

DRIVERS WANTED

Written by

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*Based on my own true school bus driver experiences.*

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FADE IN TEASER:

**CAPTION:** *If education is the passport to childrens future...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *someone has to transport them.* - Larry Lincoln

**EXT. AERIAL OF WASHINGTON D.C. - EARLY MORNING**

Establish Shots of D.C. Landmarks; U.S. Capitol, White House, Washington Monument, Watergate, down to the Potomac River.

Flying over the River down Interstate 95 to follow a touring motorcycle as it turns into a fenced-in large complex.

Motorcycle drives past a bus parked sideways on the grass with a huge banner across it saying, "DRIVERS WANTED."

Motorcycle pulls into a large school bus parking lot full of yellow with black-trim busses gleaming in the morning sun.

A huge Garage of multi-ethnic MECHANICS and a small standalone office building bracket the busses.

The motorcycle parks beside the small building. Its rider dismounts to take off his helmet throwing his gloves into it.

LARRY LINCOLN, African-American, 50s, unzips his leather jacket. He wears a grey uniform shirt with an oval patch saying "*Transportation.*" He smiles at the rising sun, then shakes his head at the small building, and enters it.

**INT. SCHOOLBUS DRIVERS LOUNGE - EARLY MORNING**

Small open room of wooden round tables with plastic chairs. A utility kitchen against the back wall has two refrigerators and three microwaves. A round school wall-clock reads, 6 a.m.

Its long kitchen counter has buffet-foods laid out. Potatoe and Sago puddings, Trifle, Coconut Ice, Boeber, Koeksisters, and Bombay Crush in clear plastic cups are quite colorful. A banner hanging above them reads, "Good-Bye Mister Chyps."

SCHOOLBUS DRIVERS, ages 19-60, both sexes, all ethnics, stand in their grey "*Transportation*" uniforms eating and *laughing*.

MR. BAGGINS, 60s, African-American but with a British accent, is very tall. He is the Transportation Supervisor and enters in an expensive three-piece suit carrying a retirement cake.

BAGGINS  
Mister Chyps!

MR. CHYPS, South African, 70s, spins in respect-fear knocking his same cake-pan up onto Baggins's chest.

DRIVERS  
(group inhale)  
Uuuuuuuuuuuuu --

Chyps throws both hands up like being arrested.

CHYPS  
Union Rep!

Baggins pulls the cake-pan off his chest onto a table. Icing and cake are smeared all over his jacket. He purses his lips, then grabs Chyps's head and pulls his face into the jacket.

BAGGINS  
Surprise, old bean!

Chyps steps back with his face now covered in icing and cake.

Baggins takes off his messy jacket and hands it to CATRIN, African-American, 50s, short, rotund, Assistant Supervisor, wearing a too-tight pink pants-suit with horn-rimmed glasses.

Baggins wears suspenders that too-perfectly match his power-tie. He and Chyps stare, then Chyps licks his lips smiling.

CHYPS  
German Chocolate?

Lincoln *clicks* both heels together using a famous TV-sitcom German accent.

LINCOLN  
"I know nuthink!"

ALL laugh except Baggins who *harrumphs*.

BAGGINS  
As Transportation Supervisor, my hardest job is saying "Good-bye" to a beloved driver.

LINCOLN  
(Breaks the Fourth Wall)  
As opposed to saying "bugger off" to an unbeloved one.

Baggins glares at Lincoln as he sticks a hand out to his side like a surgeon.

Catrin *nurse-slaps* a greeting-card envelope in it.

BAGGINS

We will all miss you at our monthly meetings and wish you well. Here's a little something to remember us.

Baggins hands the card to Chyps.

LINCOLN

(Breaks the Fourth Wall)  
*And believe me, he do mean --  
"little."*

Chyps opens the child-like hand-made card and reads it aloud.

CHYPS

"Roses are Red, Busses are yellow.  
We will all miss you. You are quite  
a cheeky fellow."

LINCOLN

(in a British accent)  
Only thing that rhymed with  
"yellow" --eh, what, son?

BAGGINS

(points to Catrin)  
Thank --Catrin.

Catrin has a mouthful of food, but tries to speak anyway.

CATRIN

Inthide --look inthide!

Chyps pulls a restaurant coupon-book out of his envelope.

CHYPS

Fast-food coupon for --*one coffee?*

CATRIN

(spitting food excited)  
and a donuth --for dunkin'!

LINCOLN

(Breaks the Fourth Wall)  
What a fitting, "Last Meal."

TIME LAPSE:

Drivers freeze in Disciple-positions from *The Last Supper*.

END TIME LAPSE"

Baggins bends to whisper an explanation to Chyps.

BAGGINS

*School Board cut our Budget again.*  
(yells to All)  
Let's Be Careful Out There, Busmen!

CATRIN

(tries to swallow choking)  
*And, Ladies!*

The party breaks up with Drivers exiting to their buses.

Baggins gives Lincoln the evil-eye and finger motions "Come with me." Baggins drops his head and walks as if on death row into the marked "Supervisor" office followed by Lincoln.

FADE OUT.

**INT. LINCOLN'S OFFICE - ACT I**

Organized spotless to the point of retentive. Most of the small office is taken up by a huge desk and executive chair.

**CAPTION:** *"Anyone who has never made a mistake..."*

**FADE CAPTION:** *has never tried anything new."* Albert Einstein

Lincoln sits and spins in his chair to gaze out school-type windows at the parked busses. He keeps his back to Lincoln.

BAGGINS

Why --did you transfer to us?

LINCOLN

Because you recruited me?

BAGGINS

I --did not hire you.

LINCOLN

No, your acting-replacement Catrin did while you were on vacation.

BAGGINS

And gave you hiring conciliations I would not have.

LINCOLN

Good thing I got them all in writing then.

Baggins spins his chair back to open a file on his desk. He puts on granny-glasses, opens the file, and searches it.

BAGGINS

You did?

LINCOLN

Emails are legal documents.

BAGGINS

(looks up over glasses)

You a jailhouse barrister, too?

LINCOLN

Closely enough. A retired social studies teacher.

BAGGINS

So why become a schoolbus driver?

LINCOLN

School systems are so desperate for drivers, they all give full-time pay benefits for part-time hours.

(Breaks the Fourth Wall)

*So mid-days off for auditioning.*

BAGGINS

Your point being, dear chap?

LINCOLN

My new goal, is to become an actor.

BAGGINS

"To be, or not to be," poor Yorick?  
Any films I can watch you in at the cinema? I just love sweet popcorn.

Lincoln is distracted watching Drivers outside the windows.

LINCOLN

To match your salty disposition?

No response. A bus begins backing out of its space. It beeps.

LINCOLN

(in a British accent)

Some play on the tele, old chap.  
One just needs to know where to look for me as a "luvvie."

BAGGINS

(Breaks the Fourth Wall)

*I know where I'd like to see him.*

(to Lincoln)

So you're just a lowly --"extra."

LINCOLN  
Background --Actor.

Outside the window, SEVERAL DRIVERS jump out of the way of the backing-up bus. GESTURING DRIVER makes a rude hand-signal at it. Lincoln watches.

BAGGINS  
Do you consider yourself a "real" actor?

Outside, the BACKING DRIVER jumps out of his open doors charging at the Gesturing Driver.

LINCOLN  
As Irving S. Goffman said in his socialization book, "Presentation of Self in Everyday Life" --"All the world is a stage."

Outside, Backing Driver and Gesturing Driver put up their dukes and circle as boxers. Backing-bus still rolls downhill.

BAGGINS  
Then make sure you know where all its exits are. --Have you studied with any "Greats?"

Lincoln makes a scrunchy-face in anticipation of the moving bus outside rolling to hit a parked one.

LINCOLN  
The few, the proud --in New York.  
(in a Brooklyn accent)  
Fogetaboutit.

Backing Driver and Gesturing Driver throw punches. Backing-bus hits a parked bus. PARKED DRIVER jumps out his hit bus.

BAGGINS  
Then why not just "move mad?"

Parked Driver joins in the fight with the other Two Drivers. It's W.W.E., geriatric-style.

LINCOLN  
Economics.

CALM DRIVERS rush to break up the now THREE WRESTLING DRIVERS, but are sucked into the threesome's male-melee.

BAGGINS  
Unlimited wants versus limited resources?

It's a full blown brawl out in parking lot. Lincoln makes matching head-movement dodges mimicking thrown blows.

LINCOLN

Exactly. It costs too much to live there.

B.B.B.W. DRIVERS join in the fray. Their butts abound. Jerry Springer's babe-fights got nuthin' on them.

MECHANICS in greasy coveralls now gather around their Roman Arena to bet on the various B.B.B.W Driver funny slap-fights.

BAGGINS

So you didn't have the ...

Parked Driver kicks Backing Driver in his scrotum.

LINCOLN

(grabs own crotch reacting)  
BALLS!

BAGGINS

Quite right. As in, the courage to follow your own dream, 'eh gov'nor?

Outside, Backing Driver falls to his knees, then on his side.

Mechanics encouraging the fighting now do side-bets.

Lincoln makes an "owie-face" as a punch lands outside. He shadow-boxes with them as he answers in a British accent.

LINCOLN

More like, a bloomin' nightmare, guv.

BAGGINS

Then why not simply veg-out properly watching a really naff film in your jim-jams?

Lincoln freezes. Outside, SCHOOL RESOURCE OFFICERS in police-uniforms rush-in to break up the fracas.

Baggins takes Lincoln's non-response as rude disinterest.

BAGGINS

Do you find this job --too exciting?

SRO's throw away Drivers who trip into Mechanics who push back. Now fights break-out between Drivers and Mechanics.



LINCOLN

It's not just a job, it's --

HISPANIC DRIVERS now pull on *Lucha Libre* masks to become Mexican Wrestlers. *Arena México* was never like this.

Lincoln does ducking head-motions looking past Baggins.

LINCOLN

an episode a' *Cops*.

Baggins spins in his chair to look outside his window as the SRO's now use *Tasers* to referee bouts. Drivers and Mechanics fall spasming. Mechanics exit *laughing* as Drivers get on their buses to drive away. Parked Driver and Backing Driver shake hands and drive away. Catrin goes to talk to the SRO's.

Baggins turns back in his chair to write in Lincoln's file, then closes it with authority, *whoom*. They stare.

BAGGINS

"Bob's your uncle" then.

Lincoln salutes, about-faces crisp, and exits goose-stepping.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. BUS PARKING LOT - ACT II**

**CAPTION:** *"If you think education is expensive...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *try ignorance."* Andrew John McIntyre

Lincoln walks to the only bus left. It is numbered 666.

His Attendant, CHANDICE, Jamaican, 50s, wearing a multi-colored dress and rasta cap, is putting yellow duct-tape over their bus's last number "6".

LINCOLN

The mechanics just pull it off.

CHANDICE

Bad ju-ju, mon. Only way I be gettin' on, is to be pre-tendin'.

LINCOLN

Then you're an actor, too.

CHANDICE

Why you so late, kids be waitin'?

LINCOLN

Our fearless leader tried to be  
fear --full.

CHANDICE

Why you fight, what you can't win?

Lincoln kicks the tires as part of required *Pre-Trip Exam*.

LINCOLN

"Sometimes by losing a battle, you  
find a new way to win the war."

CHANDICE

Who say dat, mon?

LINCOLN

Another idiot in charge.

CHANDICE

Your President?

LINCOLN

Baby Trionfi sure ain't mine.

CHANDICE

"Trionfi" --the Tarot trump card?

Lincoln lifts the bus's huge hood to check the oil dipstick.

CHANDICE

Already do Pre-trip, mon.

Lincoln drops hood to re-lock its rubber side hooks.

LINCOLN

Then you can sign the *Trip Log*.

Lincoln reaches into the driver's open window and flips a  
switch. The double-doors swing open. Both get on the bus.

CHANDICE

You be the trip --mon.

Lincoln sits in driver's seat and *starts* the bus. Engine  
*backfires* with a huge cloud of blue smoke out the tailpipe.  
Lincoln imitates Robert Duvall.

LINCOLN

"I love the smell of napalm in the  
morning."

Lincoln clips his seatbelt and turns on the bus's FM-radio.

**EXT. AERIAL VIEW OF BUS PARKING LOT - IMMEDIATELY**

Lincoln's bus pulls out in military parade formation with the other buses to the sound of Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries."

**EXT. A BUS STOP INTERSECTION - LATER SAME MORNING**

STUDENT PASSENGERS wait for their bus on a curb.

Bus 666 pulls up for its first pick up with yellow lights flashing. Bus stops as its red lights come on with driver's "Stop" sign swinging out. A CAR shoots past the bus.

**INT. BUS 666 - IMMEDIATELY**

Lincoln and Chandice watch the car go past their deployed "Stop" sign.

CHANDICE

Soccer mom?

LINCOLN

Single mom. Probably late for work and has to drop her child off at school first.

CHANDICE

Dey more important den us?

LINCOLN

"Dey" --don't even see "us."

Student Passengers begin boarding. Lincoln smiles at them.

LINCOLN

Good morning.

BETA STETSON, male Caucasian, 15, in shorts and a t-shirt, walks by shaking his head.

BETA

Bite me.

Chandice moves her foot out into the aisle. Beta trips over her foot to catch himself with his hands on aisle seat-backs.

CHANDICE

And a blessed day to you, pickney.

THORA THOMPSON, 16, a Caucasian Ten and knows it, is Captain of the Cheerleaders. She is also an L.A. transplant, so takes her Valleyspeak serious. She is impeccably fashionable.

THORA

Put the windows up fer sure! I just  
had my hair coiffed!

Chandice takes off to offer her cap. Her hair is kinky.

CHANDICE

(revulsed)

I don't want to get stabbed by --  
your hair?!

Thora sits in a seat sliding up its top window closed.

ALEJANDRO, 18, Hispanic, has a tear-drop tattoo under one  
eye. He was held back a year. He boards wearing torn jeans  
and torn t-shirt complaining in Spanish, "Life sucks."

ALEJANDRO

La vida apesta.

Lincoln quotes a Mexican proverb in Spanish.

LINCOLN

"Somos tan pequeños como nuestra  
alegría y tan grandes como nuestro  
dolor."

English subtitles form under Lincoln while speaking, "We are  
as small as our joy and as big as our pain."

CHANDICE

You --are in pain, mon.

Alejandro *raspberreries* unimpressed and falls into a seat.

CHANDICE

*And a pain.*

GORT GRUMMANN, too big for his age, decided long ago it was  
easier to be a bully. As their football Lineman, he feels  
entitled. He enters like royalty seeing his favorite victim.

GORT

Move it, loser!

Simon, a four-eye meek geek, makes himself as small as he can  
against the side of the bus holding his books in his lap.

Gort slides in much too hard squashing Simon even more.

GORT

Quit hoggin' the seat.

ALEJANDRO

Matón.

Gort spins in his seat to Alejandro sitting behind them.

GORT

What'd you call me?!

BETA

He said, you're a bully, thug,  
goon, hoodlum, roughneck, and a  
bruiser.

Gort's brain never grew as big as his brawn, so he has to  
Break the Fourth Wall with an astonished look.

GORT

He said all that?

THORA

Quit picking on G.G.!

Silence, then Beta and Alejandro break out *laughing*.

BETA

You put the "moron" in "oxy."

Gort stands double-*thumping* his chest like King Kong.

Their bus pulls over quickly. Gort has to hold on.

Lincoln puts on the four-way flashers and stands turning.

LINCOLN

Sit, Down!

GORT

When I feel like it!

LINCOLN

NOW!

Gort's not sure what to do. People don't usually challenge  
him. This is new, so he backhands Simon smiling evil.

LINCOLN

Sit in the front, please.

Gort slides into his seat jamming Simon against the side.

LINCOLN

This bus is not moving, until you  
do.

Lincoln and Gort stare like poker players. Gort folds and walks to the front. Lincoln points at Chandice who pats her seat's open space. Gort shrinks back.

CHANDICE

Chigger toes afraid a' gravel?

GORT

What'd you call me?

LINCOLN

It's a Jamaican saying for "Someone hurt, knows what to avoid."

GORT

Huh?

LINCOLN

American slang could be, "Were you dropped on your head as a baby?"

It hurts when he tries to think, so Gort sits with only one cheek on edge of Chandice's seat with his legs in the aisle.

LINCOLN

Buses don't have seat belts. Your only protection is the crash-pad in front of you. All the way in please, and face forward.

Gort straightens in his seat *grumbling* like a bear.

Lincoln sits and begins driving again.

LINCOLN

We need to talk. Do not get off the bus with everyone else at school.

FADE OUT.

**INT. GROUND FLOOR OF A BUILDING LATER SAME DAY - ACT III**

Empty office space was rented for the day. Sign says "Film Casting." Brown paper covers its floor-to-ceiling windows.

**CAPTION:** *If you get the chance to act in a room that somebody else has paid rent for ...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *you're given a free chance to practice your craft.* - Phillip Seymour Hoffman

CASTING DIRECTOR "C.D.", 40s female, has been in Show Business long enough to where it is now just a job.

CAMERAMAN/READER, 30s male in jeans and a flannel shirt, is fiddling with his tripod camera.

The door opens and sunlight pours in.

Lincoln stands in the doorway with an aura around his body.

C.D.  
Name?

LINCOLN  
Lincoln, Larry.

C.D.  
Union?

LINCOLN  
Non.

C.D. checks his name off on her clipboard.

C.D.  
Stand on the "X."

Lincoln looks down. Two pieces of black gaffer tape are crossed on the floor in front of a white screen. He stands on their "x" and clears his throat.

C.D.  
Slate, then read your Lines.

Cameraman looks through his lens, then points at Lincoln.

LINCOLN  
Larry Lincoln, six foot, non-union,  
local hire, reading for the part of  
Noonan.

Lincoln becomes enraged and grips the air with his fists.

LINCOLN  
I said --"Where Is She?!"

Cameraman reads Response Line like a corpse with same timber.

CAMERAMAN  
*"I don't know."*

Lincoln throws imaginary partner to the floor and looks down.

LINCOLN  
"Don't make me angry! --You won't  
like me angry!"

Lincoln pauses, shakes his head, then asks a question.

LINCOLN

I get that I'm an angry ex-cop  
looking for his missing drug-addict  
daughter, but I don't see any  
Police Officer, even retired, ever  
snapping an innocent's neck.

C.D. doesn't look up speaking with rote non-passion.

C.D.

She's not innocent, she's a hooker.

LINCOLN

I went through my Citizen's Police  
Academy, so I have lot of respect  
for LEOs, and they just wouldn't...

C.D.

She's a prostitute, read as  
written.

LINCOLN

Can I just grab a lamp and knock  
her out?

C.D.

You're not reading for the part of  
screenwriter.

LINCOLN

Fine, don't cast me, but if you  
shoot this scene as is, you will  
lose any law enforcement sitting in  
the audience.

C.D.

Thank you for coming in (*not*).  
(Drill Instructor yell)  
NEXT!

The door re-opens flooding the room with sunlight.

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL OFFICE - LATER THAT AFTERNOON**

A long counter behind which sits the OFFICE SECRETARY, 50s,  
frumpy, who might at one time actually have been a C.D. She  
is seated at her desk writing and never looks up.

Lincoln, now again in his Driver's uniform, enters.



LINCOLN  
Vice Principal wants to see me?

SECRETARY  
Bus?

LINCOLN  
Triple-six.

Secretary points down the hall.

Lincoln puts on his "actor" face and strides down the hall.

**INT. VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - CONTINUOUS**

Lincoln steps in the doorway and waits.

Vice Principal STEVENS, 30s Caucasian female, sits behind her desk writing. She points to an empty chair not looking up.

Lincoln sits in the chair and scans. He's a trained actor. He nods deciding everything suggests Stevens is anal-retentive.

STEVENS  
We had a parent complaint  
saying you grabbed her son this  
morning and dragged him to the  
front of your bus.

LINCOLN  
(has to smile)  
You do know our buses have cameras?

STEVENS  
(now she looks up)  
That parent is very upset.

LINCOLN  
We have a saying in Show Business.  
"Never pretend, behind the camera."

STEVENS  
Meaning?

LINCOLN  
"Meaning," Drivers know we are  
being filmed.

STEVENS  
So?

LINCOLN

"So" --all you have to do is call  
Catrin and ask our feed be watched.

STEVENS

The parent is quite convincing.

LINCOLN

Wow, okay, if you don't believe my  
video, interview the other kids.

STEVENS

I did.

LINCOLN

And --?

STEVENS

All of them said you never touched  
him.

LINCOLN

"Him" --being Gort?

STEVENS

He told his mother you were very  
rude.

LINCOLN

"Rude?" As in I was offensively  
impolite or ill-mannered?

(no response)

The camera sees what it wants to.

(no response)

Do I need my Union Rep?

STEVENS

No need, I've already filed my  
report as inconclusive.

LINCOLN

"Inconclusive?!" But I'm innocent?  
What is she, President of the  
P.T.A.?

(no response)

Oh my god --she is.

STEVENS

God is not relevant --in public  
schools.

Stevens mouth drops open as he Breaks the Fourth Wall.

LINCOLN  
Nothing like "snapping an  
innocent's neck."

STEVENS  
I'll note you dispute my finding.

LINCOLN  
What "finding?" When in doubt,  
don't doubt the parent?

STEVENS  
Thank you for coming in. In the  
future, be more careful.

LINCOLN  
Meaning bus drivers are always the  
scapegoat.

STEVENS  
"Meaning" --I'll be watching you.

Lincoln point two fingers to his eyes, then at Stevens, and  
Breaks the Fourth Wall.

LINCOLN  
Those who can't teach --administer.

Lincoln exits.

**EXT. SAME SCHOOL'S FRONT DRIVEWAY - MOMENTS LATER**

A single-file of buses are parked near the curb bumper to  
bumper. Drivers sit in their seats while STUDENTS load. Bus  
666 still has its third "6" taped over.

**INT. BUS 666 - IMMEDIATELY**

Lincoln enters. He and Chandice sit on their bus silent.

CHANDICE  
So di ting set?

LINCOLN  
"That's the way it is?" --Yes.

CHANDICE  
Bait up, she did?

LINCOLN  
"Set me up for a downfall?" --  
Probably.

CHANDICE

If a dirt, a dirt.

LINCOLN

Yes, "it is what it is?"

Gort gets on the bus *Cheshire Cat* smiling.

LINCOLN

Know what I love most about the  
Business of Story Telling?

Gort freezes. Thinking takes so much energy.

LINCOLN

All the stories I get to tell about  
"The Business." --All you did, was  
give me a story.

GORT

(smiles evil)

Bet it don't have no happy ending.

Gort sits in a seat triumphant.

CHANDICE

(staring straight ahead)

*Skim dem teeth, mesquito net.*

Lincoln chuckles, then starts the engine. It *backfires*.

FADE OUT.

**EXT. DRIVERS LOUNGE NEXT MORNING - ACT IV**

Lincoln pulls up on his motorcycle and parks, then enters.

**CAPTION:** *A mind stretched by new ideas...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *may never return to its original dimensions. -  
Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr.*

**INT. DRIVERS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Usual din of multiple Driver simultaneous *conversations*  
ranging from the politically punctuated to adulterous absurd.

JABARI "JAR-JAR" is from Cape Town and is African-Black. He  
is trying to persuade his fellow cab driver friend, DAKARAI  
"DAKTARI" from Swahili who is also tar-black, to his own  
unique way of reasoning. Jar-Jar thinks of himself as the  
next Mandela. Both are in Transportation Uniforms.

JAR-JAR

A 231-member council elected to represent a city divided into 116 wards is too, too much, mon!

(no response, continues)

Metropolitan municipalities then divided into 24 sub-councils electing an executive mayor who appoints a committee that picks a city manager is not truly democratic to the peoples! Do you not be seein' my point, mon?

Daktari's eyes have glazed-over by now.

DAKTARI

Your point bein', mon?

Jar-Jar throws up his hands *cursing* in African.

DAKTARI

Ahhh, now that, I be agreein' with.

Lincoln enters followed by Chandice.

DAKTARI

There she be! Our own Nubian princess.

Chandice *mutters* something in Jamaican. Lincoln nods.

JAR-JAR

So, how did it go?

LINCOLN

It, went.

DAKTARI

Re-writing their re-write again?

LINCOLN

"To thine own self be true."

CHANDICE

"And it must follow, as the night the day, Thou canst not play the fool --for just anyone."

ALL tilt their head at Chandice, "That's not how it goes?"

BAGGINS (O.S.)

Lincoln!

CHANDICE  
Playtime --fool.

Lincoln already knows what this meeting is about.

**INT. BAGGINS'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Baggins has his dry-cleaned coat on with tie tied perfect.

Lincoln enters and sits across from Baggins.

LINCOLN  
This about that untrue allegation?

Baggins flies a form across desk to Lincoln who ignores it.

BAGGINS  
Sign.

LINCOLN  
What?

BAGGINS  
That.

LINCOLN  
Why?

BAGGINS  
You know.

LINCOLN  
What?

BAGGINS  
Disciplinary Coaching.

LINCOLN  
When?

BAGGINS  
Right now.

LINCOLN  
Need my Union Rep.

BAGGINS  
No you don't.

LINCOLN  
"No --you, don't."

BAGGINS

What?

LINCOLN

Exactly.

Lincoln exits. Baggins's face actually turns crimson.

**INT. DRIVERS LOUNGE - MOMENTS LATER**

Lincoln enters. Jar-Jar and Daktari are in conversation.

LINCOLN

You two still tag-team taxiing?

JAR-JAR

Yes?

LINCOLN

When do you sleep?

DAKTARI

On our busses ...

JAR-JAR

between Runs.

LINCOLN

Sounds rough.

JAR-JAR

It is the only way to pay bills.

DAKTARI

We have large families.

LINCOLN

Good luck.

Catrin enters with a Run Log page.

CATRIN

Last minute Special Run with  
Attendant!

LINCOLN

(grabs her Run page)

On it.

(to Chandice)

John-crow, yuh waan flap a wing?

CHANDICE

Mi Soon Come.

Chandice continues reading her paperback.

Lincoln taps a foot impatient.

LINCOLN

Wah gwaan?

Chandice dog-ears a page and stands straightening her outfit.

CHANDICE

Mi deh yah, yuh know.

Lincoln and Chandice exit. Catrin goes back into her office.

CATRIN

*Chaka-Chaka.*

Jar-Jar and Daktari have been watching politely.

JAR-JAR

Now about Parliament --

FADE OUT.

**INT. BUS 666 NEXT MORNING - ACT V**

Chandice in a new outfit reaches in Driver's window and flips the door switch. Accordion doors open and she enters her bus.

**CAPTION:** *An investment in knowledge...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *pays the best interest. - Benjamin Franklin*

Chandice walks to the back of the bus to remove the magnetic red triangle flag hanging from metal above the back window to prove someone has "checked" the bus for sleeping students.

Lincoln *snores* sleeping across the back seat in same clothes.

CHANDICE

Kick up rumpus?

Lincoln *snores-gags* himself awake, then stretches yawning.

LINCOLN

*Overnight shoot in New York.*

CHANDICE

Student Film?

LINCOLN

(sits up groggy)  
Indy.



CHANDICE  
Deferred Pay?

LINCOLN  
(shakes head *coughing*)  
Snacks and DVD copy.

Both look at each other.

CHANDICE/LINCOLN  
R-i-g-h-t.

Both walk up to the front of the bus. Lincoln staggers.

CHANDICE  
Why you work for nuttin', mon?

LINCOLN  
Every time you step onto a Set,  
you're in acting class.

Lincoln sits in Driver's seat and grabs the Pre-Trip Log clipboard. Chandice two-finger *whistles*. He hands her the clipboard without looking, then starts engine. It *backfires*.

Chandice hands back now initialed clipboard with a "New Student" form on top. Lincoln reads and nods. Bus exits.

**INT. BUS 666 FIRST STOP - MOMENTS LATER**

Lincoln turns on his bus's red flashers and parks. Bus doors open and red Stop Sign swings out on Lincoln's side.

Same earlier car shoots past their bus illegally.

Chandice exits the bus.

**EXT. BUS 666 FIRST STOP - CONTINUOUS**

Chandice steps off the bus.

MOTHER waits with DISABLED SON. Chandice helps Son climb the bus stairs. Mother watches with hands clasped to chest.

Through the windows she sees him push away from Chandice and sit by himself in the middle of the bus being independent.

**INT. BUS 666 HEADING TO SCHOOL - LATER THAT MORNING**

Bus is now full of Students going to their middle school.

Chandice sits in her front seat opposite Lincoln turned sideways watching Disabled Son. Gort now sits beside him.

Lincoln glances up into his huge rear-view mirror. Gort smiles evil at him, then back-hands Disabled Son.

Chandice snaps her head to Lincoln whose eyes go to slits.

LINCOLN

I saw him.

Lincoln pulls the bus over and activates its four-way flashers. He goes back to Gort.

LINCOLN

You know the downside about being a bully?

(no response)

There's always someone bigger.

Lincoln interlocks his fingers and *cracks* all eight knuckles. They sound like plywood breaking.

LINCOLN

We don't move, till you do. Up front.

Lincoln and Gort stare.

LINCOLN

Now.

GORT

You can't make me.

LINCOLN

No --but they can.

Lincoln waves a hand to all the other Students who watch them like the audience at an MMA match.

LINCOLN

Change seats with the attendant.

Lincoln motions Chandice to come back and sit with Disabled Son. Chandice comes back to stand with Lincoln now behind Gort who turns to see them staring at him. He moves to front.

Chandice points to look out the rear window. Lincoln bends to see a huge queue of cars sitting behind them. The first one mistook the hazard lights as school warning lights. Lincoln rushes to the front to flip up the right turn signal and pull off the hazards. Cars in both directions pass by.

LINCOLN

*Now you stop.*

**INT. MIDDLE SCHOOL VICE PRINCIPAL'S OFFICE - MOMENTS LATER**

Stevens sits at her desk writing. *Knock* on her door.

STEVENS

Come in.

Lincoln enters marching and stomps one foot to stop like a British soldier. He hands a form to Stevens.

STEVENS

What's this?

LINCOLN

Disciplinary Report for assault.

Stevens reads it silent.

LINCOLN

You'll notice it's witnessed by my Attendant.

(no response)

I'll be turning in a copy to our Transportation Supervisor along with a request to pull the digital recording of my bus camera as evidence.

STEVENS

(looks up)

Where is he?

LINCOLN

Gort is outside your office. The injured student is in the Nurse's office. Do you need me for anything else?

STEVENS

You've done quite enough.

Lincoln salutes like a British soldier palm facing out, about faces crisp, and exits keeping his arms straight while swinging their hands forward as high as his shoulders. His *whistling* the opening of *The March of Colonel Bogey* from "The Bridge on the River Kwai" echoes down the hall.

**INT. DRIVERS LOUNGE - THAT AFTERNOON**

End of the day so Lounge is full of Drivers and Attendants.

Lincoln and Chandice enter.

MICHAEL (O.S.)  
Yoo-hoo, Larry!

Lincoln looks to see MICHAEL, 30s Caucasian, fit-for-age, wearing a tie on his Transportation shirt, waving at him.

Chandice goes to talk with ANOTHER ATTENDANT. Lincoln goes to Michael.

LINCOLN  
What's up, Michael?

Michael's speech pattern and mannerisms suggest he is LGBTQ.

MICHAEL  
*You're in trou-ble.*

LINCOLN  
How so?

MICHAEL  
*The Vice Principal at your middle school filed charges against you.*

LINCOLN  
For what?!

MICHAEL  
(makes a scrunchy-face)  
*Making a rude hand gesture at her.*

LINCOLN  
I saluted her!

BAGGINS (O.S.)  
Lincoln!

Lincoln removes a mini tape-recorder from his shirt pocket, turns it on, puts it back, and goes to Baggins.

LINCOLN  
*Un-f'n-believable.*

FADE OUT.

**INT. BAGGIN'S OFFICE SAME DAY - EPILOGUE**

Baggins sits at desk with back to door looking out window.

**CAPTION:** *Education is the most powerful weapon you can use...*

**FADE CAPTION:** *to change the world. - Nelson Mandela*

Lincoln enters the open door

LINCOLN

A hand gesture --really?

Baggins turns in his chair. He is not happy.

BAGGINS

Show me.

Lincoln does a perfect British salute.

BAGGINS

She says one finger was out.

Lincoln looks at his hand confused, "How would you do that?"

LINCOLN

Do you believe her?

BAGGINS

I have to.

Baggins points to a form on his desk turned towards Lincoln.

LINCOLN

"Leadership is not a rank, it's a responsibility."

BAGGINS

Who said that?

LINCOLN

Simon Oliver Sinek.

BAGGINS

Who?

LINCOLN

Exactly.

BAGGINS

Sign.

LINCOLN

Trade ya'.

Lincoln swaps Gort's Incident Report for Baggins's Write-up.

LINCOLN

Good thing I'm still in the  
Teacher's Union.

BAGGINS

You know you can't win.

LINCOLN

"Victorious warriors win first --  
and then go to war."

BAGGINS

You do know I'm in the National  
Guard, so quoting Sun Tzu won't  
save you. "The supreme art of war  
is to subdue the enemy --without  
fighting."

LINCOLN

Exactly.

Lincoln about-faces and exits.

LINCOLN (O.S.)

See you tomorrow.

BAGGINS

*"Plan for what is difficult, while  
it is still easy."*

LINCOLN (O.S.)

I agree!

**INT. DRIVERS LOUNGE - CONTINUOUS**

Lincoln enters. By now Michael has told everyone and ALL look  
at Lincoln. He smiles quoting.

LINCOLN

"You don't have to be crazy to  
become a school bus driver --"

DRIVERS/ATTENDANTS

"The kids will train you!"

ALL *laugh*. Just another typical day in School Transportation.

FADE OUT.