

## **The Hole**

By Noah Morris

### **Characters:**

RICK - A young man.

BUD - Another young man.

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*Lights up:*

*A spotlight shines straight down onto the stage making a big circle center stage. This is the bottom of the hole.*

*BUD sits against the “wall” and RICK stands with his hands cupped around his mouth looking up.*

**RICK**

Help!

**BUD**

No one can hear you.

**RICK**

Hee-eelp!

**BUD**

No one is up there.

**RICK**

Hee-ee-ee-ee-elp!

**BUD**

No one is going to come.

**RICK**

Well, we have to try.

**BUD**

What’s the use?

**RICK**

The “use” is to get out of this hole.

**BUD**

It won’t happen. We’re stuck.

**RICK**

Maybe, but that’s no reason to be such a mope. We just need to yell loud enough so that someone with good ears can hear us.

**BUD**

No, we need a ladder.

**RICK**

They'd hear us and then we'd dance for joy as they ran to go get help. Then a big group of people would come and surround the hole and we could see them all from down here at the bottom. And they'd pass food down because they'd need to think of a good safe way to get us out and it might be a long time.

**BUD**

Or a rope.

**RICK**

There'd be a TV crew, we'd be all over the news, and once we got out we'd cry and hug our families, and in twenty-five years we'd write a book about it and that'd get turned into a movie and we'd be rich. So really this is a good thing, Bud.

**BUD**

Or big claws.

**RICK**

...Big claws?

**BUD**

So I could climb out.

**RICK**

What about me? How'd I get out? You'd have to carry me.

**BUD**

I don't think I could.

**RICK**

You'd leave me?

**BUD**

I'd tell someone you were down here. I'd get help.

**RICK**

Oh, thanks.

**BUD**

No problem.

**RICK**

...Would you tell them straight away?

**BUD**

Tell them what?

**RICK**

That I was down here. Or would you do something else first?

**BUD**

...I have a letter I have to send, so I might do that first. It's urgent.

**RICK**

A letter. You'd send a letter before saving me.

**BUD**

It's important. I've been meaning to send it for a while.

**RICK**

Who's it for?

**BUD**

I can't tell you.

**RICK**

What's it about?

**BUD**

I can't tell you that either.

**RICK**

Why not?

**BUD**

You'll laugh.

**RICK**

No, I won't.

**BUD**

Yes, you will.

**RICK**

No, I won't.

**BUD**

Yes, you will.

**RICK**

...No, I won't.

**BUD**

Yes, you will!

**RICK**

No, I won't!! What's it about?

**BUD**

Promise you won't laugh.

**RICK**

I promise.

**BUD**

Really?

**RICK**

Yes! Now what's the letter about?

**BUD**

It's to my son. I've decided to tell him that he is not my son. That he is adopted.

*(Beat)*

**RICK**

You thought I'd laugh at that?

**BUD**

Well, yes I did.

**RICK**

Is that what you think of me?

**BUD**

A little.

**RICK**

That's low.

**BUD**

I'm sorry.

**RICK**

I wouldn't laugh at that. That's important.

**BUD**

I guess it is.

**RICK**

If I was adopted I would want to know.

**BUD**

He isn't adopted.

*(Beat)*

**RICK**

But that's what the letter is about, isn't it?

**BUD**

Yes.

**RICK**

You're telling him he's adopted.

**BUD**

Yes.

**RICK**

But he isn't actually.

**BUD**

Yes.

**RICK**

... Is it a joke?

**BUD**

What?

**RICK**

The letter.

**BUD**

I knew you'd laugh.

**RICK**

No, I'm not laughing. Is it a joke?

**BUD**

This is serious stuff, Rick.

**RICK**

Are you serious?

**BUD**

Yes.

**RICK**

Why are you sending this as a letter?

**BUD**

Well I can't tell him it to his face.

**RICK**

Why not?

**BUD**

I'm stuck in a hole with you.

**RICK**

But if you were to send the letter you wouldn't be stuck.

**BUD**

What do you mean?

**RICK**

You'd have to get out of the hole to mail the letter.

**BUD**

Yes.

**RICK**

So you wouldn't be stuck anymore. You'd be free.

**BUD**

...I suppose you're right.

**RICK**

So you could go tell your son, who is not adopted, that he is adopted.

**BUD**

But I've already written the letter.

**RICK**

When did you write it?

**BUD**

... yesterday.

**RICK**

So before we were stuck in the hole?

**BUD**

... Yes.

**RICK**

... Can I see the letter?

**BUD**

I've already told you what it's about.

**RICK**

I know but I'd like to see it.

**BUD**

Why? You know what it's about.

**RICK**

I just want to see it. Is that wrong? I just want to see it.

**BUD**

I understand that you want to see it, but I just don't understand why. You know what it's about, I've told you. We've been talking about it.

*(Beat)*

**RICK**

I don't think you've written any letter.

**BUD**

I have.

**RICK**

No, I don't think you have. It really doesn't seem like you have.

**BUD**

You don't believe that I've written a letter?

**RICK**

That's what I said.

**BUD**

You don't believe that I've written a letter!

**RICK**

You're repeating yourself.

**BUD**

You don't believe that I've written a letter!!

**RICK**

No.

*(Bud pulls a letter out of his pocket and waves it in Rick's face)*

**BUD**

Whaddya think of this!

*(Rick takes it)*

**RICK**

Thank you.

**BUD**

Hey, that's my letter!

**RICK**

Yes, I know.

**BUD**

But you just said... you were lying.

**RICK**

A little.

**BUD**

You lied to me. We're stuck in this hole and you lied to me.

**RICK**

You're repeating yourself again.

**BUD**

I can't believe you. When I get out of this hole I will not send anyone back to get you.

**RICK**

Don't be like that.

**BUD**

It's too late. I'm being like that.

**RICK**

Bud.

**BUD**

Don't call me that.

**RICK**

But it's your name.

**BUD**

Well don't say it like that.

**RICK**

Like what?

**BUD**

Like we're friends.

**RICK**

But aren't we?

**BUD**

Not anymore.

**RICK**

How can I make it up to you?

**BUD**

I don't know.

**RICK**

Come on. There has to be something.

**BUD**

Well...

**RICK**

Come on, what is it?

**BUD**

I mean... I don't know... Maybe you could dance a little?

*(Beat)*

**RICK**

Dance?

**BUD**

Yeah, just a little. It'll lighten the mood.

**RICK**

There's not much room.

**BUD**

There's enough. Come on, dance a little.

**RICK**

What should I do?

**BUD**

Oh I don't know. I don't know much about dancing.

**RICK**

Neither do I.

**BUD**

Move your legs a little.

*(Rick begins to dance. It's very stiff and very silly looking.)*

**RICK**

Like this?

**BUD**

Yeah, that's something. Now your arms.

**RICK**

How's this?

**BUD**

Wow.

**RICK**

Maybe a little jump.

**BUD**

Wow.

**RICK**

This isn't bad.

**BUD**

It'd be nice if we had some music.



**RICK**

Give it a shot.

**BUD**

Me?

**RICK**

Yeah, sing or make a sound or something.

**BUD**

I don't know.

**RICK**

I'm dancing, you can do the music.

**BUD**

Are you sure?

**RICK**

Yeah, give it a shot.

**BUD**

How about this?

*(Bud starts to make gibberish music sounds. Maybe a mouth trumpet type sound.)*

**RICK**

That's great!

*(More sounds. Bud starts to drum his hands. Rick tries to tap dance.)*

**RICK**

Great stuff!

*(Rick starts to join in on the music and Bud starts to dance. It's noisy and very odd. After a little bit, they suddenly stop.)*

**BUD**

That's enough. I can't do anymore.

**RICK**

That was fun.

**BUD**

Yeah.

**RICK**

I wish someone else saw that.

**BUD**

Why?

**RICK**

Because it was good. If we had an audience, they'd have loved it. They would have cheered.

**BUD**

Yeah, they would have said MORE MORE MORE.

**RICK**

And we'd have given it to them.

*(They look at each other for a moment, then they break into it again.  
They go really crazy. Lots of jumping, lots of noise.  
When they get really tired they stop and drop to the floor.)*

**BUD**

Now I really am tired.

**RICK**

Yeah, me too.

**BUD**

Could I have my letter back?

**RICK**

Yes. Sorry, I forgot I had it.

**BUD**

It's okay.

**RICK**

I hope you get out of this hole and get the chance to mail it.

**BUD**

Me too.

**RICK**

Maybe tomorrow someone will come by.

**BUD**

Maybe.

**RICK**

Mayhaps.

**BUD**

Perhaps.

**RICK**

Why not?

**BUD**

Who knows?

**RICK**

I don't.

**BUD**

Neither do I.

*BLACKOUT*