

LOFGREN and VETA

CAB DRIVER. (*Enters.*) I'm lookin' for a little, short— (*Seeing VETA.*) Oh, there you are! Lady, you jumped outta the cab without payin' me.

VETA. Oh, yes, I forgot. How much is it?

CAB DRIVER. All the way out here from town? \$2.75.

VETA. (*Looking in purse.*) 2.75! I could have sworn I brought my coin purse—where is it? (*Gets up, goes to table, turns pocketbook upside down, in full view of audience. Nothing comes out of it but a compact and a handkerchief.*) Well, I'll get it for you from my brother, but I can't get it right now. He's in there to get an injection. It won't be long. You'll have to wait.

CAB DRIVER. You're gonna get my money from your brother and he's in there to get some of that stuff they shoot out here?

VETA. Yes, but it won't be but a few minutes.

CAB DRIVER. Lady, I want my money now.

VETA. But I told you it would only be a few minutes. I want you to drive us back to town, anyway.

CAB DRIVER. And I told you I want my money now or I'm nosin' the cab back to town, and you can wait for the bus—at six in the morning.

VETA. Well, of all the pig-headed, stubborn things—! What's the matter with you?

CAB DRIVER. Nothin' that \$2.75 won't fix. You heard me. Take it or leave it.

VETA. I never heard of anything so unreasonable in my life.

CAB DRIVER. Listen, lady. I've been drivin' this route fifteen years. I've brought 'em out here to get that stuff and drove 'em back after they had it. It changes 'em. (*Crosses to desk.*)

VETA. Well, I certainly hope so.

CAB DRIVER. And you ain't kiddin'. On the way out here they sit back and enjoy the ride. They talk to me. Sometimes we stop and watch the sunsets and look at the birds flyin'. Sometimes we stop and watch the birds when there ain't no birds and look at the sunsets when it's rainin'. We have a swell time and I always get a big tip. But afterward—oh—oh—

VETA. Afterwards—oh—oh! What do you mean afterwards—oh—oh?

CAB DRIVER. They crab, crab, crab. They yell at me to watch the lights, watch the brakes, watch the intersections. They scream at me to hurry. They got no faith—in me or my buggy—yet it's the same cab—the same driver—and we're goin' back over the very same road. It's no fun—and no tips—

VETA. But my brother would tip you anyway. He's very generous. Always has been.

CAB DRIVER. Not after this, he won't be. Lady, after this, he'll be a perfectly normal human being and you know what bastards they are!