

# Drive Angry

*Rex the Mex behind the wheel. Chemo-Boy rides shotgun.*

REX THE MEX: Concrete, concrete, concrete...

CHEMO-BOY: My dad stopped by yesterday...

REX THE MEX: ...lights, neon, billboards...

CHEMO-BOY: ...out of nowhere. Just, like, I'm chillin', then KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK, I'm like, "Oh, shit, who's that..."

REX THE MEX: ...rich cars, poor cars, ugly cars, dented cars, cars with tint, cars with out-of-state plates, cars with vanity plates...

CHEMO-BOY: ...so I open the front door and there's my oldster, and he gets in my face, he's like, "How you doin' kiddo?"

REX THE MEX: ...cars with loser zoos, cars with stupid bumper stickers, cars with no bumpers, hot rods, jeeps, vans, busses...

CHEMO-BOY: And I swear to Christ, I almost pass out—his breath smelled like seaweed...

REX THE MEX: Asian dudes, Armenian dudes, Arab dudes, black dudes, brown dudes, white dudes...everyone mixing, merging, honking...

CHEMO-BOY: ...like there was this sick, repugnant stew brewing in his mouth...

REX THE MEX: Like this freeway is just a big concrete bloodstream full of mechanical germs...angry mechanical germs...

CHEMO-BOY: So he comes in and we talk, ~~and he tells me I've got any soup...~~ and I tell him I got plenty of soup. ~~So he tells me for like, five minutes only and he already wants me to cook for him. So I tell him I got Minestrone and I got Fiesta Beans, but that's not good enough, he wants Vegetable Beef. I'm like, "Man, just have the Minestrone," and that's what I cook. So I give him a bowl with some crackers, and he just chomps up. So I give him a bowl with some~~

~~his soup, brooding y'know? Just like, in a funk. This funk soup funk. So I said, basically, unless you got money to help me with my medical bills, you can fuckin' get lost. So that's what he did. He split~~

~~the damn soup. Swear to Christ, I wanted to beat him over the~~

~~head with his prosthetic arm.~~

So I said, basically, unless you got money to help me with my medical bills, you can fuckin' get lost. So that's what he did. He split

the damn soup. Swear to Christ, I wanted to beat him over the head with his prosthetic arm.

REX THE MEX: I know you don't want to hear this, I know you want me to be on your side here and all, but, honestly, your dad sounds like a total fucking stud. I mean, come on! He's all corroded and raspy and tweaked out...

CHEMO-BOY: He's lived in a motel for two years.

REX THE MEX: So? He's a desperate, volatile maverick! He's on the edge!

~~CHEMO-BOY: But it's by choice...~~

~~REX THE MEX: What is?~~

~~CHEMO-BOY: His motel life-style. He has settlement money from the accident.~~

~~I know he does.~~

~~REX THE MEX: So wait—he's holding out on you? He's got loot?~~

~~CHEMO-BOY: I think so.~~

~~REX THE MEX: See, that I got a problem with.~~

~~(They drive in silence for a moment.)~~

CHEMO-BOY: I hear some scientist in Seattle found Sasquatch hairs.

REX THE MEX: Fuck's a Sasquatch hair?

CHEMO-BOY: Sasquatch is another name for Bigfoot.

REX THE MEX: And some scientist has its hair?

CHEMO-BOY: Well actually, they think they're pubes...

REX THE MEX: Hold on. Sasquatch is covered, head-to-toe, in hair. Correct?

CHEMO-BOY: Yes.

REX THE MEX: Then follow me here: how do you know which hairs are his normal hairs, and which are his pubes?

CHEMO-BOY: When experts say they got Bigfoot's pubes, you take a statement like that at face value. *(Beat.)* Check it. ~~initial tests show it's definitely~~

~~some sort of non-human primate~~

REX THE MEX: *(Repeating to himself.)* ...primate...

CHEMO-BOY: A primate's an ape.

REX THE MEX: I know what a fucking primate is...

CHEMO-BOY: That's so cool. I hope it exists.

REX THE MEX: Bigfoot?

CHEMO-BOY: Yeah.

REX THE MEX: Why would you give a shit if Bigfoot exists or not?

CHEMO-BOY: I'd hunt it.

REX THE MEX: Get outta here...

CHEMO-BOY: No, man, I would. ~~Chase it, no, blow it away, skin the bastard,~~ make a cool rug. Sell the meat to Burger King or Arby's. *(Pause.)* Can you

give me a lift tomorrow?

REX THE MEX: Where to?

~~CHEMO-BOY: Where do you think?~~

~~REX THE MEX: What time?~~

~~CHEMO-BOY: Gotta be there by nine.~~

~~REX THE MEX: (Slightly annoyed.) Yeah, I can give you a ride.~~

CHEMO-BOY: Hey, I don't want to put you *out* or anything...

REX THE MEX: Just wanted to sleep in.

CHEMO-BOY: So fuck off. I'll find a ride.

REX THE MEX: I'll drive you.

CHEMO-BOY: No, really...

REX THE MEX: ...said I'd drive you...

CHEMO-BOY: Hey, you got *sleeping* to do.

REX THE MEX: I said I would fuckin' drive you, okay? Stop sniveling.

CHEMO-BOY: I'm not sniveling.

REX THE MEX: You are. You're sniveling like some kinda *victim*.

CHEMO-BOY: Shut up...

REX THE MEX: Little Chemo-Boy suffering from cancer. Waaa!

CHEMO-BOY: Fuck off.

REX THE MEX: You're not even losing your *hair*.

CHEMO-BOY: What's that supposed to mean?

REX THE MEX: You know what it means.

CHEMO-BOY: No. I don't. Fuckin' tell me.

REX THE MEX: I mean, you know, what kind of wimpy cancer you got that your chemo doesn't make you go bald? You know? On TV, all the cool cancer patients go bald.

CHEMO-BOY: My stuff doesn't do that.

REX THE MEX: ...'Cause you got pussy chemo.

CHEMO-BOY: I implore you to fuck off. You're being a dick.

~~REX THE MEX: I'm chemo for your manhood.~~

~~CHEMO-BOY: You're what?~~

~~REX THE MEX: You heard me. I'm like, chemo for your, whatever, yeah, your manhood. I won't let you become one of those people who start to feed off their disease. My uncle got pancreatic cancer, and that's what he became. Pancreatic Cancer Man. Everything was about his disease. How he's "bravely battling cancer." All that disease hype. The whole time, I'm thinking, what's so fucking brave about battling something that you have no choice about? You got cancer. You deal with it. It's like how we treat cops and firemen. They save someone, they catch a killer, and, yeah, that's great, but it's their *job*. It's not like some civilian that risks his life~~

~~intervene and save someone. A cop or fireman has no choice. Doing that shit is no more than what's expected. It's their job. They're not being heroes, they're earning a paycheck and enjoying a privileged position in society.~~

~~CHEMO-BOY: Whatever.~~

REX THE MEX: (Pause.) What you goin' in for?

CHEMO-BOY: Like you care.

REX THE MEX: Stop brooding...

CHEMO-BOY: (Pause.) You ever get a CAT scan?

REX THE MEX: Fuck no.

CHEMO-BOY: Dude, they give you a bottle of this shit, it's like, this white, creamy stuff, you gotta drink it before going in, so your insides will show up when they take the picture...

REX THE MEX: ...yeah...

CHEMO-BOY: ...stuff, I'm not kidding, is like drinking *moose semen*.

REX THE MEX: ...not that you know what drinking moose semen is like...

CHEMO-BOY: I'm using poetic imagery so a puny mind like yours can grasp the horror and complexity of what I'm saying.

~~REX THE MEX: I think I appreciate that.~~

~~CHEMO-BOY: You fuckin' better.~~

REX THE MEX: So...

CHEMO-BOY: ...so that's what they're doing tomorrow. I'm drinking a pint of moose cum, then they're shooting iodine into my veins to find out if I got any creepy shit hiding out.

REX THE MEX: That's fucked up.

CHEMO-BOY: Yeah it is...

(Pause. Rex thinks about something.)

REX THE MEX: Let me ask you a question. Let me pose a thought to you...

CHEMO-BOY: Please do.

REX THE MEX: Why did you get cancer?

CHEMO-BOY: (Slight pause.) I don't know.

REX THE MEX: But what did the doctors tell you?

CHEMO-BOY: It could be any one of five hundred reasons.

REX THE MEX: But at your age, ass cancer is rare.

CHEMO-BOY: Extremely.

REX THE MEX: So why did this shit grow inside of you?

CHEMO-BOY: I just told you—I don't fuckin' know.

REX THE MEX: Yeah? Well, I *do*.

CHEMO-BOY: Oh, great.

REX THE MEX: I do, man. I really do.

CHEMO-BOY: There is no way on God's green earth you know anything my doctors don't know.

REX THE MEX: What you continually fail to grasp, my diseased little friend, is that I am not burdened by over-education. I haven't spent eight years after high school getting taught how to think or what pre-packaged crock of shit to spout so that I appear smart at parties and espresso bars. I actually think. I have forced myself to remain open to the Cosmic Whatever.

CHEMO-BOY: "The Cosmic Whatever?"

REX THE MEX: That's right...

CHEMO-BOY: Alright—what's your diagnosis?

REX THE MEX: Existential pollution.

CHEMO-BOY: What the fuck is that?

REX THE MEX: All the shit out there. All the shit that pisses you off and eats at you day in and day out. All that shit has crawled up inside your ass and died like a sick rat. And that got everything infected.

CHEMO-BOY: And the shit is...?

REX THE MEX: ~~Well, as I touched on already~~ all the chicks that piss us off, our bullshit jobs, our fucking parents and especially the psychotic, selfish, asshole drivers who plague us every day of our lives. You see, all these elements are out there, like secondhand smoke—like *smog*—it's drifting, hanging in the air, contaminating our world. That's why our enforcement, our roadway counteroffensive against the scumbag fuckers of the world—that's why it's so important.

CHEMO-BOY: Hmm...

REX THE MEX: Am I right? You know I am.

CHEMO-BOY: It's food for thought.

REX THE MEX: It's a fucking all-you-can-eat buffet and it's all true.

CHEMO-BOY: Yeah it is.

REX THE MEX: *(Something grabs his attention.)* Here we go...

CHEMO-BOY: Where?

REX THE MEX: Next lane over.

CHEMO-BOY: Red truck?

REX THE MEX: Uh-huh.

CHEMO-BOY: What's the crime?

REX THE MEX: Merges like an a-hole, then cut across three lanes of traffic without signaling.

CHEMO-BOY: That is totally unacceptable behavior.

REX THE MEX: Agreed.

*(Rex accelerates. Chemo-Boy produces a pellet handgun from under the seat.)*

REX THE MEX: How's the pellet supply?

CHEMO-BOY: Doin' okay.

REX THE MEX: We need more?

CHEMO-BOY: We're cool.

REX THE MEX: Just tell me when.

CHEMO-BOY: I know the game.

REX THE MEX: Anyone behind us?

CHEMO-BOY: No.

REX THE MEX: Don't do it until just before the next off-ramp.

CHEMO-BOY: Who do you think you're talking to?

REX THE MEX: We can't get careless.

CHEMO-BOY: Don't worry about it.

REX THE MEX: Here it comes...

CHEMO-BOY: It's time to administer some real medicine. Chemo for a tumorous city...

REX THE MEX: Concentrate on the job at hand.

CHEMO-BOY: Shut up. I am. Here we go.

*(Chemo-Boy leans out of the window, aims the pellet gun, fires three shots. Rex turns the steering wheel sharply towards the off-ramp. Glass shatters. Tires squeal.)*

END OF PLAY