

~~He clocks that his partner's not listening.~~

~~I'm not talking for my own education. This here's a nineteen-ton vehicle. And that's when she's empty. Now, you load in fifteen tons of garbage, you're not careful, you're not paying attention, you could do a lot of damage. So you got any questions, ask now.~~

~~A beat.~~

~~No questions?~~

~~Marlowe looks him square in the eye.~~

START
MARLOWE. (*Rattling off specs like a pro.*) Danny, this is a Mack MP7 eleven-liter diesel engine with three-hundred-forty-five horsepower, twelve-hundred-eighty foot-pounds torque, running on a B20 biodiesel blend. She's got an Allison RDS six-speed auto transmission, tilt and telescopic steering. They told us the specs in training, and I memorized them on the first day. I also passed the strength, mental, vision, and CDL driving tests, and got a perfect score on the written exam.

DANNY. Top score on the written exam?

MARLOWE. That's right.

DANNY. Well, *pardon my mwa*, I didn't know I got a Shakespeare on my route.

Marlowe takes a sip of coffee.

Besides, the written exam's a joke. They ask you questions like: "What color was George Washington's white horse?"

MARLOWE. What scored you get?

DANNY. I don't remember.

MARLOWE. M-hmm.

Marlowe smiles to herself.

DANNY. Thing is, and they don't tell you this in training, each truck's a bit different. Got its own quirks. Its own personality. This particular truck, for example, reminds me of my ex-wife.

A beat.

Ask me why.

MARLOWE. Why?

DANNY. Cuz of the engine. Whines so loud I can't hear myself think.

SIDE 1

Silence.

That's a joke. (*Reconsidering.*) Based on truth. See, *comedy*, it's gotta be based on truth. Otherwise it's not funny.

Marlowe picks up her phone.

So, where you from?

MARLOWE. Sorry, can we not?

DANNY. Not what?

MARLOWE. Nothing personal, it's six A.M. and I don't like talking before I've had my coffee.

DANNY. That bodega shit's like jet fuel, you should be flying by now. How can you drink that?

MARLOWE. Cuz it's a dollar.

DANNY. It'll burn your gut.

Marlowe takes another sip.

How much time you got?

MARLOWE. Six to two.

DANNY. Not your shift. How long you been wearing that uniform?

MARLOWE. You know how long.

DANNY. You bet I do: One hour. You know how long I been wearing mine? Nine years. Nine years of on-the-job wisdom. ~~And it's not every day a junior jack like you ends up on a senior route, riding around with someone with seniority.~~ (*Realizing.*) How'd you get this route?

MARLOWE. It's what the Board said in the garage.

DANNY. You know the supervisor? He a "personal friend" of yours?

MARLOWE. No.

DANNY. Junior flips like you are typically put on corner baskets or graveyard shifts driving relays back and forth to the dump. But House-to-House? On your first day? It's unheard of. Honest to God, how'd you pull a senior route with no seniority?

MARLOWE. Just lucky, I guess.

END