

"TRAIN TO ANYWHERE"

Serena Suson

Train to Anywhere

(Lights up. Moonlight streams into the train station. The platform is open to the air, letting leaves and fuzz brush past with the coming wind. TOMÁS sits on a bench, tapping his foot. Enter LUNA, bounding onstage with fervor. Timidly, she approaches Tomás.)

LUNA

Has the train come yet?

(Tomás looks up. He hears her but does not respond.)

LUNA

The 1 AM train.

(Still, Tomás does not answer. He looks at her, dismayed.)

TOMÁS

Perdóname, señora, pero no hablo en inglés con fluidez .

(Luna steps back, abashed.)

LUNA

Oh, excuse me, I—

(She looks awkwardly between him and the empty platform. She gestures to the place beside him.)

LUNA

May I?

(This Tomás understands. He obliges. She murmurs a "thanks.")

(For a while, there is silence. The only sound is the wind that occasionally whistles through the area.)

LUNA

So, um, what brings you to the station so late?

(Tomás looks at her, bewildered, especially because of his latest revelation to her.)

LUNA

Oh my God, sorry, I just—I'm a talker. I should just—

(He smiles at her, not entirely chagrined. She relaxes, smiling politely as the silence resumes.)

(Something clearly seems to be on her mind. Restless, she forages around in her purse for something, mumbling to herself. Several used tissues fall out.)

LUNA

I don't understand why I didn't just throw these out.

(Picking them up one by one)

Sorry, I'm such a mess.

(She snuffles a little as she retrieves them, brushing her eyes as she sits up. Tomás looks at her, concerned.)

TOMÁS

Le sale bien, señora?

(She is able to make out what he means from his tone. As she hears the word "señora," though, her lip trembles, and she shakes her head, more to herself than to him.)

LUNA

I can't exactly say that it is, no.

(beat)

But who cares what I think?

(The moon has shifted so that, when the light hits her, anyone can see the ghosts of tears upon her cheeks, the slight trail that makes her face glisten sadly in the night.)

(She pulls her wallet out of her purse and takes out an old, weathered picture from one of the pockets. This is what she has been looking for. She regards it plaintively.)

LUNA

I've just found out my husband's been cheating on me.

(She swivels the picture to show him. There are only two people in the picture. One of them is her, while the other can only be her husband. They are smiling, arms wrapped around each other as if that is all tethering them to life.)

LUNA

I guess you wouldn't understand what I'm saying, though.

(Forlorn, she looks out at the train tracks. Finally, with a bit of derisiveness, she rips the photo in half and casts the pieces into the air, watching as the wind carries them away.)

TOMÁS

Quienquiera es, no le parecerá tan bueno si hace así.

LUNA

I love him.

TOMÁS

¿Amor?

(She turns to him. She knows this one.)

LUNA

Yes. *Sí. Amo.*

TOMÁS

¿Amó?

(Tears well up in Luna's eyes.)

LUNA

Sí. Amo.

TOMÁS

¿Es la historia más triste de humanidad, no?

LUNA

(shaking her head)

I don't even understand it. I still love him. More today than I did yesterday. But me?

(beat)

I feel worthless.

(beat)

I should have just stayed home.

(She looks down, dejected. Tomás's phone buzzes in his pocket, and hurriedly he pulls it out. However it's not the message he wants. He sighs.)

TOMÁS

(muttering)

Juro a Dios, Elena.

LUNA

Is...everything okay?

TOMÁS

Ah, discúlpame otra vez, señora. Todo está bien. Mi esposa—

(He trails off, searching for the right words.)

TOMÁS

Pues, ¿cómo decir? Comenzó trabajo de parto.

(He points to the ring on his left hand and then pats his stomach a little, a soft smile resting on his lips. Luna's eyes widen.)

LUNA

Oh, your wife! She's pregnant! Right now! But then why are you...?

(Tomás breaks her gaze.)

TOMÁS

Adivino que he debido quedarme en casa.

(sighing)

Así me queda.

LUNA

I don't think I quite understand. So is your wife okay? Is there something wrong with her?

(His mind wandering, he meets her eyes again. Now it is more clear than ever the language difference between them. She stares at him hopefully, awaiting his answer.)

(Still, he cannot bear the silence. He mimes cradling a baby in his arms, his smile more than rueful.)

LUNA

Wait—no! Is she going into labor right now? Well, you better get home! You better catch the—!

(She stops herself as her ebullition overcomes her reason.)

LUNA

(laughing)

Oh. Right.

(The good news has brought back a bit of radiance into her demeanor. She shakes her head at him, clicking her tongue.)

LUNA

You really shouldn't be leaving her at home, you know.

(These words resonate. Tomás looks down. When he speaks, his accent is clear but not indistinguishable.)

TOMÁS

I know.

(Luna straightens at the sound of her own language. Instantly, she becomes more intrigued, her look of empathy more defined.)

LUNA

Well, then why are you out so late?

(Tomás can't answer. He turns away glumly, once again within his own world.)

TOMÁS

Sólo puedo culparme.

(beat)

Le dije que ya no saldría—y no podía. No podía para nada.

(lamenting)

Justo Cristian me decía qué geniales las cartas se parecen esta noche y—no me podía evitar.

LUNA

I'm sorry, I don't understand.

TOMÁS

La dejé en la mitad de la noche. ¡Y me llamaba! ¿Cómo me perdona?

LUNA

I think I've lost you.

TOMÁS

¿Qué tal la he perdido para siempre?

(He quiets. Luna is at a loss.)

LUNA

I'm sorry, whatever happened to you. You seem quite shaken up about it.

(beat)

But you're going to have a baby! That's beyond exciting.

(Tomás doesn't answer.)

LUNA

(nostalgic)

We were planning on having one too, you know. I actually—I've been feeling a little weird lately, so I thought maybe—

(beat)

God, why can't I hate him?

(The beam that she's plastered to her face finally disintegrates.)

LUNA

If it was a boy, we would have named him Julian. If it was a girl, Eliana. He told me they would have my eyes and his nose and my lips and his hair and they would cry at the sound of rain but when their mother came to hold them—

(She can't finish.)

LUNA

Ten years of knowing someone seem like nothing now.

TOMÁS

Seis años y tres meses...

LUNA

All I want to do is go home, but I know I'll see him there. I'll see him in the books on our bookshelf; I'll see him in the candles on top of the mantle; I'll see him in the flowers he gave me the other day.

(Tomás falters. Inwardly, he reaches out, recognizing the same expression on her face that is on his.)

TOMÁS

¿Estamos fregados, no?

(She looks at him in tears, her eyes appearing to widen with terror of the unknown. The wind once again sings the air with its song, their only mutual companion on this early spring night. She roots herself in his gaze and does not let go.)

(At that moment, the 1 AM train blasts through the terminal, easing into the station with a hiss.)

TOMÁS

Está llegado.

(He stretches as he gets up. The arrival of the train has been a bit of comfort to him, promising an end to the wait that has long burdened him. Whatever happens, he has a place to return to, to call home.)

(Boarding the train, he notices Luna has not joined him. He turns back.)

TOMÁS

¿Está viniendo?

(He regards her from the open car. She hesitates.)

LUNA

Is it strange? I waited here for so long, but I don't think I can go back.

(She waits.)

LUNA

I'm sorry.

(Tomás nods, understanding her decision. He is about to turn around when Luna calls out to him again.)

LUNA

Hey! Whatever happened, I'm sure your wife loves you!

(Tomás smiles.)

TOMÁS

I know. I love her too.

(A bit of hope breaks through Luna's despair.)

LUNA

¡Sí, te amo!

(Tomás stares at her quizzically a moment before shaking his head. He raises a hand to her as the doors to the train begin to close.)

LUNA

(to herself)

That's all we can ever do, isn't it?

