

**DRIVERS ED**

written by

Ty Leisher & Ed Morrone

tleisher@gmail.com  
ed\_morrone@hotmail.com

**INT. SAPPHIRE ROOM - MUSEUM -- NIGHT**

In the middle of a giant marble room, a one-hundred fifteen carat Burmese sapphire glistens in a glass case.

A SECURITY GUARD patrols. In a booth, another GUARD watches a baseball game on a small television, the Dodgers vs the Mets.

The Security guard slips into another room as a rope falls from the ceiling. A BANDIT in all black rappels.

A hand attaches a suction cup device to the top of the glass case. It spins, cutting a small hole.

The bandit's hand slides through the hole, as soon as he touches the sapphire, red lights FLASH throughout the museum.

PRELAP: A strange alarm BLARES.

**INT. ALEX'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

A hand smacks an alarm clock.

ALEX HENRY, 16, chubby with curly hair, a kid who thinks a pushup is an ice cream bar, lounges in a bean bag chair, talking into a gaming headset.

ALEX  
Shit, we're late.

**INT. NORM'S BEDROOM -- DAY**

NORM PHAM, 16, Chinese, lanky, someone who's too paranoid to even touch the label on his mattress, sits at a computer desk with a similar controller in his hands.

They play a third person driving game. IN GAME, Norm's character beats a criminal with a baseball bat.

NORM  
I know it was you Fredo, you broke my heart.

**INTERCUT**

ALEX  
What?

NORM  
The Godfather?

ALEX

Quit beatin' off that guy and help me, Donnie Brasco. Cops are all over my ass.

IN GAME, Alex's character drives a tricked out car. Seventeen police cars chase him.

NORM

That's too many cops!

ALEX

Just leave me, get 'outta town. Go to virtual San Diego. You'll find a new crew!

NORM

No way, we leave no man behind!

IN GAME, Norm's car careens into a group of police cars. It CRASHES through them as Norm pulls up next to Alex.

They pull away from other cops but crash into a barricade. They are surrounded, their characters RIPPED from their cars.

GAME (V.O.)

Arrested!

NORM (CONT'D)

Dammit.

Norm stares at his screen, his MOTHER, 57, plain and unattractive, steps into the room behind him.

NORM'S MOTHER

Norm... Let's go.

ALEX (V.O.)

Tell your mom she left her panties at my house.

NORM

Shut up, asshole!

NORM'S MOTHER

What did you say?

NORM

Sorry, nothing, mom.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREET -- DAY**

Norm rolls his bike across the street as Alex's garage door opens. Alex emerges, dragging a little red wagon and a rope.

NORM  
 Seriously?

ALEX  
 What?

NORM  
 Can't you get your bike fixed?

ALEX  
 I don't have the money for that.

NORM  
 You just bought a new Xbox and  
 Grand Theft Auto Four.

Alex ties the rope onto Norm's bike.

ALEX  
 Priorities, man. Besides, once I  
 pass driver's ed, my mom said she'd  
 let me use her car.

Alex squeezes into the red wagon, whips the rope. They roll  
 past a rundown Buick in the driveway.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
 Pretty sweet, right?  
 (whips the rope)  
 Mush!

NORM  
 I hate you.

**INT. KITCHEN - DELUCA'S RESTAURANT -- DAY**

A black hood is ripped off. The room comes into focus. Pots,  
 pans and large stoves, the back of an Italian restaurant.

MR. K, 30's, crazy hair, beaten and bruised, tied to a chair.  
 A fist punches Mr. K's jaw. TWO HENCHMEN, stand over him.

HENCHMAN #1  
 Carlo doesn't like to be kept  
 waiting.

Mr. K coughs blood, spits.

MR. K  
 I understand. It's just gonna take  
 me some... you know... time to come  
 up with... that kinda cash.

HENCHMAN #2  
 You shoulda had it before you  
 placed the bet.

MR. K  
 The Dodgers were playing the Mets  
 for crying out loud! It was a lock!

Henchman #2 grabs Mr. K's throat, shoves a gun in his face.

CARLO, 50's, Italian-American, a man to be feared, his  
 favorite form of torture is called the Tonya Harding, he  
 enters cleaning a knife.

CARLO  
 That's not my problem. Now is it?

Mr. K struggles to breathe, terrified, he shakes his head.

MR. K  
 I'll get the money.

The Henchman releases his grip on Mr. K as Carlo leans over.

CARLO  
 Seventy-five thousand, tonight.  
 Capisce?

Mr. K nods.

CARLO (CONT'D)  
 Maybe you could sell that classic  
 car o'yours.

**EXT. SUBURBAN STREETS -- DAY**

Norm gasps for breath as he pedals down the street as Alex  
 trails behind in his little red wagon. NEIGHBORHOOD KIDS  
 point and laugh.

ALEX  
 Your mom wasn't laughing last night  
 when she had a mouthful of my --

NORM  
 -- Alex!

ALEX  
 Christ! Can you go faster? You're  
 killing me here!

**EXT. SAL'S MECHANIC SHOP -- DAY**

A disheveled old auto repair shop, the aluminum garage door dented, windows busted out, a sign reads: **Sal's**.

UNCLE SAL, 37, weathered, muscular with a thick beard, a man who looks like he could rebuild an engine blindfolded, sweeps garbage to the side. Norm and Alex ride past.

NORM

Hey, Sal!

ALEX

Shut up, just keep pedaling!

Uncle Sal looks up, Alex avoids eye contact.

UNCLE SAL

Hey, Norm! If it isn't Johnny and his little red wagon!

ALEX

Funny. Enjoy your appointment with your parole officer!

Norm and Alex ride away.

UNCLE SAL

Just make sure you're home by six, you little wiseass!

**EXT. BIKE RACK - HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY**

Norm pulls up to a near empty bike rack, he GASPS for air. Alex STUMBLES as he gets off the wagon.

Norm locks his bike up with a chain. Alex limply throws his frayed rope over the rack.

**INT. HALLWAY - HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY**

HIGH SCHOOL KIDS scatter around the hallway. Norm and Alex arrive at his locker, he opens it.

EMILY GIBBONS, 16, red-head, prom queen material, walks by with her friends, she stares at Norm, chuckles.

EMILY

Hey, Norm.

Emily smiles as she passes. Norm stares at her, smitten.

NORM  
I'm gonna do it.

ALEX  
Unless you win the lottery or make  
the football team, it ain't  
happening.  
(beat)  
Dick implant couldn't hurt.

NORM  
You wanna bet? I ask Emily out, you  
have to ask Jodi out.

ALEX  
Say no more, biatch.

JODI BRENNEN, 17, blonde, cheerleader, saunters down the  
hallway with members of the football team.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
Wassup Jodi?

Jodi gives Alex the stink eye as she walks past.

ALEX (CONT'D)  
It's in the bag son.

**INT. DRIVER'S ED CLASS - HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY**

Emily talks with other girls around her. Norm and Alex sit  
next to each other. Norm's eyes locked on Emily.

ALEX  
Even if you finally do it, she'll  
never say yes.

NORM  
This time, I got a fool-proof plan.  
Today's the day I'm getting out of  
the friend zone.

A TEACHER, 40s, gray hair in a bun, rushes in. She pulls a TV  
on wheels into the classroom.

TEACHER  
All right peanut gallery, settle  
down, take your seats! While we  
wait for Mr. Krance, we're going to  
watch this educational video called  
"Red Asphalt".

ALEX

Yes!

The teacher snatches a cell phone from a students hand.

TEACHER

I see a phone. I take a phone. You got it?

The students put their phones away. Norm smiles, this is all part of his plan.

**EXT. MR. K'S HOME -- DAY**

A Lincoln Towncar screeches to a halt. The door flies open as Mr. K is thrown out.

Mr K. limps towards his car, a beat up 1985 Reliant K, with a passenger instructional steering wheel.

A DELIVERY MAN rides past on a bicycle, slips a flier under the windshield and pedals away.

MR. K

Hey! Hey! I don't want this shit!

Mr. K runs to the car, grabs the flier, it reads: "Cambio De Cheques" with a photo of a check cashing business.

He slams the car door. On the side, a decal: "Morning Side High School: Driver's Education."

**INT. DRIVER'S ED CLASS - HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY**

On TV, a trail of blood rolls on asphalt, girls are grossed out, guys laugh.

Norm pulls a folded piece of paper out of his bag with Emily's name scrawled on it.

Norm passes it forward, one student at a time until it reaches Emily.

Emily opens it and reads: Emily, will you go out with me? 1. Yes, 2. ask again later, 3. cannot predict now, 4. outlook not so good, 5. my sources says no.

The teacher grabs the note from Emily before she finishes, drops it into a desk drawer and locks it.



**EXT. HIGH SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY**

Mr. K pulls up, his face cut and bruised, a cigarette hangs from his mouth. He LEANS on the horn.

**INT. DRIVER'S ED CLASS - HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY**

The teacher notices Mr. K in his car. She grabs a clipboard from her desk and shuts the TV off.

TEACHER

Alright, Norm and Alex. You're up next. The rest of you just do some homework 'til the bell rings.

All the kids pull out their phones.

TEACHER (CONT'D)

Or text. Whatever, I give up.

Norm and Alex grab their bags and hurry out.

**EXT. MORNING SIDE HIGH SCHOOL -- DAY**

Double doors FLING open. Alex stands in the doorway, his foot in the air from a half-ass karate kick, they march towards the parking lot.

ALEX

Look at this piece-of-shit. Seriously, this car takes three inches off our dicks as soon as we sit in it.

NORM

That means you'd be dick-less. It's retro, it's kinda cool.

Mr. K nervously takes a final toke, stomps out his cigarette.

ALEX

Holy shit Mr. K, what the hell happened to your face?

MR. K

Norm, you drive.

ALEX

What do you have against my driving skills, Mr. K? I can drive the wheels off this piece of shit --

MR. K  
-- Get in the goddamn car!

**INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR -- CONTINUOUS**

Norm checks the mirrors and tries to start the car. The engine clicks but won't turn over.

MR. K  
Pump the gas a little.

NORM  
I know, I know.

Norm pumps the gas, tries it again and it ROARS to life. He looks back at Alex, then to Mr. K.

MR. K  
What?

NORM  
Your seat belt. Safety first.

MR. K  
Just drive!

The car inches out onto the street.

**INT. DRIVER'S ED CAR -- LATER**

Norm holds on at ten and two. He rolls up to a stop sign, checks all directions.

Mr. K looks around preoccupied, checks the flier. The car rolls through an intersection.

ALEX  
Yo, Mr. K, why don't you ever let me drive? Hook a brotha up.

NORM  
I can't concentrate.

MR. K  
Shut up! Right here! Make a U-turn. Park over there.

Norm checks his mirrors, hand signals out the window. The car pulls over, parks in front of a BODEGA.

Mr. K grabs the Morning Side High School gym bag, gets out and SLAMS the door. He leans in the window.