

(LIGHTS UP)

(A bare stage with two chairs,
close together. This represents a
car.)

(BARNEY, a man in his mid-forties.
MADGE, a woman in her forties.)

(BARNEY is the driver; MADGE sits
beside him.)

MADGE

Isn't it a lovely day for a drive? The weather is
turning warm - but not too warm. Spring at last!
I thought winter would never end this year. It
just went on and on -

(BARNEY raises his left hand in a
half salute, half wave.)

MADGE

- right up to April. Right into April, in fact.
April! You could have fooled me. More like March
- more like February. Don't you agree?

(BARNEY waves as before: half
salute, half wave of someone "in
the know.")

MADGE

Barney, what are you doing? Barney?

BARNEY

What?

MADGE

What are you doing?

BARNEY

Nothing.

MADGE

Yes, you are. You're waving.

BARNEY

Oh, you mean...

(he waves again)

Almost missed him.

MADGE

What are you doing?

BARNEY

Waving at Jeeps. Lot of 'em today. Must be the weather.

MADGE

You're waving at Jeeps?

BARNEY

Yes.

MADGE

Waving?

BARNEY

At Jeeps.

(pause)

MADGE

Why?

BARNEY

Well-- it's a fraternal thing. Sort of - fraternal. That's the best way to describe it.

MADGE

Fraternal.

BARNEY

The fraternity of the Jeep.

(he waves)

There goes another one. Two-door ragtop: the real deal.

MADGE

A fraternity.

BARNEY

Or a sorority. Women drive Jeeps, too, you know.