

TEACH ME HOW TO DRIVE

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FADE IN

EXT. MABEL'S MARKET - MORNING

Mabel's Market is a converted Craftsman corner home in NE Oakland. A beat-up pick up truck full of art supplies and the world's tallest ladder that can fit on a truck is parked at the curb-side blue zone; clearly the owner isn't handicapped.

Behind Mabel's, through a waist-high wooden gate, is a small back house.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE

Dandy Livingstone's "I'm Your Puppet" plays on a old radio. In the bedroom hangs a "No Woman, No Cry" poster.

A rugged-looking cat trots through the house; his collar reads "CLYDE."

KITCHEN:

A coffee pot sits with not enough for a full cup but not enough coffee to throw away. The trash has been knocked over. A plate of cat food is half eaten on the floor.

An iPhone rings from an open pizza box on the table. Inside the pizza box is one or two pieces of cold pizza and left over crusts.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE

Clyde ducks out through a cat door.

EXT. MABEL'S MARKET - HANDICAP SPOT

A meter maid (Gary), in short-shorts, tickets the truck.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MONDAY

More reggae plays low. The shower is on. The phone rings.

BATHROOM:

This is JOHN CLAREY (36), think Paul Rudd. He gets out of the shower while brushing his teeth.

He dances happily to the music, clearly groovin'. He spits then smiles at himself. His towel drops to the floor.

HALLWAY:

John, in the nude, goes to the hallway hamper and pulls out a grey shirt, smells it, then throws it back.

LIVING ROOM:

He walks across the room pass a large window in clear view of the street. As he walks, John waves to a MAIL WOMAN who...

EXT. STREET - MAIL BOX

Puts the flag down on his mailbox, rolls her eyes and walks off.

INT. JOHN'S HOUSE - LAUNDRY ROOM

John checks the dryer, it's empty; then the washer, it's full.

JOHN

Nice.

He throws the clothes in the dryer and turns it on; looks over to...

FLOOR NEXT TO DRYER:

A pretty, pregnant cat lays in a box atop a CAL blanket. Her food bowl is full, it reads "BONNIE."

JOHN

Mornin' Bon.

(kneels, pets Bonnie)

I keep telling you two to use protection.

KITCHEN - MOMENTS LATER

John, wearing the grey shirt, stands over the sink drinking coffee straight from the pot looking at some bills.

His phone rings, he searches for it and finds the phone in the pizza box. John wipes the grease off.

The call is from "Vicky," he picks up the phone and sends it to voicemail; the time gets him moving - he's late for work.

EXT. JOHN'S HOUSE - MINUTES LATER

John exits with a trash bag and throws it away.

EXT. MABEL'S MARKET - HANDICAP SPOT

He arrives at his truck and sees the ticket.

JOHN  
Damn it Gary.

EXT. GARY'S HOUSE - DRIVEWAY

John walks next door.

JOHN  
Gary? Gary.

GARY  
Hey John.

GARY (the Meter Maid) kneels while shining the tire of his Government Issued DOT Jeep in the driveway.

JOHN  
Hey man, you know I can't keep getting these things.

GARY  
It's my job dude.

JOHN  
Come on. Can't you hook me up or something? When I get home I can't find any parking.

GARY  
Dude...you parking there every night makes me look bad.

JOHN  
How does that make you look bad?

Gary gestures towards the wares of his chosen profession.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Fine. Look, I'm late for work.

MRS. FILIPEPI (60s) walks on the porch.

MRS. FILIPEPI  
Gary! Come get your lunch box.

GARY  
In a minute ma, I'm talking to John.

JOHN  
Hi Mrs. Filipepi.

Mrs. Filipepi flips John off and goes inside, leaving door open.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
Have a nice day Mrs. Filipepi. I'll see you later Gary. No more tickets, OK?

John walks off.

MRS. FILIPEPI (O.S.)  
Gary! Get in here now!

GARY  
I'm coming ma...God!

I/E. PROP WAREHOUSE

John parks. He carries donuts and coffee. John enters the bay doors. It's bustling inside: saws blare, hammers...hammer.

The owner, JORGE (40s) (pronounced George) talks to the WORKER carrying a couple paint cans.

JOHN  
(to WORKER)  
Morning.

John cheerfully walks by Jorge and Jorge looks at his watch.

JORGE  
Uh-Afternoon.

John puts down the donuts on a side table and clocks in.

JOHN  
Yeah, sorry man.  
(looks at time card)  
- I mean, well it's early afternoon.

Jorge scoffs. John smiles and begins to walk off.

JORGE

If you going to be late John bring  
bagels next time. Hey, and your mom  
called. She's been looking for you!

John waves without looking, smiles at a FEMALE COWORKER and goes to the...

CUTTING ROOM:

SOFIE (22) a cute, tomboyish girl, looks around aimlessly.

JOHN

Hey. Mornin'.

Sofie's smile is killer.

SOFIE

Mornin'. John, right?

JOHN

Yeah. Can I help you?

SOFIE

I'm Sofia but you can call me  
Sofie, Sof, girl, hey you -  
whatever.

JOHN

OK...girl. Just kidding, Sofie? You  
are?

SOFIE

The new intern.  
(extends her hand)  
It's my first day. Jorge (Hor-hay)  
told me that I was supposed to  
shadow you today.

JOHN

Jorge (Hor-hay)? Did he tell you to  
call you that?

John looks back at Jorge, who smiles over his clipboard.

SOFIE

Why? Is it "George"? Oh my god, I  
read his nametag- and...Oh no.

John nods and smiles.

SOFIE (CONT'D)

I've been calling him Hor-hay all morning. I can't believe it. I blew it on the intro?...Man. Well nice knowing you, I guess.

JOHN

Nah. He probably got a kick out of it. He's cool.

SOFIE

He must think I'm like racist or something.

John laughs.

JOHN

So, I gotta ask, how long have you been working in-(points around)?

SOFIE

Uh, I graduated from art school this past June, been doing, you know, the couch-surfin' wanderer thing...so this is kinda my first job. First paying job, mind you. Not first job-job, I guess, but this one pays something more than macaroons or...yeah, like I can pay bills now. My dad's pretty stoked.

JOHN

Cools. Well, it shouldn't be too hard to catch on to what we do here. Pretty straight forward. If you have safety goggles, bring 'em.

A WORKER drops a ton of aluminum piping, it startles Sofie.

JOHN (CONT'D)

Maybe a helmet, if you want. You know we make more than just noise here. We make magic here too.

Sofie blushes. A mechanical saw blares loudly.

JOHN (CONT'D)

(mild yell)

Hey, look, I gotta make a quick call. You wouldn't mind reorganizing this place for me? The scissors go in the scissor area. The paper in the paper area.

(MORE)

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 Pretty simple. You get it, right,  
 you went to art school.

SOFIE  
 Yeah, totally. I can totally do  
 that, no problem.

JOHN  
 What?

SOFIE  
 (mild yell)  
 I said sure!

John smiles and turns to leave...then:

JOHN  
 It's Sofie, right?

SOFIE  
 Yes, yeah.

JOHN  
 OK Sofie, I'll be right back. If  
 you need anything ask that guy,  
 right there-

An OLD GUY sleeps at his station, a burrito carefully  
 balances between the rolls of his stomach.

JOHN (CONT'D)  
 He'll help you right out. Just try  
 not to wake him-

SOFIE  
 Then how I am-

JOHN  
 You'll figure it out. Think  
 creatively. Use that art school  
 brain of yours. (smiles wide)

INT. PROP WAREHOUSE - WALKING TOWARDS BAY DOORS

John dials "Vicky." John watches Sofie pick up a screw gun.  
 She shoots it like a gun-gun. He chuckles to himself.

JOHN  
 Hey mom. What's up? I'm at work.  
 Yeah I know, I've been pretty busy-

VICKY  
 (on phone)  
 John, it's your dad.

John pulls the keys from his pocket and walks hurriedly pass Jorge's office. Jorge leans out-

JORGE  
 John! Hey John! Everything cool?

INT. JOHN'S TRUCK - SECONDS LATER

John gets in his truck, he pauses a beat and looks in the rear view before backing out. His tires kick up gravel...

INT. PROP WAREHOUSE - CONTINUOUS

Jorge looks back into the prop house at Sofie who trips and spills nails everywhere. Sofie looks at Jorge who manages to smile. Jorge gives her a thumbs up.

INT. HOSPITAL ROOM

John watches his dad, JACK (70s) from a distance. Jack is peaceful, almost smiling. A ventilator breathes for him. In the...

HALLWAY:

VICKY (70s), wearing a bright, windbreaker-like tracksuit, passes the NURSE'S STATION carrying a cup of tea and a book.

VICKY  
 I tried the Camomile this time like  
 you said. So it'll chill me out,  
 right?

Vicky enters.

VICKY (CONT'D)  
 Hey Johnnie. Glad you could make  
 it.

JOHN  
 It's John, mom.

VICKY  
 It's John, mom. Jeez.

JOHN  
Stop doing that.

VICKY  
Doing what honey? Come on lighten  
up. Want some tea? It's calming.  
Teresa outside told me, "It'll  
chill me the hell out," so...

JOHN  
Why didn't you tell me dad was this  
bad?

VICKY  
Well, "we" didn't think you'd be  
interested in what was going on  
with dad.

JOHN  
Who made that decision?

VICKY  
The family did.

JOHN  
I'm an only child, mom.

VICKY  
Well, your father and I.

It's clear Jack has no ability to make any decisions.

JOHN  
So, just you then?

Vicky blinks and sips her tea, which seems to calm even John.

VICKY  
So how are things? How's work?

JOHN  
Work is work, why? Stop changing  
the subject.

VICKY  
I'm interested in you, hon. You  
look thinner.

JOHN  
Well, you look surprisingly  
festive.

VICKY

Oh yeah, you like this?  
 (shows off outfit)  
 I've been going to the gym lately  
 and doing yoga with my new friend  
 Lindsey. She is amazing...and cute.  
 If you want me to-

JOHN

What about dad?

VICKY

What about dad?

John gives her a look of disapproval, but Vicky disregards the unsaid comments.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Well...your dad wasn't really up to  
 working out. I mean, look at him.  
 He's on a ventilator for God's  
 sake.

Bed alarms begin to go off.

VICKY (CONT'D)

Oh my god. Jack? Nurse?! Teresa!

The NURSE rushes in, quickly assessing the situation.

NURSE

(leans into hallway)  
 We have a Code Blue. Room 174.  
 Vicky, I'm going to have to ask you  
 to step out of the room, OK?

As Vicky and John are pushed out of the room the CRASH CART TEAM enters. John watches as Jack is covered by the Crash Team. Vicky turns away. The door closes.

INT. JOHN'S TRUCK - LATER - DRIVING

It just rained. John drives pass a park...

EXT. PARK - BASKETBALL COURT

Under the lights a father and son play.

INT. BAR - NEXT DAY

C/U: Wreath with Jack's photo sits amongst people.