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You Can't Get There From Here

**A 10-Minute Comedy
by**

Rusty Harding

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You Can't Get There From Here

by Rusty Harding

CHARACTERS

1W / 1M / + 3 VOICES

TOM; *a man taking his wife out for the evening to a bowling alley*

HELEN; *his wife*

GPS COMPUTER VOICE; *M/F, any Age*

GPS FEMALE VOICE

GPS MALE VOICE

SETTING

In a car

TIME

The start of the GPS revolution

SYNOPSIS

A married couple discovers that GPS navigation isn't always the best option

PRODUCTION NOTE

No special props or scenery required; only two chairs sitting side by side to imitate a car interior. The offstage voices should be amplified, if possible, to simulate the effect of a car speaker and can be pre-recorded if preferred.

You Can't Get There From Here

by Rusty Harding

AT RISE: *A married couple, TOM and HELEN, together in a car. TOM is driving. HELEN looks around with a frustrated scowl.*

HELEN

We're lost, Tom.

TOM

(Puzzled) What? What are you talking about? We're not lost.

HELEN

We should have been there by now. It's not this far out. We're halfway out of town!

TOM

Stop exaggerating, Helen. I know for a fact we're not lost.

HELEN

Oh, really? How?

TOM

Because the bowling alley is right next to Bass Pro Shop, and we haven't gotten to Bass Pro Shop. *(Proudly)* And I know where every Bass Pro Shop is located in this city.

HELEN

(Sarcastically) Don't I know it.

TOM

How's that?

HELEN

Nothing.

TOM

(Gesturing) Look, there's Burger Barn. We're getting close.

HELEN

Tom, they're a chain. We've passed three in the past ten miles. *(Sighing)* This is just like when we went to see my mother. You got lost then, too.

TOM

(Scoffing) I got news for you. I wasn't lost. I was just taking my time.

HELEN

(Pointing towards the "dashboard") Why don't you use the North Star? That's why we bought it.

TOM

I don't need a stupid navigation system. *(Tapping his forehead)* I've got an inbuilt sense of direction right here.

HELEN

(Snidely) I think the batteries may have died. *(Pushing a "button")* Here.

TOM

What are you doing?

HELEN

What I should have done before we left home.

TOM

(Frustrated) Great!

An OFFSTAGE GPS COMPUTER VOICE is heard.

COMP VOICE

Thank you for using North Star Navigation. Please enter destination.

TOM

(Sighing) Kingpin Bowling Alley

COMP VOICE

Retrieving, please wait. *(Beat)* Kingston Coin Laundry, 1102 South Westgate. Calculating fastest route.

TOM

No, no, no; the Kingpin Bowling Alley.

COMP VOICE

Retrieving, please wait. *(Beat)* Kingman's Go-Cart Rally, 2346 Edwards Drive. Calculating fastest route.

TOM

No! *(Slowly)* The King...pin...Bowling...Alley!

COMP VOICE

Retrieving, please wait. *(Beat)* Klinger's All-Nite Country Lounge, 344 Apollo Circle. Calculating fastest route.

TOM

(Frustrated) Oh, for the love of—

HELEN

Here, let's try the human interface.

HELEN "pushes" another "button". An OFFSTAGE GPS FEMALE VOICE is heard.

FEMALE VOICE

Welcome to North Star navigation. How can I help you today?

HELEN

We need some help finding our way. We're just a little bit lost.

FEMALE VOICE

I can certainly help you with that. *(Beat)* Tell me, is your husband driving?

HELEN

(Surprised) Why, yes, he is. How did you know?

FEMALE VOICE

It's very common. Does he get lost often?

TOM reacts throughout the following exchange with expressions of surprise, outrage, anger, etc.

HELEN

(Laughing) Oh, yes! All the time.

FEMALE VOICE

Sweetie, if he's anything like mine, you're in a world of hurt. That fool couldn't find his own backside with both hands in the middle of Giants Stadium. With the lights on.

HELEN

Oh, I hear you! Tom once got lost in a Walmart parking lot. And there were only four cars out there!

FEMALE VOICE

It's a miracle they can find their way anywhere. You know why the Israelites wandered in the desert for forty years?

HELEN

No, why?

FEMALE VOICE

Because Moses wouldn't stop and ask for directions.

BOTH WOMEN laugh hysterically.

TOM

(Indignant) Hey! That's not very nice!

FEMALE VOICE

Excuse me, sir, but I'm talking to your wife. I'll get to you in a minute.

TOM

But—

FEMALE VOICE

Sir, I said for you to be quiet.

TOM

What? Wait a minute, what kind of service is this? I'm not paying fifty bucks a month for this sort of abuse!

FEMALE VOICE

Oh, no, sir; you don't have to worry about that. *(Beat)* Our abuse is completely free of charge.

TOM angrily reaches out and presses the "button" on the "dashboard".

TOM

That's it! I'm changing the settings!

The GPS changes to an OFFSTAGE MALE VOICE with a distinct Brooklyn accent.

MALE VOICE

Hey, welcome to North Star Navigation. How ya doin'?

TOM

(To himself; nodding) That's more like it. *(To "GPS")* Hey, pal! Need a little help, if you don't mind?

MALE VOICE

Sure thing, buddy. What's the problem?

TOM

I think I may be just a little off course.

MALE VOICE

Not a problem, pal. Happens to the best of us. Let me call you up on our navigation system. *(Beat)* Okay, I got you. Hey, looks like there's a ton of great stuff really close to you. What are you lookin' for; restaurants, nightclubs? You name it, I'll find it.

TOM

Actually, we're trying to find the Kingpin Bowling Alley on West 77.

HELEN

(Sighing) My husband is taking me bowling.

MALE VOICE

(After a long beat) Bowling? *(Incredulous)* Bowling? Are you serious? You got a hot chick like that an' you're takin' her bowling?

TOM

(Puzzled) What? How do you know she's hot?

MALE VOICE

(Eagerly) She *sounds* hot.

HELEN

(Obviously pleased) Why, thank you!

MALE VOICE

How 'bout I direct you over to the Hyatt on east Main? There's a terrific retro band playin' there. A tribute to the Village People. Besides, they got a real romantic "Lover's Getaway" package this weekend. *(Suggestively)* If you know what I mean.

HELEN

Ooh, that sounds nice!

MALE VOICE

Nothin' but the best for a babe like you! Tell you what, sweetheart; if you were with me, we'd be paintin' the town!

TOM

(Growing more indignant) Hey, that's my wife you're talking to!

MALE VOICE

(After another long beat) Not if you keep takin' her bowling.

This is Not the End of the Play
Ending Intentionally Omitted for Security Purposes