUL OF RESIDENTS, most of them female, are in the TV/Community room watching TV. Some are asleep, while others are looking around for anything unusual to happen.

Seated in the dining area at a table are Roi, Michael, and Davis. They are still dressed in their funeral attire and playing Texas Hold'em.

There are several one and five-dollar bills in the center of the table and a small bowling trophy.

Next to Michael is an empty chair and on the table in front of it is a pile of jewelry, including a silver pocket watch, three rings, and two pairs of gold cufflinks.

Michael looks at his two hole cards, tosses them aside, and picks up the two cards next to him. He studies the community cards in the middle, grabs the watch from the pile of goodies next to him, and tosses it in the pot.

MICHAEL

Clarence raises his watch.

DAVIS

Wait. What's it worth?

MICHAEL

Fifty bucks.

DAVIS

Think you need to get that thing appraised. Too rich for my blood.

ROI

I'm out.

Roi and Davis look at each other, shake their heads, and toss their cards away. Michael rakes in the pot and piles the winnings on the table space in front of Clarence's chair.

ROI (CONT'D)

Was he bluffing?

Michael looks at Clarence's two cards and shakes his head.

MICHAEL

Can't tell you. He wouldn't want you to know.

ROI

I don't like you playing his hand. It's cheating.

MICHAEL

A dead man can't cheat.

ROI

Clarence isn't the one cheating. You're looking at his cards.

MICHAEL

How am I gonna know if he should bet or not if I don't look at his cards?

DAVIS

I don't mind losing, but I hate losing to a dead man. We're dividing his winnings at the end, right?

MICHAEL

Just deal the cards will ya?

Roi deals two cards to Michael, Davis, and then to himself.

ROI

How'd you get away with stealing all of his crap?

MICHAEL

As soon as he kicked the bucket, I pilfered his room before anyone else could claim anything. Didn't think he'd mind. Wife is dead, no kids, and none of his relatives ever came to visit him.

Michael looks at his cards and then Clarence's cards. He tosses one of Clarence's rings into the pot.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)

Ten bucks.

Michael tosses away his cards followed by Roi and Davis.

ROI

I'm thinking about switching to Bingo.

MICHAEL

Clarence has never been much of a poker player. He's just on a lucky streak. If he keeps winning, we'll buy a bottle of Scotch with his earnings and toast him with it.

DAVIS

I like the drinking part. He keeps winning, we can buy a whole case of Scotch.

In the TV room, Victoria sits front and center in front of the TV. With the remote in her hand, she and several other well-dressed women are watching a daytime soap opera.



A commercial for *Roosevelt Senior Living* comes on and Victoria turns up the volume. The poker boys stop what they're doing and watch the TV.

(COMMERCIAL V.O.)

Located not far from the foothills of the Sandia Mountains, *Roosevelt Senior Living* is a place where you can relax and do whatever it is that makes you happy. Watch your favorite football team or view your favorite movie in our newly remodeled theater room. Sip a margarita in our courtyard or enjoy a special meal prepared by our very own chef...chicken cordon bleu, baked salmon in a lemon butter cream sauce, or a strawberry spinach salad...

DAVIS (CONT'D)

(points at the TV)

I'd rather have a cheeseburger, onion rings, and a beer.

ROI

I know Antoine's a hoity-toity French chef, but would it hurt him to cook me up some Masala dosa or Dal makhani? I was told when I moved in here that this place celebrated diversity. India has twenty percent of the world's population. Show me some love.

MICHAEL

Don't mind the food so much, but they don't mention they take your retirement check and social security. I am so tired of being broke and bored.

DAVIS

At least we can come and go as we please. God, I wish I hadn't sold my Harley.

ROI

I just wish I could go over to the Indian Casino and hit the all-you-can-eat buffet and play poker with some real players, not dead ones.

MICHAEL

Under the table money is what we need. A way to make a quick buck.

Victoria switches the channel and a show comes on with male strippers. Some of the women sit up and start to giggle. She quickly changes the channel to a program with wild animals and all the other patrons sigh and lose interest.

Victoria looks down the hallway, sees someone coming, and whistles at Roi, Michael, and Davis.

The guys immediately clear the table of money and jewelry, grab a bowl of mixed nuts from a nearby counter, and pour them into the middle of the table. Michael stuffs all of Clarence's money and jewelry down the front of his pants.

SANDY MALONE, an attractive and stoic tall blonde, rounds the corner and enters the TV room. She sees what's on TV, looks into the dining area where the poker boys are still trying to hide their stash and starts to move in their direction.

SANDY

Looks like the boys are up to no good again.

Victoria sees what's happening, takes the resident manager by the arm, and pulls her back around so she's facing the TV.

VICTORIA

You missed Clarence's funeral, Sandy.

SANDY

I know. I'm sorry, but I had to stay back with the other residents. And don't think I didn't hear you whistle warn your friends.

Sandy starts to leave again but Victoria points at the TV.

VICTORIA

Look Sandy... a black-billed cuckoo... a new world species from the Cuculidae family. Maybe that's the whistle you heard.

In a wheelchair not far from Victoria, HUGH BOWMAN whistles and flaps his arms like a black-billed cuckoo. Sandy looks at Hugh and smiles.

SANDY

Very nice, Hugh.

Hugh smiles and gives Sandy a thumbs-up.

VICTORIA  
The name comes from Ancient Greece.

SANDY  
Interesting.

HUGH  
Ya wanna hear my kookaburra?

SANDY  
Not now Hugh.

Hugh starts imitating a kookaburra, so Sandy signals a YOUNG FEMALE CARETAKER and she wheels Hugh out of the room while he continues to chirp the sounds of a variety of other birds.

Sandy adjusts her dress and walks into the "poker" room, where she sees the pile of nuts at the center of the table.

VICTORIA  
Gentlemen, I just wanted to say how sorry I am for the loss of your friend, Clarence. I know you'll miss him.

The men nod and Victoria's smile turns to a look of concern.

SANDY  
You're not playing for money again, are you?

Victoria arrives at the poker table and sits in Clarence's chair where Michael has just dealt his deceased friend two cards. Victoria tries to cover for her fellow residents.

VICTORIA  
Tell Ms. Malone how much the peanuts are worth, Michael.

MICHAEL  
Oh, yeah...not a damn thing. A peanut is worth a peanut.

VICTORIA  
And the cashew.  
Five times a peanut.

DAVIS  
Walnuts are worth ten and brazil nuts are worth twenty.

SANDY

(smiles)

And do you ever cash these nuts in  
for money?

ROI

Oh, no ma'am. We want to keep our  
nuts so we can play with them over  
and over again.

Davis pops a few nuts into his mouth, slaps Roi on the  
shoulder and Roi chuckles.

Michael laughs, but when he looks out the window he turns  
silent when he sees a red and white ambulance drive up.

The men get out of their chairs and head for the door.

EXT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING - LATER - AFTERNOON

TWO FEMALE CARETAKERS approach the back of the ambulance as  
TWO EMTS hop out of their vehicle. The EMTS begin to flirt  
with the young ladies, ignoring the reason they're at the  
home.

Several residents, including Michael, Roi, Davis, and  
Victoria, hurry out the front door to see what's going on,  
while several others simply sit in front of the TV asleep.

The OLDEST EMT helps Olivia Martinez into a wheelchair, while  
the YOUNGEST EMT explains the situation to Sandy.

YOUNGEST EMT

Mrs. Martinez there fell asleep in  
her car at the Uptown Metro Mall.  
We think when she woke up, she was  
so dehydrated and disoriented that  
she fainted. When she woke up, she  
started driving around in a circle.  
A local businessman come to her  
rescue and stop the car. I hear it  
was quite a show.

The older EMT pushes Mrs. Martinez towards the front door of  
the home as several residents follow behind listening to her  
rant about her trip to the mall.

Olivia

I'm perfectly fine. I was looking  
for my keys and I fell asleep. When  
I woke up, I thought I was on a  
Merry-go-round at the Ohio state  
fair when I was a little girl.

(MORE)

Olivia (CONT'D)

The next thing I know this man's trying to carjack my car. They made me leave it in the parking lot. I just know someone is going to steal it.

OLDEST EMT

The tow truck is on its way right now with your car.

As the EMT pushes Olivia inside the home, several patrons watch as a tow truck arrives with Mrs. Martinez's 1964 Chevy Impala in tow.

OLDEST EMT (CONT'D)

See, there it is.

The EMT pushes Mrs. Martinez into the home as she looks back at her car and continues to complain.

Olivia

My Medicare is not going to pay for that ambulance ride, and I sure as hell am not going to pay for any damn tow truck.

Sandy hurries past them and out the door. She walks over to the TOW TRUCK DRIVER and points to a parking lot next to the home, where several residents' older cars are parked.

SANDY

Park it over by the Buick Rivera. My life would be a lot easier if we could just rid of all these old cars. Every time a resident drives out my blood pressure skyrockets. Heck three quarter of the cars are no longer driven.

Sandy hurries back into the building.

The tow truck enters the parking lot and the driver detaches Mrs. Martinez's Impala from his vehicle. Michael, Roi, Davis, and Victoria help him push the car into an open space and then sit on the curb exhausted. Davis notices a yellow Chevy Malibu chained to a fence and nods at Michael.

DAVIS

Why is Arthur Hauger's car chained (with a very large sized chain that no bolt cutters would cut) to the light pole?

MICHAEL  
 (snickers)  
 To keep him from driving it.

ROI  
 Can they do that?

MICHAEL  
 No, Art did it? Locked her down  
 like and old ship.

DAVIS  
 That explains the size of the  
 chain. Why would he do that?

MICHAEL  
 So his oldest son couldn't take it.

ROI  
 That was one beautiful car in the  
 day.

VICTORIA  
 Art loves bragging about his  
 conquests in that car and that is  
 just time he has been here at the  
 home *(They all bust out laughing)*

The tow truck driver, who has been listening in, moves over  
 to the four friends and looks down at them.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
 Know a guy who might be interested  
 in these cars if ya wanna sell  
 them.

After the trucker gets back in his vehicle, Michael jumps up  
 and his eyes light up.

MICHAEL  
 Everybody on your feet.

Roi, Davis, and Victoria slowly climb to their feet.

MICHAEL (CONT'D)  
 Look around. Do you see anything  
 unusual about all these vehicles?

ROI  
 (raises his hand halfway)  
 They're like us...waiting for the  
 big tow truck in the sky to pick us  
 up.

DAVIS

Cuz no one drives them anymore.

MICHAEL

And?

ROI

Wait. There's a lesson here somewhere. What you're suggesting is we're like old cars because no one takes us for a spin anymore?

MICHAEL

That's not quite what I'm going for here...but...You heard Sandy say she wants these cars gone. I have an idea.

ROI

The sad thing is people die and the family sends these cars *to the car graveyard, the junkyard.*

MICHAEL

Don't you see? There's money to be made here. Like Davis just said, no one drives these cars anymore...and look what happens when they do.

ROI

Well in Martinez's case, she gave taking out for spin a new meaning.

MICHAEL

We can sell them...start our own car business.

DAVIS

Did that in my younger days, sold cars. I'm retired. Not interested.

MICHAEL

I never planned that retirement meant sitting around all day waiting for some meal you won't eat.

ROI

Okay, what's the plan?

MICHAEL

First, we convince everyone in the home to let us sell his or her car...with a twenty percent commission going to the four of us.

ROI

Real poker money...I'm in.

DAVIS

Wait? (he counts the five and then does math in his head) Twenty percent each? I'm in.

VICTORIA

I have two questions.

MICHAEL

Shoot.

VICTORIA

First, why would any of these people want to sell their cars?

MICHAEL

So, they can take a cruise!

DAVIS

A cruise?

MICHAEL

Yes. We'll tell them that the proceeds from the sale of their cars will pay for a trip to the Bahamas. One last vacation, so they can live it up...plus a little extra spending money.

VICTORIA

Just so happens I have a collection of vacation brochures in my room. My daughter's been trying to convince me to pay for her and her husband to take a cruise.

ROI

You have the funds for something like that?

VICTORIA

Yeah, I have some disposable cash stashed away. Matter of fact, I'll handle hiding the money.



MICHAEL

And your second question?

VICTORIA

How are we going to keep this whole thing a secret? I mean if Sandy finds out, she'll report us and they'll shut us down. Probably kick us out.

ROI

Well, there's always bribery.

MICHAEL

Bribery? Sandy did say she wished them gone.

VICTORIA

Sandy is saving up so she can pay for her wedding in six months.

ROI

Damn. I was thinking about asking her to marry me.

MICHAEL

Bribery it is then. Spread the word. Have everyone who owns a car bring their titles to Victoria's room right after dinner. Tell them to keep their mouths shut or we'll poison their jello.

DAVIS

Nobody eats the Jello I don't think that would work.

INT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING TV/COMMUNITY ROOM - LATER

The TV room is packed as some people try to watch TV. However, Michael, Davis, Roi, and Victoria, move from person to person whispering their sales pitch and handing out cruise brochures.

INT. VICTORIA'S ROOM - LATER - EVENING

Inside a small one-bedroom suite, Victoria sits behind a card table while a line of TEN RESIDENTS holding their car titles waits to see her.

The residents whisper to each other and laugh quietly as they take turns looking at each other's vehicle titles and cruise brochures.

Seated behind another table, Michael and Davis wait while two men argue about how much their cars should sell for.

Roi holds his finger to his lips suggesting they need to keep the noise down as looks down the hallway.

EXT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING PARKING AREA - LATER - EVENING

Roi busies himself by taking pictures with his cell phone of the cars and trucks in the lot that will soon be for sale.

## ACT TWO

EXT. HECTOR BARRIO'S BODYSHOP - DAY

Hector Barrio pulls up in front of his body shop in his El Camino. Hector Barrio, who is smartly dressed in "Vato" clothing, exits his vehicle and walks into his garage.

INT. HECTOR BARRIO'S BODYSHOP - DAY

Two mechanics, JULIO RODRIQUEZ and GOMEZ GARCIA, dressed in dirty t-shirts and overalls, are working on a low-rider car that is up on the rack.

Hector walks over to a paint booth, bangs on the window, and signals the painter, DOMINIC REYES, to put on his safety glasses.

Hector picks up a hammer on the floor, puts it on a shelf, and walks through the door leading to his office. There he finds his wife, SYLVIA BARRIOS, who is looking over invoices and payments due. The pretty Latino woman with long black hair looks up and frowns.

HECTOR

Why such a worried face?

SYLVIA

There's not enough money coming in  
and you're still extending credit  
to people who never pay.

HECTOR

We'll be all right. I'm going on a collection run later.

SYLVIA

You say that every day.

HECTOR

(chortles)

And every day I almost get paid.

SYLVIA

You laugh, but we don't have enough money to pay Julio, Gomez, Dominic on Friday...not to mention the electric bill is two months past due. Not to mention your daughter's College tuition is due.

HECTOR

We'll figure it out. God works in mysterious ways.

SYLVIA

Well, you'd better solve the mystery soon or we're finished... estamos acabados. And why are you wearing your Super Hero clothes?

Hector

Cause your Super Hero sprung into action this morning. I had to rescue a damsel in distress. And unlike other Super Heros, this Super Hero puts on his outfit after he.....

SYLVIA

....destroyed another good work shirt.

The office door swings, a younger version Hector (Benny) storms in.

BENNY

Dad I heard what you did. You chased a car down the freeway and saved a young women from a burning car.

HECTOR

Well mi hijo the story is growing every time it is told.

(MORE)

HECTOR (CONT'D)

It was an old lady and she lost control and the car was going maybe ten fifteen miles per hour in a circle and just jumped in and turned the key off.

Sylvia gives Hector a dirty look and addresses Benny.

SYLVIA

You out, and close the door behind you.

Benny exits and closes the door.

SYLVIA (CONT'D)

Do you drive around town looking for young ladies to rescue?

Sylvia watches as Hector circles several trophies sitting on the floor and walks to his desk.

HECTOR

She was old enough to be my mother. And she almost killed me.

He finds a pair of white coveralls hanging from a nail, slips them on over his clothes, and puts on some foot booties.

SYLVIA

Don't you have a car to finish, maybe we can get paid this week.

As Hector slowly walks to the door in turns.

HECTOR

Super Hero action tonight?

SYLVIA

Get out.

After he is gone she smiles and starts laughing.

INT. HECTOR BARRIO'S Garage - DAY

Hector is in the paint booth spray painting an Aztec design on the hood of a car as Julio, Gomez, and Dominic watch. Benny is sweeping the floor.

GOMEZ

(smiles at Julio)  
He is the master.

JULIO

Es El Rey.

DOMINIC

Yeah, he's pretty good.

EXT. HECTOR BARRIO'S BODYSHOP - LATER - DAY

The tow truck that delivered Mrs. Martinez's car to the Roosevelt Senior Living parking lot arrives. The driver starts to unload a low rider that has a roof smashed in as Sylvia exits the body shop and walks over to him.

SYLVIA

What do we have here?

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

The kid who was driving this car flipped it when he was hooping it sideways.

Hector, still in his painting clothes, exits the garage to see what is going on. Hector circles the vehicle in disbelief and turns to the tow truck driver.

HECTOR

Not a scratch on the sides. This car must have gone airborne and landed on its roof.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER

Beats me. Kids these days will try just about anything for a thrill.

The driver walks over, removes some paperwork from the front seat of his truck. He hands it to Hector, who looks it over. Gomez and Julio exit the garage and begin to look the car over as well.

JULIO

What pendjo destroyed this baby?

HECTOR

(scratches his head)

I know this car. This is Victor Martinez's ride. He owes me a whole lot of money for the paint job.

SYLVIA

Bet he will not be motivated to pay his bill now.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
He gave it to his son for his  
birthday. Bad mistake.

The tow driver hands the title to the vehicle to Hector.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER (CONT'D)  
Victor told me to tell you it yours  
now...for what he owes you.

SYLVIA  
Another Barrios special.

HECTOR  
Speaking of owing, how about  
seventy five bucks for bringing in  
the patient.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
Come on. You know I can't do for  
anything less than a hundred and  
quarter.

HECTOR  
Sylvia cut Hector a check.

Sylvia frowns and heads for the office.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
How's the low-rider business?

HECTOR  
Not what it used to be.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
It's a lost art I guess.

HECTOR  
Not lost... just dormant. Need to  
pivot my friend. Need to find  
customers that pay upfront.

TOW TRUCK DRIVER  
I have an idea where you might find  
some cars to trick out and sell...  
I delivered an old lady's car to  
the Roosevelt Senior Living old  
folks' home yesterday and they've  
got a lot full of classic cars.  
Talked to some guys and they're  
gonna try to convince the people in  
the home into selling them.

HECTOR

I can't afford to buy more cars,  
but they should hire me to upgrade  
their inventory.

Sylvia arrives with a checkbook, removes a check, and hands it to the tow truck driver.

INT. HECTOR BARRIO'S BODYSHOP OFFICE - LATER - DAY

Hector and Sylvia as in the office eating take-out food off of Styrofoam plates.

SYLVIA

We're down to the last of our  
savings, Hector, and I still have  
bills to pay.

HECTOR

All right, already. I'm off to bust  
some kneecaps.

Hector tosses his plate in the trash can, removes his coveralls, and heads for the door.

SYLVIA

(looks at Hector's feet)  
Think you're forgetting something.

Hector stares at Sylvia, looks down, and removes his shoe booties.

EXT. SOUTHSIDE ALBUQUERQUE - LATER - DAY

MONTAGE - HECTOR GOES ON A COLLECTION RUN

-- In a low-income business district in southwest Albuquerque (AKA the barrio), Hector drives slowly, oldies playing on the radio. People on the street and in doorways all greet Hector. Plenty of "Orales", "Buenos Dias", "Carnal" greet him.

As he drives past *St. Francis of Assisi* Catholic church, he sees a priest talking to some elders out front. The priest, who conducted Clarence's funeral, pauses and greets Hector.

OLDER PRIEST

Que Dios te Bendiga".

Hector crosses himself as he keeps driving.

EXT. BARRIO SOUTHSIDE ALBUQUERQUE

Hector is driving down a neighborhood street. He turns down an alley and pulls into a backyard parking spot. In the yard is a low rider.

HECTOR  
(talking to himself)  
Another Hector Barrios Special.

Hector gets out and inspects the car. He notices a scratch on the front fender and bends over to inspect it.

A voice from behind the back screen door gets his attention. He stays hidden behind the car. It is a young Chicano nicknamed PATO.

PATO  
Who's there...que queres? I'll put a cap in your nalgas. I have a cuente, so don't mess with me or my car.

Hector slowly stands up.

HECTOR  
It's me, Hector Barrios. I know you don't have a gun. Don't be a pendejo.

Pato storms out the door, wobbling as he walks, which is why he is nicknamed Pato-Duck. Hector steps out from behind the car and meets him halfway. They shake hands gangster style.

PATO  
What's up, what brings you to my hood?

HECTOR  
You said you'd come by Monday with some green love.

PATO  
My plans didn't work out bro and it's kind of your fault. I entered a car show. The first prize was a thousand dollars, but I took second place. Did get a trophy.

HECTOR  
And how is that my fault?



PATO

Your boy won with his truck "The Transformer". You taught the vato everything he knows. No one beats a Barrios ride.

HECTOR

So what about my money?

PATO

I get paid Friday afternoon bro, I'll have your money then.

HECTOR

If you don't pay, the love of my life will pay you a visit. She is taking over collections.

PATO

I don't mess with her. I saw her at the mall last week and she tried to stare me down. It took all my energy to look away. I started to sudar so bad I soaked my bandana.

HECTOR

(laughing)

She can bring a grown man to his knees with that stare. I'll see you Friday.

Hector gets in his car and starts it. He rolls the window down and calls out to Pato.

HECTOR (CONT'D)

Bring the car by the shop and I will fix that scratch. For free! Can't have my work disrespected like that bro.

EXT. THE STREETS OF ALBUQUERQUE - LATER - DAY

Hector stops at a rental home not far from his own house. He knocks loudly and waits. The door opens slowly. A YOUNG WOMAN, ERMA holding a SIX-MONTH-OLD-SON in her arms and a THREE-YEAR-OLD-DAUGHTER wrapped around her leg, stares at him.

HECTOR

Where is Nacho?

ERMA

He is at band practice.

HECTOR

Tell him I need payment of the car.

Erma surprises Hector by handing her youngest child to him. When she returns, she takes the baby back and hands Hector an envelope and plate of homemade tamales.

ERMA

He said to give you this envelope.  
And here are some tamales for you  
and your wife.

Hector stares at the tamales a moment, he looks in the envelope that has money (a good some of money). He pulls out a twenty dollar bill and gives it to Erma. She at first refuses.

ERMA (CONT'D)

No I can't this, I give you  
tamales.

HECTOR

Take it, you work hard selling  
tamales at the Dances. You deserve  
it.

### ACT THREE

EXT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING PARKING AREA - DAY

Michael, Davis, Roi, and Victoria peruse the parking lot admiring the cars that they have been commissioned to sell by the residents of the senior home.

The four business associates gather together in front an old motorhome for an informal meeting.

MICHAEL

So there we have it, nineteen cars,  
three pickups, and one motor home.

DAVIS

How many people aren't selling?

MICHAEL

Six, maybe seven, but I'm working  
on them.

ROI

First day on the job. This feels  
good.

MICHAEL

Enough talk. Where do we go from here? What's our business plan?

ROI

The best plan is no plan at all.

Michael, Davis, Victoria stare at him.

ROI (CONT'D)

Okay, so I just made that up.

MICHAEL

Come on. We need to take this seriously. Everyone gets a job.

VICTORIA

What we need are job assignments and job titles.

MICHAEL

Good start. Roi, you're our Sales Manager. Davis, Advertising Manager, and Victoria, Finance Manager.

VICTORIA

What about you, Michael?

MICHAEL

Director of Inventory.

Roi walks over to his car, unlocks the trunk, and removes a sandwich sign that reads *Patel's Indian Cuisine* and a can of black spray paint. He walks back to the group and hands Davis the sign and paint.

DAVIS

What's this?

ROI

It's from my old restaurant. Paint over it and work the sidewalk...Mr. Advertising Manager.

Roi and Michael laugh as they walk off.

VICTORIA

Wait guys!

The three men turn back and stare at Victoria.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Listen, if we are going to work together, I need to come clean about something.

ROI

Let me guess. You used to be a lady of the evening?

DAVIS

You like women.

MICHAEL

Come on guys, let her talk.

VICTORIA

We're all friends here, so I need to be honest about my past. Earlier in life I made some decisions that could have gotten me in big trouble with the law.

ALL THREE

What?

VICTORIA

Just so you know, I'm not proud of what I did, but I'm a different person now.

DAVIS

Were you a hooker?

ROI

I love hooker stories, let the woman talk.

VICTORIA

I wasn't a hooker. I was an embezzler. I worked as an accountant for a construction firm and figured out a way to divert some money my way...a lot of money.

ROI

What happened?

VICTORIA

Let's just say the company never found out.

MICHAEL

That explains why you always have money.

VICTORIA

Yes, I keep a few bucks hidden and give some to charity...my children.

MICHAEL

Thanks for the confession, but none of us are saints. Are we fellas?

Roi and Davis nod in agreement.

VICTORIA

I appreciate your understanding. That makes me feel a lot better.

ROI

We all have things in our past that would wrinkle your socks. Let's get to work and sell some cars.

EXT. ROOSEVELT SENIOR LIVING PARKING AREA - LATER - DAY

Hector checks his cellphone and slowly drives past the Roosevelt Senior Living facility. He spots the car lot the tow truck driver told him about and sees Davis Jefferson pacing the sidewalk with a sandwich sign reading: "Classic Cars For Sale."

Hector drives down a block and manages to make a U-turn on a narrow street. He drives back to the lot and parks his low rider carefully. When he looks up, Roi cranes his head at him, Davis drops his sign, and Michael does a one-eighty.

Not sure what to do, Hector vacates his car and starts to look at the vehicles on the lot. M,R, and D make their way over, start circling his car, and begin to ooh and awe.

Hector finally makes his way back to his Impala and the car dealers surround him.

MICHAEL

You do the work on this car yourself?

HECTOR

(smiles)

No, I stole this baby during my last drug run to Juarez.

DAVIS

They didn't stop you at the border?

ROI  
 (taps Davis on the arm)  
 He's kidding, doofus.

HECTOR  
 Yeah, I have a bodyshop a few miles from here. You got some primo cars here. Let me guess...only driven on Sundays by little old ladies.

MICHAEL  
 You're not far off, Mr....

HECTOR  
 Hector Barrios.

MICHAEL  
 (shakes his hand and points to his friends)  
 Michael Morison. This is Roi Patel and Davis Jefferson. Victoria Mays is in the motorhome doing some paperwork. She's our fourth.

HECTOR  
 And you're trying to sell all these cars?

Three cars pull up and park next to the lot. SIX PEOPLE hop out and begin to gawk at Hector's low rider.

After a couple of minutes, they wander off to check out the cars on the lot.

A few minutes later, two men return and look at the Hector's low rider again.

MAN #1  
 So if I buy one of those cars, how much to make it into a low rider?

HECTOR  
 Well, we're not really in business...

MICHAEL  
 (interrupts Hector)  
 What Mr. Barrios is saying is that we have two locations. First you pick out the car you want and then we take it to his low rider facility to complete the job.

MAN #2  
You got a loan program?

MICHAEL  
Cash only. That's how we keep our costs down. Right Mr. Barrios?

HECTOR  
Cash only.

MAN #1  
We got lots of cash.

MICHAEL  
Well if you will show me the cars you are interested in, Mr. Barrios here will meet us at the motorhome. Then you can explore your design options with him that will turn your classic vehicle into a sweet lowrider like this one. We're on the same page, right Mr. Barrios?

HECTOR  
I'll meet you at the motorhome.

Michael walks off with the two potential buyers and Roi and Davis shoulder up to Hector.

ROI  
I guess we're in business together.

DAVIS  
Not sure how this is going to work.

ROI  
Pretty simple. Hector here is going to send people our way to buy their classic cars and we send them his way to low rider them.

The three men awkwardly high five one another. Hector walks over to his car and grabs the tamales handing them over to the guys.

HECTOR  
Will just call this a bonus on the first sale.

**POSTSCRIPT**

INT. LOCAL COFFEE SHOP - DAY

Roi, Michael, Davis, and Victoria are scrunched together in a booth across from Hector.

HECTOR

One of you can sit over here with me if you want.

ROI

We're good. This is the closest I've been to a woman in ten years.

Victoria slaps Roi's arm and scoots closer to Davis. Davis smiles and Victoria shakes her head.

VICTORIA

Men.

ROI

Women.

MICHAEL

Okay, so we just sold three cars in four hours and they all want them turned into low riders.

VICTORIA

I think we have a business model that works.

HECTOR

Just curious. Do you guys have a dealer's license?

MICHAEL

No, not yet...but we do have a great warranty program that Roi came up with.

HECTOR

Oh, what's that?

VICTORIA

Excuse me.

Victoria nudges the guys to let out. They accommodate her. She gets out and turns to Hector.

VICTORIA (CONT'D)

Is there anything I can get you while I am up?



Hector reaches into his pocket and hands his keys to Victoria.

HECTOR

Would you mind getting the bag (bag with money he had received earlier) out of my car, it is in the glove compartment. This lunch is on me.

Victoria grabs the keys and heads out the door. The guys watch as she heads out the door.

ROI

Shouldn't we have all this in writing?

HECTOR

I'll make sure you have something by next Friday. I will have my lawyer draw up a contract for this new venture. I think we going to make a lot of money.

A young couple comes rushing into the restaurant.

MALE

There is a crazy lady out there, she is in a red car...

FEMALE

Beautiful low rider

MALE

She is hopping it! Almost hit us.

The guys rush to the window just in time to watch Victoria in Hector's car exiting the parking lot. The guys rush outside and watch as the car heads down the boulevard with an occasional hop along the way.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE COFFEE SHOP

Hector and the guys, along with a small crowd, from the restaurant watched in shock.

DAVIS

I vote we fire her from the company.

HECTOR

Looks like she is handling the car OK probably just taking it around the block.

ROI

My guess is the mall. She couldn't resist the money you sent her for. She loves to shop.

HECTOR

Just a little misunderstanding about what I wanted. Does she own a car?

MICHAEL

Doesn't even have a driver's license.

Right then a cop car pulls over and the passenger window lowers.

OFFICER TONY

Hector, what's going on?

HECTOR

Just a little misunderstanding Tony. A friend borrowed my car we think she might be having a medical problem.

OFFICER TONY

Jump in!

Hector jumps into the car and peels out with lights on and siren blasting. The guys watch in shock.

THE END