

NOBODY'S PERFECT

by

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EXT. MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

TEQUILA (early 20's) and SCARLETT (early 20's) stand together on the sidewalk, facing the shop.

Tight blouse, short skirt, long legs... Tequila is smoking hot. She turns heads wherever she goes.

Simple clothes, straight hair, glasses... Scarlett is the anti-Tequila. She's rarely noticed, if ever.

TEQUILA

He works here?

Scarlett nods.

TEQUILA

So what are you waiting for?

SCARLETT

For one, I don't own a motorcycle.

Tequila ignores Scarlett's protest, nudges her inside.

INT. MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

The workspace behind the counter has a different motorcycle in every repair bay. Tools clutter the shelves.

The front customer area displays wheels, tires, fluids, biker gear, and a row of motorcycles lined up side-by-side.

Tequila beelines for the counter. Specifically, she beelines for RYDER (early 20's), the hunk behind the counter.

Ryder looks up from his work, does a double-take. He tries not to stare at Tequila, fails.

TEQUILA

Mmm. You do look good enough to eat, don't you?

RYDER

How, uh, how can I help you?

TEQUILA

We heard this was the place to come for motorcycle repair.

RYDER

We?

Ryder notices Scarlett for the first time. She waves.

(CONTINUED)

Awkward silence as Scarlett freezes. Tequila jumps in.

TEQUILA

Scarlett here is an avid motorcycle enthusiast. I think it's because she can't enough of that power between her legs-

SCARLETT

Tequila!

Ryder swallows hard, looks to Scarlett.

RYDER

What do you ride?

Scarlett freezes again, tongue-tied.

TEQUILA

Ducati 900SS. It looks like the horizontal cylinder might have a broken head stud. If that's the case, she'll need to remove the cam timing belt pulley, but she just doesn't have the right tools.

Scarlett and Ryder both stare at Tequila, jaws dropped.

RYDER

You really know your bikes.

TEQUILA

I know my studs.

CRASH! Tequila and Ryder turn to see Scarlett picking up a tire she apparently knocked over.

Scarlett straightens the tire. It teeters, rolls onto the floor, knocks down a rack of biker gear.

SCARLETT

Sorry.

She turns bright red before she hurries out of the shop.

INT. APARTMENT - DAY

Tequila enters first. Scarlett closes the door behind them.

SCARLETT

(mocking, under her breath)  
I know my studs.

(CONTINUED)

Tequila removes her WIG, revealing that SHE is a HE.

TEQUILA

Don't blame me, sweetheart. I don't  
have an off switch. Besides, he  
couldn't handle all this.

Tequila removes his FAKE BOOBS, places them on the table. He disappears down the hall.

SCARLETT

You'd still get farther with him  
than I ever would.

Scarlett picks up Tequila's falsies. She stuffs them under her shirt, admires herself in a nearby mirror.

Tequila returns, wearing a bathrobe. He watches with sympathy as Scarlett tries on one of his wigs.

SCARLETT

Guys stare at you. They don't even  
notice I'm in the room.

TEQUILA

So do something about it.

MONTAGE

Tequila tosses clothes on his bed, searching for the shortest skirt, the tallest heels. He dresses and undresses Scarlett like his very own life-sized Barbie.

He sits Scarlett down in front of his mirror and layers on the make-up before sexifying her hair.

Finally, the finishing touches. First, his best set of FAKE EYELASHES. Second, his best set of FALSIES.

END MONTAGE

Scarlett stands transformed. No longer simple and plain, she now looks like Tequila's clone.

Scarlett takes a step, stumbles, recovers.

TEQUILA

Wanna try again?

INT. MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Scarlett enters the shop. She stumbles, still adjusting to the heels, then regains her balance.

Tequila waits outside, dressed as a man. He blows Scarlett a kiss through the window.

TWO OTHER CUSTOMERS, both men, meander around the shop. They stare at her unashamed as she struts toward the counter.

SCARLETT

Hey there, handsome.

The man behind the counter turns around. Not Ryder.

MAN BEHIND COUNTER

Well hello, gorgeous.

SCARLETT

Uh, hello. Is Ryder available?

RYDER (O.S.)

Can I help you?

Scarlett turns, finds herself face-to-face with Ryder. Ryder struggles to recognize her, then it clicks.

RYDER

Ducati 900SS, right? Did you bring it with you?

Scarlett looks to the window. Tequila pantomimes sexy gestures, drawing a look from one of the male patrons.

Scarlett tries to turn on the sexy, but the best she can offer is a sad parody of Tequila's moves.

SCARLETT

Oh, I brought it all right.

RYDER

(perplexed)

Okay...

He looks around.

RYDER

Where is it?

SCARLETT

Right here.

(CONTINUED)

One of Tequila's FAKE EYELASHES falls into Scarlett's eye. Distracted, she missteps. One of her heels SNAPS.

Scarlett tumbles into Ryder, knocks him into the tire display. A TIRE bounces to the floor, rolls into a patron.

The patron FLAILS his arms as he falls into a display of motor oil. Containers rattle to the floor.

The other patron trips on a quart of motor oil. He falls backward into Scarlett, bumps her hard enough to dislodge her falsies.

The falsies slip to the floor, land at Ryder's feet. Scarlett looks up into his eyes. She's mortified.

She turns, stumbles into the motorcycles on display. The ENTIRE ROW falls like dominoes. Ryder tries to catch them, gets knocked to the floor for his troubles.

Scarlett surveys the disaster. She starts CRYING.

Ryder struggles to his feet, HOBBLER over to her. He takes a long moment to assess the damage.

Then he starts LAUGHING.

RYDER

It's okay.

Scarlett stops crying, confused.

Ryder holds up a PROSTHETIC FOOT. Scarlett SCREAMS. Ryder bends down, reattaches his foot.

RYDER

Nobody's perfect.

He smirks at her. She laughs, despite herself.

Ryder bends down to set one of the bikes upright. Scarlett bends down to help him. They exchange a flirtatious look.

EXT. MOTORCYCLE REPAIR SHOP - DAY

Tequila shakes his head, all smiles. He winks at one of the patrons through the window, then turns to leave the rest up to Scarlett.

FADE TO BLACK