

RONNY DRIVES THE CAR

A Humorous Monolog

by
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Ronny Walker, aged eight, upon seeing the family car parked out in front of the house, climbs in and has the inspiration that perhaps he could take advantage of those lessons that Dad has been giving Ma and make the car go himself.

(Eagerly wiggling the wheel and examining the dashboard and wheel) Gee, I wish I could make the old bus go. I bet I could, just as easy as Ma. She's awful dumb when Dad tries to tell her things. (Waxing more enthusiastic) Gee, I bet I could 'cause Dad says I'm inclined to be mechanical. I--(Catches sight of his chum) Hey Skinny! Skinny! Want to get in and go for a ride?--Why, I'm goin' to take us, of course. My Dad's been givin' me and Ma lessons. Ma's been havin' kind of a hard time learnin', but it's easy. Well, git in if you want to go. You can help me (As Skinny gets in) but I bet you couldn't do it all alone--Oh, of course I could, but I'll let you help.

(Settles himself importantly but finds he can't quite reach the starter) Huh! (Looks down at starter) Hmmmm. (To Skinny) See that thing down there? That's the starter. You step on that first.--No, don't you step on it. I'll step on it when I'm ready. I was just a-tellin' you. (Examines dashboard and wiggles wheel importantly) Now, let's see! Well, we can step on the starter I guess. (Reaches but can't quite make it) Gee, that's one advantage Ma has over me. Her legs are longer. Tell you what, Skinny, if you really would like to help, you kin step on that while I git her going. See? Ready? All right. Go ahead. (Watches Skinny) There. Nope. That didn't work. We'll have to try again. Do it again--Oh, wait a minute, I want to think. You know, it takes a lot of thinking to do something like this.

Oh, I know. We didn't throw out the clutch. You throw it out and I'll try again to see if I can reach the starter. Well, what are you waiting for? Well, go ahead and throw it away. What? I haven't got it. Oh--(Indifferently) It's on the floor somewhere I s'pose. We don't leave clutches and things on the front seat. Whacha say Skinny? (Looks down at the clutch) What? (Pointing) That's the clutch? You're crazy. When you step on that, it breaks, 'cause that's the brake. Well, I guess I know. Hasn't my Dad been givin' Ma and me lessons? Well--we won't throw it out this time. I don't think it's so necessary anyhow.

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