

# Underground

By Lindsay Price

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## **CHARACTERS**

### **Men**

Dean - businessman.

Peter - businessman.

Killoran - sidewalk musician. 21.

### **Women**

Charlie (short for Charlene) - lawyer.

Hannah - bitter ad executive.

Lise - Young woman looking for work.

Andy - homeless woman.

Debbie - trying to quit smoking.

Rita - office cleaner.

**Notes:** The above also play the voices in the Andy/Debbie section. Peter plays the voice of "Reggie" in the Rita/Killoran section.

Killoran should be able to sing and play the guitar.

## **SETTING**

A subway platform.

## **RUNNING TIME**

90 minutes.

*There is the sound of various alarm clocks going off in the darkness. The lights rise slowly like the dawn. There are shadows of figures that lurch towards the audience from the back of the stage.*

ALL

Six am.

HANNAH & DEAN

Six am hit the snooze.

LISE

Forty minutes on the treadmill.

PETER

Got to get up before the kids.

HANNAH & DEAN

Six fifteen hit the snooze.

CHARLIE

Got to get to the office.

PETER

Got to shower before Elaine.

CHARLIE

Get there before the boys do.

LISE

Seven minutes for a shower.

HANNAH & DEAN

Six thirty hit the snooze.

LISE

I've laid out my clothes the night before.

CHARLIE

Quiet halls. No one to contradict or question.

PETER

Elaine says I have to make lunches.

CHARLIE

Or talk.

LISE

Fifteen minutes for breakfast.

PETER

I don't have time, I say.

CHARLIE

No one to make comments.

HANNAH & DEAN

Six forty five hit the snooze.

CHARLIE

Make jokes.

PETER

Make time, she says.

LISE

Sometimes toast, sometimes cereal, sometimes yogurt.

HANNAH & DEAN

Seven o'clock hit the snooze.

LISE

I plan it out the night before.

CHARLIE

"Charlie doesn't mind. *Charlene's* one of the boys."

PETER

Don't forget to pick up Becky at day care, I say.

CHARLIE

"How about it *Charlene*."

LISE

Ten minutes for hair.

HANNAH & DEAN

Seven fifteen hit the snooze.

PETER

It's your turn, Peter, she says.

CHARLIE

"What's your problem, Charlie?"

PETER

It's your turn, Elaine, I say.

CHARLIE

"I'm only joking. Don't you know a joke?"

PETER

It's your turn, she says.

CHARLIE  
 "Oh it's that time isn't it Charlene?"

HANNAH & DEAN  
 Seven thirty hit the snooze.

LISE  
 Ten minutes for make up. I plan it out the night before.

PETER  
 I do everything around here, she says.

CHARLIE  
 "Hey Charlie, your assistant's a real looker. Does he -"

PETER  
 All I'm asking,

CHARLIE  
 "Help you out?"

PETER  
 Is for a little help, she says.

CHARLIE  
 Ha. Ha.

PETER  
 For you to do one little thing, she says.

CHARLIE  
 "Ease your tension?"

LISE  
 Step into shoes and pick up briefcase.

CHARLIE  
 Ha. Ha.

LISE  
 Both placed by the door the night before.

PETER  
 I'm going to be late, I say.

HANNAH & DEAN  
 Seven forty five hit the shit!

PETER & LISE & CHARLIE  
 Seven shit!

HANNAH  
 Where's the - shit!

DEAN  
Coffee - shit!

HANNAH  
There's a shit run in my -

DEAN  
Shit I look like -

HANNAH & DEAN  
Shit shit double shit!

DEAN  
Coffee, coffee, vitamins, coffee, no time for -

HANNAH  
Shit, briefcase, shit -

DEAN  
Sunglasses, keys, phone, shit -

HANNAH  
What have I done with my?

DEAN  
Who took my?

HANNAH  
Why am I?

DEAN  
Where's my?

ALL  
Shit Shit Double Shit!

*Blackout.*

*There is the sound of a subway entering a station. A spotlight comes up on KILLORAN. He is a tall gangly young man with a shock of neon blue hair. He has a guitar slung over his shoulder. He grins at the audience.*

KILLORAN  
The. Rat. Race. A scene to be seen like a can of sardines. Only the fish are alive, push for freedom in the dark. And the man with the key is vindictive as can be, barely cracking the lid for air. For air. And it's madness in the sameness, day in and day through. And the body next to the body means...nothing to you. The body next to the body is not a face or name. Just a body in the blackness.

Just a body in the way. Just a body pushing, reaching, running, racing, dying, to be the first. The first. The first one to the light. The fight one to the light. The need to believe there is something special in being first. The First. The one.

*He grins again and exits.*

*There is the sound of a subway entering a station and breaking. Lights up on a mass of bodies. The are clumped together as if in a tightly packed subway car. Arms and legs sticking out. Heads jammed into armpits. Arms reaching for poles. During the montage the bodies move back and forth across the stage. They move in and out if the clumped shape as if a living entity.*

ALL

*(slowly)*

This train. This train. This train. This train.

LISE

Have to get THIS train. Not the next train but THIS train.

PETER

If I don't get THIS train, the repercussions of THAT will be as-tro-nomical.

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

HANNAH

I've got an eight thirty.

DEAN

Goddamn piece of no good shit.

HANNAH

And if I'm not there I'm out of the loop.

DEAN

Get me to work. Just get me to work.

HANNAH

And if I'm out of the loop, I'm fucked for the rest of the month.

DEAN

I hate being underground.

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

LISE

I'm always on time. I have to be on time. Have to be. The repercussions of not being on time are -

ALL

*(building)*

This train. This train. This train. This train.

LISE

Seven thirty in the morning and there's no seats. Where is everyone going?

ALL

*(building)*

This train. This train. This train. This train.

PETER

Ball and chain. Ball and chain. Ball and chain. Ball and chain.

CHARLIE

Drowning in debt.

PETER & CHARLIE

My destiny is in little paper clips.

PETER

And it stretches out for miles and miles.

CHARLIE

And years and years and there it is.

ALL

*(faster)*

This train. This train. This train. This train.

PETER

I will be nothing but tired for the rest of my life.

ALL

Is that the right noise? Going east? West?

HANNAH

Smell it out.

DEAN

Smell the fear.

LISE

Hurl down the stairs,

LISE & CHARLIE & HANNAH

To make sure I don't miss this train.

PETER

Pack it in PUSH.

DEAN & PETER

Pack it in PUSH.

ALL

Push push push push. Push push push push.

PETER

Must make it to work on THIS train.

HANNAH

Or the repercussions of THAT will be -

ALL

ASS - TRO - NOMICAL!

CHARLIE

Must get to work on THIS train.

LISE

There is no other train after THIS one.

HANNAH & PETER

Hold the door!

CHARLIE

Wait!

DEAN

Goddamit!

ALL

PUSH PUSH PUSH PUSH PUSH!

*They all freeze. There is a moment of silence as the echo hangs in the air. The lights change. The moment is surprisingly calm. HANNAH steps out of the mass and comes downstage.*

HANNAH

The sky is blue. The clouds are white. The grass is green. The dirt is brown. The rocks are gray. Nothing out of the ordinary. I run as fast as I can and leap off the mountain and there's this glorious moment of flight and weightlessness, oh, and this is what I imagined it would be like, and oh, what would it be like to always feel this way. And then the birds come: claws out, beaks snapping. I have invaded their private personal space. Hunks of flesh, hunks of me in every direction. Too many to fight off, but it's not like I can run anywhere or escape.

Soon I can't see the sky or the ground or the dirt or the rocks, nothing but the rapid eye movement of wings and it's so queer. The less of me there is the heavier I become. The less of me there is the faster I fall and the faster the birds claw and snap and flap and... frenzy. Organs, cartilage, muscle, faster, hair, eyes, teeth, faster, everything, faster, is being ripped away. Faster, faster, faster. And finally when I land on the green grass and the brown dirt, I'm a heap of shiny white bones. Licked clean. Hollow. I have that dream at least once a week. It takes hours to lose the beating of wings.

*HANNAH rejoins the mass. The lights change and the group begins to pulse and move again.*

ALL

*(starting off softly)*

This train. This train. This train. Push. This train. This train. This train. Don't smile. This train. This train. This train. Don't look. Just push. Must push onto this train. *(gathering speed)* Must get on this train. This train. This train.

DEAN

It's this train or I'm walking to work, It's -

HANNAH

This train or I'll miss my meeting, it's -

LISE

This train or I'll be late.

CHARLIE

I'll be fired. I'll lose my -

PETER

House my -

DEAN

Car, my wife my -

PETER

Kids my -

CHARLIE

Everything. Every day I get up early. Every Goddamn day. I'm not supposed to be here. I'm not supposed to be late. It's not supposed to happen to me. I'm careful. I'm careful who I sleep with. How....I'm always careful. I've got everything planned out to the last second. I'm not supposed to be late!

HANNAH

Come on!

DEAN  
Come on!

ALL  
Get off already!

HANNAH  
It's killing me to stand here and wait for you to get your -

ALL  
FAT LAZY ASS OFF THIS TRAIN.

CHARLIE  
And a briefcase and a -

ALL  
PUSH.

LISE  
And an elbow and a -

ALL  
PUSH.

DEAN  
And the fuck who stands -

ALL  
RIGHT IN FRONT OF THE DOORS WHY?

*The group throws up their arms in frustration and freezes. The lights change. CHARLIE and PETER step forward and downstage.*

ALL  
*(murmuring under the following)*  
This train. This train. This train. This train. This train.  
This train. This train. This train. This train. This train.  
This train.

*CHARLIE is shadowboxing with great fierceness and desperation.*

CHARLIE  
You can't break me. You can't break me. You can't break me.  
You can't break me.

*PETER'S lines continue simultaneously with CHARLIE.*

CHARLIE

You can't break me. You can't break me. You can't break me.  
 You can't break me. You can't break me. You can't break me.  
 You can't break me. You can't break me. YOU CAN'T.... *(she bends over with her hands on her knees breathing raggedly. After a moment she stands and resumes.)* You can't break me.  
 You can't break me. You can't break me. You can't break me.  
 You can't break me.

PETER

*(same time as above)*

Elaine. Sit down. I have something very important to talk about. *(he takes a breath)* I want to quit my job. I want to write a book. I know it will be hard. I know money will be tight, but with your love and support.... *(the words "love and support" get stuck in his throat. He clears his throat and starts again.)* Elaine. Sit down. I would like to talk about a change. A small change. A change in jobs. A small change in jobs. You probably won't even notice... *(he clears his throat and starts again)* Elaine sit down I want to write a novel. And I want to live in Peru. Or London. Or Siberia. Anywhere that isn't here in this stupid little cardboard box with you! Elaine. *(with a sigh)* Elaine.... Work is fine. Everything is fine.

*PETER and CHARLIE join back into the mass which slowly starts to move again.*

ALL

*(getting louder with each one)*

This train. This train. This train. This train. This train.  
 This train. THIS TRAIN.

HANNAH

The raging river of suits and shoes.

LISE

Pour out of THIS train.

DEAN

Run like mad wolves to catch THAT train.

ALL

Move, move, move, move, move!

CHARLIE

Must push with all my might.

ALL

Because if I miss this train. If I miss this train. Miss this train. Miss this. Miss this. Miss this.

*There is the sound of a subway breaking unexpectedly and everyone is thrown to the side, expect for LISE. As the rest freeze in shape, LISE stands apart and addresses the audience.*

LISE

I've had seventy seven interviews this year. Too much experience. Not enough experience. We're hiring within the company. We're only hiring part time. We're in a hiring freeze. If an opening comes we'll give you a call, we'll keep your resume on file, we'll think of you. Don't you think you should go back to school? We're not looking for degrees; we're looking for experience in the field. To be successful you must look successful. I look successful. I am just like everyone on this train. I fool everyone one every day, every morning. But it doesn't matter, not to the people who count. They can't be fooled, no matter how hard I try, no matter what I do. Why don't they want me? Why?

*The lights change and everyone snaps back into position. They are on the move again, but they start to get slower and slower.*

ALL

This train. This train. This train. *(slowing down)* This train. This train.

HANNAH

I'll be fucked.

ALL

This train.

CHARLIE

Little paper clips.

ALL

This train.

PETER

Everything's fine.

ALL

This train.

LISE

Why?

ALL

This train.

DEAN

Goddamn piece of no good shit. Just get me to work. Get me to work. Get me to work so I get to work and I keep moving. Keep moving so the brain is busy. Gotta keep the brain busy. When the brain is busy then I don't think about what I'm doing. Gotta keep moving, keep the legs moving, keep the brain busy, so I don't have time to think. Keep moving so I don't think for half a second why the good Goddamn Christ I do this every day.

ALL

This. Train. This. Train. This. Train.

*The mass comes to a stop as if a machine has broken down. A crackling static filled voice is heard.*

VOICE

Attention all subway passengers... *(static muffling)* currently experiencing a delay... *(static muffling)* on the scene and we hope... *(static muffling)*... Thank you.

ALL

*(slow and drawn out)*

Shiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiit.

*The mass is frozen in position. KILLORAN enters and grins at the audience. He has his guitar and he sings.*

*During the song, the characters in the mass move in slow motion. They de-tangle themselves. They straighten up, put on their public masks and exit. Off to their work lives.*

KILLORAN

*(singing)*

Well I'd rather be an angel but I guess the jobs are taken.  
Thought I saw your wings, maybe you can stop this aching.  
Do you mind, if I stay here for awhile?  
I gotta work this out and I sure could use your smile.

Well I'm walking empty streets; every face I see is jaded.  
I am left to my defeat; every lie I've got is faded.  
How do I save a man - holds his briefcase like his soul?  
How do I help him come back whole.

How do I? How do I fly?  
How do I fly away from here?  
How do I? How do I fly?  
How do I see my way clear.

*During the song the lights on stage change. We are now on a subway platform.*

*ANDY, a homeless woman enters, she shuffles along to a bench which is centre stage. She is carrying quite a number of plastic bags. She sings along with KILLORAN on the last few lines.*

KILLORAN

*(still playing as he talks)*

How do Mama Andy?

ANDY

Sounds good. Sounds real good. I like the end. Did you make any money?

KILLORAN

On the morning rush? Never bother. Don't want to get their sticky sickness on me.

ANDY

Sand crusted blind eyes.

KILLORAN

Amen to the choir. Got some scratch from last night though. *(he digs in his pocket for money)* Can I buy you a bagel?

ANDY

*(shaking her head)*

No, no.

KILLORAN

They toast them perfectly....

ANDY

No.

KILLORAN

Mama Andy.

ANDY

My daughter's meeting me here today. She's taking me out to lunch.

KILLORAN

I know she is. But one bagel's not going to spoil your appetite.

ANDY

How's your dog?

KILLORAN

Fine.

ANDY

You better take care of her. Did you walk her? You better walk her.

KILLORAN

Ok, ok. No bagel. I'll see you later. You gonna sing with me?

ANDY

Always.

*ANDY sits on the bench.*

*The following montage uses light and sound. During the following ANDY sits on the bench and doesn't move.*

*PART ONE: The lights pulse up and down from bright light to complete darkness. This is repeated three times.*

*PART TWO: There is the steady beat of arriving and leaving subway trains. This beat remains steady in volume throughout the montage.*

*PART THREE: A wave effect of the ebb and flow of footsteps. This ebb and flow matches the lights.*

*PART FOUR: For each of the three times the lights come up full, the following conversations are also heard:*

Conversation One:

VOICE ONE

And she comes in - she's late. She's completely late.

VOICE TWO

I know, I know.

VOICE ONE

And she gives me grief when she never properly explained it in the first place. It's my fault!

VOICE TWO

And how many smoke breaks does she take?

VOICE ONE

I know!

VOICE TWO

Do you know what would happen if I laid my head down for five minutes? Five minutes.

Conversation Two:

VOICE THREE

Where do you want to go for dinner?

VOICE FOUR

I don't know. What do you want to do?

VOICE THREE

I don't know. What do you feel like?

VOICE FOUR

I don't know. Do you feel like burgers?

VOICE THREE

I don't know. I had burgers yesterday.

VOICE FOUR

When?

VOICE THREE

For lunch?

VOICE FOUR

Why did you do that?

VOICE THREE

What?

VOICE FOUR

You weren't supposed to do that.

VOICE THREE

It just happened.

VOICE FOUR

You could have had something else.

VOICE THREE

It just happened!

Conversation Three

VOICE FIVE

A secretary in a closet. That's what he wants. A secretary in a closet. He doesn't say hello or how are you or anything unless he needs something. And he never needs something unless it's five to five.

VOICE SIX

And you have no life.

VOICE FIVE

Exactly. Obviously, I have no life. I can stay all night, no problem right?

VOICE SIX

Right.

*And throughout all of this ANDY does not move. At the end of the montage, the lights come up full. It is now noon on the subway platform.*

*DEBBIE enters, walking backwards. She has just seen something she would rather not have seen. She's a strong woman, but very rattled.*

DEBBIE

Ok. Ok. Ok.....ok.

*DEBBIE sits carefully on the bench. She gets up and moves forward as if looking for something on the tracks. She doesn't like what she sees. She shakes her head and moves backwards again, sitting on the bench.*

DEBBIE

Ok. Ok. Ok. *(she takes a deep breath)* Ok.

*A subway enters the station and leaves. ANDY looks at DEBBIE who is staring into space. ANDY looks annoyed that her space has been interrupted.*

ANDY

Aren't you going?

DEBBIE

What?

ANDY

Aren't you going?

DEBBIE

Yes.

*DEBBIE doesn't move.*

You're not going. ANDY

Rabbits. DEBBIE

What? ANDY

Rabbits. DEBBIE

Where? ANDY

On the track. DEBBIE

When? ANDY

Just now. DEBBIE

Oh. ANDY

I'm not crazy. DEBBIE  
(to self)

Oh? ANDY

Do you see them? DEBBIE

Rabbits? ANDY

Yes. DEBBIE

No. ANDY

Oh boy. DEBBIE

Aren't you going? ANDY

DEBBIE

*(to self)*

I'm not crazy. I have my faculties.

ANDY

Aren't you going?

DEBBIE

I have a full tool box. I am playing with a full deck. I pinch myself, it hurts. *(she does so)* Ow!

ANDY

You're not going.

DEBBIE

I have all my ducks in a row.

ANDY

Ducks!

DEBBIE

What?

ANDY

Ducks.

DEBBIE

Where?

ANDY

On the tracks.

DEBBIE

When?

ANDY

Sometimes.

DEBBIE

On the tracks?

ANDY

Yes.

DEBBIE

*(with glee)*

Really?

ANDY

*(unsure of DEBBIE's glee)*

Sometimes...

DEBBIE  
Real ducks? Honest to goodness ducks?

ANDY  
I -

DEBBIE  
Do they wave?

ANDY  
No.

DEBBIE  
Oh.

ANDY  
Ducks are stupid.

DEBBIE  
The Rabbits wave.

ANDY  
Ducks mostly waddle around.

DEBBIE  
Of course they do.

ANDY  
Aren't you going?

DEBBIE  
What?

ANDY  
Aren't you going?

DEBBIE  
Yes.

*DEBBIE doesn't move.*

ANDY  
You're not going.

DEBBIE  
Have you seen ducks recently? On the tracks? Today?

ANDY  
No.

DEBBIE  
Oh. *(she sighs)* Oh.

*DEBBIE steels her courage and gets up. She moves downstage, in small steps, with her eyes tightly shut. She pops her eyes open and cranes her neck as if looking at something on the tracks. She doesn't like what she sees.*

DEBBIE

Damn.

*She moves back and sits on the bench. She rubs her eyes.*

DEBBIE

It's the waving. I don't like the waving. I could probably stand if they just sat there. But why do they have to wave?

*ANDY is figidy and flustery. She wants DEBBIE to leave, but also feels for her.*

ANDY

You better go!

DEBBIE

What?

ANDY

You better go. You keep missing the train. You'll never get where you're going that way.

DEBBIE

*(to self)*

I need to know where I stand.

ANDY

You'll end up sitting here all day and you'll never get where you're going.

DEBBIE

*((to self)*

I need to know where I stand.

ANDY

You better go.

DEBBIE

*((to self)*

I need to know where I stand.

ANDY

Aren't you going?

DEBBIE  
*(directly to ANDY)*  
 Will you do me a favour?

ANDY  
*(taken aback)*  
 What?

DEBBIE  
 Will you go look on the tracks? For the Rabbits?

ANDY  
 I'm waiting for my daughter.

DEBBIE  
 I need to know if anyone else sees them.

ANDY  
 She's going to take me to lunch.

DEBBIE  
 Just a quick peak please?

ANDY  
 We're going to the museum.

DEBBIE  
 Please? It's very important.

ANDY  
 She doesn't like the museum.

DEBBIE  
 I am a sane woman. This has never happened before.

ANDY  
 I -

DEBBIE  
 I'll watch your things.

ANDY  
*(lunging to grab her things  
 close to her)*  
 No thank you. I watch very well over my things. Thank you.  
 Thank you very much.

*ANDY flounders to keep all her bags  
 close. DEBBIE tries to reach in and  
 help.*

DEBBIE  
 Can I help -

Don't touch!

ANDY

Sorry.

DEBBIE

*ANDY has all her things in hand. She stands. She moves to the edge of the stage much as DEBBIE did - small steps with her eyes clamped shut. She gets to the edge, pops her eyes open and looks. She cranes her neck to see if she can see anything. Without revealing what she sees, she backs up to the bench. Meanwhile, DEBBIE has been sitting with her eyes shut tight and her hands clasped in front of her.*

Well?

DEBBIE

No Rabbits.

ANDY

Damn, damn, damn!

DEBBIE

*DEBBIE turns away, clearly not happy. ANDY continues to watch her.*

DEBBIE  
*(murmuring)*  
 I am not crazy. I have my faculties. I am tired. I am nauseous. I am angry. I am so - I am not crazy. Not crazy. Not crazy. Not crazy.

*ANDY continues to stare at DEBBIE. She moves back and forth as if wanting to leave, but also not wanting to leave DEBBIE. A subway enters and exits the station. Finally ANDY leans forward.*

Space men.

ANDY

What?

DEBBIE

I saw space men.

ANDY

When?

DEBBIE

ANDY

This morning.

DEBBIE

On the tracks?

ANDY

By the garbage can. They've got a plan to take over the world. They're going to gradually implant magnets into everyone's brains. *(she leans in and whispers)* Through breakfast cereal. *(she continues normally)* The magnet doesn't go down the throat, it goes up into the brain. And when everyone's been implanted, the space men are going to throw a switch and everyone in the world will stick together. By their heads. Then the space men can do whatever they want.

*There is a pause as DEBBIE digests what she's just heard.*

DEBBIE

That's.... *(she clears her throat)* Space men?

ANDY

Yes.

DEBBIE

I see.

ANDY

There you go.

DEBBIE

Are you....hmmm.

ANDY

What?

DEBBIE

I don't know if I....

ANDY

What?

DEBBIE

Are you...Ha. *(she clears her throat)* Are you here?

ANDY

*(where else would she be?)*

Yes....

DEBBIE

Are you real?

ANDY  
*(feeling her arms)*

Feel real.

DEBBIE  
 You're not a ....ha. A Rabbit?

*ANDY reaches over and pinches DEBBIE.*

DEBBIE  
 Ow!

ANDY  
 Feel real?

DEBBIE  
 Yes.

ANDY  
 Good.

DEBBIE  
*(Not so sure)*  
 Good. I don't see aliens.

ANDY  
 Aliens.....Rabbits...

DEBBIE  
 I'm not crazy. Rabbits! Jesus Christ. I'm supposed to be getting better. Why isn't this better? *(she stands)*

ANDY  
 You're going?

DEBBIE  
 Yes. This is ridiculous. I should go....*(she looks toward the tracks, takes a hesitant step and then sits down again. There is a pause)* What about the people who don't eat cereal for breakfast?

ANDY  
 That's what I said! And not everyone eats breakfast. Had a bit of a scuffle over that. They wouldn't believe me.

DEBBIE  
 Sounds like a fly in the soup.

*DEBBIE's left knee starts to shake.*

ANDY  
 Or the cereal. If their plan for global domination falls through it won't be my fault. What's wrong with your knee?

DEBBIE  
Huh? Oh. *(she grabs her knee)* I'm trying to quit smoking.

ANDY  
*(Not getting it)*  
Oh.

DEBBIE  
Do you like Nibs? *(she pulls a packet out of her pocket)*

ANDY  
No, no.

DEBBIE  
I've been eating them all week. *(holds out packet)* Have some.

ANDY  
I'm waiting for my daughter.

DEBBIE  
I can't keep anything else down. I feel like I'm pregnant.

ANDY  
*(shaking her head)*  
I'm waiting for my daughter. She's taking me out to lunch.

DEBBIE  
That's nice.

ANDY  
We're going to the museum.

DEBBIE  
My daughter's at horse camp.

ANDY  
Why?

DEBBIE  
Apparently she likes horses.

ANDY  
Aren't you going?

DEBBIE  
What?

ANDY  
You keep missing trains.

DEBBIE  
I.... *(she laughs)* I'm not going anywhere.

ANDY  
Why not?

DEBBIE  
Have you ever smoked?

ANDY  
Uh uh.

DEBBIE  
Lucky you.

ANDY  
My husband smoked. I never liked the smell on his breath.

DEBBIE  
You are one lucky lady.

ANDY  
I've been in enough smoky bars in my time though. I've probably got nicotine just sitting in my lungs and I -

*ANDY is cut off as DEBBIE jumps to her feet, towering over her. ANDY scrambles to get a grip on all her bags.*

DEBBIE  
THAT'S NOT TRUE!!!!

ANDY  
Too close!

DEBBIE  
Nicotine does not sit in your lungs!

ANDY  
Watch my things! Don't touch!

*DEBBIE starts to pace frantically.*

DEBBIE  
*(to self)*  
It's not true! It's not! She's not - and I'm not. I am NOT -

ANDY  
You're wearing a hole in my space!

DEBBIE  
Nicotine in her lungs! That's just what Gordon says. She doesn't have to smoke, I'm doing it for her. That's what he says, my death-till-us-part-I-love-you-I-love-you-I-love-you-ex-Gordon. He says he's going to get sole custody.

He's going to take, wrench, Val away from me, because I'm killing - I'M KILLING our daughter. The joint custody is killing her, my apartment is killing her... "These are her informative years Deborah. These are her informative years." *(she sits down with a thump. She sees ANDY is looking at her very warily)* Sorry. Sorry. That was hyperactive. It's not me. I'm not like this. Explosive. *(her knee starts to shake again)* I hate it when he calls me Deborah. Only my mother calls me Deborah. Gordon just gets me....

ANDY

Crazy?

DEBBIE

I'm not crazy! I'm no more crazy than.... *(she grabs her knee)* My knee's not crazy either.

ANDY

Shouting is crazy.

DEBBIE

*(very calm)*

I'm not shouting. I'm not shouting therefore, I'm not crazy.

ANDY

The Rabbits are crazy.

DEBBIE

The Rabbits are not crazy. There is a perfectly logical explanation for everything. I'm not sleeping. Or eating properly. And I'm not smoking *(yells this out a little louder as if Gordon were in the next room)* I am not smoking Gordon. Not smoking!

*ANDY stares at DEBBIE for a moment. She gathers her things closer and inches as far away on the bench from DEBBIE as she can.*

DEBBIE

I'm sorry, I'm sorry. I'm not like this. Not smoking has turned me into...I started when I was eleven. Have you ever tried to quit something?

ANDY

Most things quit me first.

DEBBIE

Does your husband still smoke?

ANDY

I don't know.

DEBBIE

Oh.

*DEBBIE sighs. A subway train enters the station and leaves. DEBBIE watches it.*

DEBBIE

I wish I worked at noon. This is so much more tolerable. Look at all the seats. Who said nine was the be-all ticker-tape parade time to start the work day? And why does everyone have to start at once? The work force should be divided into groups: You lot start at nine, you start at ten and you lucky bastards don't start till noon. I wonder how you propose something like that. I'd be a hero with that proposal. I'd get a ticker tape parade hands down don't you - *(she turns to see ANDY staring at her in fear)* What?

ANDY

Go.

DEBBIE

What?

ANDY

Go. You have to go.

DEBBIE

What did I -

ANDY

You don't make any sense!

DEBBIE

I'm sorry.

ANDY

Why are you talking to me?

DEBBIE

I -

ANDY

Why are you on my bench? In my space?

DEBBIE

I had to ask someone about the Rabbits.

ANDY

Why did it have to be me?

DEBBIE

I'm sorry.

ANDY  
Why not pass me by like everyone else?

DEBBIE  
I'm not myself.

ANDY  
Everyone else leaves me alone!

DEBBIE  
I'll leave. I'll go. I didn't mean -

*Suddenly DEBBIE sees something she definitely does not like. She scuttles in close to ANDY, which ANDY does not like.*

ANDY  
Hey. HEY!

DEBBIE  
Let me have one of your papers.

*DEBBIE lunges for a paper out of one of ANDY's bags, which ANDY is not willing to let go of so easily.*

ANDY  
Those are my things.

DEBBIE  
Just for a minute.

ANDY  
Leave it!

DEBBIE  
I'll give it right back.

ANDY  
Let go!

DEBBIE  
Shh!! Don't make a scene!

ANDY  
You're messing with my stuff.

DEBBIE  
We don't want them to look down this way.

*DEBBIE finally wrenches one of ANDY's newspapers away and holds it in front of her face.*

ANDY

Them who?

DEBBIE

There's a woman and a man down the platform. Red dress, red jacket, red nails, red shoes.

ANDY

That's a lot of red.

DEBBIE

The man has power hair and sunglasses.

ANDY

Why is he wearing sunglasses indoors?

DEBBIE

I'm sure his tie and shirt are the same colour.

ANDY

Power hair?

DEBBIE

Do you see them?

ANDY

Yes. She doesn't look very nice. She's got a prune face.

DEBBIE

Now. More importantly, do they see me?

ANDY

That's gonna come back to haunt her in a couple of years.

DEBBIE

Do they see me!

ANDY

I don't think so.

*There is the sound of a subway approaching the station.*

DEBBIE

Are they getting on the train?

ANDY

He looks like he thinks he's damn important.

Oh he so does.

DEBBIE

I hope he eats cereal for breakfast.

ANDY

*There is the sound of a subway leaving the station. DEBBIE scrunches further down behind the newspaper. ANDY watches the train leave the station.*

Are they gone?

DEBBIE

Gone.

ANDY

Good. Thank you.

DEBBIE

*DEBBIE holds the paper out to ANDY, who snatches it back. She folds it to her liking and puts it away. DEBBIE sighs and rubs her eyes.*

Are you going?

ANDY

Yes. I shouldn't stay here.

DEBBIE

Good.

ANDY

It's too close. *(she shudders)* I hate running into people I used to work with.

DEBBIE

*This stops ANDY cold.*

You worked with the prune and the power hair?

ANDY

I was their boss. Boss prune.

DEBBIE

You were a prune face?

ANDY

I have a whole closet full of suits and no office building to wear them to.

DEBBIE

ANDY

What happened.

DEBBIE

The usual. You think you're indispensable and someone else thinks differently. You figure you'll snap right back and get another job and a whole bunch of people think differently.

ANDY

You don't look like a prune face.

DEBBIE

Oh I could out prune a prune.

ANDY

*(firmly)*

You don't look like a prune.

DEBBIE

Or maybe I couldn't. Maybe that was the problem. *(she feels her face)* I don't look like a prune huh?

ANDY

No.

DEBBIE

Well good.

ANDY

Your husband.

DEBBIE

Huh?

ANDY

Your ex. He's a prune isn't he?

DEBBIE

The biggest. A six foot tall prune. That's what brought us together. Two prunes in love. *(singing)* "If you were the only prune in the world and I was the only date...." *(she sees ANDY staring)* Sorry.

ANDY

You keep saying that.

DEBBIE

I know. I should have it tattooed on my forehead and save time. All I'd have to do is point. *(she stands)* I'm.... I've been a bother.

ANDY

Oh no. No.

DEBBIE

I'm not crazy. *(she holds out her hand)* Thank you.

ANDY

*(A little startled)*

What for?

DEBBIE

I'm glad you were here. Wish me luck. *(she turns away)* No Rabbits. No Rabbits. No Rabbits. No Rabbits. No Rabbits.

*She moves slowly toward the track, still apprehensive about seeing the Rabbits. She takes a few steps but then freezes, holding her face in her hands. She looks like she's on the verge of crumbling. ANDY watches intently.*

ANDY

Wait! Wait!

DEBBIE

*(to self)*

I can't. I can't do it. What am I going to do?

ANDY

Hey! Hey!

DEBBIE

*(coming out of her gloom)*

What?

ANDY:

Come sit down. Come away from there.

DEBBIE

But you don't -

ANDY

Never mind what I. Come away from the tracks. Right now!

DEBBIE

Are you all right?

ANDY

I was... If you wanted to... I'm waiting for my daughter. She's going to take me to lunch. But she...we're going to the museum. If you wanted to....maybe you could wait. With me. Till she comes.

DEBBIE  
*(sitting with intense  
gratitude)*

Sure.

ANDY  
If you're not going anywhere.

DEBBIE  
I'm not.

ANDY  
*(holding out her hand)*  
You can call me Andy. You don't like Deborah.

DEBBIE  
*(shaking hands)*  
You can call me Debbie.

ANDY  
Hello Debbie.

DEBBIE  
Hello Andy.

ANDY  
Debbie?

DEBBIE  
Yes Andy?

ANDY  
If you're not going anywhere, why are you here?

DEBBIE  
I'm quitting smoking by riding the subway.

ANDY  
How?

DEBBIE  
You can't smoke in the subway.

ANDY  
No...

DEBBIE  
So I come down in the morning and I ride all day till I'm exhausted and I go home and fall into bed. And then I get up and do it again.

ANDY  
You ride the subway.

DEBBIE  
Yes.

ANDY  
All day?

DEBBIE  
For two weeks now.

ANDY  
So you won't smoke.

DEBBIE  
It's not as crazy as it sounds.

ANDY  
It sounds crazy.

DEBBIE  
Val is at horse camp for six weeks. I can't believe Gordon bought her horse camp. I lose my job and he buys her horse camp! Then it's off to some family cottage of his fiancée. "You don't mind do you mummy? Myrna's not so bad. I can swim and it'll be fun!" *(she blows a raspberry)* That's two months. Eight weeks. I have to be free and clear by the time Val gets home because I am not going to let Gordon take her away from me. I will not go down without a fight. I will not fail.

ANDY  
Honey...

DEBBIE  
Don't say it! Don't say it. I'm failing! Goddamn Rabbits!

ANDY  
They're probably gone.

DEBBIE  
Filthy stinking devil loving Rabbits!

ANDY  
I'm sure they're gone. Do you want me to look again.

DEBBIE  
I keep waiting for some kind of thank you from my body. Some sort of release. "Thank you for not smoking!" I keep waiting for it to sink in that I've quit and it's not sinking. Where's my euphoria? Where's my jubilation? I shouldn't be surprised. Smoking's just a ball and chain from the inside right? But I've never read about anyone seeing rabbits unless they're crazy and I'm not! *(she sighs)* I do think I'm addicted to diet coke and Nibs. Can't focus on that. One addiction at a time. It's nuts.

ANDY

Crazy.

DEBBIE

I'm not crazy.

ANDY

Crazy is one step away from nuts.

DEBBIE

I am raising a daughter. I used to be a prune face with a power job. My apartment is clean no matter what my death-till-us-part-I-love-you-I-love-you-I-love-you-ex says. I shower every day and I don't wear my underwear on the outside of my clothes. Surely that's a sign of sanity? I go out every day and I look at the number of people who don't wear underwear on the outside of their clothes and I count myself among their number. I CAN'T BE CRAZY!! (*very calm, not looking at ANDY*) Shouting is crazy.

ANDY

I didn't say it.

DEBBIE

You're right. I never should have started talking to you. I started talking and now I can't stop. When I'm sitting on the subway, no one knows what I'm doing or who I am. Just another face. Another body in a seat. No one cares. As far as anyone knows, I'm just a normal person on a normal journey. I can even pretend I'm going somewhere normal. Just to the dentist. Just to see a friend for lunch. I can pretend I'm normal.

ANDY

Do you want to smoke now?

DEBBIE

So bad. I want nicotine sitting in my lungs.

ANDY

Ball and chain. Ball and chain.

DEBBIE

And if Gordon finds out about the Rabbits, I'm sunk.

ANDY

Crazy isn't forever.

DEBBIE

Losing my daughter could be.

ANDY

Jane says I live in the past. She doesn't like the museum. If it wasn't for me, we wouldn't be doing it. I said we could go elsewhere but she wouldn't have it.

DEBBIE

Sounds like you have a nice daughter.

ANDY

After the baby we won't be able to do things.

DEBBIE

*(looking at her watch)*

It's getting late huh? When's she due?

ANDY

She's six months along.

DEBBIE

No I meant -

ANDY

Starting to look like a regular basketball.

DEBBIE

Well I guess I meant both.

ANDY

It's a boy. You can tell by the shape.

DEBBIE

I remember six months.

ANDY

It's better if she has a boy.

DEBBIE

My ankles turned to - what do you mean it's better if she has a boy?

ANDY

*(Flustered)*

Aren't you going?

DEBBIE

It shouldn't matter if she has a boy or a girl.

ANDY

You're not going.

*She busies herself with her bags.*

DEBBIE

A baby is a baby is a baby.

ANDY

*(distractedly)*

A baby is a baby is a baby.

DEBBIE

Boy, girl -

ANDY

My father wished I was a boy.

DEBBIE

So. People wish things. My father wished he sang back up for Stevie Nicks.

ANDY

He told me so.

DEBBIE

I wished I never started smoking and look where that got me.

ANDY

All the time.

DEBBIE

Wishes are nothing but words.

ANDY

He said, he told me, to my face, he was waiting for me to come out and he was betting on a sure thing. He bet the farm. It's a boy, it's a boy, it's a boy. And the winner is George Freeman! And then I came out. Right on the living room floor. And he looked at my mother and he said: And the *(said together fast so it sounds like "Andee" like her name)* loser is George Freeman. He was around for awhile. And then less. And then not at all. I just don't want Paul to leave Janie. That's...I just don't want it. I don't want it.

*ANDY continues to busy herself with her bags. DEBBIE leans back for a moment and considers ANDY as if really seeing her for the first time. There's a pause.*

DEBBIE

What time is she coming to pick you up?

ANDY

Soon.

DEBBIE  
Do you want to call her?

ANDY  
No.

DEBBIE  
There's a pay phone right down -

ANDY  
I don't want to leave my things.

DEBBIE  
I'll look after your things.

ANDY  
I don't want you too.

DEBBIE  
I promise I'll do a good job. You can watch me the whole time.

ANDY  
I don't have the number. I can't call because I don't have the number.

DEBBIE  
What's her last name? We could look it up in the phone book.

ANDY  
How's your dog?

DEBBIE  
What?

ANDY  
How's your dog? How's your dog?

DEBBIE  
I don't have one.

ANDY  
You better take care of her. Did you walk her? You better walk her?

DEBBIE  
Why are you sitting here?

ANDY  
I'm waiting for my daughter. She's taking me out to lunch.

DEBBIE  
Let me call her then. What's her last name?

ANDY

How's your dog?

DEBBIE

Are you staying somewhere?

ANDY

How's your dog?

DEBBIE

Andy, I don't -

ANDY

*(more and more flustered and desperate)*

How's your dog! How's your dog! How's your dog! How's your dog!  
 dog! How's your dog! How's your dog! How's your dog! How's your dog!  
 your dog! How's your dog! How's your dog! How's your dog!  
 How's your dog! How's your dog!

*There is a pause. A subway enters and exits.*

DEBBIE

My dog is fine. She's fine.

ANDY

Do you walk her every day?

DEBBIE

Yes.

ANDY

You better. *(not wanting her to go)*\_ Are you going?

DEBBIE

No. No. I don't have anywhere to go.

ANDY

Me either.

*There is a pause.*

DEBBIE

I was thinking. About the Rabbits. *(trying to get ANDY to look at her)* Hey.

ANDY

*(still flustered)*

What?

DEBBIE

I was thinking about the Rabbits. I need to deal with them.

ANDY

When?

DEBBIE

No time like the present. I'm not going to let them beat me.

ANDY

No.

DEBBIE

You could deal with the space men too. Tell them where they stand. If you wanted to.

ANDY

But not the ducks.

DEBBIE

Ducks are stupid.

ANDY

We don't care about the stupid ducks.

DEBBIE

I think we need to tell those Rabbits to fuck right off.

ANDY

*(mulling it over)*

Fuck right off...

DEBBIE

They think they're the boss of me. No, no my little friends.

ANDY

No good stinking devil loving Rabbits.

DEBBIE

You are not the boss of me. Who is the boss?

ANDY

We are?

DEBBIE

That's right. We are the boss because we are the boss and we can stand right up with a clear mind and pure heart and say: FUCK YOU RABBITS!

ANDY

Fuck you Rabbits!

DEBBIE

Fuck you and your fucking Rabbit faces and your fucking Rabbit waves!

ANDY  
Fuck your fucking waves!

DEBBIE  
Fuck right off!

ANDY  
Fuck you space men!

DEBBIE  
Fuck you, you fucking space men!

ANDY  
Fuck you and your stupid fucking plan for world domination!

DEBBIE  
Fuck the magnets!

ANDY  
Fuck the cereal!

DEBBIE & ANDY  
Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!

DEBBIE  
That's the spirit!

ANDY  
People are staring.

DEBBIE  
Who cares? We're only doing what they wish they could do.

ANDY  
I'm gonna say it. I'm gonna let them have it.

DEBBIE  
Say it. Say it!

ANDY  
Fuck you Ducks!

DEBBIE  
Victory! Victory!

ANDY  
Fuck off you fucking ducks!

DEBBIE  
Fucking Victory! Sic semper tyranus! Sic semper tyranus!

ANDY  
Fuck you all! Fuck everybody!

*They both cheer and hug. This puts ANDY off balance. DEBBIE doesn't notice.*

ANDY

Everybody'll think we're crazy.

DEBBIE

And are they wrong? Anyone tries to turn their nose up at us, we'll say "Fuck You" to them too.

ANDY

Do you think they're gone? The Rabbits?

DEBBIE

I think we banished them good. You know what? I'm not even going to look on the tracks. I'm not going to give them the satisfaction. They can't wave at me if I'm not looking. *(she laughs and hugs ANDY again)* Thank you.

ANDY

Oh I....never mind.

DEBBIE

I am starving! Wanna get a hot dog?

ANDY

No, no.

DEBBIE

I can just taste it. I am so craving a chilli cheese dog.

ANDY

I'm waiting for my daughter.

DEBBIE

We won't be long.

ANDY

She's taking me out to lunch.

DEBBIE

*(trying another tactic)*

We'll just be a minute. You must be starving too. We'll get the dogs and come right back down.

ANDY

What if I miss her? The whole day will be ruined.

DEBBIE

I know but -

ANDY

We're going to the museum. She hates the museum. If it wasn't for me, we wouldn't be going. If it wasn't for me, she wouldn't have had to come out. She only did it for me. She's such a....she's the light of my life that girl. I just get my own sunshine every time I see her. I love seeing her. Waiting for her it just torture, it's like I got no sun. No warmth. There's no warmth without her. If it wasn't for me, she wouldn't have been on the platform. Wouldn't have stood too close to the edge. There are a lot of crazies out there. Crazies who have nothing better to do but ruin people's lives. She didn't do anything to him. If it wasn't for me she never would have been there. Wouldn't have been there....and I couldn't....and she..... She'll be here any minute. I'm sure of it. *(she turns to stare at DEBBIE, and it's as if the previous had never happened)* Aren't you going? You should go. You should go.

*ANDY turns away from DEBBIE and gathers her things around her. DEBBIE sits slow, looking sadly at ANDY.*

*The Group from the top of the play enters. All in a single line, heads bent down, hand on the shoulder of the person in front. Something reminiscent of a chain gang. They move slowly and with a shuffle. They are all tired and drained.*

*During the following ANDY and DEBBIE exit separately.*

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

DEAN

Have to make THIS train.

PETER

Take me home on THIS train.

CHARLIE

Or THAT train.

HANNAH

What does it matter?

PETER

Missed dinner again.

CHARLIE

Microwave popcorn again.

HANNAH  
Missed the gym again.

LISE  
Take me home. Take me home.

HANNAH  
Take me home on THIS train.

PETER  
Or THAT train.

CHARLIE  
Just take me home.

HANNAH  
Didn't get lunch today.

LISE  
Interview number thirty-eight tomorrow.

DEAN  
Where did the day go?

HANNAH  
One minute it's nine o'clock and the next it's four thirty.

PETER  
One minute it's nine o'clock and the next it's six thirty.

DEAN  
Nine thirty.

LISE  
This is the one.

CHARLIE  
Pregnancy test number four.

LISE  
This job is perfect for me.

CHARLIE  
They're all the same.

PETER  
I do everything right. I have a good job.

CHARLIE  
Everything I've worked for.

PETER  
I coach my son's little league team.

CHARLIE

Everything those fuckers say I am.

PETER

I have my mother and mother in law over to the house on alternate weekends.

CHARLIE

Everything's gone. It's all gone.

PETER

I believe in the bonds of family.

CHARLIE

One fell swoop.

PETER

I believe in working hard and doing a good job. I do a good job. I work nights if I have to. I work weekends but I've never missed one of my son's games or dinner with my mother in law.

HANNAH & LISE

So tired.

PETER

I hate my job. I hate my family. And my family hates me.

CHARLIE

I am so tired.

PETER

When did that happen?

LISE

Take me home on THIS train.

CHARLIE

Or THAT train.

HANNAH

What does it matter?

LISE

I know this is the job for me. I know it.

ALL

This step. This step. This step. This step.

HANNAH

One step closer.

DEAN  
Just have to keep moving.

HANNAH  
One step at a time.

PETER  
Take me home.

CHARLIE  
Take me home.

LISE  
Take me home.

CHARLIE  
Lull me to sleep.

HANNAH  
Rock me in your arms.

LISE  
And let's pretend,

PETER  
If only for a moment,

HANNAH  
That you never have to take me to work again.

*The group, except for DEAN shuffles off stage.*

*The scene is a subway platform, late at night, just before 1:45 am. At one end of the bench sits RITA. RITA is dressed in a polyester cleaner's uniform, neutral nylons, white socks and white runners. A large worn bag sits at her feet. She is reading the Farmer's Almanac.*

*DEAN is slumped on the other side of the bench. His suit is rumpled, his tie askew, and he is sound asleep. He cradles his briefcase in his lap.*

*Pacing back and forth beside the bench is KILLORAN. His satchel and guitar case are on the floor. He is singing.*

KILLORAN

Man walks long with a ball and chain.  
 Man strikes down with a silver cane.  
 Man drives hard in the pouring rain.  
 What's there to lose, What's there to gain?  
 What's there to choose, what's your pain...

*He continues to hum. He reaches into his satchel and pulls out a battered notebook and writes down his words.*

KILLORAN

What's there to lose, what's there to gain? What's there to choose, what's your pain... Excellent.

*He laughs to himself and slides a glance at RITA who is paying him no mind.*

KILLORAN

I hate waiting. I hate waiting. Hate it. I hate waiting for trains. I hate waiting for buses. (to RITA) Don't you? (RITA does not look up) Especially buses. Especially at outside bus stops. Especially at outside bus stops in the rain. (he sings) Man drives hard in the pouring rain... (he blows air through his lips in a bored gesture) Hot. Hoooooot. Hoot. Hoot. Hoot. (he slides another glance at RITA) Whew! Man Alive! Pretty hot don't you think?

*By now RITA has looked up. KILLORAN gleefully grins at her.*

RITA

No.

*She goes back to her book.*

KILLORAN

I think it's pretty hot. The air gets trapped. I guess. That's what I guess. The air is waiting too. Waiting to be set free. Hot. Hot. Hoot Hot. Hardy hot hot. (sings to himself) Hot Man walks long with a ball and chain, Mr. Hot man strikes down with a (he slams his notebook down. RITA jumps) I have to ask I have to ask, I have to - did I startle you?

RITA

Yes.

KILLORAN

My mother is always saying I move too quick, speak too soon, she's always saying don't be so...POW!

She's like a...a swan, she's a slow moving stream; gliding, smooth. Very smooth, my mom.

*He sits down beside RITA.*

KILLORAN

Do you mind?

RITA

Do I mind if you sit?

KILLORAN

No, do you mind if I ask you a question?

RITA:

Depends on the question.

KILLORAN

I just thought, we're both here, we're both waiting..

RITA

So?

KILLORAN

So?

RITA

So that doesn't entitle you to talk to me.

KILLORAN

Oh. That's one way of looking at it. I just..... *(there is a pause. RITA returns to her reading)* You don't like to talk to strangers do you?

RITA

*(not looking up)*

Not at 1:30 in the morning.

KILLORAN

Riiiiiiiiight. I didn't think of that. *(he slaps himself on the head)* Idiote! Ok. If I stand over there, out of arm's reach like, would you mind if I ask a question?

RITA

*(with a sigh)*

I suppose not.

KILLORAN

Excellent. *(he stands up, moves away and talks loudly)* I want to - Hey, you don't think I'll wake Mr. Sleeper Man do you?

RITA

I don't know. He was asleep when I sat down.

KILLORAN

Excellent. My question is, what I am bursting to know is this: why are you reading the Farmer's Almanac? And don't say "because" because "because" is not an answer. It's an answer people give when they don't want to answer and even though it's 1:30, I'm over here; I've met you halfway. So. Why?

RITA

I like to.

KILLORAN

You do?

RITA

Yes.

KILLORAN

So it's not a joke? You're reading it on purpose?

RITA

No, I'm reading it by accident.

KILLORAN

Why? Not the accident part, I know you're using sarcasm to emphasize the stupidity of my comment. Why the on purpose part?

RITA

Because I like it.

KILLORAN

So you're standing in your library and you have a plethora of toms to chose from and it's: spy book, Almanac, spy book, Almanac, spy book, Almanac?

RITA

I don't like spy books.

KILLORAN

Nonetheless, my point still stands.

RITA

I was on my way home one night, it was on a seat, I picked it up and now I buy it. Why? Well ...It's interesting. It's poetic. It's soothing. It's quirky in a gentle kind of way. I like it.

KILLORAN

Oh.

RITA

What did you think I was going to say?

KILLORAN

I don't know, something, I thought, I was standing here thinking that maybe you were a weather freak or something, a weather fanatic instead of a leather fanatic; you know a fetish about leather, uh, the weather. And I thought that was the most fascinating thing I ever heard, it's something I've never heard of, it's kind of trippy and isn't that what Almanacs are for? They tell the weather right?

RITA

Are you high?

KILLORAN

Huh?

RITA

You seem to have trouble standing still.

KILLORAN

Oh no. No. No. No. I'm not high. Not artificially high. I am high on life.

RITA

Right.

KILLORAN

*(getting a little too close)*

Can I tell you something? Do you mind?

RITA

*(leaning back)*

Sure.

KILLORAN

*(moving away)*

Sorry, sorry. Back it up boy, back it up. How's that? *(he reaches out his arms in a gangly way to demonstrate that he is out of arms reach)* SO. I've been dying to tell this to somebody. A guy put 50 bucks in my case today! *(he hoots)* 50 bucks! Can you believe it? This guy listened to me for 10 minutes. I thought he was perhaps a creepy but then he peels off the bill and floats it into the case. "Good luck man," he says. 50 bucks!

RITA

Congratulations.

KILLORAN

*(with a flourishing bow)*

Thank you.

RITA

What are you going to spend it on?

KILLORAN

Oh it's gone, gone. I got some cds and some picks and poof there it goes...50 bucks. I wonder how many times that'll happen.

RITA

Did you eat?

KILLORAN

Huh?

RITA

Did you eat? You look like the type who forgets to eat.

KILLORAN

I guess I did. Forget. I...I was too excited. (he grins) You know?

RITA

Barely.

*She puts her book down and starts rummaging through her bag.*

KILLORAN

Can I look at the book?

RITA

Knock yourself out.

*KILLORAN dashes over to grab the Almanac and flips through it as he moves back to his spot.*

KILLORAN

Should I fold your place over?

RITA

Don't bother.

KILLORAN

November 23rd, November 23, November - Cooooool. Boris Karloff was born on my birthday! Very Cool.

*The intercom crackles and the voice of REGGIE at Transit Control is heard.*

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

Attention all you crazy subway passengers. Welcome to the midnight hour. It's late in the evening and we here at Transit Control appreciate your patronage.

KILLORAN

*(with a appreciative laugh)*

Who is this guy?

RITA

That's Reggie. He wants to be a DJ.

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

I see all of you out there waiting for that last train.

KILLORAN

This is the way the announcements should always be done. Out of sight!

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

I know you dudes want to get home to your pads to get tight with your loved ones but I got me some bad news. We've hit a bit of a snag, cats.

RITA

Shit.

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

Our crews are at the scene and it's all groovy. We'll get things rolling as soon as humanly possible. Kick back, relax, maybe take a little snooze. Old Reggie's on the mike and he won't let anyone miss that lonely last train. He looks out for all his late night souls. Let the sisters say amen brother.

RITA

Amen Brother.

KILLORAN

Amen to the choir!

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

Stay cool. Transit Control over and out.

KILLORAN

*(yelling out)*

Rock on Reggie! *(to DEAN)* Sorry Sleeper Man.

*RITA pulls a sandwich out of her bag.*

RITA

Here, eat this.

KILLORAN

What is it?

RITA

It's a sandwich. Ham and lettuce and mustard. Might be a little stale but the bread's homemade.

KILLORAN

Don't you want it? Isn't that your dinner or something?

RITA

*(she holds it out)*

Here.

KILLORAN

Are you sure?

RITA

It'll just go to waste. Sit down and eat.

KILLORAN

Ok.

*KILLORAN takes the sandwich and sits beside RITA. He devours it like someone who hasn't eaten. RITA watches him. KILLORAN realizes he's being watched.*

KILLORAN

Sorry. You usually feed strangers?

RITA

Only skinny hopped up musicians.

KILLORAN

I'm not high.

RITA

Ok, you're not high.

KILLORAN

Don't you eat?

RITA

*(she shakes her head)*

Not really. It's just me at home and... Can I have my book back?

*KILLORAN hands the book back and RITA resumes reading.*

KILLORAN

I look like a musician huh? Do I look like a rock star?

RITA  
*(not looking up)*

Sure.

KILLORAN  
 You're not even looking. *(with his mouth full)* What do you think's wrong?

RITA  
 Suicide.

KILLORAN  
 Really?

RITA  
 Only thing that holds up the trains for this long is a jumper.

KILLORAN  
 Cool.

RITA  
*(harsh)*  
 You think so?

KILLORAN  
 No. No. I didn't mean it that way. It's sad.

RITA  
 It's despair. Despair and heartbreak and loneliness.

KILLORAN  
 You are one melodic lady.

RITA  
 Why?

KILLORAN  
 You say things in a *(he snaps is fingers a couple of times)*  
 You have scat in your words.

RITA  
 Hmmmm.

KILLORAN  
 Go on.

RITA  
 I don't have anything else to say.

KILLORAN  
 Sure you do. I can tell. You got...bubbly bubbly underneath-  
 you know?

RITA

Not a clue.

KILLORAN

You got stuff to say. I can tell.

RITA

Nope. Sorry.

*She goes back to her book but can't get into it. She sighs.*

KILLORAN

See that there? Volumes. Volumes! Come on...

RITA

I just think....I think there's nothing lonelier than throwing yourself on the tracks at night. In the morning it's a scene. You stop the world. In the middle of the night who's to know? It won't even make the papers. Who are you stopping? A cleaner and a musician. Who are we?

KILLORAN

That's way cynical.

RITA

How old are you?

KILLORAN

Don't play the age card! Age has nothing to do with a person's world view.

RITA

So how old are you?

KILLORAN

Twenty-one, and don't tell me I'm too young. "Oh you're so young, you're a baby, you don't know any better." I'm not young. I'm not a baby. I'm an adult, ok? I can vote, I can drink, I can die for my country, not sure how I feel about that but, these are the factors and features that determine an adult and I got'em. Ok?

RITA

Ok Skinny.

KILLORAN

How old are you?

RITA

A gentleman never asks a lady her age.

KILLORAN  
Well La-di-da.

DEAN  
WHO THE FUCK ARE YOU!!!

*Both KILLORAN and RITA scream. DEAN is talking in his sleep.*

DEAN  
WHAT! THE! FUCK!

KILLORAN  
What the fuck is right. I just about had a second helping of that ham sandwich.

DEAN  
No...no...no I can't. I don't have any skates.

*DEAN mumbles, turns over and is quiet.  
RITA and KILLORAN look at each other.  
RITA bursts into laughter.*

RITA  
Oh my God. He must give his wife a constant heart attack. Can you imagine sleeping next to that? *(she continues to giggle)*

KILLORAN  
*(as if in triumph)*  
Ah ha! I knew it.

RITA  
Knew what?

KILLORAN  
I knew you were in there. It took a screaming swearing sleeping man but I bear him no grudge.

RITA  
You don't eh?

KILLORAN  
I share in his victory. Now we can a proper conversation maybe? I may be a kook, but I'm not as kooky as that.

RITA  
*(she giggles again)*  
You know those cats in the cartoons and whenever they get scared they leap up to the ceiling hanging on for dear life with their hair standing on end? I can just see his wife springing out of bed, nightgown flapping behind her, swinging on the chandelier.

KILLORAN

A chandelier in the bedroom. How posh.

RITA

And the next morning he comes down fresh as a daisy and she's ready to brain him with a frying pan. (*she gives a sigh as her giggles subside*) I wonder how much longer the train is going to be. (*she sighs again*)

KILLORAN

You can't go back to reading your book now. We've had a bonding moment. Come on. Let's shoot the shit. Chit chat. Gal pal. Jabber gabber?

RITA

You are...

KILLORAN

What?

RITA

Nothing. What's your name?

KILLORAN

(*with great pride and a flourishing bow*)

It is with great pleasure that I introduce myself: Killoran at your service.

RITA

Your mother gave you that? On purpose?

KILLORAN

No by accident. During labour my mother kept yelling out Kill! Kill! And the doctor thought she was shouting out the name of the baby.

RITA

Ha. Ha.

KILLORAN

On purpose, my mother gave me Sheldon. Sheldon. How many rock stars are named Sheldon?

RITA

I can't think of any.

KILLORAN

Exactly. Killoran's my mother's maiden name.

RITA

She must be thrilled. (*sticking out her hand*) I'm Rita.

Charmed.  
KILLORAN

*He kisses her hand. There is a pause.*

Now what?  
RITA

KILLORAN  
You are bound and determined to make this difficult aren't you. Ok. Ask me a question.

RITA  
Ok. (*she thinks*) What school do you go to?

KILLORAN  
It's July.

RITA  
When it's not July what school do you go to? What are you taking?

KILLORAN  
I don't do school. I'm not into learning in the traditional sense.

RITA  
Really?

KILLORAN  
Classrooms are confining. And boring. Anti-insomnia.

RITA  
So what do you do?

KILLORAN  
Things. I play my guitar. Hang with my friends.

RITA  
Oh?

KILLORAN  
I'm really into busking now. It's a life lesson man, playing for change.

RITA  
You can't live on change.

KILLORAN  
It's easy peasy. I just go to the Bank of Mom.

RITA  
Is that right? Your mother pays your rent?

KILLORAN

Uh uh. I live at home.

RITA

You do? Oh.

*There is a pause.*

KILLORAN

*(singing)*

"There's been a change in the weather..." *(RITA doesn't say anything)* Rita! What happened?

RITA

Hmmm?

KILLORAN

All of a sudden we've reached blizzard conditions.

RITA

Look, I don't really know you... I don't know you so I'm not going to say anything. *(she picks up her book and starts to read again)*

KILLORAN

But you're dying to aren't ya. *(there's a pause)* Come on, I can take it. Rita..... Rita.....say what's on your mind.

RITA

I don't think so.

KILLORAN

Say it.

RITA

No.

KILLORAN

I'm telling you it's all right. You think I shouldn't be living at home.

RITA

I didn't say that.

KILLORAN

You're thinking it. You think I'm 21 and I'm not in school and I don't have a job and I'm living off my parents.

RITA

I didn't say that.

KILLORAN

You said, "Oh," which really means, this no good kid is talking about how he's this and he's that, when in reality he's just another lazy ass sponging off his spoiled nature dropping 50 bucks the drain.

RITA

I didn't say that.

KILLORAN

And you were this close (*holds up his fingers*) to liking me too. Ohhhhhhhh, what a shame. It's ok, you know. You can like me. I'm not another lazy ass.

RITA

Good.

KILLORAN

But you don't believe me. (*he goes into his satchel and pulls out his notebook. He flips through the pages, singing as he does so*) "What's there to loose, what's there to gain, What's there to choose, what's -" (*he pulls out a photo and hands it to RITA*) Here, what does that look like.

RITA

(*looking at the photo*)

It looks like a woman -

KILLORAN

My mother.

RITA

- standing in front of a house.

KILLORAN

That's it exactly.

RITA

So what?

KILLORAN

My mom runs an in-between house. Do you know what that is? (*RITA shakes her head*) It's a place where people who have been in an institution, specifically a mental institution, can go before they have to face the real world on their own. It's the in between world. And on the days when a new person comes in, like today, I have to make myself scarce for a really long time because too many faces aren't a good idea. And once they do meet me, I'm like helper Dan, I teach them guitar, I play cards, I talk to them. And as long as I do that, then I have access to the Bank of Mom because it's kind of like I'm working for her.

And as long as I'm being helpful I can do what I want to sort out what I want to do with my life cause I haven't figured it out yet. Why should I spend my hard earned cash and my mom's very hard earned cash on something I haven't figured out yet? So. That's the scoop. Do you like me now?

RITA

*(handing back the picture)*

Your mother does look like a slow moving stream.

KILLORAN

Thank you.

*The intercom crackles again. REGGIE is on the airwaves.*

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

Attention all you subway passengers. We're still in a holding pattern here.

*RITA gives a little groan. She gets up and starts to pace. She stretches a bit and holds her back.*

REGGIE

*(voice over)*

Just wanted to let you know that Reggie hasn't forgotten his midnight souls. Reggie is on the scene, on the button, on top of it all. We all want to go home my friends, we all want to take that last ride and we will. Stay cool. Transit Control over and out.

RITA

It must be bad. It must be really bad. *(she sighs)* So you're going to be a rock star huh?

KILLORAN

What?

RITA

You want to talk, I'm talking. Let's go, chop chop.

KILLORAN

Ok, ok! Yes I want to be a rock star. I have a band but they never want to practice. They just want girls. I keep trying to tell them they'll get girls if we sound half way decent but they don't listen. I want to be a solo artist I think, but they don't know that yet. Does your back really hurt?

RITA

I'm fine. What's the band called?

KILLORAN

The Dead Ferrets, which I hate. Our drummer, Matt, he's loud, he says everything loud and that's how things usually get done.

*DEAN lets out a big snore.*

RITA

I wish I could sleep like that.

KILLORAN

He's sleeping like a baby.

RITA

What's a man got to have going on in his life that he falls asleep in a train station?

KILLORAN

He could be one of those guys who can fall asleep anywhere. I have a cousin who does that. He cat naps all day. He says, I'm taking a twenty and he folds his arms and he's asleep. He doesn't get kinks or nothing. Wakes up twenty minutes later fresh as a daisy.

RITA

I don't know your cousin, but I hate him.

KILLORAN

How do you sleep?

RITA

I don't.

KILLORAN

You don't eat and you don't sleep. You could be a vampire.

RITA

And what would you say if I was?

KILLORAN

Hello vampire. I don't sleep either. I'm up all night prowling around. That's why I should be a rock star. I got the hours down pat.

RITA

My son used to sleep with his eyes open.

KILLORAN

No way.

RITA

It's true. I'd go up to the side of his crib and there he'd be with these big blue orbs staring right at me.

KILLORAN

That would be so cool. Think of all the people you could freak out. What does your son do?

RITA

Not much of anything right now.

KILLORAN

Ah ha! That's why you were up my nose. You weren't mad at me doing nothing, you were really mad at your son. I'll bet that his nothing is a disguise for a really good something underneath. You ask him.

RITA

I can't.

KILLORAN

Why not?

RITA

He's in jail.

KILLORAN

Oh.

RITA

That kind of nothing.

KILLORAN

Look, I- I didn't mean, I didn't mean to say that -

RITA

Don't get yourself in a knot.

KILLORAN

I just didn't expect, that was unexpected.

RITA

I shouldn't have said anything.

KILLORAN

It was just BAM out there in the air. When you go you really go don't you?

RITA

I should have lied. Said he was a doctor.

KILLORAN

You don't look like the type.

RITA

To lie? You don't get out much.

KILLORAN

I think I can read people pretty well.

RITA

You thought I had a fetish for low overlying cloud cover and snow showers.

KILLORAN

That's different.

RITA

So read me.

KILLORAN

What now?

RITA

You read people pretty good. Tell me who I am Skinny.

KILLORAN

I'm not skinny.

RITA

Come on, who am I?

*DEAN snorts and snores again.*

KILLORAN

What do you suppose Mr. Man does?

RITA

He looks like a financial planner.

KILLORAN

That's a rather specific guess. How can you tell?

RITA

They all look the same. Dark under eye circles down to their chins. Rumpled suits. In at dawn, out at midnight. When I go in to clean the offices they're never empty anymore. They used to be deserted. Now you have to be on your toes; you never know who's around the corner.

KILLORAN:

I never want a day job, desk job, kill my soul job.

RITA

Sometimes you don't get a choice.

KILLORAN

Come on. There's always a choice. A fork in the road. Left - no soul, right - soul.

RITA

If you say so. Wonder what makes this guy so mad in his sleep.

KILLORAN

He's got stuff on his sub-conscious.

RITA

He's got stuff all right.

DEAN

FUCK!!

RITA

I wonder if he swears at his wife like that.

*RITA sits with a sigh and rubs her face.*

RITA

How much longer, how much longer.....

*DEAN snorts. KILLORAN comes to stand over him.*

KILLORAN

Maybe we should wake him up. Tell him what's going on.

RITA

He probably needs the sleep.

KILLORAN

I guess there's no point if there's no train.

*At this point while KILLORAN is leaning right over him, DEAN, unexpectedly wakes up.*

DEAN

What the fuck are you doing!

RITA

Jesus Christ!

*Both KILLORAN and RITA jump back a mile. DEAN jumps up swinging. He gets right in KILLORAN'S face.*

DEAN

What are you doing! What you doing eh? What you think you're doing? You want my wallet! You little shit! *(he pushes KILLORAN)*

KILLORAN

Hey!

DEAN

You thinking of taking my wallet?

*RITA gets between KILLORAN and DEAN.*

RITA

He wasn't doing anything.

SLEEPER

You think you can rob me? Rob a sleeping man is that it?

RITA

He didn't do anything!

KILLORAN

Dude take a breath!

DEAN

Where am I? Where the fuck am I?

RITA

In the subway.

DEAN

What the fuck am I doing in the subway? What time is it? What time is it? Where's my watch? Where's my watch? (*right in RITA's face*) Did you take my watch? Did you take my fucking watch you fucking bitch?

RITA

If you don't stop shouting at me I'm going to punch you in the head.

DEAN

If you don't give me my watch right now, I'm gonna do worse than that lady, you better believe me, you better fucking believe me!

KILLORAN

*(by the bench)*

It's right here. Your watch is here.

DEAN

So you think you're gonna take my watch? Is that it? Steal my watch? Pay for your crack with my watch?

KILLORAN

Why would I tell you where your watch is if I was going to steal it?

DEAN

DON'T GET SMART YOU LITTLE FUCKING PIECE OF NO GOOD PIECE OF

*RITA knees DEAN in the crotch. He doubles over.*

DEAN

*(groaning)*

Jesus what did you do that for?

RITA

You're an asshole, that's what for.

DEAN

Jesus.

*DEAN slides to the floor.*

KILLORAN

Nothing like a knee to the Sally-Ann to make you see life differently eh?

RITA

Now you shut up. You just shut up. It's too late at night for shouting. You've got your wallet and you've got your watch and no one is trying to do anything to you. Sit down and shut up.

DEAN

What do you expect lady? I wake up in the subway in the middle of the night and this guy is right in my face and - *(he's searching his pockets)* Where's my phone. Where's my phone. Fuck!

KILLORAN

I didn't touch your phone.

DEAN

Jesus fucking Christ. That's the third one this year. My wife is gonna kill me. Where's the pay phone?

KILLORAN

That way. Way down that way.

DEAN

Jesus Christ. She's gonna to kill me. She's gonna lock my ass out, that's what she threatened to do the last time I didn't call. She thinks I'm sleeping around. Do I look like the type of guy who sleeps around? *(he's feeling his pockets as he start to walk away)* Fuck. Either of you have a quarter?

Sorry. RITA

Uh uh. KILLORAN

Fuck. DEAN

*DEAN exits.*

KILLORAN  
Guess all that stuff on his sub-conscious isn't really on his sub-conscious. Seems very much conscious. What do you suppose that means?

RITA  
He's an asshole asleep and awake.

*The Intercom crackles. REGGIE is on the airwaves.*

REGGIE  
*(voice over)*  
Uh attention all subway passengers. This is Reggie. We're....*(to someone we can't hear)* I'm telling them man, I'm telling them! *(back on the mic)* We're uh still in a delay situation.

*From offstage we hear DEAN.*

Fuck! DEAN

REGGIE  
*(voice over)*  
Emergency crews are on the scene. Thank you for your patience.

*RITA sighs and sits down. She leans forward, trying to stretch out her back.*

KILLORAN  
Can I uh, ask you a question? You don't have to answer if you don't to. I'm just curious. I'm a curious guy. I like to ask question, and if you don't want -

What? RITA

What did he do? KILLORAN

RITA  
Who? (*pointing off*) That guy?

KILLORAN  
No, um, your son.

*RITA gets up and moves down the platform.*

KILLORAN  
Forget it. Forget I said it. I didn't mean to -

RITA  
Don't get yourself in a knot. There's nothing much to tell. He got into a fight. Pushed another boy down the stairs. Accidentally. Broke his neck and died. Involuntary manslaughter - 20 years.

KILLORAN:  
Shit. How old is he?

RITA  
Same as you.

KILLORAN  
You do not have a 21 year old son.

RITA  
I do. I'm 37.

KILLORAN  
37? You don't look 37.

RITA  
No?

KILLORAN  
If you're 37 and your son is 21, that means....

RITA  
I was 16. I wasn't a baby either. I was 16 and my parents kicked me out and my boyfriend skipped town with my brother. Can you read me now?

*RITA picks up her book and starts to read again. KILLORAN paces. There is a pause.*

KILLORAN  
I've never even shoplifted a toothpick. (*pause*) I thought about it but I don't think I would last too long in prison. (*pause*) Is he all right?

RITA

I don't know.

KILLORAN

You're mad at him. Totally understandable.

RITA

No that's not it.

KILLORAN

I know I do stuff that irritates my mom all the time -

RITA

He won't see me.

KILLORAN

He won't?

RITA

I go once a week and he's never let me see him.

KILLORAN

Why?

RITA

Because.

KILLORAN

Because why?

RITA

I don't want to talk about it.

KILLORAN

Rita, you can't leave me hanging.

RITA

Yes I can Sheldon.

KILLORAN

Come on, we're almost friends here.

RITA

*(very snappy)*

It's none of your business. Is that clear enough for you? Do you get it? None of your business.

*There is a pause.*

KILLORAN

You know, I think I'm just going to walk. I'd probably be home by now. *(he puts out his hand)* It was very nice to meet you Rita. Thanks for the sandwich.

My brain, I'm always speaking before I'm thinking and you should hear my mom rag me about that. So,

RITA

Hey...

KILLORAN

Who knows, we may cross paths again in the midnight hour. Scat, scat and all that. Have a nice evening. Morning. You know.

*He starts to leave.*

RITA

I'm sorry I snapped at you.

KILLORAN

S'ok. I'm a nosy bastard and I stuck my nose in your business. You had every right. Curiosity killed the cat right? I'm a dead feline. Good night.

RITA

I just don't...I don't talk about Peter. I don't... I don't have many conversations. I just - it just came out that way.

KILLORAN

Totally understandable. I'm sure not many people come up to you and ask you to spill out your secrets on the -

RITA

No. I don't just mean about...I don't have many conversations period. With anybody. About anything. I work, I go home, I wait for work, that's it. I don't talk. So, I just wanted to say I'm sorry I snapped at you. It just, came out like that. I haven't yelled at anyone in a long time.

KILLORAN

Well, I think you should talk more. You have a lot to talk about. Conversations are a work of art. It's not so hard you know, you just open your mouth and let something come out.

RITA

Easy for you to say.

KILLORAN

You need to talk to people Rita. You just can't do that work/home work/home, work/home thing. It'll suck the life right out of you.

RITA

Goodnight Sheldon.

KILLORAN

Why don't you do something else?



RITA

You were right. I don't lie. Not anymore. Ronny's my brother. He got into a fight, killed a man outside of a bar, in an alley, nobody saw. He came home and the first thing he did was confess. To me. We were close. We didn't have any secrets from each other and so he had to come right home and tell me what he had done. I wanted him to go to the police, but he begged at me. He pleaded at me. I won't survive jail he said. It was an accident. I didn't mean it. You gotta believe me Ritee, I didn't mean it, on my knees I didn't mean it. And I kept my mouth shut because I loved him. Another man was picked up and charged and convicted and I kept my mouth shut because I loved my brother. I thought he loved me. I thought he would come forward when the other man was charged but he just laughed. I'm home free Ritee. I'm home free. He seemed to move on, he shed what he had done like a skin. I couldn't do that. Every day I thought about it till I couldn't think of nothing else. And then Ronny just disappeared one day. He took off in a cloud of good times leaving me to drag my guilt across the floor behind me wherever I go. So much so that I didn't even notice my son was growing up just like Ronny. And Peter killed a man. And said it was an accident. And came to tell me what he had done. He begged and pleaded and he was on his knees. Please ma keep quiet. It was an accident. I didn't mean it. I'll never survive prison. He's right. I don't know if he will survive prison. I imagine his skin being peeled back layer by layer until I won't even recognize him anymore. It's only been a year. What's going to happen to him in five or ten? What if he's nothing but bones when he gets out?

KILLORAN

You turned him in.

RITA

I did.

KILLORAN

That's why he won't speak to you.

*RITA breaks away and starts yelling into the air.*

RITA

What the hell is going on around here! How long have we been waiting! It's 2:00 in the morning! Do we have to stay here all night! Don't you realize that we have lives? We have families and we have homes and we can't STAY HERE ALL NIGHT! Why doesn't anybody do anything? WHY?

*RITA collapses on the bench and puts her head in her hands. KILLORAN is stunned. He is thinking furiously.*

*He sits beside RITA gently and picks up the Almanac and begins to flip through it.*

KILLORAN

Let's see. I didn't know there were other things in an Almanac. There's zodiac information and holiday information....Did you know that Newfoundland has its own holidays? I didn't know that. They have a St. George Day. And a Discovery Day. And an Orangeman's day. That was just this week. The 9th. Do you know what Orangeman are? (he looks towards RITA who doesn't say anything) Neither do I. Let's see. November 23, November 23. Oh right. Boris Karloff. Let's see. What else goes on in November? Here's something: the first ticker tape parade was held on November 18, 1919. Why was that? D-uh stupid boy, WWI of course. Here's something: seafaring superstitions. Never name your boat with a name that ends in "a" and once you name the boat don't change it. Guess it's a good thing I'm not a boat. Never say the words: church, egg, knife or pig while at sea. Who knew?

*RITA moves in closer to KILLORAN. She puts her head on his shoulder and sighs.*

RITA

December 6th.

KILLORAN

Huh?

RITA

December 6th.

KILLORAN

What happens on December 6th?

RITA

Just read it.

KILLORAN:

Ok. December 6th. Heeeeey Ira Gershwin. 1896. Sammy Davis Junior was born on the 8th. That would have been an interesting duo. Gershwin and Sammy Davis. That would have been something to see.

*The intercom crackles. REGGIE is on the airwaves.*

REGGIE

Attention all subway passengers. Here it is cats, the news you've been waiting for. The incident that we were experiencing has been cleared and the train to slumber is on its way. Wake up my friends. Wake up my friends.

We're coming to collect you and take you home. Transit  
Control over and out.

*The lights change. The Group from the  
beginning enters in their subway mass  
form. The cycle of another day is  
starting again.*

*During the following RITA exits, and  
KILLORAN comes downstage, watching the  
mass as he goes.*

ALL

*(slowly)*

This train. This train. This train. This train.

LISE

Have to get THIS train. Not the next train but THIS train.

PETER

If I don't get THIS train, the repercussions of THAT will be  
as-tro-nomical.

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

HANNAH

I've got an eight thirty.

DEAN

I hate being underground.

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

LISE

I'm always on time.

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

PETER

Ball and chain. Ball and chain. Ball and chain. Ball and  
chain.

CHARLIE

Drowning in debt.

PETER & CHARLIE

My destiny is in little paper clips.

PETER

And it stretches out for miles and miles.

CHARLIE

And years and years and there it is.

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train.

PETER

I will be nothing but tired for the rest of my life.

*They all freeze. During the following they continue to murmur "This train" underneath KILLORAN's speech. The lights begin to fade.*

ALL

This train. This train. This train. This train. (*continuing under*)

KILLORAN

The Rat Race. A scene to be seen like a can of sardines. Only the fish are alive, push for freedom in the dark. And the man with the key is vindictive as can be, barely cracking the lid for air. For Air. And it's madness in the sameness, day in and day through. Bodies pushing in the blackness. Reaching, running, racing to the light. Who will be the first? Who needs to be the first? The first to the light? The need to believe in the light. But for a sardine, the first one to the light, is the first one torn in two. Devoured. Destroyed. Done.

ALL

*(soft and slow)*

This train. This train. This.....train...

*There is the sound of a subway entering and exiting the station. The sound repeats. And again. The lights fade to black.*

THE END