

The douchey-looking City Manager, SAGE (early 40's, lost his virginity to an escort) strikes the gavel.

Sc.1 Start

SAGE

Next up, proposed ordinance 2301.
It is my great privilege to welcome
to the podium Private Car's CEO,
and Dallas' own, Ethan Cox.

Sc.1 End

The DOUBLE DOORS OPEN and a SEA OF LIGHT blasts in. A repetitive clank of HORSE-BIT GUCCI LOAFERS echoes through the cavernous high-ceilinged chamber. As the light flare burns away, we get the first glimpse of our hero:

ZEBRA SUIT, DIAMOND ENCRUSTED AVIATOR SUNGLASSES, those same RINGS and WATCH, and a bad-ass hair-do greased six inches into the air. If Elton John and Tom Cruise had an attention-seeking middle child, ETHAN COX (early 40's, white) would be it.

REPORTER

(whispers to second
reporter)

Must have left the rhinestone belt
at home.

Just then Ethan swings a rhinestone encrusted oversized BELT which had been on his hip, front and center. The reporters SNICKER.

As Ethan approaches the podium he blows a KISS to a gorgeous, buxom, PLATINUM BLONDE, sitting in the aisle, who GLARES at the shit-talking REPORTER. This is STEFANI (27, lives on "likes"), Ethan's social media influencer girlfriend.

Ethan takes off his sunglasses, and approaches the mic. He flashes a big, sparkling grin.

ETHAN

The Computer Chip. The ATM. The Super Bowl Cheerleader. Society changing inventions that have but one thing in common: They were each invented in Dallas.

The city council members smile.

Not bad. DOTTY

Not bad. ETHAN

*

They laugh.

DOTTY
 Equal partners. 50/50. And from here on out, we only telling the truth. Real resumes. Real backgrounds. Real everything. Deal?

He reaches out his hand. THEY SHAKE.

95 INT. SODA BAR - ROOFTOP - NIGHT

95

Once again, the swanky rooftop bar is PACKED to the gills.

As 90's Eurodance hits blare through the speakers, Ethan and Dotty try to squeeze through Dallas' hottest cavalcade of pretense.

DOTTY
 What *is* this place?

ETHAN
 This is the room where it happens.

Finally we get to our back corner, where SAGE sits on a couch with a very attractive MODEL (late teens, one can only hope).

Sc.2 Start

SAGE
 There he is!

Sage stands and the MODEL flits away.

SAGE (CONT'D)
 And you must be Dotty.

DOTTY
 What gave it away?

ETHAN
 (screaming over the music)
 This place is getting too popular for its own good!

Sage throws back a shot.

SAGE
 (screaming to Dotty)
 Ethan and I were old frat buddies at Tech!

(MORE)

SAGE (CONT'D)
 Nobody thought either of us would
 amount to shit. Now look at us!

Sage gives another passing MODEL a SQUEEZE. She giggles.

DOTTY
 Now look at you.

ETHAN
 (screaming)
 Should we go someplace a little
 quieter?

CUT TO:

(Cont.)

96 INT. SODA BAR - VIP BACK ROOM - A FEW MINUTES LATER 96

Sage is looking over the documents.

SAGE
 Very interesting.

Beat.

SAGE (CONT'D)
 Rides for the needy. Who woulda'
 thought?

ETHAN
 The ROI is nearly doubled. Cash on
 cash...

SAGE
 (cutting him off)
 I get it. And Brannigan's on
 board?

Ethan looks at Sage. Hesitates. But he catches Dotty's eyes.

ETHAN
 Not exactly.

Sage raises an eyebrow.

ETHAN (CONT'D)
 Can we count on your help?

Sage takes a long look at Ethan. Grins.

SAGE
 For Sigma Chai's Goon of Fortune,
 champion? Of course, old chap!

Sc.2 End