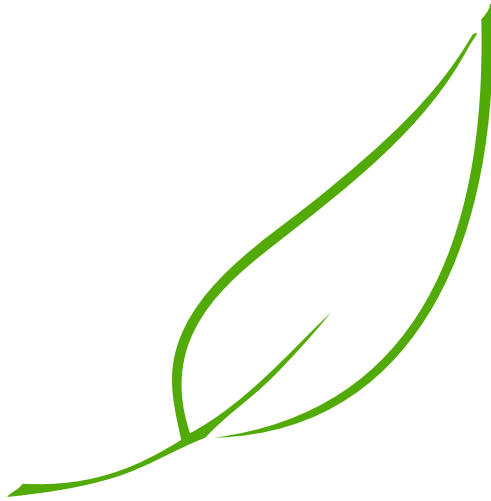


HEY, CABBY!

by Ken Bradbury



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(Two chairs are onstage, one a bit upstage of the other to indicate two car seats. Maury is driving the cab. Paul walks onstage in a hurry. He checks his watch, looks up and down the street nervously. He's obviously late.)

PAUL: Cabby! Oh cabby!

MAURY: *(slams on his brakes, then)* Yeah?

PAUL: Are you free?

MAURY: Walkin's free, buddy. This is a taxicab.

PAUL: I mean, can you take me ...?

MAURY: Hop in. *(Paul gets in.)* Where to? *(Paul begins to answer but before he can get a word out, Maury continues.)* Can you believe this weather? Unbe-stinkin'-lievable! So where you goin'? *(Again, Paul tries to answer but Maury blurts in, still driving.)* I was tellin' my wife last night ... Hilda's a good old girl ... gettin' a little heavy around the hips but that's the way it goes when you get older ... her mother's like that, too. Oh baby, you oughta meet her mother! Now, that ... that is a piece of work, buddy. Hey look! I gotta know where I'm goin'! This meter's runnin' you know!

PAUL: Well, I need to ...

MAURY: Would you believe this traffic!? Unbe-stinkin'-lievable! Look at that jerk cut me off! *(shouting out the window)* Hey, fella! You want some-a this? The nerve of some people! Whatever happened to good manners, that's what I'd like to know? My boy Louie ... he belches at the table. Can you believe that? Belches right there in front of his mother and father. Not that Hilda's any great shakes as a cook, mind you. I mean, God love her, she's never served a decent french fry in her life but

...

PAUL: *(standing and shouting with demonic fire in his eyes)* Bastante! Enough! *(Maury goes into pantomime,*

oblivious of Paul) (in a broad French accent) Thees ship! Eet now belongs to me! (He roughly grab's Maury's shoulder and Maury suddenly becomes a part of Paul's fantasy) You weel give me dis ship or you weel die!

MAURY: *(also ala French)* Ahhh! Captain Jacque LeTaxey! Le pirate! Mercy! Mercy! Please have mercy on me!

PAUL: I will rip your annoying tongue from your throat, you swine!

MAURY: Oh no! No, mon capitan! Not my tongue! *(Paul reaches in, grabs his tongue and jerks violently, plopping back down into his seat holding nothing but air.) (Maury resumes his droning monologue, none the wiser to Paul's fantasy.)* Now her tuna bake, that's a different matter. Lots of Velveeta cheese and those little dried onions like you get out of can. Say! You gonna tell me where you wanna go? This meter's tickin', buddy.

PAUL: If you'd just ...

MAURY: *(shouting out the window)* You too, buddy! And so's your grandma! I can't believe all the loud mouths on the road today! Whoa! Would ja look at the time? I almost missed the Yankees game! *(bangs on an imaginary dashboard)*

PAUL: *(standing and saluting, in a British accent)* General Howe, it's a Yankee spy! The punishment is death!

MAURY: *(suddenly out of the cab and on his knees as Paul paces and begins to fire, begging for his life)* They made me do it, General! I swear! I wouldn't spy on the British! I'm just a poor hack driver from Boston!

PAUL: *(aiming a long rifle)* Prepare to die, Yankee. If you have any last words, please say them quickly.

MAURY: *(still pleading hysterically)* I love the British! I swear! *(hand over his heart, singing)* "God save our gracious queen, long may she ever reign ..."

PAUL: Enough! Your voice alone is enough to deserve the firing squad. Gentlemen, on three! One ...

MAURY: No! Please don't shoot! *(he jumps into his chair and covers his head)*

PAUL: *(as he moves back near his chair to get a better shot)*
Two!

MAURY: I gotta run away! I gotta run away!

PAUL: Three! *(and as Paul shouts "Three!" Maury shouts "No!" and Paul falls back into his chair as if he's just been hit with the recoil of the rifle)*

MAURY: One stinkin' run away and they blew it! *(shouting at the radio)* You're bums, you know that? Stinkin' bums! I can't believe they blew the ball game! *(twisting knobs)* Wonder if I can get the Patriots' game? Hey buddy, you still ain't told me where you want to go! This ride is really gonna cost you.

PAUL: If you'd just ...

MAURY: *(thumping up as if the car just went over a bump)* Can you believe the way they take care of these roads? Unbe-stinkin'-leavable! What am I payin' taxes for, anyway? We might as well be livin' out in the Wild West! You call this progress?

PAUL: *(standing, a western drawl, chewing tobacco and spitting)* I got the mouthy little varmit in my sights, Bart. Where you want I should plug him?

MAURY: *(keeps facing forward, but suddenly throwing his hands in the air and shaking with fear)* Don't do it, Starbuck! I didn't touch your steers!

PAUL: Seen you creepin' around the bunkhouse last night, you little weasel. Fixin' to take my herd!

MAURY: Don't shoot me, Starbuck! Please don't shoot me!

PAUL: I ain't. I'm gonna tie your mangy tail to old Blue Thunder and let him trot!

MAURY: Not Fireball! Don't tie me Blue Thunder, Starbuck! That horse'll kill me!

PAUL: *(spits, then)* That's the general idea.

MAURY: You can't do this! You just can't do this! *(they both duck and plop into their seats as a clap of thunder hits)* Would you look at that thunder! Hilda said, "Take your raincoat! Take your raincoat!" but you think I'd listen? Tell you the truth buddy, that woman talks so much I



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