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**Skid Marks 2: Are We There Yet?**

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# SKID MARKS 2: ARE WE THERE YET?

A VIGNETTE PLAY IN ONE ACT BY  
*Lindsay Price*



*Skid Marks 2: Are We There Yet?*

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## Characters

### BEST FRIENDS

Briana, Tia

### THE SIBS

Lisa, Melody, Bill

### NEW LIFE GIRL

Connie

### HIGHWAY GUY

Wayne

### ENSEMBLE

Yield  
Speed Bump  
Slow Traffic Keep Right  
Mom  
Liz  
Suzy  
Officer Emma  
Betty  
Bertha  
Heidi

The ensemble characters can be played by a minimum of three actresses or a maximum of ten. Several of the ensemble characters could be male if needed, with the following name changes: Suzy becomes Stevie, Heidi becomes Harold, Betty becomes Billy, and Bertha becomes Bob.

If using three-actor doubling, the actors should wear a basic neutral costume with simple add-on pieces as some changes are quite quick.

### Doubling For Three Ensemble Actresses

1. Yield, Officer Emma, Bertha, Heidi
2. Speed Bump, Liz, Betty
3. Slow Traffic Keep Right, Mom, Suzy



*There are three areas on the stage, each representing a car. The areas can be delineated by cubes, benches or chairs.*

*Lights come up on WAYNE. He wears a construction helmet and a neon vest. He holds a sign on a pole that says STOP on one side and GO on the other. WAYNE is the guy who directs traffic when there's construction on the highway.*

WAYNE: Skid marks. Scary stuff. Black scars on the pavement that stop suddenly or swerve to the shoulder. I always wonder: what made someone slam on their breaks so hard? Did they stop in time? Was anyone hurt? Was it aliens? It could be aliens. Those marks just stop. Sometimes right in the middle of the road. As if the car had been lifted. Hmmm? Am I wrong? Aliens are not out of the question.

*LISA and MOM enter stage left. LISA follows MOM across the stage. CONNIE and her best friend LIZ enter stage right. CONNIE circles the stage right car.*

LISA: You're kidding.

MOM: No.

CONNIE: OK...

LISA: You're kidding.

MOM: No.

CONNIE: OK...

LISA: You're kidding.

MOM: No.

CONNIE: OK...

LISA: You're serious?

MOM: Yes.

LISA: You can't be serious.

*LISA and her MOM exit.*

CONNIE: I'm very excited.

LIZ: Good.

CONNIE: I'm getting good vibes. *(she takes a breath)* This is it!

LIZ: Great!

CONNIE: Maybe I should go with the red one. *(she exits)*

LIZ: Connie... *(she follows CONNIE off)*

*From opposite sides of the stage BRIANA and TIA enter.*

BRIANA: Tee!

TIA: Bree!

BRIANA: Are you ready?

TIA: Ready.

BOTH: Road trip!

*They giggle and move to the stage left car. MOM enters with LISA following.*

LISA: You're serious.

MOM: Yes.

LISA: You want me –

MOM: Yes.

LISA: To drive the snotty brats –

MOM: Your brother and sister.

LISA: Across the country –

MOM: Yes.

LISA: To see Dad.

MOM: That's right.

LISA: You have got to be kidding.

*MOM exits with LISA following. LIZ drags CONNIE back onstage.*

LIZ: It's just a rental car. All it has to do is get you from A to B. There's nothing wrong with this one.

CONNIE: But red is a confident colour. I'll feel more confident in a red car.

BRIANA: OK. Water and other provisions?

TIA: Check!

CONNIE: Absolutely more confident.

BRIANA: Sunglasses securely fastened?

TIA: Check!

CONNIE: Totally more confident.

BRIANA: Directions stowed in the glove compartment?

TIA: Che – directions?

CONNIE: Somewhat more confident.

BRIANA: Directions. The way in which we get to the beach?

TIA: I know what directions are.

LIZ: Somewhat?

CONNIE: The black car. Let's go look at the black car.

*She exits with LIZ following.*

TIA: Do we really need directions? Let's just *(she makes a vague gesture)* feel our way there. To the ocean!

BRIANA: No, no, no, no, no.

*LISA and MOM enter.*

LISA: Why, why, why, why, why?

BRIANA: The key to a successful road trip is all in the planning. You can't just hop in the car and go.

TIA: Isn't that the genesis of a true road trip?

BRIANA: The gene-who?

MOM: That's the deal. You take them to Dad's and then you keep the car when you go back to school.

TIA: The genesis. The origin. The onset and the outset. The dawn of an idea.

BRIANA: Okaaaaaaay.

LISA: Why can't they fly? Don't they always fly?



MOM: Melody doesn't want to fly.

LISA: Isn't that precious. How about the train? She's not against trains is she?

MOM: Lisa.

LISA: Or a cab. Send them in a cab. How expensive could it be? I'll pay.

*LISA and MOM exit.*

BRIANA: On my planet, road trips always start with good planning, good directions, good provisions –

TIA: And good friends.

BRIANA: The best. Let's go find the directions. *(They start to exit. BRIANA stops and slaps herself on the forehead)* Oh shoot! My license is in my other purse!

*TIA and BRIANA exit. LIZ and CONNIE enter.*

CONNIE: You're right, you're right, I know you're right. I should go with the grey.

LIZ: Con, you're my best friend. But I know you. You get freaked out when you have to drive to the corner store. The colour of a car isn't going to make you more confident.

CONNIE: I can do this.

LIZ: You can't.

CONNIE: I can too.

LIZ: Clearly you can't.

CONNIE: I'm taking the red car. I'm going to drive to school. I'm not going to get freaked out, or upset, or dizzy, or wobbly, or light-headed, or faint. *(she weaves a bit as if dizzy)* Whoo. I'm gonna faint.

*LIZ catches CONNIE in mid-weave as LISA and MOM enter.*

MOM: I don't see what the problem is. It's just a couple of days.

LISA: Days. Exactly. More than one. More than one second is one second too many.

MOM: Lisa, that's not nice.

LISA: Why? They don't like me. I don't like them. It's the perfect relationship. Hello at Thanksgiving, goodbye at Christmas. Perfect.

CONNIE: No, no, no. Let go of me. I'm not going to faint! I won't do it!

LIZ: Connie, you faint if your shoelaces are too tight. How will you drive thousands of miles by yourself? What if you faint at the wheel?

CONNIE: I have to do this. I decided to go away to school. I'm the one who's talked up and down about taking chances and change and new horizons and jumping off of cliffs without nets or parachutes and peanut butter is ruining my life!

LIZ: OK Con...

CONNIE: Peanut butter is holding me back!

LIZ: Take it easy.

CONNIE: A steak, a steak! My kingdom for a steak!

LIZ: Breathe! Breathe!

MOM: Do you want the car?

LISA: But Mom –

MOM: Do you want the car?

LISA: But Mom –

MOM: Do you want the car?

LISA: Yes.

MOM: You want the car.

LISA: This is blackmail.

*MOM jingles the car keys in front of LISA.*

LISA: This is totally unfair.

LIZ: All better now?

CONNIE: Maybe you're right. Maybe I shouldn't go. I should stay here and eat peanut butter for the rest of my life.

LIZ: Don't. Go eat that steak. Even though you're a vegetarian.

CONNIE: Really?

LIZ: Absolutely.

CONNIE: *(she takes a breath)* Maybe the grey car.

*CONNIE and LIZ exit.*

LISA: OK, OK. *(she sighs)* Where are the snotty brats?

MOM: Lisa, they're 15. They rarely have snotty noses anymore.

LISA: Swell.

MOM: It'll be fun.

LISA: It'll be torture.

MOM: You say tomato, I say tom-ah-to.

*They exit.*

*WAYNE enters with his sign. He blows his whistle and gestures. From offstage the three ROAD TRIP GIRLS enter: YIELD, SPEED BUMP and SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT. The first two are peppy, clean cut, cheerleader types with gestures to go with every line. SLOW TRAFFIC is much less peppy with more of an edge. SLOW TRAFFIC drags behind the other two.*

YIELD: The passage of time can be the biggest obstacle in long distance travel.

SPEED BUMP: The excitement of being behind the wheel –

YIELD: being on the open road –

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: Can quickly turn to crushing mind-numbing boredom.

YIELD: We suggest a rousing game of car bingo to while away the hours.

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: *(not so much excitement)* Won't that be fun?

SPEED BUMP: It is played just like regular bingo,

YIELD: *(a little too much excitement)* With things you see on your travels!

SPEED BUMP: A bumper sticker!

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: Road kill.

YIELD: *(with a look at SLOW TRAFFIC)* An RV!

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: Road kill.

SPEED BUMP: A rest stop!

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: Road kill.

YIELD: We're not putting road kill on the bingo cards.

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: Why not? There's a lot out there.

SPEED BUMP: Road kill is not fun.

YIELD: It's not funny.

SPEED BUMP: It's not cute.

YIELD: You're ruining our cute fun!

*YIELD and SPEED BUMP stalk off. SLOW TRAFFIC  
KEEP RIGHT follows behind.*

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: But you could win a lot of games with road kill.

*WAYNE addresses the audience.*

WAYNE: Road kill is a fact of life on the highway. A daily tug of war with the animals getting a face full of sand every time. Machine versus nature on a never-ending merry-go-round of death. Reality is not cute fun. But I believe one of these days the animals will fight back. Maybe the aliens are helping them out as we speak. Animals in car resistant alien body amour. It's not out of the question.

*During the above CONNIE enters to sit in the stage right car. LISA, BILL and MELODY enter to sit in the centre stage car. LISA is driving. LISA, BILL and MELODY do not look happy.*

BILL: 27. *(pause)* 28.

MELODY: I am bored.

LISA: We've hardly started.

BILL: 29.

MELODY: I am so bored.

LISA: Whatever.

MELODY: (to BILL) Aren't you bored?

BILL: No.

MELODY: Why not?

BILL: I have the remarkable ability to entertain myself. 30.

MELODY: What are you doing?

BILL: Counting.

MELODY: I know that, moron. You've been doing it all morning.

BILL: Took you long enough to ask. 31.

MELODY: So.

BILL: So what?

MELODY: What are you counting?

BILL: Bunnies.

MELODY: (looking out) Where? (back to BILL) You have not seen 31 bunnies.

BILL: Not live ones.

LISA & MELODY: Bill!

MELODY: That is gross.

BILL: 32.

LISA: Bill.

BILL: 33.

MELODY: Shut up!

BILL: 34.

MELODY: (to LISA) Make him shut up!

BILL: I'm merely trying to pass the time. (pause) Are we there yet?

MELODY: Such a moron.

LISA: Are you guys hungry?

MELODY: Lisa!

LISA: What?

MELODY: He's talking about dead bunnies and you mention food?

BILL: Yeah Lisa, what's wrong with you?

MELODY: Gross.

LISA: *(to herself)* Hello at Thanksgiving, good-bye at Christmas. Is that too much to ask? *(she mimes pulling off to the side)*

MELODY: What are you doing?

LISA: There's a bunch of fast food places at this exit.

MELODY: I don't eat fast food.

BILL: I do. 35.

LISA: Bill!

MELODY: I don't eat grease.

BILL: I do.

MELODY: You'll have to go somewhere else.

*SUZY enters and stands to the side. She is the drive-through operator.*

SUZY: Welcome to Big Burger Burger Big Burger, my name is Suzy with a smile. Can I take your order?

MELODY: Don't you dare order here. We have to go to a non-grease place.

LISA: And where exactly are we going to find one of those?

MELODY: You should have checked before we left.

LISA: This is where we're eating, Melody. Deal with it.

SUZY: Welcome to Big Burger Burger Big Burger, my name is Suzy with a smile. Can I take your order?

MELODY: I can't eat this crap. It's all chemicals. I protect myself from chemicals.

LISA: So have a salad.

MELODY: Wake up! Fast food salads aren't real.

SUZY: *(becoming less pleasant)* Welcome to Big Burger Burger Big Burger, my name is Suzy with a smile. Can I take your order?

MELODY: That's why your skin is so bad; you think fast food salads are actually healthy.

LISA: There's nothing wrong with my skin!

MELODY: I can tell from a million miles away how many french fries you eat.

LISA: No you can't!

MELODY: In a day.

SUZY: (*decidedly less pleasant*) Welcome to Big Burger Burger Big Burger, my name is Suzy with a smile. Is somebody going to order?

BILL: (*to SUZY*) Don't mind them. They're from out of town.

MELODY: I can't believe I have to sit here...

BILL: Combo number seven please.

MELODY: For days and days with dead bunny boy and zit girl.

LISA: Hey!

BILL: And combo number twelve.

LISA: I didn't ask you to sit here. No one asked you to sit here.

BILL: And combo number four – no – not number four.

MELODY: What are you talking about?

LISA: If you had agreed to fly then I wouldn't have to go through this torture.

BILL: Can I have a number three with the sauce on the side?

MELODY: That's ridiculous.

SUZY: Absoroonie.

MELODY: Why wouldn't I want to fly? I'd do anything to be on a plane right now.

LISA: Mom said you wouldn't fly.

MELODY: Mom said you weren't getting along with Dad.

LISA: What?

SUZY: Do you want a Big Burger Burger Big Burger super special sundae deluxe with that?

BILL: But of course.

LISA: Dad and I are fine.

MELODY: Mom said this was the only way to get you two in the same room.

SUZY: Do you want sprinkles?

BILL: Load 'em on.

LISA: I talked to Dad right before we left.

SUZY: And nuts?

BILL: I'm nuts for nuts!

MELODY: Then why would Mom –

LISA: Hold on, hold on. (to BILL) What are you ordering?

BILL: Lunch.

LISA: (to SUZY) Excuse me Ms...

SUZY: Suzy with a smile.

LISA: Right. What did he just order?

SUZY: A number seven, a number twelve, a number three...

BILL: With sauce on the side.

SUZY: And a Big Burger Burger Big Burger super special sundae deluxe. With sprinkles.

BILL: And nuts.

SUZY: And nuts.

BILL: Yeah, that'll do for a start. We'll have to stop later for a snack.  
(LISA and MELODY stare at him) What?

*There is the sound of a police siren. The lights fade on the centre car and come up on CONNIE. She has just been pulled over.*

CONNIE: Oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no, oh no. Oh no. Oh. No. Get a grip Connie. Get a grip. You didn't do anything



wrong. Breathe and smile. Breathe and smile. Don't freak out. Don't faint. And don't throw up.

*OFFICER EMMA approaches the car.*

OFFICER EMMA: Licence and registration please.

CONNIE: (to OFFICER EMMA) I am not going to throw up.

OFFICER EMMA: Licence and registration please.

CONNIE: I was doing the speed limit; I was doing the speed limit. I'm not sure what the perception was of what I was doing, but I was doing the speed limit.

OFFICER EMMA: Licence and registration please.

CONNIE: Sure. No problem. Here you are. Everything hunky dory. No vomiting. No siree. (*looking at OFFICER EMMA*) Uh, Ma'am...ee.

OFFICER EMMA: Now, Ms. Killoran,

CONNIE: Connie. Call me Connie.

OFFICER EMMA: Now, Connie,

CONNIE: Do you have a name? Of course you have a name. What a stupid question. Never mind. "Officer" will suit you just fine, right? And so it should. Who am I to ask your name? (*she slaps herself on the wrist*) Bad Connie! Not that I speak about myself in the third person all the time. That's weird. And I'm far from weird. Ha.

*OFFICER EMMA shakes her head and looks like she's holding back a laugh. She softens up.*

OFFICER EMMA: Folks call me Officer Emma.

CONNIE: Emma, what a pretty name! (*she clears her throat*) It's a very tough, suitable name for a woman... person of the law.

OFFICER EMMA: Do you know how fast you were going?

CONNIE: I wasn't going fast at all. That's my whole point. I'm very careful to follow the rules of the road.

OFFICER EMMA: You were doing 35.

CONNIE: Oh.

OFFICER EMMA: On a highway.

CONNIE: Is that bad?

OFFICER EMMA: Honey. You have to keep up with the other cars. It's just as dangerous to go too slow as it is to go too fast.

CONNIE: Right. I knew that. I see what you're saying. Completely. Totally. Wholly. Spherically. Ha.

OFFICER EMMA: You've never been on the highway before, have you?

CONNIE: Sure I have. I absolutely have. Drive it all the time. Every day, back and forth, zip, zip, zip.

OFFICER EMMA: Look me in the eye and say that.

CONNIE: There's a first time for everything right?

OFFICER EMMA: Not when it's going to be your last.

CONNIE: You can't kick me off the highway! I'm not even halfway there!

OFFICER EMMA: I'm sorry honey but –

CONNIE: Officer Emma, wait, just wait a second. Wait. (*she takes a breath*) Do you like peanut butter?

OFFICER EMMA: Not really. It sticks to the roof of my mouth.

CONNIE: That's what it does.

OFFICER EMMA: And crunchy's unpredictable. I always bite down wrong on a peanut.

CONNIE: Officer Emma, I have eaten peanut butter sandwiches every day for the past four years. Ten years! Ever since I can remember. It's not because I love peanut butter. I don't. It's just there. Right in front of me. It's easy. It's easy and once you get into that rut you can't get out. I am stuck in a peanut butter rut. Do you know what that's like Officer Emma?

OFFICER EMMA: Umm-hmmm. I know all about the rut. Peanut butter rut, jujube rut, chocolate chocolate chip rut, they're all the same.

CONNIE: It's not even unpredictable crunchy. It's flat, boring, smooth, stick-to-the-roof-of-your-mouth and I'm tired of it Officer Emma. I'm tired.

OFFICER EMMA: You have to put the peanut butter down. Leave it be. Throw it out.

CONNIE: That's what I'm trying to do! I'm trying to change everything in one fell swoop: peanut butter, school, life, the whole ball of wax. Maybe it was too much to do all at once –

OFFICER EMMA: You can't do these things in stages. It's all at once or nothing.

CONNIE: So if I'm only going 35 on the highway, it's because my brain is pretty much fried. I'm trying to get unstuck. I'm trying to get peanut butter out of my life for good!

OFFICER EMMA: You go girl. You go!

CONNIE: Thank you. You're so kind. Officer Emma, I know what I was doing was wrong and I know you have a job to do, but if you'll let me continue on, I promise, I solemnly vow I'll keep up with the other cars.

OFFICER EMMA: You won't have to.

CONNIE: What? Why?

OFFICER EMMA: I'm giving you a police escort. As long as you're in my jurisdiction, I'm going to get you all the help you need. You tell that nasty stuff Officer Emma is on the case. *(she exits)*

CONNIE: Thank you Officer Emma! Thank you! And I swear, as long as I'm living, I'll never eat peanut butter again!

*The focus shifts to stage left. BRIANA and TIA enter looking at a large map.*

BRIANA: Our directions suck.

TIA: So we're lost?

BRIANA: Totally lost. I haven't a clue where we are.

TIA: Oh. *(pause)* That's so cool!

BRIANA: Why?

TIA: We're experiencing the genesis, Bree. It's you, me and the road. We've nothing but our wits and our keen sense of adventure to guide us. To the ocean!

*BETTY and BERTHA enter stage right.*

BRIANA: Maybe they can help. Excuse me. Excuse me. Hi there.

BETTY: Hey.

TIA: Hi.

BERTHA: Yep.

BRIANA: My name is Briana and this is Tia.

TIA: Hi.

BETTY: Hey.

BERTHA: Yep.

BRIANA: And we were wondering if you could help us. We need directions back to the highway. We're lost.

TIA: Totally lost.

BRIANA: We're headed to the ocean.

TIA: There's this awesome beach and it's an end of school, end of summer, last hurrah kind of thing.

BRIANA: But we missed an exit, took a wrong turn, or something.

TIA: Our directions suck, which is not our fault.

BOTH: It's Brandy's fault.

TIA: Cause she's been to the beach.

BRIANA: And she gave us the directions.

TIA: Could you tell us how to get back on track?

BETTY: Sure.

BERTHA: Yep.

BRIANA: Great!

*There is a pause.*

BRIANA: Could you tell us now?

BETTY: You just take this road to the end.

BRIANA: That's it?

BETTY: That's it.

BERTHA: Yep.

BRIANA: OK! Great!

TIA: Thank you!

*They turn to go but BETTY starts talking again.*

BETTY: Then when you get to the end you'll want to turn left.

BRIANA: Left turn. OK, great!

TIA: Thank you!

*They turn to go but BETTY starts talking again.*

BETTY: Unless it's cloudy then you want to turn right towards the lake.

TIA: Sunny – left, cloudy – right?

BETTY: You got it.

BRIANA: OK... Great!

TIA: Thank you!

*They turn to go but BETTY starts talking again.*

BETTY: Unless it's foggy and you can't see the lake. Then you do want to turn left and keep on driving till you come across Canyon Road.

TIA: Sunny – left, Cloudy – right, Foggy – left?

BETTY: Right.

BERTHA: Yep.

BRIANA: Anything else?

BETTY: (*she contemplates*) Nope.

BRIANA: Are you sure?

BETTY: Yep.

BRIANA: Positive?

BETTY: Yep.

BRIANA: OK. Great.

TIA: Thanks.

*They turn, fully expecting BETTY to start talking. They get a few steps away. And another few steps. Just as they think they're home free, BETTY starts talking again.*

BETTY: But you don't want to take that road.

*BRIANA whimpers.*

BRIANA: No?

BETTY: No.

BERTHA: Yep.

BETTY: You want to take the next road. And you may see Tommy on his front porch or you may not. If you're lucky and it's near lunch you'll see him and that's when you know you've hit the right spot to turn. Then once you pass Tommy's place you're going to come to a left turn but you don't want to turn left. You want to turn at the next left but you don't want to turn left there either. You want to turn right. And if you see a cow, you've gone too far. Hope that helps.

BERTHA: Yep.

BRIANA: Maybe they'll know at the gas station.

TIA: Right.

*TIA and BRIANA exit stage left.*

BERTHA: Maybe you should have told them you own the gas station.

*BERTHA and BETTY exit. WAYNE enters. He quotes from "Song of the Open Road" by Walt Whitman.*

WAYNE: To undergo much, tramps of days, rests of nights,  
To see nothing anywhere but what you may reach it and pass it,  
To conceive no time, however distant, but what you may reach it and pass it,  
To look up and down no road but it stretches and waits for you – however long, but it stretches and waits for you;  
To know the universe itself as a road – as many roads – as roads for traveling souls. (end) Walt Whitman. I don't think about aliens all the time you know.

*The ROAD TRIP GIRLS enter. YIELD and SPEED BUMP bouncing in, SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT dragging behind.*

YIELD: Nothing turns travel to trouble like bad driver behaviour.

SPEED BUMP: Sloppy manners on the road are a big no-no.

YIELD: Proper highway etiquette will always turn a frown upside-down!

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: Do we have to be cute? Can't we just give out plain old solid information?

*The other two look at SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT with annoyance and clear their throats. During the following, each line has an appropriate airline attendant-like gesture.*

YIELD: Always use your turn signal when changing lanes.

SPEED BUMP: Never pass on the right.

YIELD: Always keep your eye on the speedometer.

SPEED BUMP: Never talk on your cell phone.

YIELD: Always keep a good distance between you and the other cars.

SPEED BUMP: Never speed through a construction zone.

*The two gesture grandly to SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT.*

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: (*not happy*) Happy driving conditions make for happy drivers and happy travels.

SPEED BUMP: We Road Trip Girls pride ourselves on maintaining happy driving conditions and excellent driving standards.

YIELD: We've never had a ticket have we Speed Bump?

SPEED BUMP: We never have Yield!

*SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT looks away and clears her throat.*

YIELD: Slow Traffic Keep Right, a requirement of being a Road Trip Girl is a good driving record.

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: It's mostly good.

YIELD & SPEED BUMP: Slow Traffic Keep Right!

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: It wasn't my fault! I was going 'round this pickup truck who just wasn't keeping up with the flow of traffic and in order to go 'round the truck I had to speed up and –

YIELD & SPEED BUMP: (*disappointed*) Slow Traffic Keep Right.

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: He was going so slow man! It wasn't me who was in the wrong. He had an unsafe load too. Bits of things

flying out the back. I had no choice! That's what I told the cops.  
But I got a ticket anyway.

YIELD: I can't take this. How much more of this am I supposed to take?

SPEED BUMP: (*leading YIELD offstage*) There, there, don't mind her.

SLOW TRAFFIC KEEP RIGHT: (*following them off*) I guess a raise is out of the question?

*HEIDI enters and stands on the side. She is giving a helicopter traffic report. During the following BRIANA and TIA enter to get into the stage left car. Now all the cars are full. Everyone looks exasperated as they have been sitting in construction traffic for quite a while.*

HEIDI: It's high in the sky with Heidi. Wow the cars do look like ants from up here! (*she laughs the laugh of someone who's told the joke a thousand times*) Just a little helicopter humour for you.

LISA: (*not amused*) Ha. Ha. Ha.

CONNIE: (*very amused*) Hee hee – that's funny.

HEIDI: Construction work continues on the (*put in your local highway*) with both east and westbound traffic reduced to one lane. It's bumper to bumper down there! All motorists should be advised to use the Lenderman side road detour.

BRIANA: Now she tells us.

HEIDI: That detour will get you right around the construction zone and on your merry way in three shakes of a lamb's tail. Wow it sure is packed down there. Lots of people are going to be stuck for a long time. That's my report, I'll be back at ten after the hour. Toodle-loo!

*HEIDI exits. Everyone sits back with a sigh.*

LISA: This sucks.

BRIANA: This really sucks.

CONNIE: Finally! A speed I can deal with.

BRIANA: I hate traffic.

MELODY: Why aren't we moving?

LISA: The whole highway's down to one lane. There's a guy down there with a stop sign.



MELODY: He can't do that. Just stop us for no reason. Tell him to get out of the way.

BILL: Oh yeah, that'll work.

BRIANA: Come on, let's go! I want to go!

CONNIE: I hope there's traffic all the way there. *(she waves out the window)* Hello Mr. Construction guy! Keep up the good work!

BRIANA: Every second we're sitting here is another second we're not at the beach!

CONNIE: More construction please!

TIA: Settle down Bree. Kick back. Enjoy the scenery. Smell the roses.

BRIANA: Asphalt does not smell like roses.

CONNIE: I could sniff asphalt all day! *(she sniffs)* Mmmmm... Asphalt! *(she sniffs again)* Ooooooh... New car smell! *(she sniffs again)* Asphalt! *(she sniffs again)* Car! *(she sniffs again)* Whooo... That's enough.

LISA: I can't believe Mom used trickery and bribery just to get us to spend time together.

BILL: Does seem a little extremery.

MELODY: I don't know what you're complaining about. You're getting a car.

LISA: It's her old car.

MELODY: All I got promised was a couple pairs of shoes.

BILL: How come she didn't try to bribe me?

MELODY: Because you don't care about anything.

LISA: You're easygoing.

MELODY: You just do whatever, it's so annoying.

BILL: *(to LISA)* How come from you it sounds like a compliment, but from sourpuss...

MELODY: Ugh. I can't believe I have to be this close to you!

*Focus shifts to CONNIE. She picks up her cell phone and dials. A phone rings. LIZ enters and stands to the side.*

LIZ: Hello?

CONNIE: Liz! It's Connie! I'm in traffic! It's great!

LIZ: Are you moving?

CONNIE: We're at a crawl. I love it.

LIZ: You're not supposed to talk on the phone when you're driving.

CONNIE: Holy Cow! *(she hangs up the phone without saying goodbye)*  
Whew! That was close.

LISA: Shouldn't you two get along better? I thought twins have this psychic bond together thing.

MELODY: Do we look bonded?

BILL: You believe everything you see on TV don't you.

TIA: What's with the tense look?

BRIANA: What?

TIA: Tense face. You've got tense face. *(she imitates BRIANA's face)*

BRIANA: Well it's just ridiculous. I went on every website for every Department of Transportation on our route and this construction zone wasn't listed.

TIA: Oh is that all.

BRIANA: Is that all?! I have a timeline for this trip. We've already been lost twice and now this?

TIA: Gee Bree. I've never seen this side of you.

BRIANA: Is that all she says, is that all.

TIA: It's really not a pretty sight. Very bunchy.

BRIANA: Is. That. All. Huh. Is that all.

TIA: This probably isn't the best time to tell you this but Bree –

BRIANA: What?

TIA: You're...

BRIANA: What?

TIA: Well you're...

BRIANA: What!

TIA: Finicky.

BRIANA: What?

TIA: You are a finicky person. You have a tense face and you're finicky.

BRIANA: I am not! How can you say that! That's terrible.

TIA: I'm sorry.

BRIANA: I don't know what it means, but I'm sure it's terrible.

*LIZ punches in CONNIE's number. The phone begins to ring. It rings and rings.*

*Note: They talk to their phones and not directly to each other.*

LIZ: Pick up Connie.

CONNIE: I can't pick up.

LIZ: Pick up.

CONNIE: I can't pick up. You told me not to pick up.

LIZ: I know I told you not to pick up but pick up!

CONNIE: I can't!

LIZ: Do it!

CONNIE: All right, all right, all right. *(She picks up the phone and talks really fast)* Thank you Liz for calling I can't talk I'm in a car bye. *(she hangs up)*

*LIZ bangs her head with the phone.*

MELODY: What do you care if Bill and I get along or not?

LISA: I don't, I guess. I guess I don't really know you.

MELODY: Got that right.

LISA: Well go ahead Melody, make it easy for me. You're so much fun to talk to.

BILL: You should see her in the morning before she gets her makeup on.

MELODY: Argh! It drives me mental being related to you!

BILL: Not that it does much good. She's a sourpuss with or without lip gloss.

MELODY: *(to LISA)* Do you know what he wanted to do last Christmas until I talked him out of it?

BILL: It was a great idea.

MELODY: He was going to get everyone's present at the corner store. Stocking stuffers from the candy aisle!

LISA: It's probably a good idea you didn't do that.

BILL: Everyone loves the corner store.

MELODY: Here Uncle Pat, have a bag of chips.

LISA: You couldn't give him chips; he has high cholesterol.

BILL: Hey! I'm supposed to be the funny one.

LISA: I didn't know I was being funny.

*LIZ re-dials her phone.*

CONNIE: Oh Liz, why are you torturing me? *(she picks up the phone)*  
Hel—

LIZ: Don't hang up on me you freak of nature! I know you're in a car. I know I told you not to talk on the phone. All I want to find out is if you're OK.

CONNIE: I'm OK.

LIZ: Are you sure?

CONNIE: I'm OK. The rental's OK. It still has that new car smell even.  
*(she takes in a deep breath and laughs)* Everything is OK.

LIZ: OK.

CONNIE: Did you just call me a freak of nature?

LIZ: Only a small one.

*During the following LIZ exits.*

BILL: If Uncle Pat were a potato chip, what kind of chip would he be?

MELODY: He doesn't eat chips.

BILL: I know, I know. Work with me here.

MELODY: But it's stupid.

BILL: Do you have some other pressing engagement you have to get to?  
(*he rubs his face and makes a raspberry noise of frustration*) Argh!  
Better watch out Lise – spend too much time with sourpuss and she rubs off on you.

*MELODY makes a noise of disgust.*

BILL: As I says saying. Uncle Pat. If he were a potato chip, what kind of chip would he be?

*They think for a second.*

LISA: Sour cream and onion.

BILL: Ah ha, that particular combination of smooth and biting which always makes it difficult to figure out if he's going to laugh or snap your head off. That's good, very good. What about Grandma Foster?

LISA & MELODY: (*automatically*) Plain. (*they laugh a little that they came up with the same answer*)

LISA: Aunt Flo?

BILL: Dill Pickle. Dad?

MELODY: Ketchup.

BILL: Who else?

LISA: Shirelle. What kind of chip would she be?

BILL: (*dreamily*) B-B-Q.

LISA & MELODY: B-B-Q?

LISA: Are you in love with Shirelle?

BILL: What? No!

LISA: You're in love with your cousin.

BILL: I am not!

LISA: You are too.

BILL: Shut up!

MELODY: Billy's in love. Billy's in love.

BILL: Shut up!



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