

VALET VICE

Written by

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INT. CONVERTIBLE - LATE MORNING

MIKE (24) shifts the stick of a elegant convertible. His hair flows gracefully in the breeze. Quick shots of the car juxtapose smoothly with sexy music.

MOBSTER (O.S)
You fuckin' retard.

The car stops immediately and dies.

EXT. RESTAURANT FRONT - LATE MORNING

Mike had only driven ten feet. A well-dressed, buff MOBSTER (45) approaches the car, finger drawn toward the quivering valet, Mike.

MOBSTER
Do you even know how to drive a stick shift?

MIKE
Yeah...of course.

MOBSTER
Well then you are just a shitty driver.

MIKE
I'm not Formula 1, but---

MOBSTER
Listen, you piece a shit. If you put even the slightest, and I mean slightest, scratch on this car I'll cut off ya fucking pee pee and sell it on ebay.

Mike is wide eyed.

MOBSTER (CONT'D)
I'm going to be back here in EXACTLY one hour, and I want the car waiting right here when I do.

Mike doesn't say a word.

MOBSTER (CONT'D)
What are you slow? You got that?

MIKE
Yessir boss.

The mobster walks into the restaurant carved out of the bottom floor of a hotel. Mike turns back to the wheel and looks down at the stick shift.

MIKE (CONT'D)
I really shouldn't have lied on my application...

EXT. PARKING LOT - LATE MORNING

The convertible aggressively lurches forward into a space and Mike slams the break.

MIKE
Man, this car is awesome. Why can't I have a car like this?

GARY
Because you're a valet.

GARY (30), the balding Valet Manager, walks up to the car.

GARY (CONT'D)
Do you even know how to use a stick shift?

MIKE
Of course I do.

GARY
Look. I did your brother a favor by hiring you. Do you want to be unemployed again?

MIKE
(squints eyes)
No?

GARY
Then fucking act like it, and get your shit together.

As Gary walks away, he passes AUSTIN (24), handsome, unshaven, and unintelligent, a weird cross between grunge and hipster.

AUSTIN
Hey Gary.

GARY
Fuck off loser.

Gary gets into a corvette and drives away. Dust sputters into the air. Austin coughs and turns to Mike's car.

AUSTIN

Nice guy...where do you want to go?

MIKE

For what?

AUSTIN

For lunch. Why else would I be here?

MIKE

I thought you were returning my DVD box set of Gilmore Girls.

AUSTIN

I told you. I don't have it.

MIKE

Well I need to finish up here. Meet me out front?

AUSTIN

Alright.

Austin attempts to hide a slight limp as he walks away. Austin turns back to Mike.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

I really don't have it, Mike.

MIKE

Sure, Austin.

Austin exits. Mike digs in his pocket and finds the windshield tag. He fits it around the rear view mirror.

Suddenly, "99 problems" by Jay-Z blares through the car. Confused, Mike looks for the source. He feels underneath the driver's side seat and produces a ringing cell phone.

Mike is about to ignore it, but at the last minute he answers the phone.

MIKE (CONT'D)

Hello?

An Italian MOB BOSS (50's; heavy set, angry, bald) grunts at the other end.

MOB BOSS (O.S.)

You fuckin' piece of shit.

MIKE

Excuse me? I think you have the---

A MOB SOLDIER cuts him off Mike's plea.

MOB SOLDIER (O.S.)

FUCK YOU.

CUT TO:

INT. MOB DESK - LATE MORNING

The Mob Boss speaks from a large wooden desk. A MOB SOLDIER (20s) just on the other side of the desk brings a bat down on a unseen victim who cries out in anguish.

MOB BOSS

(to Mike)

Excuse me.

The Mob Boss addresses the Mob Soldier who interrupted his conversation.

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)

Could you keep it down? I'm on the phone.

MOB SOLDIER

Sorry, Boss.

The Mob Soldier puts the bat away. He covers the mouth of his victim. Muffled screaming can still be heard as he the mob soldier starts to punch the man on the ground. The Mob Boss slowly puts the phone back up to his face and addresses Mike.

MOB BOSS

You didn't think I'd hear about this?

MIKE (O.S)

Look I'm not sure if---

MOB BOSS

You shut the fuck up you fucking asshole. If you don't do exactly what I say, and I mean exactly. I'll have your dick for dinner. Are you listening, Mike?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATE MORNING

Mike looks down at his name tag.

MIKE

You'll have my dick for dinner?

MOB BOSS (O.S.)

So I've got your attention.

INT. MOB DESK - LATE MORNING

The muffled screaming is louder.

MOB BOSS

Good.

The Mob pulls the phone away from his face briefly.

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)

(to mob soldier)

Hey.

MOB SOLDIER

Yes, boss?

MOB BOSS

Still a little bit loud.

MOB SOLDIER

Sorry boss, won't happen again
boss. Not again.

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATE MORNING

MOB BOSS (O.S)

What I was saying---

BANG BANG

CUT TO:

INT. MOB DESK - LATE MORNING

Two gun shots cut off the boss. The man's muffled screams go silent. The Mob Soldier, suddenly realizing he made another error, looks wide-eyed toward his pissed off boss.

MOB BOSS
(to Mob Soldier)
Are you done?

MOB SOLDIER
Yes, boss.

MOB BOSS
Goo---

MOB SOLDIER
Just one more thing, boss.

The Mob Boss eyes him angrily.

MOB SOLDIER (CONT'D)
Where should I dump the body? The
body window or the garbage window?

MOB BOSS
The body window?

MOB SOLDIER
The body window is looking a lil'
bit full, boss.

MOB BOSS
Then the garbage window.

MOB SOLDIER
That's looking a lil' bit full too,
boss.

MOB BOSS
Hmmm...how about both?

MOB SOLDIER
Ah, very good boss, very good.

The Mob Boss goes back to the phone while the Mob Soldier
looks down at the body, then back up to his Boss. The Mob
Boss pulls the phone away.

MOB BOSS
WHAT?

MOB SOLDIER
Nothin' boss.

The Mob soldier bends down and starts to work on the body.

MOB BOSS
What I was saying before we were so
rudely interrupted--

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATE MORNING

Mike has the phone pressed well against his ear.

MOB BOSS (O.S.)
---was that you're going to sell
ALL of the "pet" food in the back
of that fucking car by Friday. Or
else...

MIKE
You'll eat my dick?

INT. MOB BOSS - LATE MORNING

A smile cracks across the mob boss's face.

MOB BOSS
Exactly.

The Mob Soldier pops up from behind the table. He reaches down and grabs the man's arm and heaves it onto the table. He grabs a meat cleaver from inside his suit jacket.

MOB BOSS (CONT'D)
Best of times, Mike.

The Mob Soldier brings down the knife it slices through the arm. Blood gushes everywhere. Covered in blood he looks up to the Mob boss, questioningly.

MOB SOLDIER
Did Johnny drink all the club soda?

CUT TO:

INT. CAR - LATE MORNING

Mike slowly pulls the phone away from his face.

EXT. STREET - LATE MORNING

The convertible shoots out of the valet parking lot.

AUSTIN
HEY what the hell?

The convertible stops just ahead of Austin and Austin runs to the car.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
What are you doing man? You almost hit me.

MIKE
Quick, get in. There's no time to explain.

AUSTIN
Is this a joke?

MIKE
No. Just get in.

AUSTIN
Alright. Alright.

Austin starts to walk to the passenger side door.

MIKE
HURRY.

AUSTIN
Jesus man, calm the fuck down.

Austin gets in the car. Mike floors the car as he looks behind him.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)
So where are we going to eat?

MIKE
What? How is that your first question?

AUSTIN
I'm hungry. Also, I'm trying to distract myself from my ball hair.

MIKE
What?

AUSTIN
Well, I usually use my noise hair clippers to trim them out, but last night I decided to shave my balls instead.

MIKE

Austin, I fail to see how this--

AUSTIN

I'm trying to save you a lot of effort. The regrowing process isn't too bad on the balls, but if you get any of the shaft hair you are going to be in a world of hurt.

MIKE

You're not going to ask why I am driving a convertible?

AUSTIN

I figured we'd cover that at lunch. That's also why I didn't mention the pubic hair stuff right away. Honestly, sometimes we run out of conversation topics. Got to spread that shit out.

The car turns into an alley.

MIKE

I'm in trouble.

AUSTIN

Me too. I think my stomach is a black hole. I ate like three egg McMuffins this morning and 2 hours later I'm starving. Nothin' Subway can't help.

He throws up his hand.

AUSTIN (CONT'D)

Am I right? Come on, I know you like those meatball subs.

MIKE

Someone is trying to kill me.

AUSTIN

Who? Jared?

MIKE

Who?

AUSTIN

The subway guy.

MIKE

For fuck sake Austin I'm not
talking about Subway!

Austin is spacing off.

AUSTIN.

I bet you Jared shaves his balls.

CUT TO: