

TAXI DRIVER

by Daniel Bell

SCENE:

INT. CHICAGO NOT NYC CAB - NIGHT

A young man flags down a cab. The cab slams on it's breaks and "lets" the young man, RILEY in. The cab- I mean taxi driver, is on the phone.

RILEY

Are you going uptown?

TRAVI B.

(gruff)

Mhemem.

RILEY

Downtown?

TRAVI B.

(gruff)

Mhemem!

RILEY

Ok! I will close the door. I am going to Rogers Park-

TRAVI B.

(gruff)

Mhemem!

RILEY

(quiet)

You are on the phone. Sorry.

TRAVI B. will not get off the phone. Ever. Things are about to get real. He is yelling into the phone. We only hear his side of the conversation.

TRAVI B.

(uberloud, phone)

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to!

(beat)

Then who the hell else are you talking to...!

(beat)

RILEY

(quiet)

Sir I didn't really tell you where I am going.

TRAVI B.

(uberloud, phone)

...You talking to me?!

RILEY

(quiet)

The address is...

TRAVI B.

(uberloud, phone)

...You talking to me?!

RILEY

I don't think you are talking to me.

TRAVI B.

(uberloud, phone)

Who the fuck do you think you're talking to!

(beat)

Oh yeah?! OK!

RILEY

I don't feel safe.

V.O.

Uber.com for when you don't feel safe in a strange car,  
in a strange city. Rent a car and a shotgun and be your  
own Taxi Driver.

END SCENE: