

Bad Drive

by  
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INT. AIRPORT - DAY

MILTON BIRD, 40s, dressed for the Opera, shuffles through the small airport. He glances up and scans the signs above him and veers to the right to the Delta baggage desk.

MILTON

Good morning. I need to check in one bag.  
I have a flight in an hour.

Milton struggles to get out his driver's license.

He hands it to the attendant, 30s, with a folded paper.

Attendant unfolds the paper and looks up the information on her computer.

ATTENDANT

Hello sir, I'm sorry to inform you, but this flight has been cancelled. You should have received an email.

Milton leans over the counter to see what is on the computer.

The attendant leans back and moves her computer out of sight of Milton.

MILTON

My phone died, but what... why?

ATTENDANT

Your destination is currently not receiving incoming flights due to COVID-19. I'm sorry.

The attendant hands Milton his items.

Milton readjusts his suit and snatches his things away from the Attendant. He slams the counter and turns around.

MILTON

This is absurd. I'm just trying to see my grandkids. I promised them I would be there in the morning.

Milton gathers his things and rushes out to his car.

INT. CAR - DAY

Milton hits his steering wheel. He glances in his rearview mirror.

Milton's car stutters. A POP echoes from the hood.

MILTON

You've got to be kidding me.

Milton turns on the hazard lights and pulls over to the emergency lane. His car cuts off. He cranks it but it won't start.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Milton pulls out his phone, clicks the contact *Shane*.

MILTON

First, my flight gets cancelled and now, this car breaks down. What next? Huh, what the heck is going to happen next?

Milton hits the car with his elbow.

SHANE V.O.

Dad, it'll be OK. I'll just tell the girls you can't make it.

Milton hangs throws it at the window, BREAKING the glass.

A gold car pulls up behind Milton's parked car.

Milton peers through the windshield.

DEBORAH BIRD, 50s casually dressed, steps out of the car and smooths her clothes. She coughs a fake cough and fans the air.

DEBORAH

Oh Lord. Milton. Are you okay?

Milton rolls his eyes and hits his head three times.

MILTON

(to himself)

This is the last person I want to see.

MILTON (CONT'D)

(to Deborah)

Deb, I don't need this right now. Just get back in your car and leave now.

Deborah approaches Milton's car and looks inside.

DEBORAH

I can give you a ride home if you want. I was heading that way anyway.

Milton looks up at the sky and inhales a deep breath. He cracks his neck and turns to face Deborah.

MILTON

I was actually in route to Texas. I was trying to see the grandkids.

He looks at the cracked window.

MILTON (CONT'D)

But that's just not going to happen.

Deborah leans in to hug Milton but Milton jumps back.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Um, social distancing remember.

Deborah rolls her eyes and takes a few steps back.

DEBORAH

Ride with me. I wanted to go see them since I'll be off from work for the next few weeks.

Milton looks up confused.

MILTON

But...

His quick smile fades to an angry face.

MILTON (CONT'D)

Absolutely not. I'm not driving six hours on the road with you.

Milton shakes his heads and laughs at what he just heard.

Deborah jokingly motions toward her car.

Milton hesitates then cracks a smile.

MILTON (CONT'D)

If I do this, you can't get on my nerves. And I need to sleep, I've been up since yesterday morning because of the symphony I was in and preparing for this trip.

Deborah claps her hands in excitement.

DEBORAH

Got it. Let's go, I just need to pack a bag.

EXT. DEBORAH'S HOUSE - DAY

Deborah struggles to load a large suitcase in her trunk.

Milton jumps out to help load the bag. He drops the bag on the ground and jumps to miss smashing his feet.

MILTON

Why is this so heavy? We're only staying the weekend.

Deborah shoots Milton an unbothered look.

DEBORAH

Thanks.

Milton rolls his eyes. He loads the bag in the trunk and SLAMS it shut. He walks over to the driver's side.

Deborah stops Milton and smiles.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)

Oh, no sir. You've been up too long. I'll drive. Just give me the directions.

Milton begins to protest but stops.

MILTON'S PHONE

Milton puts in the directions to the Shane's house. The arrival time is 5:23PM.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY

MILTON

Well good, it'll still be daylight when we get there.

Milton looks at Deborah and leans in closer.

MILTON (CONT'D)

All you have to do is follow the directions. I just need to sleep for an hour.

Deborah chuckles to herself.

DEBORAH

I know how to use it. You get you some rest.

Milton gets comfortable in the seat and falls asleep.

Milton moves around in his sleep. He opens an eye then wakes up.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY - LATER

MILTON

Where are we?

Deborah looks over at Milton timidly. She points to the dashboard.

DEBORAH

It should say it on there.

Milton composes himself. He looks on the map.

MILTON

Why are we going north?

Deborah tries to see what Milton is looking at but looks back at the road.

MILTON (CONT'D)

All you had to do was follow the directions. You drove an hour the wrong way.

Deborah laughs at herself.

DEBORAH

I knew something looked off.

Milton pulls out his phone and texts Shane.

MILTON (TEXT)

*You won't believe what your mom did. She drove a whole hour the wrong way.*

Milton slams his phone on his lap.

DEBORAH

I'm so sorry. Just put in the right directions. I know where to go.

Milton looks over to Deborah and cracks his neck. He adjusts the directions and leans back into his seat.

He waits a few moments before dozing back off to sleep.

Deborah scans the radio and stops at a station. She turns the volume up and starts to hum.

Milton wakes up upset and bug-eyed.

Deborah glances over at Milton and chuckles.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
I see you still wake up ugly.

Milton slams the dashboard.

MILTON  
Everything's not a game Deb. Everything's not funny.

Deborah tightens her grip around the steering wheel.

DEBORAH  
Well I am too. And I'm trying to do something nice for you because I know you hate me.

Deborah looks over at Milton.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
I know you blame me for the divorce and how your life turned out.

Milton gazes deep into his lap. He rubs his legs and looks out the passenger window.

Deborah leans in closer to get a response.

Milton glances toward her and points out the window.

MILTON  
Look out for the cones.

Deborah rushes to look back at road and swerves the car to miss hitting anything.

She looks back at Milton and smiles.

She turns back to look at the road and runs over a pothole swerving the car.

MILTON (CONT'D)  
Shit.

DEBORAH  
O my goodness. O my.

Milton grabs the steering wheel to help straighten the car.

MILTON  
You need to pull over, you have a flat.

Deborah gets off at the next exit and pulls into a gas station.

The car rolls to a stop.

DEBORAH  
Umm, I don't have a spare.

Milton jumps out the car and kicks the door.

Deborah looks through the window at Milton and glances at her wedding finger. She cries into her hands.

EXT. CAR - DAY

Milton takes out his phone and sends Shane a text message.

MILTON (TEXT)

*I can't do this. You know I can't stand how your mom doesn't take anything serious. I can't do this with her.*

Shane sends Milton a picture of his grandkids holding their thumbs up.

Milton looks at the picture then looks back at the car. He lets out a muffled roar.

Deborah hops out the car and wipes her face. She runs over to Milton's side and looks down at his phone.

DEBORAH  
What is it?

Milton hands Deborah the phone.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
(in awe))  
Look at my babies.

She scrolls up and sees the message Milton sent to Shane.

Milton snatches his phone from Deborah. He motions his hand toward the car

MILTON  
Who doesn't keep a spare?

Deborah leans up against her car and shakes her head.

DEBORAH  
You know, this is all your fault.

Milton heads to the driver's side and gets in the car.

Deborah turns and approaches the driver's side of the door.

DEBORAH (CONT'D)  
Get out. Now.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY

Milton looks at Deborah and shakes his head. He locks his door. He pulls up a list of tow companies on his phone.

He starts calling them but gives up after two calls.

EXT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY

Deborah walks around the car a few times. She takes a deep breath and calms herself down. She pulls out her phone and looks up a taxi company.

She makes a phone call. She waits a moment then heads back to the car.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY

Deborah glares through the windshield and smiles.

EXT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY

A taxi pulls up next to Deborah's car.

INT. DEBORAH'S CAR - DAY

Milton looks over at the taxi and squints at it.

MILTON

I wonder why they parked over here.

DEBORAH

The taxi's for you. Didn't you say you were done?

Milton looks at Deborah in disgust.

MILTON

Have you lost your mind?

DEBORAH

You're the one who lost his mind. I want you to get out of my car, now. This trip is over.

MILTON

I'm not going anywhere except to see my grandkids.

Milton leans back in the seat and looks at Deborah.

MILTON (CONT'D)

I'm not going home. I promised them I would be there.

Deborah scratches her head.

DEBORAH

This whole trip you've been resistant, now you have the chance to turn around and you don't want to?

Milton gazes out the window and sees a U-Haul passing by.

He smiles and perks up in his seat.

MILTON

I can't turn around. I made a promise.

Milton perks up.

Look how about we get a small U-haul truck and hitch the car on the back.

DEBORAH

What about my tire.

MILTON

We can fix it when we get to Shane's.

Deborah rolls her window down and waves off the taxi. She smiles and nods at Milton.

Milton glances away from Deborah. He pulls out his phone and looks up U-Haul companies nearby.

He calls the first one.

EXT. SHANE'S HOUSE - NIGHT

A U-Haul pulls into the driveway. Milton and Deborah hop out.

Milton gives Deborah a hug.

MILTON

I don't hate you. I never have.

MILTON (CONT'D)

You just work my nerves sometimes.

DEBORAH

You know you work my nerves too.

Milton points to himself and laughs.

MILTON

Look, I know I have to work on my anger.

Deborah gasps.

DEBORAH

Mr. Milton Bird, did I just hear you admit something?

Milton shakes his head no. He walks up the front porch. He rings the doorbell.

An Asian woman, 60s, answers the door.

ASIAN LADY

Hello, how can I help you.

Milton and Deborah look at each other and Milton hits himself in the head.

MILTON

I forgot to use the new address.

Milton and Deborah run to the U-Haul. Milton puts in the correct address and drives off.

They arrive at Shane's house with everyone outside waiting for them. They turn to each other and laugh.