

CHING-WEI

So not only is there a Volkswagen bug on this highway, but there's a woman inside it. What exactly are you smuggling in that truck of yours, boy? Didn't anyone tell you never to dip into your own stash?

HAN FEI

I swear. I'm telling the truth.

(a pause. he plays.)

It was late evening, on the first day of the jam. Back when we were still in our trucks, moving. I was in the first lane. My lane slowly shuddered to a complete stop. The honking gradually died down. The second lane was still moving. Still inching. Then, in my driver's side mirror, I saw this flash of bright green. It was a Volkswagen beetle. Vintage. 1970. Of course, it was the last thing I expected to see on this highway.

It really did look like a bug. Small. Inconsequential. Vulnerable. Surrounded by those mighty trucks, monsters, chugging out purple plumes of exhaust. The car slowly, painfully, crept up closer and closer, until we were almost parallel. It was just a little behind me. I looked in the mirror to see who could possibly be driving that bug in the middle of these monsters, on this highway. Do you know who it was? You could never guess. It was a woman!

She was wearing a white straw hat with a black ribbon. A scarf the exact same shade of green as her car. The exact shade of green. Her lips were dark red, her skin was... like milk. She had these dark, fashionable sunglasses on her face. This cream jacket. And cream gloves. Driving gloves. She looked like she had just driven off a Hollywood movie set. She was so frustrated- as were we all- but clearly, clearly, she had never meant to get on this highway in the first place.

She caught me looking at her, she looked at me straight in the mirror, so I immediately looked away. I couldn't help myself, though. A few seconds later I glanced back at the mirror. And... oh... she had taken off her sunglasses. Oh... her eyes were so... She was looking at me in the mirror, and I was looking at her, and oh... she began to smile. So slowly. As slow as the jam we were in, together. It felt like it was only the two of us, in that entire expanse. I couldn't hear the engines, the horns. I couldn't

smell the exhaust and the burning tires. I couldn't feel the heat beating down on us. It was... stillness.

GAO-MIN

Gin.