

**THE DEALERSHIP**

Pilot Episode: "Free Coffee"

Written by

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**EXT. MICHELIN TIRE DEALERSHIP - MORNING**

Establishing shot of a licensed Michelin dealership — royal blue sign with a yellow streak and that puffy Michelin Man.

**INT. SALES OFFICE - MORNING**

JOHN JOHNSON (40s, nursing an "I Like Big Cups And I Cannot Lie" oversized coffee mug) checks his watch — *it's time*.

John rises from behind his desk, turns to the camera.

JOHN  
Showtime in Tire City.

John walks across the dealership to the SELF-SERVE COFFEE STATION. He straightens the Bean of the Week placard. It reads: "Costa Rica, Terrazu."

JOHN  
(smelling the coffee)  
*Delicioso.*

John continues to the front door. As he rotates the OPEN/CLOSED SIGN he notices something outside. He shakes his head at the camera — *unbelievable*.

DING. The front door CHIMES and swings open.

BOYLE (50s, crooked smirk, crispy khakis) enters. Boyle pretends to admire a rack of tires on his way towards the--

John cuts Boyle off before he reaches the Coffee Station. A tenseness bubbles below their platitudes.

JOHN  
Boyle, so nice to see you.

BOYLE  
Good morning, John.

JOHN  
You're back. Again.

BOYLE  
That I am. But not by choice. Not by choice, John.

JOHN  
What brings you in this morning?  
Everything okay with the tires?

BOYLE

You know what? No, actually.  
Everything is not okay with my  
tires...

Boyle is distracted by the sight of DWIG (30s, official Michelin sales rep, weekend D&D Dungeon Master) pouring himself a hot cup of joe.

JOHN

What's wrong with your tires,  
Boyle?

BOYLE

It's the rubber... you know, where  
the rubber meets the road. There's  
something wrong with their...  
*friction.*

JOHN

Uh-huh. I see. The brand new tires  
that I sold you four weeks ago...  
they're already worn down?

BOYLE

Yeah, no. Not that exactly. They're  
screeching when they should be  
humming.

(then)

I'm getting a *SCREEECH* sound when I  
should be hearing a *HMMMMM* sound.

JOHN

A screech sound?

BOYLE

Yeah-huh.

JOHN

Instead of a hum?

BOYLE

Bingo.

JOHN

All right, Boyle, is there any  
other reason, anything at all, that  
brings you in today?

Dwig is joined at the coffee station by MELBA (60s, Sweet 'N Low hoarder). Dwig pours Melba a cup of coffee, then bows, offering her the coffee like its a sacred Samurai sword.

DWIG

M'lady.

CLOSE ON: the cup of steaming coffee. Boyle can't look away.

JOHN

Hello, Boyle?

(beat)

Boyle!

BOYLE

Yeah. Yeah. Yes, John.

JOHN

Have you had any coffee yet today?

BOYLE

Who me?? Oh, I'm caffeinated.

John isn't convinced.

JOHN

You came in three weeks ago because there were too many "rubber hairs" on your tires. Is that right?

BOYLE

An over-abundance of rubber hairs.

JOHN

An abundance of rubber vent spews. God forbid. If I remember correctly I was serving a Columbian Supremo that day.

BOYLE

If you say so. Olé.

JOHN

Two weeks ago you demanded that we rotate the front driver side tire with the rear passenger side tire because your equilibrium was off-kilter.

BOYLE

(twisting his back)

I have scoliosis.

JOHN

Right. I served a Tanzania Peaberry that week. Ringing any bells?

BOYLE

Not a thing.

JOHN

Last week, four days ago, with a fresh brew of Ethiopian Yirgacheffe in the pot, you insisted the tire pressure of your perfectly-pressurized Primacy Tour A/S Tires was too high.

BOYLE

I felt a little, just a little bit, too buoyant. I don't like floating above the waterline. I like to glide just below the surface.

JOHN

I'm sure you do.

(then)

And now you're here, when I'm serving a rich Costa Rican roast, because your tires are SCREEEECHING instead of HUMMMMMING.

BOYLE

Okay, John. You know what, you're right.

JOHN

Oh, thank the lord.

BOYLE

You must have a sixth sense or something because you read me like a book. You're absolutely right...

(beat)

I haven't had any coffee this morning.

Boyle makes a move for the coffee station. John manuevers himself in front of Boyle.

JOHN

(mocking Boyle)

SCREEECH.

BOYLE

What are you doing?

JOHN

Employees and customers only.

John and Boyle lock eyes for a long beat.

MATCH CUT TO:

**I/E. CAR - DAY**

CLOSE ON: Boyle's eyes.

Boyle drives away from the dealership. He checks his rearview mirror, sees John standing with his hands on his hips.

Boyle turns back to the road. His serious facade cracks into a smile.

He sips a cup of dealership coffee — *victory tastes good.*

**EXT. ROAD - DAY**

We pull back to reveal FOUR BRAND NEW MICHELIN TIRES strapped to the roof of Boyle's car.

We pan down to the exact same tires, just as new, already on Boyle's car.

CUT TO BLACK.

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Episode 2: "The Getaway Driver"

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**EXT. MICHELIN TIRE DEALERSHIP - DAY**

Establishing shot of a licensed Michelin dealership — royal blue sign with a yellow streak and that puffy Michelin Man.

**INT. SALES OFFICE - DAY**

DWIG (30s, prone to flights of fantasy) sits behind a desk. He speaks to the camera.

DWIG

I like to think of us as less of a dealer and more of a ship. Whether smooth or rough seas, we sail forth.

The camera pans to a rack of tires on the salesroom floor then back to Dwig.

DWIG

Which, of course, makes me quartermaster. And I run a tight ship.

JOHN JOHNSON (40s, wielding a "The Original Bib" coffee mug) leans into the office.

JOHN

Dwig, what are you doing at my desk?

DWIG

Sorry, sir.

Dwig stands up holding John's stapler.

JOHN

What, no. Don't call me sir, Dwig. Just get out there and make a sale.

Dwig salutes John with the stapler.

DWIG

Aye aye, sir.

(then)

I mean, okay, John. Just gotta hit the head first.

JOHN

Leave the stapler.

DWIG

Of course.



**INT. SALESROOM FLOOR - DAY**

Dwig wipes his still-damp hands on his pants then turns to John, visible through the office window, and shoots him with pistol fingers.

Dwig turns back to the salesroom floor, sets his sights on a LONE SHOPPER.

DWIG  
(to camera)  
Looks like somebody's lost at sea.

Dwig floats over to the Shopper, stops right next to him, and focuses his attention exactly where Lone Shopper is looking. This is Dwig's sales tactic. It makes Shopper uncomfortable.

LONE SHOPPER  
(breaking the ice)  
That's a nice set of "shoes".

DWIG  
You know what, I was thinking the exact same thing.  
(then)  
Pilot Sport 4 S. Beautiful tires.

LONE SHOPPER  
I'm looking for something fast.

DWIG  
Okay, slow down, partner.  
(putting his hand out)  
The name's Dwig. You are?

LONE SHOPPER  
(lying)  
Lawrence.

"LAWRENCE" shakes Dwig's hand, pulls away as quickly as possible.

DWIG  
Okay, Lawrence, let's begin at the starting block. What're you looking for exactly?

LAWRENCE  
I need something fast. The fastest tires you got.

DWIG

Let me try that again. What kind of vessel are you helming? What kind of driving do you do?

This line of questioning unsettles Lawrence.

LAWRENCE

What exactly are you getting at?

DWIG

No, I didn't mean anything by it.  
Let me start over one more time.  
What type of car do you drive?  
(then)  
Let me guess: something fast.

Dwig looks out the glass front doors, notices a beat-up pickup truck parked out front.

DWIG

Is that your vehicle, Lawrence?

LAWRENCE

It is, yeah, but I don't need tires for that. I need tires for my geta--  
(catching himself)  
For my other, for another car of mine.

DWIG

And this other car, what are we talkin'? A Mustang? Corvette?

LAWRENCE

It doesn't matter what it is, Dwig. I just need the fastest tires you got. I don't know how I can spell it out any clearer.

DWIG

No, I get it. I respect your need for speed, Lawrence, I really do. But, look... see these Pilot Sport 4 S's you were looking at? Reliable, max performance summer tires. These are the fastest tires we've got for pickup trucks.  
(beat)  
Our Pilot Sport All Season 4 tires over here — excellent grip in both wet and dry conditions — those are the fastest puppies we've got for SUVs.

(MORE)

DWIG (CONT'D)

(beat)

And our Pilot Sport Cup 2 Connects  
— ultra-high performance, legal  
for street tire racing categories  
— those are designed for Porsches  
and Ferraris.

(then)

You catching my drift here?

Lawrence concedes nothing.

DWIG

If you're buying tires for a sports  
car blink twice.

Nothing from Lawrence.

DWIG

If it's a sedan don't do or say  
anything.

LAWRENCE

(finally cracking)

Okay, fine. It's a van. One of  
those big repair vans. I'm not a  
repairman or nothin' but that's  
what I'll be driving for this job.

(realizing he said too  
much)

Crap.

DWIG

So you're not a repairman but you  
drive a repair van for a different  
job that you perform?

Lawrence mad-dogs Dwig — *no more questions.*

DWIG

My uncle was a plumber. I know the  
type of van you're talking about.

(then)

Follow me.

Dwig leads Lawrence to a rack of tires across the salesroom.

DWIG

When will you be doing most of your  
gallivanting?

Lawrence still isn't answering.

DWIG

Do you see yourself driving in the snow with this vehicle?

LAWRENCE

No.

DWIG

That is helpful. Thank you.

(then)

Any reason you'd be going off-road with this van of yours?

Lawrence contemplates, looks up at the ceiling to think. He gestures with his hands, air-mapping some sort of route.

LAWRENCE

The last part cuts off the main road so, yeah, a little bit of off-roadin'. But it's only a one-time thing so, like I said, just give me the fastest tires you got.

DWIG

The last part? A one time thing? You're not robbing a bank are you?

Lawrence becomes anxious and edgy.

LAWRENCE

What? No. What?!

(beat)

Robbing a bank?

Lawrence turns to leave, knocking over a tire pyramid.

DWIG

Where are you going?

Lawrence pretends to take an important call.

LAWRENCE

(into his phone)

Little billy? An emergency operation?! I'll be right there!

Lawrence collides with the front door, pushing instead of pulling.

DWIG

Don't be a stranger!

Lawrence skids away in his pickup. Dwig watches him go.

John, hands behind his back, joins Dwig on the floor.

JOHN

What was that all about?

DWIG

People just don't value expertise  
these days.

JOHN

Some people are clueless.

DWIG

You can say that again.

John reveals a spray bottle and rag from behind his back and  
shoves them into Dwig's chest.

JOHN

You're turn to clean the poop deck.

CUT TO BLACK.