

Back Seat Moaner by Cliff Jury

A car journey, with child in the back

CHILD:

Are we there yet? Sorry! I only asked. We've been going for hours. Twenty minutes? Never! I'm not going on. But we must be at least half way there by now. Can we play a game? Why not? But I hate 'sitting quietly'. Can we have a CD on? No, no, not Golden Oldies! Please! I'll sit quietly.

Is there a pool at this place? But you said we could have one with a pool. No, we never can afford anything good. It is true. I mean, look at this car. I would walk if I could - back home. What a dump! No pool.

I'm not ungrateful. It's just that all my friends are going abroad again. Of course I like camping, but sometimes...don't cry. I'm sorry, mum. I didn't mean it. We'll have a great time. As long as dad doesn't do his karaoke again. Oh dad! Please! Mum, tell him.

I know! I'll count all the red cars, mum you count all the pink lorries and dad can count the green and purple spotted giraffes. First one to twenty wins.

Travelling with you two's no fun. {Pause} Are we there yet?

All right, all right. Can I have one? One of those sweets you secretly slid into your mouth hoping I wouldn't notice. The last one? Thanks a lot! I've eaten all mine. Why have we stopped? But that lane's moving. And that one. Swap lanes, dad, go on. We'll be here ages.

Don't be so boring. Go on, I'll tell you when to go. Are you ready?

No...No...No....Yes! Go go go! {Crash} Dad! What did you do that for? I meant the other lane. It's not my fault! Does this mean we can get a new car?