

INT. SAMUEL'S CAR - NIGHT

A pair of dog tags swing from the mirror of the full size SUV strolling down the road. Samuel grips the steering wheel, driving down the highway, laughing along with his family. Stephanie sits besides him with Sam Jr & Melanie, in the backseat.

SAMUEL

You guys are so weird!

SAM JR. & MELANIE

Not uh, you're weird.

Stephanie gives Samuel a loving elbow hit on his side.

SAMUEL

Ow! Don't get mad at me you're raising weird kids. I mean what kind of nine and ten year olds love live musicals.

SAM JR.

There's nothing weird about that.

STEPHANIE

That's right baby.

MELANIE

Why would it be weird to like something so fun?

Samuel puts one hand on his chin and make a loud, exaggerated thinking noise.

SAMUEL

You know what, you guys are right. You can like whatever you want. Nobody can call you weird.

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STEPHANIE

Finally we're on the same page.

SAMUEL

Unless you like the Red Sox. Too late you said we're on the same Page.

Samuel and the kids burst into hard laughter.

STEPHANIE

You know this is why my father doesn't like you.

Samuel sticks his tongue out at Stephanie. A new song comes on the radio.

SAM JR.

Mom put this up!

STEPHANIE

I'll show you where you can stick that.

SAMUEL

Oh will you now.

Samuel gives Stephanie a flirty wink.

SAM JR.

Mom! The song!

STEPHANIE

No sea fresco!

SAM JR.

Mom!

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Stephanie turns to face Sam Jr.

STEPHANIE

What Jr.!

SAM JR.

Put this song up! This is my jam!

STEPHANIE

Unbelievable.

Stephanie turns back to see Samuel smirking with his head locked forward on the road. She slaps him on the thigh then reaches for the radio and turns the song up. Sam Jr. dances along and a few notes later the whole family sings along to the groovy uptempo song playing through the radio.

A small sports car roars down the road getting stuck behind Samuel in the light traffic. The car swerves around Samuel and back into in to his lane nearly hitting his car. Samuel jerks at the steering wheel pulling his car away then back onto their lane. Samuel Slams his hand on the horn.

STEPHANIE

Honey relax.

SAMUEL

What an asshole!

MELANIE

Daddy, language!

SAMUEL

Sorry sweetie you're right.