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Drivers Ed: A Feature Screenplay

CHASE WADE
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Reviewed and approved* by the following:

Rodney Bingaman
Associate Teaching Professor of Film Production
Thesis Supervisor/Honors Adviser

Maura Shea
Associate Head of Department of Film-Video & Media Studies
Faculty Reader

* Electronic approvals are on file.

ABSTRACT

This project was one of the largest endeavors I have taken on during my time at the Pennsylvania State University. When I proposed this project, I simply stated that I would write an original feature-length screenplay. At that time, I did not know what I was going to write or how I was going to do it. Now, nearly a year later, I have an original script over 90 pages long. To be quite honest, this was a unique and complicated process, beginning with thinking of the premise, then developing the characters and plot, and finally writing page after page. There isn't really a standard way to go about this process, and this project offered a unique opportunity to learn about myself as a screenwriter. I learned about what habits motivate me to write, how to insert my humor into my scripts, and how to work creatively while on a deadline. The final script is certainly not exactly what I planned or anticipated, but I am proud of what I have accomplished. This work is still a draft, one that I look forward to editing and perfecting in my time after graduation. It serves as an excellent and marketable sample of my screenwriting abilities, and I could even have the opportunity to have some or all of this screenplay produced. Despite this project being very challenging, it allowed me to step out of my comfort zone and to improve my writing process and talents. *Drivers Ed* tells the story of a boy named Noah, who transfers to public school and has to navigate this challenging new environment. He looks to his drivers ed teacher for guidance, but Noah must weigh his values when he finds out his new favorite teacher has a romantic interest in his mother. This screenplay is intended to be a heartwarming and humorous story about valuing family and friendship.

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Drivers Ed

written by

Chase Wade

FADE IN:

EXT. MODERN CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

On a sunny fall morning, students in preppy uniforms hustle into a large, modern Catholic school. NOAH MILLER, 16, a brown-haired, bland-faced teenager with a few pimples and peach fuzz, is waddling towards the school, wearing a somewhat dirty polo and khaki pants that are a bit too short. A beat-up minivan is running at the curb behind him, being passed by high-end SUVs and luxury cars.

ANGELA

(yelling)

Noah! Noah! Wait!

Noah stops his quick walk to throw his head back with a disgruntled look. He slowly turns around to look at the minivan behind him. ANGELA MCCORMICK, late 40s, Noah's overworked mother, waves her hand out the window. Noah looks around, embarrassed, before trotting over to the car.

NOAH

What, mom? I'm gonna be late!

ANGELA

You forgot your lunch money. Now hurry up before you're late again!

Angela hands Noah a few dollar bills before shooing him towards the school.

NOAH

Do you want me to come to the car or go in? You're the one making me late! Jesus.

ANGELA

You watch your mouth young man!
Now get your ass inside.

Noah rolls his eyes and turns around. As his mom drives away, he stomps towards the school. The bell rings and stops in his tracks. He throws his head back again. As he begins to drag his feet towards the school, he hears laughter.

TWO MALE STUDENTS in uniforms sit on the hood of a sports car to Noah's left towards the school. He pauses and looks at them, and they turn to each and whisper before laughing again. Noah looks down and begins walking towards the school. The teenagers jump up and walk towards Noah. He tries to get past but they stop him in his tracks.

STUDENT 1

Did Noah need a little kiss from mommy before school?

NOAH

Real funny. I'm already late for class. Can you let me go, please?

STUDENT 2

Hey, no need to rush if you're already late, right?

STUDENT 1

Looked like mama gave you some dough back there, huh?

Noah gives a look of annoyed disbelief.

NOAH

You're gonna steal my lunch money? Really? What is this, a Netflix original?

The students chuckle.

STUDENT 1

We're not gonna take your lunch money, pal. We don't need it, but it looks like you might.

STUDENT 2

Yeah, is it supposed to rain today? I assume a flood is coming with those pants.

The boys laugh as they look at Noah's short khakis. He looks down, embarrassed. He begins to walk past them, bumping one on the shoulder.

NOAH

(under his breath)
Privileged pricks.

STUDENT 1

The hell did you just call me?

The student gives Noah a hard shove, throwing him onto the concrete and sending his quarters across the ground. The boys look down at him, but before they can do anything worse, a man clears his throat loudly behind them.

FATHER LUKE stands behind the boys in a clerical collar, looking with contempt at the boys. They mutter under their breath and move towards the school. Father Luke extends a hand to Noah to help him up, then begins to pick up the quarters with Noah.

FATHER LUKE

"But I say to you who hear, love your enemies, do good to those who hate you." Luke 6:27.

Noah awkwardly smiles and nods.

NOAH

More of a golden rule guy, personally. Thanks, Father.

Father Luke hands Noah the quarters and gives him a pat on the back that lasts just a bit uncomfortably long. Noah turns and jogs towards the school.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Noah enters the door into a small and cluttered kitchen, looking exhausted. He kicks off his shoes and throws his backpack down. Angela is at the table looking over bills.

ANGELA

Hi. How was school today?

NOAH

Fine, mom.

ANGELA

Were you late?

NOAH

Barely.

She looks up from the bills and crosses her arms.

ANGELA

I don't work my butt off to send you to private school for you to be late.

NOAH

I was tired, okay? I got off work late last night and slept through my alarm.

ANGELA

Yeah, well, you made me late, too. Don't miss the bus again.

Noah steps to the cupboard and grabs some chips before sitting across from her at the table.

NOAH

You know, it wouldn't be a big deal if I just took my driving test and drove myself. I've had my permit for-

ANGELA

I don't care how long you've had it. You haven't driven enough. And there's good reason for that.

She glares at him and Noah thinks for a moment.

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

-- Noah sits in a car in his driveway with his mother, and as he hits the gas to pull out, he backs into the garage door.

-- Noah sits smiling in the front seat with his mom in the passenger seat. As she points at the road, a loud thump is heard as the car hits a bump and the squeal of an animal is heard.

-- A cop taps on the car window as red and blue lights flash in the background. Noah smiles nervously as he puts the window down.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

ANGELA

The fact that all that happened on the same day doesn't help.

NOAH

It was a bad day, okay? But I can't get better unless I actually drive more.

ANGELA

Well, you have to wait. I'm too young to die of a heart attack.

Noah's frustration increases. He stands up abruptly.

NOAH

This literally wouldn't be an issue if I just went to a school with a drivers ed class. But no, I get to spend my time reading the same metaphorical bullshit and being told that gay people go to hell and Ouija boards are the work of the devil himself.

ANGELA

Hey! Enough! That is a very good school, and I pay way too much for you to be saying things like that. Why can't you just be grateful for what you have?

Noah begins to anxiously pace the kitchen as he argues.

NOAH

Because I'm not! What does that school give me to be grateful for? A connection with God himself?

ANGELA

Yes! And you SHOULD be grateful for that, for your sake. The heavenly Father is the only father you have around, remember that.

Noah stops pacing to look at her.

NOAH

Oh, and that's my fault too, huh?

ANGELA

That's not what I meant. I just want what's best for you. I wish you'd understand that and be grateful. This isn't easy for me, either. Family is all we've got.

NOAH

Whatever.

Noah shoves the chair he was sitting in under the table, then turns to stomp up the steps.

ANGELA

(yelling)

One day you'll understand, Noah!
One day!

She watches him march up the steps without turning around. She sighs and rubs her tired eyes.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Noah pushes the partially-open door of his room, which is littered with clothes and records. He pauses just inside the door and looks into the room with confusion.

NOAH

Juju? What the heck are you doing
in my room? Get out!

JUNE MILLER, 14, Noah's somewhat sweet but obnoxious sister, has her back to him as she shuffles through things on top of his dresser.

JUNE

Relax, Noah. I'm just looking for
some new songs.

She examines the back of a few records and groans.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Ugh, this music is so old. You're
like a grandpa.

Noah, now a bit more calm, steps towards her.

NOAH

Listen, I'll find something for
you, but can you just-

As he speaks, June lifts a record to reveal a Sports Illustrated magazine opened to a page featuring a model in a scandalous swimsuit.

JUNE

What the-

NOAH

Give me that! I told you to stop
going through my stuff!

Noah frantically jumps in front of her and scoops records, magazines, assorted papers, and Polaroids off of his dresser. A picture falls to the ground, but he doesn't notice until June leans over to pick it up. She looks at the picture for a moment, confused. It's of their father. Noah, just two or three years old, sits on their dad's shoulders at the beach.

JUNE

I-I've never seen this picture of dad.

NOAH

It's not like there's very many of them out there.

June steps back to sit at the foot of his twin bed. Noah unloads his handful of things onto his desk before sitting next to her. She holds out the picture.

JUNE

Do you remember this? Or him?

NOAH

Barely.

(beat)

And maybe that's not a bad thing.

They sit in silence for a moment before June looks at him.

JUNE

Why not?

Noah chuckles halfheartedly.

NOAH

He left when mom was pregnant with you. Asshole.

(a beat)

I mean, I alone was a handful. Probably figured he couldn't handle another one of me.

After another moment of awkward silence, June shifts comfortably to break the tension.

JUNE

Kids in school always ask my why my last name is different from mom's. Then I gotta try to explain the whole thing. I think I might just go by Juju. You know, like Madonna or Beyonce or Obama.

Noah laughs and stands up from the bed. He walks to a shelf and begins flipping through a few records.

NOAH

Those kids are just nosy jerks. You'll get used to it. Just wait til you get to high school, it gets worse.

JUNE

I don't know how much more I can handle. I want out. I wish I could just go to the normal school.

NOAH

Me too, kid.

Noah turns and hands her a few records.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(sarcastically)

Smash Mouth, Nickelback, Meatloaf. All of the greats.

June takes the records and smiles up at him.

JUNE

Thanks. You know, they tell us in school that if we pray really, really hard, God will answer our prayers and give us what we want.

NOAH

Right. The heavenly helpline. I wouldn't get your hopes up. Big guy must be backed up or something.

June stands and walks towards the door to leave his room.

JUNE

Maybe you're just not praying
hard enough.

She exits. Noah looks at the door for a second and scoffs. He turns to look at the crucifix across from his bed, and scratches his head before moving towards the mess he placed on his desk.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah shuts the door of his room. A single lamp by the bed illuminates the room. He jumps into bed and covers himself with blankets. He reaches towards the nightstand where the Sports Illustrated magazine now sits. He stares at the crucifix again before snatching the magazine and turning the lamp off.

After a moment, the lamp flips back on. Noah is still staring at the crucifix. He throws the magazine onto the floor, slowly rolls out of the bed and goes to his door. He opens the door quietly, glancing each direction down the hall before closing the door.

He moves back towards the end of the bed. He gets on his knees awkwardly, and folds his hands as if to pray. He shuts his eyes for just a moment.

NOAH

No. Just no.

He quickly gets up and plops down comfortably onto the end of the bed. He looks back up at the crucifix.

NOAH (CONT'D)

We're basically friends, right?
So it's cool if I'm comfortable?
I've got bad knees.

Noah takes a moment to collect himself and prepares to speak.

NOAH (CONT'D)

So, I'm not sure, like, how this works, but... I guess I just talk and you listen? Cause if you talked, that'd be a little freaky. Anyway.

Noah takes a deep breath. He clasps his hands together.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'd really, really like to switch schools. I know you're, like, probably a big proponent of Catholic schools, understandably. But I'm not happy there. I know my mom spends a lot of money to send me there to get a better education, but it sucks. No offense. But the kids treat me like shit, I stick out, and I can't even take drivers ed. So maybe a change wouldn't be so bad.

Noah gets up and begins to pace the front of the room.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I just need a little help convincing my mom. Maybe you could like, send her a sign or something in her dreams? Or strike me down with lightning during the next school mass? Basically something to get me out of there. Which again, I get is a weird request for you, but I just need...

Noah stops abruptly. He laughs and rubs his face, realizing how silly this whole thing is. He jumps into bed.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Goodnight, Jesus.

He rolls over in bed and flips the lamp off.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning, Noah, in his school uniform, reaches into the fridge in the kitchen. He hums an old pop song. He pulls out the milk, pouring it into his cereal bowl. As he places the milk back in the fridge and shuts the door, he sees a note on the door and plucks it off.

NOAH

"Had to take June early for meeting. Don't miss the bus. Have a good day. Love, mom."

He sets the note down and carries his cereal out of the kitchen.

INT. NOAH'S LIVING ROOM - DAY

Noah enters the living room with his cereal. He walks up to the small TV and flips it on. He pulls up a small eating tray in front of the couch and sits down with his cereal. As he reaches for the remote, the news plays on the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR 1 (O.S.)

And that's today's forecast first. Now to Jim and Laura for today's top stories.

Noah points the remote towards the TV.

NEWS ANCHOR 2 (O.S.)

Thanks, Mike. Local police release new details this morning after an area priest was arrested late last night on suspected child sex abuse charges.

Noah's face fills with confusion, and he drops the remote.

NEWS ANCHOR 3 (O.S.)

Police chief Bob Summers released a statement this morning, saying that that Father Luke Schenker of Central Catholic High School was taken into custody last night after a warrant was issued for his arrest. This comes after a yearlong investigation, with several former students accusing him of alleged sexual abuse when they were minors attending the school.

Noah stares at the screen in absolute shock. He grabs the remote and flips the TV off quickly. He jumps up and paces quickly, scratching to his head and mumbling to himself. He stops and looks directly up.

NOAH

That's not really what I had in mind, holy hell. But...

He begins pacing and mumbling again. He ends up bumping the table and sends cereal and milk across the floor.

NOAH (CONT'D)

God dammit!

He runs out of the room, immediately returning with paper towels. He throws them on the mess and checks his watch. He looks back and forth between it the mess. He groans, jumps up, grabs his backpack, and runs out of the room.

EXT. MODERN CATHOLIC HIGH SCHOOL COURTYARD - DAY

Noah steps off of the bus in front of the school. He stops on the sidewalk and looks ahead. Two police cars sit along the curb. Throngs of parents wait outside the school. Noah stares at the school for a moment, looks around, then quickly sprints off away from the school.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - DAY

Noah, still in his school uniform and carrying his backpack, enters the front of a fast food restaurant. CHET EVERLY, 23, stands at the front of the restaurant punching numbers into a register. He speaks without looking up.

CHET

Still fifteen minutes until we start taking breakfast orders, pal.

Noah steps up to the register.

NOAH

Think you could make an exception?

Chet looks up and grins at Noah.

CHET

Noah, buddy! What're you doing here? You're not on the clock til 4. Don't you have school?

NOAH

It's a long story... I was hoping we could talk.

Chet nods his head and reaches out awkwardly far over the counter to give Noah a pat on the shoulder.

CHET

Oh yes, you've come to the right place, a place of wisdom beyond my years. But hey, if you're going to hang for a bit...

Chet looks around to see if anyone is listening.

CHET (CONT'D)

Might as well as throw on the uniform and get paid.

Chet winks at him, and Noah nods before walking off.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - DAY

Noah and Chet stand on opposite ends of a large fryer in the restaurant, each now wearing the restaurant's bright uniform.

NOAH

So you don't know anything?

CHET

Nah. Mom always uses the living room TV and there isn't one in the basement, so I don't really keep up. She says I should be studying up anyway. Would you believe she-

NOAH

Right. Listen, something happened at school. Something bad.

Chet shakes the fryer basket and looks at him with concern.

CHET

Oh no, did someone piss in your gym locker again?

NOAH

No. Worse.

CHET

What's worse than piss all up in your gym shorts?

NOAH

The priest at our school... he was arrested last night. On sex abuse charges. Involving male students.

CHET

Well, shit! I thought some of those priests gave me the creeps, but I didn't realize they were straight-up pedos!

As Chet says this, an older woman at the register looks over at him with a scowl.

CHET (CONT'D)

Oh, chill, lady. Like you don't know.

NOAH

It's bad. Really bad, obviously. But... maybe this is my chance to finally switch schools?

Chet moves from behind the registers out to a closet at the side of the fast food restaurant. Noah follows behind him.

CHET

Oh hell yeah, brother! Proud South Central Alum right here. Check it.

Chet rolls up his sleeve to reveal a tattoo of a hawk, the school's mascot, and the letters SCH. Noah's eyes widen.

NOAH

Oh... wow...

CHET

I know, pretty sick, right? Anyway, this is PERFECT. Your old lady has GOT to get you out of the religious purgatory now.

Chet rifles through the closet as Noah stands behind him, shifting his balance.

NOAH

I mean, I hope so... but, do you even think things will be better at public school?

CHET

Are you kidding, dude?
Absolutely! Look how well public
school treated me!

Chet pulls out a mop and toilet plunger from the closet, and poses proudly for a moment in front of the bathrooms. Noah stares at him.

NOAH

Very reassuring.
(a beat)
But I still need a plan to
convince my mom.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS BATHROOM - DAY

Chet plunges the toilet while Noah mops the floor.

CHET

So why isn't a touchy priest
enough to convince her, exactly?

NOAH

She's kinda a Catholic nutjob.
She'll end up using the church to
get over the church.

CHET

Well damn.

He struggles to plunge the toilet.

CHET (CONT'D)

You wanna give this a try?

Noah leans the mop against the wall. He steps in front of Chet and begins plunging.

NOAH

I still can't believe this
happened. But I think this is my
one opportunity to get out.

CHET

Man, if you keep forcing shit
down, it's all gonna come to the
surface eventually.

Noah pauses and looks at Chet while holding the plunger.

CHET (CONT'D)

Sorry. I meant with the church thing.

Noah shakes his head and continues plunging.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - DAY

Noah and Chet shiver inside of a walk-in freezer, moving and marking various food boxes.

NOAH

It's probably not even worth trying, honestly. She'll never let me transfer.

CHET

Mama McCormick knows best.

After a moment, Chet throws a box down and his eyes light up.

CHET (CONT'D)

Dude!

NOAH

Yeah?

CHET

If your mom doesn't let you transfer, what if I just, like, pretend to be your dad and switch you out?

Noah stops moving boxes and looks at him with doubt.

NOAH

Right, because a 22-year-old having a 16-year-old son is very convincing.

CHET

I look about twenty-five, okay? Damn, just trying to think of a way to get you out without your mom. I mean, you're old enough to make these decisions for yourself.

Noah's eyes shift as he thinks, and he begins moving the boxes again.

NOAH

You know what, you're right. I'm practically an adult. This is my choice, and I'm going to tell her exactly what's going to happen, because I'm my own person and can do what I want.

Chet nods his head and holds up his hand to high-five Noah.

CHET

Yes, dude, preach! There's that spark I was looking for!

NOAH

Public school, here I come.

CHET

Right on, man.

(a beat)

Wait... what're you gonna wear at public school? I've only ever seen you in a school or work uniform.

NOAH

Well... I honestly don't really know, I've never had to pick outfits daily.

Chet claps his hands and points at Noah.

CHET

Boom. Dude, I'm taking you to shop. No one knows fashion like papa Chet.

Chet kicks a box away, then opens the freezer door. He looks left and right before slamming the door shut again. He turns and looks at Noah.

CHET (CONT'D)

Right now. We're bailing and hitting the shop. Let's go.

Chet pushes the door open again and walks through the back of the restaurant towards the front. Noah hesitates in confusion before following behind him.

NOAH

Hey! Hey! We can't just leave!

CHET

Sure we can. I'm the shift manager in charge. Marco, you're closing tonight.

They walk out from behind the registers, and Chet tosses his keys in the direction of the registers, but they are far from anyone and hit the floor. He turns and walks towards the door with a smirk.

EXT. BIG ED'S EATS - DAY

In the parking lot outside the fast food restaurant, Chet walks over to an older navy Mustang and reaches for the door. Noah walks towards the passenger side.

CHET

Hey, wait a minute, you have your learner's permit, right? And you need practice hours. You wanna get behind the wheel?

NOAH

(quickly)

No!

(a beat)

I mean, I don't think it's a good idea. Not in this... beauty.

Chet smiles and looks over the car's exterior.

CHET

Oh, she's a beaut alright. Probably better we don't take that risk. Pops would kill me if anything happened to her.

He starts to duck down into the seat, but Noah stops him.

NOAH

Wait! Where are we even going?

Chet pops back up and smiles.

CHET

Don't you worry about it, kid! I know exactly where we can get you set up.

INT. WALMART - DAY

At a large and busy Walmart, Noah and Chet walk through the front sliding doors. Noah scowls as Chet walks proudly through the front of the store.

NOAH

Walmart, really? This is where I'm supposed to upgrade?

CHET

Listen, this place has it all. Plus I have to get my ointment from the pharmacy.

Noah rolls his eyes. They walk down a wide main aisle. Strange looking people, some in pajamas, some with ill-fitting clothes, yap back and forth in the aisles.

CHET (CONT'D)

Here's the other great thing about the Mecca of grocery stores we call Walmart. You see, Noah, Walmart is a lot like public school. All kinds of interesting characters doing interesting things.

Noah looks around, almost fearfully, at the strange, loud people and couples they pass in the store.

NOAH

Um... suddenly the upper-class snobs and preppy uniforms don't seem so bad...

CHET

Nonsense! Weirdness keeps things interesting. Now, fashion. In public school, your style shows who you are. Lets you express yourself. None of that dystopian matching-uniform shit.

Chet quickly moves through the men's section, eyeing the different items. Noah looks back and forth questioningly between Chet and the clothes. He reaches for a pair of jeans, then a plaid shirt.

CHET (CONT'D)

Oh, yes! Acid wash, boot cut denim jeans are gonna be the new thing. Same thing with plaid collared shirts. Throwback style is so in right now.

NOAH

I was thinking maybe some sweats and tees might be more-

CHET

Let's get you in a dressing room.

Chet takes his handful of clothes and walks away. Noah watches him and rubs his forehead, clearly stressed. He takes a deep breath and follows after him.

INT. WALMART DRESSING ROOMS - DAY

Chet waits outside a dressing room with his arms crossed. He taps his foot impatiently.

CHET

Oh, come on.

NOAH (O.S.)

I can't even look at myself.

CHET

Well, come out here so I can see how good it looks.

Noah slowly opens the dressing room door. He's in an oversized plaid polo shirt with a brown leather jacket over it and acid-washed jeans that extend well beyond his feet. Chet smiles and begins to slow clap.

CHET (CONT'D)

Chet, you've outdone yourself yet again. It's perfect.

Noah steps towards the mirror. He sees himself, and his face drops as his eyes widen.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Noah, back in his work uniform and carrying his backpack, slams the door shut. He leans against the door with his eyes closed, breathing for a moment.

ANGELA (O.S.)

So you can skip school but make it to work, huh? And you still managed to leave a mess on the floor!

Noah slowly opens his eyes and looks at his mother. She stands in the kitchen with her arms folded, staring at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

I mean, really, Noah. How dumb do you think I am? They call me when you miss homeroom.

NOAH

Hmm, strange. I figured maybe they'd have bigger problems to worry about today.

Angela closes her eyes and takes a breath.

ANGELA

I knew you'd use this against me.

NOAH

Oh, I'm sorry. Was the pedophile priest supposed to work out for your benefit?

Noah walks to the kitchen table.

ANGELA

Watch it. I get it. It's weird. I haven't even had a chance to process it yet. It's fine. God will guide-

NOAH

"It's fine?" Really, mom? Would you say that to the kids who were assaulted?

ANGELA

Just because one priest-

NOAH

You realize that could've been me, right? How would you react then?

ANGELA

I understand that, but I-

NOAH

Do you realize what a hypocrite you are? At least at public school, this-

ANGELA

ENOUGH. Let me finish.

She pulls out a chair at the table and sits. She motions to Noah to do the same. He rolls his eyes but sits down. Angela takes a deep breath and begins to speak.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

This a bad situation. What that man did was horrible, and I'm disgusted by what he's accused of. Thank God it wasn't you. I know this is hard, and weird, but times like this are what we have our faith for. Now, I'm not going to let this little situation mess up your whole schooling situation. I realize you think public school is all that, but it isn't. This is a good school, that's why it's expensive. I get it, you want your license. Maybe we can look into lessons or something eventually. But you're not transferring schools. Not over something like this. We need to say a prayer and look for guidance through these challenges.

Noah continues to cast a distant stare towards her. She smiles only slightly in the silence. Noah abruptly stands up, shoves his chair, and jogs up the steps to his room. Angela watches him, then rubs her forehead and sighs.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Noah paces almost manic-like, talking nonsense to himself. After running his hand through his hair, he stops and looks at the crucifix, pointing his finger at it.

NOAH

The priest thing, that was good.
I really thought it was full
proof.

(a beat)

Hell, if that doesn't work, what
will? It's hopeless.

JUNE

Um, what're you doing?

Noah jumps at the unexpected voice. He turns to see June
standing in the doorway casting him a weird glance.

NOAH

My lord, June! Don't sneak up on
me like that! Can't you knock?

JUNE

The door was literally open!

NOAH

Whatever.

Noah sits at the end of the bed. June walks in and begins to
touch various things on his nightstand.

JUNE

Were you saying a prayer?

NOAH

Probably more of a curse than a
prayer.

JUNE

Why were you yelling at mom?

Noah falls back onto his bed.

NOAH

We had a little disagreement
about school. That's all.

JUNE

I'm sick of school too.

(a beat)

My friend said the priest at YOUR
school was arrested for doing
some pretty bad things.

NOAH

Yeah. Bad things to most people.
But to mom...

(mockingly)

"Times like this are we what have
faith for."

June laughs at his impression. She looks at her brother sulking on his bed.

JUNE

Guess you're still not praying
hard enough.

NOAH

I think I might try out some
other gods. Maybe Buddha or Zeus
has more time to answer prayers.

(mocking)

"We need to say a prayer and look
for guidance through these
challenges." Good one.

June laughs again and goes to walk out the door. She stops in the doorway and looks back.

JUNE

Your impressions are getting too
good. Pretty soon I won't be able
to tell you two apart. Not on the
phone, at least.

June chuckles before exiting. Noah lays back on the bed for a moment in reflection. After a moment, he shoots up on bed. He ponders for a moment before a thin smile takes over his face.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah sits at the desk. He stares at a group of pictures on the wall. He rips one down and throws it on the desk. After a moment of thought, he moves to sit on his bed and pulls out his phone and dials a number, then raises it to his ear.

NOAH

(into phone)

Hey Nick... I know, I know,
sorry... Yeah, this might be
weird, but, how'd you transfer
from the Academy to South High?

Noah nods his head. He jumps off the bed, and goes back to his desk to grab a pencil to scribble some notes down. The picture on his desk is from his first communion with his all-male classmates standing around Father Luke.

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The next morning, Noah sits at the table eating breakfast in his polo and khakis. The news plays on the TV, briefly mentioning the priest scandal. Angela clicks off the TV as before grabbing her purse and heading towards the door.

ANGELA

I'm leaving. I have a meeting before work. Finish eating and then get going. Actually GO to school today, please.

The door slams shut behind her. Noah waits a moment until he hears her car pull away. He quickly jumps up and and grabs the home phone. He pulls out an index card and dials the number from it. He looks around nervously until a voice answers. After a brief pause, Noah answers in a deep voice.

NOAH

Yes, hello, this is Roy Miller. Noah Miller's father. Could I speak to Principal Rivers?

Noah begins pacing around the kitchen. He answers again in a deep voice.

NOAH

Principal Rivers? Hello! This is Roy Miller, father of Noah.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

MR. RIVERS, 40s, sits at his cluttered desk holding the phone to his ear.

MR. RIVERS

Good morning, Mr. Miller. I don't believe we've met before. It's good to hear from you. What can I do for you?

INTERCUT NOAH/MR. RIVERS

Noah scratches his head. He nearly uses his own voice before switching to his deep impression.

NOAH

Mornin', sir. Listen, regarding Noah's schooling, mom--Angela and I have decided we'd like to pull him from the Academy, and are-

MR. RIVERS

Mr. Miller, if this is in regards to Father Luke, we understand your concern and frustration but assure you that-

NOAH

Father Luke? I thought it was "Luke, I am your father?"

Noah tries to utter a deep chuckle, but shakes his head in frustration, knowing he's an idiot for that joke.

NOAH (CONT'D)

ANYWAY, we're, uh, moving, actually. So Noah won't be able to attend the Academy from now on.

MR. RIVERS

Ah, understood. Well, we're sorry to see him go.

Mr. Rivers clicks his computer as he looks at information on the screen. Noah tries to quickly wrap up the call.

NOAH

Yes, well, it was great talking to you and I humbly thank you for-

MR. RIVERS

Actually, Mr. Miller, it looks like Ms. Angela McCormick is the primary contact we have on file for Noah. So she will have to confirm the withdrawal.

Noah looks up in agony. He shakes his head, feeling failure ahead of him.

NOAH

Well, dammit... Let me get her on the phone then.

Noah takes a deep breath as he holds the phone against his chest. He winces and keeps his eyes shut as he shifts his voice to the highest pitch possible, imitating his mother.

NOAH

Hi Principal Rivers, this in Ang! Unfortunately Noah will be withdrawing from the school.

MR. RIVERS

Sorry to hear that, but it's been our pleasure. I'll email the withdrawal confirmation paperwork.

NOAH

We appreciate it. Thanks, Mr. Rivers, you... you handsome devil, or, uh, angel, hah...

MR. RIVERS

(confused)

Handsome...

Noah ends the call quickly before things can get worse. He cringes at what he's just said, but is happy to be done. He jumps around, shocked this somehow worked.

INT. PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - DAY

Mr. Rivers sits pondering at his desk. A secretary opens the door to let Angela enter. She greets him energetically.

ANGELA

Good morning, Mr. Rivers. I just wanted to meet to discuss some concerns with Noah's schooling.

Mr. Rivers stares at her with sorrow before covering his face with his palm.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Noah sits at the kitchen table later that evening. He is in jeans and a shirt with his head buried in his arms. Angela stands across from him with her arms crossed, staring at him with intense anger before she opens her mouth to yell.

ANGELA

"You handsome devil?" Really, Noah? How stupid do you think we are?

Noah does not budge. She pauses for a moment.

NOAH

I mean, he believed it, so...

ANGELA

I know Father Luke was important to you and this whole thing has been weird, but this is ridiculous, even for you. I mean, seriously Noah, what am I even supposed to do with you?

Noah does not move and says nothing. She sighs and lowers her voice.

ANGELA (CON'T)

Fine. If you want to leave that top-tier school to go public, then that's your choice. But I'm telling you, it's not going to be gumdrops and lollipops. Jesus had to carry his cross, maybe you need to carry yours.

She shakes her head at him and walks out. He peeks out to see that she is gone, then sighs with relief.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah's uniform khakis and polos drop into his trash can. Noah does a little dance as music plays on his record player. He flips through his closet, looking through his very limited selection of normal clothes. He holds up a not-so-stylish outfit in the mirror.

NOAH

Gotta dress nice for the ladies now!

He turns to the crucifix above his desk.

NOAH (CONT'D)

What do you think, Jesus? Fire outfit? Will it help Adam find his Eve?

He winks at the crucifix and waits a moment.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Meh, you were never much help anyway.

EXT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

Noah, wearing loose jeans and a baggy band tee, steps off the bus proudly in front of a large, run-down public school. Students of all types walk into the school, talking and horsing around. He smiles and breathes in the morning air.

NOAH

(to himself)

Wow. I didn't think it would be THIS good.

A female STUDENT walks past Noah and bumps into him.

STUDENT 3

Move it, asshole!

She glares at him and continues towards the school. Noah frowns and starts towards his new school.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Noah stands at a locker, turning the lock repeatedly. The warning bell rings, and Noah's face fills with frustration. He jiggles the lock, but the locker does not budge. He punches it and turns away from the wall, where MR. BRONSON, a slim, friendly-looking man, stands smiling behind Noah, watching intently.

MR. BRONSON

Gotta love locker 201! The key is to turn it three more numbers to the left each turn, instead of the actual code.

Noah looks at him suspiciously, but turns back to the locker and follows his instructions. It pops open.

NOAH

Thank you...

MR. BRONSON

Mr. Bronson. Pleasure to meet you!

NOAH

You too. I'm Noah.

MR. BRONSON

Oh, Noah Miller? Principal Cortez mentioned I'd have a new student in my class!

Noah raises his eyebrows at him.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

I'm your first period drivers ed teacher!

Noah's eyes light up, and he smiles slightly. The pause is awkward.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

You don't talk much. But that's okay! Well, let's go before-

The late bell rings.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

...before I'm late for my own class.

Mr. Bronson motions to Noah to follow him and begins to jog down the hallway. Noah looks around and blinks repeatedly before following him down the hall.

INT. DRIVERS ED CLASSROOM

Students lounge around a large classroom, talking loudly. Mr. Bronson hustles into the front of the room, out of breath.

MR. BRONSON

So sorry everybody! I got caught up helping out our new classmate with his locker. Allow me to introduce you to...

He holds out his hands, presentation-style towards the door. He waits.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

I meant, allow me to introduce
you toooooo....

He holds out his hands again. After a moment, Noah appears in the doorway, confused at Mr. Bronson's stance.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

...Noah Miller! Sheesh, we gotta
work on your timing. Anyway, come
up and introduce yourself.

Noah awkwardly steps to the front of the room.

NOAH

Um, hello. I'm Noah. I just
transferred here.

The class sits silently staring at him. Mr. Bronson looks around, nodding his head. He starts clapping slowly to break the silence, and a few students join in.

MR. BRONSON

Okay, great! Wise man of few
words. Welcome, Noah!

Noah nods his head in thanks. He stands there for a moment as Bronson smiles.

NOAH

So should I...

MR. BRONSON

Oh, right, sorry! There's an open
seat towards the back next to
Bella.

He points towards the middle-back of the room. Noah looks and sees BELLA, a naturally pretty girl wearing a sweater and cheerleader bow. Noah's eyes widen and he freezes in place. Mr. Bronson looks between him and the empty seat.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Not sure what they do where you
came from, we have seats and
sitting here! Take a seat.

Noah snaps out of his trance and quickly walks to the empty desk. He sets his books down and sits, not letting his head turn in Bella's direction.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Okay, great! Well, today is a video day. Miss Wilson will be watching the class while I do individual in-car teaching. Today I was supposed to go out with Cassie and Rodney, but I see Cassie is absent. That works out though! Noah, you can come out to drive with me today.

Noah's eyes widen. Another young teacher enters, pulls up the class video, and turns out the lights as Mr. Bronson grabs the keys off the hook on the wall. He nods his head towards the door to get Noah to come with him. He doesn't know quite what to do, and he looks at the stuff on his desk. Reluctantly, he leans towards Bella.

NOAH

So-so do I like, take my stuff, or-or...

BELLA

To go drive? No, leave it. I assure you Bronson will be more than enough.

She chuckles a little and smiles, and Noah smiles back before getting up to follow Mr. Bronson out the door.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Mr. Bronson swings the keys and whistles as he walks towards a beater car marked with a large "STUDENT DRIVER." Noah follows behind him, and they stop in front of the car.

MR. BRONSON

Well, here she is! Slowest car on this side of the Mississippi.

They stand there, and Bronson shifts his eyes between Noah and the car.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

So ya ready to drive?

NOAH

Um... I'm not sure that's the best idea... I haven't really been taught properly, and-

MR. BRONSON

Hey, no problem! That's why we're here. It's your first day so we'll play it cool. I'll drive today. You can copilot today, hope you got some music ready.

Mr. Bronson pulls out his old iPhone and throws it towards Noah. He barely catches it, and Mr. Bronson jumps into the drivers seat.

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR - DAY

Mr. Bronson cruises down a suburban street with his arm out the window, bumping his head to the music. Noah stares out the passenger window.

MR. BRONSON

Wow! Might be some of the best music taste of a student I've had so far.

NOAH

Thanks.

MR. BRONSON

You a big music guy?

NOAH

Sorta, yeah.

MR. BRONSON

Nice, nice.

They continue to drive in silence for a moment.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

You know, it's kinda nice to be on this side of the car. Being in the passenger seat all day, every day gets old. The best driving advice I can give is to just be chill. Also, always wear a seatbelt and always look left-right-left and don't buy a red car cause they get pulled over the most.

Noah looks over at him and nods his head before looking back out the window.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Sorry. Most of the technical learning happens in the classroom. But the only way to get better at driving is to do it.

NOAH

That's what I try to tell my mom.

MR. BRONSON

Has she been the one teaching you?

Noah looks at him and thinks for a moment.

BEGIN FLASHBACK MONTAGE:

--Noah is driving his mom's car as she gasps and puts her arm across his chest to hold him back in typical mom fashion.

--Noah is driving his mom's car as she grips the ceiling handle with white knuckles with one hand and covers her eyes with the other, just as Noah hits a curb.

--Angela is driving her car, looking frustrated as Noah stares disappointingly out the window.

END FLASHBACK.

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR - DAY

NOAH

I guess you could say that.

MR. BRONSON

Great! Moms are great. I probably would've had an easier time learning with her than my dad.

NOAH

(under his breath)

Wish I had that choice.

Mr. Bronson looks at him, sensing the awkwardness in his comment. He pulls back into the school parking lot just in time.

MR. BRONSON

Well. We're back! We'll get you
behind the wheel next time. I
know you can do it!

Noah smiles at him and exits the car. Another student steps over to the car, and Mr. Bronson steps out to let him into the driver's seat. Noah watches as they drive away before turning back towards the school.

INT. NOAH'S LIVING ROOM - NIGHT

Noah sits on the couch watching a hockey game. His mother comes in through the door carrying a pizza. She exhales loudly as she takes off her light jacket, looking tired. June follows in behind her.

ANGELA

Hi.

NOAH

Hey.

ANGELA

Well? How was it? Everything you
could've dreamed and more?

NOAH

It was fine. My locker barely
works, I couldn't figure out how
to use the cafeteria , and I got
ran into by a kid in Heelys.

JUNE

I want Heelys!

Angela begins getting plates and throwing slices onto them.

ANGELA

Well, I tried to tell you. I knew
it was a bad idea. I can call Mr.
Rivers this week to ask about
transferring you back, it should
only-

Noah turns around on the couch and raises his eyebrows at her.

NOAH

Are you kidding? Public school is so much better. No way I'm transferring back.

Angela looks confused as she slowly brings Noah a plate of pizza.

ANGELA

But, didn't you just say you don't like it?

NOAH

It's not perfect, but it's better. No religion class, no uniforms, no snobby rich kids. And best of all, drivers ed.

JUNE

How come he gets to wear normal clothes!

ANGELA

Wow. Drivers ed, huh?

Noah begins chewing a slice of pizza.

NOAH

Yep. First period, too. The instructor, Mr. Bronson, is actually pretty cool. He wants me to drive with him later this week.

Angela puts her plate down before she can even take a bite and begins waving her hands at him.

ANGELA

Woah, woah. No way. Not yet. If you'd wreck, or hurt someone, or damage the school's car, or get pulled over again, or-

NOAH

It's fine, mom! He's a good teacher. He'll help me get better.

ANGELA

I don't know, Noah. Maybe I should go in and talk to him so he knows-

NOAH

No! Do NOT step foot inside that school. You got way too involved at the Academy. Please don't let that happen again. Please.

Angela looks mildly offended, but knows Noah has a point.

ANGELA

Okay, well, maybe I could just go and-

NOAH

PROMISE me that you won't step foot within 100 yards of that school.

JUNE

Megan's dad isn't allowed within 100 yards of a school.

Noah and Angela look briefly at June with concern, but she is too focused on inhaling her pizza. They turn back to each other.

NOAH

Promise me.

Angela looks at him. Noah stares back, refusing to budge. She rolls her eyes.

ANGELA

Fine. Promise. But if something happens...

NOAH

It's FINE mom. It'll be fine. Stop worrying so much.

Noah grabs his second slice and goes upstairs with it. Angela watches him, then goes to grab a piece of paper and pen.

JUNE

Do we have to keep getting pizza so much?

Angela writes onto a sticky note.

ANGELA

You love pizza, Juju.

JUNE

True.

Angela shakes her head at June, then looks down at the sticky note, which says "MR. BRONSON."

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR - DAY

Later that week, Mr. Bronson sits in the passenger seat of the drivers ed car, bobbing his head and tapping along with the music. Noah looks uneasy as he keeps both hands firm on the wheel.

MR. BRONSON

Once again, Noah, you're killing it with the tunes!

NOAH

Uh, thanks.

(a beat)

Hey, how often should I be checking my mirrors again?

Mr. Bronson continues jamming to the music and answers nonchalantly.

MR. BRONSON

Well, technically, we teach that you should check every 3-5 seconds. But honestly, that feels like overkill, so I usually just feel it out. What band is this again? I love the underground, indie feel.

NOAH

It's literally Fleetwood Mac.

MR. BRONSON

Right.

Mr. Bronson looks out the window and then transitions the conversation.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Speaking of good music, are you excited for homecoming next Friday?

NOAH

I'm not going. Not much of a
dance guy.

Mr. Bronson sits up and whips his head towards Noah.

MR. BRONSON

What are you talking about? You
have to go to homecoming!
Everybody goes!

NOAH

Not me. Sounds like an
embarrassment waiting to happen.

MR. BRONSON

C'mon, what do you have to lose?
We need someone with good music
there to tell the DJ what to
play. I'm sick of all that
techno-crap and country
panderin'.

NOAH

If I had people to go with, I'd
consider it. But I've hardly
talked to anyone still.

MR. BRONSON

Well, I'd be there chaperoning!
But why don't you ask someone to
be your date?

Noah pumps the brakes hard at a stop sign, sending Mr.
Bronson forward in the car. He turns to Mr. Bronson.

NOAH

Are you out of your mind?

MR. BRONSON

Give me a BREAK! You-

Noah taps the breaks as a joke and sends Mr. Bronson forward
again. Noah smiles at him as he points to Noah.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Real funny. You keep that up and
I'll fail you. ANYWAY, you've
been here a few days now. You
boys work quick, you've got to
have your eye on someone by now.

NOAH

Nope, I don't because I-

MR. BRONSON

Bella.

Noah hits the breaks the hardest yet. Mr. Bronson's shaved head grazes the top of the windshield.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

I swear to God I will send you back to that other school if you keep this up.

Noah ignores his comment and stares at him suspiciously.

NOAH

How do you know about Bella?

Mr. Bronson looks away and laughs.

MR. BRONSON

When will you kiddos learn that we can see these things a mile away? Half the time, we know before you guys do.

Noah thinks for a moment and continues driving.

NOAH

Okay, yes, Bella is cute, and she's nice. But that's that.

MR. BRONSON

So why can't you ask her to homecoming?

NOAH

Because if I wanted to get rejected I'd apply to Harvard or try out for football.

MR. BRONSON

Listen, her jerk boyfriend just dumped her. A week before homecoming? She's desperate!

NOAH

Why do you know this?

Noah squints his eyes at Mr. Bronson.

MR. BRONSON

Sometimes the teacher drama gets old. It's way more interesting to get involved in your guys' drama. I hear a lot of things sitting in this seat, ya know. Enough stuff that makes me think you should ask her.

Noah looks at him, and Mr. Bronson shrugs his shoulders. Noah looks ahead and thinks for a moment as he pulls into the school parking lot.

NOAH

Did you say she'd go with me because "she's desperate?"

Mr. Bronson removes the keys and reaches for the door handle and begins to step out.

MR. BRONSON

Oh, would you look at that, we're back. Great work today!

Mr. Bronson fastwalks towards the school. Noah rolls his eyes and steps out of the car. Just as he slips inside the building, Angela pulls into a spot near the door.

INT. DRIVERS ED CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Bronson is crumbling up papers and shoots them at a small basketball hoop attached to the wall above the trash can. He misses most of them.

MR. BRONSON

Oh damn, I didn't grade that one yet.

As he walks towards the trash can, there is a knock on the doorframe. He turns to see Angela standing there.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

I'm sorry, I didn't see you there! Please, come in.

ANGELA

Thank you. Mr. Bronson, correct?

Mr. Bronson pulls a student desk across from his desk. Angela sits down awkwardly.

MR. BRONSON

That's right. And you are..?

ANGELA

Angela McCormick. Noah's mom.
Sorry to come here without
warning, but I wanted to talk
with you.

Mr. Bronson's eyes light up and he extends his hand to shake
Angela's.

MR. BRONSON

Angela, yes! So great to meet
you. Noah is one of my best
students. I've heard many great
things about you.

ANGELA

Really? I could say the same
about you, actually. It seems
you've really helped Noah with
this transition. It hasn't been
easy for him.

Mr. Bronson smiles and eases back in his chair.

MR. BRONSON

Well, I do what I can for my
students. Getting out of the
classroom seems to make everyone
more comfortable. I almost
couldn't believe what a good
driver he was!

Angela raises her eyebrows at him.

ANGELA

MY Noah? A good driver? You must
be talking about someone else's
kid.

They both share a laugh.

MR. BRONSON

He mentioned you had your
concerns. I think sometimes the
kids get a little nervous driving
with their parents.

ANGELA

I guess I might've thrown him off his game a bit. I figured I'd have gotten a call by now. I was really worried.

Mr. Bronson sits forward and pulls out his cellphone.

MR. BRONSON

Well, here. Let me get your phone number. So I can call you if anything happens.

Angela is caught a bit off guard.

ANGELA

Oh. Sure. It's 717-814-5555.

MR. BRONSON

Great.

ANGELA

Yes.

The room is a bit awkward, the phone number may have been too forward. The smile at each other quietly, and Mr. Bronson clears his throat.

MR. BRONSON

Right, well. I actually think Noah may be ready for his test. We've gone through the process a bunch without mistakes. But that's your call.

ANGELA

Gosh. I trust you're correct, but I don't want to rush it. Him having a license just makes me so nervous.

MR. BRONSON

Right, I understand. Well... maybe we could discuss it some more. Maybe... over dinner?

She squints her eyes at him suspiciously.

ANGELA

Do you take all the parents to talk over dinner?

MR. BRONSON

Well, no, but... I figured I could make an exception for one of my favorite student's moms.

Mr. Bronson looks down smiling. Angela nods her head and thinks.

ANGELA

Okay. Okay. Dinner it is.

MR. BRONSON

How's tonight?

Angela is caught off guard.

ANGELA

Tonight?

MR. BRONSON

I figured since Noah is at work, maybe we could go.

ANGELA

Wow, he really does tell you a lot.

(a beat)

Okay. Tonight it is.

MR. BRONSON

Great. I'll pick you up at 6.

(a beat)

You know, just so I can prove that I'm qualified to assess Noah's driving.

They laugh together again, and Angela stands to walk out.

ANGELA

Thank you. Send me a text and I'll give you the address. I look forward to tonight.

MR. BRONSON

As do I, m'lady.

She rolls her eyes with a smile and exits the classroom. As soon as she is out the door, Mr. Bronson stands, pumping his fists. He grabs a paper, crumbles it, and goes to dunk on the basketball hoop, but instead rips it off the wall and trips on the trash can, sending him sprawling across the floor.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - NIGHT

Chet and Noah, back in work uniforms, stare at some burgers cooking on the grill. Chet licks the tip of his finger, placing it on Noah's shoulder as he simultaneously presses down on a patty with his spatula, causing it to sizzle.

CHET

Try that one on Bella. It's a classic.

NOAH

Chet, I'm serious. Should I ask her or not? Bronson is all-in.

CHET

Hell yeah, buddy. Ask her! What do you have to lose?

Noah grabs some cheese slices and throws them down on the patties.

NOAH

I guess you're right. The worst she can do is say no.

CHET

Exactly. Well, she could tell all her friends and make you the laughing stock of the school.

Noah stops spreading cheese and looks at him nonchalantly. Chet quickly corrects himself.

CHET (CONT'D)

But, but, she sounds nice, so that's unlikely.

NOAH

I just wish I knew if this was going to end up badly.

CHET

Has the Bron been wrong before? He got your clothes under control, figured out how to make you a good driver, even agrees with your music taste. Why not trust him now?

Noah looks at him, knowing he has a point.

NOAH

I'll sleep on it.

EXT. BIG ED'S EATS - NIGHT

Mr. Bronson sits in the driver's seat of his car, looking into the fast food restaurant. Angela sits next to him. They watch Noah and Chet talking in the restaurant. A bag of take-home food boxes sits between them.

MR. BRONSON

Working hard or hardly working?

ANGELA

I'm not sure how those two ever get any work done. But Chet's been good for Noah. They're good friends, and he seems to help Noah. Although his advice isn't always the best...

MR. BRONSON

Good intentions, I'm sure.

ANGELA

Yeah.

(a beat)

I really appreciate what you've done for him too. I had a really great time tonight. I can see why he's so fond of you.

MR. BRONSON

I had a great time too. I can see where Noah gets his great personality from.

They turn back to watching the two messing around inside.

ANGELA

His dad left us when he was just a toddler. I've struggled with him, with the guy stuff, relationships, everything. It's nice for him to have someone to look up to.

MR. BRONSON

That's my goal.

The two look at each other as Angela begins to speak.

ANGELA

I trust you. I trust your judgment, including with Noah's driving. I can see he's in good hands.

MR. BRONSON

Thank you.

As they look back to the restaurant, they notice Noah walking towards the window with a spray bottle and rag.

ANGELA

Get down!

They both duck down in their seats below the dashboard, sitting in silence before laughing like children. They lock eyes for a brief but romantic moment. Mr. Bronson pops his head up and sees Noah has moved.

MR. BRONSON

We'd better get out of here.

They laugh again as Mr. Bronson quickly starts the car and reverses it out of the parking lot.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Bella stands at a locker, fixing her makeup and cheerleader bow in a small mirror. Noah stands at his locker on the opposite side of the hallway a few lockers down, watching her intently. He nervously talks to himself as he paces a few tiny steps back and forth.

NOAH

(to himself)

Hey, Bella. Hello, Bella. Hi. Do you want... would you like... if you have any interest in...

Noah shakes his head. Mr. Bronson notices him stressing out from a few doors down. He marches down to Noah, who has his back turned to him.

MR. BRONSON

(whispering)

Hey!

Noah turns to around to look at him. Mr. Bronson looks over at Bella, then back to Noah.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

We went over this. Be yourself,
and do this! You got it.

Mr. Bronson looks around casually then marches away. Noah looks at him with a mixture of confusion and concern. He turns back towards Bella, taking a deep breath before stepping over to her locker.

NOAH

Hi Bella!

She doesn't look at him, instead continuing to focus on the mirror.

BELLA

Hey Noah.

Another student comes up to the lockers, trying to get into the one Noah is standing in front of.

NOAH

Sorry.

He moves to the other side of Bella, who is now blocked by her locker.

NOAH (CONT'D)

So, Bella, what'd you think of
Bronson's class today?

BELLA

I don't pay attention in that
class. I already have my license.
And Bronson is boring.

NOAH

Oh, cool! Yeah, he sucks, for
sure.

BELLA

Really? You guys seem to get
along pretty well.

NOAH

Oh, well, just trying to get a
good grade.

(a beat)

So, a license, huh? Does that
mean you'll be driving to
homecoming at the end of the
week, or...

BELLA

Hah. I won't be going. Asshole boyfriend dumped me right after I got my dress. Boys are dicks.

NOAH

Oh yeah, we're the worst, I hate us too.

Bella laughs at him, finally shutting her locker to look at him.

BELLA

I hope you have fun, though.

She turns to walk away from him.

NOAH

Oh, I actually wasn't going to go either. I don't really have anyone to go with.

She turns around and looks at him, grasping her books against her chest.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Guess we're basically in the same boat, huh...

Bella nods her head lightly and purses her lips.

NOAH (CONT'D)

It's up to you, like, your choice, I don't want to seem pushy, but like, I dunno, I was like, maybe thinking that if you wanted, like if you're not busy, maybe if you had an interest, and if not it's fine, but maybe-

BELLA

Jesus, spit it out!

NOAH

Do you want to go to homecoming with me?

Noah stands there in shock, hardly believing the words actually came from his mouth. Bella looks at him without any expression. She speaks after a moment, shrugging her shoulders.

BELLA

Sure. I paid for the dress
already, might as well use it.

The warning bell rings, and she walks away from Noah. Noah remains by her locker in shock. After a moment, he looks down to the hall to see Mr. Bronson holding up a thumbs up, then a thumbs down, then holding his hands out, asking Noah how it went. Noah slowly and blankly holds up a thumbs up, shrugging his shoulders. Mr. Bronson pumps his fist into the air, and gives Noah a double thumbs up with a big grin. Noah smiles back before turning to walk to his next class.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Noah's mother sits at the table, writing checks and looking over bills as Noah stares at her. June plays on an iPad across the table.

NOAH

I already asked her, mom. I'm
going to need the clothes.

ANGELA

I get that, Noah. But we don't
have a lot of extra money to
spend on new dress clothes. I'll
try to hem those dress pants, but
I really don't want to spend
money on a new tie and belt.

NOAH

I have to match Bella!

JUNE

Didn't you say she's a
cheerleader? I bet she's way out
of your league.

Noah turns to address June, who doesn't look up from her tablet.

NOAH

Yes, she is, Juju, thank you.

He turns back to his mom. She leans back with her arms folded.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Which is WHY I at least need to
dress nice.

ANGELA

Listen, why don't you ask that Bronson teacher if you can borrow a tie and belt? You always say he's got a bunch of crazy ties.

Noah rolls his eyes and begins to walk away.

NOAH

Fine. I'm sure he'll help.

Angela smiles subtly as Noah walks away. She turns back to the bills.

JUNE

Public school sounds like way more fun than Catholic school.

ANGELA

Don't get any ideas. Go say your prayers before bed.

June groans as she stands up and leaves the table.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

NOAH stands by an older car with the words "STUDENT DRIVER" plastered all over it. He looks around awkwardly with his hands in his pockets before looking at his watch.

NOAH

Late again.

He chuckles and shakes his head, then heads back towards the school building behind him.

INT. DRIVERS ED CLASSROOM - DAY

MR. BRONSON sits at his desk in the back of the dark classroom. A video about driving safety plays on a projector screen, and a number of students are staring distantly at the screen or outright asleep. Noah quietly enters the room and walks to the desk.

NOAH

(whispering)

Mr. Bronson!

Mr. Bronson jumps at the sound of the unexpected voice, but looks up and smiles at him. The two continue to whisper back and forth.

MR. BRONSON

What's up, Noah?

NOAH

It's driving time. I was waiting for you.

MR. BRONSON

We aren't going out today. Guess why!

Noah looks at him with concern and hesitates.

NOAH

Umm... why...

MR. BRONSON

Because I scheduled a driving test for you after school today!

Noah's eyes widen.

NOAH

(loudly)

You WHAT?

Mr. Bronson and even Noah himself are caught off guard by the volume of his words. They both turn towards the class. Most of the students stare at them, although a few have managed to stay asleep despite the disturbance. Noah turns back towards Mr. Bronson.

NOAH (CONT'D)

(whispering)

Why would you do that?

Mr. Bronson raises his hands in defense, wanting to calm Noah down. He motions his head towards the door, then stands up quietly. Noah shuts his eyes for a moment, then heads towards the door. Mr. Bronson follows behind him.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Noah enters a quiet school hallway from the classroom. He folds his arms and looks at Mr. Bronson with frustration, who shuts the door quietly as he enters the hallway.

NOAH

Why would you do that?

MR. BRONSON

Because you're ready to take the test! You've been doing great lately.

NOAH

It's my job to decide when I'm ready to test.

MR. BRONSON

And it's my job to make sure students are getting their licenses. And a lot already have, and you can too.

NOAH

I can't even afford the license fee.

MR. BRONSON

I already offered to cover it for you, don't worry about it.

NOAH

What are you, a sugar daddy or something?

Mr. Bronson raises his eyebrows at Noah's remark. Another teacher walks by, casting an odd look towards Mr. Bronson. He smiles and waves at the teacher, then turns his attention back towards Noah.

MR. BRONSON

Jesus, Noah! You need to watch what you say. We're not in the car right now!

NOAH

Yeah, well, we should be!

Noah turns away from him, almost on the verge of a breakdown. Mr. Bronson takes a breath and puts a hand on Noah's shoulder. After a moment, he begins to speak.

MR. BRONSON

Listen, Noah. I know we've had some fun driving sessions. But I hate to see you procrastinate when I know you're ready.

NOAH

But I'm not ready. We need to keep practicing. Just for a few more weeks.

MR. BRONSON

You don't need it. I've done everything I can for you. You don't need my help anymore.

Noah stares at him. Mr. Bronson's words cut deeper than the surface. Mr. Bronson can see that he is upset.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Listen, you'll still have my class. We just won't have driving sessions anymore. It'll give me time to focus on the students that actually need the help. And you'll have a license, and be able to drive whenever you want. Every teenager's dream!

NOAH

And every mother's nightmare. I think my mom will have a freak attack.

MR. BRONSON

I know your mom has-

He stops himself and regroups.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

I know moms can worry about this stuff. But I think it'll be fine. You've been in good hands.

Mr. Bronson pats him on the back.

NOAH

But I can't-

MR. BRONSON

You can. We've gone through it a dozen times. You just run through the car controls, drive a mile or two, then parallel park. Then you pass and get your license.

NOAH

I don't know-

MR. BRONSON

You do.

(a beat)

I already scheduled the test.
Take it today and do your best,
and you'll be fine.

NOAH

I just... I want...

Noah pauses as he thinks for a moment. Suddenly, he looks up at Mr. Bronson with a breath of confidence and an awkward smirk.

NOAH (CONT'D)

You know what, maybe I am ready.
I'll take the test today. If you
think I'm ready, I'll try my
best.

MR. BRONSON

That's the spirit! But... you
might want to try a different
smile for the license picture.
You're kinda freaking me out.

He laughs and enters the classroom again. Noah watches him and shakes his head. He does the sign of the cross and looks up.

NOAH

It's been a minute, but I haven't
asked for much lately, alright?
Can you at least give me this?

He steps back into the classroom.

INT. DRIVERS ED CAR - DAY

Noah drives back into the school parking lot with a smile on his face. PATRICK, 50s, sits in the passenger seat, checking off a clipboard.

PATRICK

Wonderfully done, Noah. Pull up
to the cones there, and we'll do
the parallel parking phase. That
will conclude your drivers test.

Noah pulls up to the cones. He looks at Patrick.

NOAH

Sounds great, sir!

PATRICK

I assume your instructor has worked on parallel parking?

NOAH

He sure has.

Noah smiles at the road ahead. He sees the parking spot, marked with cones at each end. He reaches for the radio dial and begins to turn up the music, but Patrick reaches over to turn it back down.

PATRICK

Oh, we actually don't permit music during the examination.

NOAH

But I always parallel park with music on, it's part of my habit...

PATRICK

You'll be fine! Just park between the cones and you'll have passed.

Noah looks back at the spot, without the confidence he had before. He begins to hear Mr. Bronson's guidance in his head.

MR. BRONSON (V.O.)

Remember to use your turn signals when pulling into the spot.

Noah bops the wiper control, spraying fluid over the windows and sending the wipers streaking across the windows. He quickly becomes flustered.

NOAH

Whoops!

PATRICK

That's okay, just...

Patrick's voice fades out under Mr. Bronson's.

MR. BRONSON (V.O.)

Always slowly pull forward ahead of the spot and back into it.

Noah hits the gas hard and tries to pull directly into the spot at an awkward angle. Noah begins to anxiously move his hands around the car.

NOAH

I can fix it! Just a second!

PATRICK

Maybe we should just...

MR. BRONSON (V.O.)

Whatever you do, DON'T hit the cones.

Noah throws in the car in reverse and slams directly into the cones, sending them flying. He puts the car back in drive, and nails the cones in front of him, leaving one lying across the hood of the car. Patrick looks fearfully ahead, gripping the handle on the roof of the car. Noah nervously puts the car in reverse, backing up slowly until he is parked nicely within the spot.

NOAH

Um... did I pass?

He half-smiles awkwardly at Patrick, who glares back at him.

INT. DRIVERS ED CLASSROOM - DAY

Mr. Bronson packs his belongings into a bag as he prepares to leave. Noah enters the doorway smiling shyly and knocks on the side, causing Mr. Bronson to look up and smile back at him.

MR. BRONSON

There he is! Smiling and all! I knew you could do it. Let's see the pretty piece of plastic. Hope the picture is good.

Noah walks towards him. He slaps a paper onto Mr. Bronson's desk in front of him. Mr. Bronson looks down, and his smile fades away. The paper reads "FAILED" in big red letters. "MORE PARALLEL PARKING PRACTICE NEEDED!!" is listed under comments. Mr. Bronson looks up at him in disbelief.

NOAH

I tried to tell you I needed more practice. See you in the car on Monday?

Noah trudges out of the classroom. Mr. Bronson stares at him without saying a word. He slumps into his desk chair, and picks up the paper. He shakes his head and rubs his forehead.

MR. BRONSON

Where did I go wrong?

He crumbles the paper and throws it towards the trash can, finally making it through the hoop.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - DAY

Noah appears stressed as he steps inside the restaurant. He collects himself, then walks up to Chet, who stands behind the register, with an awkward and obviously fake confidence.

NOAH

What's the best thing on the menu
for a celebration?

Chet rolls his eyes at Noah.

CHET

You know as good as me that there
ain't a damn thing on this menu
worth celebrating. The hell are
you doing here on your day off?

NOAH

I just wanted to share some
news...

Noah looks around before leaning over the counter towards Chet.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I asked her to homecoming.

Noah's smile drops after he sees Chet shake his head.

CHET

Damn, man, I'm sorry. You wanna
shake or cookie or something to
make it better?

NOAH

She said yes, you jackass!

Chet's eyes light up again as he reaches out to give Noah a high-five.

CHET

I knew it! I told you she would!
I never doubted you.

NOAH

Yeah, right.
(a beat)
Let me get my usual.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - DAY

Noah sits anxiously at a booth in the restaurant. Chet brings a fast food tray over with two plain double cheeseburgers on it. He slides the tray in front of Noah before sitting in the booth across from him.

CHET

You gotta admit my advice worked perfectly. But no need to thank me.

NOAH

I hate to admit it, but you were right. It wasn't easy, but I have a date!

CHET

Proud of you, kid.

Noah smiles at him before taking a bite of the burger.

CHET (CONT'D)

You gotta show me some pictures.
You two gonna look fly pulling up to the dance. What car you driving?

NOAH

(chewing)
Just gonna have my mom drop us off, probably.

Chet's hands smack the table and he stares directly at Noah.

CHET

You're kidding, right? Your MOM?
In the '94 MINIVAN?

NOAH

What's the big deal? And it's a '97! Thought you were a car guy.

CHET

Brother. Bro. You can NOT let your mom drop you guys off. Especially not in that piece of junk.

Noah wipes his mouth, then looks seriously at Chet.

NOAH

Why not?

CHET

Noah, this girl is a CHEERLEADER. PRETTY. POPULAR. You... well, that doesn't matter. But if you show up like that, the whole school is going to be laughing at you both. That is, if she'd even still go with you.

Noah looks at him with concern, starting to believe Chet.

NOAH

So what are you saying?

Chet leans back in the booth and crosses his arms.

CHET

You gotta drive her yourself, pal. And in a half-decent car. You gotta show UP and show OUT.

Noah looks back, his face now full of concern.

NOAH

But I don't have my license or a car! I literally failed my test today!

CHET

Well, you can either forget about having that cute date, or take your damn driver's test and find a damn car.

Noah drops his head into his hands, clearly in stress.

NOAH

I guess I can ask Mr. Bronson about scheduling another test. But I'm broke. How will I find a car in a week?

CHET

I don't know, man. Too bad you don't have a chick magnet like Shelby out there.

Chet pulls out a keychain and presses a button, activating the lights on his older Ford Mustang in the parking lot outside the window. Noah's head shoots up, smirking at Chet.

CHET (CONT'D)

Wha- no. Don't even. No way.

NOAH

Oh, c'mon! Just for one night. You can trust me. I need you to come through for me!

CHET

I will THINK about it. I don't let anyone else handle my baby.

NOAH

Not even your best friend?

Noah gives him puppy-dog eyes.

CHET

Don't even pull that card on me.

(a beat)

Listen, why don't you stay at my house tonight? Maybe we can even take her for a spin.

NOAH

Oh boy, a sleepover! That's cute.

CHET

You're not helping your case here. Come around 7 o'clock, you can crash in the basement with me. I'm sure mom will order us pizza or something.

NOAH

If it gets me closer to having my hands on that wheel, then so be it.

Chet shakes his head at Noah disapprovingly as he stands to return to work.

CHET

If this works out, you're gonna owe me, kid.

NOAH

Yeah, yeah.

Noah turns back to his food with a smile as Chet walks away.

INT. BEDROOM - NIGHT

A small bedroom with a queen bed is illuminated by a nightstand lamp. Angela sits on the edge of the bed holding a glass of wine in pajamas. She is relaxed on the bed, but drinks her wine awkwardly. Next to her sits Mr. Bronson in an undershirt, who calmly hold a wine glass as well. He finishes the glass in one swig and sets it on the nightstand next to a picture of Angela and Noah.

MR. BRONSON

So... you're sure they're not coming back?

ANGELA

Positive. June's spending the night down the street with one of the neighborhood girls. Noah is staying at his friend's house tonight. Chet, his friend from work.

MR. BRONSON

Chet? Isn't that kid, like, thirty?

ANGELA

He's twenty-three, twenty-four maybe. But he still lives with his mom, so I don't think I have anything to worry about. Plus, they have been getting along even better lately. He's been getting Noah ready for homecoming.

Angela takes a big sip of wine and reaches across Mr. Bronson to set the glass next to his. She leans in to whisper to him.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

Just like you have been.

She leans in and kisses his cheek.

MR. BRONSON

I've been doing my best.
Something about drivers ed always
gets the kids talking.

(a beat)

Hopefully it isn't weird when
he...

ANGELA

...finds out?

Mr. Bronson chuckles and looks down.

MR. BRONSON

Yeah.

Angela pulls him close.

ANGELA

Hey, hey. He really likes you.
Not just as a teacher. It'll take
a little time to get used to it,
but he'll be fine.

Mr. Bronson smiles and leans in to kiss her. They begin to
kiss repeatedly, managing words between locking lips.

MR. BRONSON

I hope so. Sometimes his secrets
are as hard to keep as ours.

They continue to kiss throughout the conversation. Angela
pulls him onto the bed next to her.

ANGELA

What secrets are those?

MR. BRONSON

Well... I can't tell you, cause
then they wouldn't be secrets.

ANGELA

(laughing)

He's my son.

She begins kissing him passionately again, grabbing at his
shirt. Mr. Bronson appears less interested now, struggling to
look at her. She stops, and looks at him for a moment.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

You're joking, right? What could he possibly tell you that I don't already know? And why wouldn't you be able to tell me anyway?

Mr. Bronson sits up in the bed and scratches his head.

MR. BRONSON

Well, Noah... he trusts me, and some things... some things are hard to share with your mother. And I have to respect that choice.

Angela sits up and swings her legs over the side of the bed and glares at him.

ANGELA

This is my son you're talking about. Not just another one of your students.

MR. BRONSON

I know that, I know. But I still value his trust and he's comfortable with me. In some ways he's already like a son to me, and I-

Angela stands up and snaps at him.

ANGELA

A son to you? Noah's already gotten kicked to the curb by his own father. I can't let that happen again.

Mr. Bronson stands up and tries to put a hand on her shoulder, but she jerks away and faces away from him.

MR. BRONSON

Ang, I would never do that, I'm here for him. I want to be here. Long term.

ANGELA

We're supposed to be a team. A team to help Noah. And a team doesn't keep important stuff a secret.

MR. BRONSON

I understand that, but... I just can't. It's a matter of trust, and it's not my place to tell you.

Angela doesn't turn. Her eyes are becoming wet.

ANGELA

I'm already struggling to connect with him, okay? I don't need you coming in to make it even harder. And what's stopping you from leaving like his dad? He's going to become dependent on you, and you'll leave us both.

MR. BRONSON

Angela, I would never-

She whips around to look at him, just as a tear rolls down her cheek.

ANGELA

We can't do this anymore. I can't do this anymore. Your job is at risk, Noah is at risk... my relationship with my son is at risk. And that is a risk I am not willing to take. So we're done. I appreciate everything you've done for him, and for me, but this isn't going to work. I can't have you coming between me and my son.

Mr. Bronson wipes the tear from her cheek.

MR. BRONSON

But we can-

ANGELA

Just go. Go.

Mr. Bronson looks at her for a moment as another tear falls. He looks around uncomfortably. He slips into his dress shoes, and walks towards the door. He stops in the doorframe, and turns back towards her to say something.

MR. BRONSON

I can't-

ANGELA

GO!

Mr. Bronson quickly turns and exits. Angela plops back onto the bed. She reaches for her wine glass and finishes it. As she places it next to the nightstand she looks at the picture of her and her son. She slowly reaches over to grab it. She smiles faintly and wipes her cheeks.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(to herself)

I love you. I won't let anyone
hurt you or come between us
again.

She sits there for a moment, grasping the picture. She sets it on the nightstand and wipes her face again. She takes a deep breath and jumps up, grabbing the two wine glasses off the nightstand.

NOAH (O.S.)

(yelling)

MOM!

She jumps, dropping the glasses onto the ground. Her eyes widen and she runs out of the room.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - NIGHT

Noah stands in the kitchen with his arms crossed. Mr. Bronson sits awkwardly at the kitchen table. Angela enters the kitchen, mouth open as her eyes shift between them. She glares at Mr. Bronson.

ANGELA

(loud whisper)

Why are you still here?

MR. BRONSON

I tried to tell you I couldn't
drive cause of the wine! I'm a
drivers ed teacher, for Christ's
sake.

She looks over at Noah.

ANGELA

I thought you were staying at
Chet's tonight...

NOAH

I was. He got called into work to cover a night shift.

(a beat)

So, would one of you care to explain why I found my drivers ed teacher sitting out on my porch at 11:30pm?

Mr. Bronson and Angela stare at each other for a moment, almost embarrassed.

MR. BRONSON

So much for secrets...

Angela rubs her forehead and opens her mouth to speak, looking at Noah with guilt.

ANGELA

Noah... we were going to tell you this... Tom-I mean, Mr. Bronson and I...

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - NIGHT

Noah stomps out the door and down the front steps from his house, clearly flustered and frustrated. After a moment, his mom too appears at the door frame, and Mr. Bronson appears behind her.

ANGELA

(yelling)

Noah Miller, where are you going?

NOAH

Somewhere where the people closest to me don't lie to my face!

He picks up his pace as he hurries down the street. Angela looks at Mr. Bronson. He looks at her apologetically, but doesn't know what to say. He steps out of the house and walks towards his car. Angela watches him walk away with tears in her eyes before gently shutting the door.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS BATHROOM - NIGHT

Noah sits on the toilet seat with his head tucked away in his arms. Chet replaces the soap, toilet paper, and paper towels in the women's bathroom.

CHET

Well, damn, man, that's rough.

(a beat)

Honestly though, can't blame the Bronny boy for going after your mom. Total MILF.

Noah looks up at him with an angry glare and teary eyes.

CHET (CONT'D)

Sorry. Not a good time. Listen, you have every right to be mad at them for going behind your back.

Noah drops his head again. His voice is muffled as he speaks.

NOAH

I trusted him. A lot. How could he do this to me?

CHET

Well, you did say he was like a dad to you. Maybe he took that a little too literal.

Noah raises his head and looks up at Chet.

NOAH

It's like every male figure in my life is out to get me. You're the only one that hasn't screwed me over.

Chet smiles at him.

CHET

That means a lot, buddy! I'm here for you!

After a second, Chet's smile suddenly drops and he scratches his head. Noah looks at him questioningly.

CHET (CONT'D)

Well, shit. This might be bad timing, but...

Chet sits up on the sink and looks down at Noah.

CHET (CONT'D)

I've been meaning to tell you this. Being around you has had me thinking a lot about when I was your age and where I went wrong. I've been talking to my family, and... and I'm going to go back to school.

Noah stares blankly, unsure what this means. Chet's eyes drop down to the ground.

CHET (CONT'D)

I'm going to a community college in Maryland. I'm moving down next week.

Noah's eyes widen in disbelief.

NOAH

What?

CHET

Next week is the last week to start late, otherwise I'd have to wait until next semester.

NOAH

So you're done working here?

CHET

For now. Wednesday is my last day and I leave Thursday.

(a beat)

Which means...

NOAH

No car on Friday.

Chet purses his lips. Noah is practically emotionless.

CHET

I'm really sorry, Noah. I'm sure something will work out. I'm gonna miss you.

Chet grabs his supplies and exits the bathroom. Noah sits alone, unsure what to do next. He looks up to the ceiling.

NOAH

Why hast thou forsaken me?

Tears begin to well in his eyes.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

Noah lies face-down on his bed. His record player softly plays melancholy music. An uneaten plate of food sits on his desk. There is a knock on the door.

NOAH

Go away, mom!

JUNE (O.S.)

It's me, dummy!

Noah hesitates, then gets up to answer the door. June stands there with a dinner plate as she peers into the room.

JUNE

Mom said I have to bring this to you.

(a beat)

Did you want me to put it next to the lunch plate, or...

Noah rolls his eyes and flops back onto his bed. June enters, quietly shutting the door behind her. She sits at his desk and begins picking at the plate she brought in.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Mom told me what happened. Gross. Glad it wasn't my teacher.

NOAH

(muffled)

Yeah, thank God it was mine.

JUNE

Well, my teacher is a girl, so it would've been even weirder. At least you can go to the dance with that pretty girl this week though!

Noah groans into his pillow.

JUNE (CONT'D)

Oh.

He rolls over to stare at the ceiling.

NOAH

It's a lost cause. Everything is.
I thought getting the girl would
be the hardest part, not the
easiest.

JUNE

Yeah, I figured you were gonna
struggle with that too! Well, mom
got you a new suit and stuff if
you change your mind.

NOAH

Reparations. Great.

June steps out of the room, shutting the door behind him.
Noah sits up to look at the food, and groans again before
reaching for the plate.

EXT. SCHOOL PARKING LOT - DAY

Mr. Bronson stands by the driver's side car nervously. He taps
his foot and checks his watch. He looks around, but he is
alone in the lot.

MR. BRONSON

C'mon, Noah. You're never late.

He looks around again, and leans his head against the car.

INT. DMV - DAY

A flash captures a straight-faced Noah. He then sits in a
chair alone in the middle of a loud and busy DMV. His name is
called, and he walks up to the counter. An older woman slides
the shiny new piece of plastic across the counter, and Noah
picks it up. His scowling photo stares back at him. He sighs,
places the card into his pocket, and walks away.

INT. CHET'S CAR - DAY

Chet sits inside his older Mustang as Noah enters the
passenger seat. Chet smirks at him.

CHET

Let's see it, kid! I knew you
could do it. Made me a little
nervous with the parallel
parking, but you did it!

Noah pulls out the ID and holds it up to Chet. He looks at it intently and grimaces.

CHET (CONT'D)

Hm. Well, if you ever drive drunk, you'll look the same as you do here at least.

Noah silently slides the license back into his pocket. Chet begins to drive away from the DMV.

NOAH

Thanks for letting me use your car for the test.

CHET

No problem, pal. Least I could do after I messed things up for ya.

NOAH

At this point, a miracle couldn't save me.

Noah looks out the window as Chet drives. Chet gives him a nudge on the shoulder.

CHET

Hey! You did it! You got your driver's license. Every teenager's dream. You've been waiting for this!

NOAH

I have been. I thought it'd feel... different. Like I had freedom, and a destination. But... I feel more trapped, and more lost than ever.

Chet rustles his hand through Noah's hair.

CHET

Well, listen. Maybe this is the start of a good streak for you! Stay positive. You're gonna have to after my bubbly self is gone.

Noah chokes up slightly with his weak response.

NOAH

Yeah.

He quickly wipes away a tear from his eye, still facing away from Chet.

INT. NOAH'S KITCHEN - DAY

Angela is washing vegetables as Noah leans over a counter in the kitchen. She faces away from him as he lets out a groan.

ANGELA

I just don't understand why Bella can't drive you! She has a car and a license, what's the big deal?

NOAH

You don't GET IT mom, that's not how it works.

She begins to cut the vegetables as Noah keeps his eyes locked on her.

ANGELA

Well, I don't know what to tell you. I need the van Friday night. And I don't even have the time to add you to the insurance.

NOAH

I could just get my own car.

ANGELA

(laughing)

Right.

(a beat)

We can talk about sharing the van at some point. When you're ready.

NOAH

Wow. You really can't let me have anything for myself, can you?

She stops cutting the vegetables and turns to him slowly.

ANGELA

What are you talking about?

Noah refuses to meet her eyes.

NOAH

First we share my teacher, next we share the car.

She drops the knife on the counter and raises her voice. Noah finally looks at her.

ANGELA

Do you want to do this right now, Noah? I've been working my ass off to try and keep you and June happy. You don't know half the shit I go through on a daily basis. Tom was a big help, for you and for me. For the first time since your father left, I felt like I didn't have to do everything on my own. I crossed a boundary and I get that, but you can't hold this over my head forever.

Noah stares at her blankly before dropping his eyes to the ground. She sighs and rubs her forehead, then steps over to Noah.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

(calmly)

I'm sorry, okay? I made a mistake. But it's done. I'm trying to be the good guy again. But I can't help you with this homecoming thing.

Noah nods his head lightly. He quietly steps away and heads up the steps. Angela watches him walk away before returning to her cooking.

INT. JUNE'S BEDROOM - DAY

Noah walks back and forth near the door. He rubs his chin as he thinks.

NOAH

It's just like, is it worth it to take her if I can't even drive? That's embarrassing. Right?

Noah's question is met with a loud snore. He looks over to June's bed to see her fully asleep. He rolls his eyes and walks out of the room.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - NIGHT

Noah stands behind the cash register. He gestures with his hands as he speaks.

NOAH

It's just weird cause he was my teacher and I talked to him a lot, ya know?

(a beat)

What did you need again?

A CUSTOMER stands on the other side of the counter holding his bag of food, looking bewildered.

CUSTOMER

Ketchup. I asked for ketchup.

NOAH

Right.

Noah hands the customer a handful of ketchup packets and watches as he walks away.

INT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

Noah stands alone at the front of a school bus.

NOAH

It's not like I NEED to take the bus. I have my license, just no car. That's also why I feel like it isn't fair for Bella to go with me.

The school bus driver stares at him with an eyebrow raised. He opens the bus door and motions Noah to get off.

INT. GUIDANCE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - DAY

Noah sits in a chair in a small office.

NOAH

I was mad at first. Now I'm just upset at how quickly things changed. Things are even worse.

An overly-bubbly GUIDANCE COUNSELOR stares back at him, nodding her head aggressively.

GUIDANCE COUNSELOR

Excellent! You see Noah, we use "I messages" with people to share how we feel. Like, "I feel" happy that you're sharing your problems with me. Now you try!

Noah blinks a few times before standing and reaching for his backpack.

NOAH

Um... nevermind. I think I'm good. Thanks.

He quickly hustles out of the room.

INT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL HALLWAY - DAY

Noah scratches his head as he walks down an empty hallway. He stops outside of the driver's ed classroom and looks at the name plate that reads "MR. BRONSON." The only person he could talk to. He looks longingly at the plate for a moment before continuing down the hall.

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Noah sits on the curb in front of his house, throwing pebbles across the road. A newer car pulls up in front of his house. Bella steps out, holding a small piece of fabric. She steps over to Noah. He looks at her questioningly.

NOAH

Bella? What are you doing here?

BELLA

I told you I'd drop off a swatch from my dress so you could match your tie, remember?

NOAH

Shit. Right. Sorry.

Noah takes the fabric and smiles faintly at Bella. She looks around in a moment of awkward silence.

BELLA

Any particular reason you're just sitting out here?

NOAH

Left my keys at school again.
Waiting for Juju to get back from
school to let me in.

BELLA

Gotcha.

To Noah's surprise, she sits down on the curb next to him.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Are you okay? You haven't talked
to me in school much, and you're
never in Bronson's class.

Noah goes back to throwing the pebbles as Bella looks at him.

NOAH

Things have been a little crazy
around here. I got my license,
and-

BELLA

Noah, that's awesome!

She smiles at him and holds up her hand for a high-five. Noah
looks over at her.

NOAH

...cause I didn't want to see Mr.
Bronson anymore.

Her smile and hand drop.

BELLA

Oh... why not? You guys seemed
like pals.

NOAH

I found out... I found out he was
seeing my mom behind my back.
They had gone on a few dates.

Bella looks like a deer caught in the headlights. She's not
even sure how to respond.

BELLA

Wow. Well... I'm sorry. That
sucks.

NOAH

And Chet, my best friend, was supposed to lend me his car for homecoming. But now he's leaving to go back to school.

BELLA

Well, that's okay. I could drive us.

Noah shakes his head and pulls his knees into his chest.

NOAH

I don't even know if it's worth going at this point.

Bella gives him a little shove on the shoulder.

BELLA

Hey, you have to go! You're my date.

NOAH

I'm sure there's a laundry list of guys that would go with you. No need to go with the weird new kid now.

Bella shoves him a little harder. This time Noah rubs his shoulder.

BELLA

Enough of that! I want to go with YOU, Noah. And frankly, I don't give a shit about the car.

Noah smiles but doesn't respond.

BELLA (CONT'D)

Look, I wasn't going to tell you this cause I didn't want to freak you out, but... I got a bunch of the cheerleaders to vote for us for homecoming king and queen. I think we have a real shot at winning.

JUNE

Noah as homecoming king? Is no one else going?

Noah and Bella are both caught off guard by June, who stands on the sidewalk looking at them.

BELLA
You must be Juju.

NOAH
Juju, this is Bella, my...

JUNE
THIS is Bella? I knew you said she was out of your league, but still!

Bella laughs as Noah's face reddens. June sits on the curb on the other side of Noah.

JUNE (CONT'D)
What are you guys doing out here?

BELLA
Noah forgot his key. We were just talking about some things, but-

JUNE
Like how our mom was trying to get with Noah's teacher?

Bella is caught off guard again. Noah's face drops to his palms.

BELLA
Oh, wow.

NOAH
Jesus.

The three sit looking ahead in awkward silence.

BELLA
Was it weird for you too, Juju?

JUNE
I guess maybe a little. It was weird seeing mom so happy. She's usually frustrated or tired or both.

Bella looks over to Noah.

NOAH

I think... I think she felt like Mr. Bronson was handling some of the things she was struggling with. Me, primarily.

JUNE

You can be a lot to handle.

Bella smiles as Noah gives June a nudge.

BELLA

You seemed pretty happy yourself, Noah. With Bronson, I mean. Always talking between classes.

(a beat)

And giving you the courage to ask me to homecoming.

Noah whips his head up at Bella. She chuckles.

BELLA (CONT'D)

I drive with him sometimes too, you know. He did talk about you more than anything.

JUNE

Creepy.

NOAH

I appreciated his help, but... but when I found out about him and my mom... I just couldn't do it. I don't know if I was worried he was going to end up hurting my mom, or if he'd end up coming between us, or if I'd come between them, or whatever. It felt like someone was bound to get hurt.

BELLA

I get that it might seem strange. But it seems like he really likes you and wants to help, and it sounds like he was great for you mom too. You need a positive influence like Bronson in your life. Maybe you just need to set some ground rules and boundaries with them.

Noah sits in thought. Bella stands up from the curb and brushes herself off.

BELLA (CONT'D)
Think about it. But please, give
homecoming a chance. And match
the tie, please.

She steps into her car and drives off down the road. Noah and June watch her go.

JUNE
I can't believe she said yes to
you. What is wrong with her?

NOAH
She's right. I need to talk to
them.

JUNE
But mom said they were done
seeing each other.

They sit for a moment. A devious smile takes over Noah's face.

JUNE (CONT'D)
Oh no.

Noah quickly jumps up and begins jogging down the sidewalk away from the house.

JUNE (CONT'D)
(yelling)
Noah! Where are you... ugh!

She jumps up from the curb and runs off to catch up to him.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - NIGHT

Angela bursts into the nearly empty restaurant in a full-out panic. She stops inside the doors and whips her head around.

ANGELA
(yelling)
Is he okay? Is Noah okay?

She looks over and notices Noah and June sitting in a booth together, calmly looking back at her.

ANGELA (CONT'D)

What the-

Mr. Bronson immediately bursts through the doors behind her in a similar fashion.

MR. BRONSON

Noah! I came as soon as...

He notices Angela is next to him?

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Angela?

ANGELA

Tom?

They look at each other, analyzing one another and the situation.

MR. BRONSON

What are you doing here?

ANGELA

What are YOU doing here?

MR. BRONSON

Chet messaged me and said Noah was hurt in a frying incident.

ANGELA

He told ME there was an emergency at the drive thru.

The look over at the cash register to see Chet staring at them. He shrugs his shoulders and mouths "sorry" before walking off to the back to the kitchen.

NOAH

Table for two?

They turn their heads to see Noah standing there with a napkin over his arm like a waiter.

ANGELA

Seriously, Noah? What is this? You had me worried sick.

Mr. Bronson tries to match her sternness.

MR. BRONSON

Yeah, Noah, not cool, buddy...

Angela stares at him with disappointment, then rolls her eyes. He raises his hands at her.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

What?

ANGELA

Quite the disciplinarian. Public school teacher, huh?

MR. BRONSON

Listen, I know a thing about-

NOAH

Enough! I staged a little fake incident to get everyone here. To talk, not bicker. So let's talk.

The three of them alternate looking between each other, a little too long for comfort.

JUNE

You guys can come over here when you're done with your weird standoff thing!

Noah lays out his hand to encourage them to walk towards June.

INT. BIG ED'S EATS - NIGHT

Angela sits at the booth with her arms crossed next to Mr. Bronson, who has his hands in his pockets. Across from them sit Noah and June. Chet lays down a tray in front of them covered in an assortment of fast food.

CHET

Here ya go. Better you guys eat it than it end up in the trash.

Chet walks away awkwardly. Mr. Bronson smiles and reaches for a burger, but sets it down when he notices Angela glaring at him.

NOAH

I get this might be a little weird. But... I wanted to clear the air.

MR. BRONSON

Noah, I am so sorry. I never-

NOAH

I'M sorry. I overreacted.

Angela and Mr. Bronson are caught off guard, and suddenly relax a bit.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I wasn't happy that you guys went behind my back. But it wasn't fair of me to throw a fit. Mom...

He turns to focus on his mother.

NOAH (CONT'D)

I'm sorry for not appreciating you more. You do so much for Juju and I. And we saw how genuinely happy you were when Mr. Bronson was around to help. It wasn't fair for me to throw a fit about it. Mr. Bronson...

MR. BRONSON

You can call me Tom. Since we're not in school.

NOAH

Tom, thank you. For everything. You're the only thing that made my school change easy and I couldn't have done it without your help. It's been great talking to you and you've helped me so much already. I'm sorry for making things weird with you and my mom.

Noah turns to address them both.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Now, if either of you pull that secret stuff again, I'm stealing a car, driving off and never coming back.

Everyone chuckles at Noah's remark.

NOAH (CONT'D)

But seriously. You three are all I have, and...

CHET
(yelling)

FOUR!

NOAH
You FOUR... are all I have. We're
a team. And I I'm already losing
one of you.

He motions his head towards Chet.

NOAH (CONT'D)
I can't lose anyone else.

They look at each other with faint smiles. After a moment,
Mr. Bronson shoots up.

MR. BRONSON
Oh, bring it in here you guys!

He holds out his arms for a group hug, which everyone
reluctantly joins. Chet comes jogging over.

CHET
Hey, hey, not so fast! Let me get
in there Angie!

He joins the hug, perhaps a little too close to Angela.

ANGELA
Okay, great, I think we're good.

The hug breaks up and everyone sits back down.

NOAH
Now... let's some ground rules.
This ain't a free for all. First.
Mr. Bronson, I mean, Tom, or
whatever... In school, you're my
teacher. Don't make it weird,
let' just go back to normal, like
before. Now, that means...

His voice begins to fade out as the group looks at him,
gradually losing interest.

NOAH TALKING MONTAGE

--Noah talks as June sleeps with her head on the table and
Mr. Bronson picks at the cold French fries.

--Noah stands and paces near the table, clearly acting out some strange scenario. Mr. Bronson's feet are up on the table as he studies Noah's movement.

--Noah stands with a literal whiteboard, looking like he's drawing up a basketball play. Mr. Bronson dumps a cup of ice water on himself.

END NOAH TALKING MONTAGE

NOAH (CONT'D)

So yeah, it's really that simple.
More respect than anything.

Noah looks at the group. June is laying across the booth, his mother rubs her tired eyes, and Mr. Bronson, still damp, raises his hand.

MR. BRONSON

I just want to say I feel like I just had to sit through one of my own lectures, and I apologize.

NOAH

Self awareness. Nice. Anyway, remember, homecoming is in two days, so I need everyone on their A-game.

Noah holds his hand into the center of the group. June remains asleep, but his mom and Mr. Bronson slowly put their hands on his.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Ready? One, two, three, break!

Noah raises his hand much faster than the others. They all groan halfheartedly.

INT. NOAH'S BEDROOM - DAY

Noah stands in front of a mirror, tie around his shoulders and fixing his hair. Angela and Mr. Bronson appear in the doorway, both dressed nicely.

ANGELA

Wow. You look adorable!

MR. BRONSON

Very spiffy, pal.

He smiles at them in the mirror. He holds up the tie.

NOAH

Thanks, guys. I can't believe you had the right color!

MR. BRONSON

I've got two of every color you can imagine.

NOAH

Thanks, Mr. Bro... Tom. Thank you.

They smile at one another. Noah wraps his tie around his neck, but is unsure where to begin.

NOAH (CONT'D)

Umm... a little help here?

Angela and Mr. Bronson look at each other, and she shrugs her shoulders.

ANGELA

Not my strong suit.

Mr. Bronson nods and steps over to Noah, who still looks in the mirror. He helps tie Noah's tie, then places his hands on Noah's shoulders as they look at it in the mirror.

MR. BRONSON

You'll have a great time, champ. Both of you.

He removes his hands from Noah's shoulders. Noah looks back at him.

NOAH

A better time than you?

MR. BRONSON

Not a chance.

He smirks and gives Noah a fist bump.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Let's get you out of here. Don't want to start the night off being late to get your date.

Mr. Bronson exits with Angela. He gives himself one last look in the mirror, smiling nervously before walking away.

EXT. NOAH'S HOUSE - DAY

The sun is beginning to set as Mr. Bronson and Angela stand by his older sedan. Noah steps out of the house towards them.

MR. BRONSON

Well, she's nothing too crazy.
But better than the soccer mom
minivan.

Angela gives him a quick glare and eye roll.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Well, it's true!

NOAH

It's great. Thanks for letting me
drive it.

MR. BRONSON

Of course.

(a beat)

Do you, uh, need a quick
refresher on anything from my
class, or...

Noah flashes his license with a wide smile.

NOAH

I'm qualified. You've taught me
well, apparently.

MR. BRONSON

I'll wait til I get my car back
to agree with you.

He goes to hand Noah the keys.

NOAH

Wait, could you throw them to me?
It feels way cooler.

MR. BRONSON

Wow. I did teach you well!

He chuckles and tosses the keys to Noah, who barely manages to catch them. Noah opens the car door. A horn blares from a car speeding down the road toward the house.

ANGELA

What the...

Chet's older Mustang whips into the driveway. Noah is frozen, staring at the car with his mouth open.

CHET

Hand over the keys for that piece of junk!

Mr. Bronson raises his hands at Chet.

CHET (CONT'D)

Sorry man, it's true.

Noah walks up to Chet and they bro hug.

NOAH

What are you doing here? You were supposed to leave yesterday!

CHET

Community college ain't going anywhere. I'm waiting til next semester, when things aren't so rushed. You didn't think you could get rid of me that easily, did you?

Chet smiles, and Noah lunges at him to hug him again.

CHET (CONT'D)

Alright kid, don't make it weird.

Noah breaks off of him. Chet dangles his keys in front of Noah.

CHET (CONT'D)

Think you can handle her again?

Noah snatches the keys from him.

NOAH

Thank you. Thank you. THANK. YOU.

CHET

Anything for you, buddy. Gotta have a car as pretty as your date.

MR. BRONSON

And you better go get her now.

Noah grins and quickly skips over to the car, jumping excitedly into the driver's seat. Chet steps over to Mr. Bronson and Angela to watch him drive down the street.

CHET

Man, they grow up so fast, don't they?

Mr. Bronson and Angela raise their eyebrows at him. He takes another step towards Angela.

CHET (CONT'D)

Looking pretty fine yourself this evening, Mrs. M. Got a date for this evening, or...

He leans awkwardly on Mr. Bronson's sedan. Angela looks at Mr. Bronson for a moment.

ANGELA

Actually... I do. And we'd better get going, too.

CHET

Fair enough.

He turns his attention to Mr. Bronson.

CHET (CONT'D)

Remember, this is my best friend's mom. Whatever you do to her, I do to you.

Chet points two fingers at his eyes, then at Mr. Bronson, before walking down the driveway and down the sidewalk. Angela and Mr. Bronson look at one another and laugh like kids. They jump into Mr. Bronson's car.

EXT. BELLA'S HOUSE - DAY

Noah leans against Chet's car outside Bella's house. She emerges in a beautiful dress the same color as Noah's tie. She steps towards the car, looking impressed.

BELLA

Wow. This isn't a minivan! And you found a perfect tie!

NOAH

I guess I got lucky. Some friends came in clutch, that's for sure.

BELLA

So everything worked out?

NOAH

I guess you could say that. You ready?

BELLA

Absolutely.

Noah opens the passenger door for her and she steps inside. Noah drives off playing a loud pop song.

EXT. PUBLIC HIGH SCHOOL - NIGHT

Noah and Bella walk towards the school gymnasium. Muffled music is heard and lights flash from inside as students shuffle into the building. They stop for a moment and look up at the building.

NOAH

If you would've told me a month ago I'd drive a Mustang here, to this public school, to go to homecoming, with you by my side, I'd have called you crazy.

BELLA

Nothing short of a miracle, huh?

NOAH

Something like that.

They smile at one another. Bella reaches out her hand, and Noah grabs it as they are about to step towards the gymnasium.

MR. BRONSON

(yelling)

Watch it, you two! Just cause you guys are my favorite students doesn't mean I won't give you detention!

They look back to see Mr. Bronson standing a few yards behind them with Angela by his side. He smiles at them.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Now go have fun!

Noah and Bella laugh and give him a thumbs off before walking off towards the school. They stop to have their picture taken. Angela leans her head on Mr. Bronson's shoulder as they watch the teenagers pose.

ANGELA

You sure you're ready for this?

MR. BRONSON

Hell yes, I love homecoming!

ANGELA

No. I meant... this. Me. Noah.
June. My family.

MR. BRONSON

There's nowhere I'd rather be.

She looks up at him and they smile at one another before a quick kiss. They look back to see Noah and Bella heading into back towards the building.

MR. BRONSON (CONT'D)

Except for right now, I'd rather
be in there. Can we go please?

Mr. Bronson is giddy and pulling her inside. She laughs and they head inside, following behind Noah and Bella.

FADE OUT.

THE END

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ACADEMIC VITA

Chase Wade

chasewade26@gmail.com

EDUCATION

The Pennsylvania State University, Schreyer Honors College
Bachelor of Arts, Film Production, expected graduation May 2021
Dean's List five of five semesters

COMMUNICATIONS-RELATED EXPERIENCE

Altoona Curve Baseball, Altoona, PA Summers 2017-present
Gameday Production Employee

- Operated digital JVC cameras for live broadcast of baseball games and entertainment, as well as graphics and replay systems
- Directed live game broadcasts and operated switcher
- Mixed sound for in-game music and sound effects, talent, and PA announcer

WHVL, State College, PA Falls August 2019-present
Camera Operator

- Assisted with setup and teardown of broadcast cameras and other equipment
- Operated cameras on both tripod and shoulder for live broadcasts of 12+ high school football games

COURSE PROJECTS

- Served as director, assistant director, or producer on four short narrative films
- Presented a dance-on-film piece at undergraduate research fair
- Took courses in directing, producing, cinematography, screenwriting, and acting
- Began developing first feature-length screenplay

LEADERSHIP WITHIN COLLEGE ACTIVITIES

Videographer/Editor, Ivyside Dance Ensemble December 2018-May 2020

- Filmed and edited three dance shows and edited dance videos
- Directed and edited artistic dance-on-film pieces

Video/Social Media Director, African American Read-in December 2018-April 2019

- Created videos for promotion of African American Read-in event
- Captured video of event and speakers and edited into highlight videos

COMPUTER SKILLS

Microsoft Office/Powerpoint, Adobe Premiere Pro, Avid Media Composer, Adobe Photoshop, Adobe Audition, Social Media, Celtx, Google Suite, MovieMagic, Podcast Platforms

OTHER WORK EXPERIENCE

Old Navy, Altoona, PA July 2018-present
Kids' Department Lead

- Facilitated several thousand cash and card transactions with customers
- Increased brand loyalty through credit card sign-ups and email capture
- Assisted with in-store marketing, product pricing, training, etc.