

JOB HOPPERS PILOT

Written by

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EXT. ROAD CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

The sun is rising and BRAD (18) and LYLE (18) are standing on the side of the road, next to a line of orange barrels.

The two are wearing a hard hat, orange safety vests, and holding a reversible stop/slow sign on a metal post.

Brad is dressed in a t-shirt, basketball shorts, and high-top shoes. Lyle is dressed in a flannel shirt, jeans, and work-boots, all clearly brand new.

BRAD

You look like a sus lumberjack, yo.

LYLE

Savage, man. You look like you're on your way to the gym.

BRAD

I can't believe I let you talk me into this.

LYLE

I told you. We need a car, man, or life is gonna suck for us this summer.

BRAD

If we buy a car, your hot mom won't drive me around anymore.

LYLE

Still into my mom? I thought you were into the lady at the temp agency now.

BRAD

Ugh, dude, no. I am not that thirsty. But I guess I do need some cash, or your mom will never go out with me.

Lyle punches Brad in the arm, and the FOREMAN (40s) approaches with an annoyed look. The boys stand at attention, listening carefully.

The Foreman is a gruff, built man, in a hardhat, a buttoned up shirt, jeans, and worn work boots. He is impatiently flipping through pages on a clipboard.

FOREMAN

You boys will be working traffic control today, so it's essential that you communicate effectively. If you mess up, one of my men could get hurt.

(with intimidation)

So don't mess up.

The foreman looks down at his clipboard.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Which one of you is Brad?

Brad raises his hand, timidly. The foreman looks him over with disgust.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

Uh, huh. You look like a Brad.

(looks Lyle over)

And you look like a Lyle. Either of you have experience on a work site?

Both boys nod their heads no.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

That's not surprising. Seems like the temp agency sends us rookies every time. That's fine, even my moron teenage son could do this job. That is, as long as he could keep off his phone.

Foreman gives them each a stern look.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

You will stay off your phones, right?

The boys nod in terrified agreement.

FOREMAN (CONT'D)

If your mom dies, you can answer your phone. Besides that. No phones.

BRAD

But how will we know if the call is about our mom--?

FOREMAN

There it is. I was waiting for the sass. You got a girlfriend, Brad?

BRAD  
Uh, no. Not really.

FOREMAN  
No, or 'not really?'

BRAD  
(looks down in shame)  
No.

FOREMAN  
Then I guess if you get a call,  
it'll probably be your mother,  
which means she's alive, and you  
shouldn't have answered the phone  
in the first place. Get me?

BRAD  
I don't get-

Foreman takes an intimidating step toward Brad.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Got it. No phones.

Foreman hands them each a walkie talkie.

FOREMAN  
We've obviously closed off half the  
road, so you'll take turns letting  
cars through every few minutes when  
it gets busy. If it's not busy,  
just tell the other guy you got a  
car coming, got it?

BRAD AND LYLE  
(together)  
Yeah, uh huh.

The Foreman nods with satisfaction.

FOREMAN  
Good. Just remember that you're  
replaceable.

EXT. TEMP AGENCY - MORNING

The temp agency, 'Temp You! Inc.,' is next to a nail salon  
and a Chinese restaurant in a tacky strip mall. It's a plain  
building with a glass storefront and a cheerful-looking sign.

INT. TEMP AGENCY LOBBY - MORNING

WILLOW (18), a cute girl in business-casual attire, dark hair, and heavy make-up, sits in a mostly empty lobby.

Willow is reading a pamphlet and trying to ignore the other much older people in the room. HANK (50s) a man in ratty work clothes, sitting nearby, talks to her.

HANK

You know, you can't make much money here, sweetie.

WILLOW

Umm, excuse me?

HANK

A young girl like you can make a whole lot more doing something else is all I'm saying. If I were a-

Willow cuts him off, disgusted and offended.

WILLOW

Thanks for the advice, but I'm pretty sure I don't want to know what you would do if you were an 18-year-old girl.

HANK

(surprised)  
Oh, ok. Got it.

The man goes back to his magazine, leaving her alone.

JESSICA (18), a pretty girl dressed in chic business attire, hair in a bun, with modest make-up, comes through the door. She surveys the room with a skeptical look.

Willow peaks over her pamphlet. She cracks a smile as Jessica walks to the window to talk to the SECRETARY (30), a homely, slightly overweight woman.

The secretary hands Jessica a clipboard and points to the chairs. She sits down near Willow.

Willow lowers her pamphlet and turns her body toward Jessica.

WILLOW

Jessica, right? Jessica Murray?

JESSICA

Yeah...Willow? From Spanish class last year?

WILLOW

I totally thought you went off to Princeton with Greg. What're you doing here?

Jessica shifts in her seat, looking embarrassed.

JESSICA

Umm...we're taking a break. I was going to go with him, but he needs to focus on school, and baseball, you know?

She tries her best to smile and act like everything is fine, but she can't hide her disappointment.

JESSICA (CONT'D)

I'd be too much of a distraction, you know? So, I'm just trying to keep busy for the summer.

SECRETARY

Willow Anderson?

Willow tosses her pamphlet on the table, stands up and approaches the secretary.

SECRETARY (CONT'D)

Rita will see you now.

WILLOW

(to the secretary)  
Jessica's with me.

Jessica looks up, surprised. Willow beckons Jessica to follow, and she joins her at the secretary's desk.

WILLOW (CONT'D)

We would like a job together so we can carpool. You know, to save the planet.

JESSICA

(nodding emphatically)  
And the world.

Willow and the secretary stare at Jessica in disbelief.

SECRETARY

Uh, huh. Just make sure I get all her forms before you leave or she won't get paid.

(with disdain)

Temp you very much for coming in.

WILLOW  
 (politely mocking)  
 No, temp you.

Both girls giggle as they exit down the hall.

HANK  
 (to the secretary)  
 I tell you what. I got a wife,  
 kids, and a pile of bills. Those  
 girls have all the opportunity in  
 the world and they end up here.  
 It's a shame. A real shame. Not how  
 I'd take on the world if I had it  
 to do over again.

SECRETARY  
 I know, Hank. I know. Some kids  
 need to touch the burner to learn  
 that it's hot.

INT. RITA'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS

Willow and Jessica are sitting across from RITA (40), as she types away at her computer with a big smile on her face. She has a big hairstyle that doesn't fit the decade, and is dressed in a ladies' business suit with bright colors.

RITA  
 So, something in an office, maybe?

WILLOW  
 Anything with air conditioning, cuz  
 this hair-

JESSICA  
 And this face-

WILLOW  
 Do not do the elements.

RITA  
 Right. It seems that blood, sweat,  
 and tears have gone out of style.  
 Not to worry. I think I have just  
 the thing.

Rita grabs some papers off the printer, and turns back to the girls to hand them over.

RITA (CONT'D)  
 (to Willow)  
 You shouldn't sweat...  
 (MORE)

RITA (CONT'D)

(to Jessica)

...or break a nail on this one.  
That is, unless you type too fast,  
which I'm guessing won't be a  
problem.

Willow and Jessica return a deer-in-the-headlights look.

EXT. CONSTRUCTION SITE - MORNING

Brad and Lyle fiddle with their signs and radios in boredom.

An SUV driven by an attractive SOCCER MOM (30s) approaches  
Brad's post.

INTERCUT - Radio conversation

BRAD

I got a live one, let her through.

LYLE

Roger.

BRAD

No, it's Brad. No one else is on  
the radio. Just let her through.

Brad flips his sign over to 'slow' and he checks the woman  
out, but the woman doesn't make eye contact, just keeps  
driving.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know, Lyle? The older I get,  
the more I feel like I'm into older  
women. Not, like, real old. Like  
25, maybe.

Lyle ignores the comment.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Check this girl out, bro. She's  
fine, right?

Lyle watches the car go by with an indifferent glance. Lyle  
starts to reach down to grab his phone, but stops himself.

LYLE

I guess so.



BRAD

It's encouraging, bro! I think we can totally meet hot girls without going to college. They're around! Just gotta open our eyes.

Lyle slides his phone partially out of his pocket and takes a peek, then drops it back inside, and looks around, paranoid.

LYLE

Right.

BRAD

What's that thing construction workers do, when hot girls go by?

LYLE

You mean, cat-calling?

Lyle realizes no one is watching, takes his phone out, but pauses again to make sure, then starts playing a game.

BRAD

Yeah. It's like a right of passage.

LYLE

Uh, huh.

BRAD

I got a few coming. Let 'em through.

A few cars go by. Brad squints his eyes, checking each car carefully for women.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Man, I don't see any more good-looking girls. Let me know if you do, so I can be ready, alright?

LYLE

(eyes glued to his phone)  
Definitely.

BRAD

Ooo! Here comes one.

He swallows hard, and shouts a cat-call. The ATTRACTIVE WOMAN gives him a dirty look and keeps driving.

Lyle looks up from his phone, startled by the sound of the cat-call, then looks the opposite way and sees a car approach. He looks in the driver's window and perks up.

LYLE

Hey, man. I got a hot one coming  
your way in the white Cadi.

BRAD

Lit. I'm on it.

Brad excitedly watches the oncoming traffic. As the white Cadillac approaches, he cups his hands around his mouth and lets out a loud cat-call.

The car stops and the window rolls down. Inside is an OLD LADY (70s) with white hair and glasses.

OLD LADY

Jump right in, handsome! We'll go  
wherever you want. I've got nothing  
but time and energy...

(mischievous chuckle)

...and you can have both.

BRAD

(screams)

No, thanks, lady! I...I'm not that  
type of guy!

The old lady laughs, shuts the door, and drives off.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - MORNING

Jessica and Willow sit around a long conference table in a room packed with other employees in business attire. There is a TV turned on, cued up to a slide presentation.

Brian (30s) enters, wearing a suit and sweater vest.

BRIAN

Good morning, everyone.

(mumbled responses)

Thank you all for taking some time  
out of your busy day for our

(speeds up cadence)

semi-monthly sexual harassment and  
equal opportunity in the workplace  
training.

(slows back down)

I see we have a couple of new faces  
here today. I'm Brian, the  
assistant manager here, and you  
must be Jessica and Willow?

JESSICA

Yeah, hi. I'm Jessica, and this is-

BRIAN

We're super glad to have you. So, before we get started, I have one exciting announcement.

(pauses with excitement)

The 'Team Member of the Month Award' will no longer be called the 'Team Member of the Month Award.'

(pauses again)

It will now be called the 'Diamond Cog Award!'

Brian changes the presentation to the next slide on the TV, which shows a graphic of a diamond cog in-between two rusty, old-looking cogs, with 'DIAMOND COG AWARD' at the top.

Brian pauses for effect, but everyone seems puzzled.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(clears throat and becomes more serious)

Well, the 'Diamond Cog Award' is our company's most esteemed recognition for our team members. The cogs here represent the efficient machine...

Brian uses an awkward hand gesture in an attempt to imitate a machine as his hands come together.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

...that our organization strives to be, and the many important cogs that make it run. Our top performing team member of the month will be recognized as the 'Diamond Cog.'

Brian stops to gauge the reaction. An employee raises her hand.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Yes, Terry?

TERRY

Why do the other cogs look all rusty?

BRIAN

Umm...do they? I'm not sure-

TERRY

Do the rest of us get the 'Rusty Cog Award' if we don't get the diamond one?

BRIAN

No, Terry! You are all valued cogs in the machine.

TERRY

(with snark)

But not like, diamond valued, though, right?

Jessica reacts with puzzlement, and Willow reacts with restrained laughter.

BRIAN

You're overthinking this a bit, Terry. Let's just focus on being the diamond.

Awkward pause and silence in the room.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

(clears throat)

Let's move on to the main reason we're here.

Brian clicks to the next slide, which has an embedded sexual harassment video.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

This training is super important, not only to preserve a safe environment where we can all be super productive, it can also protect us from damaging lawsuits.

Willow perks up at the mention of lawsuits and interjects.

WILLOW

Wait, did you say lawsuits?

BRIAN

Yes...

(has a brain freeze)

Jeh...Wih...Wessica.

WILLOW

Willow.

Brian ignores her correction.

BRIAN

So thank you ahead of time for your undivided attention.

Brian presses play and sits in the back of the room near an attractive woman, VERONICA (20s). Brian smiles flirtatiously.

The video begins, starring Brian and Veronica. Brian walks into the woman's cubicle wearing a dress and a wig.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Hey there, Veronica. Don't we look fantastic today. I love what you've done with your hair, and that skirt just accentuates your figure perfectly.

VERONICA

Uh...is that you Chris?

BRIAN

Actually, it's Christina today. And I was really hoping you would join me in the little girl's room to help me with my make-up.

Brian addresses the camera.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Aaaand, scene. Question. Is a man allowed to sexually harass a woman as long as he is dressed like a woman? The answer may surprise you. No. No, you cannot.

Willow's eyes widen, and she looks behind at Brian, seeing Brian and Veronica exchange flirtatious looks.

Jessica takes out her phone and snaps a picture of the TV, while Willow watches the video wide-eyed in disbelief.

EXT. ROAD CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Brad and Lyle continue to direct traffic and look bored.

INTERCUT - Radio conversation

BRAD

Duuuude. How much longer do we have to do this?

LYLE

It's like 11 o'clock, man. We got 'til 4.

BRAD

The dudes over here are already on their lunch break. When's ours? My stomach's hurtin for some tacos. I'm talkin a party-pack of hard shells, and I'm not inviting any guests.

LYLE

The guys on my side go next, and then us.

BRAD

I don't know if I'll make it. My stomach is seriously going all 'Winnie-the-Pooh' right now.

LYLE

I thought you had some honey earlier, Pooh-bear. I saw that white-haired chick stop for you.

BRAD

Gross. Not funny, dude. Thanks for the assist, though. I just lost my appetite.

Brad fidgets with boredom, then starts spinning his sign around like a top, and lights up with an idea.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You know those guys who hold out 'sale' signs in front of stores? You know, like the ones that say 'everything must go' and all that?

LYLE

Yeah, what about 'em?

BRAD

Well, I was thinking. They twirl those things around like crazy to get people's attention, right? What if we did that? You know, take some initiative. Improve the process. Then maybe they'd promote us into a better position doing, you know, more important things.

LYLE

Those 'sale' signs have the same thing printed on both sides, so when they flip and spin them around, everyone still sees the same message.

BRAD

Yeah, so?

LYLE

Ours are double-sided, man. The drivers kinda need to only see one side, so they know what to do.

BRAD

Oh, right. Yeah. That makes sense.

Brad spins his sign like a top one more time, looking at it in wonder.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Still, it would be cool.

(sighs)

Dude, how do people do this for eight hours a day?

Brad looks up into the sky, then back down at the ground. He notices an abandoned jackhammer on the ground, and smirks.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Brian turns off the TV, and the employees file out.

Willow stays sitting, smirking as she watches the others leave. Jessica starts to stand, but Willow holds her back.

WILLOW

Wait just a second, Jessica. I'm not ready to go out there just yet.

JESSICA

It's no big deal. All we have to do is consolidate those spreadsheets they gave us. I'm sure we'll figure it out.

WILLOW

I know it's easy work, but I'm thinking bigger.

JESSICA

Bigger?

WILLOW

Oh, yeah. Way bigger. What if we had enough money to not have to  
(does air quotes)  
"Temp you very much" ever again?

JESSICA

(apprehensively)  
Like a get-rich-quick scheme?

WILLOW

Sort of, but not like anything you've ever heard of.

JESSICA

Can we just get back to work? I really need this paycheck. There's a new line of Chanel makeup coming out Friday and-

WILLOW

Stay with me for just a minute, and you'll be able to buy all the Chanel you ever wanted.

JESSICA

I'm listening.

WILLOW

You know how Brian talked about avoiding lawsuits? Well, my dad worked with this lady who sued a guy at work who came onto her, and the company settled for like six figures.

JESSICA

She was a size six and they made her lose some weight? That doesn't make sense.

WILLOW

No, no. Focus. The company gave her a lot of money to walk away and not take them to court, you know, to avoid bad publicity and stuff.

JESSICA

I don't think we're going to be harassed right after that training.



WILLOW

(lowers her voice)

Look, you're gorgeous, so it's bound to happen to you eventually, so why should you just sit around and wait for it? Fortune favors the bold, Jessica. Be bold. Get rich.

INT. DYLAN'S CUBICLE - MOMENTS LATER

DYLAN (20s), a shy, professionally dressed man, sits at his computer with eyes half shut and glazed over.

Jessica bounds into the cubicle and sits on his desk, uncomfortably close to him. Dylan is startled, stopping his work to look up at her, struggling to make eye-contact.

Willow sits in a nearby cubicle, watching closely.

JESSICA

Hi, I'm Jessica, the new girl.

DYLAN

Oh, right. The new temp?

JESSICA

You could call me that.  
(seductively)  
Or anything you want.

DYLAN

(looks at her oddly)  
Um, temp is fine.

JESSICA

And you are?

DYLAN

Dylan.

JESSICA

Dylan! I love that name! Have you worked here long, Dylan?

DYLAN

Um, about five years.

JESSICA

Five years! That's like forever! You must know everything there is to know around here.

DYLAN

Well...um...I suppose so. I just answer customer complaints. I was, uh, just typing up a letter-

JESSICA

A letter? Like you're going to print out an email, stamp it, and put it in an actual mailbox? I love it! That's so vintage.

(leans in close)

You know, I have a thing for older men. They're so traditional, and traditional is sexy.

DYLAN

I...uh...

Dylan blushes and looks around nervously. Willow is wide-eyed. Jessica slips one of her shoes off and lets it fall to the floor.

JESSICA

These silly heels. They just don't stay on.

Dylan politely reaches down to pick it up for her.

DYLAN

Well, you don't have to wear such fancy shoes. As long as they're closed-toe and not sneakers, they should be okay with the dress code.

Jessica runs her bare toes up Dylan's ankle. He jumps up before she gets very far.

JESSICA

Oh, you don't have to go!

DYLAN

No, I, uh, I need, um, some more...paper clips.

Dylan quickly leaves as Willow watches, giggling. Jessica freezes for a moment, looks at Willow, embarrassed, then walks over to her desk.

JESSICA

Um...I can't believe he didn't catch on.

WILLOW

He definitely caught on. Could you have been more obvious?

JESSICA

I'm sorry, I'm not used to flirting. I was with the same guy for the last two years. I'm out of practice.

WILLOW

No need to apologize. That was awesome. I wasn't really serious about the lawsuit, I just wanted to see if you'd do it. And, wow, you did not disappoint.

JESSICA

Hey!

Brian enters the scene with a scowl on his face. Both girls looks up at him, surprised.

BRIAN

What did you do?  
(stutters)  
You can't...Dylan is fragile.

The girls look at each other, stifling laughs.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

I called the temp agency, and you are out of here.

Brian storms off, but looks back, shouting at them.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Rusty cogs!

The girls burst out with laughter, but quickly turn to shame.

JESSICA

Wait. We just got fired.

WILLOW

I'm sorry. I didn't mean for that to happen.

JESSICA

(proudly)  
That's so grown up!

INT. RITA'S OFFICE - LATER

Jessica and Willow sit across from Rita's desk. Rita is typing, eyes locked on her screen, with a straight face.

RITA

So you girls couldn't even make it until lunchtime. That's a new record.

JESSICA AND WILLOW

We're sorry.

The phone rings and Rita answers with enthusiasm.

RITA

Temp you very much, this is Rita.

INTERCUT - CONSTRUCTION SITE

The construction foreman is yelling into the phone. Brad and Lyle are beside him, with guilty looks.

FOREMAN

Rita, those two morons you sent me cannot follow simple directions! Let me tell you what they did!

BRAD

At least I wasn't on my cell phone.

The foreman glares angrily at Brad.

BACK TO SCENE

Rita listens to the Foreman's story with shock.

RITA

Oh! They didn't! Ok, I understand, you need someone else right away.  
(looks at the girls,  
cracking a smile)  
I'll send two more immediately.

EXT. ROAD CONSTRUCTION SITE - DAY

Jessica and Willow hold the stop signs and walkie talkies, still in their business clothes from the office.

A few cars drive by and cat-call the girls. The girls wipe sweat from their faces and look miserable. Their makeup is starting to run.

INTERCUT - Radio conversation

JESSICA

Isn't the cat-calling supposed to go the other direction?

WILLOW

I miss high school.

JESSICA

I miss Dylan.

INT. OFFICE CONFERENCE ROOM - DAY

Brad and Lyle sit at the conference table looking up at Brian. Brian has the sexual harassment training video queued up on the TV screen, annoyed.

BRIAN

I know you joined us on short notice, but tomorrow I expect you to wear business casual.

Brad and Lyle nod in agreement.

BRIAN (CONT'D)

Your predecessors only lasted a few hours. I certainly hope you can do better.

Brian starts the video and leaves. The camera is on Brad and Lyle's faces as they watch, surprised.

LYLE

(disgusted)  
Is that Brian?

BRAD

(excited)  
Who's the chick? I told you we wouldn't need college. Just gotta open our eyes.

INT. DINER - LATER

Brad and Lyle walk inside the crowded diner and survey the scene.

BRAD

There's nothing but sophomores and juniors in here.

LYLE

Dude. They're not sophomores and juniors anymore. And we're not seniors anymore.

Their hopeful demeanors fade, but perk up when they see Willow and Jessica sitting together in the corner.

LYLE (CONT'D)

Hey, that's Willow Anderson over there. She's cool.

BRAD

And she's with Jessica Murray? That's weird.

The two walk over to their table. Brad sits down next to Jessica, and he motions Lyle to sit down.

JESSICA

Umm, hi?

BRAD

Hey! Good to see you guys.

Jessica looks at Brad with a hint of disgust, and answers with sarcasm.

JESSICA

Right. Please, sit down, guys.

WILLOW

It's cool, Jessica. Lyle and I had two art classes together last year. It was the best way ever to blow off senior year. What are you guys up to these days?

BRAD

Well, it's summer, but it sure doesn't feel like it.

JESSICA

It sure feels like summer outside to me.

BRAD

That's not what I mean. I like the heat, but this is the first summer I haven't been able to just enjoy it. Starting a new career and all.

WILLOW

I know. Adulting, right?

Awkward pause as they all reflect on 'adulting.'

WILLOW (CONT'D)

So tell us about these new careers.

LYLE

Careers? Oh, yeah...well, they're-

BRAD

They're awesome. We started out as just worker's assistants on this job site, but then I was promoted to jackhammer operator. That thing has some killer power.

Lyle looks at him, skeptically, but joins in with positivity.

LYLE

It is great, working outside, but now we're pulling double-duty with some office work, too. You know, mix it up a little.

WILLOW

That sounds cool. We haven't really-

Jessica jumps in to finish Willow's sentence.

JESSICA

Told anyone much about our success. We've been doing some corporate work, too, and have even made some impact on, um...workplace policies.

Willow looks at Jessica with surprise.

BRAD

Nice. We got this, guys. I know almost everyone else is heading off to college, but we got a head start on real careers.

LYLE

For sure. I'm glad we saw you guys sitting over here. You all want to split some chili fries and onion rings to celebrate?

WILLOW

Definitely. I'm starving.

EXT. DINER - LATER

The four job-hoppers walk out together.

BRAD

Let's do this again. I'll start a group text and we'll set it up.

JESSICA AND WILLOW

Sure, yeah.

BRAD

Alright, we're parked over this way. We'll see you later.

LYLE

But I haven't called-

Brad grabs him and starts walking.

BRAD

No, I remember where we parked.

Brad and Lyle walk off together.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Just text your hot mom and ask her to pick us up down the street.

Lyle punches Brad in the arm.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Alright, alright. I deserved that.

A white Cadillac drives up, and the boys stop as they hear a high pitched cat-call. The old woman Brad cat-called earlier is inside. She rolls down her window and ogles Brad.

OLD LADY

Well, if it isn't the most delicious little sign post I've ever seen. I wish every stop sign looked like you, sugar.

Brad is speechless, eyes wide open and mouth agape.

OLD LADY (CONT'D)

Need a ride?

BRAD

(looks at Lyle, sadly)  
Man, we really need a car.

The old lady cackles hysterically and drives off.