

BANGAR SISTERS - DMV

It's always been much harder with Ginger...
than with Hannah, because Hannah tends...
to be solution-oriented, whereas Ginger...
Well, she's artistic, which is, of course...
what I love about her and always want...
to encourage, but she does tend to be defiant.

You didn't name her after Ginger Baker...
- did you? -

No, I was pregnant and craving ginger slide...
I ate it every day.

Oh. Way better.

Gosh. What time is it?

I don't know.

Course you don't.

Oh, gosh, I hope she passes this thing.

It's going to be so good...

for her self-esteem.

You know that guy Harry... the guy you met?

He doesn't drive.

He might now, though...

'cause we had sex last night.

First time in years for that guy.

I kind of liked it, though, you know?

I felt like I was accomplishing something.

Boy, when he came, it was like somebody...
in an electric chair.

I thought you were in a relationship...
the two of you.

No, no. I just picked him up...

like, somewhere in Blythe...

and he's not a bad rattle, though.

There's hope for Harry.

Hope for Harry.

I hate this place.

I know. Can you imagine working here?

Ha ha!

Oh, no color.

I'd go crazy. I got to have color around me...

or I go nuts. I hate drab.

You just looked right at my dress...
when you said that.

I did not.

Oh, you did.

No, I didn't.

Yes, you did.

I would kill to have, uh...

- Yeah.

- I would.

**Sure, Suzette. It's almost the same color...
as the... walls.**

Oh, come on. No, it isn't.

Yes, it is.

I'm the same color...

as the department of motor vehicles...

and you... look like a flower.

Why are you so pissed off?

I'm not! I'm complimenting you.

You know, the guys here are staring at you.

That's the idea, isn't it?

[Beeps]

What idea?

Well, I mean, if you put yourself together...

the way that you've put yourself together...

that's... obviously, you're trying...

to get attention.

I don't look any different.

Oh, please.

You used to be much smaller-chested.

You mean, my tits are bothering you.

Oh, come on. This machine is bothering me...

because it's not functioning.

You know what? I think you're, like, ticked off...

because you had the big knockers...

back in the day.

- Well, please.

- No, yeah.

It's true. Come on, babe.

And you know what? You used to, like...

you know, flash them...

and they were famous, those tits...

and I was flat as a pancake.

So I made, you know, bigger... ones.

So...

but if it makes you feel any better...

I don't feel bad. I don't need...

to feel better.

They're too big, and, you know...

I overdid it.

**Well, I wasn't going to say anything...
but they're too big.**

Yeah, I went from, like, one extreme to the other

Ginger: Aah!

Mom, he failed me for no reason!

Gin, what happened?

Ginger: Nothing! I just drove like a normal person.
But he decided to persecute me.

It says that you ran a red light.

Ginger: Yeah, right! As if I'd do that on a test!

Oh! And I told everybody...

I was taking this stupid thing!

I promised Jennifer...

I would drive her to the Pickle Pan!

You know what? I can...

Ginger: [Screaming]

I'm going to take her home right now.

She just treated you like shit.

Well, she's distraught!

I'll drop you at the hotel.

No, wait a minute. This is not...

This is, like, a big deal...

We're not even getting along.

Suzette, come on.

We were going to have lunch.