

#4 Twyla and Babs

BABS: (*Tries to get around TWYLA.*) Sorry! Got to go!

TWYLA: Oh, no, you don't! I want to find out about this car you're working on.

BABS: And which car would that be?

TWYLA: The Ferrari, of course!

BABS: How do you know I'm working on a Ferrari?

TWYLA: Because you just blabbed it to the entire diner.

BABS: Oh, yeah. I tend to do that.

TWYLA: Can you tell me which model it is?

BABS: Why do you want to know?

TWYLA: Oh, uh... I've been wanting to buy a Ferrari myself, but I can't narrow it down to a particular model.

BABS: You'd like this one. A 1955 Ferrari Europa, custom paint job, leather interior. A real beaut!

TWYLA: Custom paint job, huh? What color is it?

BABS: Oh, well, that's the most interesting thing about it.

TWYLA: Really? Why?

BABS: I mean, in all my years of working on cars, I've never seen quite the shade before.

TWYLA: Uh-huh. And what shade is it?

BABS: I mean, it's just so bright and eye-catching. It grabs you by the throat and won't let go.

TWYLA: (*Grows frustrated.*) Look, if you don't tell me the color in the next three seconds, I'll grab *you* by the throat and not let go!

BABS: Oh, uh... didn't I mention it?

TWYLA: No!

BABS: It's bubblegum pink.

TWYLA: I knew it!

BABS: Do you want to look at it?

TWYLA: Look at what?

BABS: The car.

TWYLA: Why would I want to look at it?

BABS: I have no idea.

TWYLA: Where's the owner?

BABS: Oh, I couldn't tell you that. It's a professional secret between me and that waitress I was talking to.

TWYLA: That waitress owns the Ferrari?

BABS: I blabbed again, didn't I?

TWYLA: Yes, you did.

BABS: Well, she hasn't been a waitress here very long. She just started today.

TWYLA: Oh, really? That's very interesting.

BABS: I don't know about that. I mean, new waitresses start all the time around here.

TWYLA: Tell me, how much would you charge to not fix her car?

BABS: I don't understand.

TWYLA: Look, it's very important to me that the owner of this car stay in town a little longer.

BABS: Why? Do you know her?

TWYLA: In a way, yes.

BABS: For twenty bucks, I could drag out the job until dinner.

TWYLA: Here's fifty bucks. (*Hands BABS some cash from her purse.*) Drag it out all night.

BABS: Gee thanks, lady! It's a pleasure not doing business with you! (*EXITS LEFT as SALLY hangs up the phone.*)