AT RISE:

Lights up on a set that may be as simple as eight orange chairs to signify a New York City subway car. ASHERAH, with the granny cart out of which she lives, sits on the far right seat, presently an indiscernible clump. As the overture plays our six other passengers enter one by one, forming a line downstage. They are on a hot subterranean platform, anxiously awaiting the train’s arrival. GREG, holding a take-out bag, is last to enter as the overture closes. He greets MINDY enthusiastically; she squeamishly crosses away.

SONG: “NEXT STOP”

MINDY
GOTTA GO.

LIAM
GOTTA SLEEP.

CAL
GOTTA FIRE THE INTERN WHO BROUGHT ME MY LATTE WITH FOAM.

STAN
GOTTA CALL.

SAM
GOTTA EAT.

GREG
GOTTA POP IN A MINT.

STAN
SHOULDA SPOKEN UP.

LIAM
SHOULDA FOLLOWED THROUGH.

MINDY
WHAT THE HELL WAS I THINKING? NOW HE’S GONNA FOLLOW ME HOME.
GREG
(re: MINDY)
SHE’S LOOKING RIGHT AT ME, COULD THAT BE A HINT?

SAM
IT’S A LONG RIDE.

STAN
LET ME GET THROUGH THE DAY.

CAL
LET ME GET THROUGH THE WEEK.

LIAM
WHEN YOUR BRAIN’S FRIED

SAM
I FORGET HOW TO THINK

MINDY
IT’S A BITCH JUST TO SPEAK

The train is arriving; the passengers form two frenzied mobs at two of the doors and unknowingly enter what is going to be a very strange ride.

ALL
I CAN’T TAKE IT.
BUT I’LL MAKE IT...

AT THE NEXT STOP.

SAM
I WILL LEARN TO STAY CALM AND REMAIN NONCHALANT.

GREG
I’LL INVITE HER TO LOUIE’S TO SHARE A CROISSANT!

CAL
I CAN FINALLY DOWN ALL THE XANAX I WANT.

ALL
AT THE NEXT STOP.

MINDY
YOU WILL FIND WHAT YOU WANT, YOU WILL CROSS OFF YOUR LIST.
STAN
I WILL FINALLY GET THE AFFECTION I’VE MISSED.

LIAM
I CAN GET THROUGH THIS PHASE AND BEGIN TO EXIST.

MINDY
I’LL BE HOME

CAL
I’LL BE DONE

STAN
I’LL HAVE FIN’LY BEGUN

ALL
I’LL BE THERE...
AT THE NEXT STOP!

The train screeches to a halt. NB:
Every time the conductor makes an announcement, it is preceded by a musical ding.

CONDUCTOR
Ladies and gentlemen, we are being held momentarily due to train traffic ahead. Please be patient.

CAL
(to STAN, the closest person to whom he can complain)
Every fucking time, right? Fucking unbelievable.

STAN
(re: CAL)
HE’S A NUT.

SAM
(re: messy food she is eating)
THIS IS GOOD.

MINDY
(re: SAM)
SHE SHOULD GO ON A DIET.

CAL
HER FOOD SMELLS LIKE SOMEBODY DIED.

LIAM
IT’S SO HOT.
GREG
SHE’S SO PRETTY.

ALL BUT GREG
THERE GOES THE EXPRESS.

GREG notices.

GREG
There goes the express.

CAL
Ahhhhh shit.

STAN
I’M SO LATE

CAL
I’M SO PISSED

GREG
CAN I QUIETLY FART OR SHOULD I TRY TO HOLD IT INSIDE?

MINDY
JUST WATCH ME SUE TINDER FOR CAUSING THIS MESS

ALL
LET ME OFF NOW.

STAN
I HAVE PLACES TO BE

MINDY
THIS WAS NOT IN THE PLAN

ALL
I DON’T CARE HOW
BUT I WANT TO MOVE ON
IS THERE SOMEONE WHO CAN GET THIS STARTED?

MINDY
(she knows who)
SOMEBODY FARTED...

GREG
(he knows who, too)
I WONDER WHO FARTED...

ALL
GET ME OUT, GET ME OUT, GET ME OUT!
AT THE NEXT STOP.
CAL
DOESN’T ANYONE KNOW HOW TO MANAGE THEIR JOB?

MINDY
I’M SO STUPID, I COULD’VE USED UBER, NO PROB

SAM
MY HEAD’S GOING CRAZY, IT’S STARTING TO THROB

ALL
WHEN IS THE NEXT STOP?

GREG
THIS TURN OF EVENTS IS NOT VERY BEHOOVING

STAN
CAN SOMEBODY TELL ME WHY NOTHING’S IMPROVING?

LIAM
IT’S BEEN TWENTY MINUTES

ALL
IT’S BEEN HALF A LIFETIME
AND STILL I’M NOT MOVING AT ALL!

The car morphs into a total dream space.

ALL (CONT’D)
BY NOW I’D HOPED

MINDY
THERE’D BE LOVE

STAN
THERE’D BE JOY

SAM
THERE’D BE SO MUCH MORE.

ALL
THERE’D BE SOMETHING TO LIVE FOR.

ONE DAY SOON.
I’LL WAKE UP TO THE LIFE I HAD IN MIND

IT’S JUST WITHIN REACH
I’LL GET IT RIGHT
MAYBE TOMORROW
OR MAYBE TONIGHT
JUST LET ME OFF
UP TO THE LIGHT
AND I’LL FIN’LY ARRIVE!
CONDUCTOR
Ladies and gentlemen, we apologize for the delay. Please be patient and we will
(provider garble)

The lights suddenly go out; the stage is pitch black. Quietly frantic hubbub.

CAL
Ahhh fuck.

STAN
OH FOR GOD’S SAKEs.

MINDY
IS THIS REAL?

SAM
IS THIS NOT A BIG DEAL OR ARE ALL OF US GOING TO DIE?

ALL
I’M GOING TO DIE.

The lights are back. Everyone is in a different position. CAL is in GREG’s arms.

GREG
Does anyone have the time?

LIAM
SO MUCH LIFE NEVER LIVED

ALL
AND I’LL NEVER GET DONE ALL THE THINGS THAT I WANTED TO DO

MINDY
ALL THE GOALS TO ACHIEVE

CAL
AND THE WOMEN TO BUY

ALL
SO THE HANDS TICK
AND THE MINUTES PRESS ON ‘CAUSE THEY HAVE THEIR OWN WILL

(MORE)
ALL (CONT'D)
GOD, IT MOVES QUICK
BUT IT FEELS LIKE I'VE BEEN HERE FOREVER AND
STILL
WHAT'S SO STRANGE IS
NOTHING CHANGES
LET ME OFF NOW!

TELL ME WHEN IS THE NEXT STOP?

CONDUCTOR
Ladies and gentlemen, we're fucking stuck.

   Applause. Beat.

GREG
Same car... How about that.
   (silence)
I thought you were taking the 3?

MINDY
Yeah, no... it wasn't running.

GREG
But the uptown C doesn't go to Brooklyn.

   They stare at each other.

MINDY
Yeah guess not.

GREG
You don't live in Brooklyn.

   MINDY shakes her head.

GREG (CONT'D)
Well, the date continues!

   MINDY
   (laughing it off, diffusing; an attempt at
   friendliness)
No, no...

GREG
But it's fate!

   MINDY
   (firm)
No, no it's not. This date is over.