

Drivers Ed

written by

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Based on an original screenplay by Jackie Gately

FADE IN:

EXT. HOUSE PARTY - NIGHT

Open on the outside of a house party. Kids are starting to file out and a few cars pulling away. A boy is jogging up towards the house, clearly out of breath and looking kind of rattled. He's holding a bag of tortilla chips. This is DYLAN. He grabs a kid walking out of the house.

DYLAN

Hey what's going on? Where's everyone going?

PARTY KID

Mr. Salmans showed up to the party.

DYLAN

The English teacher?

PARTY KID

Yup. And he didn't want to bust us or anything, he literally just wanted to hang out.

DYLAN

Dammit. You sure no one's still hanging out in there?

PARTY KID

Not after Salmans broke out the recorder.

We see a scrappy, young looking teacher bust through the doors of the party with a recorder in hand. This is MR. SALMANS.

MR. SALMANS

Where's everyone going? You didn't want to hear hot cross buns? Maybe even a little buns cross hot.. If I'm feeling crazy!

We see the blanks stares of the party go-ers. I can assure you that nobody wanted to hear buns cross hot.

MR. SALMANS (CONT'D)

Ahhh forget it! I'm walking home.

Salmans hobbles away.

Kids start to drive away, leaving Dylan standing alone in the driveway. A car pulls up to him and rolls down the window. This is JARED, Dylan's best friend.

JARED

Hey, bud where the hell have you been?

DYLAN

I couldn't get a ride, had to walk.

JARED

It's like three miles what took you so long?

DYLAN

I mean I left at like seven and stopped to get the chips, y'know figured I'd be nice and bring a snack, and then I got mugged so that delayed me a little bit, and then-

JARED

You got mugged?

DYLAN

Yeah, twice.

JARED

Who the hell gets mugged in Walpole?

DYLAN

Easy targets, Jared. Easy targets.

JARED

And I'm assuming you want a ride home.

DYLAN

Well hey! Don't wanna get mugged again amiright!

Dylan opens the passengers seat door and gets in. The car drives away.

INT. JARED'S CAR

Jared drives, eating from the bag of chips that is now opened.

JARED

Alright, it's time to address the elephant in the room.

DYLAN

Yeah... I think we're thinking the same thing.

At the same time

JARED

When are you gonna get your license?

DYLAN

Who farted?

JARED

Wait what?

DYLAN

Yeah it literally smells like someone dropped a bomb in here. And I know it wasn't me.

JARED

First of all, whoever smelt it dealt it. Second of all, you need to answer MY question. When are you gonna get your license?

DYLAN

I don't know, but it better be soon. If I stay in the car for any longer I'm actually gonna pass out.

JARED

Why don't you just sign up for Driver's Ed?

DYLAN

Oh yeah, I think I did see some sign ups.

JARED

Who's running the class?

DYLAN

There's two, I think. Erker's class and that other guy.

JARED

Putterby? Nips Putterby?

DYLAN

I think it's Ron, actually.

JARED

(chuckles)

Ooohh no. It's all nips in there, my friend.

DYLAN

What's up with all this nipple talk?

JARED

I signed up for his class at first. Was in there maybe three minutes until I couldn't stand the sight of those two bronze bullets staring me down. Had to go over to Erker's class.

Dylan looks disgusted. The car pulls into Dylan's driveway.

Dylan goes to open the passenger door.

DYLAN

I gotta go.

Jared grabs Dylan's arm right before he is able to exit the car.

JARED

(whispering)

Remember the nips Dylan. Remember the nips.

DYLAN

Alright! Alright! I'll get into Erker's class!

INT. DYLAN'S ROOM

Dylan sits at his computer looking at the webpage for ERKER'S DRIVING EXPERIENCE. He clicks the sign up button and a notification pops up reading: CLASS FULL.

DYLAN

Great.

He clicks to another webpage, this one for RON PUTTERBY'S SCHOOL of the ROADS.

INT. HEALTH ROOM

Dylan walks into a half full room of nervous looking kids.

He takes a seat next to a guy who looks out of place for the room. It's Mr. Salmans.

DYLAN

Mr. Salmans?

MR. SALMANS

(Embarrassed)

Oh, yeah, hey, Dylan.

DYLAN

What're you doing here?

MR. SALMANS

Not much, y'know just taking the class.

DYLAN

You don't have your license.

A beat.

MR. SALMANS

Not at the moment, no.

DYLAN

Why?

MR. SALMANS

Well a few years back I had this accident-

The door swings open and in comes a forty-something man in a tight t-shirt, nips prominent, and shorts. His legs display a level of hairlessness which makes you question all of human evolution. He is yelling into a Bluetooth and looking down at his phone as he moves to the front of the room. This is RON PUTTERBY.

RON

(on Bluetooth)

No, mom! I can't make it to
granny's funeral. I just have all
these tinder matches to keep up
with!

He winks at the class.

RON (CONT'D)

You know how it be!

.

He hangs up the bluetooth and throws it at the wall
inexplicably.

Ron winks again.

He then continues to throw his cell phone at the wall. Ron
takes off his jacket to reveal two prominent nips.

Dylan looks up in horror at Ron's nipples.

There is a slow zoom of Dylan's horrified face.

A slow zoom of the nips.

RON (CONT'D)

What's happening guys? You all
psyched to get out on the open
roads?

The class is silent.

RON (CONT'D)

I said are we psyched?!

The students all give a lukewarm response of excitement.

RON (CONT'D)

Well don't be! Look to your
right. Now look to your left.
Odds are one of you will be dead
before this class is over.

The class sits in a stunned silence.

RON (CONT'D)

Ahh! I'm just messin' with you
guys, lighten up! Come on we're
having fun, this is gonna be fun!

A student stands up and walks out of the room.

RON (CONT'D)

Good! Now we know who the weak ones are. So, just a little bit about me, the name's Ron Putterby. I've been teaching the youth, as well as some fully grown men...

He looks at Salmans who gives him a thumbs up.

RON (CONT'D)

...to drive for about 16 years now. Many have said I was born to teach driver safety. So I'm here to bestow some of my vehicular wisdom onto you fine folks. I remember the first time I drove a car like it was yesterday. I was six years old, my grandmother was driving me home from dinner at Chili's and there was a big storm rolling in. Now, Nana had a few too many margaritas, so she handed me the keys.

DYLAN

She let a six year old drive? Isn't that a little irresponsible?

RON

No, Dylan, it is incredibly irresponsible and also highly illegal. But that isn't the point. The point is, I will always remember my first time behind the wheel and so will all of you. However, that does not come unless you pay attention in this class, understood?

The class nods in agreement.

RON (CONT'D)

Alright, awesome. So lets party.

Ron clicks the projector on to show a slideshow reading: 30 Ways Your Car can be Used as a Murder Weapon.

INT. HEALTH ROOM - 30 MINUTES LATER

Dylan, who was asleep with his head down, wakes up to a large bang. His head shoots up and he's staring directly into Ron's crotch, who just jumped up onto the table. Dylan jumps backwards.

DYLAN

Jesus, man.

Ron hops down from the table.

RON

Oh, hey bud. I'm sorry is this class just not exciting enough for you or something?

DYLAN

No, no, no. I'm sorry I just got tired.

RON

Tired, huh? You know what happens when you get tired on the road?

DYLAN

I don't kn-

RON

VEHICULAR HOMICIDE! BOOM! CRASH!
WHERE'S LITTLE TIMMY? NOBODY
KNOWS!!

DYLAN

What? Oh my God, please stop.

RON

(collecting his
emotions)

Good, now stay awake.

Ron tosses Dylan a Red Bull while cracking one for himself and downing it in one swig before crushing the can on his head. Dylan just now looks around and realizes the room is empty except for Salmans.

DYLAN

Where'd everyone else go?

RON

Coupla spots opened up for Erker's class. I'll tell ya I've never seen kids run outta here faster.

INT. ERKER'S CLASS

The students all lounge around in a dim room. Erker sits at his desk, very relaxed. One of the students raises their hand.

STUDENT

Is it illegal to drive barefoot in Massachusetts?

ERKER

It's only illegal if you get caught!

Erker takes a bite from a club sandwich and props his bare feet on the table.

INT. HEALTH ROOM-CONTINUOUS

RON

Their loss! Right guys?

Ron goes for a high five. Salmans eagerly slaps Ron's hand. Maybe a little too hard...

RON (CONT'D)

Okay ow. Uhh... That's all for today then folks. Gotta go ice this baby.

Ron motions to his now throbbing hand.

RON (CONT'D)

Make sure to talk to me before you leave about signing up for driving hours.

DYLAN

Aren't we supposed to finish drivers ed before we're allowed to drive?

RON

Not here you're not. My belief
has always been to throw the baby
out of the nest and let 'em learn
to fly.

DYLAN

Don't you mean baby BIRD?

RON

Uhhh... yeah... sure.

DYLAN

Alright... So does Saturday work
for my first driving hour?

RON

Can't think of anything I'd
rather do, Dylan. I'll see you
Saturday.

DYLAN

Great.

Dylan gets up and starts to walk away.

RON

3 a.m. sharp.

Dylan stops dead in his tracks.

DYLAN

What? No, I was thinking more
like 9 or something. Y'know when
actual people are awake...

RON

Alright, boss, I'll pencil you in
for nine sharp. See you in class
tomorrow, D-Man.

DYLAN

Yup.

Dylan is already out the doors.

INT. HEALTH ROOM-NEXT DAY

Dylan walks in the room. Ron is at the front of the class stretching way too aggressively. Mr. Salmans sits at one of the desks grading papers. Ron sees Dylan come in but proceeds to stretch.

RON

Ah, Dylan, how nice of you to join the party, brother. Big day planned today to get you ready for that driving hour. We're gonna be breaking out the simulation.

DYLAN

What's the simulation?

Mr. Salmans laughs.

RON

What's the simulation? Only the closest thing you can get to the open roads without bending down and smelling that asphalt for yourself! Do you know the hoops I had to jump through to get funding for this thing?

INT. HALLWAY

Dylan and Mr. Salmans sit in a small boxcar wearing a bike helmets and pillows duct taped to their chests. Dylan is behind the wheel, which is a paper plate.

RON (O.S.)

Let's get this baby rolling!

Salmans jumps out of the passenger seat and scurries towards the back of the box. He begins to push the car forward. They come to an intersection in the hallway with a lazily made stop sign on the wall. Mr. Salmans scurries back to the passenger's seat.

RON (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Are you at the stop sign?

DYLAN

I beleive so, yes.

RON (O.S.)

Now check for oncoming traffic.
Do you see anything?

Dylan looks both ways. On one end of the hallway a janitor wheels a trash barrel the opposite direction.

MR. SALMANS

All clear!

RON (O.S.)

Yeah, Dylan can do it, Pete.
You'll have your turn, bud.

MR. SALMANS

My bad.

DYLAN

No, no ones coming.

RON (O.S.)

Alright, well proceed with
caution.

Dylan eases off whatever the brake is and starts moving forward. Ron, dressed as a deer, dives out in front of the car- breaking it completely. He bounces off the hood and onto the floor where he proceeds to rip sausage links from his chest, all while screaming violently.

DYLAN

Jesus Christ, man.

Ron stands up and dusts himself off.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

What the hell was that?

RON

It was a deer, Dylan.

DYLAN

For what purpose?

RON

To teach a lesson, my dear Dyl
pickle. A very important lesson.
You see, deer aren't like you or
me. They never went to school,
never got put into a box by
society and its constructs. Hell,
deer don't actually even know
what a car is. They're just gonna
stand there with their stupid
deer faces and if you don't be
careful they will ruin your life,
Dylan. Let your guard down and a
doe will break your heart and not
feel a thing.

Ron takes a bite of sausage and walks away.

MR. SALMANS

Those words were magic.

INT. DYLAN'S KITCHEN - SATURDAY MORNING.

Dylan paces around the room. The clock reads "9:20"

Dylan's dad enters the room.

DYLAN'S DAD

Hey kiddo! What are you waiting
for?

DYLAN

Ugh! My driving hour was supposed
to start at 9:00, but Nips
Putterby still isn't here yet.

DYLAN'S DAD

Nips Putterby? I got all my
driving hours done in one day
with Nips Putterby.

DYLAN

All your hours in one day? Is
that even legal? What did you
guys do?

DYLAN'S DAD

I'll tell you at the baptism of
your first child.

A beep is heard from the driveway.

DYLAN
That's probably him.

Dylan heads toward the door.

DYLAN'S DAD
Alright my child, have fun. Say
"hi" to nips for me!

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR

Dylan gets into the driver's seat of the car with Ron sitting in the passangers seat, drinking a glass of milk.

RON
Hey, bud. Apologies for my
lateness, had to milk the cows.

DYLAN
Alright, yeah no worries.

Ron begins to hand Dylan the glass of milk.

RON
Here! Try some.

Dylan takes a huge gulp of Ron's cow milk and immediately spits it out the window.

DYLAN
What the heck?! Is this even
pasteurized!!

RON
Nope! Straight out of the udder.
Just how God intended.

Ron continues to chug the entire glass of milk. He wipes his face off with fury.

RON (CONT'D)
(energized)
Great! So let's begin.

Dylan shifts the car into reverse and speeds back too quickly. Ron slams on the brake.

RON (CONT'D)
Woah there big guy!

DYLAN

What? What'd I do?

RON

First you disrespect my milk, and now you put the car in reverse without even checking the mirrors?

DYLAN

I didn't know! You haven't taught me anything.

RON

Get out of the car.

DYLAN

What?

RON

Just switch seats with me. We're starting you out in a lot.

DYLAN

What? I can't make it five minutes?

RON

Quite frankly no. In five minutes, Dylan, you could kill us at least three times.

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT-5 MINUTES LATER

Dylan and Ron sit inside the stopped car in an empty parking lot. Dylan is in the driver's seat and Ron is in the passenger's side.

RON

Dylan, look at me.

Ron is making the most aggressive eye contact in human history.

RON (CONT'D)

Tell me about the people you care about.

DYLAN

I don't know, like my parents or something?

RON

WELL THROW THAT RELATIONSHIP OUT THE WINDOW! There's only one relationship you need right now. Your foot and that gas pedal... also that brake.

DYLAN

I think that's two relationships.

RON

More of a love triangle, actually.

DYLAN

What does this have to do with anything?

RON

Clearly my elaborate analogy didn't get through to you. The point is sometimes you hit the gas, other times the brake.

DYLAN

You coulda led with that.

RON

I know, I'll put my hand up on that one, my fault. Put the car into drive.

Dylan shifts into drive and the car starts inching forward.

The car continues slowly forward. Ron slams on the emergency brake.

DYLAN

What? What'd I do?

RON

Nothing. Pretty solid driving in a straight line, but your session is over.

DYLAN

We've been driving for like two minutes.

RON

You had a nine o'clock lesson.
It's 10:05. You're lucky I don't
charge you for another full hour.

INT. JARED'S CAR

Jared is driving, jamming to some Phish and he sees Dylan walking on the side of the road. He pulls over and rolls down the window.

JARED

Hey, bud. Where you going?

DYLAN

Home. Had to walk from the high
school.

JARED

I'll drive you over. Hop in.

Dylan gets in the car and Jared pulls back onto the road.

JARED

Why were you at the high school?

DYLAN

Driving hour with Putterby.

JARED

Don't they usually drive you home
after those?

DYLAN

Yeah, but Ron said he had a "hot
date" to get to.

JARED

Who goes on a date on Saturday
morning?

DYLAN

Brunch maybe?

JARED

That's more of a Sunday thing,
though.

DYLAN

Yeah I don't know what to tell
you, man.

JARED

And brunch for a first date? Call me old fashioned but I would not be going out to brunch for a first date.

DYLAN

(suddenly interested)
Wait, you wouldn't take your first date out to brunch? Why not?

JARED

I don't know. I'm not a huge fan of the food I guess.

Dylan nods his head in approval but quickly snaps out of it.

DYLAN

That's not the point! Ugh, I just want to get all this over with as quickly as possible and never have to walk home again.

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR - DAYS LATER

Dylan gets into the car with Ron in the passenger's seat.

Mr. Salmans sits in the back.

RON

Hey man, back at it again! You know Pete right? He's doing an observation hour.

MR. SALMANS

Hey, Dylan.

A beat.

DYLAN

Hey, Mr. Salmans.

RON

Alright! Well let's get a move on. We're gonna head back over to that parking lot from last time. I trust you can get us there.

DYLAN

Yeah I think so.

RON

Don't think, Dylan. Just...
drive.

MR. SALMANS

Dang that's wise.

Dylan pulls onto the road.

RON

Alright now take it easy. See
that sign? Thirty miles an hour
speed limit, which means you can
safely do twenty-seven. Now have
I taught you the best way to keep
constant speed?

DYLAN

You have taught me almost
nothing.

Ron laughs and turns to Salmans.

RON

I told you he was a smartass
didn't I?

MR. SALMANS

You had mentioned it, yes.

RON

Alright, Dylan. What I want you
to do is picture the speed in
your head. Just think twenty
seven. Empty everything from your
mind that isn't twenty seven.

DYLAN

There's no way that works. Can't
I just look at the speed?

RON

I mean sure, a rookie looks at
the speedometer, but a
professional, a real master of
the craft, he visualizes. Trust
me buddy, I've been doing this
for-

DYLAN

(Interrupting)

I know! You've been driving for a long time. You know who else has been driving that long? Like every adult ever!

Dylan looks in the rearview at Salmans.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Sorry, Mr. Salmans.

MR. SALMANS

Nah, I get it.

RON

Dylan, am I sensing a beef between us?

DYLAN

A beef? You haven't helped me at all! I'm just trying to get my license so I don't have to walk everywhere and-

Ron is grinning from ear to ear.

DYLAN (CONT'D)

Why, why are you smiling like that?

RON

Cause there it is, Dyl.

DYLAN

What?

RON

You're me.

DYLAN

I will crash this car right now.

RON

No, no. Dylan you don't get it. I was once you.

DYLAN

You walked?

RON

You kiddin' me? It's all I did!
You think I don't know what it
feels like being the only kid
without a license? Having your
buddies cart you all over town,
being late for the birth of your
child. I've been there, kid.

DYLAN

You missed your kid's birth?

RON

Well, turns out he wasn't mine,
but I missed out on the birth of
that mailman baby and I'll never
forgive myself for it.

DYLAN

I never knew you went through all
that.

RON

I'm trying to help you, man.
Maybe you can't tell, but I'm on
your side.

Dylan gives Ron a look of approval.

Salmans is sniffing back tears.

MR. SALMANS

I could not be happier to be a
part of this moment.

Ron and Dylan look back at Salmans then back to eachother.

RON

Alright, bud. We got a lot of
work to do. So let's party.

MONTAGE: DYLAN LEARNING TO DRIVE

--Dylan attempts a parallel park but drives up onto the curb.

--Salmans starts to drives but stops quickly when a biker
passes by. Everyone sighs in relief.

--Ron and Dylan run on an empty beach early in the morning.

--Salmans trails close behind with a boombox playing
exclusively jock jams.

--Dylan sits on Ron's lap, both dudes in the driver's seat. Ron guides Dylan's hands as he drives.

--Ron and Dylan run into Erker's classroom and throw sausages at them.

--Dylan attempts a parallel park while Ron sits in the passenger's seat chugging milk. When Dylan nails the parallel park, Ron spits the milk out in amazement. The two fist bump and nod their heads.

END MONTAGE

INT. DYLAN'S ROOM

Dylan wakes up and looks at his clock which reads 6:15am.

He gets out of bed and runs downstairs where his dad stands in the kitchen, cooking up something scrumptious.

DYLAN'S DAD

Test day today, buddy. You ready?

DYLAN

Yeah, actually, I think I am.

DYLAN'S DAD

Well, great. I hope today is as incredible as the day I got all my driving hours done.

DYLAN

Can you just please tell me what happened!

Dylan's dad takes a sip from his coffee cup.

DYLAN'S DAD

Ha ha ha. Foolish boy.

EXT. BLACKBURN HALL- TEST DAY

Dylan arrives at Blackburn nervously and sees Mr. Salmans standing alone.

DYLAN

Hey, Mr. Salmans.

MR. SALMANS

Hey, Dylan. Look I feel like we're pretty good buds now, I give you my permission to call me P-Salms.

DYLAN

I would much rather not.

MR. SALMANS

Totally understood.

DYLAN

Yeah... You nervous for the test?

MR. SALMANS

I think I'm alright, you?

DYLAN

Kinda freaking out, man. I mean I got a lot riding on this.

MR. SALMANS

Yeah, well I mean it wasn't so bad the first time.

DYLAN

You've already taken it?

MR. SALMANS

Yeah like ten years ago, passed pretty easy.

DYLAN

You've already had your license?

MR. SALMANS

Obviously, who do you think I am? I had to reapply after the accident, though.

DYLAN

What accident?

MR. SALMANS

Nothing serious, just a minor traffic accident between my car and a cyclist.

DYLAN

Was he okay?

MR. SALMANS

No. No, not at all. Quite the opposite.

DYLAN

Mr. Salmans... Did you... kill a man?

Just then Ron pulls up in the drivers' ed car and gets out looking like he just spent 40 hours in a Lebanese night club.

RON

Boys, we ready?

MR. SALMANS

As ready as I'll ever be.

RON

Love to hear it, Pete. Just watch out for those bikers, right?

He gives Salmans a wink.

DYLAN

You knew?

RON

It's unimportant, Dylan.

DYLAN

Vehicular manslaughter is UN-

Ron cuts Dylan off.

RON

It is on test day, bud! Now get your game face on. The guy from the DMV should be here any minute. Listen, he's real tough but I know him.

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR

Dylan buckles up and adjusts his mirrors. Ron and Salmans are in the back of the car. The instructor enters the car and it is the man, the myth, the legend himself, BILL REHILL.

REHILL

Gentlemen! How's everyone doing on this fine morning? Everyone excited?

RON

Bill! What's happening man? How you doing?

Rehill doesn't seem happy to see Ron.

REHILL

Yeah, hey, Ron. Alright well we should get started, let's see some hand signals. Left?

Dylan makes the left turn signal.

REHILL

Right.

Dylan shows right turn signal.

REHILL

Good, and can I see cut off in traffic?

Dylan puts up his middle finger out the window.

REHILL

Perfect. Alright off to a good start, lets hit the road.

Dylan shifts the car into gear and pulls out onto the road.

RON

You got this, baby! Just think 27 and you're good.

Dylan continues driving a little too slow.

REHILL

You know you can speed up a little bit, we're in a 35 zone.

Ron turns to Mr. Salmans in a panic.

RON

(Whispering)

Oh no. He only knows 27. All I taught him was 27. There's no way he can pull this off.

MR. SALMANS

Don't worry, he's got this.

The camera focuses on Dylan, who is sweating profusely and trying to visualize. He closes his eyes and can only see the number "33". The car speeds up a little bit. Ron fist pumps gently to himself.

REHILL

Alright good speed, good speed. I could do without the whole eyes closed while driving thing but I'll let it slide. Turn right up here.

Dylan takes a right turn onto a side street. Suddenly we hear a police siren.

REHILL

Missed a turn signal.

The instructor makes a mark on his clipboard.

DYLAN

Ron, what do I do?

RON

Just relax, bud. Pull over to the right and stay calm.

Dylan pulls the car over. The cop walks up and taps on the window. Dylan rolls it down.

COP

You know how fast you were going back there?

DYLAN

Thirty-Three, sir.

COP

Yeah, actually exactly that.

Ron leans forward from the back seat.

RON

John? Johnnyboy that you?

COP

Well I'll be damned if that's Nips Putterby!

RON

You bet your behind it is. How you doing, brother?

DYLAN

Wait, Ron you know each other?

COP

Of course! Ron taught me how to drive. Best class I ever took was with this crazy bastard!

RON

Really is great to see you, man.

COP

You too, Ron. And that's my bad, guys. Obviously no student of Ron's is doing any wrong on the roads. I mean, who uses blinkers nowadays?

The cop rips up the ticket and leaves. Dylan takes a sigh of relief.

REHILL

Well, since the cop admitted his mistake, I can't mark you off for that one, so you're still doing well. All that's left is the paralell park.

EXT. BLACKBURN HALL

Dylan is about the begin his paralell park maneuver. Laser focused.

RON

You got this bud, eye of the tiger.

MR. SALMANS

The thrill of the fight.

Dylan takes a deep breath and effortlessly parallel parks the car.

RON

(Grinning)

There it is! Nailed it!

Dylan looks at Rehill.

DYLAN

So did I pass?

REHILL

Give me a second, I still have to add up the points. It's not easy for me... yep, yeah you passed.

DYLAN

YES!

RON

Look at that. There's a man who's never gonna walk home again! Give me some!

Ron and Dylan enthusiastically high fives.

DYLAN

Thanks, Ron. I owe it all to you, really.

RON

No problem, Dyl. You've truly become one of my star pupils.

DYLAN

One of..?

RON

Well, there was this crazy young man a long while back...

Dylan's dad honks his horn from the car across the parking lot. The two men lock eyes and nod in secret cahoots.

RON (CONT'D)

See you later, Dylan.

Dylan exits the car and Mr. Salmans takes his place in the front seat.

REHILL

Alright now pull into the road.

Salmans eases off the brake, gives it some gas, and immediately runs over a biker trying to cross the street.

MR. SALMANS

GOD DAMN IT!

Rehill makes a mark on the clipboard as Ron puts his head in his hands.

FADE OUT