

Designated Driver

By

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INT./EXT. CAR - NIGHT

JOHN and BRAD, two average-looking, clean cut white guys in their early twenties. Brad's hair is a mess, face off-color, as he is very drunk. John drives, Brad sits in the front passenger seat.

They are in the middle of nowhere. Farms stretch out in all directions as they drive on a single lane road.

Brad rolls down the window, sticks his head out, and vomits. John rolls his eyes. Brad speaks with a drunken slur.

BRAD

Ughhhhh.

John shakes his head back and forth. Brad puts his head back in the car and wipes his mouth, and leans back.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Man, I whacked off like, four or five times today, so I'd last longer, 'cause I really wanted to pork this girl, Leah, tonight.

JOHN

Slut?

BRAD

Mmmmmmmm, given. And guess what happened?

JOHN

What, she wasn't there?

BRAD

No, I porked her. But it lasted like, two minutes! If that. What the hell.

JOHN

Sucks.

Beat.

Brad suddenly grabs the wheel.

BRAD

Deer!

JOHN

Where?! Brad! Let go!

Brad lets go of the wheel. He sticks his head out and makes a loud noise towards the deer. They drive past the deer.

BRAD

Wait, John, stop! Stop! It was a girl!

JOHN

Girl deer?

BRAD

Girl person! Turn around!

JOHN

No.

BRAD

Pick her up! She might be hot!

JOHN

Brad, shut the fuck up.

Brad chants and bangs his fist on the dashboard in tune.

BRAD

Pick her up! Pick her up!

JOHN

Dude I'm gonna kill you.

Brad turns around, addresses the empty back seat, and continues to chant and bang his fist on the dashboard.

BRAD

Come on, everybody now! Pick her up! Pick her up! Pick her-

JOHN

ALRIGHT! *Holy* shit, man.

John stops the car and reverses down the road back to the girl.

EXT. ROAD - MIDDLE OF NOWHERE

The girl puts her thumb up as the car gets closer to her.

The girl, MEL, is attractive, mid-twenties, wears skinny jeans, nice shirt, and has runny make-up on her face. She carries a small handbag. The car pulls up next to her and John rolls down the window.

JOHN  
Need a ride?

INT./EXT. CAR

Mel sits in the back seat. Silence as they drive.

John looks back at Mel via rear view mirror.

JOHN  
So..what's your name?

MEL  
Mel.

JOHN  
Cool, I'm John. This is Brad.

Brad turns around towards Mel.

BRAD  
Hello.

MEL  
Hi...Thanks for picking me up.

JOHN  
No problem. Where do you need to go?

MEL  
Bridgewater, if you don't mind.

JOHN  
Yeah, no, no problem, let me just drop Brad off first, he lives right around the corner.

Mel nods, then looks out the window.

Brad and John whisper to each other in the front.

BRAD  
She's hot, man! You better slam her.

JOHN  
Shhh!

BRAD  
Dude, bone her! If you don't, I will.

MEL  
Oh yeah, I'm sure that'd be the  
best two minutes of my life.

Brad turns around sharply.

BRAD  
How'd you know that?

MEL  
What?

BRAD  
Nothing. Why are you walking around  
out here?

MEL  
I was the DD, but my friends got  
drunk and took my car.

JOHN  
What?! No way! They stole it?!

MEL  
Well, borrowed. Surprisingly not  
the first time.

JOHN  
Wow, what shitty friends.

MEL  
Yeah..

BRAD  
John is my *best* friend.

JOHN  
Not true.

Mel chuckles.

EXT. BRAD'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

Brad stumbles out of the car. John turns back to Mel.

JOHN  
You can come up front if you want.

Mel gets out of the back seat and into the front passenger  
seat. She and John watch Brad stumble into his house, then  
look at each other and chuckle.

INT./EXT. CAR

John continues to drive in the middle of nowhere, farm land all around.

JOHN  
That's really messed up, what your friends did.

MEL  
I don't wanna talk about them.

JOHN  
Right, yeah, no, I wouldn't wanna either.

MEL  
Can you slow down a little bit?

JOHN  
Why?

Mel turns to John, heavy eye contact. She puts her hand on John's thigh and slowly moves it towards his crotch.

MEL (CONT'D)  
I wanna do something with you...that I haven't done in a while..

JOHN  
Seriously?

Mel takes off her seat belt and begins to zip open her handbag.

MEL  
Seriously.

JOHN  
Here?

MEL  
Here is perfect.

John takes off his seat belt with a smile.

JOHN  
Okay.

John puts his right arm around Mel's seat headrest and leans back. The sound of a gun cocking is heard. Mel holds a gun at John's lower ribs.

MEL

Get the fuck out of the car.

John freezes. He stares at the gun then up to steering wheel. He continues to stare in a daze. The car begins to drift into the opposite lane slowly.

MEL (CONT'D)

Are you stupid?! Let's go! Get out!

John quickly accelerates. The car engine roars.

MEL (CONT'D)

What are you doing!? Stop! Are you kidding me!?

John continues to accelerate.

JOHN

If you shoot me I'm flipping the car!

MEL

Stop the car and get out so I don't have to fucking shoot you, you stupid cunt!

JOHN

I'll stop when my tank runs out you fucking bitch!

MEL

Go ahead! I'm *taking* this car.

JOHN

Well, we're gonna be here a while then.

The gas tank is full.

ONE HOUR LATER.

INT./EXT. CAR

The gas tank is 3/4 full. John drives at the speed limit now. Silence. Mel stares out the window, but still has the gun aimed at John's ribcage.

JOHN

So at this point you might as well put the gun away.

Mel sneers and turns to John.

MEL  
Please, I'm not some stupid cunt.

JOHN  
You sure like the word cunt.

MEL  
Yeah...

JOHN  
That is easily my favorite word of all time.

MEL  
Congrats...

JOHN  
Don't you think women should do with cunt, what black people did with the N word?

MEL  
You can say cunt, but can't say *nigga*?

Mel and John chuckle.

MEL (CONT'D)  
Continue, I wanna see where you're going with this.

JOHN  
Like, they took a word that people used oppressively towards them, and made it cool and exclusive. And now only black people can say it.

MEL  
But then that'd suck for you. Because only women would be able to say cunt.

JOHN  
Shit..you're right.

Mel smiles and looks back out the window. John looks at the gas tank gauge.

ONE HOUR LATER.



INT./EXT. CAR

The gas tank is half full.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
So do you do this a lot?

MEL  
What? Fail at stealing cars?

Mel and John chuckle.

MEL (CONT'D)  
No, I usually take them  
successfully. Most people are  
scared of guns.

JOHN  
What can I say...

MEL  
So tough. But yeah, I started  
basically as soon as I graduated  
college. Theater majors don't get  
jobs. I don't know why my parents  
let me major in that.

JOHN  
Right?! I've always thought the  
same thing.

MEL  
You studied acting?

JOHN  
No, accounting. So I'm good. But  
sucks for you.

Mel rolls her eyes with a smile.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
I'm kidding, I studied creative  
writing. So I deliver pizza and  
freelance for some websites.

MEL  
Good luck keeping that first job...

JOHN  
Dick.

MEL

My parents think I've been in LA on a film shoot for almost two years now.

JOHN

Wow.

John turns on the radio.

ONE HOUR LATER.

INT./EXT. CAR

The radio plays, commercial advertisements. The gas tank is very, very low.

MEL

Okay seriously, I can't take anymore of that. Can we listen to something else?

JOHN

Yeah, it's like all ads anyway.

John puts a cd in the cd player. Music begins.

MEL

This sounds familiar.

JOHN

You wouldn't know them, it's my friends band.

MEL

Who?

JOHN

Ghostmouth.

MEL

What!?

JOHN

What?

MEL

Your friend is in Ghostmouth?! I love them!

JOHN

Yeah my best friend is the lead singer...how do you know them?

MEL

No way! That is insane! I found them online a few years ago.

JOHN

Well, this album doesn't come out for like two months, so, you're welcome.

MEL

Is there any chance I can have this cd?

John looks down at the gun still loosely pointed at his rib cage and up at Mel.

MEL (CONT'D)

Oh. Yeah. Didn't really need to ask...

John and Mel laugh.

30 MINUTES LATER.

INT. CAR

The gas tank is empty. Ghostmouth still plays. Mel bobs her head to the music. The car drags and stops as John steers to the side of the road.

Mel and John look at the gas gauge and back at each other. John turns the music down.

MEL

Alright, we'll it's been surprisingly pleasant, J-

JOHN

Mel, hold on. I really enjoyed our conversations and I know this is kinda insane, but would you wanna go o-

Mel shoots John dead in the head mid-sentence. She takes her smartphone out of her hand bag, looks up her location using its gps, then calls her back-up.

MEL  
(talks on phone)  
Hey. Yeah, I'm in...

Mel looks at the smartphone map again.

MEL (CONT'D)  
(talks on phone)  
Skillman. Dutchtown-Zion Road... No  
I'm fine... I'll definitely need  
Jimmy to come clean it up though...  
No, I'm good to drive. Just have  
him bring some gas... Yeah, long  
story... Alright, see you soon.  
Love you too... Bye.

Mel hangs up the phone.

CUT BLACK.