

THE TRAIN NOW STANDING

by

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CAST:

Station Announcer

Pete – Late 30's - early 40's

Lucy – Late 30's – Pete's wife

Steve – A bully from Pete's past

SCENE 1.

SLOUGH TRAIN STATION

F/X: TRAIN PULLS INTO THE STATION

STATION ANNOUNCER: (OFF) This is Slough. The train now standing on platform 5 is the 23:45 Paddington to Oxford service. Stopping at Ealing Broadway, Slough, Reading and Oxford. First Great Western apologises for the delay because of routine overnight maintenance work at Ealing Broadway and Reading. This train will depart in 15 minutes.

SCENE 2.

INT: TRAIN CARRIAGE

PETE: Oh great.

LUCY: (YAWNS) Where are we?

PETE: Slough and we're stuck here for the next quarter of an hour. Sorry for waking you up.

LUCY: That's okay, I wasn't asleep.

PETE: Lucy, you've been snoring since Southall.

LUCY: Have I. I'm sorry. What's the time?

PETE: Just gone one 'o clock in the morning.

LUCY: Have you got any water left?

PETE: It'd been quicker if we had walked from Paddington. Here, there's a drop left.

LUCY: Ta.

PETE: Bloody Slough.

LUCY: This water's warm.

PETE: Unlike this train.

LUCY: Lighten up Pete. It's been a great night. Don't spoil it.

PETE: I haven't, First Great Western have.

LUCY: Look, did you enjoy the play?

PETE: Yeah.

LUCY: Did you enjoy the Chinese meal afterwards?

PETE: Japanese.

LUCY: Whatever.

PETE: Yeah, but...

LUCY: No buts you miserable sod, give me a kiss and shut up.

PETE: Must I...

LUCY: Come here.

F/X: **KISS**

PETE: Sorry.

LUCY: It wasn't that bad. Slight hint of Sushi but...

PETE: Very funny.

LUCY: Do you know I've never been to Slough.

PETE: You're lucky. I grew up here.

LUCY: Is it really that bad?

PETE: Twinned with Baghdad.

LUCY: Really?

PETE: No. But someone, years ago, put a sign up that said it was twinned with Chernobyl.

LUCY: The place has a sense of humour, then.

PETE: If you didn't laugh, you cried.

LUCY: Why have you never taken me to Slough?

PETE: I love you too much.

LUCY: Ah, but seriously, why?

PETE: Too many memories. Memories I'd rather forget.

LUCY: What memories?

PETE: Lucy! Come on. I've told you about them.

LUCY: Oh you mean...

PETE: Yes, now shut up and drink your water.

PETE: (SIGHS) Stuck in Slough.

LUCY: We could get a taxi.

PETE: To Oxford! I've seen cheaper mortgages than the price of a taxi to Oxford.

LUCY: It was only a suggestion. (PAUSE) Pete?

PETE: What?

LUCY: What's that mangy stuffed dog in that glass box over there?

PETE: 'Station Jim'

LUCY: Who?

PETE: He was a dog who used to collect donations for something and other, back in eighteen hundred and frozen to death.

LUCY: Why is he stuffed?

PETE: Because he lived in Slough. Live in Slough and you're stuffed for life and... Oh Christ... I don't believe it

LUCY: What?

PETE: Look away from the window.

F/X: BANGING ON THE WINDOW

STEVE(OFF) : Oy!

LUCY: Look at the state of him.

PETE: Don't look at him, Luce.

LUCY: What, he's just an 'alchie'.

STEVE (OFF): Potter!

LUCY: God, does he know you?

STEVE(OFF) : Oi Peewee, Pansy...It's me.

PETE: Ignore him.

STEVE(OFF) : Pansy, you wanker, it's me. Wait there...

LUCY: Where's he going?

FX: TRAIN DOORS SLIDE OPEN AND CLOSE

FX: STEVE STUMBLES INTO THE CARRAIGE

STEVE: Ol' Pansy Peewee Potter. You deaf, as well as blind and stupid. It's me!

LUCY: My God, he stinks.

PETE: Hello Steve.

STEVE: Wotcha Pansy. How's it hanging? Want a drink?

PETE: No thanks.

FX: BEER CANS RATTLING

STEVE: Go on. Catch! What about you darling?

LUCY: Pete, who is this?

STEVE: Stevie Henson darling. Squeezed to meet you. Here you go, get your laughing gear round that.

FX: CAN OF BEER FALLING TO THE FLOOR

STEVE: Whoops! Here let me get it for you, darling. There you go. Little kiss as a thank you?

LUCY: Ugh. Pete, get him away.

STEVE: Just a kiss, not tongues, unless...

LUCY: Get off! Pete?

PETE: Steve!

LUCY: Go away!

STEVE: All right! Keep yer knickers on. Just trying to be friendly.
Who is she Pansy?

PETE: My wife.

STEVE: But she's a paki! Not bad though...

LUCY: Excuse me.

STEVE: For a paki, you're not bad.

PETE: Look Steve...

STEVE: I am mate, nice tits. Haven't got a fag have you?

PETE: I don't smoke.

STEVE: What about you darling?

LUCY: I'm not your 'darling.'

STEVE: More's the pity. So what you been up to Pansy, apart from her?

PETE: The name's Peter.

STEVE: I know that, but you'll always be 'Pansy' to me. We used to go to school together, me and your ol' man. Let's raise our beers to Burrowpark Comp. Cheers. Come on.

LUCY: Go away.

STEVE: What? Oh I forgot, your sort don't drink, do you. Don't want to upset whathisname... ? Mehatmecoat or something? Your loss, ain't that right Pansy? Come on, knock it back.

PETE: No thanks.

STEVE: My beer not good enough for you?

PETE: No it's not that.

STEVE: Have a drink with me, Pansy. Don't upset me. I get cross when I get upset.

PETE: Some other time maybe.

STEVE: Now, Pansy.

LUCY: He said 'No'.

STEVE: Not talking to you darling. Drink up Pansy or I'll floor yer.

LUCY: Don't Pete.

PETE: It's okay Luce.

STEVE : Yeah, it's okay Luce.

F/X: CAN OPENING AND FIZZING WILDLY

STEVE: (Laughing) Ohpps, I must have shaken that one up a bit.
Look at you. Talk about can't hold your drink.

LUCY: You idiot.

STEVE: Yeah, you idiot, Pansy.

LUCY: I was talking to you.

STEVE: What? I was only having a laugh. We used to have a laugh
a school, didn't we Pansy?

PETE: No. You made my life a misery Steve. You know you did.
What's happened to you?

STEVE: Did I? Oh yeah! But what a laugh. Here, do you remember
that day me and the lads set fire to all your 'A' level artwork
stuff just before the exams?

LUCY: Pete, is this...?

PETE: Yes.

LUCY: Shall we go?

STEVE: Go? I've only just got here. Me and Pansy's got a lot to catch up on. Ain't we Peewee?

PETE: I don't think so.

STEVE: Oh we have. What about that time, in Chemistry, when me and the lads, do you remember the lads Pansy? Remember when we... you're going to laugh at this darling...

LUCY: I doubt it.

STEVE: Oh you will. Remember Pansy, when we put some stuff in your sandwiches. God, he was throwing up all over the place. It was hilarious.

PETE: It was poisonous; I had to go to hospital.

STEVE: I didn't know that!

PETE: Had to have my stomach pumped. It burnt some of my stomach lining.

STEVE: No!

PETE: Doctors said it could have been fatal.

STEVE: I didn't know that. Result!

LUCY: You never told me about this, Pete.

PETE: Didn't tell anyone.

LUCY: Why not?

STEVE: You don't grass up your mates, do you?

LUCY: Shut up you prick.

STEVE: What?

LUCY: Your Mum and Dad must have known.

STEVE: Did you just call me a prick?

PETE: They did, but not the truth...

STEVE: Oi, did you just say I was a prick...

LUCY: Why not?

STEVE: Oi ram-jam. I'm talking to you...

PETE: It wasn't worth the hassle.

LUCY: This prick nearly killed you...

PETE: Leave it Luce,

STEVE: Yeah, leave it Luce. You've got a big mouth and ...

LUCY: And what?

STEVE: And I'd happily shut it with my fist.

PETE: Steve, that's enough.

STEVE: Shut it you. I'm talking to this mouthy paki bitch.

PETE: Steve, I'll...

STEVE: What? You'll do what, Pansy? Shake and snivel like you used to do a school?

LUCY: Call the police, Pete.

PETE: Steve, come on, you've had enough, get off the train.

STEVE: You sod off. Now darling, about you and your big mouth.

PETE: Steve, I'm warning you.

STEVE: Oh piss off, Pansy! Now you, apologise!

LUCY: Apologise to you? You're pathetic.

STEVE: Look, it's either an apology or I'll settle for copping a feel of yer tits. Come on, how about it darling. Just a quick...

PETE: Steve, you're drunk and ...

STEVE: And you're really annoying me.

F/X: A PUNCH AND CANS AND A BODY FALLING.

LUCY: Pete!

F/X: _____ GROANING

LUCY: Pete? (PAUSE) Are you okay?

PETE: Yeah. (PAUSE) What about you? You okay? He didn't touch you, did he?

LUCY: No. I didn't know that you could...

PETE: Neither did I. First time I've hit anybody. Bloody hurt. You sure you're okay?

LUCY: Fine.

PETE: What about him?

LUCY: Out cold.

PETE: Is he okay?

LUCY: Who cares?

PETE: Blimey, I never knew punching someone could hurt so much.

LUCY: And feel so good?

PETE: Well...

LUCY: Was he the guy you told me about? The bad memories?

PETE: Yeah, who would have thought, after all these years, but don't make out like I've killed him Luce. He's only unconscious, right?

LUCY: Unfortunately. One less bully in the world wouldn't be a bad thing. Let's call the police.

PETE: No, let's leave him. Come on let's get that taxi.

LUCY: Are you serious Pete?

PETE: It's going to be expensive, but (BEAT) come on.

LUCY: Pete, he was seconds away from assaulting me.

PETE: Yeah, but he didn't did he. I floored him. It could get complicated.

LUCY: You were protecting me.

PETE: No, leave him. Come on, I think there's still a taxi rank out the front of the station.

LUCY: You're not still scared of him, are you Pete?

PETE: Come on.

LUCY: Peter, this was the person who made your school life a misery. He nearly killed you for God sake. Not to mention what he might have done to me, if you hadn't hit him.

PETE: What would he have done in the state he was in?

LUCY: Enough to scar my life as much as he did yours. Bad memories never go away, Pete. You know that. But there are ways to ease the torment.

PETE: I know, but, the repercussions...

LUCY: Repercussions?

PETE: If he's arrested, we'll have to get involved and he'd be back in my life again. I got rid of him when I left school 17 years ago and I don't want him back. Leave him.

LUCY: No.

PETE: Why not?

LUCY: Because low-lives like him need putting away. He made your life a misery, now do the same to him.

PETE: Doesn't that make me no better than him?

LUCY: Don't be ridiculous, of course it doesn't. I'm phoning the police.

F/X: MOBILE BEING DIALLED

PETE: Lucy, please, don't. I've done it.

LUCY: Done what?

PETE: Settled the score. Got my revenge.

LUCY: Stopped him being a bully?

PETE: Yeah.

LUCY: Don't kid yourself Pete. Once a drunk, always a drunk. Once a bully (BEAT) always a bastard. I've got to call the police. He can't get away with it. He needs locking up. What would have happened if I were on my own?

PETE: Please Luce, don't, for me. You said it, once a bully... I don't want him back in my life again. Please Luce...

F/X: DIALLING STOPS

LUCY: (PAUSE) I don't understand.

PETE: Have you ever been bullied?

LUCY: Not as bad as you, but I was an Asian in a girl's school in Oxford, so what do you think?

PETE: Then you must understand. Come on.(BEAT) Please.

LUCY: And that's it?

PETE: That's it, Luce.

F/X: TRAIN DOOR SLIDING OPEN AND SHUT

SCENE 3.

INT: TAXI RANK

F/X: TAXI DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

PETE: Headington Road, Oxford, please.

DRIVER: Where?

PETE: It's near the John Radcliffe Hospital.

DRIVER: It's going to cost yer.

PETE: Fine, just go.

LUCY: Hang on Pete; I've forgotten my jacket.

PETE: Bloody hell Lucy. Leave it.

LUCY: That's ninety pounds worth of jacket. I'm not leaving it.

PETE: You're not going back. I'll get it.

LUCY: Wait here; I'll only be a minute.

PETE: Luce...

F/X: TAXI DOOR OPENING AND CLOSING

DRIVER: Meter's running mate.

SCENE 4.

INT: TRAIN CARRIAGE

F/X: TRAIN DOOR SLIDING OPEN AND SHUT

STEVE: (GROANING) What happened?

LUCY: Oh, you're alive, you drunken, stinking pig. You fell over and hit your head.

STEVE: I what? (BEAT) I thought Pansy hit me.

LUCY: Peter, hit you?

STEVE: But I thought... Help me up. Where's me beer?

LUCY: Forget it.

STEVE: I said help me up, bitch.

LUCY: You are one nasty piece of scum aren't you?

STEVE: And you're a mouthy cow.

LUCY: Oh Stevie, you don't know anything about me. You don't know me at all. You think you can insult me, attempt to assault me...

STEVE: I didn't touch you, you lying tart...

LUCY: ...and get away with it. I wanted to call the police...

STEVE: Call the filth and you're dead. I'd find you and split you, you black bitch.

LUCY: ...but my husband, the man who you bullied incessantly at school said no. Thought you had enough trouble as it is. Wanted to leave you alone, in the hopes of never seeing you again.

STEVE: Decent fella.

LUCY: Yes he is, no thanks to you. I, on the other hand want to know that you'll never see him again.

STEVE: Can't guarantee it. It'd be rude not say hello if I see him out and about. We were old school mates.

LUCY: Do you know where we've been tonight, Stevie?

STEVE: Piss off.

LUCY: We went to The Globe, to see King Lear by Shakespeare. I love Shakespeare,

STEVE: Poncey rubbish.

LUCY: Let me tell you what I like about Shakespeare. It's the violence.

STEVE: What?

LUCY: The violent way Shakespeare dispatches some of his characters.

STEVE: I've had enough you, you stupid slag. I'm getting up and you're getting a slap.

LUCY: Really?

F/X: LUCY KICKING STEVE

STEVE: Ow, me bollocks. What did you do that for?

LUCY: Because I got an idea from the play tonight and I want your attention to tell you about it.

STEVE: (GROANING) I'm not interested.

LUCY: Oh but you should be interested. I'll keep it simple. There are a couple of characters in King Lear. One's called Cornwall and the other is called Gloucester. Cornwall's a nasty piece of work and is killed by one of Gloucester's servants.

STEVE: Oh deary me.

LUCY: Indeed. But before he died, he did this to Gloucester.

STEVE: Did what? (BEAT) What are you doing? (BEAT) Get off me you mental... (Screams) Oh my God what are you doing? Stop it. You're hurting my eyes. Stop it! You can't do this!

LUCY: Oh (BEAT) yes (BEAT) I can because you (BEAT) don't (BEAT) know me at all and I (BEAT) want to make sure that you (BEAT) don't see Pete (BEAT) again.

STEVE: Don't, please... Don't... No, no... (SCREAMING FADES)

LUCY: Out (BEAT) vile (BEAT) jelly.

SCENE 5.

INT: TAXI

F/X: TAXI DOOR OPENING

PETE: Did you get it?

LUCY: Yeah.

PETE: Was he awake?

LUCY: Yeah.

PETE: Thank Christ for that. Was he okay?

LUCY: He's not looking too well. Let's go home?

F/X: TAXI DOOR CLOSSES AND TAXI DRIVES OFF

END