

# DETROITERS

Pilot Episode

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THIRD DRAFT

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. HOT TUB STORE - DAY

We open on the hustle and bustle of a local commercial shoot. LEA, a black Goth girl, 18-25, adjusts the lights pointed at the store as SAM, on the phone, carries a bucket of water.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE (O.C.)  
 (rehearsing his lines)  
 It's me, Dexter Champagne, the Hot  
 Tub King of Detroit.

SAM  
 (on phone)  
 Thanks Philipe, I owe you one.

TIM stands with DEXTER CHAMPAGNE, an honest-to-god Detroiter, wearing a king's crown, a velvet robe and holding a scepter.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
 Dexter Champagne, the Hot Tub King  
 of Detroit.  
 (then, changing emphasis)  
 The Hot Tub King of Detroit.

TIM  
 Dexter, try "The Hot Tub King of  
 Detroit."

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
 (matching)  
 The Hot Tub King of Detroit.

SAM  
 Hot Tub King of Detroit.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
 The Hot Tub King of Detroit.

SAM  
 Dead on.

TIM  
 Absolutely perfect.

Dexter smiles and crosses off, reading his "script."

TIM (CONT'D)  
 That the hot water?

SAM  
 Yeah, I just microwaved it for five  
 minutes.

Tim dips his finger into the bucket and REACTS.

TIM

Give it another minute. I want it pipin' hot.

SAM

(nods, re: phone)  
Philippe called. They're at the Chop House.

TIM

Then let's get movin'.

Sam crosses off as Tim rally's the troops.

TIM (CONT'D)

Okay folks! It's been a long day, let's make this the one. Ready Lea?

LEA

Yeah, I just wish we had a crane so I could come sweeping in, you know, give it a more epic feel.

TIM

Great idea, maybe for this one, just point the video camera at Dexter and hit record. Annnnnnnd... Here we go Dex, one take Dex, energy Dex... Action!

EXT. LEA'S CAMERA'S POV / EXT. HOT TUB STORE

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE

Hey there folks, it's me, Dexter Champagne, the Hot Tub King of Detroit.

Tim reacts, he nailed it.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE (CONT'D)

Come on down to my castle of affordable hot tubs. And if you don't like my prices... I'm gonna be the one in hot water.

Boiling water dumps on Dexter's head. He YELPS as we reveal Sam on a stepladder, standing over Dexter, holding the overturned bucket with oven mitts, smiling like a kid.

TIM  
Holy shit that looked hot. Cut!  
What do you think, Sam? Should we  
do another take?

SAM  
("are you crazy")  
We can't top that.

TIM  
You're right. That's a wrap!

SAM  
Let's move. We can make it to the  
Chop House by dessert.

EXT. HOT TUB STORE / INT. TIM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

As Tim and Sam get in their car, Dexter rushes over.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
Hey, hey, guys, aren't we gonna do  
one take with my son?

He nods to his SON, a dullard in a matching crown and cape,  
as DEXTER'S WIFE fusses over him, with an eye on Dexter.

TIM  
Ah, Dex. The kid's just not a star.  
You got it, he don't.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
(flushes, then)  
Yeah, you're right. I'll break it  
to him. Go on, get outta here.

Tim and Sam peel away in their car.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE (CONT'D)  
You guys are the ad kings of  
Detroit!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLES

CUT TO:

EXT. THE CHOP HOUSE - DAY

Tim and Sam screech into the parking lot.

INT. TIM'S CAR - MOMENTS LATER

Tim grabs a bottle of A-1 Steak Sauce and dabs a bit on his tie then, with great precision, flicks some on Sam's shirt. Sam looks down and nods, "perfect." They grab a couple of blazers from the back seat and head inside.

INT. THE CHOP HOUSE - DAY

Tim and Sam enter, smoothing their coats, passing PHILIPPE, a busboy with a nametag, who points to the table where GRANT CARTER, played by Jason Sudeikis, holds court. Everybody's laughing over coffee and the last bites of dessert.

ANGLE ON: Grant's table.

GRANT CARTER  
(finishing a story)  
...hand to god.

YOUNG FORD EXECUTIVE  
(laughing)  
What'd you do?

GRANT CARTER  
What'd I do? What could I do? I  
paid for the coffee, picked up the  
dog and told the cop I was with  
animal control. Undercover.  
(then)  
I still have the dog.

The table laughs. Sam and Tim head over, freeze, argue, then Sam pushes Tim forward. Tim takes out his cell phone.

TIM  
(in phone)  
A million dollars? Nope, not  
enough. Hey pal, don't poop on me  
and say it's chocolate soup.  
(then, to Grant Carter)  
Grant? Grant Carter, VP of  
Marketing for the Ford Motor  
Company?!

GRANT CARTER  
Yeah, have we met?

TIM  
No, but we have seen your picture  
on the Internet.

SAM

It is crazy that we coincidentally  
ran into you at this lunch meeting.  
(shaking hands)  
Hello, Sam Duvet.

TIM

(shaking hands)  
How ya doin', Tim Cramblin,  
Cramblin Advertising.

GRANT CARTER

Cramblin Advertising? You Hank  
Cramblin's son?

TIM

That I am.

SALLY POMERANTZ

Wow. Hank Cramblin. An absolute  
legend in advertising.

GRANT CARTER

You guys know Sally Pomerantz, head  
of creative for Leo Burnett?

ANGLE ON: SALLY POMERANTZ, 40-50's', slick, intimidating.

SALLY POMERANTZ

I've lost more accounts to that man  
than I care to remember. How is your  
dad?

TIM

He's in the nut house. He's insane  
now. Having a conversation with him  
is like talking to Bugs Bunny.

SALLY POMERANTZ

Oh. Well, next time you see him,  
tell him Sally Pomerantz from  
Chicago said hello.

TIM

He won't understand that.

SAM

Sally Pomerantz.  
(shaking her hand)  
Just as lovely as I've often imagined.  
Wrong color, but just as lovely.

Sally reacts, Sam smiles charmingly.

TIM  
He imagines everyone black.

SAM  
I suppose it's because I'm black.

TIM  
Could be, could be. Look, Grant,  
we're on our way out because we  
already ate here, look at the  
stains on our ties...

Tim and Sam hold up their ties as proof, showing everyone.

TIM (CONT'D)  
("puts it together")  
And I guess you're hearing pitches  
for the new campaign. Well, our  
firm has decades of experience and  
we'd love to show you our ideas.

Grant looks them over.

GRANT CARTER  
Have I seen your work?

TIM  
Sure. American Airlines. Coca Cola--

GRANT CARTER  
Not your father's. Yours.

TIM  
Oh, uhhhh...

Sam jumps in, proud.

SAM  
Big Stan the Carpet Man. Harry  
Dean, the blind lawyer. Smith's  
Baby & Teen Kid Furniture.

The Young Ford Executive, 30's, at the table launches into a  
classically awkward yet catchy local commercial jingle.

YOUNG FORD EXECUTIVE  
(singing)  
SMITH'S BABY AND TEEN KID  
FURNITURE.

TIM  
That's us.

SAM  
Guilty.

GRANT CARTER

Yeah, that's a catchy song. But your firm may not be what we're looking for right now.

TIM

Yeah, you're probably going with these guys from Chicago. Which makes sense 'cause that's where you make your cars. No, wait, you don't. Where do they make 'em, Sam?

SAM

They make 'em right here in Detroit.

TIM

That's right. Come on, Grant, you make your cars here, make your ads here.

GRANT CARTER

(beat, then)

You know guys, it took a lot of balls coming in here like this.

TIM

We were already eating here.

GRANT CARTER

(smiles, then)

Come on by. Tomorrow, nine o'clock.

TIM

My wife and I were gonna have dinner but I guess I can move it.

GRANT CARTER

A.M.

TIM

Makes way more sense. Yup, we'll be there.

SAM

Gentlemen.

(then)

Mrs. Pomerantz.

SALLY POMERANTZ

(automatically)

Ms.

Sam reacts, Sally Pomerantz flushes. Tim and Sam exit.



EXT. THE CHOP HOUSE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam calmly, confidently exit the steak house and then once they're out of view from the patrons inside...

SAM

Oh god, I can't believe that worked!

Tim and Sam bend over and vomit on the sidewalk. As they hunch over, spitting and wiping their mouths.

TIM

I was so scared in there!

SAM

I couldn't tell, you were great.

TIM

You mean it? Thanks, pal.

Sally Pomerantz, and her two executives, walk by Tim and Sam on the way to their car.

TIM (CONT'D)

Hey, how are ya?

SAM

May the best agency win!  
(dry heaves)

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT ONE**



SHEILA (CONT'D)  
Can I just leave it there?

TIM  
Yes, please.

Sam grabs the pencil and hands it to her as she leaves. Tim and Sam ad-lib their good-nights as Lea pops in.

LEA  
Good night, Sheila.  
(to Tim and Sam)  
You guys ready to take a look at  
the Hot Tub Commercial?

TIM  
Ah, can't, not tonight, Lea. Go on  
and do it yourself.

LEA  
You sure?

SAM  
Lea, you're in film school. You can  
edit a hot tub commercial by  
yourself.

LEA  
I have final cut?

TIM  
Sure, you have "final cut." Go nuts.

Lea smiles, empowered, and exits.

TIM (CONT'D)  
Okay, no more screwing around.  
Ford. More Ford. Ford Store.

Sam shoots the Nerf basketball, Tim gets the rebound.

SAM  
Ford, you need it, so buy it.

TIM  
Hey dummy, buy a Ford.

Tim shoots, Sam gets the rebound.

SAM  
Picture of a newborn baby.  
Underneath it: Ford.

Tim blocks Sam's shot. Sam reacts.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - LATER

Tim and Sam play a ridiculously intense game of basketball. We see shots, blocks, grunting, then a fast montage of calling their own fouls: "Foul!" "Reaching in!" "Double Dribble!" "Three seconds!" "Technical!" "Crab Dribble!"

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam drives to the basket and Tim, cupping his balls, takes a charge that knocks him to the ground. He pops back up...

TIM  
Charge! Shooting two!

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim shoots free throws while Sam kneels under the basket banging thundersticks.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam backs Tim into "the post." Sam spins to shoot and SLAMS the window with his elbow.

TIM  
Whoa. I can't believe that didn't  
break the window.  
(taps window)

SAM  
It's almost like it's unbreakable.

Tim and Sam look at each other.

SMASH CUT TO:

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim throws a heavy tape dispenser against the window. He and Sam react as the window doesn't break.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

We see a montage of Tim and Sam throwing various office supplies at the window, laughing and screaming like maniacs as the window remains unbroken.

INT. CRAMBLIN ADVERTISING/TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam clear off a desk, lift it, run across the room, into Tim's office, and throw it at the window. The window remains unbroken as the desk hits the ground. They cheer!

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Sam finds a giant old prescription bottle of Phenmetrazine in the wreckage of the desk.

SAM

Check it out, old diet pills from the 60's. They're basically speed.

ANGLE ON: Tim.

TIM

Huh, you think it would be safe if we tried some of those?

ANGLE ON: Sam, his mouth already full of pills.

SAM

(mouth full, shrugs)  
I don't know.

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam are rolling.

TIM

Open on! A dad driving like a maniac through the pouring rain in his brand new Ford Focus--

SAM

Across town we see his daughter enter a tattoo parlor--

TIM

She hands a pile of cash to the guy at the counter--

SAM

Huge biker type, bad dude, neo-Nazi.

TIM

She points to a sign that says "nipple piercing." She takes off her shirt, pulls down her bra and we see everything.

SAM  
Yes!

TIM  
Cut to!

SAM  
Dad racing through town.

TIM  
Close up!

SAM  
We see the biker's meaty, hairy  
hand as he grabs the daughter's  
nipple--

TIM  
Pulls it out as far as it'll go--

SAM  
It's farther than you think--

TIM  
Way farther--

SAM  
He pierces the nipple. Daughter  
gasps, drop of blood falls down her  
milky black breast--

TIM  
You mean milky white breast?

SAM  
Huh, I pictured black--

TIM  
Keep going!

SAM  
In the reflection of the drop of  
blood falling down her breast we  
see the father standing at the  
window.

TIM  
He sighs, smiles and says, "My baby's  
all grow'd up. Gotta let her fly."

SAM  
Ford: Time to Fly.

They run around the office celebrating. They nailed it.

INT. 7 BROTHERS BAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

Tim and Sam drink beers at a bar frequented by hard-drinking blue-collar Detroiters of all ages and ethnicities.

TIM

The more I think about it, I don't think we can show a boob in a commercial.

SAM

Ah, it's always one little thing.

They see GEORGE, 40-60, the Macedonian bar owner.

TIM

Hey George. Two beers?

GEORGE

You got it. Two beers. Hot or cold?

SAM

Cold.

TIM

Come on, man.

George starts pouring two draft beers. At the end of the bar we see an old man happily blowing on his glass of beer as if it were hot soup. Sam notices the TV above the bar.

SAM

Oh, Dexter should be coming up.  
George, can you turn up the volume?

George nods and violently smacks the TV with a broom handle.

SAM (CONT'D)

Thanks, George.

TIM

Jesus, man.

Angle on: The TV above the bar. Fictional news anchor, LOU BUXOM, with a chalk body outline graphic over his shoulder.

LOU BUXOM

And that's one murder... that had a happy ending.  
(chuckles, then)  
And we'll be back with sports and weather after this...

EXT. HOT TUB COMMERCIAL (FULL SCREEN)

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE

Hey there folks, it's me, Dexter Champagne, the Hot Tub King of Detroit.

The screen freezes and turns to black and white as a tense violin begins to play.

LEA (V.O.)  
Heavy is the head that wears the  
crown.

EXT. HOT TUB STORE COMMERCIAL

Dexter, unaware he's being filmed, sits on a milk crate, takes off his crown, rubs his head and sighs, sadly.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
(beat, then disgusted)  
Ah, man.

The camera pans to reveal Dexter's Son staring into space with his hands down the front of his pants.

INT. 7 BROTHERS BAR - CONTINUOUS

Tim and Sam watch, confused.

TIM  
What the hell is going on? Did Lea  
just show a child masturbating?!

SAM  
We did give her final cut.

TIM  
I don't know what that means!

As they talk, on the TV above the bar, we see an artful, hidden-camera shot of Dexter getting yelled at by his wife.

EXT. HOT TUB STORE COMMERCIAL - DAY

Lea carefully applies make-up to Dexter, who doesn't know he's being filmed.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
My nose is red because I drink a  
lot of gin, can you cover that up?

LEA  
Mm-hmm.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
God, you're so beautiful. I mean  
it, you knock me out.



LEA  
I have a boyfriend.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE  
Of course you do. I bet he's sexy.  
I must disgust you. You're so  
pretty and I'm so damn old and fat.  
God, I wish we met when I was 18.  
You should have seen me. I was--

Dexter starts sobbing. Lea steps out of the picture.

LEA (V.O.)  
Premium Hot Tubs from Dexter  
Champagne, the king of Detroit.

MUSIC STING

INT. DEXTER CHAMPAGNE'S LIVING ROOM - SAME TIME

Dexter sits on the couch watching TV with his oblivious son,  
and furious wife. He holds a bowl of popcorn, horrified.

INT. THE CENTER FOR CREATIVE STUDIES - CLASSROOM - SAME TIME

A TV is set up in front of a film class. Lea is being  
applauded and congratulated by six college-aged kids and  
their PROFESSOR, an older, bearded African-American man.

PROFESSOR  
Mmmmmmm, so brave, so raw. Finally  
some truth in advertising. C minus!

INT. 7 BROTHERS BAR - SAME TIME

Tim and Sam stare at the TV, mouths open as Tim gets a call  
from Dexter Champagne (his face pops up on the screen).

TIM  
(ignoring the call)  
Let's get out of here.

EXT. AMBASSADOR BRIDGE - LATER - DAWN

Tim and Sam lie on the hood of the car, overlooking the  
Ambassador Bridge, all lit up at night. We've Got Tonight, by  
Bob Seger, plays quietly on the car radio.

TIM

We're dead. Dexter's gonna kill us and we've got nothing on this Ford pitch.

SAM

We'll figure something out.

TIM

No we won't, man. We're dumb.

SAM

Hey, uh-uh. Remember when we were kids and you thought you couldn't jump off the high dive?

TIM

Yeah.

SAM

Well, what happened when you went up there?

TIM

I fell off the side, cracked my head open, started 6th grade in a wheelchair.

SAM

No, what happened the next summer?

TIM

I had to relearn how to walk.

SAM

No, what happened the summer after that?

TIM

They closed the pool 'cause they kept finding dead bodies in it.

SAM

That's right, they closed the pool. And I never had to take my shirt off in public again.

TIM

What does that have to do with me jumping off the high dive?

SFX: Dozens of diesel engines starting up.

Tim and Sam stand on the hood of the car, CHEERING.

EXT. DETROIT DEPARTMENT OF SANITATION - CONTINUOUS

We reveal Tim and Sam are cheering the fleet of garbage trucks as they leave for their morning routes.

SAM

That a way, Clint! Go get 'em pal!

Clint, the driver, honks and waves. The guys clinging to the side of Clint's truck raise their fists in the air, proud.

TIM

You're the man, Steve! Happy Birthday!!!

Steve honks and puts a finger in the air.

TIM (CONT'D)

Big Lou!

SAM

Louuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuuu!

Big Lou honks, his horn is somehow deeper than the others.

SAM (CONT'D)

Tim! This is it! This is the commercial!

TIM

In what way? How is this a commercial?

SAM

I don't know. I just got excited. Sorry, I just want to nail this.

TIM

Me too, pal. Not just for us. For everybody, the whole city. We get Ford back on top and we can help people. All the Steve's, the Lou's, the Cathy's-- Go Cathy!

SAM

Garbage woman!

Cathy honks as the two garbage ladies on her truck wave.

TIM

Ford isn't a company. It's these guys. It's our friends and families.

SAM

Yeah, every car they make is the city of Detroit on four wheels.

TIM  
Sam, that's it. That's the  
commercial!

SAM  
I did it!

They celebrate.

TIM  
Oh look, here comes the new guy.

As the last truck rolls by.

TIM / SAM  
(taunting)  
New fish! New fish!

We see the young, nervous driver as he grinds his clutch. Tim and Sam laugh their asses off while the men hanging on the back of his truck clearly look embarrassed.

TIM  
Good luck on Mack Avenue, rookie!

As Tim and Sam laugh and taunt the new driver, we...

FADE OUT:

**END OF ACT TWO**

**ACT THREE**

FADE IN:

INT. TIM'S OFFICE - MORNING

Tim and Sam wear suits. Tim's hair is very neatly combed. Sam has a flower in his lapel. They pack up large printouts of Detroit landmarks into a portfolio as Sheila enters.

SHEILA

Gentlemen, your morning hot dogs.

She hands over a tray of hot dogs and a large bag of chips.

SAM

Thanks Sheila.

SHEILA

Knock 'em dead, boys.

Sheila winks, then pauses to look at her reflection in the unbreakable window. Staring back is a beautiful 20 year-old girl. Sheila smiles at her reflection, fixes her hair and leaves the office.

EXT. TIM'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER

They hurry to the elevator, holding their presentation, hot dogs and chips. They pass Lea coming into work.

TIM

There she is! And the Oscar for destroying our careers goes to this psycho.

LEA

You didn't like the commercial?

They get in the elevator, as the doors close...

SAM

I did, he didn't, we'll talk!

INT. TIM'S CAR / EXT. DETROIT

Tim and Sam eat hot dogs while driving.

TIM

You ready buddy?

SAM

Oh yeah, we're gonna nail this.  
And, if anything goes wrong, I'll  
just fake a heart attack.

TIM

Yeah, but you're not great at it.

Sam is taken aback, "Not great at it? Me?! Not great at it?!"

SAM

Uh, we'll see.

EXT. FORD MOTOR COMPANY WORLD HEADQUARTERS / INT. TIM'S CAR

They turn into the parking lot for Ford. Tim takes a bite of his hot dog and the entire hot dog falls into his lap.

TIM

Oh, man. Perfect.

SAM

Here, let me--

Sam cleans it up with the hand in which he also happens to be holding a hot dog.

TIM

Well, don't clean it up with your  
hot dog!

SAM

I'm sorry, I just wanted to-- Tim!

BOOM! Tim runs over Grant Carter. Sudeikis, carrying a box of donuts, doesn't see what hits him as he flips over the car, spins in the air and lands with a violent thud.

EXT. FORD PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam stand over an unconscious Sudeikis, who groans.

TIM

Let's get out of here.

SAM

Uh-uh. If we don't show up to the meeting they'll know we did this. Let's drag him into the woods and walk in there like nothing happened.

TIM

Right. Wait, what if he wakes up?  
He'll see us and know we did it.

They think for a beat, then the answer hits Sam.

EXT. FORD PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Sam takes the bag of chips from the car.

EXT. FORD PARKING LOT - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam, mouths full of chips, put the now empty bag of chips over Sudeikis' head.

EXT. WOODS - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam drag Sudeikis' body away from the parking lot, into the woods and start covering it with leaves.

INT. FORD MOTOR COMPANY - SMALL WAITING ROOM

A FORD RECEPTIONIST, 20's, addresses the camera.

FORD RECEPTIONIST

(hanging up phone)

He's not answering. I'm so sorry,  
he has never missed a meeting.

Reveal a disheveled Tim and Sam.

TIM

That's fine. I'm sure he'll be in  
any second.

SAM

Yeah, on our way in we...  
(then, "James Bond")  
Hit a little traffic ourselves.

As they go to the couch.

TIM

(mouths)  
What are you doing?!

SAM

(mouths)  
I'm so sorry.

TIM  
 (mouths)  
 It's honestly fine.

A FORD EMPLOYEE, 30's, holding a cup of coffee, looks out the window, curiously.

FORD EMPLOYEE  
 Some guy is coming out of the woods  
 with a bag of chips on his head.

EXT. EDGE OF THE WOODS - CONTINUOUS

Grant Carter limps out of the woods, staggers around, rips the bag of chips off his head and faints.

INT. FORD MOTOR COMPANY - SMALL WAITING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

FORD EMPLOYEE  
 Oh, my god. Call an ambulance!

The building erupts into activity as Sam clutches his heart, badly faking a heart attack.

SAM  
 Uh-oh. Left arm is numb. Think I'm  
 having an ol' heart attack.  
 Oooooooooooooooooo, I smell bacon!

Nobody notices Sam except a very unimpressed Tim.

TIM  
 Just stop it.

EXT. HOSPITAL

Establishing shot of a Detroit hospital.

INT. GRANT CARTER'S HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY

Grant lies in bed while a laughing NURSE attends to him.

GRANT CARTER  
 ...I paid for the coffee, picked up  
 the dog and told the cop I was with  
 animal control. Undercover.  
 (then)  
 I still have the dog.



The nurse laughs and exits as Tim and Sam, terrified, enter the room with roses and a heart-shaped box of chocolates.

TIM

Hey, Grant. Remember us? Do you...  
remember us?

GRANT CARTER

Yeah, from the steakhouse.

Tim and Sam breathe a sigh of relief.

SAM

And that's the last time we saw  
you. Great.

TIM

We just wanted to stop by and say  
get better. We've got a great pitch  
to give you when you're ready.

GRANT CARTER

Ah, sorry guys. I appreciate you  
coming down here, but we went with  
Sally Pomerantz.

Tim and Sam react, devastated.

TIM

Why didn't you wait until you heard  
our pitch?

GRANT CARTER

Honestly, I just scheduled that  
meeting out of respect for your  
father.

Tim is speechless, Sam jumps in confidently.

SAM

Well, we'd still love you to hear  
the pitch. Who knows, you may  
reconsider.

GRANT CARTER

With all due respect, guys. You  
must realize this account is a  
little out of your league.

Tim and Sam react.

SAM

Excuse me? "Out of our league?"

TIM  
Ohhhhh man, now you're definitely  
gonna hear the pitch.

GRANT CARTER  
No, I'm not.

TIM  
Yeah you are, you little asshole.

GRANT CARTER  
Hey!

TIM  
We're gonna kick your asshole!

SAM  
I'm pulling the plug on your  
asshole. Say good-night, pal!

Sam rips out a chord, a lamp goes out.

GRANT CARTER  
I'm not on life support, you idiot!

SAM  
(reacts, hurt)  
Idiot? Come on.

GRANT CARTER  
(immediately softens)  
Look, hey, let's all settle down.  
I'm sorry--

TIM  
No, we're sorry.

SAM  
Why "idiot?" It's just--

GRANT CARTER  
Sam, I'm truly sorry.

SAM  
Forget it.

TIM  
All's forgiven.

A beat, they all catch their breath and smile. Then...

TIM (CONT'D)  
Every Ford is like the city of  
Detroit on four wheels.

SAM  
We open on Joe Louis' fist--

GRANT CARTER

Get out.

TIM

You're gonna hear it!

Sam reigns him in.

SAM

You'll hear it when you're better.  
When you're better.

Note: Tim and Sam's goal to pitch to Grant Carter will be a season one runner that will ruin Grant's life.

EXT. HOT TUB STORE - DAY

Tim and Sam pull up in their car, which now features a smashed windshield and a bloody, bent fender. They get out.

TIM

Well, my friend, time to un-burn  
this bridge.

INT. HOT TUB STORE - MOMENTS LATER

Tim and Sam, prepared to meet their doom, are confused to see Dexter happily waving them in.

TIM

Dexter, we are so sorry.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE

Boys, after that commercial aired, the wife and I got into it. We screamed, we yelled, we broke up. I had my bags packed, halfway out the door when we decided to make love, one last time. And, for the first time ever, we tried "woman on top." Amazing. We tried it again, woman on top. Wasn't a fluke. I lasted longer. It was like I was able to stall while she got what she needed, then I could just flip her over and go as fast as I could, which is what I needed.

TIM

That's, great Dex.

SAM

Very cool.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE

And afterwards, we sat in the hot tub and talked all night. I found out her favorite show is Scandal. I love Scandal. Last night I remembered I married my best friend.

SAM

We thought you were gonna be mad.

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE

Hell no. Boys, that commercial saved my marriage.

Off Tim and Sam...

FADE TO:

EXT. HOT TUB STORE - DUSK

Tim, Sam and Dexter sit in a hot tub in front of the store drinking beers (as cars and trucks drive by honking).

DEXTER CHAMPAGNE

(toasting them)

To the ad kings of Detroit.

EXT. TIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Tim enters the front door of a modest, but comfortable home.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - NIGHT

Sam enters the front door of his garden apartment.

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Tim is greeted by his wife, CHRISSY, 30'S, a 6'4" woman in autoworker coveralls.

TIM

Hey hon', how was your day?

CHRISSY

The assembly line jammed so I spent the day lugging pipin' hot, freshly-chromed truck axles over my shoulder.

TIM  
You wore your hernia belt, right?

CHRISSY  
You worry too much.

TIM  
Worry about you.

Tim gets on his tiptoes to kiss his wife, who bends way down, grabbing his tiny head in her hands.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT

Sam, in a wood-paneled apartment seemingly decorated by a teenager, goes through his mail and excitedly takes out a letter from Harvard. He rips it open and sinks as he reads, "Dear. Mr. Duvet, Thank you for your interest in Harvard... After careful consideration... I am sorry to inform you..."

INT. TIM'S HOUSE - KITCHEN

Chrissy crosses off as Tim goes into his basement.

INT. SAM'S APARTMENT

Tim comes down his basement stairs into Sam's apartment.

TIM  
Hey, good work today, pal.

SAM  
You too, buddy.

TIM  
Good night, I love you.

SAM  
Love you, too.

Tim and Sam exchange a friendly peck of a kiss and Tim exits.

EXT. SAM'S APARTMENT - MOMENTS LATER

Sam sadly places his rejection notice on a stack of Harvard rejection letters as Sally Pomerantz from Chicago, appears in the open doorway in an overcoat (over nothing) holding a bottle of champagne and two glasses.

SALLY POMERANTZ  
Knock, knock.

SAM  
Ms. Pomerantz.

SALLY POMERANTZ  
Before I left town I thought I  
should sample some of Detroit's  
finest.

Sam smiles. Then, shot from behind, he drops his pants,  
revealing his bare ass.

MUSIC: Show Theme

EXT. TIM'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A beat up old cab pulls away from the curb and drives off...

CHYRON: DETROITERS

FADE OUT.

**END OF SHOW**