

PERUSAL SCRIPT

GAMING THE DMV

by Eric Samuelson



Newport, Maine

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GAMING THE DMV

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GAMING THE DMV by Eric Samuelsen received its world premiere May 12, 2012 as part of the ninth annual SLAM at Plan-B Theatre. The following cast was directed by Christy Summerhays: Jason Tatom, Kalyn West and Claire Wilson. Designed by Cheryl Cluff, Jesse Portillo and Randy Rasmussen. Stage managed by Jennifer Freed. Produced by Jerry Rapiet.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

RHONDA — a teen

JAKE — a 40-something

ALICE — 30-something

Location: The DMV. Three benches.

GAMING THE DMV a ten-minute play by Eric Samuelsen. 2f 1m. Simple set of 3 benches. Contemporary costumes. The greatest place for being bored is the DMV. The thing most often done at the DMV is waiting. An impatient first-time-license-teen who just cannot wait for anything interrupts the lives of a solitary man and a woman who has had her fill of teens by asking to trade numbers because even five minutes of a wait is forrrreeveeer. Premiered at Plan-B Theatre's ninth annual SLAM 2012. **ORDER #3268**

Eric Samuelsen taught at Wright State University in Dayton, Ohio before joining the faculty at Brigham Young University in 1992. He became head of the Playwriting program at BYU in 1999. He has also taught as an adjunct faculty member in the Religion department. He retired from BYU in 2012.

As a playwright, Samuelsen has had twenty-seven plays professionally produced in Utah, Indiana, Louisiana, New York, and California. Some of his plays include *Gadianton*, which has seen three professional productions across the country, *A Love Affair with Electrons*, *Family*, *The Plan*, and *The Way We're Wired*. He is resident playwright at Plan-B Theatre Company in Salt Lake City, who designated their 2013-14 season a 'Season of Eric', including productions of six of his plays.

He is a member of the Playwrights' Circle, and the Dramatists Guild. He is three-time winner of the Annual Award in Playwriting offered by the Association for Mormon Letters (AML) and he became president of AML in 2007. In 2013 the organization awarded him the Smith Pettit Award for his lifetime work as a playwright.

He has been a staff writer for the on-line satirical magazine *The Sugarbeet*. He was also featured in the book *Conversations with Mormon Authors*, edited by Chris Bigelow. He is a noted Ibsen translator, and has also published scholarly articles on 19th and 20th century Scandanavian Theatre, and more recently, on LDS drama and film. He blogged at *Mormoniconoclast.com*. Eric died in September of 2019 after a long battle with polymyositis. This has left a huge hole in the Theatre Community within, and outside of, The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

GAMING THE DMV

Actors sit on benches, waiting. Waiting.

RHONDA: *(Long sigh. She looks 'round. Sees JAKE.)* Excuse me?
(He ignores her.)

Excuse me?

JAKE: Yeah?

RHONDA: On the board there? The who gets served next board? With the numbers? What's your number?

JAKE: Why?

RHONDA: Well, it's just . . . you look like you've been sitting here for awhile.

JAKE: I have. Been sitting here. For a very long time. An unfathomably long time. A 'born astride a grave' long wait. It's the DMV. You wait.

RHONDA: 'Cause, see, I'm C38. And they just called C14. So I have to wait for 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, all the way to 38.

JAKE: Yep.

(She looks like she's ready to cry.)

You're gonna be awhile. Sorry.

RHONDA: But I can't. I can't. I just can't. I have to get to work, I have to go.

JAKE: Sorry.

RHONDA: *(Turns off the tears in an instant.)* I could maybe trade you something.

JAKE: Sorry, not a chance.

RHONDA: But I'm gonna be here forever.

(JAKE shrugs. Defeated, she slumps, then goes to ALICE.)

Excuse me?

ALICE: Yes?

RHONDA: Do you mind me asking what your number is?

ALICE: On the board? Certainly. I'm E-36.

RHONDA: Wow. That's . . . wow. I mean they just did E-29.

ALICE: Well, I have been here for a very long time. You'd like to trade numbers, right? I happened to overhear your, uh. . . .

RHONDA: Oh, my gosh, you would totally save my life!

ALICE: Yes. Um. The thing is. . . You understand I have been here a very long. . .

RHONDA: Please?

ALICE: Well. . . um . . .

RHONDA: See, I'm just getting my license. And all. I even passed the driving test. Finally. But I didn't know about the numbers. And the waiting. And how long it'd be. And how it's soooooo boring.

ALICE: It's not that I don't sympathize. But. . . .

RHONDA: So, please, could you help me? Please? Pretty please? Pretty pretty pretty please?

ALICE: I know but. . .

(Looking desperately for an out.)

You see that sign. Right there, see? Trading numbers. Against the rules.

RHONDA: I'm sure people do it all the time.

ALICE: That may be true. People do break rules. With impunity, it seems.

RHONDA: So we can too.

ALICE: But we shouldn't.

RHONDA: But we can.

ALICE: But we shouldn't. Don't you see? Wouldn't the world be better off if nobody ever broke rules?

RHONDA: No.

ALICE: Oh, but it would. There are people who just do that, go around, breaking rules. Smuggling candy into movie theaters? Letting their dogs poop on other peoples' lawns? I'm a teacher, I see it all the time. Cheaters. Rule breakers.

RHONDA: But . . . I'm gonna be here forevvvvvveeeeeerrrrr.

ALICE: The time will pass.

RHONDA: It's a dumb rule.

ALICE: In my experience, all rules have a purpose, if we only knew the reasons behind them.

RHONDA: Rules are dumb. They're dumb. And you're dumb and the whole thing's dumb dumb dumb.

(She crosses to JAKE.)

Mister? Hey, Mister? Mister? Hey, Mister?

JAKE: What?

RHONDA: Do you like scones?

JAKE: Do I . . . what?

RHONDA: Like scones.

JAKE: I like scones fine.

RHONDA: 'Cause that's where I work. At Sconecutters. I make scones. It's a scones place.

JAKE: Yeah, I know what Sconecutters is.

RHONDA: Mostly I work the counter. I don't actually make the scones, much. But sometimes I do. I'm getting good at it. Making scones.

JAKE: I'm sure you are.

RHONDA: They're real good with honey butter.

(He nods, turns away dismissively.)

What's your number?

JAKE: I already told you. I'm not trading numbers.

RHONDA: I know. But what is it?

JAKE: Since I'm not trading with you, what does it matter?

RHONDA: I just wanna know.

JAKE: Fine. It's H37.

RHONDA: They just did H36.

JAKE: Yeah, I saw.

RHONDA: They're gonna call you real soon.

JAKE: I know.

RHONDA: *(Mispronouncing cue-pon)* I could give you a coupon.

JAKE: What?

RHONDA: A coupon. For a free scone.

JAKE: What are you talking about?

RHONDA: In exchange.

JAKE: No.

RHONDA: I'll give you two coupons. And they're 2 for 1, so you could get . . .

(thinks it through, counting with her fingers)

4.

JAKE: No thanks.

RHONDA: I could give you three coupons. That way, you could get . . .

(counting with her fingers again.)

JAKE: Six. But no. Sorry.

TWO more pages of script to the end.