

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—!

MYRTLE. I should say so.

JUDGE. What's the matter with you?

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

VETA. (*Getting up, going L.*) I never heard of anything so unreasonable in my life. (*Knocks.*) Dr. Chumley, will you let Elwood step out here a minute. This cab driver won't wait.

CHUMLEY. (*Off L.*) Don't be too long. (*Enter ELWOOD. CHUMLEY follows.*)

VETA. Elwood, I came off without my coin purse. Will you give this man \$2.75? But don't give him any more. He's been very rude.

ELWOOD. (*Extending his hand.*) How do you do? Dowd is my name. Elwood P.

CAB DRIVER. Lofgren's mine. E. J.

ELWOOD. I'm glad to meet you, Mr. Lofgren. This is my sister, Mrs. Simmons. My charming little niece, Myrtle Mae Simmons. Judge Gaffney and Dr. Chumley. (*ALL bow coldly.*)

CAB DRIVER. Hi—

ELWOOD. Have you lived around here long, Mr. Lofgren?

CAB DRIVER. Yeah, I've lived around here all my life.

ELWOOD. Do you enjoy your work?

CAB DRIVER. It's O.K. I been with the Apex Cabs fifteen years and my brother Joe's been drivin' for Brown Cabs pretty near twelve.

ELWOOD. You drive for Apex and your brother Joe for Brown's? That's interesting, isn't it, Veta? (*VETA reacts with a sniff.*) Mr. Lofgren—let me give you one of my cards. (*Gives him one.*)

CHUMLEY. Better get on with this, Mr. Dowd.

ELWOOD. Certainly. One minute. My sister and my charming little niece live here with me at this address. Won't you and your brother come and have dinner with us some time?

CABBY. Sure—be glad to.

ELWOOD. When—when would you be glad to?

CABBY. I couldn't come any night but Tuesday. I'm on duty all the rest of the week.

ELWOOD. You must come on Tuesday, then. We'll expect you and be delighted to see you, won't we, Veta?

VETA. Oh, Elwood, I'm sure this man has friends of his own.

ELWOOD. Veta, one can't have too many friends.

VETA. Elwood, don't keep Dr. Chumley waiting—that's rude.

ELWOOD. *Of course. (Gives him bill.)* Here you are—keep the change. I'm glad to have met you and I'll expect you Tuesday with your brother. Will you excuse me now?

LOFGREN. Sure. (ELWOOD exits U.L. CHUMLEY follows.)

CAB DRIVER. A sweet guy.

VETA. Certainly. You could just as well have waited.

CAB DRIVER. Oh, no. 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 — (*Starts to exit again.*)

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— (*Turns to door.*)

VETA. But my brother would have tipped 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! Glad I met you. I'll wait. (*Exits L.*)

VETA. (*Starts to run for door U.L.*) Oh, Judge Gaffney—Myrtle Mae! Stop it—stop it—don't give it to him! Elwood, come out of there.

JUDGE. You can't do that. Dr. Chumley is giving the injection.