

ONE FINE DAY IN THE CAR DEALERSHIP

a short comedy sketch

by Claire Demmer

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Scene: An office in a fancy car dealership.

Three salesmen/women are sitting behind a desk with a clipboard and pen each. There are two chairs facing the desk for Mr and Mrs Watson.

(There is a knock at the door.)

Greg: Come in.

The door opens and a couple come in. He is dressed in a suit and she is in a floral dress with a cardigan.

Greg: Mrs and Mrs Watson?

Mr Watson: Yes

Greg: Do come in and sit down. *(Indicates chairs in front of the desk.)*

Mr Watson: Thank-you.

Mrs Watson: Thank-you.

Leonardo: *(Marks on clipboard and says under breath)* Polite. One.

Mr Watson: Pardon?

Leonardo: Oh, don't worry about it sir.

Terry: Did you enjoy your test drive?

Mr Watson: Oh, it was great.

Mrs Watson: The car was so powerful – he just had to touch the pedal and it shot forward.

Greg: Makes a change from what you've got now?

Mr Watson: Oh! Definitely. In fact, we both liked it so much, we're considering buying one for each of us.

Mrs Watson: Of course, I wouldn't have the sports model. Kids, you know. I believe you've got a 4 Wheel drive version?

Leonardo: Ah yes. The A- series SUV. A favourite with the private school mothers, if you don't mind me saying!

Mr Watson: So, where do we sign?

Greg: Just a little paperwork to go through first? You don't mind, of course?

Mr Watson: No, no, of course.

Greg: Good, good. So – For the first question - you either answer A, B or C to it, depending on how you feel.

Mrs Watson: Right. *(Mr Watson nods)*

Greg: Okay. Question number one. You're on the motorway and the exit is coming up. There's a long queue of about 15 minutes waiting to exit the motorway. The rest of the road is clear Do you A: Wait your turn from the back of the queue B: Continue on the clear road until just before the exit ends and push into traffic? C. Try go a bit further along and then indicate to see if someone will let you in?

Mr Watson: That's a funny question to ask, don't you think?

Greg: Not really. So, what would you do, sir?

Mr Watson: Wait my turn of course. *(Leonardo makes notes on his clipboard, clearing his throat)*

Greg: I see. And you. Ma'am?

Mrs Watson: Well, if I'm honest about it, I usually drive a bit more and then see if someone'll let me in... *(Terry makes notes, looking a little brighter)*

Mr Watson: You do what?

Mrs Watson: This is our application, dear. It's important to be honest.

Mr Watson: Pushing into traffic is terrible behaviour! It makes everyone else who has to wait their turn look like a gullible idiot!

Mrs Watson: I don't really push, Cecil. I always ask.

Mr Watson: We'll talk about this later, dear. Should we just go on? *(Annoyed)*

Mrs Watson: Yes, please go on.

Greg: Okay. Question number two. What is your favourite car colour?

Mr Watson: Hmm, interesting question. Something nice and bright, I think. Like a buttercup yellow?

Leonardo: Buttercup yellow? *(Seems shocked)*

Mr Watson: Buttercup yellow. It's attractive as well as important for safety as the car is easily visible both at dawn and at dusk, the time of day when visibility is reduced leading to a higher incidence of road traffic accidents.

Leonardo: *(To Greg)* Does the A series even come in Buttercup? *(Giggles)*

Greg: They wouldn't allow it in the factory, sir. *(They all snort)*

Mr Watson: Well, I don't mind, really.

Leonardo: Buttercup yellow was your final answer, Mr Watson. You can't change your mind now. *(Stern)* *(Makes a mark on the chart)*

Mr Watson: Um, okay..

Terry: How about you, Mrs Watson?

Mrs Watson: I like black.

Terry: Very good, madam, very good. *(Marks on his chart with a pleased expression. Mrs Watson notices that their answers are getting different responses from the salesmen and tries to attract her husband's attention from this point but he is oblivious to her efforts)*

Greg: Question number three *(Holds up an indicator – the orange light from the side of the car that indicates the direction you're about to turn)* Do you know what this is?

Mr Watson: That's an -

Mrs Watson: Obviously. It's an in- *(all three salesmen lean forward)*an in....inde *(The salesmen look like they are about to get stung)...terminate. (she changes her answer quickly to see how they respond. They all heave a sigh of relief)*

Mr Watson: Darling, that's not a word. *(She tries to shoosh him, but he doesn't get it)*

Terry: Is that your final answer?

Mrs Watson: Oh, eryes.

Greg: And what is it used for?

Mrs Watson: Absolutely.... no idea.

Leonardo: It's all fine, Mrs Watson. Don't worry about it. They're defunct, really.

Terry: The latest range doesn't even have them.

Greg: Why spend money on something none of our drivers even use, eh?

Mr Watson: Darling, it's an indicator. You use it to indicate where you're going. You know, In your car. Honestly, women drivers, eh! *(To the guys. None are amused)*

Leonardo: I see. *(makes disappointed tick on clipboard)*

Greg: Okay, question number four. Have you ever parked over someone's driveway, including when you pick the kids up from school or when you are just popping into a shop?

Mr Watson: No. Why would I do that? They might want to get out.

Greg: Is that a no?

Leonardo: Is that your final answer?

Mrs Watson: He parked in a handicapped zone once. Does that count?

Mr Watson: Darling! *(Fake laughs as he tries to cover his embarrassment about his indiscretion)* That was a mista-

Mrs Watson: Darling. *(In a 'keep quiet' voice through clenched teeth)*

Leonardo: It could....what do you gentlemen think? *(They confer)*. Okay. We'll pass it.

Mr Watson: What do you mean, 'pass it'?

Greg: Never you mind, sir, *(Pats him on the back in a condescending manner)* just keep answering the questions.

Terry: How about you, Mrs Watson?

Mrs Watson: Driveway. When I collect the kids. Even when the people who live there are reversing out at the time.

Terry: That's impressive. But are you being entirely truthful, Mrs Watson? Remember, any 'dishonest' answer could prejudice your application.

Mrs Watson: Okay, you got me. I wait for them to leave then sneak in when they're gone.

Terry: That is a 3, gentlemen.

All 3 men: Hear, hear! (*clap*)

Mr Watson: Darling. I feel like I don't know you, any more.

Mrs Watson: Shut up, Cecil. I've got this.

Greg: Next question. What is your favourite music?

Mrs Watson: Rap. The louder the better.

Mr Watson: But I thought you liked – (*She kicks him*) urrgh.

Mrs Watson: Rap. (*Terry smiles and makes a mark on his chart*)

Greg: And you, Mr Watson?

Mr Watson: Progressive Jazz.

Leonardo: Oh, dear.

Mrs Watson: He also likes a bit of EDM. Er, the more EDMish, the better.

Greg: Mrs Watson, are you trying to help your husband?

Mrs Watson: Er –

Terry: I would say he's beyond help if you ask me.

Leonardo: Shut it, Terry.

Terry: It's not my fault. You picked him.

Mr Watson: Hey!