

Day 2

Go

by

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A single man sits on a chair.

DRIVER

I wasn't the only one, I know I wasn't the only one, the guy behind me, he's coming right up behind, he's on me, right on me, and I can see the guy behind *him* is coming right up on him, and I know they're all thinking it's gotta be me, but I'm trying anyway I can to let them, to show them that, hey, it's not me, it's not me, it's the guy in front of me that's going 25 in a fucking 45. I try to gesture in these big, you know, waving my hands, shrugging like "Can you believe this?!" and making it big so the people behind me can see. If it had been any other time, if it had been five minutes earlier, I really wouldn't have given a shit, but, you know, that extra ten minutes of sleep just isn't worth the stress of driving running late to work. Just isn't. Because that extra ten minutes isn't like it's restful. Because you're half-asleep, still trying to think about "hey is my alarm on," and you're still all groggy, and like "maybe I can get back into that dream, that dream was a good one" and you're aware that the clock is ticking by and that, I mean, you know that you have to go to work anyway, you know that, and maybe you hate your job, maybe you love your job, but I don't know anyone who loves their job more than their bed. Sleeping in bed. Sleeping with someone in bed. Dreaming. Shit, dreaming? I would take dreaming rather than working any day. Like *The Matrix?* *Inception?* Like being in a dream is a bad thing? Come on. You want me to be a big ass battery for fucking robots and for me to just lie there in goo and you'll feed me, keep me alive, and I can just do life shit and it won't matter? And maybe you can teach me to fly a fucking helicopter so I can get around this asshole going 25 in a 45! The guy, seriously, I'm like five feet from the intersection and he decides to turn and cut me off. I see it in his eyes. He's like, "I'm gonna go," and I look at him, "Don't go." He starts nodding, "I'm gonna go now." And I shake my head, "Better not go." And he's like, "Here I go!" And I'm biting my lip and like, "He's fucking going!" And he cuts me off and we pass this sign, you can't miss the sign, you'd have to go out of your way to miss it. Just flash your eyes a fraction of a degree to the right and see "45 M.P.H." And you're going 25. If that extra ten minutes hadn't been so tempting. There's a sweet spot, give or take 2 minutes, that if I leave at that moment, it's a breeze to work, I catch the lights, hit no traffic, and get there at a leisurely pace. Leave five minutes later than that, okay, not too bad. We got people on the road now, hitting every other red light. Leave 10 minutes after that, and everything goes to hell, you're hitting every goddamn red light, every asshole is on the road, suddenly every single fucking school bus on the planet decides to had a out on the road, and you end up behind people going 25 in a 45! Of course leave 20 minutes late and I'm suddenly feeling the flu coming on or something, you know, cough cough or whatever I can't make it in today. I usually judge people harshly when I'm on the road. There are very few places where I have a moral superiority, But one of those places is on the road. In high school, my nickname, One of my nicknames, some of them were pretty terrible, but one of my nicknames was "ten-two" because I held my hands at 10 o'clock and 2 o'clock on the steering wheel. I was by books. I never went up above the speed limit. Ever. No, of course, we all know now that 45 mph speed limit is really a 50 mph speed limit, let's be honest, but back then? 45 meant 45. But I'm a really good driver. Everyone says that. But I really am.

(MORE)

DRIVER (CONTD)

And I know everybody says that. When when somebody's trying to get into my lane after speeding around like a crazy person, swerving through traffic, causing other people to slam on their brakes, and now wants to get into my lane, in front of me, and I'm like, "really?" No. You're not going to go in front of me. You have to live with your life choices. You decided to change lanes you are not going to swerve in front of me, forcing me to slam on my brakes, and be an asshole to me and the many other drivers whom you have swerved in front of. Today. Today some asshole was driving 25 in a 45 I love running late to work. And the lines on the road beside me are two parallel lines and I know what that means. It means I'm not going to pass this jerk in front of me because it is not safe. But I'm watching those lines a moment, I swear, The absolute second that those two parallel lines stop and a dashed line shows up, I'm going around this asshole, tearing it up, and getting to work on time. And it happens. I see the breaking those lines and I shout in my head "go go go go go go go go go now!" I'm in the other lane and I see cars coming towards me, but I know I was in the right because I saw those dashed lines, and that road was clear when I went. And I'm like go go, get around the asshole but the asshole suddenly decides, "oh wait, I am in a 45 mph speed limit zone. Oh what a silly goose I have been going only 25. Perhaps I should go 45 mph." And now we're side-by-side, I'm making my way towards oncoming traffic, and he turns and looks at me and gives me of this sort of tsk tsk look, like I've violated some kind of moral code. But I was in the right. He cut me off. Let's start there, he cut me off. Then he goes 25 in a 45. And now, I'm going into the passing lane, at the appropriate time, with plenty of time to make it a around this asshole going 25 mph, now he wants to take some kind of twisted moral high ground. The only consolation I get, as the front of my car connects with an oncoming, was it a Honda or a Hyundai? It was blue. As the front of my car is getting crushed and as my airbag is inflating, I am in this dreamlike, slow motion moment, and I see the asshole looking at me with a smug smile on his face, but I see that he doesn't see a woman in an SUV with the look on her face that says, "I'm gonna go."