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# Driving

By

WERNER TRIESCHMANN

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# Driving

## CHARACTERS

GINNY: w, 15.

CONE: either gender.

ZOMBIE HORDE: either gender.

MOM: w.

PROCTOR: either gender.

REGGIE: either gender.

DAD: m.

MATILDA: w.

RIDER: either gender.

POLICE: either gender.

CANDACE: w.

## SETTING

Time: Various afternoons and nights.

Place: The car.

Note: The car can be represented as simply as four chairs, or may include seat belts and a steering wheel, if desired. The stage may also be decorated with a collection of traffic signs, traffic cones and maybe even parts of cars. Be careful not to over-decorate or “junk up” the stage.

## ALTERNATE SCENE

Please note that this play briefly uses guns on page 21. An alternate scene has been provided on page 27 for producing organizations who do not allow weapons onstage.

# Driving

*(As lights come up onstage, we hear sounds of traffic—engines, car horns, cars being unlocked, etc.)*

*GINNY, perhaps wearing pajamas, walks in. She looks around, clearly unaware of where she is. Lights come up on the car.)*

GINNY. Hello? Um. Can somebody give me a ride home? I need to get home. I need a ride. Hello?!

*(CONE, an actor wearing a traffic cone on their head, either walks on or emerges from the set. CONE holds out a set of keys.)*

CONE. Here are the keys, Ginny. You can drive.

GINNY. That's OK. I'll wait to find somebody.

CONE. You are old enough.

GINNY. I know but that's OK.

CONE. Drive!

GINNY. No.

*(GINNY turns. A ZOMBIE HORDE of crossing guards, living traffic signs, etc., slowly walk toward her.)*

ZOMBIE HORDE. Drive. Drive! DRIVE!

GINNY. Nooooooooo!!!!!!!

*(The ZOMBIE HORDE, still chanting, "Drive!" slowly circles her and swallows her whole. Lights out.)*

*Traffic sounds increase.*

*Lights up on GINNY and MOM in the car. MOM is wearing a business suit, and GINNY is wearing school clothes. MOM is intently focused on her driving and appears agitated. GINNY is looking over at the speedometer and is concerned. There is a moment before GINNY speaks.)*

GINNY. Uh. Mom.

MOM. Yeah?

GINNY. You drive too fast.

MOM. No I don't, Ginny.

GINNY (*pointing*). Red light.

*(MOM puts on brakes. GINNY and MOM lurch forward.)*

MOM (*about light*). Oh c'mon. (*Looks at the light and shakes her head.*) This has to be one of the slowest lights in town.

*(MOM notices that GINNY is looking at her.)*

MOM (*cont'd*). What? It is.

GINNY. It's green now.

MOM. Finally.

*(MOM and GINNY drive. Silence.)*

MOM (*cont'd*). You don't have to focus on how I am driving, you know. You could get a head start on your homework.

GINNY. Mom. I get car sick, remember? I had that burrito and then tried to read that book and just threw up all over the car and the seats smelled bad for a month and we tried to clean them—



MOM. OK, OK. Thanks no thanks for the memories. Slowing down? Why are we slowing down? Come on.

GINNY. How do they decide what the speed limits are?

MOM. They figure out what speed is enough to make you feel like you are going absolutely nowhere. Then they take ten miles off of that. That's the speed limit.

GINNY. Seriously.

MOM. How should I know? I do not drive too fast.

GINNY. Dad doesn't drive like this.

MOM. Your dad is a wimp.

GINNY. Mom!

MOM. We have to make it across the bridge before five or we're going to be stuck in traffic. We've got to get dinner started. Your brother has homework ... uggghh ... look how slow this is going. Look. We're probably gonna be stuck anyway. COME ON! (*Honks her horn.*)

GINNY. Mom. Nobody is moving.

*(MOM honks her horn again.)*

GINNY (*cont'd*). Please don't—

MOM. What?

GINNY. Nothing.

*(They drive. Silence.)*

MOM. When are you retaking your driver's test? This Friday?

GINNY. I don't know. It's not this Friday but ... I'm not sure.

MOM. You need to study harder this time so you can pass. I don't understand how a girl with straight As in every class, including AP classes, can fail a simple driving test.

GINNY. Yeah ... that's a mystery.

*(Lights change, and a desk is brought onstage. GINNY gets out of the car and sits at the desk. MOM freezes. PROCTOR, holding a test, enters.)*

PROCTOR. Good afternoon, I am the proctor for the written portion of your driver's exam. In an odd coincidence, my name is Proctor. You have thirty minutes. Good luck.

GINNY. Eeny meenie miney mo. *(Fills in an answer on her test.)* Nineteen questions left. Eeny meenie miney mo.

*(Lights change. GINNY stands and gets back in the car. The desk is taken offstage. MOM comes out of her freeze.)*

MOM. I don't get it. Your older sister, who is dumber than a box of hair, had no trouble passing the test.

GINNY. Candace probably cheated.

MOM. If she did, good for her.

GINNY. You would never say that about me.

MOM. I don't care how it happens but you need to pass and start driving. Find out the date for the next test please and text me so I can put it on my calendar. You can drive your brother to his soccer practice. Your family needs the help. You understand that, right?

GINNY. Yes.

MOM. What is going on with this red truck? *(Honks the horn.)* Hey, look, look in that other lane. Look. Everybody is moving except you, red truck. HEY, FARMER BROWN, MOVE IT! *(Honks horn again.)*

GINNY. He's gonna get mad, Mom.

MOM. So what? Look, Farmer Brown found the gas pedal. Hooray!

*(More driving in silence.)*

GINNY. You know they're going to have self-driving cars soon.

MOM (*not listening, absorbed by driving*). Oh is that right ...

GINNY. The cars will come and pick you up.

MOM (*not listening*). Really.

GINNY. You'll punch in an address and whoosh, off you go to wherever—the store, soccer practice, anywhere.

MOM. Slowing down. Again? No. No, no, no.

GINNY. We saw a report on it in class.

MOM (*straining to look ahead*). Is there an accident? That's all we need. Look over on your side.

*(GINNY tries to look then shrugs her shoulders. MOM tries to look again.)*

GINNY. Maybe you'll be the last, you know, generation to drive.

MOM (*now listening*). No we won't.

GINNY. All these companies are working on the technology. It seems like it's just around the corner.

MOM. What technology? What are you talking about, Ginny?

GINNY. Self-driving cars. We saw a report—

MOM. That's crazy. You're going to drive. It's a skill you need. (*Honks the horn.*)

GINNY. What if I'm not cut out for driving?

MOM. That's ridiculous.

GINNY. I don't think so.

MOM. You are very smart and very capable.

GINNY. I'm just going to wait for self-driving cars. It's going to get here faster than you think, Mom. Don't be a Luddite. Do you know what that word means?

MOM. Yes, my darling scholar, your mother knows what a Luddite is. Ginny, robot cars or whatever aren't realistic, and I think even you know that.