

LOUISE MONOLOGUE

Scene 4

LOUISE addresses the audience.

LOUISE: On the highway and driving, the radio on a really good song. I won't say what the song is 'cause you say one song and somebody hates that song—some people like country and some people like heavy rock some people like no singing, so just say the song is your favourite song. Favourite song, on the highway, driving. Nothing ahead of you, nothing in your rearview mirror. And the day say, say it's the day. Daytime driving is one thing, night-time driving that's something else. Night-time driving, that's heading into yourself but daytime driving is heading out into the world, and here we're talking about heading out out out into the whole world. So it's daytime, summertime, say about six o'clock, and say you're heading east so that the sun's right behind you—and everything all around you is that kind of orange kind of yellow kind of golden kind of colour. And you're in your machine—your car, or your truck or your hatchback or whatever it is you've got—and there's a warm wind, the window down, and what you got around you is trees and fields and hills and stuff, and what you got ahead of you is a long long line of road, and what you got under you is this machine. Then there's one thing you shouldn't be doing and one thing you should be. The thing you shouldn't be doing is to have a picture in your head of where you're going, people do that—the whole time they're driving they're just imagining the place they're going so that they're not really driving they're really just trying to get somewhere. So you shouldn't have a place in your head. Maybe you shouldn't even know where you're going, you'll only know where it is when

you get there. That would be best. And the thing you should be doing is staying really really still. Say you got your arm out the window like this and your hand on the wheel like this and your eyes on the road with your head like this. And you just stay like that, really really still. Of course you're steering a little bit right, just a little bit, just like this. And after a while if you're not thinking about getting somewhere and you're being really really still, then it's not like you're steering the machine on the road, it's like the road is steering the machine, and then it's like you're steering the road, and then it's like the road is coming in through the front of the machine and moving right through your body and shooting out the back, it's like the fields and the trees and the hills are these green lines in the golden light all around you and you are the machine you're in and you are the road under you, and you are the wind and the air and the light and the music and the empty mirror, and it is all moving so quickly and at the same time staying so still ... moving, still, moving, still, both exactly perfectly, moving, still, both at the same time, and everything is you and you are everything.

You might think that'd be strange to think that way but that's okay because people think I'm strange anyway. And maybe I am some ways. ~~I was thinking it might be 'cause I was the only one of the three of us not named for a saint. There's no Saint Louise. And I know 'cause I've been through them all. I haven't got them memorized yet but I'm working on it. But for sure there's no Saint Louise. Maybe there could be someday though. Saint Louise of the Highway. Strange. But see for me it's like everybody's strange, it's just that some people show it more than other people do. I suppose some people would say it's~~