

A FARE RIDE

A TEN MINUTE DUET

By Matt Thompson

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SYNOPSIS: When a deft bank robber dives into the back seat of a tough-as-nails New York city female cab driver, he finds that he has taken on more than he can handle! This quirky comedy is sure to bring a smile to your face.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 MAN, 1 WOMAN)

THIEF (m) A bumbling con artist who tries to rob a bank. Asks out the taxi driver.
TAXI DRIVER (f) Tough-as-nails, New York City know-it-all cab driver.

*Winner of the 2006 Theatre Alliance Festival of San Diego's
Best New Short Play Award*

AT RISE:

Lights up. A taxi cab. Two chairs and a steering wheel sit center stage. A sassy female TAXI DRIVER hums a tune to herself and pulls the taxi over. A young man, a BANK ROBBER, not too bright, enters the cab. She begins to drive.

BANK ROBBER: *(Overly dramatic.)* Okay, go, go, go!

A beat.

TAXI DRIVER: *(A little excited.)* So, where are we going?

BANK ROBBER: *(Taking out a gun and pointing it at the TAXI DRIVER.)* Just drive, lady.

TAXI DRIVER: *(Very composed.)* Okay. *(THEY drive for a while. TAXI DRIVER hums her tune.)* Where are we going?

BANK ROBBER: The nearest bank.

TAXI DRIVER: Do you want a big bank or a medium-sized bank or a family-owned little bank?

BANK ROBBER: I don't know. Just take me to a bank on the west side.

TAXI DRIVER: Bank of the West, Oregon Financial, Americorp Home and Loan, Carson Savings? Carson! Have you ever been to the city of Carson? What a dump! I think it's short for Carcinogenic. You know, because they got all those oil refineries there, and it's really bad for the environment, and...

BANK ROBBER: Wait, wait, wait! What was the second one?

TAXI DRIVER: Oregon Financial?

BANK ROBBER: No, the third one, then!

TAXI DRIVER: Bank of the West?

BANK ROBBER: No, the long one.

TAXI DRIVER: Americorp Home and Loan?

BANK ROBBER: Yeah. That's the one! Take me to that one.

TAXI DRIVER: It's closed.

BANK ROBBER: How do you know?

TAXI DRIVER: It's Saturday.

BANK ROBBER: So?

TAXI DRIVER: So they're a Jewish bank. They're not open today.

Well, actually they close on Friday night when the sun goes down and they stay closed until Saturday night, but then again, no banks are even open at night, so they just stay closed all day Saturday, so...

BANK ROBBER: Okay! Okay! Well, which banks are open on Saturday?

TAXI DRIVER: What do I look like, the Yellow Pages?

BANK ROBBER: What time is it?

TAXI DRIVER: It's about 12:30. Most banks close at one. So you better hurry and make up your mind.

BANK ROBBER: Just shut up and drive!

TAXI DRIVER: Okay! So pushy. *(A beat.)* Did you just rob a bank?

BANK ROBBER: Why do you ask?

TAXI DRIVER: Because you jumped in the cab and yelled, "Go, Go, Go!" like I was already the get-away car and you were escaping.

BANK ROBBER: I was...rehearsing.

TAXI DRIVER: Rehearsing? What are you, an actor or something?

You're not some "method" guy trying to get into a role, are you?

BANK ROBBER: No! I'm a bank robber!

TAXI DRIVER: That's too bad. I love actors.

BANK ROBBER: *(A little weary with her now.)* Look, just drive, okay?

TAXI DRIVER: Right. I'm sorry, I want to be efficient and all as your accomplice, but I forgot, which bank are we going to?

BANK ROBBER: Just take me to the closest one! And you're not an accomplice.

TAXI DRIVER: *(A little disappointed.)* I'm not?

BANK ROBBER: No, I work alone.

TAXI DRIVER: *(Under her breath.)* Then why don't you drive the get-away car?

BANK ROBBER: What, what?

TAXI DRIVER: *(Sweet and cheery.)* Nothing. Where are we going again?

BANK ROBBER: Uh...the west side.

TAXI DRIVER: I thought you wanted the bank downtown?

BANK ROBBER: You said they're not open on Saturday!

TAXI DRIVER: I didn't say that.

BANK ROBBER: Yes, you did. You said many of the banks are not open on Saturdays.

TAXI DRIVER: Some of them are.

BANK ROBBER: But that's what you said!

TAXI DRIVER: I don't remember saying that. But some banks are open and some are closed.

BANK ROBBER: Well, which ones?

TAXI DRIVER: Which ones what?

BANK ROBBER: Which ones are open today?

TAXI DRIVER: You mean which banks?

BANK ROBBER: (*Becoming frustrated.*) Yes, which banks.

TAXI DRIVER: I don't work in a bank. I drive a cab. You didn't do your research too well before you planned this whole thing out, did you?

BANK ROBBER: Just keep driving, or I'll shoot you!

TAXI DRIVER: You can't shoot me. We're going 80 miles per hour on the expressway. If you shot me, then you would die too, because the car would careen out of control and slam into the next car, and then...

BANK ROBBER: Okay, just shut up and pull over!

TAXI DRIVER: If I pull over, then you'll shoot me and drive away, so I'll just keep driving.

BANK ROBBER: But... I... You...

The BANK ROBBER is completely frustrated at this point as the TAXI DRIVER begins to hum a tune.

BANK ROBBER: What's that tune your humming? It sounds familiar. What is it? Is it from a movie?

TAXI DRIVER: Maybe.

BANK ROBBER: Is it from a TV show?

TAXI DRIVER: You're getting warm.

BANK ROBBER: Alright, forget it, what am I doing? No more games!

TAXI DRIVER: I just thought that we could play a little driving game to pass the time.

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BANK ROBBER: We are not playing any driving games, because I am in charge here! I have the gun!

TAXI DRIVER: Okay. You've got the gun. But I've got the marzipan.

Beat.

BANK ROBBER: What?

TAXI DRIVER: Nothing.

Beat.

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