

HIT THE ROAD, JACK

by Pat Cook



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SYNOPSIS: “Accidents will happen,” Jack Gunderson is fond of saying at work. “That’s not a good motto, Dad,” his son Trevor keeps telling him. He has a point, since the two run the Gunderson Driving Academy and especially because the business is just about to be closed down. When Officer Monica Palmer warns the father and son about their imminent loss unless they shape up, they protest she is exaggerating. “Your last student sideswiped a parade!” she points out. As if this weren’t enough on their plate, the Gundersons also have to contend with a lovesick student, a bank vice-president who plays the horses and Mac, a sinister character who only Jack can see. Trevor is at his wit’s end when one of their teachers quits, but quickly recovers when Joyce, a real cutie-pie, shows up. “Now what can lil ol’ me do for lil ol’ you?” he pants. Just when things seem to be picking up, the bank next door gets robbed. And guess who the major suspects are? You guessed it. Or have you? Lines fly faster than fleeing pedestrians when the police arrive along with a news crew. And just who IS Mac, anyway? This fast-paced comedy calls for one set and a cast of 5 men and 6 women.

CAST OF CHARACTERS*(6 females, 5 males)*

LILLIAN MERTON (f).....	Sly, but charming lady in her 50s. (137 lines.)
OPAL DEARBORN (f).....	Lillian’s nosy friend, also in her 50s. (133 lines.)
TREVOR GUNDERSON (m).....	30 year-old, rather skeptical man. (353 lines.)
JACK GUNDERSON (m).....	Trevor’s dad, very amiable. (163 lines.)
OFFICER MONICA PALMER (f).....	Driving tester, in her late 20s. (107 lines.)
JOYCE NIVENS (f).....	Attractive, but naïve 25 year-old. (68 lines.)
MAC McKENDRICK (m).....	Shady pal of Jack’s, 50s. (38 lines.)

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GRAHAM BREMER (m).....	Rather smarmy bank vice president. (99 lines.)
CHIEF ‘MILT’ NOONAN (m).....	Easygoing chief of police. (79 lines.)
FLO DELANEY (f)	Sarcastic camera operator. (33 lines.)
TERI HIGHAM (f)	Egotistical lady reporter. (36 lines.)

SETTING

The setting for this little tale is office of the Gunderson Driving Academy. Somewhat past its prime, the wood-paneled walls sport various certificates and photos of past glories. There are three doors utilized in this floor plan. The first, or front, door is located SR, which leads outside. The second door is located USC, which leads to another office and storage. The third door, SL, leads to the back parking lot where the actual driving lessons occur. The furniture in the room, like the walls, is also a bit used. Near the front door is a desk with an accompanying chair. The desk is covered with odd and ends of papers, documents, etc., along with a telephone and old computer. There is another chair in front of the desk. Behind the desk are two tall old file cabinets. In the USR corner is a ‘refreshment stand’ – a small table on which rests a coffeemaker, cups, plastic spoons and napkins. There is also an old settee and coffee table. SL, facing out at an angle, are two tables with folding chairs. On the SL wall is a white writing board with accompanying felt-tip pens.

TIME: The present.

PROPERTIES

- ☐ Bag of chips
- ☐ Nail file
- ☐ Paper form (document)
- ☐ Three driver's training manuals (1 very ragged)
- ☐ Notepad and pencil
- ☐ Newspaper
- ☐ Large red purse
- ☐ Men's sunglasses
- ☐ Paper sack
- ☐ Salad
- ☐ Set of plastic eating utensils
- ☐ Two men's wristwatches
- ☐ Woman's wristwatch
- ☐ Cell phone
- ☐ Video camera
- ☐ Slip of paper (temporary driver's license)
- ☐ A lot of tissues
- ☐ Several cosmetics
- ☐ Billfold
- ☐ Keys
- ☐ Plaque
- ☐ Email
- ☐ Parking ticket

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

Hit the Road, Jack was first produced at the Festival Playhouse in Arvada, CO. Opening night was July 10, 2009. The cast included:

LILLIAN MERTON	Barb Todor
OPAL DEARBORN	Donna Sweet Ault
TREVOR GUNDERSON	Olen Davis
JACK GUNDERSON	Jim Hoover
OFFICER MONICA PALMER	Amanda Hoanda Holter
JOYCE NIVENS	Suzanne Malcolm
MAC MCKENDRICK	Charles Joseph Ault
GRAHAM BREMER	Andy M. Goldberg
CHIEF NOONAN	Randy Johnson
FLO DELANEY	Briana Bellio
TERRI HIGHAM	Jennifer Malcolm
Producer/director	Charles Ault

ACT ONE

AS THE LIGHTS COME UP, LILLIAN and OPAL are sitting in two of the metal chairs in front of a table. LILLIAN is eating a bag of chips while OPAL files her nails with an emery board. They are deep in conversation.

OPAL: ...So anyway, Arthur starts in on me, as usual, about how I shouldn't even be trusted with a wheelbarrow much less be allowed to drive a car.

LILLIAN: Mm. What is it this time?

OPAL: Well, another one of those...what do you call them? Those things that come on when something doesn't work. You know, on the car?

LILLIAN: Lights?

OPAL: Lights, yeah. How they come on, and we're supposed to know that means something?

LILLIAN: What did it mean?

OPAL: That's what I said! "What's that supposed to mean, you idiot?!" I asked him, trying to be nice, you know.

LILLIAN: You're a saint.

OPAL: Well, he says that's the airbag light.

LILLIAN: *(Looks at OPAL.)* Airbag light?

OPAL: And he blames me, of course.

LILLIAN: Of course. What did you do?

OPAL: *(Huffily.)* Oh, sure! Take HIS side!

LILLIAN: I don't mean what did you do to cause it, I meant what did you do when he said that?

OPAL: Oh, well, I asked him. Throw the ball back in his court, you know? Pretty as you please, I said, "Look, dimwit, what was I supposed to do about that?" *(She leans back, triumphantly.)* Well, there I had him. I mean, I know when it needs oil or gas but what do you do when the airbag light comes on?

LILLIAN: And he didn't know?

OPAL: Not a clue. So he calls up the dealership and tells them, blaming me the whole time. Turns out that to replace the airbag would cost fifteen hundred to two thousand dollars.

LILLIAN: So what did he do then?

OPAL: He hung up the phone and told me to put on some weight.

LILLIAN: He always has an answer for everything, doesn't he?

OPAL: Count your blessings you're not married.

LILLIAN: *(Looks out forlornly.)* Oh, I do. *(She sighs deeply and goes back to her puzzle.)*

OPAL: What's with those chips? I thought you were on another diet.

LILLIAN: I am. These are low cal. *(She indicates the back of the bag.)* According to this, I am using more calories to chew and digest these chips than I'm consuming.

OPAL: Wow. You eat enough of those things and you could starve to death. *(At that moment, the telephone rings. The ladies look over at the desk and then look around. The phone rings again, and from underneath the desk, a hand comes up. After slapping the desktop a few times in search for the phone, it finally lands on the receiver and pulls it under the desk. The ladies see this.)*

TREVOR: *(In muffled tones.)* Good morning, the Gunderson Driving Academy, may I help you? *(OPAL and LILLIAN look at each other again and rise. They move to the desk.)* Sorry, ma'am, I can't speak any louder. Well, there's a class going on right now, and I don't want to disturb them. *(LILLIAN leans over and looks under the desk. She straightens up and nods to OPAL.)* Yes, that's right. We've been in business for twenty-five years and stand behind every one of our graduates. Well, just come on in and we can get you started right away. Classes begin –

OPAL: Trevor? *(After a moment, TREVOR sheepishly rises up from under the desk and looks at the ladies.)*

TREVOR: *(Still holding the receiver.)* Oh, good morning ladies! I didn't know you were here. *(OPAL and LILLIAN shoot a look at each other. TREVOR goes back to the receiver.)* What? You know the address? Yes, "Gunderson's Driving Academy." We're located right next to Murphy's Auto Repair. You'll see a large sign showing a car being towed in. No, that's THEIR sign, not ours. Right. We're between Murphy's and First Federal Savings and Loan. We'll be looking for you. *(He hangs up the phone.)*

LILLIAN: We interrupting anything?

TREVOR: Oh, I...I lost a contact and was looking for it.

OPAL: You don't wear contacts.

TREVOR: Cuff link?

LILLIAN: Mr. Gunderson!

TREVOR: (*TREVOR rises and sits in the desk chair.*) Well! I can't believe you two are back here again!

LILLIAN: Not our idea. That lady officer, that Palmer person, ordered me to return here.

TREVOR: Here?

LILLIAN: She said I should go back to school and used your name specifically.

TREVOR: (*Holds out a hand.*) Probably in vain. What was it this time? (*LILLIAN reaches into her purse and extracts a form.*)

OPAL: It wasn't her fault, Trevor! That...that lady always makes Lillian nervous, but no matter who else is there when we go in, Lilly ALWAYS gets that same tester.

TREVOR: And of course you always go along with her, too?

OPAL: We do everything together.

LILLIAN: Besides, I just heard you say that you always stand behind all your graduates. (*She hands the form to TREVOR.*)

TREVOR: That's usually the safest place. Let's see what you did... (*He looks at the form. His eyes widen.*)

LILLIAN: It was a simple mistake. She yelled at me and my foot slipped off the brake and –

TREVOR: (*Incredulously.*) You drove through the COURTHOUSE?!

LILLIAN: (*After a slight pause.*) At first, yeah.

TREVOR: (*Trying to get it straight.*) You drove your car into the lobby and then into the notary public? Wait, what do you mean, at first?

OPAL: She was nervous.

LILLIAN: It's that officer! She made me jump and hit the...oh, that pedal that makes the car go "VROOOM."

TREVOR: (*Winning.*) Accelerator.

LILLIAN: Accelerator, thank you.

TREVOR: (*Looking at the form.*) But then you crashed into their break room?!

LILLIAN: Well, I had to BACK UP, DIDN'T I?!

OPAL: (*Volunteering.*) She found reverse all by herself.

LILLIAN: But did I get points for that? No, sir!

TREVOR: (*TREVOR puts the form on the desk and rubs his temples.*) Was anybody injured?

LILLIAN: (*Holds out a thumb.*) I got a bruise on my –

TREVOR: Not YOU! Anybody ELSE, were THEY injured?

OPAL: Now, see it's just that kind of yelling that caused her to get nervous.

LILLIAN: Anyway, I'm here to take the course again.

TREVOR: Yeah, I got that.

LILLIAN: Should I write you a check now?

TREVOR: (*Sighing.*) No, I'll just put it on your tab. (*At that moment, JACK enters through the front door.*)

JACK: (*Always amiable.*) Good morning, everyone.

TREVOR: Dad.

OPAL: Good morning, Mr. Gunderson.

LILLIAN: Good morning...Jack. (*She looks at JACK with love.*)

JACK: Well, well, well, who do we have here? (*He takes LILLIAN'S hand.*) Miss Merton, am I to infer that we will have the pleasure of your company again? (*TREVOR looks at his father with a painful expression.*)

LILLIAN: Oh, go on with you. (*She pulls her hand away and giggles.*)

OPAL: Mr. Gunderson, you are SUCH a treat. (*She shoots a disdainful look at TREVOR.*) Always the gentleman when dealing with a lady.

TREVOR: (*Flatly.*) He's a lesson to us all.

JACK: May I inquire as to what brings you back today?

LILLIAN: Oh, it's nothing, really. (*TREVOR looks at her.*) I just failed the driver's exam again and was asked by the officer to repeat your course.

OPAL: At the top of her lungs.

JACK: I see.

TREVOR: No, you don't. She demolished half the courthouse.

OPAL: He's exaggerating!

LILLIAN: (*To TREVOR.*) A couple of rooms, that's all!

JACK: Well, accidents will happen.

TREVOR: Dad, that's not a good motto.

JACK: I'll get Barney to move you to the top of our next class. (*To TREVOR.*) Where IS Barney, anyway?

TREVOR: He hasn't shown up yet.

JACK: (*JACK moves to the US door.*) Well, Trevor, why don't you take the class?

TREVOR: (*Quickly moves to JACK.*) What?! You'd do that to me?!
Your own son?!

JACK: Of course. After all, she's one of our best customers.

TREVOR: Dad, I keep telling you we don't want repeat business!

JACK: She'll be fine. Just fine. (*He looks at the ladies.*) Ladies?
Always a pleasure. (*He bows slightly and exits out the door.*
LILLIAN takes a deep breath and sighs deeply.)

OPAL: Your nose is whistling. (*LILLIAN grabs her nose and looks at OPAL.*)

LILLIAN: (*Nasally.*) Sorry.

TREVOR: (*TREVOR turns to look at the ladies and shudders.*) Okay,
kids. You know the drill. Take your places. (*Obediently, LILLIAN
and OPAL move back to their chairs and sit. TREVOR moves to
the desk and opens a drawer. He pulls out a drivers training
manual.*)

OPAL: (*Teasing LILLIAN.*) Not who you hoped for, is he?

LILLIAN: I don't know what you're referring to. (*She reaches into her
purse and pulls out a very beaten up drivers manual.*)

OPAL: Oh, yes, you do. You wish Jack was teaching.

LILLIAN: Well! You'd think I'd get him just ONCE.

TREVOR: (*TREVOR moves to the ladies, thumbing through the
manual.*) Okay, let's try to relax, shall we? That way maybe, just
maybe, nobody will get hurt. Now, you have your manual?
(*LILLIAN holds it up.*) That's all that's left of it?

LILLIAN: I studied it and studied it.

TREVOR: Looks like you've driven it. (*LILLIAN gives him a dirty
look.*) Let's go to page seven.

LILLIAN: (*Without opening the book.*) Oh. (*She quotes.*) "When you
are traveling on a roadway, other people expect you to continue
straight ahead. This is why you must use your signals whenever
you make any move in traffic. Your signals notify pedestrians and
other motorists of your intended moves and give them time to
react." (*She smiles.*)

TREVOR: (*Glares at her a moment.*) Okay, let's move on to page 12.
(*He thumbs through the book.*)

LILLIAN: (*Again quoting.*) "A divided highway has separate roadways
for traffic in opposite directions, often with multiple lanes on each
side." (*TREVOR pauses a moment and moves closer to her.*)

TREVOR: (*Defiantly.*) Page 19.

LILLIAN: (*Quoting confidently.*) "Do not weave in and out of traffic."

TREVOR: (*Leans in to LILLIAN.*) Page 32!

LILLIAN: (*Again quoting.*) "When passing is allowed, always pass on the left!" (*TREVOR slams the books and glares at her.*)

TREVOR: This pamphlet was published by—?

LILLIAN: (*Finishing his sentence.*) Statewide Services Publishing. (*TREVOR shakes his head and turns away.*) Third edition. (*TREVOR spins and shoots her a look again.*)

TREVOR: You want to teach this course?!

OPAL: Now, see, you're just going to get Lilly upset again.

TREVOR: I'm getting HER upset?! Fine, fine! Let's move to the second phase of the course. Study hall. (*He moves to the desk.*)

LILLIAN AND OPAL: (*LILLIAN and OPAL both jump to their feet.*) Study hall?!

LILLIAN: What do you mean, 'Study Hall'?

OPAL: I suppose next we're going to meet with the sophomores and plan a car wash?

TREVOR: (*He moves to the coffee maker.*) Just do it, PLEASE. Time for a little coffee.

LILLIAN: I don't need any coffee.

TREVOR: I do. (*LILLIAN and OPAL both shrug, look at each other and resume their seats. At that moment, MONICA enters through the front door.*)

MONICA: (*With an edge.*) I hope I'm not interrupting anything.

TREVOR: Oh, great, JUST great. There are too many Mondays in this week. (*Acknowledging.*) Officer Palmer.

LILLIAN: She's the one, Trevor!

TREVOR: You don't have to tell me.

MONICA: Mr. Gunderson. I was just in the neighborhood and thought I'd drop by to see if Miss Merton is following up on my advice.

TREVOR: Can I offer you something to drink? Coffee? Tea? Blood? (*He pours himself a cup of coffee.*)

MONICA: Now, now, is that any attitude to take when starting a new class?

TREVOR: That's not why you're here, now is it?

MONICA: Oh, really? So now besides allegedly teaching driving education you're also a psychic?

TREVOR: No, I just noticed that all the birds stopped singing outside and figured it was you. *(He moves to MONICA.)*

MONICA: You're not helping your case, you know. So you tell me. Why do you think I came in here today?

TREVOR: Let me guess: we forgot to smear the lamb's blood over the door?

MONICA: I came here to warn you. Although, why I should give you any sort of 'head's up,' I have no idea.

TREVOR: Warn me? About what?

MONICA: Simply put, the powers that be – meaning everyone at the local department of motor vehicles and our legal department – have held a special meeting on your case.

TREVOR: My case? What do you mean 'my case'?

MONICA: Your driving school. Long story short, they ruled that if you have one more client fail their driving test, we can legally close this establishment.

TREVOR: *(Thunderstruck.)* WHAT?! You can't DO that!

MONICA: Oh, it's not just me. It was a unanimous vote.

TREVOR: You mean to tell me the next person who finishes our classes here and flunks your test—?!

MONICA: Can shut you down permanently. *(After a slight pause, both TREVOR and MONICA turn to look at LILLIAN. She waves at them meekly.)*

TREVOR: *(To MONICA.)* Oh, come ON now. Play fair!

MONICA: Hey, you did this to yourselves.

TREVOR: I don't believe this! *(He goes to the office door and knocks.)*

MONICA: *(Softening slightly.)* I thought you'd want to know.

TREVOR: *(Calling out.)* Dad? Company. *(JACK opens the door and enters.)*

JACK: What is it, Trevor?

TREVOR: Grim Reaper to see you, sir. *(He nods toward MONICA.)*

JACK: *(Sees MONICA.)* Why, Officer Palmer, how lovely of you to drop by. *(He holds out a hand and moves to her.)*

MONICA: *(Shakes his hand.)* Now, now, Jack, none of your soft soap, I can't help you this time.

TREVOR: THIS time?! When did you EVER—?! (*JACK waves TREVOR to keep quiet and turns back to MONICA.*)

JACK: Whatever are you talking about?

MONICA: Just a little matter of your next graduate, sir, and I use the word loosely.

JACK: What about her?

TREVOR: Either she passes the driver's test or they shut us down.

JACK: (*Slightly alarmed.*) What?

TREVOR: That's the help she was talking about.

JACK: When did this come about?

MONICA: This morning, right after your last client invaded our premises.

JACK: And they want us to close our door for good?

MONICA: Well, it was pretty hard to tell with all the cheering, but that's about the size of it.

JACK: Monica, you can't be serious. We've been teaching driver's education classes for going on twenty-five years now. Same location.

MONICA: And have run up a rather disturbing record of traffic violations in that time.

JACK: Now, now, I believe you're exaggerating a bit, aren't you? (*MONICA takes out her notepad.*)

MONICA: Am I? Let's check the records, shall we?

TREVOR: Oh no, she's checking the records. (*He puts a hand over his eyes.*)

MONICA: Last year, one of your students, Mr. Harley Clegg, while taking our test, passed a policeman—

TREVOR: So?

MONICA: —AND the guy he was chasing!

JACK: Well, he was trying to get clear of the officer's pursuit. You can't blame him for—

MONICA: (*Flips a page.*) Also, last year another of your clients, Norris Kessler, took our driver's test, and to put it charitably, created a major disturbance downtown.

JACK: I remember that one; he had inadvertently taken the wrong street. You can't hold that against him.

MONICA: He sideswiped a parade! Forty-three people had to flee for their lives! Batons and brass horns flew everywhere!

TREVOR: (*Mournfully.*) They never did find the balloon.

JACK: But that was just a couple of students.

MONICA: Not just them, also your teachers! (*She flips a page on the pad.*)

JACK: Now, what could be amiss with our instructors?

MONICA: June Friedek ring a bell?

TREVOR: Oh, no.

MONICA: We found out from another of your clients that she would take a student for a drive, go a few blocks, park the car and then try to sell them Tupperware!

JACK: She no longer works here. I gave her severance and let her go.

MONICA: (*Amazed.*) That's ALL?

JACK: She's a cousin; you do things for family.

MONICA: You want me go on?

LILLIAN: (*Rises.*) Officer Palmer, these two men are very good to all their students! I can personally vouch for them.

MONICA: Yeah? (*To JACK.*) Have you seen the courthouse today?

JACK: What?

TREVOR: I'll explain later. What's our insurance company's number?

JACK: It's on the speed dial.

MONICA: I'm not surprised. (*She pockets her pad and moves to the front door.*) I thought you should know.

JACK: Wait a minute. (*He moves to MONICA.*) You told us what happens if our next student fails, but what happens if they pass the test?

MONICA: Well, that was covered as well. IF, capital I and capital F, IF your next student passes the course, you will be given one year...probation.

JACK: I see.

MONICA: Good luck. (*She opens the door, turns and smiles.*) Have a nice day. (*She exits, closing the door behind her.*)

LILLIAN: (*Moves to JACK.*) Jack, I am SO sorry!

JACK: Now, now, we'll get through this, don't you worry one second about us.

TREVOR: (*Staring at the front door.*) You ever notice how she never reflects in a mirror?

OPAL: (*OPAL moves to LILLIAN.*) We'll just have to work harder, won't we, Lillian?

LILLIAN: Yes, we—(*She spins around to OPAL.*)—what do you mean, WE? I'M the one who's going to be under the gun.

TREVOR: Don't tempt me. (*He moves to the desk.*)

JACK: Now, ladies, why don't you go out to the course and someone will be right there to assist you. (*He escorts LILLIAN and OPAL to the SL door.*)

LILLIAN: You know, this should take top priority, Jack. Seems to me the head of the company should supervise me personally.

JACK: Well, we'll see. (*LILLIAN giggles. OPAL opens the door and shoves LILLIAN out.*)

OPAL: Get out there. (*She exits after LILLIAN.*)

TREVOR: (*Yells at the ladies.*) Don't start the car! (*JACK moves to TREVOR.*)

JACK: Well, we seem to be in something of a pickle.

TREVOR: Dad, we're in a buffet! She wasn't kidding, you know!

JACK: Oh, I don't believe it's all that bad.

TREVOR: Maybe she's right. You ever think of that?

JACK: What do you mean?

TREVOR: I mean maybe the writing is on the wall.

JACK: I told you to clean that off.

TREVOR: I don't mean the bathrooms! (*He moves to JACK.*) Maybe it's time we took a hard look at our business. (*He indicates the room.*) I mean we don't exactly have a pep rally in here, do we?

JACK: Son, you always look at the cloud behind the silver lining.

TREVOR: WHAT silver lining? (*JACK puts his arm around his son.*)

JACK: Trevor, ever since your mother died, I have been working for one thing and one thing only. To make this business a success, to be something we're proud of, something the whole community is proud of.

TREVOR: This the same gang that wants to bury us?

JACK: We've just hit a slick spot on the road here, that's all. And we'll get through it.

TREVOR: But WHY?

JACK: Because it's something I believe in. Look, I have never won any races or been first in any contests. I've never gotten an award, but I have this place. And I have you. Those are my successes. And I want to leave this business as my legacy. And I'm proud of it. Proud of our fine work, proud of all our clients, and proud of you. This is something I can leave to you when I'm gone.

TREVOR: That's what I want to hear – an unveiled threat.

JACK: Now, why don't you go out and get Lilly started on the driving course? (*TREVOR looks at JACK in sheer terror.*)

TREVOR: What? You want ME to try to teach HER?

JACK: That's what we're here for.

TREVOR: Look, when you say 'we,' you don't mean 'we.' You mean me. Singular. Not 'we' plural, because 'we' plural means you and me, and you don't want to be plural, now, do you?

JACK: (*After a long pause.*) I think you took a detour in that sentence because I have no idea—

TREVOR: Oh, yes, you do. I am NOT going to teach the next class. That's what Barney is for.

JACK: Well, when Barney gets here, get him started. (*He moves to the US door.*) I'll be in my office making a few calls.

TREVOR: I'll bet. (*JACK exits. TREVOR reaches down and pulls up a newspaper.*) Okay, want-ads, want-ads. (*He flips through the paper.*) Tell ME I have to teach a class to those road warriors; he must be out of his mind. Ain't no WAY I'm going to get in a car with those morons. All they have to do is get behind the wheel and its demolition derby. If Dad thinks—(*The phone rings.*) Now what? (*He picks up the receiver.*) Gunderson's Driving Academy, may I help you? Barney! Where ARE you? We have students waiting and....what? You're in the hospital? What happened? (*Pause.*) Oh, come on now, how could you get injured having a cup of coffee with a friend? You were sitting in the break room...at the courthouse. (*He puts a hand over his eyes.*) Oh, no! (*Suddenly alarmed.*) WHAT? NO! Barney, you CAN'T quit! Not NOW! We NEED you! No, I'm not just saying that! We're desperate! (*At that moment, JOYCE enters through the front door. She is rather gaudily dressed and carrying a large red cloth purse. TREVOR doesn't see her at first.*) DON'T say THAT! Of COURSE, but that's because you're the best. We can't do without you! We—(*He turns and sees JOYCE. Astounded by her beauty, he drops the phone.*)

JOYCE: (*Coyly.*) Hello.

TREVOR: (*Stuttering.*) Uh...May I...May I help you, I hope, I hope! (*Sound of BARNEY yelling in the phone.*) Just a second. (*He retrieves the receiver.*) What? Who is this? Oh, Barney!

JOYCE: My name's Joyce Nivens, and I wish to take your driving course.

TREVOR: I'm...yeah, I'm Trevor Gunderson.

JOYCE: How soon can I begin? (*She sits in the chair in front of the desk.*)

TREVOR: Oh, any time. I shall be MORE than happy to assist you. (*Back to the receiver.*) What? You're quitting. Well, we'll miss you, Barney. But, hey, accidents happen. (*He tries to hang up the phone, misses the cradle a few times and finally hangs up the receiver. He leans forward, grinning like a Cheshire cat.*) Now, what can lil ol' me do for lil' ol' you?

BLACKOUT,

SCENE TWO

It is now early afternoon. There is no one in the room. After a slight pause, JACK peeks out of his office door. He looks back into his office.

JACK: Coast is clear, nobody home. *(He enters the room followed by MAC. MAC is wearing a pinstriped suit and speaks with a sly, conniving tone.)*

MAC: Can't be too careful, you know.

JACK: I'm still not sure about this, Mac.

MAC: Hey, kiddo, trust me. Have I ever lied to you?

JACK: Narrow it down, gimme a year.

MAC: I know what I'm doing, Jack. That's how I got where I am today.

JACK: Let's not bring that up just now.

MAC: Just remember, I'm on your side. *(He moves to the SL door.)*

JACK: Hey, that's the back door. *(MAC stares at him. He catches on.)* Ohhh!

MAC: I'll take care of everything. Trust me. *(He puts on a pair of sunglasses and exits.)*

JACK: *(Hand to his heart.)* Really gives you faith in the American Way. *(At that moment, LILLIAN and OPAL enter through the front door. LILLIAN is carrying a paper sack.)*

OPAL: Don't you see? This takes the pressure off you.

LILLIAN: Oh sure, now that Trevor has picked out my replacement.

JACK: *(Moves to the ladies.)* Good afternoon, girls.

LILLIAN: Oh, hello, Jack. *(She giggles.)*

OPAL: You really have to stop doing that.

JACK: So what's up for this afternoon?

LILLIAN: Your son says we start the class as soon as he gets back.

JACK: *(Looks around.)* Yeah, where did he go, anyway?

OPAL: He said he had to go home to 'freshen up.'

LILLIAN: I wonder why! *(She and OPAL exchange looks.)*

JACK: Well, let me know if there's any way I may be of service to you. *(He moves to the office door.)* Always a pleasure. *(Unseen by JACK, LILLIAN raises her hand. OPAL grabs her hand and pulls it back down.)*

OPAL: *(As JACK is exiting.)* That's not the way.

LILLIAN: *(LILLIAN and OPAL move to a table and sit.)* Now, how do you know what I was going to say?

OPAL: How do YOU know what you were going to say?

LILLIAN: *(Thinks.)* Good point. *(She opens her sack and pulls out a salad.)*

OPAL: *(Thinking.)* You know, it's been six years since his wife died.

LILLIAN: Six years, two months and thirteen days.

OPAL: Got it timed down to the minute, have you?

LILLIAN: Aren't you hungry?

OPAL: Nope. What IS that, anyway?

LILLIAN: *(Looks at the salad mournfully.)* Low-cal salad.

OPAL: Hope springs eternal. *(She shakes her head.)*

LILLIAN: You know WHY Trevor moved the class to this afternoon, don't you?

OPAL: I saw her! When we came back in from the course, he was all but lying down for her to walk on. *(She reaches over, pulls out a piece of lettuce and pops it into her mouth.)*

LILLIAN: Hey!

OPAL: Sorry. I've been off my feed lately.

LILLIAN: *(Pulls the salad away.)* Yeah, but now you're on mine! *(She looks in the sack.)*

OPAL: What's that?

LILLIAN: What?

OPAL: That meat?

LILLIAN: Here. *(She gingerly picks out a piece of meat.)* Try it. *(OPAL pops it into her mouth and chews slowly.)* It's bacon.

OPAL: *(After a moment.)* I don't think so.

LILLIAN: It's processed; they SAY it's supposed to taste like bacon. *(She watches OPAL chew for a moment.)* What does it taste like?

OPAL: Well... *(Chew.)* ...it tastes like it's heard of bacon... *(Chew.)* ...but not firsthand.

LILLIAN: No more for you, then. Do you believe this? They forgot the forks and stuff.

OPAL: Hang on. *(She digs in her purse and pulls out a selection of plastic utensils and hands them to LILLIAN.)* I got everything in here.

LILLIAN: No kidding? Thanks. *(She pulls out the fork and begins eating.)*

OPAL: Arthur calls that our silverware.

LILLIAN: *(Holds up the fork.)* How come?

OPAL: 'Cause he stole it from Long John Silver.

At that moment, TREVOR enters through the front door. He is now wearing a very colorful sports jacket and tie. At first, the ladies don't see him.

TREVOR: *(Sees the ladies.)* Oh, now we're running a delicatessen?

LILLIAN: I was hungry and— *(Her eyes widen as she sees TREVOR.)*

OPAL: Holy cheese and crackers, would you look at that?

TREVOR: *(Innocently.)* What?

OPAL: *(LILLIAN and OPAL rise and move to him.)* "What?" he asks as innocent as a new laid egg.

LILLIAN: And an Easter egg at that.

TREVOR: An up-and-coming businessman always dresses for the office.

LILLIAN: Yeah, I think my lunch is up-and-coming.

OPAL: Wow, I have never seen the like.

TREVOR: I just thought I'd give the place a little class. *(He straightens his tie and jacket.)*

OPAL: Class? You look like somebody who's going to guess my weight.

TREVOR: It's called a sports jacket. Do you mind?

LILLIAN: What sport? Olympic food fights?

OPAL: Reminds me of an awning in front of a Baskin and Robbins.

TREVOR: Just get back to the classroom there. As soon as the other student arrives, we'll begin. *(He looks around.)* Joyce isn't already here, is she?

LILLIAN: *(To OPAL.)* Oh, Joyce, is it?

OPAL: Chummy.

TREVOR: Just go over there, will you, please? *(He moves to his desk and the ladies return to the table.)*

LILLIAN: Gee, I wonder who's the teacher's pet around here?

OPAL: Yeah, I wonder.

TREVOR: That's enough from you two. *(At that moment, GRAHAM enters through the front door. He is dressed in an expensive business suit.)*

GRAHAM: Hello, hello.

TREVOR: Oh hi, Graham.

GRAHAM: How goes it in the bumper car business? I don't mean to be snide or anything but— *(He gets a good look at TREVOR.)* —What are you WEARING?!

TREVOR: What IS it with everybody? Can't a fellow spruce up every once in a while?

GRAHAM: Spruce? More like a Christmas tree. *(He looks at the ladies.)* What's going on, ladies?

OPAL: *(Like a mocking child.)* Trevor has a new student.

GRAHAM: Oh HO! *(He moves to the desk and eyes TREVOR.)* Let me guess, a tootsie in her mid-twenties? Lots of make-up, tight clothes and no taste?

LILLIAN: By George, I think he's got it.

TREVOR: Why are you here? Things that slow at the bank that one of the jobs for the vice president is to insult the neighbors?

GRAHAM: *(Leans on the desk.)* That's not my job; it's a hobby. *(He winks at the ladies.)*

TREVOR: How goes it at the track, anyway? *(GRAHAM pulls TREVOR downstage and speaks confidentially.)*

GRAHAM: *(Quietly.)* Will you lower your voice, Trevor? I don't want the whole world to know I play the ponies, you know.

TREVOR: *(Also in a quieter voice.)* And lose.

GRAHAM: Not so.

TREVOR: Are you kidding? The last horse you bet on came in so late he had to tiptoe back to the stables.

GRAHAM: *(Grudgingly.)* Actually, I've been doing quite well along those lines, thank you very much.

TREVOR: Will you get to the point? *(He eyes his wristwatch.)*

GRAHAM: She'll wait, you know. You're the instructor, and she's the student. Now, what exactly are you hoping to teach her? *(He wiggles his eyebrows.)*

TREVOR: *(TREVOR ushers GRAHAM to the front door.)* Thank you for playing our game. You've been a wonderful contestant and we have some lovely parting gifts for you. Better luck next time.

GRAHAM: Hold it! *(He stops and looks over at the ladies. He sees they are watching him. They quickly begin talking quietly among themselves. He pulls TREVOR DS and speaks confidentially.)* Okay, I'll tell you. It's about Jack. *(This catches LILLIAN'S ear and she looks over at the two men.)*

TREVOR: Dad? What about him?

GRAHAM: He's been acting a little weird lately. I mean, even for him.

TREVOR: Weird? How?

GRAHAM: I can't put my finger on it exactly. A couple of tellers noticed it as well.

TREVOR: Really?

LILLIAN: *(Whispering to OPAL.)* Hear that? Jack is acting weird. That gives me an idea.

OPAL: It won't work. *(LILLIAN eyes her scornfully.)*

GRAHAM: Haven't you picked up on it?

TREVOR: I guess not.

GRAHAM: I mean, when you're not bathing in aftershave and dressing like a Dixieland band.

TREVOR: Aw, you're nuts. *(He again looks at his wristwatch.)* Dad's fine.

GRAHAM: I just thought I'd check with you. But keep an eye on him, see if he's not a bit off his track.

TREVOR: I'll fill out a report if you like, now will you get out of here? *(At that moment, JOYCE enters through the front door. This draws the attention of LILLIAN and OPAL.)*

JOYCE: Sorry I'm late, Mr. Gunderson.

TREVOR: *(Smiling broadly.)* Oh, you're not all that late, my dear, not at all. *(GRAHAM eyes JOYCE up and down and nods approvingly to TREVOR.)*

JOYCE: The bus driver couldn't open the door, and he and I had to pull and pull and pull on it to get it open. *(She thinks.)* Odd how often that happens.

GRAHAM: And you don't have a clue why, do you?

JOYCE: Huh?

TREVOR: Oh, I'm sorry— *(He starts to introduce GRAHAM.)*

JOYCE: Why, wha'd ja do?

TREVOR: (*Stuttering.*) I didn't mean sorry like I did something, I mean sorry like I was going to tell you, that is, introduce you, well, not just you but him to you and you to him, just to show you I'm polite and who wouldn't be... (*He takes a deep breath in disgust.*)

GRAHAM: My name's Graham. (*He holds out his hand.*)

JOYCE: Pleased to meet 'cha. (*She holds out her hand.*) Mine's Joyce.

GRAHAM: Enchanted. (*He kisses her hand, LILLIAN and OPAL applaud.*)

TREVOR: (*To the ladies.*) Hey, this is not audience-participation!

OPAL: Sor-RY!

JOYCE: (*Eyes TREVOR'S jacket.*) Ooh, what a lovely coat, so deluxe.

GRAHAM: (*Elbows TREVOR.*) Wha'd I tell you? No taste.

TREVOR: Joyce just enrolled in our classes this morning and will begin her first lesson this afternoon.

GRAHAM: I'm sure she's looking forward to it.

JOYCE: Oh, I AM, I AM!

GRAHAM: (*To TREVOR.*) And I KNOW you are. (*LILLIAN and OPAL laugh loudly. TREVOR glares at them for a medium pause.*)

TREVOR: (*To the ladies.*) This concludes the entertainment portion of our program! (*LILLIAN and OPAL lower their heads and whisper to each other. TREVOR turns to GRAHAM.*) Don't you have to get back to work? I'm sure you need to foreclose on some widow somewhere.

GRAHAM: (*To JOYCE.*) He's such a caution. See you later.

TREVOR: Right, just leave.

JOYCE: Nice to have made your acquaintance, I'm sure.

GRAHAM: And nice to meet you, Miss Nivens. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

JOYCE: Where is the 'good' in goodbye?

TREVOR: Shoo fly, don't bother me, get out! (*He shoves GRAHAM out the door and closes it.*) Now, Joyce— (*He stops and looks back at the front door as if thinking briefly. He shakes his head and looks at JOYCE.*) You don't mind if I call you Joyce, do you?

JOYCE: A'course not. And may I call you Bobby? (*The other ladies snicker at this.*)

TREVOR: (*After a slight pause.*) Trevor.

JOYCE: *(Embarrassed.)* Oh, Trevor! *(She giggles and covers her mouth with a hand.)* Silly billy me.

TREVOR: Nonsense. Anybody can make a mistake.

LILLIAN: *(Rises.)* Here goes.

OPAL: Speaking of mistakes.

LILLIAN: Shut up. *(She looks at TREVOR.)* Trevor? *(Still eying JOYCE amorously, he doesn't hear her.)* Trevor! *(He still doesn't hear her.)* Hey, BOBBY!

TREVOR: *(Perturbed.)* WHAT?

LILLIAN: Come here a minute. *(She moves in front of the table.)*

TREVOR: Excuse me, won't you?

JOYCE: Wha'd ja do?

TREVOR: I...I'll be right back. *(He moves to LILLIAN.)* What is it NOW?

LILLIAN: Well, I couldn't help overhearing.

TREVOR: Couldn't help it? You eavesdrop like an icicle.

LILLIAN: What I'm getting at is this. That man from the bank thinks Jack has been acting strangely?

TREVOR: Says him.

LILLIAN: Well, I know Jack fairly well. I mean I've been here several times myself, right?

TREVOR: You're here more often than the mailman.

LILLIAN: So I was thinking that since that lady is just starting out and I'm, well, an advanced student, you might say—

TREVOR: You could take a Master's.

LILLIAN: Do you want to hear this or not?

TREVOR: Make it short. *(He waves at JOYCE who waves back.)*

LILLIAN: So, as I said, since I've been through the class already, perhaps this time Jack could teach me instead of you...? *(She nods, hoping TREVOR gets the idea.)*

TREVOR: *(He does. He smiles broadly.)* Wow, great idea! And that will give me more time with... Wow, great idea! *(He moves to the office door. LILLIAN looks at OPAL with a smug expression on her face.)*

OPAL: *(Shrugging.)* I apologize.

TREVOR: *(TREVOR taps on the office door and jauntily says.)* Oh, PaPA? PaPA? May I have a word with you, sil vous plait? *(He winks at JOYCE, who giggles.)*

JOYCE: How Euro! (*TREVOR smiles, pleased with himself and knocks at the office door again.*)

OPAL: (*To LILLIAN.*) Euro?

LILLIAN: You know, Euro, like from Europe. Continental. Euro coins, Euro manners –

OPAL: I got a can of year old chili.

LILLIAN: No.

JACK: (*JACK opens the door.*) What is it, Trev?

TREVOR: I need your assistance. (*He ushers JACK over to JOYCE.*) This is a new student, Joyce— (*He looks at JOYCE.*)

JOYCE: Nivens. (*She holds out a hand.*) Pleased to meet 'cha.

JACK: The pleasure is all mine, my child. (*He clasps her hand in both of his.*) What made you choose our driving academy, if I may inquire?

JOYCE: Oh, it was recommended to me.

JACK: Really?

TREVOR: Really?

OPAL AND LILLIAN: Really?

TREVOR: (*Looks at the ladies.*) Hey, I'm allowed, not you.

JACK: May I ask by whom?

JOYCE: Oh, by...uh...funny, but I can't recall just at the present moment.

TREVOR: Doesn't matter. Anyway, Dad, she's a new student, just starting the course, you know, and of course we have Lillian here (*He swings JACK around to face LILLIAN.*) —who's like an old family retainer.

LILLIAN: Did you just call me old?

JACK: And such a charming lady, too. (*LILLIAN giggles. OPAL glares at her, and LILLIAN slaps a hand over her mouth.*)

TREVOR: Glad you feel that way, because I'll be teaching Joyce, and you can work with Lillian.

JACK: (*After a slight pause.*) Hah?

TREVOR: Hey, it's only fair. Why make Miss Merton have to sit through everything all over again?

JACK: (*Thinking.*) Oh, I suppose. Well! (*He moves to LILLIAN.*) Do you mind if I teach you this time, Lillian?

OPAL: Does she mind?! I'm surprised she hasn't hogtied you and thrown you in the trunk.

JACK: What?

LILLIAN: Nothing. (*She glares at OPAL.*) She tends to talk to herself. You know how some people are when they get to be HER age!

OPAL: (*Appalled.*) MY age?! I'm younger than—

LILLIAN: So it would be perfectly fine with me if you could instruct me in the ways of automotive education.

JACK: Fine, fine. Let's start with where you feel are your weak points.

OPAL: Right now, that would be her knees.

LILLIAN: Well, the actual driving is where I believe I need more practice.

JACK: Very good. (*He moves to the SL door.*) Shall we adjourn to our course outside and begin your tutelage?

LILLIAN: (*Smiling broadly.*) Whatever you say. (*She giggles and exits.*)

JACK: Mrs. Dearborn, are you going to join us?

OPAL: Mmm...yeah. (*She moves to the door.*) I think that might be a good idea.

JACK: After you.

OPAL: Thank you. (*She exits.*)

LILLIAN: (*Offstage.*) What're YOU doing out HERE?!

OPAL: (*Offstage.*) Shut up.

JACK: (*To TREVOR.*) And you'll be giving Miss Nivens her first lesson?

TREVOR: (*Eyes JOYCE.*) Oh yeah!

JACK: Very nice to meet you, Miss Nivens. (*She nods to him and he exits.*)

JOYCE: Well, what do you want me to do?

TREVOR: I'm thinking about it. (*JOYCE and TREVOR stare at each other for a slight pause.*)

JOYCE: Shouldn't I have a book or something?

TREVOR: Book? OH! Yeah, the handbook! (*He moves to the desk and opens the top drawer.*)

JOYCE: You don't know this, but I'm a quick learner.

TREVOR: Yeah, I'm pretty fast myself. (*He extracts a handbook from the drawer and closes it.*) Just a joke to break the ice. (*He moves to JOYCE.*)

JOYCE: What was?

TREVOR: Okay. So shall we begin at the beginning?

JOYCE: I think that would be best. (*She moves slightly closer to TREVOR.*)

TREVOR: Whatever you think.

JOYCE: (*In a breathy voice.*) If that's what you think.

TREVOR: (*TREVOR moves slightly closer to JOYCE.*) Well, I think you're the student.

JOYCE: And I think you're the teacher.

TREVOR: But as the student you, too, need to think. (*They are practically touching noses at this point.*)

JOYCE: And I know you'll be a good teacher.

TREVOR: You think? (*They are just about to kiss when CHIEF NOONAN enters through the front door.*)

NOONAN: Am I interrupting anything?

TREVOR: What?! (*He blinks and moves away from JOYCE quickly.*) Oh, Chief Noonan. What brings you around here...just NOW!

NOONAN: Just wanted to have a word with Jack.

TREVOR: Dad? (*He quickly ushers NOONAN to the SL door.*) You'll find him outside teaching a student.

NOONAN: What...why all the hurry? (*He eyes TREVOR then looks at JOYCE. He then looks back at TREVOR.*) Oh.

TREVOR: Right.

NOONAN: I used to be a detective, you know.

TREVOR: You wanted to see Dad, remember?

NOONAN: Well, I might as well tell you. There was a meeting at the courthouse with the legal department and it was decided—

TREVOR: To close us down if we have another client fail the driver's test. I know.

NOONAN: You DO? How?

TREVOR: How do you think? Officer Palmer was here this morning to give us the bad news.

NOONAN: Now, why would she—?

TREVOR: Why do you think?!

NOONAN: Oh, sure. I should've realized. (*He eyes JOYCE again.*) You sure you don't want me to hang around and help out with the lesson?

TREVOR: I'm certified.

NOONAN: You SHOULD be. *(He laughs quietly and exits out the SL door.)*

TREVOR: *(Turns to JOYCE.)* Now, where were we?

JOYCE: Well, let's see. *(She moves close to TREVOR.)* I was about here.

TREVOR: *(Very close to JOYCE.)* And I was about here.

JOYCE: So we're BOTH here.

TREVOR: Here, here. *(They both lean in and are about to kiss when OPAL enters through the SL door.)*

OPAL: *(Complaining.)* Wow, I feel like a kid sent to the principal's office. *(TREVOR again leaps away from JOYCE. OPAL sees this.)* Say, maybe it WILL be more fun in here after all. *(She wriggles her eyebrows.)*

TREVOR: Now what?!

OPAL: This may be worth missing "The Young and the Restless."

TREVOR: *(Moves to OPAL.)* Why are YOU here?

OPAL: Your dad sent me in here.

TREVOR: *(Whining.)* Why?

OPAL: He said that Lillian will never learn anything with me around. He said she needs to learn to do things on her own. *(TREVOR sighs disgustedly.)* So what have you two been doing...on your own?

JOYCE: *(Innocently.)* He was teaching me.

OPAL: Right, like you need lessons.

TREVOR: If you're going to be here, please be quiet.

OPAL: Sure. *(TREVOR moves part way back to JOYCE.)* Why's the chief of police here?

TREVOR: *(Stops in his tracks.)* Now what did I just say?

OPAL: I'll be quiet. *(TREVOR eyes her for a brief pause and then moves to JOYCE.)*

TREVOR: Now, as to your first course.

JOYCE: I can't wait. *(She giggles.)*

TREVOR: Me, either. *(He giggles.)*

OPAL: *(Disgustedly.)* Motion sickness bags can be found under your seats.

TREVOR: Can't you see that we're trying to work here?

OPAL: Is THAT what you call it now?

JOYCE: Now, Trevor, you were saying?

TREVOR: Well, I thought I would start us off...I mean start YOU off with a few questions to see just what you may already know and—
(*At that moment, MONICA enters through the front door.*)

MONICA: Did the chief come in here?

TREVOR: What, is someone selling tickets out there?!

OPAL: You might want to pick up a program; this is just getting interesting.

MONICA: I thought I saw the chief— (*She sees TREVOR'S jacket and pinches it.*) —Wow, what happened? You join a carnival?

TREVOR: Can't you see I'm with a student here?

MONICA: Huh? (*She sees JOYCE.*) Oh, excuse me.

JOYCE: Why, wha'd ja do?

MONICA: Huh?

TREVOR: Why're you here? (*MONICA starts to answer but TREVOR holds up a hand.*) Never mind, I don't want to know! (*To JOYCE.*) I can see we need to move someplace else. (*He eyes OPAL harshly.*) Someplace where we won't be interrupted. This way, Joyce. (*TREVOR ushers JOYCE to the office door.*)

JOYCE: (*Coyly.*) Whatever you say, Trev. I am putty in your hands. (*TREVOR giggles and they both exit out the office door.*)

MONICA: (*Moves to OPAL.*) Who's the dish?

OPAL: The latest enrollee to the Gunderson Driving Academy.

MONICA: What? You mean he's grooming her to take the next driving test?

OPAL: Didn't look like what he was doing to me.

MONICA: Hm? (*She looks at OPAL.*) I've been meaning to ask you, why do you always come here with Miss Merton?

OPAL: Well, she can't drive herself, as you well know, and she hates taking the bus. So I drive her pretty much everywhere.

MONICA: Really. Doesn't that irritate your husband?

OPAL: (*Breaks into a wide smile.*) Yeah. (*She nods slowly.*) Yes, it does.

MONICA: I see. (*She turns and eyes the office door.*)

OPAL: But I don't mind; Lilly's my best friend.

MONICA: (*Not listening.*) Mm hm.

OPAL: So I drive her here.

MONICA: I see.

OPAL: So what can you do? I mean if you have someone who's got feelings for someone else? They won't just come right out and say it, no sir! No, they have to keep coming up with flimsy excuses just to be near that person. *(MONICA suddenly turns to OPAL.)*

MONICA: *(Alarmed.)* What? Am I THAT transparent?

OPAL: Huh?

MONICA: *(Moves to OPAL.)* How did YOU know that I have feelings for Trevor?

OPAL: WHAT?! I wasn't taking about you, I was talking about...hold it! YOU have feelings for TREVOR?!

MONICA: No, wait! *(She moves to OPAL.)* You didn't hear that! *(OPAL begins moving around a table followed closely by MONICA.)*

OPAL: Yes, I did. I was right here. You have the hots for Trevor!

MONICA: You can't tell him. You can't tell ANYone!

OPAL: Who'da thunk it!

MONICA: Not so loud!

OPAL: Monica and Trevor sitting in a tree—

MONICA: Stop it!

OPAL: K-I-S-S-I-N-G!

LIGHTS BLACKOUT.

SCENE THREE

It is the next day, early afternoon. LILLIAN is sitting on the sofa quietly but impatiently. She is in a very nice dress and well made-up. She taps her foot and looks at her watch. She then rises and paces slowly. After a few moments, MONICA enters through the front door. LILLIAN hears the door open, looks at it hopefully and moves DS.

MONICA: Anybody home?

LILLIAN: *(Disappointed.)* Oh, it's...just you.

MONICA: I get that a lot.

LILLIAN: I can imagine.

MONICA: *(Looks around.)* Where's your friend, Opal?

LILLIAN: She dropped me off and went shopping. *(The two ladies are now standing next to each other and facing out.)*

MONICA: Uh huh. You're waiting for someone else, I'm guessing.

LILLIAN: Could be. *(She eyes MONICA.)* Are you?

MONICA: Could be.

LILLIAN: If you're here to check up on me, you can see I'm doing my level best.

MONICA: Yes, but at what?

LILLIAN: Now what does THAT mean?

MONICA: Oh, nothing, nothing. It's just that...

LILLIAN: That what?

MONICA: Well, I had a long chat with your friend, Opal, yesterday.

LILLIAN: Oh, you DID. About me?

MONICA: Mmmhmm and someone else.

LILLIAN: Odd you should say that. I had a long chat with Opal last night. About you.

MONICA: Me?

LILLIAN: Mmmhmm. And someone else. *(MONICA and LILLIAN look at each other and speak at the same time.)*

MONICA: Jack?

LILLIAN: *(Same time as MONICA.)* Trevor? *(They both look out again and speak at the same time.)*

MONICA AND LILLIAN: Could be, could be.

MONICA: Jack's a really nice guy, you know.

LILLIAN: I do, I do. And Trevor can be...nice, sometimes.

MONICA: I know, I know. (*Softening.*) You know, Lillian, if I had only known—

LILLIAN: (*Also softening.*) Oh, there's no way. How COULD you have known? (*MONICA moves US to JACK'S office. LILLIAN remains where she is, still looking out.*)

MONICA: Well, maybe when you take your next test I hope you won't be so worried that— (*Her eyes brighten as she obviously gets an idea. Suddenly she falls to the floor.*) OW! (*LILLIAN turns and looks at MONICA in horror.*)

LILLIAN: What happened? (*She rushes over to MONICA.*)

MONICA: I...I don't know! I just turned, and I guess I twisted my ankle! Help me, will you? (*LILLIAN helps MONICA to her feet.*)

LILLIAN: Oh dear, that must hurt!

MONICA: (*As she tries to stand.*) Ow! OW! I better get to the emergency room. I may have fractured something.

LILLIAN: Good idea. (*She helps MONICA as she limps to the front door.*)

MONICA: Oh! Ow! (*She stops and looks at LILLIAN.*) I don't think I'll be able to drive like this. You'll have to drive me.

LILLIAN: (*Alarmed.*) WHAT? You want ME to drive YOU?!

MONICA: You can do it. You HAVE to!

LILLIAN: But we can just call 9-1-1 and they'll have an ambulance here in no time and—

MONICA: That might be too late if I broke a blood vessel or something.

LILLIAN: But I'm supposed to wait here and—

MONICA: (*Winning.*) OW! Please, Lillian.

LILLIAN: I...I don't have a license!

MONICA: I'll take the responsibility if we get stopped. (*Winces in pain.*) OW! HURRY!

LILLIAN: Okay, okay! (*They exit out the door.*)

JACK: (*After a slight pause, JACK enters through the SL door. He is now dressed in his best suit. He straightens his tie.*) I sure hope this is a good idea. I can't let Trevor know anything about it. What would he say? (*He looks at his wristwatch and then moves to the office door.*)

JOYCE: *(At that moment, JOYCE enters through the front door. She is dressed head to toe in a man's business suit and carrying her red bag.)* Hello.

JACK: *(JACK sees her and moves to her.)* Good afternoon, Miss Nivens. My, how smart you look.

JOYCE: Why, thank you. *(She indicates the front door.)* Say, wasn't that Miss Merton driving off just now?

JACK: Lilly? Driving off?

JOYCE: Yeah, in a police car.

JACK: She stole a police car?!

JOYCE: No, I don't think so. There was that lady officer with her.

JACK: What? What on earth could she be up to now? *(JACK'S cell phone rings.)* Pardon me, won't you?

JOYCE: Of course. *(She moves sits in the chair in front of the desk and pulls out a mirror from her red purse. She primps while JACK is on the phone.)*

JACK: *(Into his cell phone.)* Hello. Mac! *(He shoots a look at JOYCE and moves DS.)* No, no, I haven't seen anyone. *(At that moment, TREVOR enters through the front door. This time he is wearing his usual attire. Neither JOYCE nor JACK see him. He is about to speak when he overhears JACK on the phone.)* What? Today? We're going to pull this off today? But I thought...no, I know you know your stuff. Of course. Today it is.

JOYCE: *(Sees TREVOR.)* Good afternoon, Trevor.

TREVOR: And a gracious good afternoon to you, Joyce. *(JACK closes his cell phone and quickly shoves it into his jacket pocket.)*

JACK: Trev! I didn't see you come in.

TREVOR: I just got here. *(He eyes his father curiously.)*

JACK: Good, good. Well, I'll...I'll just leave you two to get on with your lessons. *(He moves to the office door again.)*

TREVOR: Dad, what's with the Sunday clothes? *(JACK exits into his office.)* Well, I guess he has other things on his mind.

JOYCE: I suppose. *(TREVOR looks JOYCE up and down.)*

TREVOR: What...what're you wearing?

JOYCE: What, this? Oh, I have a job interview this afternoon. So I asked the secretary what I should wear and she said some kind of business suit. So, tada! *(She poses.)*

TREVOR: (*Tries to keep from laughing.*) No, when she said business suit, I'm sure she meant...

JOYCE: (*Naïvely.*) What?

TREVOR: You look nice. (*At that moment GRAHAM enters through the front door.*)

GRAHAM: Trev, I'm glad you're here. Can we— Oh hello, Miss Nivens.

JOYCE: (*Nods.*) I'm sure.

GRAHAM: Trevor, can we talk a minute? In private?

TREVOR: Graham, we were just about to start the driving portion of the course and—

GRAHAM: It's important, really.

TREVOR: Well, I guess. (*He looks at JOYCE.*)

JOYCE: I'll just go on out to the course. (*She moves to the SL door.*)
You just come out whenever you two get through talking.

TREVOR: I won't be long, my dear.

JOYCE: See ya. (*She exits out the door.*)

TREVOR: (*Petulantly.*) What is it NOW?

GRAHAM: What's this I hear about you guys having to shut the school down?

TREVOR: Oh, you heard about that, did you?

GRAHAM: No, I took a wild guess. Of COURSE I heard about it.

TREVOR: (*Concerned.*) Is it all over town now?

GRAHAM: I don't know about that but I got it from Janice in new accounts.

TREVOR: Listen, it may not amount to anything.

GRAHAM: So it's not true?

TREVOR: No, it's true all right, but we DO have one option. All we have to do as make sure our next graduate passes the driver's test.

GRAHAM: And how will you do that? I mean, you can't be sure of anything like that, can you?

TREVOR: Hold it. If you're thinking we'll be sending in Lillian Merton again, forget it.

GRAHAM: I was wondering about that.

TREVOR: No, I'll be sending in Joyce.

GRAHAM: (*After a slight pause.*) Do what?

TREVOR: Joyce...the lady who just left. (*Proudly.*) She'll be our next candidate.

GRAHAM: Her? (*He indicates the SL door.*)

TREVOR: (*Defensively.*) Hey, what's the matter with her?!

GRAHAM: Nothing! Nothing, really. (*A slight pause.*) She's a ditz, that's what's the matter with her.

TREVOR: You take that back!

GRAHAM: I didn't mean anything personally...say! You have a thing for her, don't you?

TREVOR: (*Sheepishly.*) Well...

GRAHAM: This isn't just a pick-up, is it? You REALLY like her, don't you?

TREVOR: Aw, shucks. (*He kicks the floor like a little boy. At that moment, FLO enters. She looks around.*)

GRAHAM: Why didn't you tell ol' Uncle Graham?

TREVOR: I haven't said anything to her nor anybody else, so don't go getting the wrong— (*TREVOR sees FLO. GRAHAM turns and also sees FLO. FLO moves around the room as if sizing it up.*)

GRAHAM: (*Quietly to TREVOR.*) Another of your clients?

TREVOR: I've never seen her before. (*They both watch FLO who moves to the couch and then over to the tables.*)

GRAHAM: She acts like one of your regulars.

TREVOR: I keep telling everybody we don't want regulars! (*He turns to FLO.*) May I help you?

FLO: Huh? (*She turns to TREVOR.*) Oh no, I'm fine. (*She keeps looking around.*)

TREVOR: (*Moves to her.*) I mean what's your business here? What's your name?

FLO: Delaney, what's yours?

TREVOR: Delaney?

FLO: No kidding, what're the odds? (*She holds out her hand.*)

TREVOR: (*Shaking her hand.*) No, I'm Trevor Gunderson.

FLO: Call me Flo. I'm looking for Jack Gunderson.

TREVOR: I'm Trevor Gunderson.

FLO: So you're not Jack Gunderson?

TREVOR: (*Turns to GRAHAM.*) Can YOU hear me?

GRAHAM: (*Leans in to FLO.*) He's Trevor.

FLO: (*Leans in to GRAHAM.*) Where's Jack?

GRAHAM: (*Looks at TREVOR.*) She said, "Where's Jack?"

TREVOR: What're you, an interpreter? (*To FLO.*) He's in the office.

FLO: The office?

TREVOR: (*Points to the US door.*) THERE!

FLO: FINE! (*She moves to the office door.*) Yeesh, what a grouch!
(*She knocks and then exits into the office.*)

GRAHAM: Wonder what her story is?

TREVOR: I have no idea. Probably something Dad has on the fire.

GRAHAM: (*Aghast.*) You think he has a thing for HER?

TREVOR: NO! What do you want here, anyway? (*Before GRAHAM can answer the telephone rings.*) Hang on. (*He leans over the desk and picks up the receiver.*) Gunderson Driving Academy, Trevor Gunderson speaking. What? No, ma'am, this is not the bank. Well, you must've dialed it wrong, we're one digit off their phone number. No, I can't connect you!

GRAHAM: (*Hand out.*) You want me to take it?

TREVOR: You're not helping. (*Back to the phone.*) Now, miss, all you have to do—I'm sorry! MZZZZZ. Just redial the number! (*He yanks the receiver away from his ear.*) You try to be nice to some people... (*He replaces the receiver on its cradle.*) Now, what were we talking about?

GRAHAM: I was just about to say— (*FLO enters from the office. She stands in the doorway.*)

FLO: Hey, Travis.

TREVOR: Trevor!

FLO: Whatever. (*She nods to TREVOR, indicating he come to her.*) What's with the bum steer?

TREVOR: (*Moves to FLO.*) What?

FLO: I ask to see Jack Gunderson, and you send me into an empty office.

TREVOR: Huh? (*He looks in the office.*) Dad? (*He shrugs and closes the door.*) Sorry, but he was in there a minute ago.

FLO: Maybe he went out that other door, you think?

TREVOR: Nah, I figure he just vanished in a puff of smoke. (*FLO glares at him.*) He does that all the time. Who ARE you?!

FLO: Hey, I told you already, Thomas.

TREVOR: TRAVIS!

GRAHAM: (*Correcting him.*) Trevor.

TREVOR: (*Rubs his temples.*) I'm getting a headache.

FLO: (*Moves to the front door.*) Listen, I'll be back shortly.

TREVOR: Oh, I can't wait.

FLO: If you run into Jack Gunderson, please tell him I called. (*She exits out the door.*)

GRAHAM: Now what do you suppose that was all about?

TREVOR: (*Moves to GRAHAM.*) Hey, I'm on the bottom of the food chain around here, how should I know?

GRAHAM: Anyway, the reason I came by is I have an idea which may help you guys out.

TREVOR: Oh, this ought to be good. We ought to take our savings and bet them on a sure thing in the fifth, right?

GRAHAM: I mean your next client. I have a nephew who's a whiz at driving already. In fact, he's just about to go take the test. (*He puts an arm about TREVOR.*) Now, for a small fee, he's willing to come here, take the course and then—

TREVOR: How BIG a small fee?

GRAHAM: Will you just LISTEN! HE will be your next graduate. He passes with flying color and you guys are off the hook. It's a sure thing.

TREVOR: I don't know.

GRAHAM: What? What's wrong with that?

TREVOR: What's wrong with that? YOU came up with it.

GRAHAM: What's THAT supposed to mean?

TREVOR: I've gone with some of your "sure things" in the past, remember?

GRAHAM: So you'd rather send in that kewpie doll?

TREVOR: WHY do you keep running her down?!

GRAHAM: I'm just saying... (*The phone rings again.*)

TREVOR: Oh, now what?! (*He picks up the receiver.*) Hello! (*He calms himself.*) I mean, Gunderson Driving Academy, Trevor Gunderson speaking. What? Lady, this ain't the bank!

GRAHAM: Again?

TREVOR: (*Into the receiver.*) What? Well, yes, Graham Bremer is here but— (*He holds out the receiver.*) It's for you!

GRAHAM: I'm getting calls here now?

TREVOR: Take it! (*GRAHAM takes the phone and speaks into the receiver.*)

GRAHAM: Graham Bremer, how can I help— *(After a slight pause.)*
WHAT?!

TREVOR: What, what is it?

GRAHAM: WHAT?! WHEN? No, no, don't do anything. I'll be right there. *(He numbly hands the receiver to TREVOR.)*

TREVOR: What happened?! *(He hangs up the phone.)*

GRAHAM: The bank just got robbed!

TREVOR: WHAT?!

GRAHAM: *(Nodding.)* They think it was two men. I gotta go! *(He rushes to the front door.)*

TREVOR: Geez, you're kidding!

GRAHAM: They figure somebody in the neighborhood. *(He stops at the door and looks at TREVOR.)* Uh... Where's Jack?

TREVOR: DAD? You can't think...

GRAHAM: I'm just asking before the cops get here. They'll probably be asking the same thing!

TREVOR: That's ridiculous! *(He rushes to the office door and opens it.)*

GRAHAM: They won't think so. *(He exits out the door.)*

TREVOR: *(TREVOR opens the office door, looks in and then closes it gently.)* Dad, what are you up to...NOW?

LIGHTS BLACKOUT.

ACT TWO

It is about ten minutes later. TREVOR is sitting at the desk and is on the phone.

TREVOR: So you haven't seen Dad today? What do you mean he's afraid to come over there? I know, he's a little behind in...he'll pay you, I promise! Now, there's no need to resort to threats! Right. Goodbye, Aunt Jessie. *(He hangs up and dials another number.)* Where ARE you, Dad? *(Into the receiver.)* Hello? Is this Bailey's Boom Boom Room and Suds-Sucker Lounge? Yeah, have you, by any chance, seen Jack Gunderson today? *(At that moment, TERI enters through the front door, followed by FLO. TERI is very well dressed and manicured. FLO is carrying a video camera.)* What? Can you look in the men's room? No, I don't think that's asking too much. *(TERI taps on the desk.)*

TERI: *(Clearing her throat.)* A-hem!

TREVOR: Hang on. *(He covers the receiver with a hand.)* May I help you?

TERI: *(Grandly.)* Well? I am here.

TREVOR: Everybody has to be somewhere, lady. *(Into the receiver.)* Well, if he does show up will you have him call his office? Thank you. *(He hangs up the phone.)*

TERI: I don't think you understand who I am. *(She poses.)* Don't you recognize me?

FLO: *(Flatly.)* Maybe they lost their red carpet.

TREVOR: Should I know you?

TERI: Of course.

TREVOR: You're not going to give me any hints?

TERI: Oh! *(Trying again.)* Six o'clock? Local news?

TREVOR: Right! *(He snaps his fingers.)* Didn't I see you last night on the news?

TERI: That's better.

TREVOR: You were that lady running the rooster fights outside of town? *(FLO laughs out loud at this. TERI glares at her and then looks at TREVOR.)*

TERI: *(Icily.)* I was the one who EXPOSED that story! *(Louder.)* TERI HIGHAM, the NEWS ANALYST!

FLO: If you're expecting a fanfare—

TERI: *(To FLO.)* Will you let me handle this? *(TREVOR rises and moves to TERI.)*

TREVOR: Oh, excuse me. I've had a lot on my mind today. I'm Trevor Gunderson.

TERI: That's all well and good, I suppose, but I'm looking for Jack Gunderson.

TREVOR: *(Anxiously.)* Why? *(Alarmed.)* He owes you money, too?

TERI: Just tell me where I can find Mr. Gunderson.

FLO: I hope you have better luck with that than I did.

TREVOR: *(To FLO.)* Oh, so THAT'S what you do.

FLO: I try to keep it quiet.

TERI: *(To FLO.)* Just keep quiet altogether, is that too much to ask?

FLO: Freedom of speech, it's in the Constitution.

TERI: I'm going to look that up. Will you get your camera ready?

FLO: But what about lunch?

TERI: Later.

FLO: I'm hungry.

TERI: You're ALWAYS hungry. Now, get set up.

FLO: Yes, your grace. *(She moves into the room and views TREVOR through her camera.)*

TREVOR: Look, Dad is totally innocent. I can vouch for him!

TERI: What?

TREVOR: He's been here all day, never left the premises.

TERI: Then where IS he?

TREVOR: He's left the premises... Just NOW! RIGHT before you arrived.

FLO: Wha'd I tell you?

TERI: Then I'll wait for him. Teri Higham always gets her man.

FLO: You ought to see her at a singles bar.

TERI: Will you just do your job and keep your snide remarks to yourself?

FLO: Sor-RY!

TREVOR: If you think he had anything to do with that bank hold-up—

TERI: WHAT? Bank hold-up?

TREVOR: First Federal Savings and Loan, isn't that why you're here?

TERI: *(Excited.)* A bank robbery! Finally, a decent scoop. Flo?!

FLO: WHAT?!

TERI: Let's go! *(She bolts out the front door. FLO puts her camera under her arm and reluctantly lumbers over to the front door.)*

FLO: *(To TREVOR.)* Thanks a lot! Now I'll NEVER get lunch! *(She exits out the door.)*

TREVOR: *(Thinking.)* Maybe if I put a quarantine sign on the door? The news media is after Dad? How'd they get his name so fast? *(At that moment, JACK peeks out of the office door.)*

JACK: Is the coast clear?

TREVOR: DAD! *(He rushes over to JACK.)* Where have you BEEN?!

JACK: In my office. *(He enters the room, closing the door behind him.)*

TREVOR: You have not. Somebody was just in there looking for you, and I looked in myself. You were nowhere to be found.

JACK: I was hiding under my desk.

TREVOR: Hiding under your desk? Well, THAT'S a silly thing to do.

JACK: Well, son, the thing is... *(He sits on the couch and pats the seat next to him.)*

TREVOR: Uh oh. *(He sits next to JACK.)*

JACK: I have done something that...well, may not have been my best idea.

TREVOR: Oh, Dad! Don't tell me.

JACK: What?

TREVOR: That would make me an accessory after the fact.

JACK: Now, son, that's just like you. Always blowing everything out of proportion.

TREVOR: ME?

JACK: You always look at the cloud behind the silver lining.

TREVOR: I get that from Mom. She was the realist in the family.

JACK: I'd rather you not bring up your mother's name... Especially right now.

TREVOR: I'm not surprised. Didn't you realize that something like this affects everyone?

JACK: Well, I was going to tell you. But later, after everything settles down.

TREVOR: You mean after you lose the posse?

JACK: You shouldn't call your family names. Look, Trevor, you know how things are. It's just you and me now.

TREVOR: What're you getting at?

JACK: All I'm saying is, we have to look to the future; something other than this place, other than our work. You know, the years to come.

TREVOR: Yeah, like fifteen to twenty?

JACK: Oh, I hope I have more years than that!

TREVOR: More?

JACK: Okay, here's the thing— (*At that moment, OPAL enters through the front door.*)

OPAL: Where is everybody?

JACK: (*Rises.*) Over here, Mrs. Dearborn.

OPAL: (*Moves to JACK.*) Have either of you heard from Lilly?

TREVOR: (*Also rises.*) No, why?

JACK: I heard she left awhile ago, driving a police car.

TREVOR: What?

JACK: With Officer Palmer.

OPAL: Yes, but did you hear WHY Lilly was driving?

TREVOR: She finally lost what's left of her mind?

JACK: Trevor, I will NOT have you saying such things about Lillian!

TREVOR: S'cuse me, Dad.

JACK: (*To OPAL.*) So, why was Lillian driving?

OPAL: Not sure I want to be the one to tell you.

JACK: Go ahead.

OPAL: You know that old saying, "You always shoot the messenger."

TREVOR: We could hit you with our car, now what is it?

OPAL: Well, she called me on her cell phone just before she drove off; that's how I found out.

TREVOR: (*Waving his hands.*) Found out WHAT?!

OPAL: Well, according to Lilly, Officer Palmer fell and twisted her leg.

TREVOR: What?

OPAL: And she couldn't drive so she asked Lilly to take over.

JACK: Wait a minute, Monica twisted her leg?

TREVOR: Where WAS she? When that happened?

OPAL: Here! Right here!

TREVOR: Oh NO!

JACK: Is she all right?

OPAL: I don't know, that's the last I've heard.

TREVOR: We are SO fried.

OPAL: That's why I came back here to see what you've heard.

TREVOR: She'll sue us. I just know she's going to sue us!

JACK: See what I mean? There's that dark cloud again. (*TREVOR grabs JACK by his lapels.*)

TREVOR: Don't you understand, Dad? She's just been DYING to shut us down.

OPAL: (*Smiling.*) Oh, you think so.

JACK: (*JACK gently removes TREVOR'S hands from his jacket.*)
Son, you have got to stop flying off the handle like this.

TREVOR: (*Staring out.*) What can we do now? What's left? (*OPAL and JACK stare at TREVOR who is wide-eyed and numb.*)

OPAL: (*After a pause.*) Is he all right?

JACK: Not sure. Trevor? (*No reply.*) Trev? It's your father speaking.

OPAL: I don't think you're getting through.

JACK: Trevor, are you with us, son?

TREVOR: (*Coming to.*) Hm? Oh, yeah. I was just trying to think of the name of a good arsonist.

JACK: Trevor...

TREVOR: There must be a local branch here somewhere, a franchise.

JACK: Trev...

TREVOR: You know, one of those "It burns down in thirty minutes or it's free?"

OPAL: Listen, I think you may have Monica all wrong.

TREVOR: WHAT?! How can you SAY that?!

OPAL: Well, it's just that she can't be all bad. (*TREVOR stares at her blankly.*) I mean, haven't you ever looked at her? Really looked at her?

TREVOR: Not without wearing lead lining, no.

JACK: Well, personally I think she's very attractive.

TREVOR: This from a man who once brought home a skunk and told us it was a cat.

JACK: It had been defumigated. (*The telephone rings and TREVOR moves to the desk.*)

TREVOR: Fine. You do the same for her and I'll look at her. (*He sits and picks up the receiver.*) Hello?

JACK: (*Quietly to OPAL.*) Have you noticed that he's been acting a bit strangely lately?

OPAL: Now that you mention it...

TREVOR: What? No, Graham was here, but he left. You're what? Wager coordinator? Oh, you're his bookie!

OPAL: Have you also noticed how much Monica has been over here?

JACK: Now that you mention it...

OPAL: Come here. (*JACK leans in and OPAL whispers in his ear. He smiles broadly and looks over at TREVOR.*)

TREVOR: No, this isn't the bank! I wish you people would learn how to dial. What? Fine, I'll give him your message, but this is the last time. (*He hangs up the phone and looks at JACK and OPAL.*) The guy said since Graham has settled up, "Would he like to bet on the fifth race?" (*JACK and OPAL stare at him smiling.*) What? (*He quickly glances behind himself and then back at them.*) Why're you staring at me? You're making me nervous...er...

JACK: Nothing, nothing. So that call was for Graham?

TREVOR: Yeah, people keep thinking they're calling the bank. (*He remembers.*) The BANK! (*He jumps up.*) Dad, we have to get you OUT of here! You have to take it on the lam!

JACK: What are you babbling about now?

TREVOR: What we were just talking about before— (*He nods to OPAL.*) before certain people showed up. (*He tries to usher JACK to the SL door.*)

JACK: Will you get hold of yourself?!

TREVOR: I'm only thinking of you!

JACK: Well, I think you're overreacting to all this.

TREVOR: Overreacting?! How can I POSSIBLY overreact?

JACK: You're doing it right now. Good heavens, you act like I robbed a bank or something.

TREVOR: (*Taken aback.*) HUH? (*At that moment CHIEF NOONAN enters through the front door.*)

NOONAN: Good afternoon, everyone.

TREVOR: Too late, the fuzz is here.

JACK: Milt, what're you doing back?

NOONAN: Just routine. (*He takes out a notepad and pen.*) Have to question all the neighbors in these cases.

OPAL: What cases?

NOONAN: Haven't you heard? First Federal just got held up.

OPAL AND JACK: WHAT?! (*JACK shoots a look at TREVOR.*)

JACK: And you think I did it?

TREVOR: No, NO! (*A beat.*) Did you? (*Suddenly.*) Don't tell me now!
Not in front of the bull.

JACK: Son, you have GOT to stop watching cable.

NOONAN: (*Moves to the others.*) I thought everyone knew about it by now. They think that two men robbed the place of thirty thousand or so. Although, nobody actually saw the second man.

OPAL: Then how do they know about him?

NOONAN: Well, somebody had to unlock and open the back door so the second man could gain access. (*TREVOR jumps in front of JACK.*)

TREVOR: Well, we don't know anything about that. We've both been here all day!

JACK: That's true. Although, nobody actually saw me.

TREVOR: Dad, let me do the talking.

JACK: Now, Trevor, you yourself just said not ten minutes ago that you looked in my office—

TREVOR: He's babbling!

JACK: —and didn't see me.

TREVOR: We're thinking of having him put away. (*Throws his hand up.*) But not in JAIL!

NOONAN: Trevor's right, Jack. Best you don't volunteer anything right now.

TREVOR: (*Relieved.*) Right. You haven't read him his rights or anything yet.

NOONAN: That's only if I plan to arrest him.

TREVOR: But there's no cause for that. Dad was right here. Even though I didn't see him, he was under...I mean he was in his office there and hiding...I mean...you can't... (*He quickly points to OPAL.*) What about her?! We don't know where SHE has been!

OPAL: Hey! Don't drag me into this.

TREVOR: (*Moves to OPAL.*) C'mon, confess. Why did you do it?!

NOONAN: Will you let ME do the questioning here?

TREVOR: Fine. Sure. G'ahead.

NOONAN: Thank you. Now have—

TREVOR: We don't know anything!

JACK: How come you're not at the bank questioning people?

NOONAN: Right now forensics is running all their tests, four officers are questioning the employees and customers and two more officers are checking the front parking lot.

JACK: So you came here because...?

NOONAN: (*Grimacing.*) There was nothing left for me to do there, do you mind? (*At that moment, GRAHAM rushes in through the front door.*)

GRAHAM: Okay, Trevor, what's the idea— (*He sees CHIEF NOONAN.*) Oh, excuse me, I didn't know you had company.

NOONAN: Oh, don't let me stop you. What were you about to say?

GRAHAM: Huh? Oh. (*He points to TREVOR.*) What's the idea of tipping off that Teri person about the hold-up?! That's all we need is to have the news media show up now!

TREVOR: She asked.

GRAHAM: She DID not! She was here on an entirely different story.

NOONAN: (*To JACK.*) What's all that? (*He indicates GRAHAM.*)

JACK: I don't know who they're talking about.

TREVOR: That reporter who came by here when you were still hiding under your desk!

GRAHAM: He was hiding under his desk?

TREVOR: You didn't hear that from me.

GRAHAM: Yes, I did, I was right here.

NOONAN: (*To OPAL.*) How long have you been here, ma'am?

OPAL: Just a few minutes.

NOONAN: Have YOU seen any suspicious characters?

OPAL: You mean, other than them? (*She indicates the others. NOONAN makes a note in his pad.*)

GRAHAM: (*GRAHAM pulls TREVOR DS and speaks quietly.*) Does the cop suspect Jack?

TREVOR: I think so.

GRAHAM: Don't worry, since I was here during the robbery I'll vouch for him.

TREVOR: You will?

GRAHAM: It's the least I can do. I'll say Jack was here with us the whole time.

TREVOR: Thanks, guy. Oh, by the way, your bookie called.

GRAHAM: What?

TREVOR: He said since you'd settled up, he was hoping you'd make another bet. I think he thought he was calling the bank.

GRAHAM: (*Flatly.*) I told him never to call me at the office.

OPAL: What do they know about the robbery, Chief?

NOONAN: Well, I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but it's going to come out sooner or later.

JACK: What?

NOONAN: Apparently the thieves got scared or something.

GRAHAM: (*Hears this.*) Scared? (*GRAHAM and TREVOR move to CHIEF NOONAN.*)

NOONAN: After they left, a teller found several bundles of money next to the back door. It's like they dropped the stuff and ran out. If they DID leave, that is. Remember, someone may have been working inside.

JACK: So they got their money back?

NOONAN: Not all of it. Just a few bundles along with the pistol used in the hold-up.

JACK: They dropped their pistol, too? (*At that moment, LILLIAN enters through the front door.*)

LILLIAN: Well, thank goodness THAT'S over!

NOONAN: (*Hears this.*) What?

OPAL: (*OPAL rushes over to LILLIAN.*) Lilly! What happened? Are you all right?

LILLIAN: I am fine. Never better. You won't believe this, but I pulled it off! (*CHIEF NOONAN moves to LILLIAN.*)

NOONAN: What's that? You're confessing?

LILLIAN: I wouldn't call it a confession. (*A finger in the air.*) It's an achievement!

NOONAN: Do what? (*Just then MONICA enters through the front door. She is no longer limping.*)

MONICA: Did she tell you?

NOONAN: I'm getting the facts right now, Officer Palmer. Did you nab her yourself?

MONICA: Nab her? (*TREVOR sees MONICA and throws his hands up in the air.*)

TREVOR: Oh, great! This is ALL we need! *(He moves to MONICA.)*

Don't think you can come in here and pull some stunt on us. We're on to you.

NOONAN: Wait, you suspect Officer Palmer is in on it?

TREVOR: Yes, I do! And she's not going to get away with it.

MONICA: What are YOU talking about?

NOONAN: Officer Palmer, were you involved?

MONICA: Of course. It was all my idea!

NOONAN: Okay. You have the right to remain silent—

TREVOR: Good luck with that one.

MONICA: Wait, why're you reading me my rights?

NOONAN: You just confessed to robbing the First Federal Savings and Loan.

MONICA AND LILLIAN: WHAT?!

MONICA: NO! I'm not talking about that, I'm... The bank's been robbed?!

OPAL: Is anybody writing all this down?

NOONAN: I'm doing the best I can! *(He scribbles in his pad.)*

JACK: *(Moves to LILLIAN.)* Lillian, where did you go?

LILLIAN: Well, I was here when Monica came in and she twisted her leg...I thought.

JACK: You thought?

LILLIAN: Turned out, it was just a trick.

TREVOR: I KNEW IT! *(He points at MONICA.)* And she's not going to get away with it.

MONICA: *(To NOONAN.)* THAT'S what we were just talking about, not some bank job. *(CHIEF NOONAN glares at her and then erases his notes.)*

NOONAN: I wish you'd said that earlier.

TREVOR: Arrest her!

NOONAN: Hang on. *(To MONICA.)* Officer Palmer, WILL you PLEASE tell me what you're talking about?

LILLIAN: Just this; *(She reaches into her purse and pulls out a small slip of paper.)* I just passed my driving test!

TREVOR: Huh?

JACK: Oh, Lillian, I am SO happy for you. *(He and LILLIAN hug.)*

OPAL: That's GREAT, Lilly!

NOONAN: Driving test? You gave her a driving test?



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HIT THE ROAD, JACK

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