

Take me Home

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Characters

Ace – A Dominican-New York cab driver

Iago – male, 40s, the Pretzel stand seller and oracle

Ana (voiceover and film) – 30s, Hispanic

Other Ana's – women in red coats who appear around the city, inside ATM windows, and on the city streets

Randi (voiceover) – Female, sixty-something co-host of the radio show "Call & Kvetch," straight offa Long Island

Cindy (voiceover) – Female, sixty-something co-host of the radio show "Call & Kvetch," straight offa Long Island

NYC citizen callers on "Call & Kvetch" – Bradley and Susan

Setting:

In an actual yellow New York city cab that drives downtown in the financial district carrying three audience-passengers in the backseat. Throughout the performance, actors will appear on the street and inside glowing ATM centres as though we are seeing a dreamscape of Ace's – particularly the figure of Ana recurring in a red coat. The video screen in the cab will start by showing ordinary cab footage: stoop talk, weather reports etc. but gradually text and other images will appear on the screen at key moments.

The passengers/audience get in the cab at the designated area with the help of the doorman. Ace does not speak, simply begins driving, then stops unexpectedly after a block or so to deliver the rules.

Ace:

Ok, listen up everyone. Cab rules.

One. You wear your seatbelts at all times.

Two. (*He locks doors*). The doors are now locked. In other words: we're in this together.

Three. I'm a respectable cab driver, so if you get outta control, I will put on NPR and make you listen to classical music – Pachelbel's canon, Fleur de Lis, Moonlight Sonata, it's all gonna play on loop.

Four. You CAN NOT videotape this cab ride. This is not a reality show. Plus you don't know where that's gonna end up. NSA, Wikileaks, you know what I'm talking about?

Five. It's not about the destination. It's the journey. [*Repeats this once in Spanish*]

So where you wanna go...?

Where you wanna go?

Where you wanna go?

(Passenger states where they want to go.)

Really? Really? I should have known. I like you people. But really?

So the rule is: I take you wherever I want to take you. I take you the corner if I want, If you owe me I take you to the ATM, (*in one breath*) I'll take you to Midtown, to Murray Hill, to Madison Ave, to Mongolia, to Moravia, to Mali, to Micronesia, to

Madagascar, to the moon. I'll take you to a city that is not your city. I'll take you to the other side. I'll take you on a ride. We are on a journey. And I will take you somewhere you didn't even know you wanted to go. Are we clear? Are we clear?

Oh one last thing: you *will* enjoy the ride. Let me correct that: I want you to enjoy the ride. Relax. Lean back, take a deep breathe, exhale, let your back become one with the seat. Feel yourself turn into jello. Let yourself wobble. Let yourself go. Jiggle that fat. You hear me? Enjoy the ride.

Continues to drive, he sings to himself, a song about finding someone. On the screen appear the following lines, one at a time:

Do you know where you're going?

Do you?

I didn't think so.

Scene 2: Gary the Hustler Part 1

Ace flicks down the sun visor on the passenger side. On it is taped a blurry looking photocopy of a photo that looks like it has been taken by a security camera. It shows a disheveled and dodgy Gary who looks like a creepy character straight out of a David Lynch film. Ace addresses the passengers.

Ace: This guy. This guy. You know him? Every time I pick this guy up, he shorts me. The first time it was, like, ten dollars so... I'm in his apartment, lifting his TV. I'm like I'm not catching no back breaks for this guy. "I got you, I got you," he says, "I'll give you something extra." He's from somewhere down south – he hasn't got the accent but the hick is still in him. He knows the drug talk... He knows, like, the codes. The apartment smells of cigarettes, some weed and he's all hyper so there's coke somewhere... And then his girl, she comes out the other room.... Your girl fly enough.

On the video screen appear the lines, one at a time:

Why is she with you?

Why is she with you?

Why is she with you?

Ace: And I'm thinking: why is she with you? Why is she with you? Why is she with you? Ohhhh. You binge drugging her. Now that's the only reason that girl might be with you, bro. Or she thinks she can save you from your own darkness. *(Beat)* You know him and you think you know everything about him... And then he goes out to do some more and it's just me and her. She is wearing, like, this red coat... *(Makes kissing sound with hands to mouth)* Classy not too much showing but that's enough, you know what I'm saying? I look at her, and I see the end is written as clear as day It's already too late so I say:

Ace: Hey-

Ana: (v/o) Hey-

Music swells – something romantic like Billy Holiday. From behind us fades up the sound of voices, which appear to be talking intimately, almost to us, as though the characters are sitting in the backseat of the cab. Ace and Ana in the past.

Ana: Come back here-

Ace: I can't-

Ana: Come back here- Come on... You afraid of something-?

Ace: It's my car, I gotta stay in front-

Ana: Come on. What's gonna happen-?

Sound of door opening and closing as Ace gets in the back seat or perhaps he slides through from front seat. Silence.

Ana: What's wrong?

Ace: I don't like being back here-

Ana: Why not?

Ace: *(He says nothing)*

On the screen appear the lines, one at a time:

I have a secret.

I wish I could tell you.

But then it wouldn't be a secret anymore.

Ana: But I'm here-

Ace: That's true-

Ace tries to kiss her.

Ana: Don't-

Ace: What? You ask me to get in back with you-

Ana: I just- don't-

Ace: Ok I get it... No actually I don't get it-

Ana: Why, is that all I am to you? *(She swears in Spanish)*

Ace: No... But I thought-

Ana: Because that's all I am to him-

Ace: Listen- Not just anyone can ask me to come back here and I come back here- Most girls I be like: no-

Ana: Women-

Ace: What?

Ana: I'm a woman-

Ace: You are most definitely a fine woman- You are a very fiiinnne woman-*(He slides closer and tries to make her laugh)*Yes m'am/- No m'am. Whatever you say m'am-

Ana: Stop! Stop it. Stop!

Ace laughs. They kiss. She speaks to him quietly in Spanish. The voices fade out.

Ace: Enough of that.

Ace changes the radio station to people talking. He cruises past an ATM, in the window a woman stands in a red coat. She is waving in slow motion. On the screen the words: "Look out!" appear. The cab doesn't slow down or stop. Ace changes the station again and turns it up. The show is "Call & Kvetch". Reminiscent of NPR's "Car Talk". Hosted by two older ladies – straight offa Long Island. The show should sound absolutely naturalistic and authentic burbling away on the radio – even with its jaunty air it shouldn't veer too far into the realm of farce. During the radio show, images on the screen could appear such as a city fading into smog. Perhaps some kind of environmental chaos or destruction. A person turning transparent and disappearing.

Randi: Well it's just terrible-

Cindy: It's just terrible-

Randi: Really terrible-

Cindy: Ok, on that note, let's talk a call. You're on "Call and Kvetch" ... Call us with your complaints and we'll sympathize-

Randi: We'll empathize-

Cindy: We'll see it through your eyes-

Randi: We won't rationalize your fears away-

Cindy: We'll panic with you and then some-

Randi: We'll kvetch together-

Cindy: And we'll all feel better... (*call comes in*) Hello, you're on "Call & Kvetch" ...

Bradley: Hi this is Bradley, long time listener, long time caller...

Randi: We remember you Bradley-

Cindy: How could we forget-

Randi and Cindy cackle.

Randi: Go ahead Bradley...

Bradley: I'm calling about the city-

Cindy: It's a mess-

Randi: It's a disaster-

Bradley: Exactly- But it's not just that... It's all the disappearing- First it was just the edges of the island vanishing, like someone had just nibbled them off; the piers and the warehouses way out west and then it was that chunk off the Bronx that was gone one day and no one cared about that, don't even get me started-

Randi: Right-

Bradley: But this morning I woke up and it was getting closer and I live downtown... I looked out my window and the next block is just gone, into thin air- And no one wants to take responsibility- And if it keeps going like this, we'll have to move further and further in and then what's going to be left... ? We'll all be camped out in Central Park eating canned tuna-

Cindy: It's a darn shame-

Randi: It's a real crisis-

Cindy: Who's going to take responsibility?

Randi: That's what I want to know-

Bradley: I know-

Cindy: We hear your Bradley-

Bradley: Thank you-

Randi: Alright, let's take another call-

Ace switches radio off.

On the screen appear the following lines one by one:

Did you remember to turn off the stove?

Are you sure you turned it off?

Ace opens the glove compartment, it is stuffed full of fortune cookies in their wrappers, they fall out as he rummages around.

Ace: It's somewhere in here. I keep my dreams in the glove compartment so I can take them out and look at them sometimes. *(Throwing fortune cookies aside)* I eat a lotta Chinese.

Ace offers some fortune cookies to the audience members.

Ace: Have one. Go on. Even if you don't eat it, you can read your fortune. Get your money's worth.

Hopefully they open the fortune cookies, either way, Ace opens his own.

Ace: Wait wait wait. You have to read the fortune first before you eat the cookie, it's like bad luck if you don't.

Ace shakes his head at those who ate the cookies first. Perhaps the fortunes appear on the screen too.

Ace: Ok. Do you ever, like, play this game? Where you read the fortune and then you add on two words at the end? You know what I'm talking about. *(To one person)* You know what I'm talking about. *(He laughs.)* So this is how we play. You read your fortune and then at the end, you say "in a cab." *(He indicates to each audience member to read).* You read yours. *(At the end of the fortune he adds the words:)* In a cab. Say it say it. In a cab.

Ace encourages each person to read their fortune then add the words "in a cab." Then he reads his own fortune and adds the words "in a cab." Perhaps he improvises with them, reading into their fortunes as they relate to who he thinks each of them is.

Ace: *(reading his own fortune)* The object of your desire comes closer... in a cab. This one's going on the board...

Ace pulls down his sun visor. Dozens of different fortunes from cookies are tacked to the back of it. Ace refers to these throughout the drive to deflect/answer questions and make pronouncements about the world.

Ace: These are my greatest hits... *(Reads from sun visor)* "Wherever you go, you always take yourself with you..." in a cab. Right?

"You are a yellow desert flower alone in the wilderness..." in a cab.

"Look into your past milkshakes for answers..." in a cab. That one had to go up there.

Ace: *(He sticks the latest fortune up there. Reads it again to himself)*
The object of your desire comes closer. The object of your desire comes closer.

We see a Pretzel stand up ahead on the street.

Ace: Bingo. Pretzels-

Ace pulls over and yells out to Iago, who incidentally might also be wearing a red coat.

Ace: Yo man. Give me everything I desire with mustard. *(Turns to back.)* Anyone want a pretzel? How about some Filet Mignon? Caviar? Tofurkey? You look like a vegan. *(Beat)* Nahh. They just got pretzels.

Tells Iago how many pretzels he wants based on customer's order.

Ace: So you seen our friend?

Iago: Who?

Ace: Come on-

Iago: Man you gotta let that go-

Ace: Hey I'm zen, I'm chill, I'm cool – I'm freezing my balls off I'm so cool. Come on, you're my oracle. Tell me why the wind is blowing up your ass-

Iago: You gotta keep moving-

Ace: I'm moving-

Iago: Move move move-

Ace: You think I'm not moving all the time-

Iago: You're driving but you're not moving-

Ace: You out here every day, I know you seen him-

Iago: A man can see and not see at the same time.

Ace: That's very wise. Very fucking wise... But I'm bringing you customers, man. You're in a zombie-land down here and I'm making you money-

Iago: That's (*names price*)

Iago hands over pretzels.

Iago: That's (*restates price*)

Ace: (*distributing pretzels*) Best pretzels you ever tasted... Eat them now before they go out of business- These are on Mr Iago here.

Iago: Hey, c'mon-

Ace: We'll pay when we get what we need... But these are some sub standard products you're selling. Where's the mustard?

Iago: I haven't seen him.

Ace: Seen who?

Iago: I swear I haven't-

Ace: But you would tell me if you had?

Iago: I gotta make living out here, Ace-

Ace: Where's he hustling tonight-?

Iago: Even if I knew-

Ace: Where?

Iago: I dunno. If I was gonna say-

Ace: If you were gonna say...?

Iago: If I was gonna say... Maybe the alleys-

Ace: *(To backseat)* Mmmm. These pretzels are delicious; you gotta come back to this guy. He makes the best pretzels south of Wall St, no south of 14th St... Good work, man. *(He gives Iago \$10)* Keep the change. Oh and *(throws him a fortune cookie -Iago doesn't catch it)*... for you. I see a prosperous future-

Iago: I didn't say nothing-

Ace: Don't worry... See something say nothing -

As Ace drives off muffled through the windows, we hear Iago yelling-

Iago: I didn't see nothing!

Ace: *(Reading from Fortune sayings on the visor)* The man who waits til tomorrow, misses the opportunities of today- The man who waits til tomorrow, misses the opportunities of today- The man who waits til tomorrow is a sucker in a cab- We gotta move. Move move move-

Ace drives with intention. Puts on the radio. He's in a good mood now. The phone rings, he answers it. He conducts the conversation half in Spanish.

Ace: *(Spanish is underlined)* Yo? How you doing... Yeah, I'm driving. Who told you that? I'm not. Why would I go look for him? If he happens to be where I'm driving then I'm not looking, he just happens to be there. Did Iago call you? That little fucker. I'm just driving. I'm just doing my job. I'm not in relapse. But if I see him I see him. So what?! Anyway, he's not the one I'm- Nothing, I didn't say anything. You're the one saying her name, I didn't even mention her. I asked you not to talk about her to me. I asked you not to talk about her. Hang on. *(To customers)* Right or left? Right or left?

The word "Right" appears on the video screen. Passengers state right or left. Ace turns the direction they want to go.

Ace: *(Back into phone)* Ok I won't. I said I won't. I know what happened last time. Fine. *(He hangs up)*

The voices of Ana and Ace fade up behind us again: intimate, close. They are both sitting in the back seat.

Ana: How would you feel, if you sat back here – and I drive-

Sound of door opening she goes to get out.

Ace: You're not driving. You're not driving. You're not driving-

He grabs her arm.

Ana: Let go, let go of my – ow! Ow ow ow- You're an idiot-

Ace: You're an idiot-

Ana: Stop being an idiot, idiot-

Ace: I'm not the idiot, idiot-

Ana: You hurt my arm-

Ace: I'm sorry, boo, I'm sorry... I'm sorry.

Ana: Take me home-

Ace: Nahh boo, come on-

Silent sulking.

Ace: Come on. Ok, ok, ok, alright, I'll let you drive-

Ana: You will?

Beat.

Ace: No.

Ana: You asshole- you know your face is crooked, you know that-

Ace: Well your breath is stinky-

Ana: Your hair is falling out-

Ace: Your eye is lazy-

Ana: Your feet have warts-

Ace: Your thighs are fat-

Ana: I thought you liked my fat thighs-

Ace: I do, I love your juicy thighs- I just thought we were telling each other facts about our bodies-

Ana: You are a cono... *(starts laughing)*. You know who you remind me of when you talk like that?

Ace: Don't say that, don't you ever say that... I'm nuthin like him.

Ana: Ok, I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Please take me home-

Ace: Nah you're my prisoner now. We gonna live inside this cab forever. We're gonna eat gyros for breakfast lunch and dinner and sleep in the trunk and drive around the whole country and tell each other stories and we'll use the engine to stay warm and in spring we'll roll down the windows and when we get back we'll get married driving over Brooklyn bridge and we'll have babies and I'll teach them how to drive before they can walk and we'll get old sitting right here-

Ana: That's so stupid...

Ace: That's my dream-

Ana: It's a stupid dream-

Ace: Hey don't shit on my dreams-

Ana: I love you stupid face-

Ace: I love you stupid face more- Come here- Come here- Come here-

The voices fade out.

Pachabel's canon plays. The following lines fade up on the screen one by one:

Did you remember to turn off the stove?

Are you sure you turned it off?

I think you left it on.

Your apartment could be burning.

The flames licking the ceiling and curling your photographs.

Your bed is burning.

Your clothes are burning.

Your walls are collapsing from the heat.

Are you sure you turned off the stove?

Did you turn off the iron?

Did you turn off the oven?

Did you turn off the kettle?

Everything you own is turning to ash.

(A pause)

Ask him about Gary.

Whether or not the passengers ask, Ace continues telling the passengers his story about Gary, the hustler.

Ace:

(He flicks down the visor with Gary's picture) Look at you playboy. So the next time he gets in, he's carrying a bag full of tube socks and a white shirt. I lock the doors - (Makes the sound of a door locking with his mouth) It's hood mode. (To guy) "Yo playboy."

I'm already blacked out cos he got me and I haven't got in a while. *(Back to guy)* "What? Oh word? That's what you gotta say right now. Don't go for the door, it's not gonna open. You remember me? You owe me."

He hands me the socks straight up and he's trying to make excuses but I'm ready to whoop his ass. I'm not interested in talk. *(Reading fortune board)* "A palm can say a lot, especially when it smacks." But he's talking fast, real fast. I can't believe I let him talk. He talks and talks and somehow I'm driving him where he needs to go. And when we get there, before he can get out, I stop him, I say: "Where's Ana?" And his face changes. He gets real ugly, real mean.

He says: "How would I know?"

"I know you know, bro"

And then he's like: "There's never just one guy with Ana. She's got so many of them on speed dial and I would know because I bought her that fucking phone."

I'm trying to stay cool but I've gone into full blackout mode, I'm about to get in the backseat with him and dance, you know what I'm saying? And then before I can say anything he slips out the door. Leaves his shirt and says he'll be back with the money. So I wait. Five minutes. I'm like: no no no. Then it hit ten minutes. 15. His white shirt is just sitting there. And then I was like "Ace, you stupid, he got you, he got you, wake up, don't be this stupid", the hood was screaming at me like: "He got you. Don't be so stupid." So I get out and I go up to this nice looking brownstone and I bang on the door.

(He makes loud drumming sound of knocking with his voice.)

What does she see in this fool?

(Makes knocking sound again.)

I mean, really, why was she with him?

(Makes knocking sound again.)

His like moms or grandma, old lady comes out, that's when I start feeling shitty, that's when I'm like, "Look lady I don't want to be a meanie but I need you to open this fucking door so I can go through and see your son cos he owes me for two cab rides right now". She's like, "I don't even know what you're talking about."

Lady are you really gonna play dumb right now? I don't want to disrespect you but I gotta keep knocking on this door. So I'm yelling: "your son owes me money".

And she looks at me, big sad eyes and she says: "I can't help you. I can't help him and I can't help you.... but if you keep knocking I'll call the police." She knows I don't want that. I get back in the car. He got me again. He got me. But he left his shirt. You got got for five dollars. And the second time you got got, and all you got was a white shirt. Oh and a girl. A woman. You got a woman.

Ace sings to himself as he drives.

Ace: *(sings to tune of Hush Little Baby)* Hush little baby, don't say a word, papa's gonna buy you a mockingbird. And if that mockingbird don't sing, papa's gonna buy you a diamond ring and if that ring costs you a month to buy, it still be worth that tooth you trade, and if your baby don't like that ring, papa better find you some better bling...

The voices of Ana and Ace fade up.

Ana: You gotta take me home-

Ace: You only been here one minute -

Ana: It's been one hour-

Ace: Damn. Well it feels like one minute-

Ana: You're so full of charm-

Ace: It aint even charm... it's just the truth- Don't go-

Ana: I got to-

Ace: When will I see you again?

Ana: You're seeing me right now-

Ace: A man's heart wants to plan for his future... in a cab - What?
What's that face for?

Ana: You and those cookies.

Ace: That's not cookies, that's Corinthians 5:17...

Ana: No it isn't-

Ace: What's wrong with you grumpy face?

Beat.

Ana: I think he knows about us-

Ace: What do you mean he knows about US? When you saying us, you make it sound like there's a you and him-

Ana: I've known him for a long time-

Ace: Yeah, too long. So I'm s'posed to care he's mad about us? When you're not telling me something?

Ana: That's not what I meant- I just mean, I see him round sometimes and the last time he's like: I know where you been, Ana.

Ace: What does that mean? He's a fiend. He's a 2nd class hustler-

During the following on the screen there appears a beach destination with coconut palm trees, turquoise sea: an idyllic paradise advertisement. Across the bottom of the screen runs a banner with the words: "Escape! Escape! Escape!" For a second the ad cuts to a shark, lazily trawling through the deep sea then back to the idyllic seashore. The footage repeats this, cutting between the paradisiacal seashore and the shark swimming in the deep sea. A woman on the beach smiles at us, slowly her smile drops away. Cut to footage from Jaws as the shark attacks. The banner keeps scrolling: "Escape! Escape! Escape!" We now see the empty seashore. The ad fades out.

Ana: I'm thinking of going away for a while-

Ace: Because of him? Or because of me?

Ana: Things would be easier if I went somewhere where there was trees-

Ace: You never been to central park?

Ana: Somewhere warm... matas de coco and sea so blue and plantains... I miss that-

Ace: We all miss that-

Ana: Somewhere where people aren't cold and scared and in a hurry all the time-

Ace: Maybe it doesn't mean nuthin but if you leave I'll miss you-

Ana: Don't you want me to be happy? (*Beat*) Just let me out up here-

Ace: Why? You afraid of being seen with me? Are you afraid of what he's gonna do because I will-

Ana: I gotta go. I'm gonna say goodbye-

Ace: Don't-

Ana: I have to-

Ace: Please don't- Please don't- I'll see you again, right?

She opens the door.

Ana: I gotta go. *(In Spanish)* Goodbye. I love you.

She slams the door. Driver swears in Spanish.

Ace: *(To passengers)* What would you say is your biggest weakness?
(Pause) C'mon. Tell me. What's your biggest flaw.

(Maybe they answer)

Ace: Every cab driver has that story about the one girl that destroyed them. I call her my 80,000 dollar girl. Can you guess why?

He waits for them to answer. The weather report scrolls across the screen: sunny, 80s, while outside it is freezing January.

Ace: Cos that's what I spent. And it's not even the money. I don't even care about that.

Ace drives down an alleyway. Perhaps he sees some guys there, he rolls down his window as he drives and leans out, murmuring to them under his breath.

Ace: You got what I need? You got what I need? You got what I need?

The guys leave. Ace switches the radio back on and the jaunty "Call & Kvetch" theme music plays.

Randi: So call us now and kvetch...

Cindy: Hello... you're on the air... go ahead-

Pause – have they lost the caller?

Randi: Go ahead and kvetch-

Susan: Oh hi... This is Susan from Sunnyside-

Cindy: Hi Susan – what's your kvetch?

Susan: Well I was at my local deli the other day and apart from the fact that it was dirty and badly lit... and there was a stray cat walking around on the shelves-

Randi: Disgusting-

Cindy: Disgraceful... What are food services coming to these days?

Susan: So and it looked like, aaah, like a drug front... but then I step outside and there's this slurping sound and the whole thing, the whole deli just falls into like a sink hole- I was like five seconds from being dead-

Randi: Terrible-

Cindy: Horrible-

Susan: It was totally traumatic-

Randi: This city-

Cindy: A deli should be reliable-

Susan: That's what I said- And if it wasn't for the fact/ that I couldn't find-

Randi: *(cuts him off)* Thank you, Susan, thank you for sharing with us. We're glad you're out there, listeners, on this chilly winter's evening tuning in to call and kvetch- We know you have more to kvetch about that's why we're here so you can-

Cindy: Whine-

Randi: Complain-

Cindy: Bitch-

Randi: And moan-

Cindy: On Call and Kvetch...

Theme music plays. Ace turns down radio so it's a low burble. He is idling in an alleyway.

Ace: *(Reading his fortune board) "An alien will be appearing to you shortly." (Beat) Sometimes I play this game. If I count to ten and nothing appears then I have to keep moving. (Counts in a mix of Spanish and English) One. Two. Three. Four. Five. Six. Seven. Eight. Nine. Nine and a half. Nine and three quarters. Nine point nine. Nine point nine five. (Beat) Ten.*

The video screen shows a flickering silent movie in black and white except for the red coat: the film shows the doorway we can see ahead of us, where the woman stands in her red coat but in reality there is no one there. Subtitles – as though in a silent movie.

"You shouldn't be here!"

A man appears suddenly beside her. Again, titles flicker like a silent movie:

"Boo!"

Woman screams.

"Help!"

She pulls out a gun.

"Bang"

Movie flickers off.

Ace: Did you hear that? Did you hear something? No? It's time to get you home.

Ace pulls his hand back from his shirt, his hand is covered in blood.

Ace: Damn damn damn damn damn... It's time to get you home-

Ace drives to the final destination and pulls over.

On the screen appear the words:

You have arrived on the moon.

Ace: Ladies and gentleman. This is our final destination. Don't be fooled, the journey is never over. Death is on the other side of the river but I prefer you leave here alive. The river styx be waiting for those who wait. Take your life in your hands, and feel free to leave your troubles behind in the cab but take your trash. Be free of your burdens. I salute you for being fine citizens. For being kind and noble and not shoving the slow walkers, stealing from your grandma's penny drawer, eating the last donut or never admitting that you completely and utterly fucked it all up. Know that you will not be forgotten. Hang on. Let me take your photo to make sure of that. *(He takes their photo – gets them to pose)* You look good, you look fine, you look hot. But maybe we should take one more. *(He blesses them in Spanish, then in English he says)*... in a cab.