

PLASTIC AND FUEL

By Tara Meddaugh

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After surviving a car crash with a prostitute, DEVON, a man in his 30s or 40s, tries to calm down his angry wife, Amy.

DEVON

Ok, Amy, yeah, it looks bad. I know that. It looks bad, but it's, it's, it's—just listen, listen. It's not really that bad. I mean, it looks like it...but it's...just a car. Really. When you think about it. Right? Just a car? A bunch of metal and, let's face it, mostly plastic. I'm driving around in this slab of plastic, so you can't, I mean, you can't expect it to go on forever. You know how many of Jack's toys I have to glue back together? Plastic is crap. Maybe if it were made of steel and, I don't know, had some sort of fuel that was safer, but really, it's basically a lit cigarette I'm driving around, just waiting to, I don't know, be dropped and catch on fire. I'm driving in plastic that always breaks and a walking fire hazard. You can't blame me. I mean, you really can't blame me if something happens. You should be more surprised when it doesn't happen, right? And look. I'm alive. You forgot that when you saw me—let me just go on. You forgot that, because you were distracted by—I don't know—those other details. But you know how people always like to add those details. Make it, you know, a story. Say his pants are down, say the woman he's with is a hooker, but you know. Is that really the point? I mean, come on. I can see why you're mad, but you know, you're sorta losing sight of the big picture. So come on, let's, you know, let's get back to the basics. The plastic. The fuel. The basics. Just listen. Just listen. Just listen...

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