

IRIS 1

LOUISE:

I envy you your marriage. I am not afraid to say it, I envy the love and affection that that sweet, sweet man showers you with, I do, I doooooooo! Oh, wow, WOWWWW, that is a relief, let it out, Louise, whoooooosh, let it out!

Iris grunts.

Start What?

IRIS:

Mo is on me like flies on shit.

LOUISE:

Iris!?

Iris holds up the tooth necklace.

IRIS:

Look what he got for our anniversary. Forty-eight years, fifty, if you're really counting, and I'm really counting—

LOUISE:

Ooooooh, it's so—

(can't fake it)

Is that a tooth?

IRIS:

It's *his* tooth.

LOUISE:

Is there a deeper meaning?

IRIS:

Fuck if I know. I have all my teeth—what on God's earth do I need with his sorry looking tooth. I gave

him explicit directions: I want something personal and I want expensive jewelry.

LOUISE:

Well... He listened!

IRIS:

Last year he gave me an ironing board cover! As if I iron. Before that, a set of knives and a potato masher. The man doesn't know *what I need*. It's enough to make a person want to—to—

LOUISE:

What—

IRIS:

Explode!

LOUISE:

Violence is never the answer—

IRIS:

Or—run away!

(then)

Shit!!

LOUISE:

What is it—

IRIS:

How did I miss the turn onto Boca Grove? Shit shit shiiiiiiiiiiiit, it's another twenty minutes in this traffic. Oh my god, I'm one of those eighty-year-old drivers—

Iris climbs over Louise—

IRIS:

Louise, open the door, throw me into oncoming traffic and put me out of my misery, DO IT NOWWWW!

LOUISE:

DEEP BREATH, IRIS! Inhale the future... exhale the past...

They breathe deeply. Then...

LOUISE:

What if when we get to Boca Grove, you keep going straight?

IRIS:

No, the turn onto Aqua Vista Way is always jammed—

LOUISE:

I mean, what if we drive past the gates of the Oasis and keep going? Past Mizner Park, past Vinny's, and just blow out of Boca...

IRIS:

Just drive?

LOUISE:

We keep going...

Beat. Louise must be pulling her leg.

IRIS:

Are you trying to pull a Thelma and Louise, Louise?

LOUISE:

There's so much out there, so much to see, what if we go and see it? What if we don't hold back? What if we live?

IRIS:

Words are coming out of your mouth, but I don't get what you're saying—

LOUISE:

No regrets, Iris, let's escape our lives, *let's leave Boca!*

IRIS:

(beat) And go where?

LOUISE:

Someplace exotic, like... TAMPA!

IRIS:

—We can't just drive off into the sunset.

LOUISE:

Why not? Let's press "I'm feeling lucky" and see where the open road takes us.

(beat, playing her)

Unless you can't leave sweet Mo behind? He did give you that nice tooth necklace.

That puts Iris over the top—with new verve.

IRIS:

Hand me my shades.

Louise hands Iris her sunglasses, who slips them on.

IRIS:

We do this, we do this with the wind in our hair!

LOUISE:

Should I call you, "Thelma" then?

IRIS:

God no. To Tampa?

Stop