

*Ron is Susie's husband. He wears clean plaid shirts and boots.*

Ron:

Well I'll confess I'm really bad at love. I don't think I quite know how to work on it, and I'm sure I don't understand it. What I know how to do is drive a truck. Nobody told me I'd have to learn something else too.

I spend eighty plus hours a week on the road. I have to. That's my job and if I don't do it how are bills supposed to get paid? I know why Susie's mad, I know she wants me around more to help with the kids and that, but what am I supposed to do? I come home tired and she's upset and I don't know what she wants or what to do about it. I miss my kids, they're changing right before my very eyes and I can't slow down time or anything, I can only work hard for them.

So I get out there on the road, and while home is chaos, I got this: me and the highway. And we're all goin' somewhere. Truckers run this country, you know that don't you? We went on strike the whole country would collapse within 24 hours. I mean I'm not trying to scare anybody or, you know, make it about me, but what we do, it's important.

Out there on the road we all speak the same language. We're all thinkin' about them other drivers and road conditions, what time we're going to get in someplace and the price of fuel. That's life. Something doesn't work, you call someplace and have it fixed. Can't keep your eyes open and you stop and rest. You ca fix things.

And I know some of them drivers do bad things. Man, it's all over the CB at night, dirty magazines in the truck stops. I could have that but I don't want it. I do get lonely out there, though. I try and tell Susie that but she's all concerned about what the kids did in school and what some girlfriend of her said and then she hears that and gets all worried I'm up to something. I try and tell her that's not it but...

Out there, I'm someone. I'm good at what I do. Other guys know, I take care of my loads. I'm on time, I don't mess up the truck or get in accidents or anything. I'm where I'm supposed to be when I'm supposed to be there, and the truck is washed and back in the lot when I head home.

Maybe one of these days I'll finally talk Susie into goin' with me on a run. Maybe she could see it then.