

BEST OFFER

Written by

Ben Wynn Barrett

LOGLINE: An arrogant young man must show he is worthy of buying his dream car by impressing the car's seller, fussy curmudgeon.

Benofryer@gmail.com

615-987-6259

1 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 1

Fingers dance across a keyboard.

On the monitor: "'For Sale' listings of classic cars."

EVAN, 20s, pricy casual wear, chin held high, sits at the computer. Car mags and manuals cover the desk.

He pauses on a listing: " 73 White Duster"

Evan bounces from his seat to the window and opens the blinds, to see...

2 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S GARAGE - DAY 2

...the very same 73 White Duster.

3 INT. BEDROOM - DAY 3

Evan looks back at the car listing on the computer, it reads: "Best offer/willing to negotiate."

He dances, pumps his fist.

Evan then scrambles out of the room.

4 EXT. NEIGHBOR'S GARAGE - DAY 4

Out of the shadow of the garage limps OLLIE, 60s. He plops down on an old lawn chair by the car. He pats the fender.

Turning his head, he sees...

Evan trots down the street towards him.

Ollie grimaces.

Evan stops at the front of the car.

EVAN

Hey man! Name's Evan. I never knew  
you had this hiding! I've been  
looking for one! Know all about it.  
I'd like--

\*

Ollie turns his gaze away from Evan.

OLLIE

---Ok. What's your offer?

EVAN  
Fifteen hundred.

SUPER-IMPOSE: \$1,500

OLLIE  
Boy, I thought you knew all about  
the car. Too low. Name's Ollie by  
the way.

EVAN  
Alright. Ollie. Looks pretty solid.  
Kinda rusty. Twenty-five hundred.

SUPER: \$2,500

Ollie sighs, rubs his hands and knuckles.

EVAN (CONT'D)  
Thirty-two kay?

SUPER: \$3,200

OLLIE  
I think there's another kid down  
the street who actually knows about  
this car. He'd do forty-five.

SUPER: \$4,500

Evan paces away, then back, and folds his arms...

EVAN  
Look, its my dream car. I've really  
got the money, What is the bare  
minimum?

Ollie looks up smugly and signs with his hands: "6,000".

\*  
\*

SUPER: \$6,000

\*

EVAN (CONT'D)  
What?!

OLLIE  
Oh wait...

He pantomimes answering a phone call with his cell.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

Yes? Uh-huh. Ok! Thank you.

(hangs up fake cell)

This guy just said he'd come get it  
for seven thousand!

SUPER: \$7,000

EVAN

That wasn't a...You're impossible!

OLLIE

You want it? Eight thousand!

SUPER: \$8,000

Evan steps forward.

EVAN

Why do you keep raising the price?  
If you don't want to sell it don't  
bother putting it up for sale!

Ollie scoffs and waves him off.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Tell me!

OLLIE

You come up to me, you don't talk  
to me, you don't inspect the car,  
or ask questions.

Evan puffs out his chest and glares.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

This was my first car. I learned to  
drive with this, met my wife in it,  
taught my daughter how to drive in  
it. You can't buy that!  
You just waltz up in your fancy  
clothes with big attitude and don't  
see any of that! Fifteen-thousand!

SUPER: \$15,000

Evan pulls back.

EVAN

I saw you selling it and I just...I didn't think about all that. Must be nice, all those memories.

Evan runs his hands over the fender.

Ollie notices.

EVAN (CONT'D)

Sorry.I'll go man. But... If it's not too much trouble, it'd be cool to see it run.

Ollie mutters to himself, nods.

OLLIE

Get the hood. My hands aren't as good as they used to be. The carb is finicky.

Evan pops the hood as Ollie slides into the driver seat.

He turns the key, the car struggles to CRANK - once, twice thrice...

OLLIE (CONT'D)

(still cranking)

Now try the--

...Evan leans over the engine and fiddles. The CAR ROARS to life.

Ollie raises an eyebrow, then moves to stand by Evan, who marvels at the running engine.

EVAN

Amazing. Fifty years old, and it works. All stock. You don't change a thing on a car like this. Its like a time machine.

Ollie struggles to hide a smile.

OLLIE

If it was yours... you wouldn't change a thing?

Evan looks at him quizzically and nods.

OLLIE (CONT'D)

If you promise not to change  
anything on it, only repair things,  
and take me to the corner store  
from time to time, maybe we can cut  
a deal.

EVAN

No way. I... that's.. I promise!  
Absolutely! But why?

Ollie grins and motions Evan to the driver seat.

Ollie closes the hood.

INT. CAR - DAY

Evan pulls out of the driveway, Ollie with him.

5

EXT. NEIGHBORHOOD ROAD - DAY

5

The old car shows its dusty glory as it slides out the drive  
way.

It picks up speed and ambles down the road, but SPUTTERS AND  
STALLS. The ENGINE WHEEZES a few times before HUMMING back to  
life.

OLLIE(V.O.)

That needs to be fixed. I can show  
you how.

EVAN (V.O.)

Sounds great. Thanks, Ollie.

The Duster cruises off into the light.

SUPER: Priceless.