MOTEL SHHHHH!
(A LOCAL COMMERCIAL)

Written by

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EXTERIOR OF SEEDY MOTEL.

A sleazy looking guy with a pencil moustache, gold tooth, and greasy, balding hair, wearing a camouflage shirt and smoking a cigarette in a long cigarette holder, stares unblinkingly into the camera.

He puts down an axe that's dripping with something.

TONY V.
(sort of whispering and talking out of the corner of his mouth)
Oh hello dere. I'm Tony V.

He smiles creepily and proudly, his gold tooth shining in the sun.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
I'm the owner AND proprietor here at Motel SHHHHH!

Every time anyone says "Motel SHHHHH!", they make a shushing motion with their fingers to their lips.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
Are you an ALLEGED criminal who ALLEGEDLY broke some ALLEGED law who needs to lay low until the media stops calling you "Mister Bloodbath And Beyond?" Maybe a reality TV star who needs to ditch the peepareetzi after a fake divorce after a fake marriage to a fake rap star? Or a priest who doesn't want to be found because, well let's face it, what priest does want to be found?

Awkwardly motions behind him to the motel and moves 2 steps for no reason so he's badly centered.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
Then come spend some time here at Motel SHHHHH!, where every employee prides hisself, herself, and itself on our stylish appearances, our ability to shut the h-e-middle fingers up, and our skill in taking a beating when the job requires it, which is a lot more often than you could possibly imagine.

In the background, a man picks the lock and goes into a motel room carrying a machete and an empty large burlap sack. He goes by an unconcerned maid, who looks a lot like Tony V.

Tony V. strolls the parking lot and every car has either blackout-tinted windows, or the windows have all been broken out. There is a muffled scream in the background, and Tony V. very subtly looks out of the corner of his eyes. He flicks his cigarette holder into a car's front seat, then takes a new holder out of his pocket, and puts the lit cigarette into it.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
Need an alibi? We'll provide it. Need some unmarked bills? We'll print 'em off for you. Need a fake death certificate, new fingerprints, or a baggie of someone else's DNA? Do these eyes look like they've ever turned down an illegal request?

Closeup of Tony V's eyes, which are bloodshot, caked, bruised, etc.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
Here are just a few testimonials about Motel SHHHHH! that my prison lawyer tells me are not admissible in a court of law.

TESTIMONIAL 1
(face and body are in shadows and voice is slowed down)
When I stayed at Motel SHHHHH!, I was at a low point in my life. But when I saw their "You can't spell 'arson' without the 'arse' throw pillow, I knew I had come to the right place.

TESTIMONIAL 2
(wearing a Guy Fawkes mask and speaking Russian)
Kogda den'gi nuzhda yutsya v otmyvanii, kuda bahshor priyti - Motel SHHHHH!

TESTIMONIAL 3
(sweating profusely)
It was . . .

Testimonial 3 starts to point towards the camera and we hear a gunshot. He slumps over and the video screeches to a stop.

TONY V.
(sitting in a busted lawn chair by the brown-water pool)
Now who can argue with that?

Tony V. gets up and starts walking.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
Oh, look, here's one of our friendly and helpful employees now. Lou V. in Maintenance.

Lou V. is plugging up bullet holes in a door with chewing gum. He notices the camera, then pulls his shirt up over his head.

Tony V. motions into the room.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
And Maria V. from Housekeeping.

Maria V. sweeps her arms across a nightstand, clearing guns, drugs, and deflated blowup dolls into a plastic wastebag.

Maria V. smiles a half-smile of disgust and distrust at the camera.

Tony V. is now walking across the yard.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
And here's my favorite now. Stevie V. from Groundskeeping.

Stevie V. is standing deep down in what is obviously a grave as he shovels dirt out of it.

STEVIE V.
(excited and smiling and waving)
Hey Uncle Tony V.! We took care of that Yelp review problem.

The same guy from earlier is seen in the background leaving the room with the same burlap bag over his shoulder, but there is now a motionless body in it.

A sweet, elderly couple pulls up in a car.

OLD MAN
(out the window of the car)
Do you have any rooms available?

TONY V.
Who sent you? The Feds? Hit the bricks, J. Edgar! Why don't you head up the road and stay at that high-class Motel 6, with their fancy "We change our sheets every week" and "You can see out our windows" and "We have indoor plumbing".

Tony V. reaches into his pants as though he's pulling out a gun.

The car screeches away.

Tony V. pulls out a comb with half its teeth missing and runs it through his balding hair.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
And have I mentioned Motel SHHHHH!'s Triple A, Senior Citizen, or Teacher discounts? No? Good, because we don't have them. But what we do offer is our all-inclusive Honeymoon Package. That's where I will personally marry you. And I don't mean that I'll officiate your wedding. I mean that I will become the spouse of any man, woman, or (for Kentucky residents only) child, so that I cannot be forced to testify against you. That's just an extra 75 bucks. 70 if we consummate the marriage.

Tony V. puts on some Chapstick and smiles. His gold tooth, with is now caked with Chapstick, starts smoking in the sun.

He walks 3 steps towards the camera, then 3 steps back to his original spot.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
Here at Motel SHHHHH!, we live by 2 mottos that are carved in skin.

He tears his shirt open and shows, and reads, his chest tattoo.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
“Cash only!” And . . .

He turns around and shows, and reads, his trampstamp, which has a misspelling.

TONY V. (CONT'D)
“You have to tell me if your a cop.”

Freeze on the trampstamp.

VOICE OVER
Motel SHHHHH! is conveniently located between the Waffle House off exit 35 and the other Waffle House off exit 35.

Bad camera cut from an obviously different shoot day (different lighting, clothes out of synch, no moustache, etc.), but they try to make it seem like it’s the same shoot by having him still wearing a torn shirt.

Tony V. talks over his shoulder as he hurries away from something that is on fire with a gas can in his hand.

TONY V.
Motel SHHHHH! If you know what’s good for you, don’t tell your friends.