

FAIR'S FARE

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FADE IN:

INT. BODY SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

A worn out wood counter, business cards under plexiglass. Old tube TV in the corner and a key rack sans keys.

GUY TREADWELL (30s), wrinkled mechanic's uniform and greasy black hair, slinks behind the counter from an adjoining door.

GUY

Yes?

FLOYD HERBERT (60s), an unassuming, polite old fella, waits patiently at the counter. He fishes through his pocket.

FLOYD

Oh, my Becky needs an oil change.

Guy cranes his neck, peers past Floyd through the front window of the shop.

EXT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Out front, a TAXI. A yellow and white '88 Caprice that's seen its share of miles, but not without a healthy dose of TLC.

GUY (O.S.)

Becky, huh?

INT. BODY SHOP - OFFICE - DAY

FLOYD

Yup. Me and her been together, shit, prob'ly before you were born.

Floyd hands over the keys.

GUY

Yeah, yeah. Great. Half an hour.

FLOYD

Alright then. I'm gonna head on over to the donut shop across the way. You want a cup of coffee?

GUY

Hmm? Oh. Yeah. Thanks.

The door closes, a bell TING TINGS. Floyd heads through the lot and crosses the street.

INT. BODY SHOP - DAY

Guy pulls the car into the privacy of the shop.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Big, spacious interior. Everything's pretty clean.

Guy spots a dog-eared Rand McNally on the floor and snickers.

But something else catches his eye, looks out of place -- a SMART PHONE in a dock to the right of the center console.

Out of curiosity, he touches the screen. It flashes on. A quick image of a HOT CHICK appears.

GUY

Hey now!

Just as quickly, she's gone. He taps the screen to no avail. Shrugs his shoulders, reaches down and pops the hood.

INT. BODY SHOP - LATER

Guy under the hood. Pulls out the dipstick.

GUY

Goddamn thing's almost full. Stupid old man.

He inches away from the car, checks outside the garage. The coast is clear.

Guy slyly grabs a quart of oil from a work bench, goes to the car and pours it in the engine. Screws the cap, claps his hands, calls it a day.

GUY

Thirty-seven fifty, sucker.

He drops the hood and gets in the car.

INT. TAXI - DAY

He goes to start her up when --

The phone comes to life again. HOT CHICK'S back --

PHONE SCREEN

-- and she's a wet dream like you'd find on a poster in the bathroom of a place like this. A sultry, strawberry blond in high heels, wearing overalls and holding a wrench.

Guy's eyes light up.

GUY

Couldn't stay away, huh?

She winks.

BECKY

I'm Becky Sue. You can call me Becky.

GUY

Well, hi Becky.

BECKY

Hey there, Guy.

He does a double-take.

GUY

Whoa! You know my name. Must be some kinda interactive holograph.

BECKY

Mmm hmm. You wanna see more of me?

Her seductive eyes playfully rise as she unzips the top of her overalls, revealing two swelling wonders tucked into a tight blue bikini top.

She licks the tip of the wrench.

GUY
Oh, daddy like.

BECKY
You want more?

He nods furiously.

INT. DONUT SHOP - DAY

Floyd sips his coffee, checks his watch. Calming Muzak audible in the background.

INT. TAXI - DAY

BECKY
Well, you just climb into that back seat, sweetie. Buckle your safety belt, and I'll show you everything.

Into the back seat he goes. He grabs the seat belt, looks down. SNAP goes the belt. Looks up and --

TING! POOF!

BECKY
Hi stud.

Guy SQUEALS.

It's Becky. In freakin' person! Right next to him, wearing nothing but that blue bikini with deliciously tanned, on-the-money curves.

GUY
Omigod! Wake me up, I must be dreaming. This can't be for real.

BECKY
Say, you're kinda cute. You want me to perform fellatio on you?

GUS
Felat-a-what?

BECKY
 (eye roll)
 A blow job, silly.

Guy unzips his pants like lightning. It's the fastest he's moved all day.

GUY
 Fuck yeah. I don't care if you're one of them holo-delusions. You're hot!

Becky throws her hair back like a movie star, lowers her head into his lap and... Stops.

GUY
 Whatsa matter, honey? Too big for ya?

Becky's cheeks puff up like a scared blow fish. Her eyes go double-wide and --

BLEAACHH! She up-chucks BLACK, sludge-like BILE all over Guy's horrified face.

GUY
 The fuck--!

And she's not through. She deposits more black sickness onto his lap, slowly raises her head and wipes her mouth.

BELCCHH!

GUY
 The hell's wrong with you?!

She composes herself long enough to look him in the eye and -- *CRACK!* -- HEAD-BUTTS him. Nose broke.

She grabs him by the collar.

BECKY
 Listen to me, asshole. And listen good. This is what happens when you don't change my oil regularly.

GUY

What?

BECKY

You wanna see what else happens when
you have a dirty ass engine?

Guy's head darts, not knowing what to expect or where to expect it from. He tries to wriggle free, but the belt won't give.

POP. Now the doors are locked.

Becky twists, turns, raises her spectacular ass level with Guy's nose and cracks a rat in his face. *PHBBTTTT!* A dark cloud of smoke exits her butt.

BECKY

You don't change the oil it fucks up
the exhaust, moron! You understand the
harm that can do to the environment?

GUY

At least I topped it off, you crazy
bitch!

BECKY

Top this off!

EXT. TAXI - DAY

The taxi violently rocks back and forth, smoke billowing,
farts flowing like Cabernet at a Christening.

BECKY (O.S.)

You smell that? Huh? Huh?

GUY (O.S.)

(choking)

Jesus H. Christ, yes...

INT. TAXI - DAY

Guy is reeling, about ready to vomit himself when Becky sits
back down. She reaches between her legs.

GUY

No more. Please. I can't. I...

A thick, black, veiny DILDO rises into view in front of Guy's panic stricken eyes.

BECKY

You know what happens to an engine
when there's not...

(stretches the words)

... *proper lubrication?*

Guy loses the ability to speak. Becky slowly lowers the dildo.

BECKY

That's what I thought. Now lookit,
dipstick. You're gonna get your stupid
ass back out there and give me five
quarts of fresh oil and a shiny new
filter. You understand me?

He nods like his life depended on it.

BECKY

And if you take one, teeny tiny little
motherfuckin' shortcut...

The thick, black dildo rises again.

GUY

Okay! Okay!

BECKY

Good.

TING! POOF! She vanishes.

INT. BODY SHOP - OFFICE - LATER

Guy leans against the counter wearing a thousand yard stare as
Floyd strides back in.

FLOYD

I got your coffee. Wanna settle-- Oh!
What the fuck is that?!

It's the big black dildo, resting on the counter.

Guy raises his hands, at a loss.

FLOYD

Alright, well that's between you
and... Okay. How much?

GUY

No charge.

He hands the keys to a stunned Floyd.

FLOYD

No charge? Are you sure?

GUY

Uh huh.

FLOYD

Well, that's some real nice southern
hospitality there. I'm gonna hafta
remember you.

Floyd heads for the door. Stops. Whirls.

FLOYD

Oh, and by the way...

Guy looks up.

FLOYD

You should see what happens when you
treat her nice.

Floyd flashes a giant, shit-eating grin. Wink wink.

FADE OUT.