

FATHER: Watch out everybody! The family fun train is pulling into the station! Toot toot, gang! Say hello to your new wagon! The Wago9000!

MOTHER: Wago-9000?

GRANDPA: It's a hunk of junk. What'd I tell you, *(Insert Mother's Name)*? **FATHER:**

What? Are you crazy? Trust me, if you're going down the trail to Oregon *this* is the wagon you wanna be in... that's what the guy at the General Store said! **MOTHER:** Hmm. Well... frankly, dear... I'm worried. I mean, just look at these wheels... They're not circles.

FATHER: That's right, honey. They're octagons! That's eight sides, for eight times the traction.

SON: I think it's a great wagon! Look at me, Dad! *(he jumps into the wagon and falls right through the bottom onto the hard ground)* Ouch! I broke my ankle! There's a hole in the bottom, Dad!

FATHER: That's not a hole, *(Insert Son's Name)*. It's called a floor window! Very expensive. Not only does this "floor window" give you the best view of the trail itself, but you can also put your own feet down and help the ox pull the wagon along. Which reminds me. Everyone, meet the new family ox! *(the OX enters, he's really less of an ox and more a deformed creature; Father takes hold of his reigns and stands beside him; the sight of the beast frightens the family; they recoil)*

DAUGHTER & SON: AHHHH!!!!

MOTHER: Sweet Jesus!!

FATHER: Aw, come here you guys. *(he pulls the family closer to the ox)* He's perfectly harmless. *(they have look at it)*

MOTHER: Oh my God... this ox doesn't have any teeth... or eyes.

FATHER: Well, yeah. This way we're not in danger of him watching us undress. We have a young daughter to think of. *(Father playfully jabs the ox, who seems to have a miserable, painful existence)* Don't get any ideas, you horny ox!

OX: Kill me!

MOTHER: You got us a blind ox?

FATHER: Well, he's like a seeing-eye-dog, honey. Haven't you ever heard the phrase: the blind leading the blind? That's what this trip is about: remembering old sayings. *(the kids are petting the ox, but become disgusted)*

SCENE 3 – HUNTING

Lights up on the family in the covered wagon. They sit in silence.

DAUGHTER: Damn... this is boring.

FATHER: What do you mean?! It's exciting! We're going places! *(The Wagon rolls of a mild bump and all four wheels fall off.)* Oh, crimeny! We gotta stop! The gosh darn axel busted again. *(The family hops off the wagon and Dad assesses the damage. The kids wander off, Grandpa falls asleep, and Mother approaches father.)*

MOTHER: So... this is the tenth time this wagon has broken on us.

FATHER: Well, I'm fixing it. What else do you want, honey?

MOTHER: I want you to admit you got duped into buying a lemon?

FATHER: It's not a lemon. It's a tough trail. You think covered wagons were designed to withstand these kinds of conditions.

MOTHER: I don't think anyone designed this wagon. I think a drunken crazy person got high and threw this thing together in an afternoon.

FATHER: If we didn't have these octagon wheels we'd be rolling all over the place. Not able to stop. You know there's such a thing as going too fast.

MOTHER: And there's such a thing as going too slow. You know how long we've been on this trail? Three months, *(Insert Father's Name)*, and we aren't even halfway there. If we don't hurry we are going to run into winter!

FATHER: I know. I know. But what do you want me to do? I cannot control when the wagon breaks. It's just little acts of God.