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The Jury

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The Scene:

It is a wooded area, thick with foliage, with the exception of an area cleared away SC. In the clearing there is a hole with mounds of dirt on either side. There is a white porcelain toilet bowl to the SL of the hole.

The Characters:

Samuel

A tall man with broad shoulders, close-cropped conservative hair. He sports an expensive black suit, shiny black leather shoes and pearl-white teeth. He is very handsome and uses an extended vocabulary. He appears to be in his mid-thirties.

James

Roughly the same age as Samuel, James is dressed to fit the mold of the middle-class working man. He is wearing blue jeans, loafers, and a plaid flannel shirt. His looks epitomize mediocrity, from his mouth to his ears to his nose. He speaks with honesty and innocence.

The Little Boy

About six years old. Dressed in white T-shirt, faded jeans and black canvas high-top tennis shoes.
(As the curtain rises, Samuel is seen sitting on the toilet bowl looking as though he is fixed in thought. James is sitting cross legged, clothes ruffled, just a few feet from the hole with a shovel loosely gripped in his dirty hands.)

JAMES: Are you wondering why I've stopped digging? (Samuel doesn't notice.) You may have noticed that I've stopped digging. (Samuel's gaze remains fixed ahead in thought.) I don't seem to be digging anymore ... the hole here, that is. Perhaps you've begun to wonder why.

SAMUEL: Hm ... I'm, uh, sorry ... were you saying something? Anything?

JAMES: I was just taking notice of the fact that I've stopped digging this hole. I'm resting now ... or questing ... well, at any rate, I've taken a break from digging.

SAMUEL: (vaguely interested) You'd better continue. It'll be dusk soon ... and you know what they say about digging at dusk?

JAMES: (pondering) Mmmm ... no, what?

SAMUEL: Well, I was hoping you could tell me.

JAMES: (confused) Hoping?

SAMUEL: Yes. Hoping. A human thing to do ... that is, I used to do it when I was human. Perhaps I still do it, unconsciously ... or profusely (struggling) ... no, no wait ... effervescently ... no ... never mind.
JAMES: What of hope?

SAMUEL: (offended) What did you call me?

JAMES: Isn't.

SAMUEL: (slightly angry) What?

JAMES: That is, I isn't done digging this hole.

SAMUEL: (snottily) I believe what you mean to say is that you're NOT done digging this hole.

JAMES: (confused) Which hole?

SAMUEL: That hole ... the one right in front of you.

JAMES: Then you should have said THAT hole instead of THIS hole. Let me remind you that all of this is totally out of synch with your gestation.

SAMUEL: Any gestation I experience is, I assure you, totally and completely non-olfactory. You see, the prostation of the said ovulation is merely a conglomeration of your own wicked fornication.

JAMES: (ruminating) Yes. (pause) I guess it would have to be something like that.

SAMUEL: (with an edge of authority) At any rate, you should continue with the digging. They'll want to know about our progress. You'll have to tell them that you're a hindrance.

JAMES: How's your ass?
SAMUEL: My ass?

JAMES: You’ve been sitting on that toilet for some time and I wonder if your ass is sore?

SAMUEL: No. I do not believe so. (shuffling, feeling with his fingers) I can still feel it here.

JAMES: There? With ... your hands?

SAMUEL: Yes. (pauses) I wonder, do you have any bald uncles on your mother’s side?

JAMES: No, I don’t. Were you hoping that maybe I would?

SAMUEL: Haven’t we been through this all before? What would you know about the hoping process ... if it is indeed a process? After all, your proclivity towards these myriad manifestations seems, to my mind at least, to be totally flatulent in relation to probity. You wonder about hope ... you stipulate ... ah, well, that is you emulate ... well, you see, hope’s agglutination (frustrated) is ... you get my point.

JAMES: (standing, stretching and slowly resuming his digging) I should say that I know a great deal about mathematics. Systems. Economics. What is hope without mathematics? You have been given life, you proceed to hope that maybe one day you’ll be fully familiar with ... say ... logarithms. That is hope. That is life.

SAMUEL: (seemingly agitated) Your attempts at philosophy are endeavors in futility. Life is fornication ... fucking, for lack of a better word. You were made to reproduce. Humans, love, ideas, words, pictures, everything. The world as we, that is, you and me, James and Samuel, see it is through the infinite void of
the womb. Everything is made to reproduce or to be reproduced. It's as simple as that.

JAMES: You seem to know a great deal about life.

SAMUEL: What's not to get?

JAMES: Well, I'm certainly curious to know if they'll be here soon. I would say that this is an adequate-sized hole. Perhaps I shall lie in it.

SAMUEL: (in disbelief) Don't you know a damn thing? You must really relish life in squalor. It must be so simple. I mean, the redundancy of this simplistic, albeit prolxic masturbation strikes me as incongruous. I could ... (pauses, cranes his neck, listens) ... I believe ... they could be ... why, I think they are ... here!

JAMES: (lays the shovel down, looking) Really ... where?

(The little boy enters, walking as if in a trance. He continues to walk languidly, finally stopping in the middle of James and Samuel.)

SAMUEL: We've been expecting you. We were told you were ready.

JAMES: (in agreement) That's right. We heard you were, in fact, ready.

THE LITTLE BOY: We seem to be. All our friends are here.

SAMUEL: All your friends are here. To wish you well, it would seem.

JAMES: To hope you well.
THE LITTLE BOY: Hope. Have we hoped?

SAMUEL: (to James) You idiot.

JAMES: Well ... to hope is to gestate.

SAMUEL: To fester.

THE LITTLE BOY: Have we lived?

SAMUEL: Well ...

THE LITTLE BOY: Have we loved?

SAMUEL: (patience lost) LIVED! HOPED! LOVED! WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE? THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE...

THE LITTLE BOY: (still languid) Have we...

JAMES: You’re ready now.

THE LITTLE BOY: ... breathed?

SAMUEL: (still angry) ...LIFE, LIVE, LOVED. SLAVERY! OUTRIGHT SLAVERY... DAMNATION...

JAMES: (indifferently) You’re...

THE LITTLE BOY: ...ready.

(The little boy moves slowly to the hole that James has been digging and as he does this, Samuel falls quiet. Samuel stares at the boy intently, with an air of indignation. James stares indifferently. The little boy jumps into the hole and proceeds to lie down in it. It now becomes apparent that this is to be the
boy's grave. James begins to cover the small child with the dirt that he took from the hole. He whistles slowly. Samuel looks away, as if in deep thought. As James continues to fill the hole, further covering the child, the boy can be heard talking very softly.)

THE LITTLE BOY: (softly, above a whisper) We're ready... We're ready...

(As the scene ends, James is still filling and whistling, unaffected. Samuel remains poised in thought, still sitting on the toilet bowl.)

We're ready... We're ready...

(The scene fades and the curtain is lowered.)

THE END.