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Cast of Characters

MARGIE, 40s, the instructor. Probably insane.

GAIL, 16, the driver. Agitated. With good cause.

Setting

Inside a car.

At its simplest, the car can simply be four chairs lined up to suggest a vehicle. You could make the car more elaborate if you wish, but it's not necessary.

A Note on Mime

This play relies on mime. Actors need to act out opening the door, the seatbelt, and driving. Make sure to be consistent with it. A lot of the physical humor comes from consistency and detail in the miming of the car.

A Note on Casting

Although the play is written for two female performers, it is possible to cast Margie as a male actor in drag. That might be pretty funny, actually.

DRIVER'S TEST

by Don Zolidis

(Lights up on a car.)

(MARGIE enters with an iPad. [If you don't have an iPad or tablet computer, you can simply use a clipboard.])

(She walks around to the passenger side.)

MARGIE. *(Big smile:)* Okey-dokey, here we are.

(GAIL follows nervously.)

GAIL. That's it, huh?

MARGIE. Oh yeah. This is it. This is the guy. I call him George.

(She strokes the car.)

GAIL. Aren't cars normally female?

MARGIE. Not this one. He's all man. I don't have a lot of love in my life, so I'm compensating.

(Gives the car a squeeze.)

All righty then. At this point I need to inform you that we will be recording the test to analyze your performance.

GAIL. You're recording this?

MARGIE. That is what I have just said to you. Do you consent to the recording?

GAIL. What if I said no?

MARGIE. Then the test is over and you don't get your driver's license. And also then you probably take the bus for the rest of your life, which will most likely be short because crazy people ride the bus.

GAIL. Okay then. I consent to the recording.

MARGIE. Fantastic. Please enter the vehicle.

(They open the doors and sit in the seats.)

By the way, I know we're doing this test thing here, but I want us to be friends, okay?

GAIL. Okay.

MARGIE. You can call me Margie.

GAIL. Okay Margie.

MARGIE. And I'll call you puddin'.

(GAIL is unnerved.)

MARGIE. I'M KIDDING!

(MARGIE laughs uproariously.)

I am too much. Okay—no I am friending you on Facebook though.

(GAIL reaches for her phone.)

GAIL. Oh, uh—

MARGIE. (Suddenly stern:) If you check your phone you fail.

GAIL. The car hasn't started yet.

MARGIE. I don't joke about texting while driving. Serious issue.

GAIL. Okay, sorry. Is there um...

MARGIE. I'm kidding again! Did you see your face?! Woo!

GAIL. I wonder if there are other instructors available.

(Pause. MARGIE is hurt.)

I didn't mean that. I didn't mean that. It's fine.

MARGIE. (Cold:) Okay then. Clearly you are interested in having a very serious driver's test without humor. I can do that. That is how you wish us to proceed.

GAIL. I'm sorry I'm just a little nervous, that's all. I'm cool with joking. I'm a very, very funny person.

MARGIE. Please demonstrate what you do upon entering the vehicle.

GAIL. Okay um...first thing is I...check my mirrors.

(She checks her rearview mirror. She checks her side mirrors.)

And I adjust them to fit me. And next I um...seatbelt—my seatbelt goes on.

(She puts on her seatbelt.)

And then...I am done with my pre-driving checklist.

(She looks over to MARGIE, nervously.)

MARGIE. You are?

GAIL. Yes?

MARGIE. That's all you're planning on doing?

GAIL. I believe so, yes.

MARGIE. Nothing else comes to mind?

GAIL. Um...

MARGIE. All right.

(GAIL pauses, freaked out.)

GAIL. Should I do something else?

MARGIE. Do you think you should do something else?

GAIL. I don't know.

MARGIE. I see.

(MARGIE checks off a little box on her clipboard/iPad.)

GAIL. Did you just...did you just put something down?

MARGIE. Pay no attention to my clipboard.

GAIL. *(Losing it:)* I'm so sorry—I mean, you seem like a great person, really. I mean—we can hang out after this if you want, we can talk about your emotional issues—I mean—I'm fun-loving, let's just be buds. Okay?

MARGIE. Are you sure?

GAIL. Yes please!

(MARGIE changes back to bubbly Margie.)

MARGIE. YAY! All right let's party!

GAIL. Do I need to do anything else before I put the car in drive?

MARGIE. Ha haha no. I was just messin' with ya. Woo! You shoulda seen your face though, you were like...what do I do what do I do?

(MARGIE laughs uproariously.)

I love my job. Seriously. Let's take George out for a spin. Put it in drive.

GAIL. *(Still pretty shaken:)* All right.

(GAIL puts the car in drive.)

MARGIE. Take a left on this street.

(GAIL takes a left.)

Accelerate to the speed limit.

(GAIL pushes the gas down. Then the brake. Then the gas. Then the brake.)

Smoothly please.

GAIL. Sorry.

(GAIL drives.)

MARGIE. (*Patting the dashboard.*) Nice going. Easy does it. George likes it.

GAIL. I'm trying.

MARGIE. Nothing like driving, you know? The open road!

GAIL. Should I keep going straight?

MARGIE. Whatever you want. Behind the wheel of a car like this... the world is your oyster. Turn right. Right. Right—RIGHT NOW!

(*GAIL spins the wheel, freaking out.*)

There you go. Yeah. Accelerate to the speed limit.

(*GAIL does so.*)

You seem tense.

GAIL. I'm a little tense, yeah.

MARGIE. You gotta relax into it. Look at your hands.

GAIL. They're at ten and two.

MARGIE. Ten and two?! Seriously? Ten and two is for losers who don't know how to drive!

GAIL. This is what the manual says, so I'm going to follow the rules.

MARGIE. No nononono—slide them—slide those hands down. I want to see nine and three.

GAIL. I can't really control the car as well at—

MARGIE. Nine and three. Do it.

(*GAIL slides her hands down a bit.*)

That's a little better. Okay now—when I tell you—drop your right hand to the six position.

GAIL. The six position?

MARGIE. Did I stutter?

GAIL. That's the hardest spot to steer the car from!

MARGIE. Correction: That is the coolest place to steer the car from.

GAIL. I don't know about this—

MARGIE. Do it!

(*GAIL drops one hand to the six position.*)

Now let go of the other one.

GAIL. Oh no I—

MARGIE. NOW!

GAIL. Ahhh!

(GAIL drops her left hand.)

MARGIE. That's right. You control George with one hand. Just drive honey. Feel it. The road beneath you. The hum of the engine. You control the beast. You are driving. You are Queen of the Gods. Got it? Queen of the Gods.

GAIL. I am?

MARGIE. YES! You are behind the wheel! Let me see your driving face.

GAIL. Is this really part of the test?

MARGIE. Let me tell you something that's going to blow your mind: There is no test.

GAIL. What are we doing here then?

MARGIE. No there is a test. But what I'm saying is that there's no difference between the test...and life. The test never ends. And it never began. Turn right.

(GAIL turns right.)

GAIL. That is really deep.

MARGIE. I know. Let me see your driving face. Put it on. Assemble your driving face.

(GAIL tries to assemble her driving face.)

Remember: Queen of the Gods. Let me see your Queen of the Gods face.

(GAIL tries her Queen of the Gods face.)

That's not Queen of the Gods. That's like Queen of the Worms. No—watch me—

GAIL. I can't watch you I'm driving.

MARGIE. Out of the corner of your eye. This is my driving face.

(MARGIE creates her Queen-of-the-Gods driving face. It's awesome.)

GAIL. Oh my gosh.

MARGIE. Yeah. Look at this. Look at it.

GAIL. I don't even know that my face can do that.

MARGIE. Your face can't do it unless your soul does it first. This is how you drive. Soul first. Face second. Fingers last. Also feet in there somewhere too.

GAIL. There's so much to driving.

MARGIE. All right—we're going to do another part of the test now. I'm going to create a real-world scenario. Got it?

GAIL. Okay.

MARGIE. You know where the Applebee's is on the other side of town?

GAIL. Uh...I think so.

MARGIE. All right. You have three minutes to get there.

GAIL. Okay, I can do that.

MARGIE. You have two children—

GAIL. What?

MARGIE. Let's call them Larry and Petunia. They're in the backseat. They haven't had lunch or naps. I will provide their voices. Ready?

GAIL. Um...

MARGIE. Too late! Go!

(GAIL grips the wheel with both hands.)

Driving face!

(She puts on her driving face and accelerates.)

(When MARGIE plays either role, she shifts in her seat and switches voices. When she's not playing either role, she goes back to "normal.")

(In the meantime, GAIL is trying her best to drive.)

LARRY. Why are you going so slow! Mom you drive like a Grandma! Mom! MOMMMM! Drive faster!

GAIL. I'm trying to keep to the speed limit, sweetheart.

MARGIE. Whoahwhoahwhoah time out. Too nice. These are children. They're barely above the level of animals, okay? If you treat them nicely they'll destroy you. Let's try that again.

LARRY. Momm! Mommmm!

GAIL. What?

LARRY. Why are you driving so slow?!

GAIL. You wanna drive? You wanna drive this car?

(MARGIE *gives a thumbs up.*)

PETUNIA. How much longer until we get there?

GAIL. We'll get there when we get there.

PETUNIA. I have to go to the bathroom. Mommm! I have to go to the bathroom! Stop the car!

LARRY. I have to go to the bathroom too!

PETUNIA. Mommm! I need to go! I'm going to burst!

GAIL. There will be no peeing! Hold it!

LARRY. I can't hold it!

GAIL. You will hold it and you will hold it now, mister! If you had to go to the bathroom, you should've done that before we left!

MARGIE. Nice one.

GAIL. Bathrooms are for the weak!

MARGIE. A little much.

(MARGIE *flips back into her roles.*)

PETUNIA. OW! OW! He hit me!

LARRY. No I didn't you hit yourself!

PETUNIA. He hit me again!

GAIL. Kids, Mommy's trying to drive right now—

PETUNIA. OH THAT'S GROSS!

LARRY. Stay on your side!

GAIL. Kids, please—

PETUNIA. He licked me! Ewww! EWWWWW!

GAIL. You licked your sister?!

MARGIE. Eyes on the road. Eyes forward.

PETUNIA. Stop trying to lick me!

LARRY. Ow! She hit me!

PETUNIA. If you try to lick me again I'll grab your tongue!

LARRY. She's making threatening comments! She needs to be grounded!

GAIL. Do you want me to stop this car? Do you want me to stop this car?

PETUNIA. Why do we have to have boys in the family?

LARRY. You're mean!

PETUNIA. You're mean!

GAIL. All right that's it!

(She pulls over.)

Out. Get out. Both of you. You can ride the bus.

LARRY. I'll be good.

PETUNIA. I like it here.

GAIL. Okay then. One more word out of either of you and I'm turning this car around and going home!

MARGIE. Ding ding ding! Nicely done. And here we are at Apple-bee's.

GAIL. Wow.

MARGIE. Can I say something? I really enjoyed your rage. You're going to be a great Mom.

GAIL. I just kind of felt it inside.

MARGIE. For the record, you would've received bonus points if you managed to hit either of the children while driving.

GAIL. I think that would be dangerous.

MARGIE. Oh yeah. Totally dangerous. Completely necessary. Sometimes, in order to be a good driver, you have to take things to the edge. Really put yourself out there. Take risks.

GAIL. Take risks. Okay.

MARGIE. Can I just tell you something? I feel like we have a real connection.

GAIL. Really?

MARGIE. This might be my favorite driver's test ever.

GAIL. Seriously?

MARGIE. You wanna hug?

GAIL. I'm driving right now.

MARGIE. Can I just hug the side of you then?

GAIL. Um...okay—

MARGIE. Oh and turn right.

(GAIL turns right while MARGIE hugs the side of her.)

MARGIE. Oh that's nice. That's the stuff. You're very huggable.

GAIL. Oh.

MARGIE. Is it getting weird? Did I screw this up?

GAIL. No! I enjoy being hugged by strangers.

MARGIE. Awesome. You're like the daughter I never wanted.

(MARGIE's phone rings.)

Oh dang it. You keep driving. Take this road to the highway.

(MARGIE answers the phone, suddenly angry.)

What! Yeah I'm in a road test right now, what do you think I'm doing?

(Pause for response.)

Oh that's nice. No she happens to be a very good driver.

(Pause.)

Frank! Would you shut up about that! I asked you to do one thing! Oh come on! You know the reason you think that? Because I don't respect you, Frank! I don't respect you! It's hard to respect a man who doesn't get out of his pajamas until *The Price is Right* is over! You know what? My dreams are dying too okay! My dreams are dying too! Stop it. Stop crying.

(She hangs up.)

My gardener.

GAIL. Oh um...

MARGIE. All right! Time to hit the highway! This is my favorite part. This is awesome! Ready?

GAIL. I think so!

MARGIE. Okay! Living on the edge! We are women, right!!

GAIL. I'm pretty sure!

MARGIE. We don't need men, do we?!

GAIL. No!

MARGIE. *Thelma and Louise!* Woo! You ever see that movie?

GAIL. Is that the one where they drive off a cliff?

MARGIE. Yeah. Okay—well forget about *Thelma and Louise* then. Please take the on-ramp.

(GAIL takes the on-ramp.)

Accelerate. Accelerate. Accelerate to 65 miles per hour.

GAIL. Okay. Here we go.

(*GAIL accelerates.*)

MARGIE. (*Patting the car:*) Yeah, all right George—all right George. I want you to pull into the left lane and pass this semi-truck.

GAIL. Okay.

(*GAIL shifts lanes.*)

MARGIE. Give it some gas.

GAIL. I'm already going to the speed limit.

MARGIE. I know. Give it some gas.

GAIL. Should I—should I go over the speed limit?

MARGIE. (*Imitating her in a whiny voice:*) 'Should I go over the speed limit?' Let me talk to you about life, all right? People are gonna put up signs—only go this fast, no right turn on red, school zone, wrong way—and you know what those signs are designed to do? They're designed to hold you back. And Life—is about blowing past those signs, you got it? Life is about saying—you tell me what the Speed Limit is, I don't care, I set my own Speed Limit—you say this is a deer crossing? No, this is a Life Crossing. So you take that wheel—you take that gas pedal—and you just go, girl. No limits.

GAIL. Okay. No limits.

MARGIE. That's right. YOLO. Let's take it to 70.

GAIL. Oh boy.

(*GAIL accelerates a little more.*)

MARGIE. That's right. That's right. You know what's even better than 70? 75.

GAIL. Ooh! Okay.

(*GAIL accelerates a little more.*)

MARGIE. You know what's better than 75?

GAIL. 80?

MARGIE. You go girl!

GAIL. Wooo! (*GAIL accelerates to 80.*) Yeah see ya later Semi!

MARGIE. Boom! You know what I'm thinking?

GAIL. What?

MARGIE. Look at that speedometer. There's a whole bunch of numbers past 80, aren't there? Why would they put those numbers there if they didn't want the car to go that fast?

GAIL. I'm a little scared.

MARGIE. No nono—highway driving is not about fear. Highway driving is the absence of fear. I wanna see 85.

GAIL. ...okay.

(She goes to 85.)

MARGIE. I wanna see 90.

GAIL. Ohmygosh.

(GAIL accelerates to 90.)

MARGIE. You know what I want to see next?

GAIL. No nono I can't go any faster.

MARGIE. There are more numbers on the speedometer, Gail! There's more to life than the Speed Limit! Yeah! Hit it! I want triple digits!

GAIL. OhmygoshOhmygoshOhmygosh!

(GAIL accelerates to 100.)

MARGIE. Woo! Wooo!

GAIL. Woo!

MARGIE. Let's see what George can do!

GAIL. Oh!

MARGIE. Come on Georgie! Let's see how fast we can go! Let's see it!

GAIL. *(Joy:)* Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!

MARGIE. *(Joy:)* Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!

(Sirens. Red and blue flashing lights.)

GAIL. *(Terror:)* Aaaaaaaaaaaaah!

MARGIE. *(Terror:)* Aaaaaaaaaaaaah! TAKE THIS EXIT NOW!

GAIL. YOU DON'T WANT ME TO PULL OVER!??

MARGIE. TAKE THE EXIT!

(GAIL spins the wheel. Sirens begin to fade out. GAIL screams during this entire sequence.)

TURN! HIT THE BRAKES!

(GAIL hits the brakes.)

MARGIE. GO LEFT!

(GAIL goes left.)

GO RIGHT! WATCH OUT FOR THE CURB!

(They jump the curb.)

WATCH OUT FOR THAT SQUIRREL!

(GAIL swerves. They bump over something small.)

HIT THE BRAKES!

(GAIL hits the brakes. The car comes to a stop.)

DUCK!

(They both duck. The sirens fade out.)

(GAIL starts to look up, but MARGIE puts a hand on her back and forces her back into a hiding position.)

(After a moment, MARGIE pops up. Looks around. Explodes in happiness.)

MARGIE. THAT WAS SO AWESOME!!! OH MY GOSH THAT WAS THE BEST EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE! WOOO! High five! High five!

(MARGIE grabs GAIL's limp wrist and forces her into a high five.)

Up high!

(Pulls her hand up.)

Down low!

(Down low.)

Do the swim thing!

(She makes up her own "swim thing")

Explode it!

(She explodes it. MARGIE sits back in the chair, chortling with joy.)

Oh man oh man oh man! And you were like aaaaah! And I was like oohhhh! And then we like annihilated that squirrel?! Oh my gosh!

GAIL. *(Weakly:)* I killed a squirrel?

MARGIE. Oh yeah! Ten points! Oh man. And you know what's the best thing ever—we've got it all on tape!

GAIL. Tape?

MARGIE. Yeah, like twenty years from now we can get together and be like—put in the tape put in the tape! Aaaaaaaaah! Splat! Woo.

(MARGIE shakes out her arms. Takes spray deodorant out of her purse and sprays herself down.)

You want some?

GAIL. ...no.

MARGIE. You sure? Cause the stench of fear is pretty strong in here.

GAIL. Did I just escape from the police?

MARGIE. Livin' the dream.

GAIL. I don't even have a license yet and I'm a wanted fugitive?!

MARGIE. Don't sweat it— *(Offers the deodorant again.)*

(GAIL ignores her, going on a nervous, nearly hyperventilating tirade.)

GAIL. I just turned sixteen I can't be a wanted fugitive! They're going to hunt me down! They're going to find me just like my cousin Eddie and I'll be in the big house with murderers and father stabbers and white collar criminals!

MARGIE. *(Underneath:)* Hey. Hey that's not gonna happen. White collar criminals never go to prison.

GAIL. *(Continuous:)* And I won't even get hair care products and I'll wear that orange jumpsuit! Have you seen those things! I'm not going to look good in that! And I won't go to prom and I won't have my first boyfriend and I won't see my puppy grow up and my Mom is going to cry like a million times a night and my Dad is going to say that he was right about me all along and they're going to make me wear ugly slippers and I won't be able to chew gum and they're going to make me watch public television—and I and I and I and I—

(GAIL hyperventilates.)

MARGIE. HEY!

(GAIL stops.)

Listen to me: The cops in this town are terrible. They never follow up on anything.

GAIL. Really?

MARGIE. Yes. Totally incompetent.

GAIL. You're not just saying that?

MARGIE. Cross my heart. I know some of them. Total nincompoops. They couldn't find a shoe in a shoe store.

GAIL. Okay.

MARGIE. Feel better?

GAIL. Yeah. I suppose. But what about the videotape?

MARGIE. Don't worry about it. I'll replace it with a clip from *The Fast and the Furious*. They'll never know the difference.

GAIL. They won't?

MARGIE. Let me let you in on a little secret. There's a DMV, right? And there are police? And there are laws and government and congress and tax collectors?

GAIL. Yeah?

MARGIE. Think about this: All those people working those jobs—they're just people. You think there's like some vast, highly effective bureaucracy controlling everything? There are laws, there are rules, there's order out there? No. What there are—there's a whole bunch of people, which means...everybody's really incompetent. You can pretty much get away with anything. They just *tell* you there are rules to make you control *yourself*. But really—it's basically a free-for-all out there. How far do you want to push it? You make your own law. What do you think all those Nike commercials have been about?

GAIL. Just do it?

MARGIE. Absolutely. It's a nod to the fact that we live in anarchy with no laws governing our behavior whatsoever. When you have a driver's license, it's more than a license to drive, it's a license to live. And that means, by the way, ignoring all law.

(GAIL considers this.)

Mind blown, isn't it?

GAIL. I think you're a little crazy.

MARGIE. Oh yeah.

GAIL. And I probably shouldn't be taking advice from you.

MARGIE. Mommy and Daddy aren't here. I'm the only grown-up in the room.

GAIL. Have you ever been in a mental institution?

(MARGIE chuckles.)

MARGIE. There's a lot you don't know about me. But to answer that question yes. But I'm all better. Okay then! Ready for the...final test?

GAIL. Um...is this going to be like a life lesson?

MARGIE. They're all life lessons. But also no.

GAIL. Oh.

MARGIE. The final test is...PARALLEL PARKING!

(MARGIE laughs like a supervillain.)

Moo ah ha haha! Moo ah ha haha!

(She stops.)

GAIL. Okay I can do that.

MARGIE. Oh really?

GAIL. Yes, I practiced a lot.

MARGIE. Oh you did? All right then. Pull out into the street.

(GAIL puts it in drive and pulls out into the street.)

Turn right at this intersection.

(GAIL turns right.)

Hey you know what we should do while we look for a spot?

GAIL. No I'm—

MARGIE. Car dancing!

(MARGIE turns on the radio.)

(Funky hip hop music plays.)

MARGIE. Oh hello. Momma likee. Those are some fat beats. Turn left at this intersection.

(GAIL turns left. MARGIE starts getting down with her bad self.)

Uh huh. Uh huh. Yeah. Uh huh. Uh huh.

(MARGIE is dancing bigger and bigger while still seated.)

Dance, Gail. Dance. Come on. Let the rhythm take control. You gotta dance and drive at the same time.

GAIL. It's not really safe to dance and drive.

MARGIE. *(Mocking her in a high-pitched whiny voice:)* 'It's not really safe to dance and drive.' You know what else isn't safe? Eating cheese nine months after the expiration date. But I do it. You know what's also not safe? Snorting two cans of bug spray, doing a headstand, and then jumping in a pool, but it's also super fun. Come on! Get down!

(GAIL starts dancing while driving.)

MARGIE. Yes! That's it!

(GAIL dances more.)

Woo! Show me what you got! Shake it!

GAIL. I can't really shake it while driving.

MARGIE. I don't care! Shake something!

(GAIL shakes something. MARGIE is singing along. GAIL starts singing along too.)

Wa ha! Yes!

(MARGIE spots the parallel parking spot.)

Okay here we are. I want you to park between those two cars.

GAIL. Okay. Can I—

(She turns off the music.)

MARGIE. Awww.

GAIL. All right then. I pull over here, put on my right turn signal. And...

(GAIL puts the car in reverse—she looks behind her shoulder.)

And I turn the wheel this way and—whoops. Nope.

MARGIE. Go ahead and try again, I won't count that against you.

GAIL. Sorry.

(GAIL switches back to drive, pulls forward and stops. She acts the next part out while talking her way through it.)

Put it in reverse—turn the wheel—and...oops—no—not quite enough—

MARGIE. Third time's a charm. Not a problem.

GAIL. *(Pulling forward again:)* I'm actually pretty good at this.

MARGIE. Oh sure.

GAIL. No I am.

(GAIL puts it in reverse. She spins the wheel hard.)

I just gotta turn at the right time—and then—oh darn it—shoot. Sorry.

(She's starting to get frazzled.)

MARGIE. Honk! Honk honk!

(GAIL looks at her, while putting the car back in drive.)

Sorry I'm just making it more realistic. Simulating real-life situations.

GAIL. (*Trying again:*) Okay. I can do this.

(GAIL *puts the car in reverse, looks over her shoulder, and turns the wheel again.*)

MARGIE. Honk! HONK HONK! HONK honk HONK!

GAIL. Aarrgh! Oh I'm sorry I'm sorry!

MARGIE. No worries. Take as much time as you like.

GAIL. Could you please not do the honking thing? It's really messing me up.

MARGIE. No problemo.

(GAIL *puts it in reverse again, looks over her back shoulder, tries again.* MARGIE *assumes the persona of an angry driver behind her.*)

'Where'd you learn how to drive?!' 'Hey lady! I don't got all day!' 'You stink' 'You Stink at this! You stink! You STIIINK!' 'Hey you know what's the difference between a woman driver and a raccoon?'

GAIL. (*Shouting over her shoulder:*) Shut up! I'm trying to do this!

MARGIE. (*As fake trucker:*) 'Oh she's mad now! You made her mad Bob!' 'Hey! Hey lady! If you're mad do you drive better!?'

(GAIL *pulls forward and tries again.*)

Honk! HONK! 'Hey you're cute! Tell you what? I'll park your car for you if you give me a kiss!' 'Ha ha that's a good one Steve!'

GAIL. Shut up! Aaaaaaaaaaaaaah! (GAIL *gets out of the car.*) I can't do it! And I especially can't do it if you're yelling at me!

(MARGIE *gets out of the car.*)

MARGIE. This is real life.

GAIL. No! No you're a crazy person! I'm not getting back in the car with you!

(MARGIE *comes around the car, like she's tracking down a cat.*)

MARGIE. Think about what you're saying, Gail. This is your chance at a driver's license. This is your big day.

GAIL. You're insane!

MARGIE. Maybe a little. But isn't it better to be like me than to be like you? Get back in the car.

GAIL. No!

MARGIE. Get back in the car!

THIS PLAY IS NOT OVER!

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