A DRIVER'S RE-EDUCATION

Written by

Doug Tesch

dougtesch@gmail.com
It’s early dawn at the PILE household.

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.

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 pukes 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 SERGEANT

Ahhh! That’s a rush hour face. Let me see your rush hour face!

BILLY PILE

Ahhh!

DRILL SERGEANT

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

BILLY PILE

Ahhhhhh!

DRILL SERGEANT

Bullshit!

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

DRILL SERGEANT

Get on your fucking knees, scumbag.

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

DRILL SERGEANT

Now choke yourself.

Billy puts his own hands around his neck.

DRILL SERGEANT

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

BILLY PILE

Ahhhhhhhhhh!

DRILL SERGEANT

Bullshit Billy! I can’t hear you.

BILLY PILE

Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh!

DRILL SERGEANT

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

SQUAD

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

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 Sergeant
Tag 'em and bag 'em.

Billy grabs the bad 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 Sergeant
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 Sergeant
Are you ready?

Billy Pile
Sir, not really-

The drill sergeant looks off frame.

Drill Sergeant
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 Sergeant
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

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

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 it’s her turn.

THEO

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