

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - MORNING

A documentary camera watches from the backseat.

LESLIE (mid-30s) sits behind the wheel.

Orange-tinted sunglasses. A small, rounded mustache. Short dark-brown hair that looks like someone *tried* to make it look professional.

White button-up shirt. Khakis.

The car is cluttered with sales material-brochures, folders, business cards.

A small insurance company magnet is slapped onto the dashboard.

Leslie grabs a small, Ziploc bag from the center console and a small piece of paper.

Leslie folds the paper in half, and proceeds to open the bag and pour some of its contents-cocaine-into the crease.

Leslie sets the bag down on the center console, and snorts the line of cocaine.

He pauses.

He sniffs hard.

Leslie wipes his nose with the back of his hand and proceeds to put the paper in his door compartment. He then closes the bag of cocaine and puts it in the center console.

He flips the sun visor mirror down.

He stares at himself, quietly muttering something unintelligible.

He leans towards the glove compartment and opens it, pulling a comb out. He looks back in the mirror and begins combing his hair.

LESLIE

(under his breath)

You're the guy.

You're the guy today.

He sets the comb down.

He begins to point at himself in the mirror.

He starts pointing more intensely, hand shaking slightly.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You're the fucking guy.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
WOO!

Leslie slams his hands on the top of the steering wheel.

He throws his door open and jumps out.

The camera crew awkwardly scrambles to follow.

Leslie shoves his seat forward for them, and clears the seatbelt from their way.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Let's go sell some MOTHERFUCKING
INSURANCE.
WOO!

CUT TO:

MAIN TITLE

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

Leslie stares at the camera, sitting down.

LESLIE
Hey...my name is uh-Leslie...and I've
been selling insurance for, I dunno,
seven years now. And let me tell you,
I've *loved* every second of it.

B ROLL FOOTAGE - OFFICE - DAY

Leslie is trying to staple together a huge stack of papers.

He keeps pressing harder and harder.

LESLIE (V.O.)
I think it's my calling in life, you
know?

The stapler jams.

Leslie begins to shake it, violently.

He finally just slams the stapler down repeatedly.

LESLIE (V.O)

Like, Tyson had boxing, Conan
has...talking, uh that guy from
Subway, Jared, he well-

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

LESLIE

Uh...well we know what he had,
umm...but-but like this is *my* calling.

B ROLL FOOTAGE - DAY

Leslie removes the water cooler jug from a water dispenser
and sets it down.

He picks up a full one. He struggles lifting it.

Almost drops it.

LESLIE (V.O)

I honestly think I'm a bit of a
visionary. Like, I see people, who-who
have a *need* for insurance and I help
them.

Leslie gets the jug on upside-down.

Water spills everywhere.

Leslie looks around to see if anybody noticed and calmly
walks away.

LESLIE (V.O) (CONT'D)

I'm just that guy. I really am.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

LESLIE

And I think that, whatever this is
we're doing here, is really a way to
show people these abilities of mine.

Leslie nods to himself.

EXT. LEMONADE STAND - DAY

Leslie and the crew walk across a street, approaching two kids working a lemonade stand on someone's front yard.

Leslie stops a bit away and looks at the price sign-\$1.50.

Leslie leans into one of the cameras, looking at the cameraman.

LESLIE

Dollar-fifty? Ambitious, huh?

Leslie goes closer to the stand. He proceeds to check the structural integrity of the stand.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You guys got a permit for this? Hmm?

Leslie looks down at the two kids. They stare back at him, blankly.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You guys build this yourselves?

KID 1

Are you going to buy any lemonade?

Leslie scoffs.

LESLIE

For a dollar-fifty!? Hell no-wait-

Leslie looks back at the crew.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Any of you...? No...?

The camera shakes side-to-side a little.

Leslie looks back at the kids.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Not for those prices, we aren't.

ALEX (O.S)

(camera operator)

Well I have water, that's why I said no.

LESLIE
(still looking at kids)
Ok, *most of us*, aren't going to for
those prices. I mean, how much have
you even made so far?

The kids look at each other, then back at Leslie.

KID 2
Two-hundred dollars.

Leslie's eyebrows spike up, his head leans forwards a bit,
surprised.

LESLIE
Two-hundred dollars? Like...today?

The kids nod.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Shit...

Leslie looks at the crew.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
What the fuck are we doing with our
lives?

Leslie looks back down at the kids.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Well, you two keep keeping capitalism
alive.

Leslie walks away, back across the street. He leans into one
of the cameras again.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
(under his breath)
We'll be back. Fucking liability
nightmare that thing.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

LESLIE
I've also enjoyed just, having you
guys around. You guys are like
coworkers, ya know? Talk about all
sorts of things.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie's driving, both hands on the wheel.

The camera is held low, as if it's not meant to be recording.

LESLIE

I'm just gonna say it, I'm just going to do it.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Trickle-down economics are a bunch of bullshit.

Leslie shakes his head.

The camera zooms in a little.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Like, people talk about it, as if its some sort of genius strategy. And as a sales *professional*, as someone who understands how money flows. It's a fucking lie.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

I mean I-I've been doing this job for seven years, and from where I've been standing, the money never trickles down. No, it-it get's fucking sucked up, like a-like a goddamn Dyson vacuum.

Leslie turns left, still focused on the road.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

You know what trickles down to me? Hm? Not a fucking thing. Nothing. You know what I get? I get a manager named Todd, telling me my "sales energy" is inconsistent. That I've only sold three policies this week. Three policies. Three, Todd.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 You know-you know-

Leslie slams on the breaks. He looks towards where it appears someone has just walked in front of the car.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 WHAT THE FUCK!? What?! No it's fucking
 green dude! Oh fuck me! Fuck you!

Leslie watches as the guy passes the car. He shakes his head and starts to pull away.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Jesus, dude. F-ing prick.

Beat.

Leslie pulls the car along a curb and grabs his clipboard.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Now the last nine have said no
 so...going by the numbers, the next
 one should be a slam dunk.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

LESLIE
 I've tried to better my branding. A
 little while ago. You guys know that
 dude, the one with the uh...oh what
 the fuck is it, on ostrich?

PRODUCER (O.S.)
 An emu.

LESLIE
 Yeah, that thing, you know em. I
 thought I'd try my own animal partner.

INT. CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Leslie walks, holding a covered box. He sets it down on the table. Management watches from the other side of the table.

LESLIE
 Now that I finally got you all
 here...I think it's time I show you my
 plan. We need something cool.
 Something...somewhat inspiring. So,
 gentleman...and lady...my new partner.

Leslie dramatically pulls the cloth off the box.

It's a box filled with some books.

Beat.

Leslie glances down at the books, then back to management, then back at the books, staring this time.

He pushes some of the books around.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 (under his breath)
 ...shit.

CUT TO:

EXT. PARKING LOT - LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie walks over to his car and opens the trunk.

He immediately moves his back, reacting to a smell.

LESLIE
 Oh...God...

Leslie starts moving things around.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Ahhhh....dammit.

Leslie stops and puts his hands on his hips.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
 Not ideal...not ideal I'll tell you
 that.

ALEX (O.S.)
 Wait so...where'd it go?

Leslie doesn't look away from the trunk.

LESLIE
 I don't know.

ALEX (O.S.)
 So it's just-it's just in there?
 Somewhere?

Leslie looks at Alex.

LESLIE

Seems so.

ANDREW (O.S.)

I...I don't if I want to go back in there.

Leslie looks at Andrew.

LESLIE

Oh well-just...just assume it got away.

ALEX (O.S)

Assume?

LESLIE

Yes.
Best case it got away.
Worst case, it's in there somewhere, possibly dead, and frankly, I don't think that helps us right now.

Leslie looks back at the trunk. He sighs.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

LESLIE

Management had...other ideas.

CUT TO:

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

SAM (early-mid 20s) sits in the chair, looking past the camera. She's wearing a simple blouse and slacks.

SAM

Should I look at you or the camera?

PRODUCER (O.S.)

Whichever you feel comfortable.

Sam clears her throat and looks at the camera.

SAM

Hi, I'm Sam. I just graduated a little while ago and now I'm here. To help sell insurance.

B ROLL FOOTAGE - MONTAGE

Pictures of Sam's time in college appear on the screen-her with her diploma and parents, her talking to her club, receiving awards, helping other students. Then some photos of her with her parents and mom.

SAM (V.O.)

I graduated top of my class. Was president of the economics club. I was also a tutor. My uh-my mom also passed away a bit ago and-and I thought I'd come back here for a bit. Sorta like a soft reset. Yeah...let's go with that.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

SAM

They put me with another employee, you might know him, Leslie. And uh...we're going to have a blast. I'm sure of it.

INT. LESLIE'S OFFICE - DAY

Leslie and Sam stand side-by-side looking at a closet door.

Leslie opens it to reveal a small workstation. A folding desk, outdated computer, loose papers, and a coffee maker plugged into an extension cord.

Leslie puts his hands on his hips, smiling.

LESLIE

Well, this it. The *battle station*.

Sam looks at Leslie.

SAM

The battle station?

LESLIE

MmHm. Well, sometimes it's more of a rendezvous point. Come back after fighting on the front lines.

SAM

The front lines, you're talking about door-to-door?

LESLIE

That I am. Where we *really* make a
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
difference.

Leslie gestures towards the cubicles of other employees, all working.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You see, all these guys? They're not
doing what we do. They're not
salesmen.

Sam looks at one of the employees shake hands with a client at his desk.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
That's probably his uh-his dealer or
something. I don't know..

Leslie puts his hands on Sam's shoulders and orients her towards him.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Now...are you ready?

Sam's eyes drift away from Leslie, but then come back to him.

SAM
...Yup.

A smile appears on Leslie's face.

LESLIE
Hell yeah.

Leslie looks at the camera crew.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Let's ride.

EXT. PARKING LOT - LESLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leslie, Sam, and the crew walk to Leslie's car.

Alex walks closer to Leslie and leans in by him.

ALEX (O.S)
Are we going to tell her about the
snake?

LESLIE
Not one fucking bit, alright?

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
And if she brings up the smell?
What smell? You got me? Yeah.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - DAY

Leslie's driving with one hand, the other handing Sam a clipboard.

LESLIE
Now, it's best to tell you early,
we're not gonna get a lot of "yes's",
alright?

Sam nods slowly while looking at the clipboard.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Once you can accept that, *nothing*'ll
deter you. Trust me.

Leslie pulls the car along a curb and turns it off. He gets out and pushes his seat forward for the crew.

EXT. STREET - CONTINUOUS

The crew funnel out of the backseats. Sam gets out and walks around towards Leslie.

Leslie closes the door once all the crew is out, and they head up a pathway to one of the houses.

LESLIE
How about for this first one...you let
me handle it?

SAM
Oh uh-sure.

Leslie looks back at one of the camera operators-ANDREW.

LESLIE
Andrew-get the stopwatch ready.

Sam, confused, looks at Andrew pulling up the stopwatch on his phone.

Leslie walks ahead and gets to the door. He takes a deep breath, and then knocks the door.

The sound of someone coming the door can be heard. Leslie looks over at Sam with a smile, then back to the door.

The door opens. A HOMEOWNER in they're middle-ages looks at Leslie, then the crew, then at Sam.

LESLIE (CONT'D)

Hello, ma'am. Sorry to bother you-my name's Leslie, this is my partner Sam, and we're working with a local insurance company and were in the neighborhood.

HOMEOWNER

I'm already insured.

LESLIE

...well, we could make sure you have the best prices and-

HOMEOWNER

I'm alright. I've got to go do something. Have a nice day.

The homeowner closes the door. Leslie's head drops.

LESLIE

Andrew...tell me what I wanna hear.

ANDREW (O.S.)

19 seconds.

Leslie does a fist pump.

LESLIE

WOO, starting strong for the week.
HELL YEAH.

Leslie starts high fiving the crew, eventually high-fiving Sam.

SAM

What just happened?

LESLIE

We just went 19 seconds. That's a really good time.

SAM

...wait...how often do you get to that long?

LESLIE
I'll say it's been awhile.

Sam stands in bewilderment.

Leslie starts walking with the crew down the path.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Next house is right over here.

Sam catches up to the group.

SAM
Could-could I try? The pitch?

Leslie stops and looks at Sam.

LESLIE
You want to do the next one? Are you sure?

SAM
Uh, yeah. I am. I wanna try.

LESLIE
Alright...just, I don't want you to get your hopes up.

SAM
I won't. I just want to...try.

LESLIE
...okay.

Leslie points at a nearby house.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
That's the one.

The group starts walking to it. They get to the start of the path and Sam stops.

SAM
Hey, what if...what if you guys stayed back?

Leslie stops, the crew shortly after.

LESLIE
S-stay back?

SAM
Yeah...yeah.

Leslie's eyes drift around the sidewalk.

LESLIE
Uh-sure, yeah.

Sam nods and walks to the front door.

Leslie goes near Andrew.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
(quietly)
Hey, go up there with her. Might get a
good shot.

Andrew catches up to Sam, who notices and lets out a sigh,
but proceeds to press the doorbell.

Leslie, one of the camera operators, and the sound guy hang
back behind a tree on the front lawn.

Leslie leans in by the sound guy.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Should've sent you too, huh? Then we
could look back on what she said and
where it went wrong.

Someone opens the door. A middle-aged woman steps out. She
looks at Sam, then the camera by her, and then at Leslie and
the rest of the crew behind the tree.

Andrew slowly pans to Leslie and them.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Am...are we in the shot? Um...

Leslie and the other two slowly scooch further behind the
tree.

Sam sighs again and looks at the woman. The woman looks at
her. They start talking, the conversation unintelligible from
where Leslie is standing.

Leslie leans in by the camera operator-Alex.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
You think the Clippers could win
tonight? I was thinking about betting
(MORE)

LESLIE (CONT'D)
on it.

ALEX (O.S.)
I don't watch sports.

Leslie rolls his eyes.

Sam hands the lady a pamphlet with a smile.

Leslie's mouth drops.

The door closes and Sam and Andrew make their way down the path, Leslie and the rest of the crew intercepting their path.

LESLIE
Did you just...give them a pamphlet?

SAM
Yup. Set up an appointment too.

They get to the car.

LESLIE
Holy shit.

Leslie opens his door and the crew start funneling into the back seat.

Sam walks around to the other side and gets in. Leslie gets in once all the crew are inside.

INT. LESLIE'S CAR - CONTINUOUS

Leslie fishes the keys from his pocket.

LESLIE
Beginner's luck is a very real thing.

A look of confusion comes over Sam's face.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
But...that was still pretty good.

A smile appears on Sam's face.

SAM
...thank you.

Leslie starts the car and begins the drive. Sam's smile drops a little.

Leslie turns to Ssm.

LESLIE
Tomorrow though, we're selling big policies.

Leslie turns back to the road.

Sam starts nodding.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Then you'll see how bad this war really is.

The confused expression comes back over Sam's face.

INT. OFFICE - INTERVIEW

Leslie is sitting down. His eyes flicking between the camera, and past it.

LESLIE
I could've closed that, *obviously*.

Beat.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
But she's got something. Something raw. Unrefined. But...something.

The camera slowly pans to a window in the office, where Sam can be seen stapling paper work together.

LESLIE (CONT'D)
Let's see if its sustainable though.

CUT TO BLACK