

Isaac's new '98 Camry sits parked on the residential street. Gary and Rock check it out while Isaac watches proudly. To Isaac--

GARY

Nice. I mean, it isn't exactly... It runs, right?

ISAAC

It runs great. I feel like I should give back--

ROCK

Give it back? Why? Does it burn oil?

GARY

He said give back, dude, not give IT back. It's a, like, a Christian thing and shit.

ISAAC

Oh, I tried to give it back. But he wouldn't take it.

GARY

Whatcha going to do with it?

ISAAC

Do with it? Drive Uber?

ROCK

Car's way too old for that, bro. I think the cutoff year is like 2003.

Rock hoots with irony. Gary looks at the crestfallen Isaac, then his eyes light up with an idea. While Rock peers inside the car, Gary steps away and pulls out his cell phone.

ROCK (CONT'D)

Interior looks in pretty good shape. Whoa. Two-hundred-sixty thousand miles and still going strong.

(grins, pretends to surf)

That's like me on the freaking waves, dude.

Gary talks on his cell phone in an undertone.

GARY

I'm telling you, he's perfect... Experience?

(looks at Isaac, grins)

Zero. Zilch. That's exactly what I mean. He's the last person on Earth you have to worry about pinching a bag...