

Driver's Ed

Written By

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BLACK SCREEN

Open on a black screen with a voice listing off names. This is MS. FARRELL, she is checking for people's assignments.

MS. FARRELL

Teddy?

TEDDY

I got it.

MS. FARRELL

Love it. Grace?

GRACE

I have it.

MS. FARRELL

Ben?

BEN

Have it.

MS. FARRELL

Awesome. Dylan?

The screen now opens from the point of view of a boy who was asleep. This is DYLAN. He is an ordinary looking kid, dresses normally. His hair is a little disheveled because his head has been buried in his arms.

MS. FARRELL

Henderson! Wake up! Do you have the paper or not?

DYLAN

Oh no I'm sorry I'll have it in by tomorrow.

MS. FARRELL

That's ten points off. You're off to a bad start there, champ. Have it in by tomorrow.

DYLAN

Will do.

Farrell continues on with asking about papers to other kids. A kid sitting in front of Dylan turns around, this is JARED, Dylan's best friend.

JARED

Dude, what's the deal? Why are you so tired today?

DYLAN

I was talking to Leah for a while last night.

JARED

Leah? Like Leah Carelli? Dude, does that girl even speak?

DYLAN

Shut up she's just quiet but she's really chill.

JARED

You gonna take her out?

DYLAN

I mean I'd like to but what am I going to do? Ask my mom to drive us? I haven't gotten around to getting my license yet.

JARED

Yeah bro you should get on that. I'm getting tired of hauling your lazy bee-hind to and from everywhere. I'm surprised that you haven't started sitting in the backseat and calling me "driver" yet.

DYLAN

Okay I get it. I'm going to sign up for Driver's Ed this week.

MS. FARRELL

Dylan and Jared! Stop talking! If you guys have been talking, then I'm sure you can tell us all what a mandate is. And no it's not the thing you two do over candlelight on a friday night.

Jared and Dylan exchange a look.

INT. HALLWAY

Dylan and Jared are walking in the hallway in between classes.

JARED

Dude, registration for driver's ed is actually this week you just gotta go sign up.

DYLAN  
Are they really?

JARED  
I hear Erker for some reason is  
teaching a class.

DYLAN  
Really?

JARED  
Yeah, man, be sure to take Erker's  
class. The other guy's class is  
tapped.

DYLAN  
What do you mean?

JARED  
Just make sure you get into Erker's  
class. Trust me.

INT. DYLAN'S ROOM-LATER THAT DAY

Dylan is sitting at his computer on the phone with Jared.

DYLAN  
Hey, I'm signing up for Erker's  
class now.

INT. JARED'S HOUSE-CONT'D

Jared is lounging on his couch while two young kids can be  
seen playing carelessly in the background.

JARED  
Nice. If you don't get into Erker's  
class than I highly suggest not  
taking the class in the first  
place.

INTERCUT - DYLAN'S ROOM/JARED'S HOUSE

DYLAN  
What's that noise?

JARED  
I'm baby-sitting. Or house-sitting.  
I forget. Doesn't really matter.

DYLAN  
Is the other guy really that bad?

The children that can be seen in the background of Jared are

progressively getting more unruly and aggressive towards each other.

JARED

All Erker talks about in the class are a bunch of stories on his theories on how the car like got its name and how he met Henry Ford's nephew's college roommate that one time, and he gives a twenty minute stretch break. Where he makes the kids stretch for 20 minutes and the class is only an hour. Plus, my friend says the other guy is a complete whack job. I'd rather have easy than crazy.

DYLAN

Oh god dude no.

The kids are still fighting in the background

JARED

What's up?

DYLAN

Erker's class is all full. Ahh I really need to get this stuff done. I think I'm just going to sign up for this other guys class.

One of the kids is holding a golf club as if he is going to swing it at the other kid.

JARED (ON THE PHONE)

No! Don't do that!

The two kids turn to Jared thinking that he is talking to them. They stop what they're doing completely.

KID #1

Us?!

Jared turns to the kids as if he didn't even really know they were there in the first place.

JARED

(to the kids)

What? Nahh you guys do whatever. It's fine.

(back to Dylan)

Dude, I've heard awful things about this guy.

DYLAN

It can't be that bad. Plus he's my only option now so I've gotta do it.

JARED

Dude, I promise you. You are going to HATE your life every time you have a class or an hour with that guy.

A loud crash is heard off screen. One of the kids has clearly gotten hurt from the rough play.

JARED

Okay guys that's enough! Go up to bed!

KID #2 (O.S.)

It's only four o'clock.

Dylan is overhearing Jared's exchange with the kids over the phone.

JARED (O.S)

That's enough sass! I will tell your mom!

KID #1 (O.S)

I want our old babysitter to come back!

JARED (O.S)

Yeah me too! I gotta go man. I'll talk to you later.

Jared hangs up.

DYLAN

(sighs)

Whatever

Dylan looks closely at the computer screen as if he is reading something

DYLAN

I will see you tomorrow-

Dylan is reading the screen

DYLAN (CONT'D)

...Ron Putterby...

INT. HEALTH CLASSROOM-THE NEXT DAY

Dylan is sitting in the middle table in the middle of the room, he is the only one at the table. The room is filled with maybe twenty kids. Presuming that the kids in this class are the kids who didn't get into Erker's class.

Dylan looks around the room, not sure where to sit. He doesn't see anybody of note, so he turns to sit in the chair next to him.

As he turns, a boy is suddenly standing uncomfortably close to Dylan. This is HAL. He is awkward and scrawny. Dylan jumps, then relaxes.

HAL

Hey, Dylan.

DYLAN

Oh hey, Hal, what's up?

HAL

Nothing much, just getting my license, ya know? You?

DYLAN

Well...yeah same.

A short awkward pause lingers between the two.

HAL

So-

DYLAN

Do you-

Hal and Dylan both begin to speak at the same time and then each stop to let the other one speak which leads to another awkward pause between the boys.

A man then enters wearing what looks to be running clothes that are somewhat small too small for him. He is also wearing a blue tooth. This RON PUTTERBY.

RON

Yyyoo guys! How we doin?!

DYLAN

(In relief that he no longer has to make conversation with Hal)

Thank god.

RON

How we doin' tonight? My name is Ron Putterby. I will playing the

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

part of your driving instructor, or driving coach, if that's how you wanna put it. I'm cool with that too. I know you're all bummed that you gotta spend your Tuesday nights with me instead of doing other cool-guy high school stuff that you cool guys do.

DYLAN

(to himself)

It's Tuesday.

RON

BUT I do promise that we WILL have a lot of fun and good times in this class and HOPEFULLY you'll actually learn a thing or two...

(Begins looking around the room while nodding his head at the kids)

Right? Yeah? I love it!

DYLAN

(to Hal)

This is guy can't be real.

RON

Alright! SO! Throughout this class I'm going to be getting to know you guy PER-ETTY well, what with teaching you in class and I'll even have the good fortune of being on the road with a good number. I just want you guys to know a little bit about me. I've been teaching the youth how to drive for about I wanna saaaayyy...

He drags along the word "say" for as long as it takes it muster up a number for a good amount of time

RON (CONT'D)

16! 16 years, I've been playing this game. That's about as long as most of you guys have been alive, huh? So you guys can imagine I may have gotten pretty good at what I do. A lot of times I like to go the gym before class so I may or may not come in dressed as such.



He then puts his foot on to the first desk and leans on his knee. It is clear that the desk is much too tall for a grown man to do his action comfortably.

RON

Also, fun little factoid about myself. I am an amateur comedy writer. I write fun little short stories and such. SO please when you come into this class be ready...to laugh...a lot. LET'S SAY WE GET STARTED, HUH?!

Dylan has dumbfounded look on his face. It is clear to him that it is going to be a long few weeks.

INT. HEALTH CLASSROOM-45 MINUTES LATER

RON

And those are the 30 ways, in which, your car can act as a murder weapon.

Dylan, with his head in his hand, lifts his head and looks around the room. Nobody else is in the room except for Hal and himself.

DYLAN

Where did everyone else go??

RON

A few seats in Erker's class opened up.

INT. ERKER'S CLASS

The students all lounge around the room comfortably, with dim lighting. There are tiki torches lining the room and Erker is drinking from a coconut with a flowery umbrella in it.

STUDENT

What if there is construction on the road? How fast can we go?

ERKER

That never happens. And if it does, you people seem smart enough to figure it out.

He goes back to sipping the drink comfortably. He turns on a cd player that plays a Barry Manilow-esque song.

INT. HEALTH CLASSROOM - CONTINUOUS

RON

Don't know if that's good luck or bad luck! Am I right? Okay, class dismissed! If you want to schedule a driving hour, you can do so with me right now!

Dylan walks over to Ron, as he is getting all of his things together.

DYLAN

So can I schedule a time to start my driving hours, Mr. Putterby?

RON

Woah woah woah now. Listen, when I hear someone say "Mr. Putterby" I turn around and look for my father. Call me Ron, my good man, but yeah of course. Just write down your name, cell number, address, and a time and date that works for you!

DYLAN

Oh okay, thanks.

Dylan writes down his information and goes to leave.

RON

I will see you bright and early saturday morning at 9 o'clock!

DYLAN

Thanks, Mr. Put-

RON

AHH!

DYLAN

Right, Ron.

RON

See you tomorrow in class!

Dylan turns away from Ron and rolls his eyes as he leaves.

INT. HEALTH CLASSROOM-THE NEXT DAY

Ron stretches in the front of the classroom as Dylan enters. Hal is seated in the front row, sitting up straight and staring intently at Ron.

Dylan sits next to him.

RON  
 Alright, I'm just going to take  
 attendance real quick here, folks.  
 Hal?

Hal eagerly raises his hand, knocking over a water bottle  
 and a notebook in the process.

RON  
 Okay. Dylan?

Dylan looks around at the empty class.

RON  
 Dylan? Dylan? Bueller? Great movie.  
 Dylan? Speak up kids, I don't know  
 your names yet.

Dylan raises his hand slowly.

RON  
 Ah! Great! So, because our  
 friend...

He looks at his clipboard, searching for a name.

RON (CONT'D)  
 ...Dylan has a lesson soon, we will  
 be trying a simulation!

Hal looks really excited while Dylan looks confused.

INT. HALLWAY - LATER

Dylan and Hal sit in a small boxcar and they are fitted with  
 bright red helmets and pads. Dylan sits behind the wheel.

The car inches forward, until they come at a four way  
 intersection in hallways. A badly painted piece of cardboard  
 reading "STOP" is tacked upon the wall.

RON (O.S.)  
 Are you at the stop sign?

DYLAN  
 (not sure where Ron is)  
 Um...yes.

RON (O.S.)  
 Is there any oncoming traffic?

DYLAN  
 ...no?

RON (O.S.)  
 Are you sure? Wait five seconds,  
 then ease into the intersection.

Dylan looks back and forth and shakes his head as he starts to proceed.

DYLAN  
 This is so stupid.

Suddenly, when Dylan is in the middle of the intersection, Ron, fully dressed as a deer, sprints out at full speed and decks the car.

Dylan and Hal yell in horror as Ron flips over the car and crushes the front of it. Ron tears sausage links from his chest and screams and he violently tosses them everywhere.

After freaking out, Ron calmly stands up and stares at Hal and Dylan.

DYLAN  
 What in the name of all things holy  
 was that?!

RON  
 A deer.

DYLAN  
 Why would you do that?

RON  
 Just because you are paying  
 attention to the rules, it doesn't  
 mean everybody will be. There are  
 some idiots out there who are  
 easily distracted and blow right  
 through stop signs. Not to mention  
 equally distracted wildlife!

He takes a bite out of the sausages and walks away.

Dylan and Hal watch him go.

INT. DYLAN'S HOUSE-SATURDAY MORNING

Dylan is pacing back and forth in his house. Waiting for the arrival of Ron.

THE CLOCK READS: "9:20"

Dylan's Mom enters the room

DYLAN'S MOM

Gosh, he's still not here yet? Do you think you should try calling him?

DYLAN

Well...I mean...I guess.

Dylan takes out his phone and starts to call Ron.

A loud beeping can then be heard.

Dylan hangs up the phone.

DYLAN

That's probably him.

DYLAN'S MOM

Okay! Have fun!

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

Dylan enters the driver's seat of the car. Ron has positioned himself in the passengers.

RON

My apologies for the lateness. Your place is a tough one to find and I also couldn't find my blue tooth anywhere and guess where it was?

DYLAN

Where was-

RON

On my ear! How crazy is that? Like what? Looks like this loon is missing from the looney bin, am I right? Well what do you say we get this road on the show? or better yet, car on the road.

DYLAN

Uhhh yeah sounds good.

RON

Alright, let's get going.

Dylan brings the car into reverse and goes back fairly quick.

RON

Woah! Woah! Hey there now!

Ron puts his foot on his break.

DYLAN

...What?

RON

What do you got an "S" on your chest or something?

DYLAN

What? No. What do you mean?

RON

You think you're Superman or something?! You got eyes in the back of your head?!

DYLAN

Superman doesn't have eyes in the back of his head-

RON

You were going too fast and you weren't even looking behind you. Let me tell you something my friend. That is a big no no in driving. You know what? Hop in the passengers seat. I don't want you to drive just yet. I'll take us to a parking lot.

DYLAN

I mean I'm sure I can make it to-

RON

No arguing! Off we go!

EXT. EMPTY PARKING LOT-5 MINUTES LATER

Dylan and Ron both stand outside of the car.

RON

Alright, here we go. Take a minute to just study the car and the area around it.

Dylan looks around the car and the area around it, he is clearly not having any of this.

RON

You got it? It's important to make note of any people or objects in any driving scenario. See anything?

DYLAN

No. We're in a completely empty parking lot.

RON

Good! Me neither! Now let's get in!

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

Dylan sits in the driver's seat while Ron sits in the passenger's seat.

RON

Tell me about the relationships in your life, Dylan?

DYLAN

What?

RON

List off a few close relationships you have.

DYLAN

I don't know...my family and my friends..I guess.

RON

Okay good. Nice answer. I'm gonna go ahead and add a few more to that list if I could--and these are some pretty crucial relationships so pay close attention if you could. Your foot and your gas pedal and your foot and your brake.

DYLAN

Okay well you could've just started off with that.

RON

Well I can see that someone doesn't have a very big flare for dramatics. It's all to show my point. Now, when you drive don't hit too hard on the gas or the break. We like a nice natural compression. Hear what I'm saying?

DYLAN

Yeah I got you.

RON

Good, now let's start the car.

Dylan starts the car and begins to drive.

RON

Very good. Remember now we want the hands to be ten and two. It allows us to have complete control over the wheel. Okay this is great. Now, Dylan...I want you to close your eyes.

DYLAN

What?! That's like the opposite of what you're supposed to do!

RON

Just for a second! I swear! I've been doing this for 16-

DYLAN

Okay fine!

Dylan shuts his eyes while driving. Ron slams on his break.

RON

You NEVER take your eyes off the road no matter what! Lesson number one! What were you thinking?!

DYLAN

You told me to!

RON

Oh fun! Let's just a play a game where we do absolutely everything anyone tell us to ever! Tell me to go rob a bank.

DYLAN

No.

RON

Well I was gonna say no the bank question, but I guess that that makes the point all of the same. I just taught you an important rule of the road AND a much needed lesson in conformity.

DYLAN

You were 20 minutes late for my

(MORE)



DYLAN (CONT'D)

hour and now you're wasting time on yelling at me for closing my eyes on the road when you told me to!

RON

Okay, I'm going to put a fire extinguisher on the flames of animosity you may have towards me right now. You need to understand that I know what I'm doing and I teach in the way I know to be the most effective and character-building way possible. I've taught students how to drive who later go on to be taxi drivers, delivery men, trolley operators-

DYLAN

Those still exist?

RON

What do the all have in common?

DYLAN

They're all poor career choices?

RON

NO! They all operate motor vehicles. I guess you could say that I not only teach you how to drive but I also...inspire. You'll see.

DYLAN

There is nothing I can think of that can help me muster up a response to that.

RON

Alright, wise guy. Your session is almost up. Now how about you drive back to your house.

DYLAN

Alright.

EXT.PLAYGROUND-LATER THAT DAY

Dylan and Jared are at the playground watching the kids that Jared baby-sits.

DYLAN

He's absolutely nuts, dude.

JARED

What did I tell you man? You consistently doubt my judgment. You need to realize that I am always right.

(yelling to kids he's baby-sitting)

Brian! If your gonna push your brother off the swings do it from behind so he at least has a chance at landing on his feet! Come on now!

KID #1

I'm Luke! HE'S Brian!

JARED

(not paying attention to him)

Oh my god no! That's too cool.

(back to Dylan)

So I guess you're just going to have to tough it out,man.

DYLAN

He shows up twenty minutes late, tells me to close my eyes WHILE DRIVING, and then gets angry when I do because I'm never supposed to close my eyes not matter what when I'm driving.

JARED

I mean it's an effective message, I guess.

DYLAN

That's not the point! The first lesson and we already can't stand each other.

Dylan's phone starts to ring. He takes out his phone.

DYLAN

Ahh dude it's Leah! Why's she calling me right now?!

JARED

(sarcastically)

Ahh gosh, I don't know. If only there were a way where you could find out.

Dylan rolls his eyes and answers the phone.

DYLAN

Hello?

INT. LEAH'S HOUSE-CONTINUOUS

The girl on the other end of the phone is a cute, put together, but slightly timid looking. This is LEAH.

LEAH

Hi, Dylan?

INTERCUT-PLAYGROUND/LEAH'S HOUSE

DYLAN

Hi, Leah! What's up?

LEAH

Hi, sorry I don't want to like bother you or anything but I was just wondering if you knew what the homework was in Spanish?

DYLAN

Oh...actually I have no idea. Sorry about that.

LEAH

No, it's okay! I was just doing nothing!...Well I wasn't doing nothing there was an SVU marathon on and I was just...I don't know wondering if you wanted to hang out later or tonight or something? I don't know.

She laughs nervously.

DYLAN

Yeah totally! That would be awesome!

LEAH

Great! I'm having a few people over at around 7 for a bonfire.

DYLAN

Sounds great! I'll be there! I'll have my mom drop me off.

Dylan realizes what he said and makes a silent face of frustration to Jared.

LEAH

Cool! I'll see you then! Bye!

EXT. PLAYGROUND-CONTINUOUS

DYLAN

Yeah, I'll see ya.

Dylan hangs up clearly embarrassed about his mom comment.

JARED

You didn't even have to say that. "Cool! I'll be there, Leah" Boom. Hang up. I can just drive you...fool.

DYLAN

Ahh thanks, man.

JARED

Alright, let's get out of here.

Jared starts to walk away.

DYLAN

Dude, the kids.

JARED

Oh right. That would've been bad. Hey guys lets go! I'm bored!

KID #2

But we just got here 5 minutes ago!

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR- DAY

Dylan enters the driver's seat of the car while Ron is in the passengers seat. Hal is now sitting in the backseat.

RON

Welcome! Welcome! Dylan this is Hal, he'll be doing an observation hour.

DYLAN

Yeah, we know each other. Hi, Hal.

HAL

Hi, Dylan.

RON

Today we're going to be doing some three point turns so if you could just drive back to the parking lot

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

we were at last time.

DYLAN

Sounds good.

Dylan begins to drive.

RON

Well there you go again on that peddle. Loosen your foot off the gas. Just relax. Always drive as if there is a tiny newborn baby in the backseat...unless you're in a hurry then drive like there's a birthing mother in the backseat

(He laughs for second)

I'm just kidding...but seriously think baby not birthing mother.

DYLAN

Never have I thought I would hear the speed limit equated with child birth.

HAL

I thought it was clever.

RON

Alright now, careful. You wanna come to a nice gradual stop at these red lights.

DYLAN

Yep. I got it.

RON

Ya know, Dylan. Driver's Ed doesn't just mean Driver's Education. It also means Driver's Etiquette, Driver's Emotional Training. Also, it could be the title for a movie if the main characters name was Ed.

HAL

I'd see that.

DYLAN

What are you even getting at?

RON

What I'm saying is you need to be more open to learning about this instead of grunting and sassing me.

(MORE)

RON (CONT'D)

Think of me as the car and the road  
as your path to getting your  
license.

HAL

Wouldn't his attitude be the car  
and you'd be the road being the  
path to his license?

RON

No, I'm pretty sure I'm the road.

DYLAN

No, I think that that's right  
actually.

HAL

Wooo!

RON

Regardless! Just be open to what I  
have to teach you and how I teach  
so you can get your license. After  
all, you don't want to be that kid  
who shows up to a cute girl's  
bonfire that just got dropped off  
by his mom.

A slow BEAT as Dylan looks at Ron's smiling face.

DYLAN

How do you know that?

RON

Know it? Baby, I LIVED it. My mom  
used to drive me everywhere before  
I got my license. My instructor was  
the worst teacher and he failed me  
four times. I don't want that to  
happen to you. You got me?

DYLAN

Let's do it.

RON

Excellent! Now pull in right over  
here and let's get started.

A small pause.

HAL

I'm glad I got to be witness to  
that little moment right there.

MONTAGE: DYLAN LEARNING HOW TO DRIVE

--Dylan is trying to do a three point turn but makes about 5 turns too many.

--Ron showing Dylan that he needs to turn the wheel very fast.

--Dylan tries to parallel park in a parking lot but knocks down the cone completely and ends up on the curb.

--Dylan, Ron, and Hal are all outside of the car looking at where the car ended up.

RON  
Not...terrible.

--Hal does a perfect parallel parking job. He claps to himself. Dylan sighs.

--Dylan is trying to reverse fifty feet but goes far too fast.

RON  
Slow slow slow slow!

--Dylan is now in the class driver's ed and seats are put in the formation to make up seats in a car. Dylan is in the the driver's "seat", while Ron is in the passengers "seat". Hal runs in front of the "car" wearing fake deer antlers. Dylan stops properly and gives Ron a thumbs up.

--Dylan is now parallel parking and does it perfectly

--Dylan, Hal, and Ron are outside the car looking at it very pleased.

--Dylan is driving with his hands ten and two.

RON  
What do we think?

DYLAN  
Baby not birthing mother.

RON  
That's right. Nice and slow.

END MONTAGE

INT.DYLAN'S ROOM-MORNING

SHOT: ALARM CLOCK READING 8:15

Dylan's mom stands above his bed waking him up.

DYLAN'S MOM

Dylan, sweetie wake up. It's test day! This is it! You think you're ready?

DYLAN

(nervously sighs)

Yeah, I think so.

EXT. BLACKBURN PARKING LOT-DAY

Dylan stands nervously awaiting his turn to take his driver's test. He takes a deep breath. Hal comes up out of no where.

HAL

Hey, Dylan!

DYLAN

AHH! You come out of no where, Hal. You're taking the test today too?

HAL

Yeah, you ready?

DYLAN

I think so. I'm a little nervous though.

HAL

Yeah me too but I don't think that it'll be too hard.

DYLAN

Yeah I hear it's not too-

Just as Dylan is speaking he gets distracted by the person currently taking their test driving up onto the curb while trying to parallel park.

The girl exits the car in tears she has clearly failed. Ron gets out of the backseat of the car. We see Ron giving her a small comforting pep talk afterwards as he walks her over to the area where Dylan and Hal are waiting. The girl walks off.

RON

She must be from Erker's class or something. You ready to go, Dylan?

DYLAN

Just about as ready as I'll ever be.



RON

That's the attitude! Just remember what we went over and relax. You're gonna impress the socks off this guy with your driving. Go on into the car I'll be right there.

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

Dylan enters the driver's seat of the car. A very put together man with a very serious face and mustache this is STAN...but yeah it's Mr. Szymanski with a mustache.

DYLAN

Hi, I'm Dylan. Nice to meet you.

STAN

There will be no need for pleasantries, Dylan. My name is Stan and I am from the DMV and I will be determining if it would be fit for you to acquire your license as of today. I trust that you are well informed in the ways of the road so this should go very well.

DYLAN

Let's hope so, right?

Dylan hashes out a slight nervous laugh. Stan just stares at him completely un-amused.

Ron enters the backseat accompanied by Hal.

RON

Alright, we ready?

DYLAN

Hal?

STAN

Who's this?

RON

This is Hal. He'll be sitting in during the test as a form of moral support for Dylan. We're in this together, right fellas?

DYLAN

Yeah, sure.

STAN

I do not understand your term

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

"moral support" but that's fine.

HAL

(whispers to Dylan, not  
wanting to be a  
distraction)

Good Luck, Dylan...again.

STAN

Alright, if you could just start  
the car and pull out of the street  
and take a left.

Dylan takes a deep breath, starts the car, and begins to drive.

Dylan nervously starts to speed up a little bit.

RON

Baby not birth mother.

Dylan takes another deep breath.

DYLAN

(under breath)

Baby not birth mother.

He slows down a little bit.

STAN

What?

HAL

It's nothing.

Stan looks back at Hal confused.

INT.JARED'S MINI VAN- CONT'D

Jared is driving the kids he babysits to soccer practice.

LUKE

We don't want to go to soccer  
practice!

JARED

Nothing I can do about that! You're  
going!

BRIAN

I want Dunkin Donuts!

LUKE

Take us to Dunkin Donuts!

BRIAN AND LUKE  
DUNKIN DONUTS! DUNKIN DONUTS!  
DUNKIN DONUTS!

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

STAN  
Now take a right up on to this next  
street right here.

Ron and Hal exchange a look that it's going well.

INT. JARED'S MINI VAN-CONT'D

BRIAN AND LUKE  
DUNKIN DONUTS! DUNKIN DONUTS!  
DUNKIN DONUTS!

JARED  
ENOUGH!

The boys come to an abrupt stop.

JARED  
No donuts will be dunked today!

The boys start to throw various objects in the car at Jared while he's driving. Like soccer balls, cleats, anything you could find in a car to grab and throw at someone.

BRIAN  
WE HATE JARED!

LUKE  
YEAH! WE HATE JARED!

JARED  
Do not throw things at the driver!

EXT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

The car is stopped at the 4-way intersection at a stop sign.

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

STAN  
Now just go straight up here.

As Dylan continues to go straight a mini van blows through the intersection. It is, of course, Jared.

Dylan sees the van just in time and slams on his breaks!

INT. JARED'S MINI VAN-CONT'D

Jared has realized that he has buzzed right through an intersection.

JARED

AHHH!

Pulls over.

JARED

Are you guys okay?

The boys nod.

JARED

(sighs in relief)

Okay...let's go get some donuts...and don't tell your mom about this.

He starts the car and begins to drive again.

INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR-CONT'D

Dylan, Ron, Hal, and Stan are still in a small state of shock at what happened. Ron looks at Dylan hoping he can recover from this.

DYLAN

I guess you never know what distracted idiot is going to blow through an intersection, huh? So I'm just gonna keep going. If that's good with you.

Ron smiles in relief.

STAN

Yes, go right ahead.

Dylan begins to drive again.

STAN

Take a right onto the next street here.

Police sirens can be seen behind. He is being pulled over.

Dylan sighs.

DYLAN

I forgot my blinker.

STAN

Yep. Pull over.

Dylan pulls over. It is very clear that this is not going at all like he wanted it to.

RON

Well, if this isn't the most exciting driving test I've ever been on than I don't know what is. Right?

Ron starts to laugh to lighten the mood and then Hal joins in. Stan turns around towards them seeming very un-amused. They both gradually stop after seeing his reaction.

The cop walks up to the window. He is big and very intimidating looking.

COP

You know what a blinker is, son?

DYLAN

Yes, sir.

COP

Then why didn't you use it on that turn?

DYLAN

I guess I just wasn't thinking. I'm sorry, officer.

RON

Officer, he's a student driver just taking his driver's test. He's just nervous. Some maniac in a mini van, who did not have the right of way, just flew right through the intersection. That's an easy qualifier for number eighteen on the list of thirty ways a can be used as a murder weapon. Clearly.

COP

(all of a sudden very excited)

Mr. Putterby? Ron Putterby?

RON

Mike Stetson? Is that you? Get out of town! It can't be!

COP

Yes, sir it is!

RON

You must have been one of my first kids. Gosh that had to have been-

COP

16 years ago! My god this is crazy! It's great to see you again sir. I had an amazing time in your class and in driving hours.

RON

Well that is just unbelievable.

COP

You know what? I'll let you go. I remember the first time I was behind the wheel. Good luck to you!

RON

Well thank you very much, Mike. That's really nice of you.

COP

You still testing right out in the high school?

RON

You bet.

COP

Oh my god. What times...what times.

Dylan looks slightly confused about the cops weirdly nostalgic attitude towards driver's ed. As does Hal.

COP

Well don't let me keep you.

HAL

(quietly)

Well you're a cop so...

COP

Good luck to you, son!

The cop walks back to his cruiser.

There is a shared pause among all four of them in the way that they don't completely understand what just happened until Ron breaks the silence.

RON

Well whatdya know?

STAN

Let's just go back to the high school.

DYLAN

Sounds good.

EXT. BLACKBURN PARKING LOT-A FEW MINUTES LATER

Dylan pulls into the parking lot. There are two cones positioned a cars length apart from each other. He pulls up next to them.

STAN

Now to finish up the test. If you could just parallel park for me.

Dylan looks back to see in the back window. He looks to Hal who gives him a reassuring nod and then looks to Ron who does the same.

RON

Just keep the cone upright.

Due to the fact that I have no patience to write in how to parallel park, it will just be said that Dylan does a perfect parallel parking job.

STAN

Very good. Very good indeed.

Dylan smiles in relief.

STAN

Well, I will say I have never been on a stranger driving test than the one that I have just experienced. You sped up a little bit then kept calm and slowed down, you handled the unexpected mini van very well. You kept your calm and acted quickly and your parallel park was very good, BUT...and this is a big but-

Hal begins to chuckle a little bit.

RON

Not the time, Hal.

STAN

You did forget your blinker. If there had been a car behind us we may not have made it as cleanly as

(MORE)

STAN (CONT'D)

we did.

Dylan sees where this is going and nods his head in disappointment. Ron looks increasingly nervous as does Hal.

STAN

But if I, too, almost crashed into a mini van seconds before and handled it as well as you did. I'd be a little shaken too.

(smiles for the first time)

Congratulations, Dylan Henderson. You passed.

Dylan lets out a huge sigh of relief.

DYLAN

Thank you very much...Mr...Stan.

Dylan, Ron, and Hal all exit the car.

EXT. BLACKBURN PARKING LOT-CONT'D

Dylan gets out of the car as if a huge weight has been lifted off of his shoulders. Hal jumps up and down awkwardly clapping his hands.

HAL

You did it! You did it!

Hal gives Dylan a hug. Dylan is clearly not reciprocating the hug as he waits for it to be over.

DYLAN

Okay. Yep. Thank you, Hal.

Hal releases Dylan. Dylan turns to Ron.

RON

You did great, my friend.

DYLAN

Thank you. That was easily the weirdest experience of my life.

RON

I would definitely say so. Listen, I know you're a big shot with his license now but don't abuse the privilege. You're the only kid I know who was pulled over by a cop during his driving lesson...and still passed.



Dylan laughs.

DYLAN  
Yes sir. I promise.

The cop, MIKE STETSON, who pulled over Dylan can be seen in the far background behind Ron sitting in his cruiser.

MIKE STETSON  
(shouting in the  
distance)  
Did he pass?!?!?

Ron turns back to Mike shouting.

RON  
(shouting)  
Yep!

MIKE STETSON  
(shouting in the  
distance)  
Yay! Congratulations!

DYLAN  
(shouting)  
Thanks!

Ron starts to walk back to the car backwards still facing Dylan.

RON  
What are we thinking?

DYLAN  
Baby not birth mother.

RON  
That's right.

DYLAN  
That probably shouldn't be a thing  
actually.

RON  
Yeah, you're probably right. Stay  
safe, my friend.

DYLAN  
Will do!

Ron turns to the car and walks back towards it.

Dylan takes out his phone and starts dialing.

DYLAN

Hey, Leah. I was wondering if I could maybe take you to a movie tonight or something? I can drive.

He walks off.

INT.DRIVER'S ED CAR-CON'T

Hal gets into the drivers seat with Stan in the passengers seat and Ron in the back seat.

HAL

Hi, I'm ready for this.

STAN

(has clearly had it with today)  
Good. Start the car and take a left coming out.

Hal takes a deep breath and starts the car. As he starts to drive he immediately drives up on to the side of the curb.

There is an awkward pause. Hal looks mortified and just stares at Stan. Stan looks completely emotionless, this has clearly been a weird day for him. Ron buries his face in his palm.

The pause continues.

HAL

So...should I just get out now...or...?

STAN

Get out.

Hal scurries out of the car.

This leaves just Ron and Stan in the car alone.

RON

So how crazy was it that I actually taught that cop? Someone send this guy off to the old folks home. Am I right or ...

Stan leaves the car.

RON

Oh okay.

FADE OUT.