

Drive

[*Driver helps Irene a bring her groceries in*]

Driver: Where should I put these?

Irene: Uh... In the kitchen. Thank you. Just be a second [*Puts her stuff in the other room and comes back out*] You want a glass of water?

Driver: Okay.

[*Irene gives him Water*]

Driver: Thanks.

Irene: So, did you just moved to L.A?

Driver: No, I've been here for a while.

Irene: You're just new here?

Driver: Mmhmm.

Irene: [*Noticing Driver looking a picture*] That's Benicio's father.

Driver: Where is he?

Irene: He's in prison.

Driver: Oh

Irene: What do you do?

Driver: I drive.

Irene: Like a limo driver?

Driver: No, like for movies.

Irene: You mean all the car chases and stuff?

Driver: Yeah.

Irene: Isn't that dangerous?

Driver: It's only part time. Mostly I work at the garage.

Irene: Where?

Driver: Receda Boulevard. [*Moment*] I gotta go.

Irene: Ok

Driver: Thanks for the water. [*Leaves*]

END