

#3

WIFE
KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE ROAD

HUSBAND
KEEP YOUR THOUGHTS IN YOUR HEAD

WIFE
KEEP YOUR HANDS ON THE WHEEL

HUSBAND
SHUT YOUR MOUTH OR YOU'RE DEAD

WIFE
I SHOULD'VE TAKEN A CAB

HUSBAND
YOU SHOULD'VE TAKEN A PILL

HUSBAND & WIFE
WHEN AUTOMOBILING
WE'RE NOT TOO APEALING

EMMA & NOAH
WHEN THEY'RE DRIVING
WE GET A LARGE MIGRAINE

HUSBAND
You know so much?!
(Releasing the wheel.)
You take the wheel!

WIFE
No!

EMMA & NOAH
ON THE HIGHWAY OF LOVE
THEY'RE DRIVING US INSANE

(Suddenly the lights change. The HUSBAND gets out of the car and stands beside it in a pool of light. The OTHERS lean into the curves, responding as if the car is still moving.)

HUSBAND
(To audience.)
Ladies and gentlemen, my wife—a mere passenger in my machine—seems to think it's her job to share her relentless opinions with the pilot. But remember those James Bond movies? The ones with all those cool cars with those ejector seats? All I'm saying is—General Motors could make a fortune. I thank you very much.

MALE & FEMALE
40's

(He returns to the driver's seat. The WIFE now gets out of the car and stands in a pool of light, the OTHERS continuing to respond as if the car is still moving.)

WIFE

(To audience.)

2 [You know, my husband has a heavy foot, which goes along with his heavy head. You would think he would view driving as a simple means of getting from somewhere to somewhere else. Instead, he must view it as a rite of manhood, a test of testosterone. If you ask me, it's no coincidence that the stick shift is shaped like the male sex organ. I thank you.

(She returns to her seat as the lights restore.)

AT HOME WE DON'T FIGHT

HUSBAND

AT HOME WE DON'T YELL

HUSBAND & WIFE

BUT ONCE WE START THE CAR
THE MARRIAGE GOES TO HELL

(The KIDS and the WIFE all talk at the same time.)

NOAH

Dad, I gotta pee!
I gotta pee!

EMMA

Are we there yet?!
Are we there yet?!

WIFE

My God, you're
Gonna hit that truck!

HUSBAND

(Yelling.)

Would you all shut up!

ALL

WE'RE LOSING OUR GRIP
ON THIS FAMILY TRIP

(The car separates into the four individual chairs and EACH CHARACTER takes off on his/her own spinning, twirling journey.)

WHEN WE'RE DRIVING
OUR FIGHT ARE HIGH-OCTANE

WIFE

This man is trying to kill me!

ALL

WHEN WE'RE DRIVING
WE'RE OBNOXIOUS AND PROFANE

HUSBAND

Goddamn it, don't make me stop this car!