

A DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION

Written by

Doug Tesch

dougtesch@gmail.com

EXT. HOUSE - MORNING

It's early dawn at the PILE household.

INT. HOUSE - KITCHEN

MR. and MRS. PILE sip their morning coffee at the kitchen table. Mr. Pile intently peruses a brochure entitled: 'DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION CORPS ELITE SUMMER CAMP'.

MRS. PILE
I'm still not sure about this.

MR. PILE
Lorna, we can't shelter him forever. Besides, I heard this Driving Corps thing can really make a man out of him.

The doorbell rings. Mrs. and Mr. Pile look at each other, puzzled, then at the clock which reads Five AM.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

A DRILL SARGEANT stands in the doorway, holding a clipboard.

DRILL SARGEANT
Hoo ah! I am driving instructor Dick Barnes. I'm here for a-

The drill sargeant looks down at his clipboard.

DRILL SARGEANT
William F. Pile, Junior.

MRS. PILE
Good morning Mister Barnes.

MR. PILE
Billy, your ride is here.

The drill sargeant gives Mr. Pile a vigorous handshake.

MR. PILE
He's getting his stuff. I thought you'd be here closer to ten. It's-

DRILL SARGEANT
Oh-five-hundred hours. Can't let the day go to waste.

MRS. PILE

Mr. Barnes, I had some questions about your school's driving record?

MR. PILE

We're all a little nervous. This is Billy's first time away from home. Billy!

DRILL SARGEANT

Copy that. No worries, Ma'am. In our almost twelve year history, my beloved driving corps has never entirely lost somebody. Not on my watch.

Chubby BILLY PILE JR. Stomps down the stairs carrying a large suitcase.

MR. PILE

There he is.

DRILL SARGEANT

Hup to, boy. Gear up. We got thirteen fun-filled weeks of driver's re-education ahead. Forward. March!

EXT. HOUSE MORNING

Mr. and Mrs. Pile watch as the drill sargeant marches a reluctant and clumsy Billy Jr. towards the 'DRIVER RE-EDUCATION' car. Mr. Pile puts his arms around Mrs. Pile.

MR. PILE

He's all grown up.

They watch pleasantly as the drill sargeant pushes a struggling Billy into the car.

MRS. PILE

I hope he doesn't get homesick.

The drill sargeant gives them a crisp salute, then bounds towards the driver's side door.

MR. PILE

Think of it as an opportunity to finally make some friends.

MRS. PILE

Remember last time?

Billy rolls down the window, waves his arms and screams 'HELP!' as the drill instructor's car effortlessly glides away.

MR. PILE

Relax. He's going to have so much fun he'll wish this summer camp would never end.

CUT TO:

FADE IN:

EXT. BARRACKS - DAWN

A zit-infested adolescent BUGLE PLAYER blasts 'REVEILLE'.

INT. BARRACKS

The drill sargeant bangs on a garbage can with a baton to wake his motley DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION STUDENTS.

DRILL SARGEANT

Drop your cocks and grab your socks, ladies and gentlemen. I said fall in, maggots!

SQUAD

Sir, yes, sir!

Billy is the last to awkwardly get into formation. The drill sargeant slowly walks circles around the frightened adolescent boys and girls as berates them.

DRILL SARGEANT

You pukers are the lowest form of life. You are not even fucking human beings. You are nothing more than lowlife grab ass dick pieces of amphibious whale shit. Do you read me, ladies?

SQUAD

Sir, yes, sir!

The drill sargeant abruptly stops and gets in Billy Pile's face.

DRILL SARGEANT

Let me see your rush hour face!

BILLY PILE
Sir?

DRILL SARGEANT
Ahhhh! That's a rush hour face.
Let me see your rush hour face!

BILLY PILE
Ahhh!

DRILL SARGEANT
I can't hear you, sweetheart. Now
sound off before I rip off your
head and shit down your neck.

BILLY PILE
Ahhhhhh!

DRILL SARGEANT
Bullshit!

The drill sergeant slugs Billy hard in the stomach, doubling
Billy over.

DRILL SARGEANT
Get on your fucking knees, scumbag.

Billy gets on his knees as the drill sergeant sticks out his
hand.

DRILL SARGEANT
Now choke yourself.

Billy puts his own hands around his neck.

DRILL SARGEANT
Goddamnit, with my hand, numbnuts!
Now, sound off like you got a pair.

BILLY PILE
Ahhhhhhhhh!

DRILL SARGEANT
Bullshit Billy! I can't hear you.

BILLY PILE
Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh!

DRILL SARGEANT
Get up, maggot. Billy, you either
get with my re-education program,
or I will gouge out your eyes and
skull fuck you!

BILLY PILE
Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Now, let's do some fucking driving,
ladies.

SQUAD
Sir, yes sir!

EXT. DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION CAR - DAY

The driver's re-education car is out on the freeway.

INT. DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION CAR

Billy, the drill sergeant, and a couple of other STUDENTS are in the car. Billy is driving.

DRILL SARGEANT
(Calmly)
Now, put on your signal and take a
left turn here.

Billy accidentally puts on the right turn signal. The drill sergeant slams down hard on the teacher's brake.

DRILL SARGEANT
The left fucking signal, Billy!
Jesus Billy, are you so fucking
dumb that you don't know your left
from your right.

BILLY PILE
Sir, no sir.

The drill sergeant smacks Billy hard on the left side of his face.

DRILL SARGEANT
What side was that, Billy?

BILLY PILE
Sir, left side, sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Are you sure, Billy?

BILLY PILE
Sir, yes sir.

The drill sergeant smacks Billy hard on the right side of his face.

DRILL SARGEANT
What side was that, Billy?

BILLY PILE
Sir, right side sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Don't fuck with me again, Billy.
Now let's parallel park.

EXT. SIDEWALK - DAY

The driver's re-education car is slowly trying to parallel park between two vehicles as cars honk to pass it.

DRILL SARGEANT (O.C.)
Jesus H. Christ. You parallel park
like old people fuck, Billy.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The bleachers are packed with STUDENTS as the drill sergeant speaks.

DRILL SARGEANT
Does anybody here know who Rudolf
Diesel was?

Silence.

DRILL SARGEANT
None of you dumbasses knows.

EXT. STREETS - EVENING

The drill sergeant is leading his 'troops' on a little hike in formation.

DRILL SARGEANT
I like waiting at the DMV.

SQUAD
I like waiting at the DMV.

DRILL SARGEANT
Let's me know just who I'll be.

SQUAD
Let's me know just who I'll be.

DRILL SARGEANT
One. Two. Three. Four. Driver's
Re-Education Corps.

SQUAD
One. Two. Three. Four. Driver's
Re-Education Corps.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

The students sit and listen to the drill sergeant.

DRILL SARGEANT
...and what feeds the grass on the
median strip, ladies?

SQUAD
Blood! Blood! Blood!

INT. BUMPER CARS

Billy Pile is seated in his underwear sucking his thumb next to the drill sergeant as the other students smack into each other in their bumper cars.

INT. GARAGE

The squad is lined up next to their driver's re-education cars. The drill sergeant carefully inspects them.

DRILL SARGEANT
Clean that carburetor. Wipe off
those headlights.

The drill sergeant gets to Billy Pile's car, looks down and abruptly stops with a scowl.

DRILL SARGEANT
Holy Jesus. Billy, if there is one
thing in this world I hate it's an
unlocked hatchback. You know that.

BILLY PILE
Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
 If it wasn't for dickheads like you
 there wouldn't be any fucking
 carjackings in this world, would
 there, Billy?

BILLY PILE
 Sir, no sir.

Dismayed, the drill sergeant reaches into the hatchback and
 pulls out a donut.

DRILL SARGEANT
 Jesus H. Christ. A jelly fucking
 donut!

EXT. DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION CAR - DAY

The car is trying to merge onto a busy freeway.

INT. DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION CAR

Billy is driving with the drill sergeant and some students in
 the car.

BILLY PILE
 But, I can't get in the passing
 lane, sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
 Bullshit! Cut these maggot pukes
 off!

Billy cuts off a MOTORCYCLE GANG, who become incensed.

DRILL SARGEANT
 What the hell are those pukes
 doing, Billy?

BILLY PILE
 Sir, I believe they're flipping us
 off, sir.

The drill sergeant pulls out a .50 from the back seat and
 tells one of the other students to feed him rounds while he
 fires.

DRILL SARGEANT
 Bullshit. Feed me, Sally. Feed
 me. Feed me.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The motorcycle gang gets riddled with bullets. One swerves off the road and plows into a public service sign cautioning against road rage.

The drill sergeant slams on the teacher's brake and another motorcycle rider slams against the back bumper, jettisoning the rider hard into the car's back end.

INT. DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION CAR

Billy is shell shocked as the rider's decapitated head lands on the hood of the car. He rolls down the blood soaked driver's side window and looks over at the shoulder of the road, where the drill sergeant is bayoneting a bloodied GANGBANGER in the gut with his M-16.

STUDENT (O.C.)

Sarge, we got another one over here.

The GANGBANGER is barely coherent from crashing his bullet riddled bike when the drill sergeant shoves a pistol in his face.

DRILL SARGEANT

Take dou VC? Take dou VC?

GANGBANGER

Huh?

DRILL SARGEANT

Are you VC? Are you Viet Cong?

GANGBANGER

What? No mean. I'm from Inglewood.

DRILL SARGEANT

No. No. You lie. You lie.

BAM! A fatal shot to the head. Blood splatters all over Billy's face.

EXT. FREEWAY - DAY

The drill sergeant looks around.

DRILL SARGEANT

Billy!

Billy runs up.

BILLY PILE
Sir, yes sir.

The drill sergeant hands Billy a body bag.

DRILL SARGEANT
Tag 'em and bag 'em.

Billy grabs the bag and looks around in disgust as the drill sergeant lights a cigarette.

INT. BARRACKS

The drill sergeant carries a mock up steering wheel and grabs his balls. His squad are in their underwear marching with him, also holding mock up steering wheels.

DRILL SARGEANT
This is my wheel and this is my
gun.

SQUAD
This one's for driving, this one's
for fun.

INT. CAR

Billy Pile sits strapped into his car as the drill sergeant sticks his face through the open driver's window.

DRILL SARGEANT
Are you ready?

BILLY PILE
Sir, not really-

The drill sergeant looks off frame.

DRILL SARGEANT
Go!

INT. DUNKING POOL

Billy's vehicle submersion simulator car splashes hard into the pool. After frantically extricating himself from the vehicle, Billy comes up for air.

DRILL SARGEANT
I said get your head down!

Billy ducks back underwater as the drill sergeant sprays the pool with a flamethrower.

INT. BARRACKS

The drill instructor leads the squad in song as they carry Model T Ford replicas with a candle in each towards a picture of Henry Ford.

ALL
Happy Birthday to you. Happy
Birthday to you. Happy Birthday
Henry Ford. Happy Birthday to you.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The drill sergeant stands with a folder full of papers in front of the squad. The wipeboard behind him reads 'MIDTERM SCORES'.

DRILL SARGEANT
Theo Epstein.

THEO
Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Pedestrian safety. Ninety-Seven.
Sally Caruthers.

SALLY
Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Tire changing. One-hundred.
Michelle Tran.

MICHELLE
Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Parallel parking. Ninety-seven.
William Pile.

BILLY PILE
Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT
Breaking and shifting. Thirty-two.
Stand up, Billy!

The drill sergeant crumples Billy's test score sheet in disgust.

DRILL SARGEANT

Billy has dishonored himself and he has dishonored our corps. I have tried to help him but I have failed. I have failed because you have not helped me. You people have got to give Billy the proper motivation. So, now every time Billy fucks up I will punish you. Exercise ladies.

All the students except Billy get down for push ups.

SQUAD

One. Two. Three. Four. Driver's Re-Education Corps.

The drill sergeant shoves the crumpled up paper into Billy Pile's mouth.

INT. BARRACKS - NIGHT

As the squad sleeps, Theo wraps a bar of soap around a towel and smacks his mattress, signaling the others. They follow in turn and gather around Billy Pile's bunk.

The group gags him and holds him down with blankets as the rest of the squad takes turns beating him in the stomach. Sally hesitates when its her turn.

THEO

C'mon Sally. You heard what sarge said. Beat him.

Sally repeatedly smacks Billy in his welted up stomach. Theo releases the gag.

THEO

Just a bad dream, wrong turn signal boy.

Billy holds his stomach in pain.

BILLY PILE

Ow! Ow! Ow! Ow!

Sally sits in her bunk, covering her ears.

INT. BARRACKS - SERGEANT BARNES' QUARTERS

The drill sergeant is awake, reading 'SUN TZU AND THE ART OF MERGING'. When Billy's cries are heard, he lowers his book and sneers an evil smile.

INT. CLASSROOM - DAY

The drill sergeant stands in front of the class. The words 'DRIVER'S LICENSE EXAM RESULTS' are scribbled on the wipeboard.

DRILL SARGEANT

Today, you heathen pukes are no longer maggots. Today, you have joined the elite brotherhood of licensed motorists. Now, come up to receive your test scores when I call your name. Shawna Lebowitz.

SHAWNA

Sir, yes sir.

DRILL SARGEANT

Darrell Richarson.

DARRELL

Sir, yes sir.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

INT. HOUSE - MORNING

Mr. and Mrs. Pile sit at the kitchen table, sipping morning coffee and reading the paper. The doorbell rings.

INT. HOUSE - FRONT DOOR

Mr. Pile opens the door, revealing Billy Pile, stone-faced, with all his gear and holding a piece of paper in one hand.

MRS. PILE

Oh son, it's great to have you back home, again.

Mr. Pile takes the piece of paper and reads it.

MR. PILE

Ninety-eight percent on your
driver's exam! See Lorna, I told
you they would make him a man. Oh
son, I couldn't be prouder.

With that, Billy loses it. As Mr. Pile leans down to give
his son a hug, Billy winds up and cold cocks him flat on his
back, unconscious.

FADE TO BLACK.

THE END