

# ***The Toy Train***

*by*

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Cast of Characters

KATE:

Any

BILL:

50's

Place

Subway Station

Time

Early morning hours

2.

Setting: The play takes place on an outdoor subway station platform. It's snowing and cold and there's nobody around but our characters.

At Rise: The play opens up with Bill standing at the platform's edge, with a beer in his hand. He talks out loud when Kate appears, dressed as an elf.

BILL: Can't tell ya how many times I wished for someone to come up from behind and push me in

KATE: I'll push you if you want.

BILL (startled): You will?

KATE: Yep.

BILL: Into the tracks?

KATE: Uh-huh.

BILL: Oh. Well. Maybe some other time.

KATE: Why wait?

BILL gestures to the wrapped Christmas gift he's holding.

BILL: I haveta give this gift to my son.

KATE: You can give me the address and I'll see to it, that he gets it.

BILL: That's a very generous offer, but not today, I'd like to die on a different day, if you don't mind.

KATE: I'm only here for tonight.

BILL: Then it wasn't meant to be.

KATE: I guess not.

BILL: ...Can I just say that offerin' to kill someone isn't exactly bein' in the Christmas spirit!

KATE: Neither is wanting to be on the receiving end.

BILL: I have my reasons.

KATE: Such as?

BILL: Where are you from anyway?

KATE: The North Pole.

BILL: (laughs) Right, the North Pole, good one.

KATE: I'm an elf.

BILL: (laughs) Now you're really going for it.

KATE takes off her hat and reveals elf ears.

KATE: See?

BILL: That's...those are those rubber ears you can pick up at the costume shop.

KATE: Touch them.

BILL: You won't scream and cause a scene or anything?

KATE: Go on...see that my pointy ears are real.

BILL touches her ears but then a change comes over him as he realizes her ears aren't fake.

BILL: Holy shit.

KATE: Told you.

KATE puts her hat back on.

BILL: Is that why you're all dressed up like---

KATE: I'm an elf.

BILL: But aren't elves small?

KATE: By tradition, yes, but there's been some growth spurts throughout evolution.

BILLS: I believe you.

KATE: Good.

BILL: So is Santa Claus actually real?

KATE: Yes, well not in the way everyone has grown accustomed to believing.

BILL: How so?

KATE: Santa only grants one wish per year now.

BILL: One wish?

KATE: Yeah.

BILL: Just one wish?

KATE: Yeah.

BILL: Why?

KATE: His powers have weakened.

BILL: Weakened?

KATE: The less people that believe in him, the less he can give during Christmas.

BILL: I know loads of people who believe in Santa.

KATE: You do?

BILL: Oh yeah. And my son is one of his biggest believers!

KATE: Your son believes in Santa?

BILL: He does.

KATE: Did you teach him to?

BILL: My ex-wife...she's, she's the one who raised him...we divorced a few years ago. He's almost five, ya know? Five years old...but he's in the hospital, he has cancer...and this could be his last Christmas. I've been a lousy dad...never did much for anyone else unless it was for my own, you know, unless I was getting somethin' out of it. I've, I've been angry. Ever since my ex-wife left me, Tula's her name, well ever since Tula left, I've been in a whirlwind, spirallin' out of control and oh hell, who cares 'bout me. Christian is the sweetest, kindest little boy you've ever...I didn't know such a good kid was capable of having my DNA. It's outrageous. Gets it all from his mother most probably, hopefully. But this gift, this is a toy train but it ain't just any toy train, apparently it has some magic in it and I'm goin' to do one good thing for my son before he...at least one good thing for him...say, do you really know Santa? And if you know Santa---cause my kid believes in him so much, is, well you think, I'm not sure exactly how to ask ya, or the best way how to ask ya but...is there anything Santa can do to save my boy? Maybe he can give me the illness instead and let my son live? Do you think you could put a good word in for me...?

KATE: I'll try.

BILL: Try...well, that's more than...I'll take that. Thank you.

KATE: Thank you.

BILL: Me? Why thank me?

KATE: I've been on Santa's naughty list.

BILL: Whatch you do, eat all the candy or somethin'?

KATE: I too stopped believing.

BILL: But you're an elf.

KATE: We are all responsible for our own belief system.

BILL: But you see Santa everyday. How can you stop believin'?

KATE: I became jealous of the other elves. If you want to know the truth, I was kicked out from the North Pole.

BILL: You were?

KATE: Mrs. Claus had it out for me.

BILL: Kicked you to the curb?

KATE: You can say that.

BILL: Oh, so I guess there's really no hope that Santa can save my son.

KATE: There is.

BILL: There is?

KATE: Yeah, because I've got to go back...I've been thinking about this since I got to New York City but meeting you, solidifies that. So I guess I'll be traveling back to the North Pole tonight. Well I've got to now, I've got to ask for forgiveness and once I'm accepted back, I'm going to talk to Santa privately about you and your son Christian, and I'm, I'm going to ask him to grant you his yearly gift.

BILL: I don't know what to say.

KATE: It's okay.

BILL: You know, my son believes in him more than anything. I've never seen him so animated before than when he spoke about Santa Claus.

KATE: I'll bet.

BILL: He almost made a believer out of me again.

KATE: There's no reason not to believe.

BILL: Life teaches us the real things...

KATE: At the cost of our imagination, hopes, dreams.

BILL: Yeah I guess. Why do you want to help me?

KATE: You asked.

BILL: I never met an elf before and never imagined I ever would, especially down here in a crumblin', moist subway station.

KATE: It's not so bad.

BILL: Train is takin' ages anyway. I may have to walk instead, jeez it's just freezin' out here.

KATE: The train is only two stops away.

BILL: Is it?

KATE: My ears, remember?

BILL: Oh, right, right, wow, sonic hearin', not bad.

KATE: You won't believe the shit I overhear in New York. It's incredible, well, not all of it is...some of it can be pretty shocking, especially when it's from the grumpy ones, but I don't think those ones always mean what they say, they've just lost some hope.

BILL: Yeah. Yeah you can say that again.

KATE: Your son is going to be alright.

BILL: Hope so, I appreciate that. What's your name?

KATE: Kate.

BILL: Kate. I was expectin' some weird elf name or somethin'.

KATE: No. Just Kate.

BILL: Kate, right. I'm Bill.

KATE: Bill...good luck.

BILL: You too. I hope Santa takes you back and you behave yourself.

KATE: (laughs) Can't make no promises.

BILL: Right, right. See you around. If I ever make it to the North Pole, I'll look you up.

KATE: It's not really, well I don't wanna hurt your feelings Bill but we don't let humans in...

BILL: Oh...I see. Right, what was I thinking? Haha

KATE: Sorry to upset you, it's for your own good...

BILL: It's fine, I understand, you don't need to explain it all. You don't make the rules Kate and it ain't your fault, but one day, maybe Santa's gotta change somethin' about that, you know? Give us all a sign or somethin'?.I know some fellas that'll never believe my story tonight but, but some of em' could do with a little splash of belief, don't you think? If only they knew somethin' else was around, somethin' better. We could all do with a sign...

The subway train arrives.

END OF PLAY