

(MILES BENSON)

DRIVING TEST ~ EMT DRIVER ACTING AS DRIVING INSTRUCTOR,
MR.DANIELS/BACK SEAT STUDENT DRIVER 1, ELAINE/BACK SEAT
STUDENT DRIVER 2, NICOLAS/DRIVER'S SEAT STUDENT, ROBBIE.

(OPEN ON: THREE TEENAGE STUDENTS
ELAINE, NICOLAS AND ROBBIE,
SIXTEEN YEARS OLD, ELAINE AND
NICOLAS SITTING IN THE BACK SEATS
AND ROBBIE SITTING IN THE DRIVER'S
SEAT IN THE PARKING LOT OF A
DRIVER'S ED SCHOOL.

(ENTER MR.DANIELS THE EMT DRIVER
ACTING AS DRIVING INSTRUCTOR WHO
FRANTICALLY ENTERS THE PASSENGER
SIDE DOOR CARRYING A RED COOLER
AND A MEDICAL BAG)

Mr.Daniels:

ROB?!

Robbie:

OH I GO BY ROBBIE.

Mr.Daniels (frantic cutting Robbie's

sentence off):

ALRIGHT ROB, BUCKLE YOUR SEATBEAT, THEN
TURN ON THE ENGINE!

(ROBBIE DISMAYED AT THE OBVIOUS
DISMISSAL AT HIS NAME PREFERENCE
AND THE DRIVING INSTRUCTORS
OBVIOUS HURRIED DEMEANOR ASKS)

Robbie:

ARE YOU OKAY? YOU SEEM REALLY NERVOUS.

Mr.Daniels:

OH, DO I?! MAYBE IT'S BECAUSE THERE'S A
LITTLE GIRL ACROSS TOWN WAITING FOR THIS
BEATING HUMAN HEART I HAVE IN THIS COOLER
SO THAT SHE MAY LIVE TO SEE ELEVEN!

Robbie:

WHAT!?! THIS IS DRIVER'S ED!

Mr. Daniels:

BOY! DON'T TEST ME. THIS GIRL'S LIFE IS
IN YOUR HANDS! FIRST THINGS FIRST,
EVERYONE BUCKLE UP.

(EVERYONE BUCKLES UP)

Mr. Daniels:

NOW THAT YOU'RE BUCKLED IN PUT THE CAR IN
DRIVE AND GUN IT, WE NEED TO GET TO THE
HOSPITAL, FAST!

(ROBBIE STARTS DRIVING REALLY FAST
DOWN THE ROAD, AND DOESN'T SLOW
DOWN WHEN A GREEN LIGHT TURNS
YELLOW)

Mr. Daniels:

WHAT IN GOD'S NAME ARE YOU DOING, ROB!
THAT'S A YELLOW LIGHT!

Robbie:

YOU SAID A GIRL WILL DIE IF WE DON'T GET
TO THE HOSPITAL, FAST!

Mr. Daniels:

BRAKE DAMMIT!

(ROBBIE SLAMS ON THE BRAKES, JUST
IN TIME TO MAKE THE LIGHT)

Mr. Daniels:

ONE MORE SCREW-UP LIKE THAT AND YOU WON'T
BE GETTING YOUR DRIVER'S LICENSE FOR
ANOTHER YEAR! YOU WANT THE FREEDOM TO
COME AND GO AS YOU PLEASE WITHOUT HAVING
TO BE CARTED AROUND BY MOMMMY AND DADDY,
RIGHT!?! NOW HIT THE SIRENS AND WAIT AT
THE LIGHT.

(ROBBIE FALLS SILENT, FRANTICALLY
LOOKING AROUND FOR A SIREN BUTTON
IN THE DRIVER'S ED CAR, BEADS OF
SWEAT BEGIN TO FORM AROUND HIS
FOREHEAD, CAUTIOUSLY AND
APPREHENSIVELY HE REACHES FOR
SOMETHING, ANYTHING, THAT COULD
RESEMBLE SIRENS AND FLASHING
LIGHTS. HE PRESSES THE HAZARD
LIGHTS BUTTON APPREHENSIVELY WHILE
LOOKING AT MR.DANIELS FOR SOME
SIGN OF APPROVAL. HAZARD LIGHTS
COME ON AND EVERYTHING IS SILENT
EXCEPT FOR THE SOUND OF THE HAZARD
LIGHTS CLICKING)

Mr.Daniels:

NICE JOB, ROB.

(ROBBIE, LOOKS AT THE OTHER TWO
TEENS IN THE BACK THROUGH THE
REARVIEW MIRROR FOR SOME SIGN OF
ASSURANCE THAT ANY OF THIS MAKES
SENSE TO ANY OF THEM, TO WHICH
ELAINE'S REPLY IS JUST A SIMPLE
SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS WITH A
GAPING MOUTH IN DISBELIEF WHILE
NICHOLAS SIMPLY MOUTHS WITHOUT
SAYING IT, "WHAT. THE. FUCK."
MR.DANIELS IS TAPPING HIS FOOT,
LOOKING AT HIS WATCH, GETTING MORE
AND MORE ANXIOUS WAITING FOR THE
LIGHT TO TURN GREEN.)

(THE LIGHT TURNS GREEN)

Mr.Daniels:

GET IN THE BREAKDOWN LANE AND FUCKING
FLOOR IT WE GOTTA GET THIS GUY TO MASS
GENERAL!

(ROBBIE IS DRIVING AS FAST AS HE
CAN FOR SOME TIME, HAZARD LIGHTS
FLASHING AND CLICKING THE WHOLE
TIME.)

Mr.Daniels:

TURN DOWN THIS ROAD, NOW!

Robbie:

BUT THAT'S NOT THE WAY TO THE HOSPITAL!

Mr.Daniels:

DO YOU WANT TO SAVE THIS GIRLS LIFE OR
NOT!?

Robbie:

OKAY OKAY OKAY!

(ROBBIE MAKES A HARD LEFT TURN
NEARLY HITTING A SLEW OF ONCOMING
CARS, EVERYONE IN THE CAR BESIDES
MR.DANIELS SCREAMS.)

(NEARLY 30 SECONDS PASS WHILE ALL
IS QUIET, EXCEPT FOR THE HAZARD
LIGHTS CLICKING, AND ROBBIE IS
DRIVING AS FAST AS HE CAN)

Mr.Daniels:

OKAY. PULL OVER. I WANT YOU TO DO A THREE
POINT TURN.

Robbie:

WHAT!?! BUT THAT LITTLE GIRL WILL DIE IF
WE DON'T GET THAT HEART TO THE HOSPITAL
FOR THE TRANSPLANT IN TIME!

Mr.Daniels:

NO! SHE'S GOING TO DIE IF YOU DON'T
MASTER THIS THREE-POINT-TURN!

(ROBBIE ATTEMPTS TO DO A THREE
POINT TURN ON AN IMPOSSIBLE STREET
TO DO A THREE POINT TURN ON.)

(AFTER SEVERAL ATTEMPTS)

Robbie:

THIS IS IMPOSSIBLE. CARS ARE PARKED
ON BOTH SIDES! AND THIS STREET IS TINY!

Mr.Daniels:

WHY DO YOU HATE THIS LITTLE GIRL ROBBIE?!
WHAT DID SHE EVER DO TO YOU? THIS IS NOT
IMPOSSIBLE, YOU'RE IMPOSSIBLE.

(JUST THEN MR.DANIELS GETS A CALL
ACROSS HIS CELLPHONE, SIMILAR TO A
CB RADIO OR A AN OLD NEXTEL CHIRP
SIMILAR TO THAT OF A WALKIE
TALKIE)

Voice:

ARE YOU ON PLEASANT STREET DANIELS?

Mr.Daniels:

I AM! WHAT DO YOU NEED?

Voice:

WE HAVE A REPORT OF A GSW TO THE CHEST ON
PLEASANT STREET AND YOU'RE THE CLOSEST
RESPONDER. CAN YOU TAKE IT?

Mr.Daniels:

I'M ON MY WAY TO THE HOSPITAL WITH THAT
GIRLS HEART FOR THE TRANSPLANT BUT I CAN
BRING HIM IN.

Voice:

UNDERSTOOD, WE'LL TELL THE DOCTORS YOU'RE
ON YOUR WAY.

Robbie:

WHAT'S A GSW?

Mr.Daniels:

GUN SHOT WOUND.

Robbie:

WHAT!? WE'RE NOT REALLY GOING TO PICK UP
A MAN WHO GOT SHOT IN THE CHEST IN A
DRIVER'S ED CAR, ARE WE?

Mr.Daniels:

YOU BET YOUR ASS WE ARE! OR IN ADDITION
TO LITTLE GIRLS, DO YOU HATE PEOPLE WHO
WERE SHOT IN THE CHEST TOO? WE'RE SIX
BLOCKS AWAY. GO GO GO!

(HAZARD LIGHTS CLICKING AWAY, THE
DRIVER'S ED CAR ARRIVES AT THE
SCENE OF THE ACCIDENT. POLICE ARE
SCATTERED EVERYWHERE WRANGLING THE
CROWD AND WRITING DOWN STATEMENTS.
A CROWD HAS FORMED AROUND THE
BODY. MR.DANIELS GETS OUT AND RUNS
OVER TO THE BODY WITH HIS MEDICAL
BAG AND BEGINS TO CLEAR HIS AIRWAY
AND ATTEMPTS TO STOP THE
BLEEDING.)

ENTER:

JOEY, THE GSW GANG MEMBER VICTIM

Mr.Daniels:

SIR, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?!

Joey (coughing and talking in raspy
dying voice):

...JOEY...

Mr.Daniels:

ALRIGHT JOE, WE'RE GOING TO FIX YOU UP
REAL GOOD! YOU SEE THAT DRIVER'S ED CAR
OVER THERE? THAT'S YOUR CHARIOT TO THE
HOSPITAL.

(JOEY LOOKS OVER AT THE DRIVER'S
ED CAR WITH THREE HORRIFIED
TEENAGERS STARING BACK AT HIM AND
THE ONLY SOUND THAT IS HEARD IS
THE SOUND OF CLICKING HAZARD
LIGHTS.)

Mr.Daniels:

ELAINE! NICK! GET BACK IN THE CAR! ROB,
HELP ME PICK HIM UP.

(ROBBIE HELPS MR.DANIELS PICK UP
JOEY WHO IS SCREAMING IN AGONY
WHILE THIS IS HAPPENING.)

Mr.Daniels:

OKAY, NOW LAY HIM OVER ELAINE AND NICK'S
LAPS.

Elaine:

WHAT?! NO! HE'S BLEEDING EVERYWHERE! WE
NEED AN AMBULANCE!

(MR.DANIELS LAYS JOEY ACROSS THE
TWO TEENS DESPITE ELAINE'S PLEAS.)

Mr.Daniels:

ALRIGHT ROBBIE, IT'S DO OR DIE TIME,
LITERALLY. IF YOU CAN SAVE TWO LIVES
TODAY YOU PASS YOUR DRIVER'S TEST, CAN
YOU DO IT?!

(ROBBIE TAKING A SECOND OR TWO TO
LOOK AT EVERYONE AND ALSO TAKING A
SECOND TO GLANCE AT THE COOLER,
JUST THEN, JOEY COUGHS UP BLOOD
AND SCREAMS IN AGONY. ROBBIE PULLS
AWAY AND HEADS TOWARDS THE
HOSPITAL.)

(MINUTES LATER THE DRIVER'S ED CAR
PULLS UP TO THE HOSPITAL EMERGENCY
ROOM AMBULANCE BAY.)

Mr.Daniels:

WHAT ARE YOU DOING? THIS IS THE EMERGENCY
ROOM AMBULANCE BAY. GO PARK IN VISITOR
PARKING.

Robbie:

BUT...!

Mr.Daniels:

LOOK, THERE'S A SPACE RIGHT THERE BETWEEN
THOSE TWO CARS. PERFECT OPPORTUNITY TO
PRACTICE PARALLEL PARKING.

Robbie:

NOW?!

Joey:

FUCKING HELL.

(ROBBIE, EXECUTES A PERFECT
PARALLEL PARKING MANEUVER BETWEEN
AN IMPOSSIBLY TIGHT SPOT.)

Mr.Daniels:

GOOD JOB, ROB!

(ROBBIE SIGHS RELIEF)

Nicholas:

I THINK THIS GUY IS DEAD.

(MR.DANIELS CHECK JOEY'S PULSE)

Mr.Daniels (agitated):

YES. HE IS.

Walkie Talkie voice:

DANIELS, FORGET THE LITTLE GIRL, SHE DIED
WAITING ON THE HEART. THERE'S ANOTHER KID
ACROSS TOWN WHO'S NEXT ON THE DONOR LIST.

Mr.Daniels:

DAMMIT ROB! WHEN YOU HESITATE OUT IN THE
FIELD PEOPLE DIE! YOU FAIL! GET IN THE
BACK. ALRIGHT NICK, YOUR TURN.

Nicholas:

UM, I GO BY NICHOLAS, ACTUALLY.

Mr.Daniels:

ALRIGHT NICK, LET'S SAVE SOME LIVES!

(OUT)