

SHANNON, the owner of the garage, sits smoking next to a car.

SHANNON

Hey...there you are! She's down there!

Shannon grins, we feel the familiarity between them. He starts to walk with the DRIVER. He has a distinctive limp. Driver follows him past rows of vintage cars.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

...Plain Jane boring just like you asked for but I dropped in 300 horses on the inside, she is gonna fly!

They continue to walk down the row of classic muscle cars. They head past more cars --- FORDS, DODGES, BUICKS -

SHANNON (CONT'D)

You look like a zombie, kid. You gett'n any sleep? Can I offer you some Benzedrine, Dexedrine, Caffeine, Nicotine...oh you don't smoke, that's right, better off....

UNTIL THEN...They arrive at a plain looking Impala.

SHANNON (CONT'D)

There she is. Chevy Impala Most popular car in the state of California. No one will be looking at you.

The Drive casts his eyes over the unimpressive vehicle then holds out his had for the keys. Shannon tosses them over.

The Driver opens the door and gets in.