

**"The Total Awesomeness of Cars That Fucking Rock"**

by  
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**INT. TV STUDIO**

A dimly lit decent-sized rectangular room. Though pretty dark, a few TV-cameras can still be seen.

TAAAAAADAAAAAHHHHHHHH

A totally over-the-top bombastic theme tune suddenly blares from hidden speakers.

Lights come up and reveal:

The AUDIENCE. An overly happy bunch of clapping bozos. And though they look like your everyday Joes and Jills...

...you just know that these fuckers are all out-of-work actors and actresses just begging, nah, fucking pleading, for that teeny bit of exposure that they think will kickstart their careers...

The totally over-the-top bombastic theme tune finally fades and a spotlight centers on the host, CINDY (20s).

The audience hoot and cheer.

CINDY  
Wassup! Welcome everyone to this  
edition of --

She turns to the audience, expecting a reply.

AUDIENCE  
Cars that fucking rock!

This might be the place where you're wondering "what the fuck is a chick doing hosting a show about cars?".

Well, as her name may (or may not) imply, Cindy's fucking hot! I'm talking smoking here! And while she may not have a whole lot of brain cells, she's got it where it counts...

...in the titty department.

And as you're about to find out, big tits sell big cars, small tits sell tiny Japanese hybrid I-run-a-thousand-miles-a-gallon type of cars.

And cars like that just don't fucking rock. Period.

Cindy turns - with a nice swoosh of her blond hair - and faces the camera. The cheers die down - on cue, of course.

CINDY

Boy, have we got a show for you tonight. Jim Massey from Goddamn General Motors is with us today to introduce the brand new, much anticipated Hummer...

(let's it linger for effect)

...the motherfucking Hummer X!

The audience explodes in a cacophony of canned OOOHs and AAAHs.

CINDY

Thaaaat's right, so let's bring out Jim. Jim? Get yo ass out here.

The anticipation in the studio builds as the spotlight swings to an alcove, from where...

...JIM MASEY (40s) enters. Now, while Jim might appear like a real dirtbag slickster, the man's got one cool way of carrying himself.

Jim waves to the crowd and gets a nice long hug from Cindy - bastard.

Oh yeah, the crowd's cheering like fucking idiots.

JIM

Thank you, thank you.

CINDY

God, this is so fucking exciting. A new Hummer? How long's it been since you came out with the last one.

JIM

A few weeks.

CINDY

And already you've got something new for us. Wow. Just, fuck me, wow.

JIM

Well, you have to stay hip to the groove.

CINDY

(nods)  
Right on.

JIM

At G.M., we've got our noses to the asphalt, you know what I'm saying, listening to the streets.

CINDY

To get a feel for the customers, I imagine.

JIM

Well, yeah, but mostly the designers.

CINDY

Of course. Now tell us a bit about the new Hummer. I hear it's a motherfucking work of art.

JIM

Cindy, I'll do you one better. How 'bout I show you?

Cindy's eyes go wide in a totally over-acted moment of surprise.

CINDY

Well. I was not expecting that, Jim.

(turns to the audience)

What do you say, cocksuckers? Do we wanna see the new Humveeeeeeeee?!

And, surprise-surprise, the audience shout out in retarded unison:

AUDIENCE

FUCK YES!

CINDY

That sure sounded unanimous, Jim.

JIM

It sure did, Cindy.

CINDY

Bring that fucker out!

A terrifying rumble builds and builds and builds. The whole set shakes.

JIM

Ladies and gentlemen, I give you...

The back walls glide apart and reveals --

A WHEEL

JIM  
The Hummer X.

What the fuck, you say?

The motherfucking vehicle is so gigantic that there's only room for one the front wheels on the set - and that's barely.

The audience gawk at the monstrosity, almost a Zen-moment, like "it has arrived".

Cindy coughs and waves away exhaust fumes.

JIM  
How about that "new car smell", huh?

CINDY  
Fan --  
(coughs)  
-- fucking --  
(coughs)  
-- tastic.

She peers up and up and up.

CINDY  
Holy shit.

JIM  
Yeah, you know, there are two kinds of drivers out there, the ones that wanna get noticed and the ones that wanna die.

CINDY  
This is true.

The audience nod to each other.

JIM  
Obviously, driving this car you'll get noticed BUT, more importantly, killing people is now that much easier.

CINDY  
Really?

JIM  
Sure, you just drive right the fuck over them.

The crowd goes:

AUDIENCE

Ahhh.

CINDY

So, in fact, you're solving two  
fucking problems at once.

JIM

Fuck yeah.

CINDY

Wow. Now speak to me a little  
about fuel consumption. The H3  
drove fourteen miles per gallon.

JIM

With backwind.

CINDY

And this does...?

JIM

Twenty.

CINDY

Twenty? That's fucking amazing.

JIM

Yards.

CINDY

Yards?

JIM

That's right.

CINDY

That's, like, also fucking amazing.  
(turns to the audience)  
Isn't that right.

Lotsa nods, lotsa uh-huhs.

JIM

Maybe some spastic out there thinks  
that's not a whole not.

CINDY

Not in here, Jim. I think it's  
super fucking fantastic.

JIM

I appreciate that, Cindy, but for the non-believer out there, can I just add: kiss my sweaty nuts you fat fucking soccer-mom cunt cum-silo...and further add that the gas tank holds one thousand gallons?

CINDY

WHOA!

JIM

I fucking shit you not. So, really, if you break it down, this big ass motherfucker takes you just as far on one tank than one of them gay Prius' do.

CINDY

Well, that shit's settled, I think.

JIM

Yeah, me too.

CINDY

What about colors? Does it come in yellow?

JIM

Sorry, Cindy. This car comes in two colors and two colors only: black and camo.

All the men in audience hollar like motherfucking crazy - Testosterone 'R' Us. HOO-HAA!

CINDY

Sounds like a homerun, Jim.

JIM

(shrugs)  
Really, only fags would want a yellow Hummer.

CINDY

(snickers)  
True. Anyway, safety's always been a big factor when designing a new car...

JIM

Sure.

CINDY  
So, in a nutshell, is this car  
safe?

JIM  
Cindy, not only is the Hummer X  
*uber* safe defensively speaking, but  
this sucker takes it to 'em.

CINDY  
Oh, do tell.

JIM  
If you order the DriveBy™ kit, one  
push of a button will instantly  
transform The X to a fucking  
ruthless killing machine. I'm  
talking spiked wheels...

AUDIENCE  
Ahhh.

JIM  
...foghorns, windshields and, are  
you ready for this?

CINDY  
Shoot.

JIM  
Sidedoor-Mounted-Armor-Shredding-  
Hellfire-Eradicator-Reciprocity, or  
simply "SMASHER".

CINDY  
Fuck me! Sounds awesome. What  
does it do?

JIM  
Blows shit up.

The crowd goes fucking bananas with cheers.

JIM  
We did thorough on-site field tests  
in Compton and everything worked  
fucking beautiful.

CINDY  
Yeah, I heard gang violence was  
down, was that you?

Jim sends her a goofy smirk.

JIM

We do what we can with what we've got.

CINDY

Indeed. Briefly, if you can touch upon the sheer size of this fucking monster. Some might say --

JIM

Cindy, please. Yes, ultra liberal left wing motherfucking cocksuckers will bawl about how big this car is but, c'mon, this is America, right? We're a nation of lard and we need fucking elbow room.

CINDY

Yes, we do.

JIM

And if we can't have it, we tend to get very angry. And when we get angry we kill a shitload of people. Now, if the choice is between this car and another Columbine, then I know damn well what I'ma choose.

CINDY

That's no choice at all.  
(to the audience)  
Ain't that right?

AUDIENCE

Hell yeah!

CINDY

Now...the price. Surely this masterpiece must cost a fortune.

JIM

Yes. Of course it does. But please consider, that buying this car will not only keep the auto-industry afloat, but the American economy as a whole. Every time some jackass out there buys a fucking Honda, I lay-off a hundred people.

Jimbo turns and faces the camera. In a moment of nauseating melancholy, he makes his plea:

JIM  
Please, buy this car and save the  
American economy.

He fights back tears - that's right, the cocksucker is actually crying like a girl.

Cindy slides on over and puts a comforting arm around him. She, too, is on the verge of tears.

Together they just...fucking stand there. Deep breaths, trembling lips.

The audience, which has now turned into a regular Kleenex fest, stare on, mesmerized.

Finally...

JIM  
I'm okay.

Applause breaks out. Light at first but that quickly morphs into a Goddamn standing ovation.

Jimbo wipes his eyes, nods his appreciation. Cindy squeezes his shoulder and faces the camera.

CINDY  
Environmental friendly. Safe.  
Tough on crime. The car to save  
our economy --

JIM  
And it blows shit up.

CINDY  
And it blows shit up. You name it,  
it's got it. A change has come all  
right, and it's name is...

She looks at the audience out of the corner of her eye.

AUDIENCE  
HUMMER X!

TAAAAAADAAAAAHHHHHHHH

The totally over-the-top bombastic theme tune screams back on.

Jimbo waves his good-byes to the audience.

CINDY

That's all we have for you tonight,  
but be sure to check in next week  
where we air our special "Brakes.  
Are they overrated?". Some say  
"fuck yeah", what do you say?  
(winks)  
Until next week.

The lights a dim and this time - thank you, God - everything  
goes:

BLACK

THE FUCKING END