

*(Lights come up on the service counter of a car rental agency. The company name, Torpid, is in large black letters on the back wall. There are two computers at the counter. One is occupied by DANIELLE. MICHAEL, leans on the counter, in the middle of telling DANIELLE a story. The other computer sits empty.)*

MICHAEL

So, by this point, Kyle is blackout drunk and we're speeding down Dutch Flat Road, going about 95. Suddenly he pulls out his .22 and starts shooting at road signs. BAM! Miss. BAM! Miss. I told him if he would just let ME drive he'd have a much better chance, but he's hollerin' about how once shot a deer from 1,200 yards. (Yeah fuckin' right.) Eventually, he gets so fed up that he pulls over, gets out of the truck, and takes aim at a speed limit sign. I get outta the truck to take a piss, and the next thing I know, the bastard has tripped over his own boots and the gun goes off. BAM! Grazed the top of my calf, blood squirting everywhere. Of course then it's up to me to drive us to the hospital because Kyle has started sobbing about having to put his dog down that morning. You seen "Old Yeller?"

*(DANIELLE nods)*

It was just like Old fuckin' Yeller. He had to take Sprinkles to the woods and put her out of her misery after the raccoon gave her the rabies. The shotgun blast pretty much decimated that poor dog into a million pieces, her being a Pomeranian and all. Let me tell you, it is a goddamn blessing that Walt Disney didn't show the actual shooting of Old Yeller. Sprinkles went off like a bomb. *(whistles)* Anyway, on the drive there I hit a pothole and broke the front axel. Lady luck was not on our side that night.

*(A long beat)*

DANIELLE

Well, the crazy things we do in our youth, I guess.

MICHAEL

Don't get me started on those stories! Nah, this was last weekend.

*(He lifts his leg dramatically onto the counter and rolls up his pant leg to expose a white bandage wrapped around his calf, a blood stain clearly visible.)*

Guess it's still oozin' a little. Anyway, I just need a car for the week.

*(Leg still on the counter, he pulls out his wallet. She stares at his leg. He stares back. Stare off. Eventually he lowers it.)*

DANIELLE

Driver's license, please. *(He hands it to her and she begins typing)* It'll probably take them quite a while to fix that front axel...

MICHAEL

That was his truck. Mine's in the shop from a little fender bender yesterday.

DANIELLE

Oh. So...you had two accidents in one week.

MICHAEL

And?

DANIELLE

...And now you are asking me to rent you a car.

MICHAEL

Well, I sure as shit didn't swing by for a sandwich, unless you're planning on wrapping your legs around my head.

*(DANIELLE stares at him, wide-eyed. He finds himself hilarious.)*

I always knew lesbians couldn't take jokes. Can't take a joke, can't take a dick.

DANIELLE

I'm not...

MICHAEL

So, what car you got for me, Butch Cassidy?

DANIELLE

I...uh...there is...so much that's really raising some red flags for me.

MICHAEL

*(taps her computer monitor dismissively)* Listen, two out of those three DUIs are gonna drop off my record in a few months.

DANIELLE

DUIs?! I actually hadn't pulled up your information yet... I really don't think I can help you, sir.

MICHAEL

The name is Michael, *(squinting at her name tag)* Danielle.

DANIELLE

Mike, I...

MICHAEL

The fuck you call me? Don't play power-trip name games with me, sweetheart. How about we be real honest with each other. The minute I walked in here, you wanted to fuck me. It was obvious. And then, when I try to flirt with you, you get nervous about scoring a cock this big. I make more money in one hour than you do in one week. So why don't you do your minimum wage duty and rent me a fucking car?

*(DANIELLE begins typing furiously, holding back angry tears.)*

*After a moment, KATHERINE barges through the main doors downstage left. With a frantic air, she tries to keep a hold of her purse and duffel bag while speaking into her cellphone.)*

KATHERINE

If the electricity goes out, there are flashlights in the hall closet. I'm aiming for around four. I just got to the car rental place, so I should be on the road pretty soon.

*(MICHAEL notices her and shakes his head in disbelief. She doesn't see him yet.)*

I know. It's—

MICHAEL *(to himself)* & KATHERINE

Un-fucking-believable.

KATHERINE

I told you, he said he swerved to avoid a squirrel, but it ended up being a... Yes. Yes! I know. I just don't how they can even

give a driver's license to... (*She finally catches sight of MICHAEL*)...redneck motherfuckers like that.

MICHAEL

Well, well, well.

KATHERINE

I gotta go. (*She hangs up.*)

MICHAEL

We meet again. Kat, wasn't it?

KATHERINE

Katherine. Please don't talk to me.

MICHAEL

No need to be hostile, sweetheart.

KATHERINE

Hostile? You slammed into the front of my car to spare a BURGER KING bag from certain death.

MICHAEL

It looked like a squirrel in the dark.

KATHERINE

It was 3:30.

MICHAEL

Let bygones be bygones.

KATHERINE

No.

MICHAEL

(*To KATHERINE and DANIELLE*) Damn, the two of you! Hot-headed dykes ready for a fight.

KATHERINE

Excuse me?!

MICHAEL

I'm just calling it like I see it, sweet cheeks. You drive a Subaru.

