

THIS SHOW IS ABOUT GETTING OFF A TRAIN

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Synopsis

A group of strangers find themselves on a train with no recollection of how they got there, only to realize that they are deceased and on their way to their last stop.

Setting

New York City dilapidated subway train car, present day.

Character Descriptions

Alex - A *reporter* dressed in modern clothes wearing a press jacket. They have a notepad in their left pocket with notes leading up to their death. The soft voice of reason, but they hold their discoveries close to their chest.

Hippie - A *hippie* wearing a bright colorful top in contrast to their black funeral attire bottoms. They act stoned, but they are also the *ferryman* guiding these souls to the afterlife.

Paul - One half of the show's primary couple. Golfer outfit. They bicker often with Koda. 62 years old.

Koda - The other half of the couple. Tourist or camping type clothes. They often bicker with Paul, but are slightly more mature and are willing to step away to help other people. 60 years old.

Stan - A *businessman* in formal business attire. Very impatient and angry, self interested.

Props

- Car Keys
- Briefcase
- Notepad with pages covered in red ink (blood)
 - Cigarettes, blunts, lighter?
 - Plane Tickets

*[Audio for moving train plays. Lights go up. We are in a dilapidated moving subway car. There are 3 passengers. **ALEX** is laying across multiple seats, asleep. **KODA** and **PAUL** are talking nearby a few seats down.]*

*[**HIPPIE** walks onto the stage from the audience. **HIPPIE** taps on **ALEX**'s shoulder, waking them up.]*

HIPPIE:

Mind if I sit there?

ALEX:

Oh, uh, sure. Ugh, my head...

*[**ALEX** sits up with a groan and holds onto their head, and **HIPPIE** sits down.]*

HIPPIE:

Thanks.

*[**HIPPIE** pulls out cigarettes and puts one to their mouth. **KODA** and **PAUL**'s conversation gets louder.]*

KODA:

...But I'm so glad we could finally get out of the house. I still haven't forgotten about those Mimosas on the beach I owe you..-

PAUL:

(cutting **KODA** off) You know, I was just talking with the neighbor, Lenny, and they told me..-

KODA:

Oh, how is Lenny? We haven't talked since that barbeque they hosted back in spring.

PAUL:

Ah, he's fine. But with how much he's been going on about his golf swing, I think he's been dying to get out of the house as much as we have. (chuckles)

KODA:

That's nice. You know, I've been really looking forward to this trip. I think it'll be good for us.

PAUL:

Me too.

[PAUL and KODA fade into the background as HIPPIE offers a cigarette to ALEX. Audio for train breaking. Lights dim and flicker. Audio for doors opening plays.]

ALEX:

Oh, no thanks. I've read enough to know how shit like that kills you.

HIPPIE:

(chuckles) Suit yourself. It helps with the pain.

[STAN stumbles in from offstage. Looks around, then checks their watch as they reach up to grab a handlebar. Audio for the train leaving the station.]

STAN:

(loudly) Fucking public transport...this is why I drive. People have places to be.

HIPPIE:

Hey, relax. Life's more than a destination. It's about the journey.

STAN:

(snaps at HIPPIE) Well, this "journey" is about to make me fifteen minutes late to a very important meeting. Some people have a job to get to.

[STAN looks up at the overhead display.]

STAN:

(angrily) I mean, how the hell are we supposed to know when we're supposed to get off with a broken display? Where is our tax money going these days?

PAUL:

Well, it certainly isn't going to us. I'm 62 and *still* making payments on our car. And with these gas prices...

KODA:

Well, we *could* save money on gas if you let me drive more..-

PAUL:

(cutting off **KODA**) -and have to pay off a bent bumper and *another* speeding ticket? I'd rather pay for gas.

STAN:

Right...well, I need to make sure I'm not getting off at the wrong stop. One of these cars has to be in good enough condition to show me where the hell we're going...

[**STAN** storms out of the car, offstage. Audio cue for subway door opening and closing. Same audio plays again as **STAN** returns to the stage from a different entrance.]

STAN:

What the...? I thought...

ALEX:

Everything alright there? You should be able to get off at the next stop, see where you are. Take a taxi the rest of the way if you need to.

STAN:

What I need is to get to work!

KODA:

Do you need to sit down? I could stand if you need the seat..-

STAN:

Look, I don't even know how the hell I got here!

ALEX:

What do you mean you don't... [They realize they also don't remember how the hell they got here.]

[The whole group goes silent.]

PAUL:

..Koda, why are we taking the train? I thought we were driving to the airport.

KODA:

We were...we are.

PAUL:

Then why aren't we? (offhandedly) Thank God one of us still has most of their marbles.

[KODA appears insulted and goes to respond, but is cut off by STAN.]

STAN:

What am I doing on a train? I was at work. I should be there.

ALEX:

Look, how about we all try retracing our steps? Maybe we can figure out how we all ended up here.

HIPPIE:

You sure you're not all tripping? I'll take a hit if you got some to spare.

STAN:

You know what? I'm probably down here because you and your hippie stoner pals are blocking traffic in the name of love and nature and whatever-the-fuck you're going on about these days. I don't need a bunch of freeloading, tree-hugging *junkies* protesting outside of *my* office telling me how to run a business.

KODA:

Oh Paul, didn't we pass by a protest today? I could barely stay on the road with how cluttered it was...

PAUL:

We shouldn't even have *been* at the protest. I told you we should have taken the freeway, but you said it'll be faster cutting through the crowd...Another reason you shouldn't be behind the wheel.

ALEX:

Oh, the printer paper protest happening down on Wall Street? I was covering it for the Times. And then...

STAN:

Yeah, those good-for-nothing burnouts have been outside of the office for *weeks*. It's not my fault that the new machines require special paper made from "endangered" trees.

[**KODA** *pulls out car keys.*]

KODA:

I still have the car keys...Paul, look, the keys are right here.

[**STAN** *sits down to open their briefcase while* **ALEX** *finds their notepad and starts flipping through it.*]

ALEX:

..What's the last thing everyone remembers? Last thing I heard was a bunch of shouting, and a...crash? Next thing I know, I'm nursing a headache on a subway.

PAUL:

Well, I was making sure we were on time for our flight, then I felt Koda swerve off the road, hit something and then...here we are.

KODA:

Those protestors came out of nowhere, what did you want me to do? Running onto the street like that...I didn't want to hit them, so I...

ALEX:

..I know this might sound crazy, but I don't think anyone could survive something like that.