

Sam: Hannah said she was okay. And everyone else was going, so...

Prue: Not me. Not poor old, Prue. I just sit here, stop after stop, in this bloody train. Same seats, not even a view.

Sam: Did I put my seatbelt on?

Prue *[Squints out the window]*. So dark out there, I can't see a thing.

Sam: I remember telling Hannah to slow down. Then we went around that bend and... *Sam screams, and hands over face, starts crying.*

Hearing the noise Charon enters, walks down the aisle and awkwardly pats Sam's shoulder.

Charon: Um, there, there... Shock, I expect.

Prue *[muttering]*: Lot of fuss and nonsense... *[Looks over at Sam]* Car accident, was it?

Charon: It's a period of adjustment...

Prue: My first husband died in a car accident. It's not easy on anyone, you know.
But
that's no reason to start carrying on...

Charon turns to Prue.

Charon: What did you do?

Prue: Me? I did nothing. I was having a civilised chat...

Charon *[crossing her arms]*: Civilised.

Prue: That's what I said. Then he starts wailing...

Charon: Did you tell him he was dead?

Prue: I was having a conversation...

Charon: Did you tell him he was dead?

Prue *[silent a beat]*: I may have mentioned it in passing.

Charon: What have I told you? Hmm?

Prue: I'm sure I don't know. You talk a lot of drivel a lot of the time...

Charon: It's not up to you to tell them they're dead. Let alone someone who's just died moments ago.

Charon *[nodding]*: Yup.

Sam: Climb Everest?

Charon: Knock yourself out..

Sam *[to himself]*: I can haunt bloody Hannah.

Charon: Wait... what? No!

Sam: Just a little bit of a haunt. Just a quick 'Boo!' and I'm outta there.

Charon: No! Not even a little bit.

Sam: Okay, okay. I can just go then? *[He looks out and sees something off stage shining a bright light on him]*. Oh, hang on, I can see the...

Charon *[nods, looking at the same thing]*: Yup, that's right. Off you hop.

Sam turns to the light and not taking his eyes off it, moves off stage.

Prue arms crossed, face thunderous. She crosses to Charon, pokes him/her on the shoulder.

Prue: That's another soul gone and I'm still stuck here. When is my turn? When do I get off this...

Charon says nothing, just turns her back and walks down the aisle off stage.

Prue: Unbelievable...

She moves back to her seat as a man appears at the end of the aisle. Dressed in pyjamas, he's a little tentative, but not shocked. He knows he's dead. He walks down the aisle and takes the same seat Sam was in.

Prue: You didn't die in a car accident, did you?

Barry: Uh, no, no I didn't.

Prue: Good. You're not going to break down on me like the last one, are you?

Barry: I don't think so, no.

Prue: *[Sceptical]* You look a bit fragile.

Barry: No, I feel... actually, I feel better than I have in a long time. The pain is gone. That's amazing...

Prue: Hmm, pain. You know, you remind me of my second husband. Are you one of the Hensons? From Moss Vale?

Barry: No, I live... lived... I lived in Tweed Heads.

Prue: Of course Moss Vale isn't where Mike ended up. Last I heard he was swanning around the Gold Coast. Just left one day... I got a postcard from the Gold Coast a week later. That was it.

Charon enters suddenly, standing at the end of the aisle, fists on her waist.

Charon *[wicked smile]*: Everyone up. Ten second jog, then move to the next row.

Prue and Barry comply - Prue with her lips pursed, Barry confused but obedient.

Prue *[settling into her seat]*: Just one of our overlord's little games. You don't want to know what she'll do if you don't obey. Trust me, I've tried. Ever listened to *The Macarena* at ear-splitting volume for three days? Got quite the sense of humour...

Barry: How long have you been on this train?

Prue: Feels like forever... But really, I can't remember. I just got here one day and... well, people come and go, but I'm still here.

Barry: I quite like a train. My uncle Jock used to take me on the Red Rattler to Sydney when I was a kid. He was like a father to me, Uncle Jock - a very kind man...

Prue: Fascinating.

Barry: Steam trains they were back then and there was something about them... there's a romance to a steam...

Prue: I hate trains. Crowded, boring, uncomfortable. I commuted for years. Everyday into Sydney, sitting on those hard seats, pressed against strangers, many who only had a vague acquaintance with deodorant, manspreading into my personal space.

Barry: Well, commuting can't be easy. What did you do for a crust?

Prue: I was a personal assistant.

Barry: A secretary?

Prue: I was a personal assistant. I worked for some very important CEOs...Have you heard of MedTech Laboratories?

Barry: No, can't say I...