

INT. POMPEY AUTO

Jeremy POMPEY, mid-fifties with a short fat frame, raises his head from under a the hood of a CAR. His CUSTOMER, the car's owner, stands by, expectant and just a bit anxious. DANIEL, Pompey's employee, bends over a workbench replacing used tools where they belong.

Pompey notices the cars parking outside garage doors. He gestures for Daniel's attention.

POMPEY

Daniel, go tell that fool to park
somewhere else. Got a car about to
pull out.

Daniel goes. Outside, the Beemer pulls away from beyond the bay where Pompey works,

CUSTOMER

Well?

POMPEY

She good now.

CUSTOMER

Thanks Unc. How much?

POMPEY

Four hundred.

CUSTOMER

Damn! Four hundred?! Spanish niggas
on the west told me two.

POMPEY

So why you here? They shoulda'
fixed it. They probably the ones
fucked it up in the first place.

The MEN from the parking cars outside, serious men in suits and no smiles, file in through the door from the lot.

CUSTOMER

C'mon, Unc. Work with me.

POMPEY

Yeah, ok. Gimme' three hundred and
get the fuck on.

Customer pulls a roll of cash from his pocket, hands Pompey a crumpled small handful of bills.