

NO PARTICULAR PLACE TO GO

Stage left, a kitchen table with three chairs. Stage right, the driver's seat of a car.

Scene 1

Grandpa sits in his usual chair at the table, the radio plays Chuck Berry's *Maybelline*. **Grandpa's** box of treasures is on the table. It's morning. Clearly enjoying the song, **Grandpa** gradually begins to move in time with the music.

Joanne: *(Unseen)* Dad, it's too loud!

Grandpa ignores her and continues with his dance. **MJ** enters. He is clearly not a morning person. **Grandpa** turns down the music. **MJ** is in the process of sitting down at the table...

Grandpa: She's still here.

MJ stands up again, as **Joanne** enters. Clearly flustered, she moves to the table. **MJ** tries to sneak out.

Joanne: Has anyone seen my cell phone? *(No response, no luck. She turns, decides to look elsewhere. On her way out, seeing MJ...)* I'm glad you're up. Get your grandpa his second cup of coffee. I'm running late. *(She's gone. MJ follows. Grandpa turns the music back up.)*

Scene 2

As the music fades, we discover Joanne driving her car.

Joanne: *(She is late for work, but is speaking on her cell phone as she drives. She is in the middle of a rant...)* But you're a doctor... If it's not your responsibility, then whose is it? ...All I know is that he shouldn't be on the road, it's as simple as that. He's dangerous. He was stopped by the police last week after he drove through a red light. Shouldn't they be doing something about it? What if I reported him? ...I'm at my wits'

end. Would you let your two-year-old grand-daughter get in the car with him? He's a danger to himself, and to others. *(Listens briefly...)* I've talked to him, but you know how stubborn he can be... I need some support. Somebody must be able to help, somebody has to be responsible... ICBC? *(Listens briefly)* I understand that. *(Listens again, briefly)* I know. *(Ends the call, puts the phone down. Suddenly screeches to a halt at a red light. Mutteres to herself...)* Jeez, it must be catching.

Scene 3

Grandpa is reading his newspaper, using a magnifying glass as MJ comes in.

MJ: *(Sits down and leans back, in his chair. A sigh of relief.)* Aaaah, peace and quiet.

Grandpa: You don't like Chuck Berry? Mister rock'n'roll himself?

MJ: No, I didn't mean that. It's Mom. It's like there's a hurricane blowing through the kitchen when she's late.

Grandpa: She has a lot on her mind. Not working today?

MJ: Later. *(A little uneasy...)* I was going to ask you for a ride to work, but...

Grandpa: Not a problem. Where's your car?

MJ: Oh... *(Hesitates...)* It's in the shop.

Grandpa: Do you get any discount, working at *Canadian Tire*?

MJ: A little. Not much.

Grandpa: You've got to look after your car. It's not just a way to get you from A to B, it's something you should take pride in. *(Reaches for his box.)*

MJ: What's this?

- Grandpa:** Oh, just some stuff I've been keeping. *(Takes out an old photograph of himself and a car. Hands it to MJ.)*
- MJ:** What is that?
- Grandpa:** That's the car I learned to drive in.
- MJ:** Really?
- Grandpa:** Yeah, that's what my dad bought right after I passed my driver's test. When he drove this car into the driveway, all the neighbours just looked at us. *(Very carefully, takes out a model car...)*
- MJ:** *(Impressed...)* That's the same car that's in the photo!
- Grandpa:** I haven't showed this to anyone in years. *(Admiring it...)* I was so proud of that car. I painted the model gunmetal grey. It was what they called 'fluid drive'. I just called it 'clunk shift' because it was pretty loud. My dad made me polish that car every week.
- MJ:** Important to keep a clean machine, eh?
- Grandpa:** You bet. Back then, everybody took pride in their cars. Car was important. It was a symbol...
- MJ:** What kind of a symbol?
- Grandpa:** Independence... wealth... power! That's it, it's a power thing – you're in charge.
- MJ:** A control freak, eh?
- Grandpa:** More a bit of an ego thing... Anyway, next year I went out and bought my very own... 36 Ford. That car was a magnet. See what I'm saying?
- MJ:** So you're saying if I take good care of my car, that'll be a 'magnet' too.

Grandpa: That's how I met your grandmother. Well, partly...

MJ: You old dog, you...

Grandpa: You see, that car was an invitation. It said, "Come and get in the front seat with me". I'd cruise around, with your grandma beside me. Now don't tell me that you don't mess around in the front seat.

MJ: *(Embarrassed)* No.

Grandpa: You mess around in the back seat, eh?

MJ: *(Leaving)* I'm going to get some breakfast. Then I'd better wash that car... *(Suddenly remembering)* ... When I get it back from the shop.

MJ leaves, Grandpa turns his attentions to the box. Takes out a photograph of his wife.

Grandpa: *(He 'sees' her sitting at the table with him.)* Those were the days... I love you too, Sarah. Remember when you moved to Vancouver? I thought I was going to die. Lucky I had that old Ford. I was there every weekend... Every weekend. Do you remember that? In front of the apartment? We'd come out and all your friends would be looking at us, and we'd get in the car and drive out to the beach. I knew all along that it was always going to be you and me. Watching the sun go down. Sitting in the front seat, listening to the music. Watching the moon come up, sparkling on the water. All the stars up in the sky, and we were all alone in the world. Just you and me. Yeah, those were the days. *(Pointing to his head...)* I've still got you up here. Damn, I miss you, Sarah. I really miss you. You're the best thing that ever happened to me. It felt so good when you came back to the island. Got that job. That was good. *(Gently puts down the photograph, and very deliberately picks up an official-looking letter...)* What the hell's this? You've got no right! No right! *(Puts the letter away, slams down the lid of the box, picks up his magnifying glass and returns to his newspaper. Stops momentarily, and looks up.)* Well, at least I can still drive. Get out to the beach – on my own. No problem. No problem at all. *(Stands up...)* Each time I get out there, it's like those fifty years never passed by. I can still do it. No problem. Now, what did I do with my keys...? *(Checks his pockets. No luck. He goes in search of his keys.)*

Scene 4

MJ, in the no-man's land between the kitchen and the car.

MJ: *(On his cell phone...)* Hey, Mr Norton. Hi, it's Mike. I won't be able to make it in today. I'm not feeling too well. I'm sorry. Bye. *(Ends the call.)*

Scene 5

Joanne enters, carrying an official-looking letter. She looks tired, sits at the table.

Grandpa: *(Unseen)* Anybody home?

Joanne: In the kitchen. *(Grandpa enters, sits in his usual chair)* How's it going?

Grandpa: Oh, not bad. You look tired.

Joanne: It's been a long day. I think I'm going to order in pizza. I don't feel like cooking.

Grandpa: Fine by me. You sure you're okay?

Joanne: Yeah. *(Trying to sound matter of fact)* You've got a letter. *(Pushes it over to him)* From the Office of the Superintendent of Motor Vehicles.

Grandpa: *(Pointedly ignoring it)* Oh, they send me stuff all the time.

Joanne: Aren't you going to open it?

Grandpa: I'll open it later.

Joanne: It could be important.

Grandpa: They send letters out to everybody.

- Joanne:** It might be about running that red light.
- Grandpa:** *(Becoming a little irritated)* People run red lights all the time. You think this is a ticket? That's it, eh?
- Joanne:** Oh dad, just open the letter.
- Grandpa:** Alright, alright! *(Opens it)* Oh, jeez. *(Throws it down)* Medical examination! What the hell? I don't need to be examined for anything!
- Joanne:** Can I see? *(She takes a look)* I knew it! Dad, all you need to do is see a doctor. Have a visual examination, a hearing examination...
- Grandpa:** *(Puts his hand top his ear in an exaggerated manner)* WHAT?
- Joanne:** Stop it dad. This is serious...
- Grandpa:** And what else do they examine?
- Joanne:** *(Reading from the letter)* Report any drug and alcohol use...
- Grandpa:** What, I'm not allowed to have a couple beers now?
- Joanne:** Not if you're going to drive, no... Cognitive, cardiovascular, muscoskeletal...
- Grandpa:** And what's all that mumbo-jumbo supposed to mean?
- Joanne:** And psychiatric health...
- Grandpa:** So, they think I'm nuts now?
- Joanne:** It's straightforward enough. You take this form to the doctor, he fills it out, you get to see it, sign it and then the doctor sends it back to the Office of the Superintendent of Motor Vehicles.

Grandpa: Pah...

Joanne: *(Reading from the letter)* “Recently a Driver’s Medical Examination Report was issued to you...” This is a second notice. What happened to the first? *(No reply from Grandpa. Still perusing the letter)* “Should a person not comply they would be considered to be driving in violation of the motor vehicle act and should they ever be pulled over they would have an invalid driver’s licence and the police would take away the licence and not allow them to continue to drive”. You’d better make an appointment straight away, dad.

Grandpa: Re-examination... Then they’ll want me to take a driver’s test... Throw it in the garbage. *(Firmly)* I’m not having any examinations and I’m not taking any tests either!

MJ has just entered.

MJ: What’s this about a test?

Joanne: Why are you home? You were supposed to be working. What’s going on, Mikey?

MJ: *(Evasive)* They called and said they didn’t need me. *(To Grandpa)* You got to take a driving test, grandpa? I always thought it would be kinda cool to be a driving examiner. Look, we’ll do a dry run. *(Takes two chairs, sets them in front of the table, side by side.)* I’ll be the examiner. *(He sits)* Come on. Get in the car.

Joanne looks on with mild amusement.

Grandpa: *(Seeing an opportunity to make the point, he sits beside MJ)* Not a problem. I’ll try not to drive like an old person. Good day, sir.

MJ: It’s not a good day. It’s raining.

Grandpa: Oh! It’s raining?

MJ: You didn’t see it was raining? *(Makes a note on his imaginary clip-board. Female voice)* Please enter your destination.

- Grandpa:** What the hell is that?
- MJ:** That's Sandra. (*Grandpa looks bemused*) The GPS. I call her Sandra.
- Grandpa:** Why Sandra?
- MJ:** She just sounds like a Sandra. Just enter pizza.
- Grandpa:** What pizza?
- MJ:** (*Checking the GPS*) There's no pizza on here.
- Grandpa:** I never use that.
- MJ:** You probably should. (*Looks at Grandpa*) Oops... You missed a shoulder check there. (*Makes a note.*)
- Grandpa:** What? You want me to look in the back seat?
- MJ:** Look out for the dog... (*He swerves. Joanne's amusement has turned to dismay. She leaves to order pizza*) Can you point out ten possible hazards?
- Grandpa:** Hazards? What kind of hazards?
- MJ:** Well, see that parked car. The driver's still in there. If he opened the door suddenly, that's a possible hazard.
- Grandpa:** (*Humouring him*) Oh, I see. (*Exaggerated looks left and right as he drives*) Some kids playing on the sidewalk there. They could run out into the road. (*Another swerve suddenly*) Oops... Squirrel ...
- MJ:** If you could pull over please, sir. The test is over.

MJ gets out of the car. Grandpa waits expectantly as Joanne comes back.

Grandpa: Did I pass?

MJ: *(Pointedly ignoring him)* What's for supper?

Joanne: I ordered pizza.

MJ: I'll go get washed up.

Grandpa: *(As MJ is leaving, loudly to Joanne)* He was a pretty bad instructor though.

Joanne: Dad, I'm worried about you.

Grandpa: What's to worry about?

Joanne: Look, I know you're a good driver. You taught mom and me... And MJ... But your eyes aren't so good any more. You have to use a magnifying glass to read the newspaper.

Grandpa: What are you talking about? Just because the print is so small. I can see perfectly well in the car... No problem. I'm just fine.

Joanne: And then there's your knee. You're always complaining about how your knee aches.

Grandpa: That's what happens when you get old. Aches and pains. I just take a couple of those Percocet the dentist gave me...

Joanne: That's something else that happens as you get older, your reaction times are slower, your judgement isn't what it used to be, you're not quite as aware of what's going on around you...

Grandpa: Of course I know what's going on around me. I know that when Conor left, I couldn't console you...

- Joanne:** Please make an appointment to see the doctor. If you don't, they're going to take your licence away.
- Grandpa:** They can't do that! What is this all of a sudden? A police state? I've been driving for fifty years and nobody's going to tell me –
- Joanne:** Dad, you ran the red light last week...
- Grandpa:** That's a new light. There never used to be a red light there... They do it on purpose, just to confuse you. There's too many signs these days... And they're hard to read. It never used to be like this.
- Joanne:** And then you took out the neighbour's bushes...
- Grandpa:** They're a nuisance... Growing out into the driveway like that. You should tell him he needs to keep them pruned...
- Joanne:** And you drove through a stop sign yesterday...
- Grandpa:** I didn't drive through it... I did a California rolling stop... Everybody does that.
- Joanne:** *(Trying a different tack)* You know, maybe it wouldn't be so bad, giving up your car.
- Grandpa:** There's no need. I was talking to Jack Benson last week. He's coming up to ninety, and he still drives. His wife navigates for him so that he can take her to get her hair done and go to the grocery store. Once you stop driving, it's the end of the road.
- Joanne:** Do you remember when mom started to forget things? She'd leave without telling anybody where she was going, and then we'd get worried because she wouldn't come back for hours. In the end, you took the keys away from her and started driving her wherever she wanted to go. Well, I'd be happy to drive for you.
- Grandpa:** Most days you don't even have time to drive yourself ...
- Joanne:** And MJ would help out...

Grandpa: *(Suddenly flares up)* I can't just stop driving. I have responsibilities.

Joanne: I know, but I'm your daughter. I'm concerned about your safety.

Grandpa: You sound more like my mother.

Joanne's cell phone rings.

Joanne: Hello... *(Cold)* Connor... What do you mean you can't pick Audrey up? This is your week, you're supposed to be taking care of her... I see... So, I'm supposed to drop everything just because you have "an important meeting"... It's totally irresponsible, Connor... What time does practice end? ... That was ten minutes ago... She's eleven years-old, for God's sake... She could have been abducted by now... So, what am I supposed to do? No, I can't get dad to pick her up! Oh, never mind, you never did get it. *(Ends the call)*

Grandpa: I'm happy to pick her up.

Joanne: No. MJ can do it... Besides, it's getting dark and the glare of the headlights bothers you...

Grandpa: MJ's car's in the shop.

Joanne: Great! You stay here, the pizza's should be arriving any minute.

MJ: *(As he comes back in)* Can I get a ride to the mall, mom? We're going to the movies and Brendan's running late.

Joanne: Why not? I've got to pick your sister up anyway.

MJ: But I thought it was supposed to be dad's week.

Joanne: Don't go there. *(She's gone)*

MJ and Grandpa exchange looks.

Grandpa: I did offer. What about your pizza?

MJ: I'll grab something at the mall. That means more for you. *(He leaves)*

Grandpa: *(Now he's alone, he picks up the letter again. Talks to his wife)* Oh, Sarah... I don't know... She won't even let me pick up Audrey now... I can't give up the car... It's my independence... Now that Connor's gone, Joanne's so busy all the time... She wouldn't have time to drive me here, there and everywhere... I'd feel like my legs had been cut off... And MJ's talking about going back to school, so he might not be here for much longer... So, what do you think, Sarah? You were always the sensible one... The voice of reason... You'd know what to do... *(He listens for a brief moment)* You think so? But I need to have a car... Since you've been gone, Sarah, it's the thread that holds my life together. It's part of who I am... Drive to the beach... The mall... Dammit, it's a man's god given right... *(Picks up the letter)* And nobody's gonna tell me what I can and cannot do! *(Exits with the letter.)*

Scene 6

MJ comes in and sits. Pause. Joanne enters, exhausted and preoccupied.

Joanne: I just had a fight with grandpa.

MJ: What? Why?

Joanne: A letter came from the Motor Vehicle Branch. He's supposed to get a physical, he just refuses.

MJ: That sucks. Driving is grandpa's life. He wouldn't know what to do with himself, cooped up here all day.

Joanne: I know. I just want him to be safe, but there's no getting through to him. He looked after me my whole life, now I'm just trying to pay him back. Do you know, when I went away to university, he followed me from Victoria, onto the ferry and all the way to the other side of the Rockies.

- MJ:** Why? He thought you were that bad of a driver,
- Joanne:** No, it was just his way of showing me that he cared. And I just want to take care of him now. But, stubborn old bugger that he is, he won't let me.
- MJ:** He really should have the physical.
- Joanne:** When I was young, he always used to say, "Sometimes you have to be cruel to be kind". Tough love, I guess. Well, maybe I just have to get tough with him. I'd die if he caused an accident.
- MJ:** That almost happened the other day. I was driving home behind him. He didn't see the woman on the crosswalk, and almost hit her.
- Joanne:** What?
- MJ:** *(Upset that he seems to have made matters worse)* This really sucks. I shouldn't have told you.
- Joanne:** Of course you should, Mikey... It's not just his own safety... It's the safety of others too...
- MJ:** Well, don't let him know that I told you.
- Joanne:** Even if he was in an accident, and it wasn't his fault, he could still be injured... or killed.
- MJ:** That's not going to happen, mom...
- Joanne:** I even spoke to the doctor. He says it's not his responsibility.
- MJ:** Whose responsibility is it then?
- Joanne:** It's hard to know. I was talking to Mr Jackson, you know, the retired lawyer down the street. He says that it's a real grey area. Legally, in BC, the doctor's responsibility is to

accurately fill out the medical form.

MJ: What about eye doctors?

Joanne: They only have a responsibility if they've informed a patient that they are a risk to themselves and others, and they know that the person is continuing to drive.

MJ: So, whose responsibility is it?

Joanne: Mine, I guess. *(Getting up)* I'd better check on Audrey, then I'm going to bed. I'm exhausted. Good night... *(She leaves)*

MJ: Good night mom... *(Slowly follows)*

Scene 7

Next Morning. Chuck Berry's You Never Can Tell (verse 4).

Grandpa: *(Enters with his coffee and newspaper. Sits down and tries to read without his magnifying glass. Clearly this is difficult. To himself)* I swear the print in these newspapers gets smaller.

Joanne: *(In a hurry)* Gotta go. I have to drop Audrey off at school.

Grandpa: You didn't eat breakfast.

Joanne: Don't have time. *(Looking around)* Have you seen my cell phone? *(No luck)* I'm driving myself crazy! *(On her way out)* Could you pick up a carton of milk and some bagels for me?

Grandpa: Don't know about that... I'd have to drive if you want me to go the grocery store...

Joanne: *(Exasperated)* Okay... I'll go to the grocery store.

- Grandpa:** I didn't say I wouldn't. Just pointing out how it's necessary for me to keep driving... That's all.
- Joanne:** Dad, I don't have time for this right now. Audrey's waiting in the car... She's going to be late, and so am I.
- Grandpa:** Like I said, I have responsibilities...
- Joanne:** What responsibilities, Dad?
- Grandpa:** *(Getting up)* Like going to the grocery store... And Norman! *(He leaves)*
- Joanne:** Dad... *(It's too late. He's gone)* Awkward old so-and-so. *(One final look for the cell phone, and she's gone.)*

Scene 8

Grandpa in his car, talking to his passenger, Norman.

- Grandpa:** Where to today, buddy? ... The pharmacy on Fort... Hard to park down there... No problem... I'll double park, stay in the car while you run in... Let's go...

Me, oh I'm okay... Few twinges in the knee, but I got some extra-strength *Tylenol*... Seem to work pretty good... Joanne keeps telling me I should go for physio, but I don't hold with that... The way they pull you all around... Bones cracking... It's not natural. What? Chiropractors, physios, they're all the same...

That's what friends are for... Least I can do... I remember all the things you did for me... Helped with the renovations to the old house... All those times you drove Sarah to the hospital when I was out of town... Don't mind at all... I enjoy driving... Been doing it all my life... I'm an expert... As long as I can drive, I will... Volunteer too... Meals on Wheels twice a week... Keeps me busy... Beats sitting around all day, watching soap operas.

When you stopped driving, what did you do with your car? Still in the garage, eh? Guess you had no choice with your heart problems... Well, you never know, maybe you'll get back behind the wheel one of these days.

How do you feel now that you can't drive any more? When you first found out, what did you think?

Assessment of my driving skills? And how much is that going to cost me? Two hundred... three hundred? ... It's just a scam to get at your money... I don't need a refresher course, I've been driving non-stop for over fifty years...

Look Norm, I know I'm responsible for making sure that I'm safe on the road, but I'm not ready to give it up yet... I guess there comes a time, eh... And you just have to bite the bullet... I just don't want somebody else making that decision for me... You know what I mean? It's going to be me that decides... Yeah, thinking about it... Joanne's on my case... And Mikey too... Not to mention the bloody MVB, the doctors and the police... Yeah, I know... The law, rules, regulations... I guess the day will come... No more you and me driving around, running errands and all, eh? Guess those Meals on Wheels folks'll just have to starve... Listen, I'll just rent a limo, come pick you up and he can take us all over town... Shouldn't cost more than a couple a hundred a week...

When it's time, we'll still find a way to get together... We'd figure it out... Tell you what... Let's drive to the top of Mount Doug. See how the world's looking from up there... Like the old days – and nights... when we all used to hang out up there... Me and Sarah... You and Lorna... For old times' sake, eh... Then we'll go home...

Scene 9

MJ is in the kitchen.

MJ: *(On his cell phone)* Oh man, that's a real problem... I can ask her for a ride, but she's starting to get a little suspicious... You sure you can't make it? ... I'll try... Later... *(Ends call)*

Joanne: *(Her usual tired self, sits)* Home, sweet home...

- MJ:** Before you get settled, could you just drive me to the Rec Centre?
- Joanne:** Why don't you drive? (*Offers keys*) You can take my car. I'm home for the evening.
- MJ:** I, er... I don't think so...
- Joanne:** What's going on, Mikey?
- MJ:** I'm just tired of driving...
- Joanne:** Mikey!
- MJ:** I, er... Got a... Fifteen – (*The last word of the sentence is indistinct*)
- Joanne:** A what? Speak up...
- MJ:** I got a fifteen-day suspension.
- Joanne:** You'd better not have been drinking and driving...
- MJ:** You don't get a fifteen-day suspension for drinking and driving -
- Joanne:** Well, what did you get it for?
- MJ:** Brendan said he needed a ride and then made a bet with me that I couldn't get to his house before Scott did. Then we got pulled over...
- Joanne:** For?
- MJ:** They said we were road racing.
- Joanne:** Well you were. You deserve a suspension,,,

Grandpa enters. He puts his car keys down on the table.

Grandpa: What's going on?

Joanne: He got a fifteen-day suspension...

Grandpa: So... *(Highly amused)* I'm the bad driver. But, he's got his licence taken away! *(To MJ)* I've still got mine.

Joanne: Dad, please...

Grandpa: Well, everybody picks on us all the time... I'm tired of it... You pick up the paper, you'd think every accident on the road was caused by seniors. Well, I've got news for them, it's not us old folks that are the problem... There's people speeding everywhere you go... Driving's not the same anymore... People don't have respect for other road users... And those guys in baseball caps... The ones driving the big trucks, they're a menace...

Joanne: It's not helping...

Grandpa: You need a ride?

MJ: No, maybe I'll just stay home tonight...

MJ leaves, Joanne buries her head in her hands while Grandpa retrieves his box, sits.

Grandpa: *(Smug look on his face, and then opens the box, takes out photographs)* That's funny... I don't have a photograph of Norman in here...

Joanne: *(Raising her head)* How is Norman?

Grandpa: About the same. We had a good time... Drove up to the top of Mount Doug. Lots of memories...

Joanne: Can I see?

- Grandpa:** Sure. (*Hands some photographs over*)
- Joanne:** (*Looking*) Look at this... How much grease have you got in your hair, dad?
- Grandpa:** Everybody did that back then.
- Joanne:** I remember seeing these when I was a little girl.
- Grandpa:** That's the car my dad taught me to drive in...
- Joanne:** Cars have come a long way since then... And photographs... You can hardly make out who's who... Look how grainy some of these are...
- Grandpa:** Just like those speed camera pictures today. I don't know how they can tell whose speeding and who isn't. But they're everywhere... You don't have any freedom any more... Remember that book... Big Brother is watching you... Well, that's how I feel now... You can't drive to the grocery store without somebody watching you... What do they call it? Surveillance... That's it, surveillance.
- Joanne:** I'm sorry, dad. I know how hard this must be. You were the head of the family... Took care of everything.
- Grandpa:** I did...
- Joanne:** You're still the same guy... With or without a car.
- Grandpa:** So, I'll be the same guy riding to church on a bike?
- Joanne:** Just think about how expensive it is to run a car... Cost of maintenance, insurance, gas, parking... You can get a lot of taxi rides for that...
- Grandpa:** Taxis are expensive when you live out in the boonies like we do... Cost fifty dollars just to get a hamburger...

Joanne: There's always the bus –

Grandpa: Hey, I could get one of scooters...

Joanne: But what about Terrace Hill... It's really steep... I'd worry about you on a scooter...

Grandpa: You could go pretty fast down there...

Joanne: I'd be just as worried about you on a scooter as I am about you in the car...

Grandpa: Sounds like I'm a liability whichever way you look at it...

Joanne: You're not a liability, you're really precious to us. That's why we're concerned. Please say you'll go see the doctor...

Grandpa: Big Brother...

Joanne: We can work through this... That's the way we've always done things...

Grandpa: I don't know...

Joanne: *(Picking up another photograph)* Dad, you've got this picture. My very first car. I was so excited. My knees buckled when I saw that huge red bow tied to the hood...

Grandpa: That bow was your mother's idea. She said you'd be fine, but I always worried about you driving that car...

Joanne: Is that why you followed me over the Rockies?

Grandpa: I just wanted to be sure you were going to be okay...

Joanne: I'm okay... And you're okay... Right? *(She hugs him, and leaves)*

Grandpa packs everything back into the box. Picks up the keys, thinks and finally puts

them in his pocket.

Scene 10

MJ enters. He is on his cell phone.

MJ: I need to get to the arena... So, if you could pick me up at five o'clock this afternoon... Two weeks notice? Oh? I see... Thanks... (*Ends the call. Is just about to make another one when **Grandpa** enters*) Hi, Grandpa... How's it going?

Grandpa: Knee's a bit sore today.

MJ: I was thinking... Maybe exercise would help with that... If you won't go to physio –

Grandpa: Pah...

MJ: Maybe you could try riding my bike.

Grandpa: Seems to me, given the predicament you're in, you could use that bike yourself.

MJ: (Resigned) I know... Not having a car really sucks...

Grandpa: Yup...

MJ: Somebody told me about that *Handy Ride* service. You call them, they come pick you up and take you wherever you want to go... I just tried to get them to take me to the arena... You have to call them two weeks ahead of time! What use is that?

Grandpa: Aren't you supposed to be handicapped to use that service?

MJ: That too! And the buses are useless. Never show up when they're supposed to...

Grandpa: I was thinking about one of those scooters...

- MJ:** What? Guy in one of those things almost ran me off the sidewalk... They're lethal...
- Grandpa:** What's on at the arena? I could drive you...
- MJ:** Oh, just a band... They're not that good. Maybe I'll stay home.
- Grandpa:** That'll be nice. You can watch Oprah... That'll pass the time.
- MJ:** I hate Oprah... I know what I said earlier... About how easy it is to get around without a car... But it's not... It's very challenging!
- Grandpa:** Maybe, in a thousand years, you'll be able to push a button and be transported wherever you want to go. No, truth of the matter is that without a car, the whole world shrinks.
- MJ:** I'm going to sit in my room. Maybe I'll watch *The Young and the Restless*...
- Grandpa:** That's enough to make anyone take to drink... Hey, you're not going to start drinking in there, are you?
- MJ:** You never know. *(He leaves.)*
- Grandpa:** Nah... Don't do that... *(Turns his attention to Sarah)* Well, Sarah... I've been thinking about what you said to me... Makes a lot of sense... Of course... You always did... You have to be responsible when it comes to safety... And, Joanne says we'll get through this... Figure things out... She's a good girl... We must have done something right, eh?
- Joanne:** *(Entering)* Hi, dad *(Kiss)* Where's Mikey?
- Grandpa:** He's taken to drinking... And watching *The Young and the Restless*...
- Joanne:** What?
- Grandpa:** Just joking... We've been talking... Him and me... Level-headed kid... Most of the

time... A chip off the old block, eh?

Joanne: Audrey's home tonight. I've got to make up her bed. *(About to leave)*

Grandpa: *(Standing, reaches into his pocket for his car keys)* I'll go pick her up, if you like...

Joanne: !

Grandpa: Just kidding... *(Sits back down again, placing keys on the table.)*

Joanne leaves. Chuck Berry's No Particular Place to Go is heard.

Grandpa moves to the music. MJ enters, joins in. Music ends. Grandpa is left, looking at the keys.

End