

Just Like in Real Life

or

A Lover's Quarrel, a Parent/Child Conflict, and a High Speed Car Chase All Neatly  
Resolved in Under Fifteen Minutes (Just Like in Real Life)

A One-Act Play by  
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## Cast of Characters

**CORY:** A twenty-two year old woman, who just graduated from college, where she majored in psychology and gained her teacher certification. She hopes to teach elementary school. She is romantically involved with Vicky, and is the daughter of Mom.

**VICKY:** A Twenty-two year old woman, also just graduated from college. She double majored in Woman's Studies and Art History. She hopes to be a poet/bronze caster. Is romantically involved with Cory. Doris is her mother by the way.

**MOM:** The mother of Cory. Widowed. She is a fifty-ish, but seems older. Stay at home mother, whose last egg is finally leaving the nest.

**EVERYONE ELSE:** A single actor who portrays all the other characters in the play, as well as providing sound effects vocally. The current character is identified in parenthesis. Male pronouns are used, but can be played by either a man or woman.

## Setting:

Cory's Car, which can be represented by two chairs, and maybe a steering wheel. Also Moms house. The present.

## Author's notes

This play revels in the fact that it is low budget theatre. This is expressed most strongly in the sound effects and the character of Everyone Else. I feel a need to comment on these points. While I have less to say about it, the miming of the props is another of these theatrical revelries.

The sound effects should all be produced vocally, either by the character nearest to the source of the effect (Vicky may, for example make her own gunshot noises), or by Everyone Else (who could possibly provide all the sound effects). Most of the sound effects in the script are capitalized, to make them easier to spot. Sometimes they are implied, as when the stage directions say Vicky and the Police to continue their fight. Feel free to add in any others effects you feel would be appropriate for the show.

The character of Everyone Else is note worthy for several reasons. First of all, while entrances for new characters have been marked, for the most part exits have not. The idea is to cut them as close as possible, which may vary depending on the production. He need not actually leave the stage between entrances. (i.e. he just walk from one position to the next, never leaving the stage).

One suggestion for the Everyone Else is to give him multiple hats (or other small costume bits) that he could use to distinguish between characters (police hat, dark glasses, baby bonnet, hard hat, etc.)

Really my ideal would be to have two people Everyone Elses. They would not switch off roles, but would for the most part work in pairs: two police officers, blind pedestrian and his dog, innocent baby and inattentive mother (on her cell phone). This would also make it more feasible if you wanted to do have Everybody Else do all the sound effects. It was written for one actor however, because I figured four actors was already enough for a fifteen-minute show.

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*(Lights come up on CORY sitting in her car (two chairs and possibly a steering wheel). VICKY enters quickly. She is holding a gun in one hand and a bag of money in the other (mimed). She is wearing a mask or handkerchief over her face. She gets into Cory's car, takes off the mask, and kisses Cory deeply.)*

VICKY

Drive.

*(CORY hits the accelerator, and the car peels out.)*

EVERYONE ELSE (BANK GUARD)

Lousy punk kids. *(Fires a GUN SHOT at them (like all sound effects, provided vocally), but it misses widely. Exits.)*

*(CORY and VICKY drive a few beats in silence. VICKY often checks behind them.)*

CORY

Vicky, remember when I told you I wanted to be more involved in the decision making process?

VICKY

Cory, remember when I told you that there are some things you're better off not knowing?

CORY

I think sometimes the things you least want to share, are the most important to discuss.

VICKY

Sometimes they're not.

CORY

Vicky, honey, did you just rob a bank?

VICKY

I'd rather not talk about it right now.

*(A police SIREN sounds in the background.)*

CORY

You did rob a bank didn't you?

VICKY

I said I didn't want to talk about it.

CORY

Fine. *(Slows the car down)*

VICKY

What are you doing?

CORY

Pulling over. There's a siren behind us, and I, as a responsible motorist, believe in yielding to emergency vehicles. And it's obviously not chasing us, because nobody in this car, that I am aware of, has robbed a bank recently.

VICKY

Fine I robbed the bank! Happy? Will you just drive?

CORY

*(Accelerates a lot)* I've told you how I feel about that tone.

VICKY

Sorry.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (MOTORIST) enters as though in a car, but not necessarily sitting. He pulls up to a stop sign, perpendicular to Cory and Vicky.)*

CORY

I suppose you want me to ignore the stop sign too?

VICKY

Would you?

*(EVERYONE ELSE (MOTORIST) starts to pull forward, then sees Cory is not stopping, and hits the break. He HONKS THE HORN, and flicks off Cory.)*

CORY

I wish you wouldn't act so rashly.

VICKY

I didn't act rashly. I planned this for weeks.

CORY

But you didn't see fit to tell me.

VICKY

I was trying to protect you?

CORY

Because I'm a helpless little damsel in distress.

VICKY

Plausible deniability. If things go wrong.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) enters making SIREN noises. He brings out a chair or two, sets them up and sits down. If there are two chairs, he can go back and forth between the two seats, shifting between driver and gunner.)*

CORY

Maybe it would be easier to protect me if I wasn't driving the getaway car.

VICKY

I know, but Doris can't drive, and you're the only other person I trust. *(She opens the window and leans out, holding the gun.)*

CORY

Why couldn't you drive your own car?

*(VICKY fires the gun at the police. CORY jumps when she hears the SHOT.)*

CORY

Vicky?

VICKY

Relax; I'm aiming for their tires.

*(EVERYBODY ELSE (POLICE) fires back. One of the shots hits the Cory's back windshield with a CRASH)*

CORY

Vicky, they're shooting at us. *(Her cell phone begins to RING.)*

VICKY

I know hon, I'm sorry. Take a left here?

CORY

Towards 52?

VICKY

Yeah. *(Checking the caller ID on Cora's cell phone.)* It's your mother.

*(CORA answers the phone. Through the telephone conversation VICKY and EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) continue their gunfight. CORY is still driving frantically.)*

CORY

Hi Mom.

*(Lights come up on MOM. She is in her house, maybe the kitchen, on the phone.)*

MOM

Hello Cora, it's your mother. How are you?

CORY

I'm good, Mom. How are you?

MOM

Oh, you know. I'm just fine. Except the pain in my shoulder has been acting up again, and the weather makes my hip ache, but then what else is new? A man from that school called for you earlier. Something about scheduling a sample lesson?

CORY

From Hillcrest? That's great.

MOM

What is all that noise? It sounds like the Fourth of July.

CORY

Oh... Vicky and I are just watching a movie. Cops and robbers, you know how she's is.

MOM

Could ask her to turn it down for the sake of your poor mother's fragile ears?

CORY

Do you think you guys could keep it down?

*(VICKY rifles around in the back seat and produces two silencers. She attaches one to her gun and throws the other to EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) who attaches it to his gun. They restart their fight, making much quieter noises for the GUNSHOTS.)*

MOM

While I have you, what time do you think you'll be home for dinner?

CORY

Umm... actually Mom, I think Vicky and I were going out to do dinner together.

MOM

Oh, well that's fine. I guess I'll just eat this delightful meal all by myself. This meal that I have been slaving over since nine o'clock this morning. It's my special chicken. You know the one your father used to like so much.

CORY

Hold on Mom. Let me see if Vicky would like to have dinner with us. Vicky?

VICKY

It kind of depends.

CORY

She says she'd love to, but she still wants to take me out dancing afterwards.

VICKY

So it's okay when you tell a little white lie to your mom, but when I don't fill you in on one tiny detail

—  
*(CORY gives Vicky a look that shuts her up. A bullet ZINGS by.)*

MOM

What time do you think you'll be home after that?

CORY

We might be out pretty late.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (BLIND PEDESTIRAN) enters with imaginary seeing-eye dog. He waits patiently at a cross walk.)*

MOM

Just make sure your home before the bars close. I don't want you driving with all those drunken maniacs on the road.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (BLIND PEDESTRIAN) begins to cross the street.)*

VICKY

Cory!

*(CORY swerves the car narrowly avoiding the Blind Pedestrian. EVERYONE ELSE (BLIND PEDESTRIAN) hears what a narrow miss he just had, and flicks off the Cory. Then he hears the SIREN, and dives out of the way of the police car. He then returns to the police car as soon as possible.)*

MOM

What was that?

CORY

I'm sorry Mom. This is a bad time. Could I call you back in a few?

MOM

First just promise me you'll be home before two.

CORY

Actually Mom, I was thinking of staying over at Vicky's.

MOM

Oh.

CORY

Mom, please don't give me that.

MOM

Give you what?

CORY

I'm a grown up Mom. Vicky and I practically lived in the same dorm room the last year and a half.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (INNOCENT BABY) enters. He is in a baby carriage, on the sidewalk along the road.)*

MOM

I know you've grown up a lot at college. I just worry about you sometimes. And while you're still living under my roof

CORY

Mom, I didn't want to get into this just now, but Vicky and I have been talking about moving in together.

MOM

Oh.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (INNOCENT BABY) rolls in his carriage into the middle of the street.)*

VICKY

CORY!

*(CORY Swerves, narrowly avoiding the innocent baby. EVERYONE ELSE (INNOCENT BABY) is thrilled by this*

*and claps his hands. VICKY takes the cell phone from CORY.)*

VICKY

I'm sorry Mrs. Steinberg, but this is really a bad time. *(She hangs up the phone.)*

MOM

Is that Vicky? Hello? Vicky? Cora? Hello?

*(MOM gives an indignant huff, then redials the number. Cory's phone RINGS. VICKY takes the phone, and throws it out the window. It hits EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) in the face. EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) rifles around the car for his own cell phone, finds it, and tries to throw it at Vicky. However it ends up coming back, and hits EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) in the face.)*

CORY

Was that necessary?

VICKY

It was a distraction. You could get somebody killed.

CORY

You're the one shooting at people.

EVERYONE ELSE (SOOTHING VOICE)

*(Over the phone, obviously pre-recorded) We're sorry, the number you dialed experiencing technical difficulties.*

VICKY

I'm not shooting at people. I'm shooting at tires.

EVERYONE ELSE (SOOTHING VOICE)

Please hang up and try again. If you continue

*(MOM hangs up. The lights go down on her and she exits.)*

CORY

You've done a great job hitting them so far.

*(VICKY fires another shot out the window. It hits the police car's tire. EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) swerves, and skids to the side of the road. He knocks over the chair(s). He gets out and shakes his fist at Cory and Vicky.)*

CORY

I'm still upset with you.

VICKY

Because I robbed a bank, or because I didn't tell you?

CORY

Both.

VICKY

Will you give me a chance to explain?

CORY

I would have preferred it if you'd explained *before* committing a federal offense.

VICKY

I didn't and I'm sorry. Will just listen to me for a second?

CORY

Yes, of course.

VICKY

As I was saying, I didn't tell you because if things went wrong I didn't want you to get in trouble.

CORY

I know, and I understand, but

VICKY

Could I just finish? I realize that was wrong now. I can't change the past, but I won't make the same mistake in the future. Okay?

CORY

Thank you. But that still doesn't explain why you robbed the bank.

VICKY

I thought it would be for the best. Give us a little starting cash. I mean let's face it. Teachers are notoriously underpaid, and poets are practically a joke.

CORY

Don't say that. And you've got your sculptures too.

VICKY

Cory, you're a dear, and I love you, but you're the only one who's every like my sculptures. Well, you and Doris, but she's legally blind.

CORY

I still don't think robbery is our best option.

VICKY

The bank will be all right. They've got insurance.

CORY

That's not what I meant. We can do things, legal things to make it work.

VICKY

I could probably get my old job back, but I didn't think you'd like that.

CORY

No I wouldn't. Apart from... well apart from the obvious, I'm trying to get a job teaching small children. There're enough parents who won't be happy I have girlfriend, let alone a girlfriend who... you know.

*(Meanwhile the lights come back up on MOM. She is now in the garage, getting an old bicycle. She needs to inflate the tire, and possibly do other maintenance. EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) gets out a jack, raises his car, and replaces the tire. This must be done carefully so that the audience does not miss what is going on with Cory and Vicky. Also it should be timed so MOM and EVERYONE ELSE do not have empty time before their next entrance. Feel free to push the start of these activities in either direction.)*

VICKY

Did you ever tell your mother?

CORY

My mother? Oy vey. *(Beat.)* So what were you thinking we'd do, drive all the way Mexico?

VICKY

Wouldn't work. They have an extradition treaty.

CORY

Someplace without an extradition treaty then?

VICKY

Yeah that would be nice. You know what sort of countries don't have extradition treaties? I think Iran's one.

CORY

Vicky, no matter how much I love you, we are not driving to Iran.

VICKY

I love you too.

*(CORY takes Vicky's hand.)*

VICKY

You know, when you said we could do thing to make it work, what did you mean?

CORY

I meant things like budget. Stretch our dollars. Make it so we can get by on a teacher's salary if need be. The people at Hillcrest really liked me, and if that falls through, I've got an interview at Bayville next week.

VICKY

Are you sure? It won't be the lifestyle you're used to.

CORY

I'm sure.

*(VICKY smiles. She reaches to where she put down the money.)*

CORY

What are you doing?

VICKY

I guess we won't need this.

*(VICKY throws the money out the window. Just as she does, the EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE) starts his SIREN again. Without slowing down, picks up the bag of money from were it landed. He continues pursuing CORY and VICKY, and begins shooting. VICKY fires back. At the same time MOM shows up on her bicycle. It SKWEEKS. MOM pulls up next to the passenger window.)*

MOM

Cora, darling.

CORY

Mom! What are you doing out here? How are you keeping up?

MOM

Oh, you remember when I had to get that artificial hip put in? Well I had six million dollars your father left me, and I figured, I might as well go for the deluxe model. It was supposed to go towards my grandchildren's education, but...

CORY

I still want to have children Mom. There are alternative methods.

MOM

Yes I know but... well anyway I'm here because, I think we should talk about Vicky.

CORY

Mom, I love Vicky and she loves me, and that's just the way it is.

MOM

I know dear, but I just want what's best for you. I perfectly fine with the whole, you know, liking other women thing, but honestly dear, I think you deserve a little better.

CORY

She's in the car.

VICKY

What's that? I can't hear you over all this noise.

MOM

Cora, honey, I didn't want to be the one to have to break this to you, but I heard from Aunt Rebecca, who heard from her sister-in-law, whose husband, well.... Vicky used to work... let's just say she used the name Vixen. And it involved skimpy outfits. And those even not for very long.

CORY

I know Mom.

MOM

You do?

CORY

Well, that's kind of how we met.

MOM

Oh, Cora, your not... I mean you didn't...

CORY

No Mom. Some of my friends dragged me along to watch one night. I mentioned that I thought she was cute, so they dared me to ask her out. I had a few in me by that point, so I did.

VICKY

What can I say? I figured it would be a good story to tell the kids.

*(EVERYONE ELSE (CONSTRUCTION WORKER) enters  
he is in front of the car.)*

EVERYONE ELSE (CONSTRUCTION  
WORKER)

Hey! This bridge ain't done been built yet! *(He dives out of the way of the speeding car.)*

*(CORY and VICKY realize they are about to crash. CORY slams on the break with a SCREECH, but alas it is too late. They begin to fall off the bridge.)*

CORY

Hold me.

*(VICKY does.)*

MOM

You're not getting off that easily. *(She reaches over the side grabs the back bumper of the car, and hauls it back onto the bridge.)* Well after I got the new hip I still had two million left over, so I said to myself, "Esther, live a little." Of course it won't do me any good if my heart goes. You scared me half to death. *(To Vicky)* And you, thanks to you, my only little girl is driving like a maniac, running from the law, nearly falling off a cliff. This is no way to show a woman that you love her. My Cora deserves better. She deserves somebody who can take care of her. So you better start getting your act together. Cora's a good girl, and she means well, but sometimes... If you could remind her to call her mother every now and then maybe?

VICKY

Will do Mrs. Steinberg.

EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE)

Freeze! You're all under arrest!

MOM

And you, with your gun, and your "all under arrest!" Can't you see these girls have had a rough day? They almost fell off a bridge.

EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE)

That doesn't change the fact that they robbed a bank.

MOM

Robbed a bank? My little girl? Never. If she robbed a bank, then where is the money?

EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE)

It's in my car, but —

MOM

In your car? Who's robbing the bank now?

EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE)

Only because I —

MOM

Excuses, excuses. Does your mother know you've turned to a life of crime? If she did, it would break her poor heart.

EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE)

I was abandoned as an infant.

MOM

Oh you poor thing. I guess that's an explanation, but no excuse! You should come home with me. I'll give you a nice meal. After you take that money back to the poor people at the bank.

EVERYONE ELSE (POLICE)

I'm sorry. (*Exist, taking his chair(s).*)

CORY

Thank you, Mom. Thank you for... well everything.

MOM

What? It's nothing. This is just what mothers do. Remember it for when you have children.

VICKY

We'll be sure to remember that Mrs. Steinberg. Shouldn't you go check on that chicken though?

MOM

Oh, it will be fine. I just...

*(VICKY and CORY are holding hands and staring into each other's eyes.)*

MOM

Oh, I get it. You want me to go so you can make with the kissy-kissy huh?

CORY

Mom.

MOM

No it's fine. I can tell when I'm not wanted. I'll just go home and play a game of solitaire. Alone. I'll probably end up cheating, because really, I'm only cheating myself.

CORY

Mom, Vicky said it would be nice if you could over to her place tomorrow for dinner.

MOM

So now you want me to drag my poor bone half way across town, then back again in the dark when I can hardly see? If it will make my little girl happy. (*Exits*)

VICKY

I love you.

CORY

I love you.

*(They kiss. It is a much more tender, affectionate kiss than the first.)*

VICKY

So if your mother is coming over tomorrow, it means I should probably take down that painting huh?

CORY

Oh god yes.

*(Black out.)*

The End