

CRAZY TRAIN

CAST

EAST INDIAN GIRL
BI-RACIAL BOY
FIDGETY WOMAN
SOLITARY MAN

ACT I

SCENE I

The stage is dark. There are six video screens above the stage - two on the sides and one large one at the back. They are black. Words start flashing with strobe effect. "Digital". "Shadow". "Digital". "Grave". "Digital". "You". The theatre starts to rumble from the sound of creaks, screeches and metal shaking.

MULTIPLE STAGE LIGHTS illuminate the silhouettes of various ill-defined people. Their shadows are projected on to a large back screen. The words repeat the sequence interspersed with various brand logos. The back screen acts as a window of a half-full subway car. Inaudible voices and muffled headphone static can be heard.

The white noise becomes unified. The creaks/screeches/shakes fill the silence with a rhythm verging on Benny Goodman's *Sing, Sing, Sing* signature drum intro. Two silhouettes stand. They are in SPOTLIGHT.

A young-ish EAST INDIAN GIRL - ultra-tall in heels and vanishing mini-skirt - and a young-ish BI-RACIAL BOY - ultra-tall with Afro mohawk and full black Saturday night armour - stand and hold hands in the middle of the aisle. Both hands. They jut their buttocks out and stare at each other. And wait. The creak and screech rhythm starts. She shakes her hips left; he shakes his right. They stare and smile and swing to the retro jazz age beat. The creak, screech and shake rhythm echoes for 15 seconds. They stop. They are holding hands. They look like two cranes in statted intercourse.

SPOTLIGHT OFF. Their pose is projected on the large screen stage left.

SPOTLIGHT ON a woman standing near the doors. She is fidgety and disheveled. She has a low-cut shirt with a cell phone, playing some random techno tune, wedged in her cleavage. She mumbles and groans and begins a

conversation. LIGHTS OUT. The left screen above the stage projects the C/U face of the FIDGETY WOMAN.

FIDGETY WOMAN (on screen)
I hear soliloquies. Other people's.

(SPOTLIGHT ON FIDGETY WOMAN standing near the doors.)

FIDGETY WOMAN (on stage)
Go ahead, make my day.

Spotlight on SOLITARY MAN sitting directly opposite the woman. He is wearing mirrored sunglasses and shifts his head towards her. A C/U of his face is projected on the centre screen above the stage.

SOLITARY MAN (on screen)
You talkin to me?

The SOLITARY MAN stares for a split second and returns his gaze to a book. He turns the page. The centre screen projects the book cover - Tennessee William's, A Streetcar Named Desire. The SOLITARY MAN's finger stops on the line, "I've always depended on the kindness of strangers". The LIGHTS GO OUT and a SPOTLIGHT focuses on the SOLITARY MAN.

SOLITARY MAN (on stage)
I've always depended on the kindness of strangers. This woman freaks me out. I'm no stranger on the crazy train. This is a Darwinian feeding frenzy. I hope I make my stop. Crazy fucking train. She sounds [like Ozzy] underwater.

(The FIDGETY WOMAN sits beside the SOLITARY MAN)

FIDGETY WOMAN
May the force be with you.

(She hands him a cigar hidden somewhere deep with her cavernous cleavage. She stares directly through him.)

FIDGETY WOMAN
Man, thou lumpish ill-breeding lewdster, is condemned to be free; because once thrown into the world, he is responsible for everything he does. It is up to you to give life a meaning. (BEAT) You know, you yeasty onion eyed scut, without music life would be a mistake. No meaning. A big fucking mistake. A big paunchy hell-hating canker-blossom waiting for spring.

(PAUSE)
Smoke it you surly half-faced jolt head. (BEAT) I say let the world go to hell, but I should always have my tea with rank rough-hewn harpies.

That way the tea smells like pot pourri in a crapper. Agh. Saucy. Fen-sucked apple John. Will you been mine for a night?

(PAUSE)

Frankly my dear, I don't give a damn. But what the fuck. What is hell? I still maintain that it is the suffering of being unable to love.

SOLITARY MAN

Hell? Hell is other people. Hell is this crazy train. On a Saturday night.

The LIGHTS GO OUT and the stage is illuminated by a red strobe effect.

The spotlight focuses on the still statued cranes. The *Sing, Sing, Sing* creak/screech/rumble rhythm starts again. The EAST INDIAN GIRL and BI-RACIAL BOY begin their swing. It is feverish.

The SOLITARY MAN pockets his book and sticks the cigar in his mouth. The subway stops. The windows flash the words "Shadow" and "You". The doors open. The SOLITARY MAN grabs the FIDGETY GIRL'S hand. They walk off together.

The centre screen above the stage projects the mouth of the SOLITARY MAN.

SOLITARY MAN (on screen)

After all tomorrow is another day.

(The left screen above the stage projects the mouth of the FIDGETY WOMAN.)

FIDGETY WOMAN (on screen)

You can't handle the truth.

LIGHTS OUT.