**Your Car is Gone: A Choose Your Own Adventure Story (Script)**

By Daniel Dahan

**Page 1:**

**“Ugh….what time is it?”**

You wake up from an afternoon nap feeling lethargic and bloated. You decide to feel better, you are going to muster your willpower to go for a run.

You slip into your oversized basketball shorts, and an old race tee.

You drop by your fridge to fuel up before your run.

You see a handful of berries and a ginormous cake you bought from a French bakery.

Do you:

OPTION eat a piece of cake go to Page 1.5

OPTION eat the berries got to page 1.25

Page 1.25: You eat the berries and feel refreshed. You pat yourself on the back for being so health conscious and decide since you feel better you’ll just go running another time.

You plop on the couch, binge Netflix for hours, and fall asleep. (go to Page 1)

Page 1.5:

You decide to eat the cake. It’s okay that it’s sugary, you know you’ll burn off the calories.

After finishing, you lace up your ratty old sneakers, and go outside.

OPTION Go outside ->

**Page 2:**

Today is a beautiful day. You look around and decide today would be a great day to run the trails at Tilden Regional Park, it’s just a short drive away.

You merrily walk over to where you parked your car on the street last night only to realize….

YOUR CAR IS GONE (Title Page)

OPTION: Continue ->

**Page 3:**

(thought bubble) **“Oh no…where’s Falcor?”**

Your mind starts racing. Was Falcor stolen? Destroyed? Will you ever see your Prius again? Falcor… the first car you ever bought….he’s….irreplaceable…

**No.** You can’t lose focus. You decide you need to act.

Do you:

OPTION Look around the neighborhood? Page 4

OPTION Call your friend and ask for advice? Page 5

**Page 4:**

You decide to stroll up and down the block, and see if you just parked your car somewhere else last night. Where did you park anyway? It’s so fuzzy, you can’t seem to remember.

After what feels like forever, you decide to give up your search. Your car is nowhere to be found.

Do you:

OPTION Have a panic attack? Go to page 6

OPTION Ask the neighbors for help go to page 7

**Page 5:**

You go back into your house and call your friend hoping he will answer. You try your best to not panic.

(1) Ring ring…ring ring….ring ring….ring ring…

(2) After a surprisingly long dial tone, your friend finally answers the phone. (3) “Yoooo, duudddeeee!!!! What’s up bro???? You gotta hear about this sick game I was playing the other night! I played it to 100% and got the most dope trophy! Anyways, what’s going on with you?”

* “I’m freaking out man! Aaaahhh….AAAAHHHHHH!!!!!” go to 4
* “I’m uh…not great. Dude…my car’s gone. I don’t know what to do…” go to 5
* “Oh, uh, nothing much…” go to 6

(4): Oh, uh, uh…okay….calm down…. Just take deep breathes…”

* Take deep breaths, go to 5
* Don’t take deep breaths go to 7

(5): Even though you are feeling incredibly anxious, you try your best to calmly explain your situation to your friend. He stays on the line and listens for a while. After hearing everything you have to say, your friend calmly tells you your car was either stolen or towed. As far as next steps, he advises you check with your neighbors if they know anything, and then call your insurance company to update them on the situation. You sigh in exasperation, but thank your friend for all his help. You tell him how grateful you are for his friendship, and say goodbye.

OPTION continue to page 5.5

(6) “You sure, dude? You sound a little tense.”

* No, everything’s fine. IT’S FINE! EVERYTHING IS FINE! Go to 7
* Well actually… go to 5

(7) You realize you had too much sugar from eating all that cake and start becoming very hyperactive. You suddenly hang up on your friend, pull out chunks of your hair, and flail your arms around as you escape into the comforting sanctuary of your house. You haphazardly hobble over to your couch and crash…. Page 6

**Page 5.5:**

It felt nice talking to your friend, and you feel reinvigorated to keep investigating. What would you like to do first?

OPTION Call your car insurance agent Page 8

OPTION Talk to the neighbors Page 7

**Page 6:**

Completely overwhelmed, you decide to give up on finding Falcor.

You get so anxious thinking about your car situation that you don’t leave your house for days. Soon, days turn to weeks. Eventually, it feels like all time loses meaning. You start feeling more and more like Howard Hughes, fingernails growing only as fast as your paranoia.

Soon, you get a call from your town’s local police station. It turns out your car was towed.

However, because you have waited so long to pick up your car, the tow company decided to recoup costs of impounding it by destroying your car and selling it for parts.

You reflect on your broken future and the sudden grief of your automobile loss, thinking of what might have been if you decided to fix the situation.

(THE END, OPTION: TRY AGAIN?)

**Page 7:**

You are now looking at your house from the middle of the street. Do you:

OPTION Talk to neighbor in the house on the left page 7.25

OPTION Talk to neighbor in the house on the right page 7.5

Page 7.25

You visit the left house, and a kind looking old woman is tending to her garden. You tell her your situation, and she tells you she doesn’t know what happened. She said you could try asking other neighbors though. She wishes you luck.

Do you:

OPTION Go back to the middle page 7

OPTION call your car insurance agent 8

Page 7.5

You visit the house on the right, and no one is outside. You knock on the door, and a scrawny middle-aged woman appears. You tell her your situation, and she says she knows nothing about it. She then politely asks you to leave, which you are more than happy to oblige.

Do you

OPTION Visit the house on the left page 7.25

OPTION Go back to the middle page 7

**Page 8:**

You wait outside your house and pace back and forth anxiously as you are placed on hold with your car insurance agent. You wait on the line for what seems like forever, until you are talking to your car insurance agent, who sounds quite jovial. You tell her your car is gone, and that you might need to file a claim. She is very calm and reassuring, but tells you that you should call the police station before they close, and maybe they will have more information about what happened to your car. You thank her and end your call.

At this point, you are really feeling the sugar from the cake coursing through your veins. You are feeling incredibly anxious at this point.

OPTION call police station page 9

OPTION lie down just for a second… page 6

**Page 9:**

You work up the nerve to call your local police station. After taking several deep breaths, you start the call. A friendly sounding woman answers the call, and asks what seems to be the problem. You tell her you want to know what happened to your car, and give her your car’s VIN number. She tells you your neighbor on the right saw you park last night ¼ of a foot in front of her driveway and towed your car. You feel a wave of rage become enveloped by an even bigger wave of relief.

But…

…she then tells you in order to get your car, you need to obtain a release form from her station. Which….closes at 5 p.m. The tow company closes at 5:30, and they are closed on weekends. You look at your watch, it says it’s 4:45. You realize that today is Friday.

You thank her and say you will get there soon, and hang up. You freak out.

You need to get there fast. You are still wearing your ratty running clothes while coming down from a sugar high. Do you:

OPTION run half a mile to the police station Page 9.25

OPTION put on new clothes and order a Lyft Page 9.5

Page 9.25

You know this sounds crazy, but you don’t have much time to dawdle, so you say to hell with it. You grab your wallet, keys and phone, and race out the door to run your little heart out.

With a heightened sense of urgency and adrenaline, you sprint half a mile straight to the police station, reaching it ten minutes before it closes.

OPTION continue -> Page 10

Page 9.5

You take the time to put on new clothes as you call a Lyft. A car appears to have chosen you, and will arrive at your apartment in five minutes. Awesome! You’re going to make it!

….you wait….. (five minutes away)

…and wait…. (3 minutes away)

…and wait…. (1 minute away)

…until….

The driver cancels on you. It’s 5 p.m.

With the police station closed, you lose all hope of retrieving your car today.

OPTION continue -> go to page 6

**PAGE 10**

You enter the police station exhausted, panting, and incredibly sweaty. You are completely out of breath.

The police woman at the counter smiles warmly towards you and fails at suppressing a chuckle. She beckons you to the counter, and you realize this is the nice police woman who you talked to on the phone. You feel a sense of relief.

You give her your driver’s license and debit card, and pay a crazy amount of money to obtain the release form. Anything for dear, sweet Falcor.

It is now 5:10. Twenty minutes left to get your car.

You look at Google Maps, it’s a 10-minute drive to get to the impound lot your car is being held at. You call a Lyft, it is five minutes away.

When the Lyft is two minutes away, you finally obtain your release form and thank the police woman as you sprint out the door.

You search frantically for your car, and run through the middle of the intersection at a red light to get into her car. You drive off together.

OPTION Continue -> page 11

**Page 11:**

As you are silently freaking out in the Lyft’s backseat, your Lyft driver starts playing some music. It is loud, and quite annoying. For some reason, out of everything that happened today, this music is what is sending you off the edge.

Do you:

OPTION Finally break and scream at your innocent Lyft driver as you have a mental breakdown Page 11.25

OPTION Take a deep breath, and calmly explain that you are having an incredibly stressful day and you would appreciate her turning the music down, but only if she was okay with it. Page 11.5

Page 11.25

You Lyft driver is furious at you, and spontaneously decides to kick you out of her car for acting so ridiculously. You continue your breakdown on the street, only to realize that you will never make it to the impound lot in time at this point. You dejectedly order another Lyft to take you home.

OPTION continue-> page 6

Page 11.5

Your Lyft driver is incredibly understanding and turns the loud music off. She asks what’s wrong, and after some hesitation, you tell her your story about your car being towed. She sympathizes, and cheers you up by telling you a story about her car being towed, and you start to feel less alone in the world and like slightly less of an idiot for being in this absurd situation.

You are dropped off at the impound lot right on time. You thank your Lyft driver as she drives off.

Continue -> page 12

**Page 12:**

As you arrive to the impound five minutes before closing for the weekend, you are overcome with emotion as you sprint towards the impound lots office.

You dash inside, and talk to a kind looking old man who asks for your license. You plead with him to let you receive your car today, but he laughs and tells you not to worry and everything will be fine. He asks for your release form which you give to him. Even though it is crumpled up, he accepts it and asks for a large fee. You reluctantly pay him.

He tells you to meet him outside and disappears.

Continue -> Page 13

**Page 13:**

Finally, after everything you have been through……YOUR CAR IS FOUND.

Your eyes glisten with happiness as you reunite with Falcor. You thank the old man for his help, and gleefully drive back home.

As you reflect on the absurdity of today’s events, you are overcome with a sense of calm and euphoria as you realize the temporary nature of life, and the absurdity of it’s many improbable happenstances.

As you finally arrive home after the most exhausting day of your life, your last thought is…

**“I gotta park in my driveway from now on.” (THE END)**