

ATYP Audition – Train Scene

FOLLOW ME HOME by Lewis Treston

NEXT STOP

Night. City train.

DANIEL, a smartly dressed guy in his late teens, sits anxiously on the train. RACHEL, a young woman in a retail uniform reads her book with her headphones in - she is determined to block everyone and everything out. DANIEL stands, approaches the train map, which is closer to RACHEL, reads it for a moment, then returns to his seat.

DANIEL checks his phone then returns to the train map for a closer look.

DANIEL: *(To himself)* Shit ... *(Sort of to RACHEL but also to know one in particular)*
 Weren't we supposed to going in the other direction ...?

RACHEL just looks down.

DANIEL: *(More clearly to RACHEL)* Excuse me ... Excuse me.

RACHEL sort of acknowledges DANIEL.

DANIEL: Wasn't this train supposed to be going the other way?

RACHEL: *(Curt)* Sorry. Not sure.

MEL, maybe sixteen, rushes into the carriage and takes a seat in another corner.

DANIEL: Excuse me -- *(Hard)* Leave me the fuck alone! ... Right ... Sorry -- I ... Sorry ...

DANIEL sits back down in a seat, equal distance away from both RACHEL and MEL.

After a long silence MEL punches the seat in front of her, hard. It hurts her hand.

MICHAEL, surges into the carriage. He sort of looks around for a second before ...

MICHAEL: .. Oi ...! Oi! Any of you seen a chick wearing a sort of pink jumper thing?

No one responds. MEL sinks deeper into her chair. RACHEL looks back down at her book.

MICHAEL: *(To DANIEL; Menace)* ... Mate ...! Mate, you gunna answer me or what?

DANIEL: ... Sorry ... I didn't -- umm ...?

MICHAEL You didn't hear me?

DANIEL Nah, sorry ... What did you say?

MICHAEL Have-you-seen-a-chick-in-a-pink - jumper - you - dumb - fuck ...?

DANIEL (*Points to MEL*) ... Is that her?

MICHAEL (*To DANIEL*) There's a good boy --

MEL gets up and tries to leave the carriage but MICHAEL blocks her.

MEL: Just fuck off Michael!

MICHAEL: What you runnin' off for?

MEL: I'm not going nowhere / with you so don't even ...

MICHAEL: / Mel, Mel -- Listen --

MEL: I don't wanna. Get it!? We're finished. I want you to leave, me, the fuck ...
alone, forever!

MICHAEL: Yeah but I've come to apologise.

MEL: Stick your apology up your ass --

MICHAEL: Do you want me to get on my knees?

MEL: I want you to get on a bike and ride it off a bloody cliff-

MICHAEL gets on his knees.

MICHAEL: Here I am. On my knees. At your command --

MEL: You can stand on your head and it won't make a difference.