

EXT. LAZARUS - LATE AFTERNOON

Ian, Punjab, Alderbridge and Trinny doctor the Impala. The RAP DEMO BUMPS. Bob stumbles from his camper. Wanders by.

BOB

Oh, I get it. You're gon' drive into J.R.'s office an' *backfire* all over her. No, wait, you're gon' park outside, then when she walks by, nip 'er in the shin with the door an' give her tetanus.

They ignore him. So he jets. SOME FOLKS stop him.

TOWNIE 1

What's goin' on? Aren't we gonna stuff tubes?

TOWNIE 2

Yeah, y'haven't made a run since y'got toss...we still goan make it?

TOWNIE 1

I ain't goin' back to the street!

BOB

People, people! Hang on! We are *fine!* Everything's well in hand.

Ushers them farther away from Ian.

BOB (cont'd)

(conspiratorial)

To answer your question, yes, we are gonna stuff tubes. Matter of fact, I was on my way to pack some just now...

TOWNIE 2

We ain't behind?

BOB

Quite the opposite - we're a mite ahead of ourselves. Let's slow it down a touch. Stuff less, but stuff the best dang tubes ever stuffed!

TOWNIE 1

Stuff less? How the hell's that gonna get us anywhere!?

BOB  
 (packs a box of tubes)  
 Well...there's been some quality  
 control issues...

TOWNIE 1  
 Who cares! We're rakin' it in! We  
 need to keep it up!

ASSENT from the rabble. *Rowdy now.*

TOWNIE 2  
 Ian said-

BOB  
 Don't y'all see what we're doin'?  
 The big picture? This ain't about  
 us. Or a house. It ain't even about  
*toothpaste!* Stuffin' tubes gives us  
 a *voice...*a mighty baritone with  
 which to stand up an' shout out  
 'gainst the injustices of the  
 world! Each tightened cap and taped  
 box brings us one step closer to  
 makin' sure folks can live free...  
 like us. Now, I don't know 'bout  
 you, but I believe that's an honor.  
 No, it's more than an honor. It's  
 our *duty...*as *Americans.*

Folds down the flaps on the newly-packed box. Tapes it.

BOB (cont'd)  
 Now...can someone skedaddle into  
 town and pick up my wagon?

BRUUUMMMMM. He turns. The Impala lurches to a stop behind  
 him. Punjab, smug at the wheel. Ian shotgun. A & T in back.

IAN  
 Oh, hey, Bob. Did you need a ride?

Punjab GUNS it. They SQUEAL off. CACKLING. Bob turns back.

The crowd stares. Slack. *Demoralized.* A tube POPS in  
 someone's hand. Paste dribbles onto the ground. Bob SIGHS.