

TIMESHARE NINJAS

Written by

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Inspired by Sean Riggs

Address  
Phone Number

EXT. CLUB DESTINATION - DAY

A beat-up blue car pulls into a STRIP MALL parking lot. A nail salon, 7-11, Mexican grocery store, and CLUB DESTINATION sit in a row.

The car door opens and SETH (30) steps out. He reaches back into his car to grab two cups of coffee. His eyes drift over to ANGELA (late 20s) who is smoking a menthol outside 7-11. Seth approaches her and hands her a cup.

SETH

Good morning, sweetheart.

He goes in for a kiss and she turns her cheek.

ANGELA

You almost missed my break.

SETH

I got stuck at one of the lights.  
Don't you guys have pretty good  
coffee?

ANGELA

This is my brand, Seth. I told you--

SETH

--there's something in the cream.

ANGELA

Exactly. So, did you book it yet?

SETH

Book what?

ANGELA

The cruise, you asshole.

SETH

I told you, sweetheart. Cruises are  
expensive.

She pokes him in the chest.

ANGELA

I'm slaving away over here, Seth.  
Changing out hot dogs, mopping up  
Slurpees...and you're over there  
sending strangers to Fiji! Do you  
know how that makes me feel?

SETH

Gainfully employed?

ANGELA

Ignored Seth! It makes me feel ignored.

(playfully)

Don't you want to see me on the beach, a skimpy little bathing suit barely covering my ass, a hot guy bringing us fancy drinks with those little swords for stabbing cherries?

SETH

Hot guy?

ANGELA

Yes. In like a form fitting costume, you know? Like a tuxedo. But with shorts?

SETH

Where do you think we're gonna' go, the cover of a romance novel?

ANGELA

Whatever. If you don't take me somewhere, Seth, somebody else will. I've had offers.

SETH

You've had offers. Look, Angela. I'm gonna' sell today. I'm gonna' sell tomorrow. I'm a selling machine. I'm going to get promoted, and I'm going to take you somewhere nice. But can you please just be a little more supportive?

She takes a long drag of her cigarette.

ANGELA

Supportive.

SETH

Yeah, like "Today's your big day, babe! Thanks for the coffee, babe! I love you so much I can't wait until you take me on vacation!"

Another drag.

ANGELA

Good morning, babe. Thanks for the coffee.

(baby voice)

(MORE)

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I know it must've been so hard to  
get it for me.

(ferociously)

Now go book me a fucking vacation!

SETH

Ugh. I'll get right on it.

ANGELA

That's all I'm asking. Have a good  
day, babe.

Seth walks away.

SETH

Fucking swords and gay tuxedos.  
Goddamn ball busting shit.

(to Angela)

I sell dreams!

He looks over his shoulder and sees DUCK (30s, muscular) walking up to the 7-11. Angela stuffs out her smoke and walks to the door. Duck opens it for her and checks out her ass as she walks in.

SETH (CONT'D)

Motherfucker.

INT. CLUB DESTINATION - DAY

Seth walks into the office, posters featuring families and couples happily enjoying various destinations adorn the walls. Seth enters his cubicle where a desk sits with two chairs across from it. A palm tree sits next to his computer. A poster sits behind Seth's chair that reads "Your Dreams, Our Destination."

BRAD (50s, tall, overweight) pops over the top of the cubicle, slightly scaring Seth.

BRAD

Are we ready to rock today?

SETH

Jesu--morning, Brad. Yeah.

(holds up coffee cup)

Even got a cup full of rocking  
juice.

BRAD

Hopefully nothing too sweet in  
there, right?

SETH  
Just sugar, I think?

BRAD  
Good good good good. So listen.  
Your numbers this month are okay,  
but I think you can really clean up  
today. If you do well, the sky's  
the limit! You catch my drift,  
Sethy?

SETH  
Please don't call me that. But  
yeah, I understand.

BRAD  
You know what I do want to call  
you, Seth? A winner. You're a  
winner today. Remember, our  
mindsets--

SETH  
--determine our outcomes. I got it.

BRAD  
All right. That's what I like to  
hear.

Brad sees someone else walking into the office.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Hey! I thought that was you!

Brad laughs as he wanders off.

Seth turns on his computer and logs in.

DUCK  
(o.s.)  
What's your password, I love cocks?

Seth looks up to find Duck grinning at him holding a massive  
Slurpee which he sucks on loudly. He instantly gets  
brainfreeze.

DUCK (CONT'D)  
Gah.

SETH  
What's not my password.

Duck looks confused.

Derek (50s, rail thin) walks up to join them.

DEREK  
He's implying you love cocks. Do  
you?

DUCK  
No!

Duck looks at the ground.

DEREK  
Don't you have somewhere else to  
be?

DUCK  
Yeah, I'll be over here kicking  
ass. For the company.

DEREK  
I'm sure.

Duck wanders away, but as he does he points at Seth and shadow boxes, backing into the copier. Startled, he spins and pretends to box with it instead. Seth shakes his head in disbelief.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Do I have your attention?

SETH  
Yes. Of course, sir.

DEREK  
Good. We have been watching your  
numbers closely. Brad has been  
impressed.

SETH  
Well, thank you sir. I have been  
really pushing to lead the boards.

DEREK  
And yet you are behind this month.  
Let me be clear. We have an opening  
for the management position.

SETH  
Yes, sir. And I--

DEREK  
And contrary to Brad's enthusiasm,  
I have been underwhelmed. If you  
want to be a manager here--

SETH  
I need to whelm you?

DEREK  
The next manager would have no  
problem getting to the top of that  
board today.

Derek points at the whiteboard which has everyone's name in  
the office on it with a number next to it. Duck is currently  
number one.

SETH  
I understand, sir.

DEREK  
I hope so. Let's have a productive  
day.

Derek leaves.

SETH  
No pressure, Seth. Just win the  
thing, get the job, please the  
girl, and sell your ass off. You've  
got this. Today's your day.

INT. OFFICE - DAY

Seth is at his desk looking at an elderly couple, Mr. Johnson  
(70s) and Mrs. Johnson (70s) seemed dyspeptic and confused.

SETH  
So, as I was saying. You go to the  
meeting--

MR. JOHNSON  
(interrupting)  
--and then we get our gift card to  
Farm & Fleet?

SETH  
Maybe. You can also enter a raffle  
to win a boat!

MRS. JOHNSON  
Oh, boats are bad for Mr. Johnson's  
constitution.

MR. JOHNSON  
Makes me sick right up.

SETH

Oh, well I get a little motion sickness myself.

MR. JOHNSON

It's not the motion, it's the boat.

SETH

And just like that, girlfriends everywhere win the argument. Ha!

They look confused again.

SETH (CONT'D)

Sorry.

MR. JOHNSON

Ugh.

(to Mrs. Johnson)

Mary Lou just thinking about those overgrown canoes is doing it.

MRS. JOHNSON

Oh dear.

Mrs. Johnson grabs a wastebasket, holds it front of him, and begins fanning.

SETH

Well, as I was about to say, we've got you all signed up.

MR. JOHNSON

They have a deal at the Farm & Fleet this week. But it may not be worth it if I have to see a--

MRS. JOHNSON

Don't say it, Mr. Johnson. Don't even think it.

SETH

Well, it's more of a meeting. They wouldn't have--

(beat)

--one of those there. So you should be fine.

Seth holds out his hand.

SETH (CONT'D)

Thank you so much for coming in today.

Mr. Johnson is holding his stomach as they walk out.

Derek comes over to Seth's desk.

DEREK  
How did it go?

SETH  
They signed up. That's four today.  
I'm telling you, Derek. The board  
is mine by end of business!

DEREK  
Well, it would be.

SETH  
What do you mean it would be?

DEREK  
All of yesterdays appointments  
cancelled.

SETH  
What do you mean?

DEREK  
You know what I mean. Four bookings  
dropped, which means--

SETH  
I don't get yesterday's bonuses.

DEREK  
And your position on the board  
stays the same. Let's hope today's  
appointments have more--  
(beat)  
--permanence.

A chime sounds.

DEREK (CONT'D)  
Enjoy your lunch.

He strolls away. Seth pulls up his bank account on his  
computer. Sure enough there's a withdrawal pending.

SETH  
Sonofa--

Duck pops over his cubicle again.

DUCK  
Hey, loser.

SETH  
Hey Duck, did you TKO the copier?

DUCK  
No, but I could TKO you. Easy. I'm  
so fast your momma forgot me.

SETH  
What?

DUCK  
Watch if you can.

Duck slaps his hands in front of Seth's face and disappears.

Seth looks around the outside of the cubicle to see Duck  
squatting in front of it.

SETH  
Mom was right. You're lightning in  
a bottle.

Duck looks around and takes a quick jab at Seth who flinches  
backward.

He looks up to see Duck running backwards, grinning at him  
and flipping him the two-gun salute. He hits a fake plant and  
flies backwards.

DUCK  
Whoever put that there, better want  
a two piece for lunch today!

He boxes some more and then kicks open the office door behind  
him and bounces out.

Seth shakes his head.

POV - Seth's Computer

Seth clicks opens up a gambling site called Joker's Poker.

End POV

Seth cracks his knuckles and starts to play.

SETH  
Time to win some money, Sonny.

INT. CONVENIENCE STORE - DAY

Duck pops into the convenience store. He walks up to the  
counter where Angela is reading a US Weekly.

DUCK

Hey, you.

ANGELA

Oh, hey Duck! Twice in one day.

DUCK

Must be kimchee.

Angela cocks her head at that.

ANGELA

Must be. So what are you having today?

DUCK

I need some protein.

He flexes for her.

DUCK (CONT'D)

You know what I mean?

ANGELA

Oh, yeah. Physical fitness is very important to my people.

DUCK

What people are those?

ANGELA

Mostly Polish Italians.

DUCK

So, you like working out?

ANGELA

I'm always up for a little exercise.

DUCK

That's it. I'm just gonna' say it, Angela. You deserve a real man. Someone who will take you to Gatlinburg. Or some place that puts little umbrellas in your drinks. And guys with tuxedos to bring them to you.

(beat)

I always thought I could be one of those guys.

Angela is intrigued.

ANGELA  
You're certainly built for it.

DUCK  
I know, right?

ANGELA  
There's just one problem. I have a  
boyfriend.

DUCK  
And you want me to kill him for  
you?

ANGELA  
What? No.

DUCK  
I would do that shit for you.

ANGELA  
I'm honored. Look Duck, I'm gonna  
make this real easy to understand.  
The next person who can walk  
through that door with two tickets  
to somewhere with palm trees gets  
to rub suntan lotion on my tushy.

He looks down at her hips. She uses a single finger to bring  
his eyes back up to hers.

ANGELA (CONT'D)  
No tickets, no tushy! Geez,  
whatever happened to chivalry,  
anyway? Now get out, I'm working  
here.

DUCK  
Uhm, okay. I still need to get my  
jerky and Slurpee on.

Angela flicks him away dismissively grossed out by his choice  
of words.

INT. CLUB DESTINATION - DAY

POV - SETH'S COMPUTER

YOU BUST! Dances across the screen!

END POV

Seth is sitting at his desk with his head hung in disappointment.

SETH

Fuck. So much for rent this month.

Duck walks into the office biting into a Slim Jim and holding another Slurpee.

SETH (CONT'D)

Back so soon? Did no one with a fast moving car or a bazooka think to do the obvious?

DUCK

Obviously, I was next door, chatting up that sweet piece of A, Angela. Maybe you've heard of her?

SETH

You know she's my girlfriend, right?

DUCK

I'm gonna' tell you what my Daddy told me. "Boyfriends are temporary institutions."

SETH

I'm confused. Did your Dad steal your girlfriend, or was he your boyfriend?

DUCK

You think you're so smart. Well, genius, answer this for me. What do me and heartbreak have in common?

SETH

I don't know, Duck. What?

DUCK

We're both motherfuckers.

SETH

How many of your family members have you hooked up with? Please tell me you don't have any siblings.

DUCK

No. I'm allergic to plants.

Duck snaps off another piece of Slim Jim.

SETH

I need to get to work here, man.

DUCK

Work as hard as you can. It won't matter. I'm gonna' take the promotion, I'm gonna' get the girl. And then Duck is gonna' put himself in something warm and--

SETH

--don't say it.

DUCK

--wet. Remember who the real number one is around here.

Duck walks off.

SETH

Like hell.

Seth begins rifling through his desk drawers. He finds a manilla envelope that reads "For Emergencies Only". He opens it, and a bottle of Adderall falls out.

SETH (CONT'D)

Nobody gets warm and wet with my girl.

He throws two pills back and slams his coffee.

He stands up and looks out into the lobby.

SETH (CONT'D)

Mr. And Mrs. Chow? Welcome to Club Destination.

MONTAGE -

Seth is fast talking, singing, dancing, selling machine.

He gets handshake--

--after handshake

--after handshake.

INT. CLUB DESTINATION - DAY

Seth is sitting across from a couple who is obviously impressed.

SETH

Remember. I'm not selling anything today. I'm just the guys who unites your dreams with your destinations. So, is that a yes?

They shake his hand.

End Montage.

Seth looks up at the board to see his strokes for the day, are double what Duck has.

Derek and Brad approach him. Brad takes a long whiff of the air.

BRAD

You smell that, D?

Derek rolls his eyes.

BRAD (CONT'D)

That's what winning smells like. Mmmm. Nothing like the musk of excellence. I wish we could bottle it. And give it to orphans.

DEREK

Who would adopt a musky orphan?

SETH

A winner?

BRAD

Exactly! That's manager talk. Do you agree, Derek?

DEREK

Well, there's no arguing with his numbers. And with Duck taking a vacation--

SETH

Wait, what?

BRAD

He used his company discount to visit the timeshare in Destin. Anyway, are you my new Timeshare Ninja?

DEREK

That's what he calls the manager.

SETH  
I'm your man.

Seth shakes their hands. He sees Duck going out the front door.

SETH (CONT'D)  
Excuse me for just a second,  
please.

EXT. CLUB DESTINATION - DAY

Seth walks outside and sees Duck holding up two tickets in front of Angela, who is twirling her hair.

ANGELA  
I've only ever been to the swamps  
in Florida. My Uncle owns an  
alligator based charcuterie  
business. It's growing.

Seth flies through the air and face palms Duck to the ground.

He grabs the tickets out of Duck's hand.

SETH  
That's my warm wet destination,  
bitch.

He punches Duck in the face, knocking him out.

ANGELA  
Oh, my. What's gotten into you?

SETH  
You should be thinking about what's  
going to get into you.

ANGELA  
Well, now I am. Who are you and  
what have you done with my Seth?

He grabs her close.

SETH  
I already told you, sweetheart. I  
sell dreams.

He stands on Duck and kisses her.

The sun begins to set.

FADE OUT.

