

JOE. And speaking of rings, *you'll never guess who Kenni is going to marry — (Stops short. A beat — they both listen.)* We got cut off. You did pretty good, Walter.

WALTER. Just kill me already. *(The Cubicle. Night.)*

BECKY. *(To audience.)* I didn't know where to go. So I came here. To my old job. Maybe I'd sleep under my desk. Maybe Walter Flood would walk in, like that very first night — *(A quick light on Walter.)*

WALTER. Good evening.

BECKY. *(Shouts.)* I'M MARRIED AND MY HUSBAND IS ALIVE!!!

WALTER. Good-bye. *(Walter is gone.)*

BECKY. — ~~And I would realize that it had all been a dream. (She~~
~~sees something out the window.)~~ And that's when I saw it. It must have been delivered after-hours. It was at the edge of the lot, gleaming in the moonlight:

Mrs. Tipton's new car. Sleek and smart and fully loaded. And right next to it ...

Another one. Identical. There's been some mistake ... they've sent *two cars* ... and that would explain the delay ...

I checked our database for inventory and delivery. Mrs. Tipton's car was there, on the books — but as for the second car, *the identical car* ... there was nothing. No one knew it was there. I called Mrs. Tipton. Told her the good news. She asked if she could get the car right away — *tonight*. I didn't see why not. She was on her way.

I finished the paperwork on Mrs. Tipton's car. Then I grabbed our universal key and put it in my purse — and I walked out into the night to see that second car ... *(Becky's NEW Car. Late night.)* ... it was luminous. I got inside. It enveloped me like a cult.

I wrote down the VIN number of this second car, this phantom vehicle. I walked back inside — went into the database — entered this VIN number — and this time the name of the registered owner came up: *Becky Foster*. It was my bonus from Buckley. If I never got my new life ... at least I had my new car. *(The silhouette of Mrs. Tipton is seen, as before ...)*

Mrs. Tipton arrived. When she saw her car, she said, "May I go? May I finally just go?" I said sure. I walked back inside to get her final paperwork, her warranty and extra key ...

... And that's when I heard it. I heard that car's engine roar to life. And I raced to the door and called across the lot — telling her

to wait just one more minute — (*The silhouette fades away.*) But she was gone. And her car was still there. She had taken the wrong car. She had driven away in *mine*. *With my purse on the seat next to her.*

Instinct took over. I jumped in *her* car — fired it up — oh, man, the sound of that thing, like the roar of a velvet tiger — and now I was chasing her towards the freeway. I made the exit ramp not long after she did — and I had that black car in my sights — a shadow chasing its shadow — but that woman — I should have known — she had nothing to lose — there was no catching her, hard as I tried ... and ten miles out of town, I lost her for good ... *... but I kept driving* — leaving the lights of the city in my wake. Every billboard I passed had the same two words at the bottom: Walter Flood, Walter Flood, Walter Flood, mile after mile. My reasons for going back were as strong as ever ... but they were not as strong as this car ... this thing moving through the night ... putting miles between me and my life.

Two days later, in a motel room six hundred miles away from home ... I turned on a television, and I learned what happened to Mrs. Tipton: (*Becky speaks from the car, as ... the room around her gradually fills with people carrying devotional candles: Joe, Walter, Chris, Kenni, Steve and Ginger. The men wear dark suits; the women are in black. They set the candles around the room.*) She had driven all the way to Deception Pass — to the bridge that spans those rugged waters — and when she reached that bridge in the middle of the night, she floored it — and she was gone ... safely over that bridge and straight ahead to that first sharp turn overlooking the sea — where apparently she floored it again ... *and she did not turn* — and the guardrail did not stop her — and that amazing machine continued to roar as it soared through the air — and fell — a sheer drop — down into the night ... into the churning waters below.

Her body was not found. The divers worked for several days ... but found only the car, registered in *my name*.

And a purse, which contained several forms of identification, *all mine*.

The driver was presumed to be dead.

And to be me. (~~*Living Room Evening. The mood is somber. Chris and Kenni are serving mugs of coffee. A moment between them.*~~)
~~KENNI. I can't believe we're doing this. So soon.~~