

MIKE / CINDY

HANDS ON A HARDBODY

47

(NORMA listens to her music.)

(GREG's head nods forward, then snaps back; he's perilously close to falling asleep.)

(CINDY enters to relieve MIKE.)

START

CINDY. Mornin', everybody! Hour number twenty-four!

(CINDY blows her whistle, then crosses into the dealership.)

You call Tennessee yet? Dan Frankel left three messages for you yesterday -

MIKE. Tell him to relax -

CINDY. I can't keep making up excuses; when you gonna call 'em back?

MIKE. Right now. Let's start their day off right. How many units we move so far?

CINDY. Depends; how'd you do last night?

MIKE. Two "be backs" and a tire kicker had a credit score of two-ninety-five.

CINDY. That it?

MIKE. How'd we do day-time?

CINDY. Paperwork on two hybrids.

MIKE. *(panic rising)* And - ?

CINDY. That's it.

MIKE. Bull shit.

CINDY. Not "bull shit," Mike. JACK SHIT.

MIKE. Holy Christ. Fuck me! *Nada?*

CINDY. Look, Mike, this thing ends, and we got a surplus? *They'll say we're nothing but a candy store!* You'll be busting your guts to sell teasers to deadbeats -

MIKE. Damn it, Cindy -

CINDY. - and we'll be a Home Depot faster than you can say "jackrabbit" -

MIKE. - *quit bitchin' like it's all my fault* -

CINDY. I didn't order extra units in a crap economy; you did!

STOP