



Almost

A TEENAGER is asking to take their parent's car out even though they haven't passed their driving test yet.

TEENAGER: Dad, you will let me take the car myself. I'm going to take my test in two weeks and I know I'll pass.

Yeah, technically you should be in the car with me... technically I have to wait two weeks to do my test, but I'll get my licence then... *(Interrupted as Dad says no)*

You know I can drive, you told me I'm better than Mum. I can three-point turn, parallel-park, and I observe the Highway Code like a religion. So it's not irresponsible to let me drive, because you know I'm good at it.

(Dad refuses to allow the TEENAGER to drive and asks why it is so important)

This is so unfair. You're going to ruin me socially, The coolest kids in the year, the ones whose parents are all probably making huge donations at Mum's charity do tonight, who live in the massive houses on the hill and won't talk to me. They started talking to me because they needed a lift to the dance. And I said I can take you. And they asked if I'd passed my driving test and I said 'yeah'. And then they said, 'cool'. And I've been hanging out with them every day this week, and they're all so excited.

(Dad refuses again)

(Wistfully) It was well thought out. You and Mum were supposed to be at her charity thing tonight... you weren't supposed to have a fever and be stuck at home.

(Becoming angry) If I let them down...

If I don't get in that car right now and go pick them up and take them to the dance...

(Becoming angrier) I'll be a social outcast. I'll hear about this till we leave school. I will be marked, mocked, and probably shunned. My entire high school experience will become hell.

(Dad tells the TEENAGER not to overreact)

I'm not being dramatic. I'm being accurate, Dad. This is how things go.

(Trying to be persuasive) So I'm begging you... just... just go to sleep. You have a fever you know. You need your rest. Just, go to sleep now and I'll... I'll still be here when you wake up in exactly three hours. Right before Mum gets back.

Please Dad. My life depends on it.

By Gabriel Davis