

CHAUFFEUR DRIVEN

By:

Simon Kyle Parker

COPYRIGHT 2018

Simonkyleparker@hotmail.co.uk

INT. TAXI - DAY

A luxury car. REX, 9, sits in the back. Handsome with big blue eyes. He looks smart in his private school boy uniform. Has his phone hooked up to the cars sound system. Tries to play a song but nothing happens. Can't hear anything.

MARK, 40. Messy hair and tattoos on his neck drives. Dressed as a chauffeur. White gloves and hat included.

Rex kicks out at the back of Mark's seat, angrily.

REX

Hey. What's going on here. I want to listen to my music. Why isn't it working?

Mark's annoyed. He looks back at Rex through the rearview mirror.

MARK

No music. You just sit there and wait. I like to drive in silence so be quiet.

Rex is stunned.

REX

Listen here. You can't talk to me like that.

MARK

Of course I can. I have the wheel. I'm in charge. Now zip it.

REX

You're not the regular driver so maybe I need to explain a few things to you?

MARK

Regular driver on holiday. To get away from you I think. I'm doing this one week and no more. And only to a favour for him.

REX

My father is your employer.

MARK

True. But never met the guy.

REX

He pays your wages. To drive me. Now put on my music.

MARK

He pays me to drive. Now shut up
or you can walk.

Rex is stunned into silence. His mouth hangs open.

CUT TO:

INT. TAXI - DAY

The return journey. Mark drives back the other way. Rex sits in the middle of the backseat. Arms folded and sulks.

MARK

How was school today? Learn much?
Can't imagine what they teach in
those fancy private schools.
You're all the children of
millionaires. What do you need to
know that you can't pay someone
else to tell you?

REX

I'm going to give you one last
chance to play my music. Or else.

MARK

Or else what? I don't very much
like been threatened. Don't ever
react well to it.

REX

I'm giving you a chance. Do what
I tell you or lose your job. My
father is a very powerful Man and
he can make things very difficult
for you.

MARK

I told you not to threaten me.

REX

It's an order. Or you'll be
sorry.

Mark shakes his head, disappointed.

MARK

You should have listened.

Mark suddenly makes a sharp turn.

REX

Hey. Where are you going. This
isn't the way home.

Mark ignores him. Speeds up. Rex looks very worried.

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Out in the middle of nowhere. The luxury taxi comes to a stop. Mark gets out. Soon followed by Rex.

REX
Where are we?

Mark opens up the trunk and pulls out a jack and tire iron. He goes about his work quickly and professionally. Removes one of the wheels.

MARK
There.

REX
What do you mean there. What have you done? How are we supposed to get home now?

Mark sits down on the floor. Crossed legged.

MARK
That's not my problem.

REX
Oh yes it is when my father finds out.

MARK
I'll say I blew a tyre. And what? Cars break down all the time. No problem.

REX
You're crazy.

Mark points at Rex. Wags his finger.

MARK
And I don't think you've ever had to do anything for yourself ever. Not once in your life have you had to lift a finger. I think maybe that's why you're so rotten?

REX
Rotten?

MARK
Go ahead. Call you father. Tell him to come pick you up. I'm done.

Rex searches for the right words. Can't find them. Gives up. He sits down on the floor beside Mark. Looks down at the ground, defeated.

REX
No. It's OK.

MARK
What's wrong?

Rex begins to cry. Let's the tears roll down his face.

REX
My father wouldn't come. Not even
if I was dying. He still wouldn't
come.

Mark is shocked.

MARK
You shouldn't say stuff like
that.

REX
Why? It's true.

MARK
Hey. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to
upset you. It's OK.

REX
He's always busy. I hardly ever
see him. I'm always so lonely.

Mark puts an arm around Rex. Tries to comfort him.

MARK
Hey I shouldn't have got upset at
you. It's been a tough week for
me. And I had no patience. I'm
sorry. Don't cry. I'll help you.
You want to learn?

REX
Learn?

MARK
Well that wheel isn't going to
put itself back on. I can show
you?

Rex looks up at him and nods.

CUT TO:

EXT. FIELD - DAY

Together Mark and Rex reattach the type. Mark shows him
how. Rex obvious enjoy it.

REX

I did it.

MARK

Of course you did. Maybe I was wrong about you. Not so useless after all?

REX

Thank you.

Rex wraps his arms around Mark, buries his face into his stomach and hugs Mark tight.

Mark looks down at him and smiles warmly.

MARK

You're not so bad.

INT. TAXI - DAY

Mark again drives. Now he has Rex up front with him. On the front passenger seat beside him.

MARK

You can play your song now if you like? I don't mind.

Rex looks across at him. Shakes his head.

REX

No. That's OK. Will you show me more. How to fix more things on a car?

Mark smiles..

MARK

You think maybe you'd like to be a mechanic?

REX

I guess so.

MARK

A big fancy education and you want to play with cars?

REX

Will you show me?

Mark laughs. He nods. He looks at Rex with a sudden pride in his eyes.

FADE TO BLACK**THE END.**