

“Train no. 9”

by

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- What:** This six-part drama tells the story of Tim as he leaves his empty life and finds new life on board Train Number Nine. (Themes: Friends, Family, Forgiveness, New Life)
- Who:**
- | | |
|----------------------------------|-----------|
| Tim | Kevin |
| Alicia | Dad |
| Mom | Man |
| Man | Joe |
| Jesse | Partier 1 |
| Partiers (<i>Non-speaking</i>) | |
- When:** Present day
- Why:** Matthew 10:34-39, Jeremiah 29:13
- Wear (Props):** Use tables and chairs to depict different settings. Plenty of empty beer cans (*if your group will be distracted by real beer cans, you can either pantomime them or use root beer bottles.*)
- How:** If you choose to do this over a series of weeks make sure you have reliable actors who will commit to the rehearsals and performances. Strive for believability. You want the audience to be sucked into the aspects of this play that mirror their own lives.

*It is a rustic outdoor setting. The scene opens with **Tim** and his friends sitting and chatting in what is clearly the end of night of drinking and partying. **Tim** is standing looking away from his friends. His mind is not on the partying or his friends.*

Kevin: *(Throws empty beer can at **Tim**)* What's up with you tonight? *(He stands up)*

Tim: What do you mean?

Kevin: I don't know... You just seem so out of it. *(He takes on a sarcastic tone, pretending to be sensitive)* You seem so distant. Talk to me Tim.

Tim: Shut up. I'm just thinking.

Kevin: *(Loudly mocking his friend)* About Jennifer! Woooooo! *(He shakes his hips in an exceedingly "swervy" motion)*

Alicia: Leave him alone, Kev.

Kevin: *(Mocking)* Leave him alone, Kev.

***Alicia** glares at **Kevin** and clears her throat.*

Kevin: Oh, I'm sorry Tim. You were saying...

Alicia: Tim, she was never the right girl for you.

Tim: *(Slightly agitated)* I'm not thinking about Jennifer.

Kevin: *(Surprised)* How could you not be thinking about Jennifer. She's gorgeous. I'm thinking about her right now.

***Alicia** taps **Kevin** on his shoulder and clears her throat.*

Kevin: (*Brushes **Alicia's** hand off*) No seriously. She's so hot...
I mean she's... hot.

***Alicia** punches **Kevin** in the arm.*

Kevin: (*Fumbles over his words*) I mean if you like that super-model kind of perfection...

***Alicia** glares at **Kevin**.*

Kevin: (*Realizes the error of his words*) ...which I do because I'm with Alicia who is a goddess...

Alicia: Are you done?

Kevin: What have I done to deserve such a beautiful creature?

Alicia: (*Still looking at **Kevin***) Now?

Kevin: Yes. I love you.

Alicia: (*Rolls her eyes*) So what are you thinking about, Tim?

Tim: I don't know... I've been noticing this train lately and...

Kevin: You noticed a train? You are truly amazing. I mean, I'm impressed. There are only sixty-eight trains that come through here everyday. This town was founded because of the train station. They might as well call it "Train-sylvania."

Alicia: I know what train you're talking about.

Tim: You do?

Alicia: You mean the one that seems different than all the others?

Tim: Yeah. That's it. I've been thinking about going down to the station to check it out.

Alicia: I've checked it out before.

Tim: You have? What was it like?

Kevin: (*Loudly*) Rail Road Island!

Tim: What are you talking about Kevin?

Kevin: (*Having to explain the joke*) It's like the state...Rhode Island.

Alicia: You'll have to excuse my boyfriend. He wears special pants.

Tim: (*To Alicia*) Tell me about the station. What was it like? Do you see the train... or... did you get on it?

Alicia: Well, I went down there because my friend brought me. She'd been on the train before. She was completely different from anybody I knew...

Tim: Did you get on the train?

Alicia: No, I couldn't... (*Starts to crawl back in her shell*) This is where I belong (*Takes a sip from her beer can*) with you guys. (*Long pause*) I'd better get him home. I'll talk to you tomorrow okay? Alicia begins helping Kevin to his feet and they start to exit.

Tim: Yeah. See ya, Leesh.

Once Alicia and Kevin have left the stage, the lights illuminate Tim's Parents relaxing together in their living room. Dad is on the couch reading the newspaper and Mom sits reading a novel in an adjoining chair.

Dad: You know, I may have gotten Tim a great summer job.

Mom: *(Partially attentive)* Really? That's great dear.

Dad: Yeah, I talked with Chuck Dreyer. He's a partner in the firm.

Mom: Uh-huh.

Dad: He's agreed to take Tim on as an intern at Dreyer and Young.

Mom: I'm sure he'll be excited.

Dad: I hope so, that's what we've always wanted.

Tim enters.

Tim: Hey Mom. Hey Dad.

Dad: Tim, sit down. I want to talk to you about something. *(Begins building in excitement)* I've got some great news.

Tim: Oh good, I want to talk to you about something too. I've been wondering...

Dad: *(Interrupts)* I spoke with Chuck Dreyer about the internship...

Tim: *(Sits by Dad)* Dad...

Dad: You'll just need to swing by the downtown office some time this week.

Tim: Dad.

Dad: What is it son?

Tim: What internship?

Dad: (*Agitated*) We've talked about this son. If you're gonna be a lawyer, like we've always been planning, then you're gonna need to get your foot in the door somewhere. This is the perfect...

Tim: Have you guys ever noticed that train?

Mom and Dad exchange somewhat frightened glances.

Dad: Are you listening to me Tim?

Mom: Do you mean train number nine?

Tim: Yeah, I think that's it.

Dad: (*Serious tone*) Why do you want to know about that train?

Tim: I don't know. I just started noticing it. I guess it's been here all the time, but I just haven't noticed it before today. I was thinking about checking it out.

Dad: We're not having this discussion Tim.

Tim: Okay. What about you Mom?

Mom: Listen to your father, Timmy.

Tim: I can't believe this. Why can't we talk about a simple train? I just want to know what the big deal is.

Dad: Look, let's not get distracted. You're gonna be a lawyer, the best. If you get on that train, you could lose your edge; that killer instinct. We've worked too hard to throw it all away now.

Tim: This is ridiculous. What are you guys so afraid of? I gotta get out of this place. I'm going to the station right now. (*Heads for the door*)

Mom: Timmy wait!

Tim: What?

Mom: Just sleep on it, okay? I just don't want you to rush this. She motions Tim back inside the house. Come on Tim.

Tim: (*Stops*) Okay, Mom.

End Scene 1

Scene 2

Tim is trying to be quiet while writing a note. After a moment Mom enters.

Mom: Oh, Tim you're up early.

Tim: *(Surprised)* Mom, it's eleven-thirty.

Mom: Right, I know. Does the term "sleeping-in" ring a bell?

Tim: Okay, sorry I woke you. I was going to leave you this note. But since you're up...

Mom: What is it Tim?

Tim: I'm going down to the station. I'm gonna take a look at the train.

Mom: Is Kevin going with you?

Tim: I don't know... uh... maybe. Why?

Mom: *(Casually)* 'Cuz he's in the front yard trying to sneak up on us.

Kevin: *(Enters)* Oh man! How d'you know?

Mom: Just a hunch. *(Takes a sip of coffee as she exits the stage)*

Kevin: Dude, how'd you guys know it was me?

Tim: Well, after assessing the situation and narrowing the nearly infinite number of possibilities as to who it could be, I narrowed it to three: First, you were a member of a special cal-trans military task force; two, you were a giant Bengal tiger; or three, you were Kevin the idiot. I went with my gut.