

CHARACTERS  
SALAZAR  
AARON

rehearsals

wed 10 - 12:30

8th Thur 1:30 - 6 \* 3:30 + 4

9th Fri 9:30 - 1

12 Mon 11:30 1:30 \* 12:30 + 1

13 Tue 7:30 10:30

14 Wed 10 - 2

15 Thur 4:30 6:30

18 Sun 11 - 6

wed 11:00 ~~10:30~~ w viv

Thur 1:30 w chris

# Woozey Woo!

he has a fall

Come in with glasses

SALAZAR: No no no no. You gotta smooth it. Like this. See? She'll never drink you do it your way. You gotta smooth it past her.

AARON: What? You mean like...?

SALAZAR: No, stupid, like this. Eh? Can't see it, can you?

AARON: Alright.

SALAZAR: Practice a little, get it down.

AARON: Okay okay, I get it.

SALAZAR: You're gonna get arrested your way.

AARON: I said alright! I pour it with my hand like this and it's done.

SALAZAR: No! Not like that.

AARON: What, what?

SALAZAR: Jesus, you're awkward.

AARON: What?

SALAZAR: You can see what you're doing alla way across the room.

AARON: I'm doing it just like you!

SALAZAR: Not even close. Look—watch carefully this time.

AARON: C'mon, no more lessons.

SALAZAR: You gotta do it right!

AARON: I'm gonna do it right!

SALAZAR: You're gonna fuck it up! I ain't goin' down 'cause you're lazy, eh?

You wanna complete the purchase transaction you gotta prove to me you ain't gettin' caught in the act.

AARON: C'mon, Salazar—

SALAZAR: Don't c'mon m8. Here. Do like this. *(He takes Aaron's hand in his.)*

Hold your hand like so; give her something else to look at, do a head-fake—

AARON: No, man—

SALAZAR: You're learning, just go like this—

AARON: This is bullshit—

SALAZAR: Make a diversion, she's gonna look wherever you look—

AARON: I ain't doin' this, Sal.

SALAZAR: You almost got it.

AARON: No. I gotta better way.  
 SALAZAR: What is it?  
 AARON: I don't know.  
 SALAZAR: Forget it, kid. No technique, no sale.  
 AARON: What are you worried about? I'll think of something.  
 SALAZAR: Something. What's something? You got something to show me? Eh?  
 AARON: Yeah. Yeah.  
 SALAZAR: This talk means nothing to me.  
 AARON: I'm thinking.  
 SALAZAR: Think on your own time. *(He makes to leave.)*  
 AARON: No, no, I know what, I got something hold on alright, just hold on I got something. I got something.  
 SALAZAR: What?  
 AARON: I got it. I got it. I got it. I got it. I got something. What if I just, you know, what if, look look look look. Here's what I do. Here's what I do. You listening?  
 SALAZAR: Yeah yeah yeah...  
 AARON: Good. Good. Sid down for a second. Okay. What if I just, uh, uh, what if I just wait till she goes to the john?  
~~SALAZAR: What you mean like when she powders her nose or something?~~  
 AARON: Yeah, yeah, when she powders her nose.  
 SALAZAR: Suppose she don't powder her nose.  
 AARON: She has to powder her nose.  
 SALAZAR: Yeah, but suppose she don't?  
 AARON: She powders her nose!  
 SALAZAR: Who?  
 AARON: The chick!  
 SALAZAR: What chick?  
 AARON: The chick I'm talking about!  
 SALAZAR: You got a girlfriend?  
 AARON: No.  
 SALAZAR: Then who's the chick?  
 AARON: I don't know who the chick is! Whatever chick it is that I'm taking out at the time.  
 SALAZAR: You don't know who the chick is.  
 AARON: No. It's just some—chick.  
 SALAZAR: How do you know she powders her nose?

AARON: All chicks powder their nose! It's a thing they do. Chicks powder their nose.  
 SALAZAR: And you are banking on this.  
 AARON: ~~What?~~  
 SALAZAR: ~~That the chicks is gonna powder her nose.~~  
 AARON: Look. *(He stands.)* I'm a woman, alright?  
 SALAZAR: *(Pause.)* Alright.  
 AARON: I come in. I'm scoping every dame in the place. What kinda clothes they got on, what their dates look like, is anybody wearing my dress. I'm comparing.  
 SALAZAR: Right, yeah.  
 AARON: I'm seeing how I stack up against the competition.  
 SALAZAR: Uh huh.  
 AARON: I got a mental inventory of everybody in the place, who's with who, the whole shot, just from walking in.  
 SALAZAR: So?  
 AARON: So this. I'm walking. I'm taking inventory. All these other broads looking at me, checking me out. This is natural. This is how women work. But this chick, like every chick, this chick that I am with, she maybe has a little confidence problem.  
 SALAZAR: She's going out with you.  
 AARON: Whatever. They all got a self-image problem on account of they're fat as eews according to the magazines. Anyway, so I'm this chick, and I start to worry a little. There's some good-looking dames in here. I start to think maybe I didn't floss correctly. I got some spinach stuck in there; or that my fucking nose is shiny—  
 SALAZAR: Like a shiny nose means shit to a guy.  
 AARON: That's what I'm saying! It don't! It don't mean shit to a guy, but to a broad, she's not thinking about the guy. She don't give a fuck what you think. She's worried about these other dames and where she is in the food chain. So she goes to the john to check herself out. She looks in the mirror. She powders the make-up that's already there. She accentuates her cleavage.  
 SALAZAR: Cleavage?  
 AARON: Yeah.  
 SALAZAR: What she do to her cleavage?  
 AARON: She accentuates it.  
 SALAZAR: With make-up?

AARON: Yeah, yeah, they do it all a time. It's all about highlight and shadow, you know, like when you draw a sphere or something?

SALAZAR: Yeah?

AARON: Light on the top, dark on the bottom?

SALAZAR: Yeah?

AARON: It's amazing what they do. Fucking out of this world.

SALAZAR: So you slip this chick the mickey while she's in the can painting her face.

AARON: Yeah. Good plan, ain't it. (Pause, he drinks.) <sup>SMs behind neck</sup> laughing at him then explode

SALAZAR: You're a punk, you know that?

AARON: What?

SALAZAR: A fucking piker. That's not a plan, there's no art to it.

~~AARON: Yeah?~~

SALAZAR: Yeah. I'm not gonna sell to you.

AARON: What? I gotta be artistic?

SALAZAR: ~~Yeah?~~ You can't do it the easy way like that. It's rape.

~~AARON: Yeah?~~

SALAZAR: Yeah?

AARON: It's rape the way I wanna do it.

SALAZAR: Yeah.

AARON: And your way it ain't.

SALAZAR: No, you moron, it's not. <sup>LOOK</sup> Not if you do it right. This is a tool, a facilitator, like being good-looking, or rich, or whatever. Eh? You wanna rape somebody, knock 'em on the head! You're just a freak hangin' out in alleys. But with this—this is your equalizer, your BMW, your six-figure income. You got this you got a bitch house. A chiseled jaw. Parry clothes. You wanna rape, you don't need all that, and I don't want you in my life. Eh?

AARON: Why do it the hard way?

SALAZAR: 'Cause your way you can't justify it.

AARON: But your way you can.

SALAZAR: Yeah. Stupid.

AARON: You're sick. ok

SALAZAR: You're celibate. (Pause.) ok

AARON: Like this, huh?

SALAZAR: So your hand covers it.

AARON: Like this?

SALAZAR: Right. Look her in the eye. Smile. Charm her a little.

AARON: This is bullshit. I can just get 'em drunk.

~~SALAZAR: You could do that.~~ STATEMENT

AARON: ~~Yeah, you could do that.~~ but legit, yeah. You been doin' that?

AARON: Yeah?

SALAZAR: And it works?

AARON: Yeah. Kinda.

SALAZAR: Kinda. (Pause.) So. How much you want? <sup>many you want shake</sup>

AARON: This stuff works?

SALAZAR: Wanna try it?

AARON: What? Right now?

SALAZAR: Yeah. Five minutes you'll be suckin' my dick.

AARON: (Pause.) I'll take your word for it.

SALAZAR: Morning comes you won't know what happened.

AARON: Damn.

SALAZAR: That's why you have to do it artfully. Eh?

AARON: Artfully.

SALAZAR: Otherwise it's too easy.

AARON: Too easy.

SALAZAR: The way you sneak it past her is the thrill of the chase.

AARON: Yeah. I guess it is.

SALAZAR: You gotta have that.

AARON: Yeah. Yeah you do.

SALAZAR: You wanna buy some?

AARON: I wanna, yeah. I wanna try it out. First.

SALAZAR: You are right now.

AARON: Right now, yeah. What?

SALAZAR: I did it while you were sitting here.

AARON: I was sitting—I was—

SALAZAR: Another minute you'll be licking my balls.

AARON: You put—you're a freak.

SALAZAR: I'm an artist. (Pause. Aaron begins to giggle.)

AARON: You're fucking with me, right?

SALAZAR: Yeah, sure. You're kinda cute, you know that?

AARON: Yeah, well, I got a little something goin' on. Hey!

SALAZAR: What? It's just a compliment.

AARON: Yeah. (Pause.) Yeah, I know, I just—I'm kinda woozey.

SALAZAR: Woozey, huh? Woozey looks good on you.

<sup>wait till he finishes drinking</sup>  
<sup>many you want shake</sup>  
<sup>discreetly in his bottle</sup>

<sup>coming to him</sup>

<sup>relax</sup>

AARON: Huh. Huh. Woooooozey. Huh-huh. That's a funny word.

SALAZAR: Yeah. Heh heh.

AARON: Woozey woo!

SALAZAR: Hah hah. Yeah. Woozey.

AARON: Woozey woozey woozey.

SALAZAR: Woozey woozey woozey.

*(They laugh a little, then are silent. They exchange a look. They burst out laughing again.)*

END OF PLAY

# Drive Angry

by Matt Pelfrey

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