

## **Get In The Car!!!!**

**Narr :** Picture the scene – Frank, our intrepid adventurer, is manfully...

**Frank :** Well reasonably manfully.

**Narr :** ...Manfully hitch-hiking with his stuffed Elephant, Marvin. They've a long way to go.

**Frank :** We've a long way to go!

**Narr :** He's going from Pensby to London to see the Cup Final at Wembley. How far have you got Frank?

**Frank :** Err... <Consults map> Thingwall. I am hoping for a lift soon.

**Narr :** Poor Frank. It could be a long day for him. I doubt he'll get a lift going all the way to London, direct.

**<A car pulls up>**

**Hazel :** Excuse me! I'm going all the way to London, direct. Would you like a lift?

**Frank :** Oh yes please. I'm going to see the Cup final at Wembley.

**Narr :** I don't believe it. He's got a lift with Hazel, who's going to London. That's handy.

**Frank :** That's handy you going all the way to London!

**Hazel :** Well hop in and lets go!

**Frank :** <Hesitates>

**Narr :** Hop in Frank. She's waiting.

**Frank :** <To Hazel> **Have you been to London before?**

**Hazel :** **Yes, I go there regularly.**

**Frank :** **Are you sure you know the way?**

**Hazel :** <Annoyed> **Yes.**

**Frank :** **It's just I don't know the way and I wouldn't want to get lost.**

**Hazel :** **No. It's all right I know the way.**

**Frank :** **Oh. Good. That's fine then. It's just I don't know where London actually is – you see?**

**Hazel :** **It doesn't matter – I know the way.**

**Frank :** **And I can't drive a .... <Looks at car> Hillman Avenger either.**

**Hazel :** **It is *my* car, I know how it works, I know how to drive *and* I know the way perfectly.**

**Frank :** <Looks doubtful>

**Narr :** **If anyone asked me for my opinion I'd say you should just *trust* her Frank.**

**Frank :** **I suppose I'll just have to trust you.**

**Hazel :** <Slightly offended and sarcastic> **Thanks for the vote of confidence. Get IN.**

**Frank :** <Hesitates again> **It must be a lovely relaxing drive. All those quiet country lanes ... the rolling hills ... the trees ... the beautiful scenery...**

**Hazel :** <Interrupting> **Well I *usually* go on the motorway...**

**Frank :** **Oh dear... err... The MOTORWAY. Hmmm.**

**Narr :** Frank doesn't like motorways, do you Frank?

**Frank :** <To Hazel> You see the thing is I don't really like motorways.

**Hazel :** <Not interested> Really?

**Frank :** Well the thing is you just don't know where you are with motorways do you? There not like *real* roads are they? Not what you'd call proper roads... like these.

**Narr :** Frank is what a might call a connoisseur of roads...a "road spotter" of sorts. He has a notebook and pencil to write down their numbers, a camera to capture those magic moments with and, it goes without saying, an anorak.

**Frank :** <Hurriedly> People crash and get killed on *motorways*.

**Hazel :** I don't and I haven't been.

**Frank :** You don't really want to go on the motorway do you? It's just not ... not ....not ... normal.

**Hazel :** <Very annoyed> I *am* going on the motorway, because that way I might actually get there today.

**Narr :** <Joking> I wouldn't mind betting Franks never even been on a motorway.

**Frank :** It's just that ... you know I've never even been on a motorway.

**N :& H :** <In unison> What never!

**Frank :** Never.

**N :& H :** <In unison> Why?

**Frank :** It's too scary. The tremendous speeds. The rushing traffic. But mostly the crashing and getting killed.

**Hazel :** You'll be fine. I go on motorways all the time. They're very safe.

**Frank :** Really?

**Hazel :** And I'm a very careful driver.

**Frank :** Are you?

**Narr :** She is.

**Hazel :** I am.

**Frank :** You are?

**Narr :** If anyone asked me for my opinion I'd say you should just *trust* her Frank.

**Frank :** Ok. If you promise not to crash we'll go on the motorway.

**Hazel :** <More offended and sarcastic> Well thanks for the vote of confidence. **GET IN!**

**Frank :** <Hesitates and looks around the car interior> Where's Marvin going to sit?

**Hazel :** Marvin?

**Frank :** My stuffed elephant. <Indicates Marvin> He goes everywhere with me.

**Hazel :** <Very slowly and with agonising patience> **OK look. The elephant *will not* fit in my car. In ANY car. Besides you don't need it, it's silly, it's unnecessary, it's useless to you when you get to London and above all it's A STUFFED DEAD ELEPHANT!!!!**

**Frank :** I can't leave him behind. He's ... he's ... he's Marvin.

**Hazel :** It'll be fine, he'll be fine, you'll be fine, the Cup Final will be fantastic. Leave the elephant behind and **GET IN THE CAR!**

**Frank :** <Hesitates *again*> I'm not sure ... can I think about it?

**Narr :** If anyone asked me for my opinion I'd say you should just *trust* her Frank.

**Frank :** I can't.

**Hazel :** <Fuming> I GIVE UP.

<With that she drives off>

**Frank :** Oh. <Pause> This is where the A513 crosses the A127 isn't it Marvin? Let's see. <opens notebook> ... hmm .. yes we were exactly here 3 years ago today ... look. <Shows Marvin> Fascinating!

**Narr :** Frank never got to London.

**Frank :** What never?

**Narr :** Never.

**Frank :** Did I miss the Cup Final?

**Narr :** Frank missed the Cup Final.

**Frank :** Bummer!

**Narr :** Sometimes we behave exactly like Frank. The Holy Spirit turns up ready to take us to new exciting places in God and we say....

**Frank :** I don't know *exactly* where we're going.

**Narr :** Or sometimes we say...

**Frank :** I'm not sure I like what might *happen* to me on the way.

**Narr :** And sometimes there are things hindering us that we're just not prepared to leave behind.

**Frank :** Come on Marvin. Let's hitch-hike back to Pensby.

**Narr :** Still if anyone asked me for my opinion. Which they haven't, I think I'd say we should just *trust* the Holy Spirit. He is God after all.