

The DMV Experience

written by

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INT. DMV - DAY

DARREN (20) stands near the front of the line at the DMV. He's tall, thin, and has great taste in fashion. His backpack is on the ground at his side.

Darren lazily taps his phone. He looks bored and irritated.

ANDRE (16) stands just behind Darren, impatiently tapping his foot on the floor. He's fidgeting a fair amount, trying to hide his excitement.

The DMV ATTENDANT rings a bell at the front of the line.

The DMV Attendant impatiently shoos an OLD MAN away.

The Old Man exits the line quickly, keys in hand. He presses a button on his key fob, and the first notes of Beethoven's 5th ring out in the parking lot from a car horn.

Most of the patrons in the DMV, including Andre, look out of the window, surprised. Darren doesn't look.

The Old Man grins to himself on his way out.

Darren steps up, 2nd in line. His backpack remains behind.

Andre looks back from the window and notices the backpack.

Andre taps Darren on the shoulder, holding the backpack up.

Darren turns halfway around.

Andre points at the backpack, smiling politely.

Darren nods approvingly as he reaches out to grab the pack.

During the exchange, Darren unintentionally brushes his hand against Andre's.

The bell rings again.

Darren flashes a coy, half-smile before turning back and stepping forward. He's at the front of the line.

Andre looks a little surprised. He places his hand over his heart and mouths a light "wow."

Andre looks around briefly to see if anyone noticed.

The DMV is full of uninterested patrons except BETH (16) who clearly saw what just happened.

Beth's eyes are large and she looks like she's seconds away from squealing in delight.

Beth smiles broadly and gives Andre an enthusiastic thumbs-up, nodding heavily in encouragement.

Andre blushes for a beat, clearly embarrassed.

Andre breathes deeply, stands up straight, and taps Darren on the shoulder again.

Darren turns around, an eyebrow raised.

Andre offers out his hand.

Darren pauses, looking briefly from Andre to his hand.

Darren shakes Andre's hand. Before he can let go, Andre fishes a card out from his wallet.

Andre proudly holds up a learner's permit that lists "100 HOURS" and has a checkbox next to it. The permit indicates that he's 16 years old.

Darren raises an eyebrow.

Andre points to the permit and then points at Darren quizzically.

Another bell rings.

Darren points toward the front of the line as he's being summoned.

Without waiting for a response, Darren turns and walks up to the counter.

Andre stands in silence for a beat, red in the face and sweating, phone in one hand, pantomimed phone in the other.

As he lowers his hands, Andre avoids making eye contact with Beth, as she cringes lightly.

Darren's expression remains muted. The DMV Attendant gestures toward a camera to his side.

Darren quickly swaps to a half-assed smile. The camera flashes. As quickly as it came, he's back to looking bored.

A woman near Beth coughs, Andre's eyes meet with Beth's.

After a pained beat, she flashes a strained smile and a less bombastic thumbs-up than before.

The DMV attendant reaches back to a printer, pulling a card out, handing it to Darren.

Darren begins walking away from the line.

The bell rings once more.

Andre starts to try to catch Darren's attention, but the DMV Attendant rings the bell again.

Andre sighs, lowers his hand, and approaches the DMV Attendant.

Andre looks back briefly as Darren exits the DMV.

A finger and thumb snap in front of him to get his attention.

The DMV Attendant gestures toward the camera.

Andre smiles sincerely, but he looks a little stressed. The camera flashes. He blinks and rubs his eyes.

The DMV Attendant reaches back to the printer and pulls out a card, handing it to Andre.

The driver's license picture of him looks terrible. One eye is closed with an awkward half smile and bad posture.

Andre grimaces and lifts up a finger expectantly to get the DMV Attendant's attention.

The DMV Attendant gives Andre a stone cold look.

The DMV Attendant rings the bell after a beat.

Andre sighs again, walking toward the exit of the DMV.

Andre meets Beth's eyes one last time. She gives him a sympathetic shrug.

Andre pushes the door open and leaves.

EXT. DMV PARKING LOT - CONTINUOUS

Andre scowls at his license and pockets it.

Andre spots Darren smoking by his car. He holds up his hand. Darren does not acknowledge Andre.

Andre walks up to Darren who looks exhausted by the idea of continuing their conversation.

Darren rolls his eyes lightly.

Andre pulls out his phone, pantomiming "call me?" with his other hand, looking hopefully at Darren.

Darren closes his eyes for a beat and takes a breath.

Darren shakes his head coldly.

Andre start to sweat, looking a little overwhelmed. He turns pale and fumbles with gestures to communicate that it's fine and that he has to go anyway.

Andre turns to walk away.

Darren flicks his cigarette into a nearby trashcan, turning around. His expression softens and he turns back.

Darren puts a hand on Andre's shoulder, stopping him.

Darren shows Andre his license, indicating that he's 20 years old.

Darren half-shrugs with a small, sympathetic smile.

Darren opens his car and gets in.

Darren drives out of the parking lot without looking back.

Andre sits down at the sidewalk in front of the stores. Tears well up in his eyes.

Andre pulls out his driver's license again, looking at it with grief. He hits his head lightly against the brick building behind him.

Beth exits the DMV and spots Andre. She looks around, seeing that he's alone.

Beth sits down next to Andre and pats him on the back. She sees his driver's license picture.

Beth nudges Andre and pulls out her own driver's license, which has an equally shitty picture. She playfully shrugs.

Andre looks stunned at the photo for a second and starts laughing. Beth laughs with him. The two lean their heads back and watch as cars pass down the street.

Beethoven's 5th plays from the street as the Old Man speeds by laughing.

After a beat, a siren chirps and a cop car speeds after the Old Man.

FADE TO BLACK

OVER BLACK

Rejection is a part of growing up

But you don't have to endure it alone

It gets better (".org" fades in)

["Rejection" cycles through other issues with increasing speed: "Depression," "Loneliness," "Stress," "Fear," "Uncertainty." The cycle stops on the final word, "Pain"]