

DRIVER'S ED

Written by

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EXT. DRIVING COURSE - DAY

It's a commercial.

A mustachio'd man in a state trooper outfit, aviators, and an American bandana stands in front of a Toyota Camry.

FRANK

Hey there! I'm forcibly retired
Officer Frank Walsh, and I'm the
man who's going to teach your kids
to drive like a pro!

Cut to Frank kicking through traffic cones.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Located 45 minutes off I-75 behind
an abandoned Arby's I've adopted as
a home, I've set up the Fast and
Furious American School of Driver's
Education.

Cut to Frank on top of a car.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Every Saturday from 5:37 AM to 3:34
PM I'll be taking your kids through
every possible situation they may
encounter on this little highway we
call life.

Cut to Frank and four students in a car. One is driving.

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

Like parallel parking!

FRANK (CONT'D)

Alright, now reverse, turn, keep
turning, nice!

The two high five.

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

Escaping a trunk.

Cut to Frank and some students gathered around the back of a car. There are sounds of struggling from inside.

JIMMY

I can't breathe in here! I have
severe claustrophobia, please let
me out!

FRANK

You think you're abductor gives a
shit about your comfort, Jimmy?

Cut to the group by the front the car.

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

Turning a windshield wiper into a
shiv!

The kids snap the rods off the windshield and strip the
rubber from it.

HENRY

Like this?

FRANK

Thats beautiful, Henry. Truly a
fatality waiting to happen!

Henry goes to stab Frank as a joke. The two laugh joyfully.

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

Fighting off a backseat attacker!

Cut to inside the car again. A student LISA sits in the
driver's seat. Frank lunges at kid from behind. LISA quickly
wraps the seatbelt around the back of Frank's neck.

FRANK (CONT'D)

(Wheezing)

Now slam on the brakes and collapse
my trachea.

LISA

I'm really not comfortable with
this, officer.

Cut to a Camry skidding across the field, dust pluming behind
it.

FRANK (O.S.)

Tokyo drifting!

The car rushes by on two wheels.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Again.

The car whips in circles.

FRANK (CONT'D)

Again.

JIMMY
Please. No more.

FRANK
Don't make me put you in the trunk
again, boy!

JIMMY throws up on himself.

Cut to Frank in front of a dilapidated Arby's.

FRANK (CONT'D)
And don't worry about packing those
lunch boxes. Meals are included in
tuition!

Cut to the kids sitting in a dirty booth with Frank, each
eating an expired roast beef sandwich silently. Frank
suddenly starts to sob loudly into his sandwich.

FRANK (O.S.) (CONT'D)
Not only that but I'll teach your
kids insider secrets only police
officers know like escaping a crime
scene!

Cut to kids waiting outside a Dollar General. Frank runs out
with bags full of items.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Go! Go! Go!

JIMMY
What's going on!?

FRANK
Floor it, you stupid bitch! I can't
go back to prison.

The car Tokyo drifts out of the parking lot followed by armed
forces. Sirens sound and the children cry. A bullet hits the
side mirror.

FRANK (CONT'D)
For the love of God, take this
left! Then a right! Go through that
farmers market!

JIMMY
But that's not an open road!

FRANK
If we get imprisoned the only open
road is going to be your ass, kid!

The car barrels through produce stands as people run away. Frank grabs the dash camera and the frame lands to the floor. Audio of chaos remains.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Cut the camera, Lisa! Christ,
I never meant for it to go this
far! We're gonna have to cut all of
this in post.

Cut to Frank as bars are swung shut in front of him.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Book your child's spot now! Classes
are filling up fast.

A large tatted man pushes Frank. Frank pulls out a windshield wiper shiv and stabs the man three times.

FRANK (CONT'D)
Looks like someone needs to learn
how to stay in his lane.

Frank then winks at the camera.

BLACK OUT.