

JO

Charisma counts. Bald and bold as they say.

ARTHUR

(To Jo.)

You want to call Ainsley to make sure?

GLORIA

You wouldn't reach her. I make her turn the damn thing off when she's behind the wheel.

ARTHUR

Why? We never do.

Gloria throws him a look. Arthur shrugs.

GLORIA

I'm not calling our daughter while she's at the wheel. Swear, that's what my mama would do. I'd be trying to learn to drive- "OH LOOK AT THAT HOUSE THERE!" "You see that fine ass on that man" - I be all- "Mama!"

ARLENE

That kid still wants to // learn to drive?

GLORIA

Can you blame her? When she was seven, Arthur let her drive 150 miles in over 25 states.

ARTHUR

That wasn't driving. That was steering. Ainsley promised she wouldn't say nothing to you about that.

GLORIA

Yeah, well it's Ainsley.

CLIFF

(Out of the blue:)

Hey. We don't have to be a bunch of pissed off depressed people.

ARLENE

I'm not depressed.

CLIFF

Our livelihoods taken. "What do I do now? Now I'm useless." We don't have to be that. How about a toast! We gave up everything to haul the world. Got stuck in winter storms to deliver snug sweaters. Ate crap to bring people fresh fruit. We delivered everything in their lives and what do we get? Middle fingers. Them being mad at us for being out there. We were long already invisible. That's funny, right?

Except for the part where it's infuriating. But hey- everybody got a drink?!

CLIFF (cont.)

Guess what, folks? They just removed us – and the world out there is still moving. A toast to our invisibility! And to inevitability! All those belts, binding, and moving parts and load shifts. And stuff comes off— everyone in the area is in the kill zone. So just they wait.

ARTHUR

Cliff, they seem to be doing fine. No accidents so far. Just zipping along.

ARLENE

Trucks don't get road rage or drunk or tired- drivers do.

CLIFF

Yeah? You're just going to take this. Sitting down? Well, standing up technically. Don't matter, I'm telling you- it's just a matter of time until something gives.

ARLENE

And when it don't?

CLIFF

That don't matter. You think we're the last? Hell is real and it's going to be here.

ARTHUR

(To Jo.)

That's one strong beer you gave him.

ARLENE

That probably'nt his first.

CLIFF

Well, I long knew the future of this country's gone to hell- we could see down that road. A cheers! To all us longtime road buddies. All us. Who would never be here if we were on the road. Let's have a toast to the end of an era, folks. And end to the fine cowboys of the road.

He raises his glass.

ARLENE

WAIT! Gloria don't got a drink. I'll get you one.

What you having?

(Gloria doesn't answer.)

You like beer, right? Heya, Jo – get her what I'm having.

ARTHUR

Actually. Actually – no she won't.

ARLENE

She never had a drinking problem. We should all be drinking together. This is one of those – I don't know – community moments.