

GIRL BEHIND THE WHEEL

by Ken Bradbury

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SYNOPSIS: Fursele just got her license and takes her friend Monique for a ride. Someone joins them...a traffic cop.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(2 females)

FURLESE (f) (72 lines)

MONIQUE (f)..... (71 lines)

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AT START: *FURLESE and MONIQUE sit in FURLESE'S "car," two chairs side by side.*

FURLESE: This is it. I can't believe it, Monique. This is really it.

MONIQUE: Calm down.

FURLESE: The day I've dreamed of since first grade.

MONIQUE: You're kidding.

FURLESE: No! Haven't you? 16! Driver's license! My first car! Right here under my fingertips!

MONIQUE: Look Furlese, maybe today isn't the best day to start driving. You seem awfully... you know... spastic.

FURLESE: Spastic? Spastic!!! I'm not spastic! I'm excited! I got an "A" in Driver's Ed, Monique! I was the first one to finish! Mr. Thompson said he wanted to get all my driving out of the way before the rest of the class.

MONIQUE: You didn't see a message in that?

FURLESE: He liked me!

MONIQUE: He was afraid of you. Look, let's just sit in your car a minute... get the feel of things... then we'll try it again tomorrow.

FURLESE: No way, Monique! I'm ready! Hang on!

MONIQUE: Oh, no.

FURLESE: I'll go slow. I promise.

MONIQUE: Seatbelt.

FURLESE: Huh?

MONIQUE: Put on your seatbelt.

FURLESE: We're just cruising around town! You want me to wrinkle my new top?

MONIQUE: Yes. Wrinkle it. Destroy it. I'm getting out unless you're buckled in.

FURLESE: (*Buckling up.*) Geesh. What a fuddy-duddy. Okay. Here we go. (*Begins to start car.*)

MONIQUE: Wait. I think we should pray.

FURLESE: Pray?

MONIQUE: Pray.

FURLESE: I didn't know you even went to church.

MONIQUE: It doesn't matter. I like breathing. Go ahead. You know how to do it.

FURLESE: Right here? In the driveway?

MONIQUE: God doesn't do driveways?

FURLESE: I mean... of course, but...

MONIQUE: Then pray.

FURLESE: All right. Dear Lord, thanks for this pretty day...

MONIQUE: Skip the hello's. Get right to the danger.

FURLESE: Okay. Dear God, I hope we have a really good time.

MONIQUE: Forget the good time. Pray that we get back alive.

FURLESE: Why don't you do it?

MONIQUE: Because you're driving. You drive, you pray.

FURLESE: And I pray that we get back alive. That sounds so horrible. Scary.

MONIQUE: Say Amen.

FURLESE: Amen.

MONIQUE: Now drive... slowly. (*FURLESE turns the key, MONIQUE grips her seat.*) Slow down! Slow down!

FURLESE: I'm still in "Park."

MONIQUE: I know. Even this is too fast.

FURLESE: (*Putting the car into gear.*) I know what I'm doing. Boy, this feels great! Driving at last! (*Waving.*) Hey, Jonna, look! I'm driving!

MONIQUE: Watch the road!

FURLESE: I am! Look, there's a bunch of kids at the Dairy Queen. Wave! Wave!

MONIQUE: I can't wave.

FURLESE: Why not?

MONIQUE: My fingers are deeply embedded into my seat. Just watch the road, Furlese! And slow down!

FURLESE: I'm not speeding! Okay, maybe just a little and... what's that?

MONIQUE: What?

FURLESE: That sound.

MONIQUE: (*Looks behind her.*) A policeman. He's got his red lights on. You were speeding.

FURLESE: I was not speeding!

MONIQUE: Then it's the UPS man and he's trying to flag you down for a delivery. You're busted, Furlese! Pull over!

FURLESE: Oh, no.

MONIQUE: Twenty years in prison on your first day behind the wheel.

FURLESE: Oh, no.

MONIQUE: I'm going to hide in the back seat. *(Begins to crawl into the back.)*

FURLESE: *(Stopping her.)* Stop that! You'll make me look suspicious.

MONIQUE: We're stopped on the busiest street in town with red lights flashing behind us and you don't look suspicious?

FURLESE: He's coming up to my car.

MONIQUE: Yeah. They usually do that.

FURLESE: *(Staring out her window.)* He's looking at me.

MONIQUE: Lower your window. It's easier to talk.

FURLESE: Oh. *(Lowers her window, then.)* Uh ... hi, Sir.

MONIQUE: Great opening.

FURLESE: Quiet. *(To the policeman.)* My what?

MONIQUE: Your license. That thing they gave you when you passed your test.

FURLESE: Where is it?

MONIQUE: How should I know? Try your billfold.

FURLESE: My billfold?

MONIQUE: The white thing in your purse.

FURLESE: My billfold.

MONIQUE: He's staring at you. He thinks you're on something. Hurry up.

FURLESE: *(Digging around.)* My billfold. Here. *(Hands a card to the policeman.)*

MONIQUE: That's your McDonald's gift certificate. He thinks you're bribing him.

FURLESE: Oh. *(Digging more.)* My billfold! Here!

MONIQUE: Lunch card.

FURLESE: Sorry. *(Offers another item to the policeman.)* Driver's license! It's brand new!

MONIQUE: Who would have guessed?

FURLESE: Where's he going?

MONIQUE: Back to his car. That's where they keep the handcuffs.

FURLESE: Handcuffs! Oh Monique! My first day! My very first day and I'm going to jail for driving!

MONIQUE: Were you speeding?

FURLESE: I don't know. I wasn't looking at the speedometer.

MONIQUE: Can I have your new gym outfit? They'll give you your own clothes in prison.

FURLESE: Monique!

MONIQUE: Don't worry. I'll take care of your dog.

FURLESE: My life is over!

MONIQUE: I've got it!

FURLESE: What?

MONIQUE: Cry. Mom says that women should cry when they're stopped by a cop.

FURLESE: I'm already crying!

MONIQUE: Then cry harder. Here he comes again!

FURLESE: (*Putting on quite a sobbing show.*) Oh, officer, I'm so, so, so sorry. I just got my license and I was nervous and I didn't notice how fast I was going and I was just excited... and I don't want to go to jail!

MONIQUE: (*A long pause as FURLESE looks at the policeman and MONIQUE stares straight ahead. Finally.*) What'd he say?

FURLESE: He wants to see my insurance card.

MONIQUE: You blew it.

FURLESE: What's an insurance card?

MONIQUE: A card that says you have insurance.

FURLESE: Do I?

MONIQUE: How should I know?

FURLESE: Maybe it's in the glove box ...

MONIQUE: (*She opens it and begins searching.*) Will he take chewing gum? You've got a lot of that.

FURLESE: Hurry up!

MONIQUE: (*Still searching.*) My bracelet! I loaned you this two years ago!

FURLESE: Find the card, Monique!

MONIQUE: (*Reading.*) "State of _____." This looks like an insurance card.

FURLESE: (*Grabbing it.*) Gimme that. (*Offering it to the officer.*) Look sir! I'm insured! (*Watches him, then.*) He's going back to his car again. He was smiling.

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