

His Motor

By Milly Cheong

Samuel, Sammy enters carrying a cardboard box filled with household items. Sammy is struggling with the box; it's too heavy for him to take. He ends up placing it on the doorstep. He proceeds to enter the house that his friend Nathan and his partner Eleanor, Ella, have recently brought – Nathan had given Sammy the key while looking for a parking space.

Sammy: Take your time, my friend.

Nathan: I ended up parking on a double yellow line.

Sammy: It's not like we haven't got things to prepare for - only two days to go.

Nathan: The party at the weekend wasn't an idea of mine, I assure you. Ella wants to show her folks the new house. Her cousin has recently refurbished his home and can't stop talking about the savings he now has from the job. **Nathan places the boxes down, and Sammy starts to unpack them.** How did you get in? **Sammy produces a key that Nathan then realizes that he had given to him earlier.**

Sammy: I say your Ella will have the last laugh alright; this place is a palace compared to the apartment you guys were renting for the previous three months.

Nathan: It's a relief, if nothing else, to be living in our own house.

Sammy: You never know, more celebrations over the hills.

Nathan: That's very true. They'll be a lot more people here for Christmas and New Year's.

Nathan looks around his and Ella's new home, feeling very pleased with himself.

Sammy: Perhaps something more meaningful. It may be beginning at a church. **Sammy chuckles, looking at Nathan, who is looking somewhat confused.**

Nathan: Easter?

Sammy: Perhaps something a bit more personal, the bells are much more likely to ring, and you'll get to pick the hymns. **Nathan suddenly realizes what his friend is insinuating.**

Nathan: Oh, Samuel! You should be ashamed of yourself. Ella and I have only been together for four years and living together for just one. We're not going to talk of marriage anytime soon. That was rich coming from a guy like you.

Sammy: You dared to bring my history up! You're my friend, aren't you?

Nathan: You were the ladies' man back then, my friend. The first guy to be asked to out, to the prom, to the office Christmas party.

Sammy: Okay, okay, that's enough. I'm supposed to be helping you and Ella move into your first home together, not wondering whether the love birds will come pecking at the window.

Nathan is holding some items taken out of one of the boxes.

Nathan: Speaking of birds, he walks to a window; we'd better get a gardener in as soon as we can. We don't need any pigeons nesting in the hedge at the bottom of the garden.

Sammy: Now, what harm could a few pigeons at the bottom of your garden do to you. Sammy joins him at the window.

Nathan: They are a real menace. It was only yesterday where Ella nearly hit one because it refused to move from the middle of the road.

Sammy: Ah, don't tell me she was honking the car's horn. He imitates her honking the horn of the vehicle.

Nathan: Yes, she was and no doubt that bird was tone-deaf. It would not move if its life depended on it.

Car horns suddenly can be heard from outside.

Sammy: Speaking of car horns.

Nathan: No, joking, it's getting louder and louder.

People are shouting outside along with the car horns.

Sammy: Where did you say you'd parked the car again?

Nathan: Great scot!

Sammy and Nathan *Exist*

Ella appears at the open door of the house with hands full of bags. She is expecting to find her boyfriend/partner, Nathan and his best friend Sammy already there. The two men are nowhere.

Ella: Nathan? Hello Nathan? Sammy? The cars die down, but people shouting can be heard. What's the commotion here today?

Sammy bursts through the front door.

Sammy: Well, you took your time; Nathan and I have been here for half an hour.

Ella: The road is blocked coming into the city with traffic. I don't know what caused that kind of a hold-up. Don't they know cars, buses, and lorries can't just magically form wings?

Sammy: What have you got there?

Ella: These were my mum's. Aren't you going to help?

Sammy: Yes, but –

Ella: Where's Nathan?

Sammy: Oh, moving the car. Away from the neighbours.

Ella: Why does it need to be away from the neighbours?

Sammy: You never know what could happen to a brand-new car. **Ella** *stares at Sammy, concerned.*
Be glad yours is second hand.

Ella: These are only half empty.

Sammy: Some would say half full.

Ella: Left in a rush, did you?

Sammy: What makes you say that?

Ella: Where's Nathan?

Nathan *bursts in through the back door, unaware of Ella's arrival.*

Nathan: Oh, hello, dear. I was out just exploring the surroundings, and then Sammy realized we hadn't finished unpacking, so he turned back, and I carried on alone –

Sammy: Then you were worried about the car being directly in the neighbourhood.

Nathan: I was? **Sammy** *glares.* Oh, yes, I - I was anxious about the car, so I moved it and –

Ella: What is all this traffic?

Sammy: We wouldn't know; we've been unpacking.

Nathan: Yeah, we've been getting the palace ready for the queen's arrival.

Ella: Have you?

Sammy: Yeah, and you should believe everything we say.

Nathan: Hang on a minute.

Ella: Ha! Should I? I have no idea what the two of you have been up too. You could have murdered somebody.

Sammy: Now that's a bit much. You don't know a thing about us.

Nathan: Careful she might not believe anything we say now.

Sammy: Nathan and I have things under control here.

Ella: I have never needed to worry about anything until the day you brought that car. Your child practically and I turn up at our new home to find it has vanished into thin air.

Sammy: Not into 'thin air.' As you said before, cars don't magically grow wings. Imagine that, flying believing they were birds.

Nathan: Oh, shut up, Sammy! I did initially park on a set of double yellow lines, but that's resolved. I'm sure everything will be right as rain now.

Ella: So, the car is safe?

Nathan: Yes.

Ella: Truly safe?

Nathan: Yes.

Sammy: Talk of trust. How long has it been since you two got together?

Ella: Sammy didn't drive the car?

Sammy: Now hang on!

Nathan: No.

Sammy: I found the car's parking spot at a park. It's only a few yards down the road; you won't have to go far to collect it.

Ella calms down. Until shouting and smashing glass comes from behind the house.

Ella: Where did you put that car?

Sammy: That park must have been a cricket ground.

Nathan: You said -

Sammy: Is there any difference?

Voice: Whose car is that on the pitch?

Ella: Nathan?

Nathan: Sammy?

Sammy: Let's get out of here.

Ella: Sammy, you're paying for the repairs.