

# **Angry Driving School**

TELEVISION PILOT

by

Mike Johnston

Mike.Johnston@me.com

(206) 250-7915

**COLD OPEN**

INT. BOKOR'S BASEMENT APARTMENT - NIGHT

Wearing a NASCAR hat and a nightshirt, BOKOR (30) scribbles in his GRATITUDE JOURNAL.

BOKOR (V.O.)

I am grateful for knowing what's really important in life. I am grateful that I broke up with my girlfriend who couldn't keep her goddamn mouth shut to her husband. Mainly, because he's my boss-- Scratch that, ex-boss. And I'm super grateful for the fact that he's a terrible aim-- even though it was a shotgun.

Bounces a pen on his lip.

BOKOR (V.O.)

I am grateful that I was able to patch things up with Abby, my ex. Who, generously let me start staying in her basement for free. Her dark, dank, ant-filled basement. I am grateful when Uncle Billy doesn't hog all the hot water in the morning and doesn't steal my beer outta the fridge at night. Note, I'm now booby-trapping the beer.

Turns the page. Continues writing...

BOKOR (V.O.)

And please, Gratitude Journal, I have no idea if you grant wishes, but in case you do, have Momma return my calls. She's been ghosting me and I really need my NASCAR winnings.

A thought pops into his head--

BOKOR (V.O.)

Oh, and please, please, please let my father live a very, very, very long life... and suffer most of it. :)

**END COLD OPEN**

**ACT I**

INT. ABBY'S MODEST MIDDLE-CLASS HOME - KITCHEN - DAY

At the breakfast table, Bokor tussles with UNCLE BILLY (40) a pudgy, world-worn lesbian who's tough as bamboo.

Two pairs of hands grapple over a box of cereal. None of them giving up easy. Cereal sprays all over the kitchen.

BOKOR  
Gimmie, the box.

UNCLE BILLY  
Start payin' rent!

A sweet, demure woman, ABBY (30) enters in a nightgown.

ABBY  
Oh, come on you two. It's too early  
for this.

Bokor wins. Checks the box.

Nothing but dust left inside.

Disappointed, Abby scans the mess.

UNCLE BILLY  
He needs money.

ABBY  
(concerned)  
You need money, Bokor?

UNCLE BILLY  
Baby, when doesn't he need money?

BOKOR  
Abby...

UNCLE BILLY  
--Here it comes.

BOKOR  
Has anyone called the house?

ABBY  
No, your mother hasn't called.

BOKOR  
It's just I need to make a good-faith  
payment on a couple of tickets.

ABBY

Well... is two hundred dollars enough?

Bokor shoots her a wink. Points.

Grabs her purse. Roots through it. Pulls out cash.

UNCLE BILLY

(resigned)

Abs, he's yer ex. You're supposed ta hate him, not loan him money.

ABBY

Oh, Bokor's never gonna pay me back.

He kisses Abby on the cheek. She rolls her eyes.

Uncle Billy clears her throat. Loudly.

BOKOR

(races away)

I'm gonna be late.

ABBY

(sotto)

Not the way you drive.

Uncle Billy hugs her. They watch Bokor out the window.

UNCLE BILLY

He's a dented can, baby. The kind yer supposed ta put back on the shelf.

ABBY

It's okay. He's cursed. He deserves a break or two.

UNCLE BILLY

You know he's stealin' yer car.

ABBY

(through the window)

Bring it back with a full tank!

INT./EXT. ABBY'S LATE MODEL DODGE CHALLENGER - DAY

Bokor's foot STOMPS the accelerator. The engine THUNDERS.

The speedometer needle whips past 80 MPH.

A menacing DODGE CHALLENGER roars through the city of TWAIN, a rock-ribbed conservative community in middle America. Built by two worlds: the haves and the ain't never gonna haves.

Bokor dodges sticky traffic. Slows. HONKS. But the SEDAN in front of him won't get over. He tailgates. Throws a couple more honks. Spots an opening. Climbs gears. Passes the sedan.

BOKOR  
Fuck you, Cheese!

Some TRAFFIC PIRATE tries cutting into the following distance in front of Bokor. The Challenger lurches forward, pinching him off. Bokor smiles.

BOKOR  
Nice try!

He weaves in front of a VOLVO. Startles the woman inside, HARPER GOODWIN. We'll meet her in a few. She HONKS.

The Challenger BLASTS through (let's call it) an evolving yellow stoplight. Accelerates. Bokor corners HARD onto a one-way. Going the wrong way. FLOORS IT.

Terrified motorists peel away from Bokor CHARGING at them. He RAILS at the drivers as he waves them left and right.

Overshooting his turn, Bokor locks 'em up. Spins. DRIFTS 270° through the intersection. And ROCKETS down a side street.

MOMMA GOOSE leads an endless stream of GOSLINGS, marching across the street. She pauses.

Panicked, Bokor's eyes light.

Momma Goose cackles.

Flaps her wings at the Challenger SKIDDING to a stop. Anxious, Bokor peers over the nose of the Challenger. Relieved no one was squashed.

The railroad crossing gate drops. The signal bell clangs. Bokor spots a freight train SCREAMING down the tracks.

Undeterred, little webbed feet waddle before his wheels of death. Momma Goose stands, defiant.

Bokor checks the clock on the dash. No time to spare. He drops the Challenger into reverse. Checks the train one more time. Very close now.

The Challenger cautiously snakes around the gaggle. The train horn SCREAMS. Bokor shifts. Guns it. Momma Goose turns to witness the imminent collision.

The Challenger FISHTAILS through the gates a couple of beats before the train engine BARRELS past. Momma Goose CACKLES.

INT. COURTHOUSE - CORRIDOR - DAY

Bokor passes VENDING MACHINES. Points at HILTON (50) a well-heeled attorney headed his way.

BOKOR  
Hilton!

HILTON  
Jesus H. You're a mess.

BOKOR  
Who we got, Reingold?

HILTON  
He's got the flu. --Ya need a comb or something?

BOKOR  
Gimme a buck for the vending machine.  
I missed breakfast.

Hilton slides a DOLLAR bill into the machine.

HILTON  
Are you sure those are even your clothes?

Bokor punches numbers.

Inside, nothing drops.

He STABS buttons. SHAKES the thieving vending machine silly.  
Rakes buttons.

BOKOR  
Tell me I'm not cursed.

COURTROOM

Hilton leads Bokor down the aisle. Past the gallery. Holds open a small wooden gate for Bokor.

Hilton, the PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, sits at the table next to Bokor's table. Both of them stare straight ahead.

HILTON  
Making my job way too easy--

TEENAGE BAILIFF  
All rise for the Honorable Rayburn  
Darkhaus...

The square-jawed, well-tanned, impeccably groomed JUDGE RAYBURN DARKHAUS (50) isn't even seated before...

BOKOR

Oh, no. Ooooh, no-- You have to recuse yourself.

THE JUDGE

Son, I hand-picked this case the second I saw your name on the docket.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

THE JUDGE

Sit.

Everyone grabs some chair.

Hilton cracks the teensiest smile.

THE JUDGE

Prosecutor, are you laughing?

HILTON

No, Your Honor.

THE JUDGE

Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

THE JUDGE

Now, since I believe we're all well acquainted, let's skip to the really stupid part.

(to Bokor)

I see you're defending yourself again, son. Are you really that stupid?

BOKOR

Fuck you, Dad.

THE JUDGE

Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

BOKOR

I have no money or I'd pay the fines.

HILTON

I can attest to that, Your Honor. I had to loan him a dollar for breakfast.

BOKOR

--That was a gift.

THE JUDGE

Agreed. In fact, it is this court's opinion that you may never make full restitution to the city of Twain for your orgy of traffic violations totaling...

Studies a report.

THE JUDGE

Jesus Christ!

BOKOR

Wait. Now, some of those tickets--

THE JUDGE

Boy, you're an exceptional driver. I used to watch you race the... the--

BOKOR

You haven't seen me race since Soap Box Derby.

THE JUDGE

--NASCAR! As long as that pipe dream lasted. Therefore, Angus Darkhaus, I hereby order you to perform one thousand hours of community service at a local driving school--

BOKOR

Oh, no. You're not dragooning me into the family business.

THE JUDGE

What? Why would I send you to your mother's driving school? You're going to the crummy one -- the something, something Academy on a fool's errand to baby-sit idiots, bottom-of-the-barrel repeat offenders and barely-functional adults.

BOKOR

(to Hilton)

What does community service pay?

HILTON

It doesn't.

BOKOR

(to The Judge)

How am I supposed to pay the fines?!



THE JUDGE

Make arrangements with the court or  
I'll garnish your wages.

BOKOR

What wages?! Look, can you at least  
have Momma return my calls?

HILTON

Does Your Honor need me for the rest  
of this? I don't do family law.

THE JUDGE

(to Hilton)

Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

THE JUDGE

And you're back in ninety days. And if  
I don't hear a glowing report, you're  
going to jail!

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM!

THE JUDGE

Next!

BOKOR

God... Damn it!

**END OF ACT I**

**ACT TWO**

EXT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - DAY

From the sidewalk, Bokor stares into his future, a ramshackle office building in the worst part of town.

Lifts a court order in his hand.

It reads "Report to Twain Safe Driving Academy on the date below for instructions on the..."

Bokor considers the front door. Considers leaving the country under an assumed name. Considers the court order.

INT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - HALLWAY - DAY

The "MAIN OFFICE" sign hangs at the end of a long hall.

Bokor shuffles forward like it's the Bataan Death March.

He pauses at a classroom door.

Through the window: students sleep, cruise phones, steal answers off each other's learning packets. No instructor.

Bokor's confused. Annoyed. Steps another few paces.

Stops at another classroom door.

Sees the same thing inside.

His head ready to explode, Bokor's eye twitches. He can't take it. BUSTS into--

THE CLASSROOM

--As Bokor enters, the chatter stops.

BOKOR

What the hell's wrong with you people?

Butts drop into seats.

Bokor marches upfront.

A cherub-faced student (15), later known as PROM QUEEN...

PROM QUEEN

Uh, are you the teacher?

BOKOR

Hell, no.

Students laugh.

BOKOR

I'm your worst fucking nightmare!

Silence.

BOKOR

Ah, I'm just fuckin' with you. But lemme tell you, when I walked by and saw what was going on it in here, it pissed me off! This is driving school, man! And I mean nothing-- Absolutely nothing is better than driving.

Points to a spindly high school nerd (15), DORKO.

BOKOR

You, Dorko. Yeah-you. Let's be honest, I'm never gonna learn any of your names. Ever wanna date a real girl?

DORKO

(slow)

Uh, sure. Yeah. Jeez, I guess so.

BOKOR

Atta-boy-- And it wasn't an essay question by the way. Well, you're gonna need a car so you can... drive.

(points)

Yo, Prom Queen. You want your mom to keep dropping you off at cheer practice in the minivan with your little brother making--

PROM QUEEN

Stop! You had me at Mom.

BOKOR

Driving folks! It gives you freedom. It makes you look cool. This is the most important goddam test of your life! TikTok, whaddaya in for?

An introverted hundred-pound high school student (15) stands. Forevermore known as TIKTOK.

BOKOR

Do I look like a nun? Do not stand.

TIKTOK

I guess I wanna pass my driver's test?

Bokor pumps his fist in the air.

BOKOR

TikTok wants to pass! Good answer. How 'bout you, Jocko?

JOCKO's an athletic young man (17) in a football jersey.

JOCKO

Aw, bro, I dunno. It's, like, four bullshit speeding tickets, I guess?

BOKOR

Four? Lemme know when ya break triple digits. That reminds me of my very first ticket: It was this whole thing.  
(audio trails away)

From the hallway, the actual instructor ELTON (65) presses his nose to the back door window. Bespectacled and bowtied, he's a full-blown neurotic. Watches Bokor. Shocked. Confused.

STAFF BREAK ROOM

A dirty squirrel in jeans and a hoodie, TUCKER (40) stretches into a threadbare terry cloth robe. Helps himself to a bag of EDIBLE GUMMIES in front of a perma-student, GOOCH (19).

Elton blows into the break room.

Instantly alert, Gooch hides his mug under the table.

ELTON

Well, it's happening...

TUCKER

What now?

Steals a sip of coffee.

Elton stink-eyes Tucker, then Gooch...

ELTON

Tucker, are you drinking with a student?

TUCKER

What? Gooch here ain't no student-- He's an institution-- practically family.

GOOCH

(to Elton)  
Been here longer than you.

ELTON  
Well, I'll have you know, we're all  
being replaced.

TUCKER  
Fired?

Elton nods.

TUCKER  
Again?

ELTON  
There's a strange man in there  
teaching my class this very instant.

GOOCH  
About time. This place sucks.

TUCKER  
Enough honesty for one day, Goocher.  
Well, fellas, we've had a good run.

Fishes a hidden bottle of bourbon out of the garbage can.  
Raises it to the fluorescent lights overhead. Shakes the last  
couple of drops into this coffee cup.

ELTON  
No, we need to fight this.

TUCKER  
You're right. I'm unemployable.

ELTON  
And I'm too old to learn a new skill.

Elton snatches the bag of Gummies.

GOOCH  
(to Tucker)  
Does he party?

TUCKER  
I wouldn't eat those.

Elton spikes the bag of Gummies on the table.

A mousy instructor with puppy dog eyes, ANGEL (20) enters.  
He's as brainless as a balloon animal.

ANGEL  
(chipper)  
Hey, what's going on guys?

ELTON

We're all getting canned. That's what.

ANGEL

Oh, Jeez. You don't think... I was told I could look up the answers in the back of the book.

GOOCH

Or maybe... Elton's the only one being canned, because, you know, he's Elton.

TUCKER

Good point.

ANGEL

(to Gooch)

Didn't I pass you, like, twice?

TUCKER

We all passed Gooch here at one time or another. He just keeps coming back.

Clinks cups with Tucker.

TUCKER

Angel, we need facts, details, hard evidence; not Elton's psychotic delusions. God knows how much Clonazepam he's eaten today.

Exasperated, Elton throws up his hands.

Angel spies rogue Gummies on the table.

Pops one in his mouth--

ELTON

Oh, Dear Lord--

TUCKER

Don't eat that!

Panicked, Angel spits them out. Rakes his tongue with his hands. Searches for a drink. Gulps from Tucker's cup.

SPRAYS a mouth full of bourbon.

ELTON

You know better than to drink out of Tucker's cup...

ANGEL

(cries in pain)

Oh, mommy. It burns.

ELTON

... Or expose it to an open flame.

TUCKER

Okay, Pearl's always got the straight poop on this stuff. Angel, find Pearl.

ANGEL

But isn't everyone afraid of Pearl?

ELTON

Of course.

TUCKER

Hell, no.

TUCKER

Elton, you go snoop around Harper's office-- Dig up some incriminating evidence. This is gonna take more than my charm and leading man jawline.

ELTON

Tucker, you're useless.

TUCKER

Funny, my children say the same thing.

EMPTY HALLWAY

Terrified, Angel peeks around the corner. Spots...

PEARL (25)

... An Asian Queen of the Undead vibe going on. Bootleg chic. Diminutive. Threatening.

Angel creeps toward her.

Pearl reaches for a door handle. Freezes.

Eyes crinkled, she turns. Leers at Angel.

He reels. Falls on his back.

Crab crawls outta sight around the corner.

With his shoulders to the wall, Angel slides into a standing position. Cries a little. Musters his strength.

Sweeps around the corner-- Right into PEARL.

PEARL

What're ya doing, meat bag?

ANGEL

(dubious)

Hi, Pearl--

PEARL  
You creeping me?

ANGEL  
I... I don't know what that means.

PEARL  
I smell fear all over you.

ANGEL  
I'm, I'm not afraid of you, Pearl.

PEARL  
Really?

ANGEL  
I've always liked you, Pearl-- Please  
don't hurt me.

PEARL  
Oh, Angel. I would never hurt you--  
Unless you wanted me to. Tell me...

Looks him up and down. Hungry.

Wraps a strand of hair around her finger.

PEARL  
(purrs)  
You like what you see?

ANGEL  
Pearl, you should know something--

PEARL  
Yeah, I already know.

ANGEL  
You do? Oh, good.

PEARL  
I have eyes. You're obviously as  
fragile as a circus peanut--

ANGEL  
No, you don't understand--

PEARL  
Trust me, I've made it work with less.

Pearl steps dangerously close.

ANGEL  
Pearl, something's happening.



PEARL

Yes, it's happening to me too. The smell of fear. I find it intoxicating.

ANGEL

We're all about to lose our jobs.

She snaps out of it. Reassesses everything.

PEARL

Oh! Well... Then, we need to prep.

ANGEL

Prep?

PEARL

Workplace murder-suicides don't plan themselves.

HARPER'S OFFICE

The effervescent owner, Pollyanna-- strike that, HARPER GOODWIN (30) meets with DEACON (35) her trusted lieutenant. He's intimidating. Yoked.

HARPER

What happened to my desk?

Her desk is perfectly organized.

KINSLEY (22) Harper's geek-chic intern hovers.

KINSLEY

I organized it?

HARPER

Kinsley dear, you should know by now I thrive in chaos.

Kinsley hands her a folder. Then coffee.

HARPER

(re: a coffee sweetener)  
Did you do the little shake... with the...

KINSLEY

Perfect proportions of each.

HARPER

You're so awesome. Isn't she awesome?

Begrudgingly, Deacon nods.

Harper opens the folder.

HARPER

(queasy)

Deacon, these are the worst test numbers I've ever seen.

DEACON

(points to a column)

Come on now, they outscored this group.

HARPER

Those are the absentees. Aren't there different numbers we can use?

DEACON

We gonna lose our accreditation.

HARPER

(whines)

Oh, man.

Incensed, Elton pokes his head around the doorway.

ELTON

Miss Goodwin?

HARPER

Elton?

ELTON

Is there something I should know?

HARPER

Permission to not speak in riddles.

ELTON

Have I been let go?

HARPER

Why would anyone ever fire you, Elton?  
You're a gift to learning.

(aside to Deacon)

What were his test scores?

ELTON

Then, pray tell, who's teaching my class?

HARPER

Aw, fiddlesticks.

CLASSROOM

DORKO

So what's with the learning packets?

BOKOR

You gotta learn 'em for the written.

JOCKO

You, like, know everything in there?

PROM QUEEN

Of course he knows. He's the teacher--  
They give him the answers.

BOKOR

Actually, I know everything in there  
because I've been charged with  
everything in there.

Students laugh.

DORKO

(reading from the packet)  
Okay, how far over the speed limit  
before you're charged with a felony?

BOKOR

Pww! That's easy, thirty over the  
posted speed or if you're endangering  
public or private property, or you're  
endangering someone's life, at the  
discretion of the arresting officer.

PROM QUEEN

Wait, you never really answered my  
question. Are you really the teacher?

Harper enters, backed by Deacon and Elton.

HARPER

--Absolutely not. He is not. What's  
going on here?

BOKOR

Technically, I'm being held here  
against my will by the state.

HARPER

I am very disappointed in you. You  
were instructed to report directly to  
my office. Now, go on you-- Git.

As he's being escorted away by Deacon...

BOKOR

I believe in you guys. Ace those  
packets!

TikTok stands. Addresses the room...

TIKTOK

I like this class.

HARPER'S OFFICE

Cut like Mr. Olympia, Deacon guards the door. Folds his arms.

Bokor rifles through papers on Harper's desk, testing her limitless optimism and her authority.

BOKOR

Look, the court ordered me to teach driving school. I'm gonna do it the way I want--

HARPER

(grabs her papers back)  
So you shanghaied one of my classes?

BOKOR

I've been here less than an hour and I can already tell why you guys suck.

HARPER

Please, don't sugarcoat it.  
(desperate)  
I mean please, really, don't sugarcoat it. We're about to lose our accreditation and then it's all over.

BOKOR

Better yet, I'll show you. Let's get 'em out on the track.

HARPER

We don't have a track. We have streets.

BOKOR

You say potato... Look, I'm an ex-NASCAR driver-- I feel like I know a thing or two about driving.

HARPER

(to Deacon)  
I know on the surface this sounds like a terrible idea, but as soon as they finish their packets...

Deacon sharpens up. Lifts an eyebrow.

HARPER

What? It can't be any worse.  
(to Bokor)  
Take Deke with you.

DEACON

I ain't for sure yet, but there's something I don't like about him.

BOKOR

I'm cursed.

DEACON

Does it for me.

HARPER

You're what?

BOKOR

I'm cursed. It's real. It's a real curse. I'm not kidding, I'm cursed.

HARPER

Are you trying to talk me out of it?  
Because I'm desperate-- Don't make me beg, because I will.

A shuffled version of The Breakfast Club enters.

PROM QUEEN

We. Are. Finished.

HARPER

Oh, please don't make me beg you too.

DORKO

--With the learning packets.

HARPER

You're done? Done-done? That's weird.  
Because it only took...

The students smile.

Harper beams at Bokor. Her savior.

BOKOR

Dorko, Jocko, Prom Queen and you too  
TikTok-- You're in this jackpot.

HARPER

And Deacon. Non-negotiable.

INT./EXT. OFFICIAL STUDENT DRIVER SUV - DAY

The SUV paces traffic.

Dorko on the wheel. Bokor shotgun.

Deacon rides in back with Prom Queen, Jocko and TikTok.

DEACON

This is a good speed, son. You're doing fine.

BOKOR

You're fuckin' up, Dorko. No one drives like this. Faster.

DEACON

Absolutely not--

BOKOR

Drive like your boss is about to fire you and your twenty minutes late. That's how real people drive.

Dorko CLIMBS on the accelerator.

The G-force SNAPS everyone back into their seat.

DEACON

WhoooO000ooooa!

The SUV SCREAMS down the street.

BOKOR

Here comes traffic. Whadda ya do?

DORKO

Whaddo I do?!

BOKOR

Evasive!

They weave through less time-sensitive drivers. Tires WAIL.

Deacon braces himself in the backseat.

DEACON

Stop the car-- Stop the car!

BOKOR

Here comes the intersection. Whadda ya do if the light changes yellow?

DEACON

You slow down.

BOKOR

(to Deacon)  
Rookie move.

DORKO

What am I supposed to do?

The STOPLIGHT blinks yellow.

BOKOR

There it is!

Dorko lets off the gas. Horns BLAST from all directions.

BOKOR

Ride or die, Dorko!

DORKO

What the corn nuts does that mean!

Panics.

FLOORS IT.

The SUV ROARS through the light unscathed. More horns.

BOKOR

Okay, pull it over.

DEACON

Do you two realize just how crazy dangerous that was?

BOKOR

Yeah, what were you thinking? Never show weakness in traffic. You'll get us all killed.

DEACON

And you, we're trying to teach 'em the right way to drive out here.

BOKOR

I'm trying to teach 'em how to survive out here.

(to Prom Queen)

And just what the hell are you doing?

PROM QUEEN

(phone in her hand)

Uhhh, group chat?

BOKOR

That's for sure dangerous. Everyone gimme your phones. Dorko, you're done flexing. Who wants the whip?

MOMENTS LATER

Sweating bullets, Jocko drives.

BOKOR  
Watch out--

JOCKO  
For what?

BOKOR  
Him--!

JOCKO  
Who?!

A MINI COOPER sweeps in front of the SUV.

BOKOR  
Dammit!

DEACON  
What just happened?

JOCKO  
Hell if I know.

BOKOR  
Always, always, always protect your following distance. Your one job is to make sure no one gets in front of you.

DEACON  
That's it-- Stop the vehicle! Go on, now. Right here.

The SUV glides to a stop.

BOKOR  
Jocko, you were good... infrequently. TikTok, welcome to Thunderdome.

DEACON  
No, I'm driving.

PROM QUEEN  
You're jacking TikTok out of his turn?

Bokor eyes Jocko, then TikTok. They all nod. TikTok bolts out of the SUV. Jocko tumbles into the backseat.

Bokor hits the power DOOR LOCKS. Traps Deacon.

DEACON  
You're kidnapping me?



BOKOR

Well, if ya wanna be a Boy Scout about it. Who else is having an amazing day?

TikTok scrambles behind the wheel.

His sleeve slips down. Exposes his right forearm. BRUISES.

Bokor notices--

Before TikTok pulls up his sleeve...

BOKOR

First, lemme check yer permit.

TikTok surrenders his wallet.

The SUV enters traffic.

Intently, Bokor studies the address on the permit.

Deacon bangs around like a steer trapped in a competition bull riding chute.

DEACON

They're gonna fire your ass, and then I'm gonna beat you like your daddy beat the milkman after your brother was born.

BOKOR

Deke, keep it down, I'm working here.  
(to TikTok)  
So, tell us about your father.

TIKTOK

Wha--?

BOKOR

Is he left-handed? You know, when you play catch.

TIKTOK

Yeah. Yeah, pretty sure.

DEACON

--I'm callin' Harper.

Dials his mobile phone.

BOKOR

Mmm-hm. Take a left up here. (beat)  
What's he do for a living?

TIKTOK  
Outta work, I guess.

BOKOR  
You live around here, don't you? Take  
a left at the next light. Use your  
turn signal.

TikTok's sleeve slips again.

Deacon spots the bruises.

Bokor's and Deacon's eyes trade unpleasantries.

DEACON  
(presses END on his phone)  
We ain't gettin' involved.

Bokor's eye twitches.

BOKOR  
That's exactly why you're failing--  
You don't get involved. When's the  
last time you gave a shit about any  
one of these kids? Or anything? Or you  
just goin' along for the ride?

Deacon stews in his own juices.

BOKOR  
(points)  
Is that where you live?

TIKTOK  
No.

BOKOR  
And I can tell you a thing or two  
about bullies and fucked-up fathers.  
Those are defensive wounds.

TIKTOK  
No, that's not what's going on. I-I  
fell down, the other day. It was an  
accident-- I swear.

BOKOR  
Stop the car. Stop the goddamn car!

The SUV stops.

DEACON  
Do not leave this vehicle, Bokor.

Deacon and the students watch Bokor march away.

EXT. RESIDENTIAL STREET - FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

A DUMP TRUCK OF A MAN sits on Bokor's chest. He's winded. Swings away. Pulls a breath. Gives him another haymaker.

BOKOR  
Help-- Little help. I think I just  
swallowed a tooth. I'm sure it's mine.

INSIDE THE SUV

PROM QUEEN  
Excuse me, but are ya gonna help him?

DEACON  
Yeah, eventually.

TIKTOK  
That's not my dad.

DEACON  
What?

TIKTOK  
I live across the street.

FRONT YARD - MOMENTS LATER

Deacon, Jocko and Dorko move in.

DEACON  
Alright, you're done.

Exhausted, Dump Truck Man rolls off of Bokor. Pants.

BOKOR  
And if ya don't leave your son alone,  
(a gurgling sound) I'm coming back.

TIKTOK'S DRIVEWAY

TikTok's FATHER (35) watches the melee. He's thin. Paunchy.

TikTok is furious with his father for possibly the first time in his life. Crosses the street with purpose.

TIKTOK  
What the fuck, Dad? You see what you  
did? I fucking hate you!

FRONT YARD

BOKOR  
(spits blood)  
What's going on?

DEACON  
That's his father.

BOKOR  
 (tired-- drops his head)  
 Oh, son of a bitch.

TIKTOK'S DRIVEWAY

Bokor stumbles into the street. Collapses. Drags to his feet.

FATHER  
 Who the fuck are--

BAM. With one punch, he knocks out TikTok's father.

BOKOR  
 And don't make me come back, because I  
 will... After I heal.  
 (to everyone)  
 I'm driving. Non-negotiable.

INT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - HARPER'S OFFICE - DAY

Kinsley checks the outside window.

Harper types a memo at her computer.

KINSLEY  
 If he's this late, he's already quit.

Bokor enters. A whipped dog. Black eye, swollen lip and all.

HARPER  
 (giddy)  
 Oh, there he is. So...

BOKOR  
 So what?

HARPER  
 (swings at air)  
 So what was it like hearing the bones  
 break in that stupid little creep's  
 stupid little face?

BOKOR  
 I thought I was in trouble.

HARPER  
 Ha! You are in so much trouble. But on  
 the sunny side, I think the students  
 are erecting a shrine in your honor.

BOKOR  
So you're not firing me?

HARPER  
Oh, silly. You're so totally fired. So  
says every city and state official,  
and most of Twitter.

BOKOR  
Alright, I know the drill. I've been  
fired off plenty of teams before.

KINSLEY  
We're not a team. We're a school.

BOKOR  
Seems like that's your problem.

Harper considers his point.

BOKOR  
(turns for the door)  
'Scuse me--

HARPER  
Wait. I got this for you.

Hands him a SAINT CHRISTOPHER MEDALLION on a chain.

HARPER  
So there's no hard feelings and you  
know there is no curse. You're just a  
good man who's trying waaaay too hard.

Extends her hand. They shake.

HARPER  
Thank you. And good luck.

**END ACT II**

## ACT III

EXT. THE DIGBY RIDING STABLES - DAY

An ATTRACTIVE WOMAN (25) in full equestrian riding apparel trots toward us on a well-groomed AMERICAN QUARTER HORSE.

Title, "ONE WEEK LATER"

BOKOR (O.S.)

Momma. Hey, Momma!

Atop her own steed, Cajun aristocracy and Bokor's mother, ABIGAIL DIGBY DARKHAUS (60) appears behind the other horse. The Attractive Woman rides away.

ABIGAIL

You know nothing happens in my town  
without us hearin' about it every  
which way, true-dat. Some kinda  
record, bein' fired in one single day.

Hands her helmet to an attractive STABLE HAND. Bokor offers to help her dismount. Abigail waves him off, allowing the Stable Hand to lower her down. The Stable Hand reaches for her RIDING CROP. She ain't giving up her favorite toy.

BOKOR

Momma, I need my money. And while I'm  
here, can you get Dad off my back?

ABIGAIL

Do ya better. Got ya a job. Bought the  
last driving school I ain't already  
got. The somethin', somethin' Academy.

BOKOR

The one I was just fired from? I'd  
prefer my cash.

ABIGAIL

I'd prefer gratitude but we all have  
ta live with our li'l disappointments.

BOKOR

I'm talking about the money I earned  
driving for you-- Money you owe me.

ABIGAIL

Ya have any concept of how many cars  
you wrecked, driving all crazy like  
that? Any idea how much uh brand new  
NASCAR racin' car costs?

BOKOR

I see what this is. You just wanna keep me under your thumb so you can keep toying with me like you do Dad. Like you do everyone else in town!

She lashes him with the riding crop.

ABIGAIL

Oh, why you always so dramatic? We know driving school is a tall tumble from the Daytona 500, but you sure as hell ain't Richard Petty -- the king! No disappoints there--

BOKOR

Do not say the king of my bedroom one more time or I will call my therapist and she'll yell at both of us again.

ABIGAIL

Good! Then we're settled and squared--

BOKOR

Nothing's settled until I say it's settled. I am not working in the family business and you can't make me.

ABIGAIL

Oh, Angus, don't be a pill.

AUDIO PRE-LAP: A gavel repeatedly BANGS.

INT. COURTHOUSE - COURTROOM - DAY

Bokor, Hilton and The Judge in their familiar positions.

BOKOR

But I can explain--

THE JUDGE

What's to explain? It was a disaster. Therefore, you, Angus Darkhaus, are hereby banned from ever teaching -- so much as a ukulele lesson -- to anyone, anywhere, in perpetuity, etc., etc.

Raises the gavel--

BOKOR

But I was pretty good at it.

THE JUDGE

I have no doubt--

BOKOR  
Damn good at it.

THE JUDGE  
Fair enough, I admit it. You did good.  
--And I never thought words like that  
would ever cross my lips.

Lifts a report.

THE JUDGE  
According to this, every student  
passed their final exam on the very  
first try. The school has a hundred  
percent pass rate for the first time  
since... in well, ever.

HILTON  
You did good, Bokor.

Something lights in Bokor's eyes. He drifts into a fog.  
Speechless as everything around him continues at half volume.

The Judge shreds the report.

THE JUDGE  
But it doesn't supersede the fact that  
Twain is probably gonna be sued as a  
result of your actions!

HILTON  
But, Your Honor, the city isn't liable  
for a private driving school. That  
doesn't make any sense.

THE JUDGE  
Fined! One hundred dollars.

The Judge drops his gavel. BAM.

HILTON  
For what?

THE JUDGE  
Arguing for the defense. You're  
ruining this for me.

Everything back at full volume, Bokor re-engages.

BOKOR  
--I wanna go back!

HILTON  
But I thought you hated it there?



BOKOR

I won't abandon my team.

THE JUDGE

Well, you can't because I just legally banned you, like, ten seconds ago.

HILTON

You didn't actually bang the--

The Judge POUNDS his gavel. BAM!

THE JUDGE

Been waiting all morning for this next part. Angus Darkhaus, I offer you the choice of paying the fines -- which we know you cannot do, going to prison for no less than one year or cleaning toilets at the courthouse for the rest of your natural life.

BOKOR

I finally find something I'm good at--

THE JUDGE

I do sooooo love my job.

BOKOR

I'm going back and you can't stop me.

THE JUDGE

Son, I already did the thingie with the gavel. It's done.

BOKOR

Then square it with Momma!

The Judge's eyes are overwhelmed with fear.

THE JUDGE

Who?

BOKOR

Momma. Your wife. Satan's tapeworm. You know, Momma.

THE JUDGE

Why are we dragging your mother into all this? What did she say? Did she say something about me?

Bokor POUNDS his fist on the table.

BOKOR

Next!

The courtroom stirs.

THE JUDGE

I am going to speak to your mother  
about this. This isn't over, you hear  
me? You're in contempt, Bokor. Bokor!

HILTON

(overlapping)

Congratulations, I think.

Furiously, Bokor scribbles in a notepad.

HILTON

What's that?

BOKOR

I keep a gratitude journal.

**END ACT III**

**TAG**

EXT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - DAY

BOKOR (V.O.)  
I have conditions.

HARPER (V.O.)  
As do I.

INT. TWAIN SAFE DRIVING ACADEMY - HARPER'S OFFICE - DAY

BOKOR  
Such as...

HARPER  
I'll inform you as they come up.

BOKOR  
You're a strange woman, Harper  
Goodwin.

HARPER  
Thank you for noticing.

BOKOR  
That you're strange or you're a woman?

HARPER  
(upbeat)  
Yes.

They trade smiles.

Bokor fishes the Saint Christopher medallion out of his  
pocket. Drops it around his neck.

BOKOR  
If we're doing this, we're doing it my  
way.

HARPER  
Abso-rootin' tootly.

Behind her back, Harper's fingers are crossed.

STAFF BREAK ROOM

Pensive, the instructors anticipate bad news.

TUCKER

It's a mass firing, Pearl. Not a mass murder.

PEARL

Not if they try and fire me.

Opens her trench coat, reveals a belt filled with KNIVES.

Everyone recoils.

HARPER

(enters with Bokor)

Oh, you two. No one's getting fired.

PEARL

What?! I sharpened all these for nothing?

HARPER

We're saving the academy! With our new secret weapon. Guys meet Bokor. Our newest instructor.

BOKOR

(to everyone)

No, I'm in charge.

HARPER

--In charge of giving me ideas.

BOKOR

In charge of the school.

HARPER

--In charge of giving me ideas about the school.

BOKOR

To make changes.

HARPER

--If he runs 'em by me first.

BOKOR

We're co-managing.

HARPER

--But I have final say.

DEACON

(mutters to Elton)

Huh, this loser thinks he can turn 'round his own pathetic, loser life by saving these kids--

BOKOR  
--I heard that.

DEACON  
I know.

ELTON  
Well, who's supposed to be saving me?  
I'm the one who's trapped here.

BOKOR  
(to Deacon)  
The first thing we're gonna do is  
start giving a shit...

TUCKER  
--Oh, good. He comes with jokes.

BOKOR  
... And then teach these kids the  
single greatest skill in the universe,  
one that they will literally use the  
rest of their lives.

ANGEL  
Typing?

TUCKER  
(disagreeing with Angel)  
How to beat a urine test.

HARPER  
(to Bokor)  
--Preach, brother!

BOKOR  
And we're all gonna do it as a team.

Bokor extends his hand. Harper and Kinsley hand stack with him. With a grin, Bokor urges everyone to join him.

The instructors drift away.

HARPER  
Nice try but it's gonna take more than  
words, my friend. Believe me, I've  
thrown actual dictionaries at 'em.

Walks Bokor to the door.

HARPER  
The good news: There is no curse. Did  
you notice? No one exploded into  
flames.

BOKOR  
Honestly, I dunno how the curse works.

HARPER  
There is no curse.

BOKOR  
Agree to disagree.

HARPER  
Hold on a tick. Has something like  
that actually happened before?

BOKOR  
How flexible is your definition of the  
word something?

HARPER  
Bokor, if a student, or anyone else  
spontaneously combusts at my academy--

BOKOR  
Our academy.

HARPER  
... I will hold you personally  
responsible.

BOKOR  
Oh, yeah. Because that'll teach me.

Off of Harper's concerned face...

BOKOR  
Wait. You're serious about that?

**END OF SHOW**