

# Holed Up

A Comedy in Two Acts by,  
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“What makes the desert beautiful is that somewhere it hides a well.”  
– Antoine de Saint-Exupery

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## Holed Up

**CHARACTERS:** (In order of appearance, 8 roles; 3M, 5F)

**Eli Darnish:** A bank robber in his early to mid-20s

**Hayes Hilly:** Eli's partner. A bank robber in his early to mid-30s

**Deputy Beth Ryder:** A police deputy in her early to mid-30s

**Detective Jody George:** A police detective in his mid- to late 50s

**Lindsay Gaines:** Timmy's mother in her mid- to late 30s

**Cynthia Stump:** A veteran TV journalist in her late 40s

**Sherri:** Cynthia's camerawoman in her mid- to late 30s

**Paige Written:** A female cub reporter/rookie TV journalist in her early 20s

**Setting:** A non-specific pre-ghost town in West Texas; three boarded-up storefronts side by side—though each with operable door—lining a lone road leading to an abandoned water well.

**Time:** One Friday in October in 2010; mid-day

**\*\*\*Production Note:** The water well can be achieved a number of different ways, such as through the use of the trapdoor in the stage floor, by an object/set piece obstructing the sightline of the “well,” or perhaps just the illusion of a well through a change in lighting. Then again, maybe your magnificent set designer can think of an even better way, which is permitted, suggested, encouraged, and eagerly pre-approved sight-unseen by the author.

### Act One/Scene One

#### Scene One: Stuck in Dodge

*(At rise, the stage is bare. The town's three nondescript storefronts side by side are rundown, boarded-up, and decrepit, although each has an operable front door which opens onto the one lone and currently desolate road leading to the abandoned water well far stage right. The well itself should be as unnoticeable—almost hidden—as possible. No laid stones or brick should be visible surrounding the area, nor should any pump for water collecting. Basically, it could just look like a hole in the stage floor to serve as the remnant of a water well, long since run dry. A long moment of silence, then ELI runs onstage from stage left. He is out of breath and runs as if being chased. He halts briefly once onstage and looks around frantically. Then he starts to take off running again in the same direction when suddenly we HEAR...)*

HAYES *(Offstage)*

FREEZE!!!

*(ELI freezes in his tracks and throws both his hands straight up in the air. A long moment and then HAYES enters at a snail's pace. Both men are dressed in formal attire. HAYES slowly ambles over to meet ELI, then immediately grabs hold of both of his upraised arms, squeezes them tightly, and then forces them back down to ELI'S sides, rather*

*aggressively. Then HAYES tightly squeezes both of ELI'S hands together again just for good measure. ELI winches and grimaces in pain.)*

HAYES *(Cont'd, in a whisper)*

What did I tell you?

ELI *(Still catching his breath and wincing in pain)*

You told me... that the... only time to... eat grits... in a restaurant... *(A beat)* is when the bathroom's out of urinal cakes.

HAYES *(In a whisper)*

Please tell me that's not the reason you always go to the bathroom when we go out to eat.

ELI

Only for breakfast.

*(HAYES finally let's go of ELI'S hands. ELI immediately begins rubbing them both together.)*

HAYES

There is so much seriously wrong with you, I don't even know where to start.

ELI

Just like mom always used to say. *(A long pause)* But oh, yeah! I forgot, you also said to only eat grits if the restaurant's out of haggis. *(A beat)* Then I had to ask you what haggis was. *(A beat)* Sadly, then you made me try some.

HAYES

Forget about the haggis!

*(ELI grabs hold of his stomach.)*

ELI

Easier said than done.

HAYES *(Sighs)*

I'm not talking about grits or haggis. I'm talking about the time I told you the first rule to remember about being on the run.

ELI

Find a bathroom.

*(A beat. ELI looks around.)*

ELI *(Cont'd)*

Speaking of haggis...

HAYES  
Not the runs! The run!

ELI  
You lost me.

HAYES *(Sighs)*  
What's the best way to not look guilty?

ELI  
To look... innocent?

*(A long pause. HAYES sighs and shakes his head.)*

HAYES *(Looking up to the Heavens)*  
Why do I keep askin' you these rhetorical questions?

ELI  
Because you value my opinion.

HAYES  
In your entire life... has anyone ever told you they value your opinion?

ELI  
Including my imaginary friend?

HAYES  
Yes!

ELI  
No. Never.

*(A long silence. Then HAYES immediately and forcefully grabs ELI around the neck in a headlock and drags him across nearly the entire remainder of the stage.)*

HAYES  
The best way to look innocent is to look exactly the same as everyone else.

ELI *(Muffled)*  
Everyone looks like this? Where? *(A beat)* Prison?

*(ELI looks down at the outfit he's wearing.)*

ELI *(Cont'd)*  
On inmate prom night.

*(A pause. Then HAYES releases his kung-fu grip around ELI'S neck. HAYES continues walking across the stage with ELI trailing not far behind.)*

HAYES *(Whispers)*

The key to survivin' when you're on the lam is your ability to blend in.

ELI

Lamb? I thought you said haggis was sheep.

HAYES *(Without looking back)*

Mention haggis again, I dare you. *(A beat. HAYES sighs.)* Not lamb! Lam!

*(A long pause. ELI stares blankly at the back of HAYES, who continues walking away. Another brief pause. Then HAYES stops and finally turns around again, sighing the whole time.)*

HAYES *(Cont'd)*

Being on the lam means being on the run! And the key to being on the run is to not stick out. To go about your business as if you were invisible. It's all about being... inconspicuous.

ELI

I think it's pronounced Sagittarius.

HAYES *(Sighs)*

No, it means not calling attention to yourself.

ELI

That sounds more like Pisces.

*(HAYES starts to approach ELI as if he's about to give him another headlock. ELI quickly backs up a few steps in response.)*

ELI *(Cont'd)*

So, then what's the first thing I should do to not call attention to myself?

*(HAYES backs off a few steps and relaxes his posture... slightly.)*

HAYES

I think not running away would be a good place to start. *(A beat)* Don't you?

*(Again, ELI stares blankly at HAYES. Again, HAYES sighs.)*

HAYES *(Cont'd)*

When you run away, you make people wonder why you're running.

ELI

I like to stay in shape.

HAYES (*Sighs*)

No, I didn't mean I was wonde—

ELI

I try to run at least a mile a day.

HAYES

You're missin' my poin—

ELI

Do you run?

HAYES (*Sighs*)

I power walk.

ELI

Maybe you should think about starting to run.

HAYES

Maybe you should think about starting a vow of silence.

ELI

I'm quiet when I run.

HAYES (*Sighs*)

Do you always run in slacks and a dress shirt?

ELI

No, but I loaned out my sweatpants.

HAYES

To who?

ELI

You know, I never did catch his name. (*A long pause*) But next time I'll just borrow my sister's.

HAYES

Your sister's?!

ELI

I know what you're thinkin', Hayes, I used to think the exact same thing, but actually, as it turns out, a lot of women don't even wear those pants for yoga.

HAYES (*Sighs*)

That's not what I was thinkin', I was thinkin'... Ew! Gross!

ELI

I thought that, too. But then I tried them on and suddenly began to feel all squishy around my—

HAYES

LOOK!!!! The point is that the only guy in formal wear who runs away is the groom.

ELI

You're getting married? I had no idea. I just thought you wanted to look sharp for your mug shot.

HAYES

No, I wanted to dress like this so we looked like waiters.

ELI

I didn't even know banks started serving food.

HAYES

You didn't even know McDonald's started serving food.

ELI

I didn't know they started hiring waiters, either. (*A beat*) Fancy waiters at that. No wonder they want a minimum wage hike.

HAYES (*Sighs*)

But we're not in the bank or McDonald's, are we? (*ELI shakes his head.*) Right. So, if you run down the street in broad daylight dressed like that, you start to make everyone wonder why you're running, what you're running from... (*A beat*) and most importantly, who's chasing you.

(*A long pause*)

ELI

A bear?

HAYES

What?!

ELI

People run away from bears, don't they?

HAYES (*Sighs*)

No. They just play dead.

ELI (*Scoffs*)

Bears can't act.

HAYES  
NOT THE BEARS, THE PEOPLE!

ELI  
Well, that's just stupid.

HAYES  
Should feel right at home for you, then.

ELI  
Only a really dumb bear is gonna believe you're dead if you're still running. *(A beat)* Unless you're one of those fitness-junkie zombies.

*(A beat. ELI chuckles.)*

HAYES  
What's so funny?

ELI  
I was just picturing it.

HAYES  
Picturing what?

ELI  
A zombie in yoga pants. *(A beat)* Bein' chased by a bear.

HAYES *(Sighs)*  
Look, moron, the point is, people don't run away from bears. Period. People just play dead.

*(A long silence)*

ELI  
Lions?

HAYES *(Sighs)*  
God, I hope you get caught.

ELI  
What? You tellin' me people don't run away from lions, either?

HAYES  
Do you see any lions roamin' around out here?!

*(A beat)*



ELI  
They might be hiding.

HAYES  
No!

ELI (*Sighs*)  
Okay, fine. (*A beat*) Lurking.

HAYES (*Explodes*)  
NO!!! NOW SHUT UP!!!!!! SHUT UP!!!!!! SHUT UP!!!!!! SHUT!!!!!! UP!!!!!!

*(A long silence. HAYES gradually calms down.)*

HAYES (*Cont'd*)  
For guys like us... (*whispers through gritted teeth*) You know, guys with three quarters of a million dollars tucked in their socks... running might seem—

ELI  
Oh, is that where you stashed your cut?

HAYES  
Of course. (*A beat*) Why? Where're you hiding your half of the loot?

*(ELI looks down. HAYES shakes his head.)*

ELI  
Well—

HAYES  
Never mind. My point is... for guys like us... running away is probably gonna arouse some seriously super severe suspicion.

ELI  
Say that again, five times fast.

HAYES  
Do you want the headlock again?

*(ELI vehemently shakes his head. HAYES nods and resumes his walk across stage. ELI struggles to keep up.)*

HAYES (*Cont'd*)  
Anyway, instead of running away... we should probably try to be... what?

ELI

In... con... gen... ious.

HAYES *(Sighs)*

Guess again.

ELI

In... con... tin... nen... tal...

HAYES

It's like you're not even trying.

ELI

In... con...sequential.

HAYES *(Sighs)*

Forget it. Just remember that it's important that neither of us call attention to ourselves until we get out of this hick town and get back over to the hideout.

ELI

In... con... sub—

HAYES

Okay, now I want you to stop trying.

ELI

In...con...spicu—

*(Just then, HAYES approaches, notices, and subsequently sidesteps the well.)*

HAYES *(Cont'd)*

Whoa!

ELI

What?

*(Suddenly, non-descript VOICES can be HEARD grumbling just offstage. HAYES looks back in the direction the VOICES came from.)*

ELI *(Cont'd)*

What's wron—

HAYES

SHHH! *(Whispers)* Did you just hear that?!

ELI (*Oblivious and very loud*)  
NO, I DIDN'T HEAR ANY—

*(Without missing a beat, HAYES shoves ELI and he immediately falls down inside the well and disappears from view.)*

ELI (*Cont'd*)  
AAAAGGGGGGHHHHHH!

HAYES (*Peering down inside the well*)  
That's because you never listen to me.

ELI (*As he falls*)  
WWWHHHHAAAAATTT?

HAYES (*To himself*)  
Please be bottomless. Please be bottomless.

*(ELI hits the bottom of the well with an audible THUD.)*

ELI  
OW!

HAYES (*Looks up to the Heavens.*)  
You couldn't even let me have that one thing, could you? (*A beat*) Why do you hate me so much anyway, God? (*A beat*) Oh, right, the bank. (*A beat*) What if I said I was sorry and repented?

ELI  
I BROKE MY LEG!

HAYES (*Still up to God*)  
Man, talk about pourin' salt on the wound.

ELI  
Oh, no, I was wrong...

*(A long pause. HAYES looks back up to the Heavens.)*

ELI (*Cont'd*)  
I BROKE 'EM BOTH!

HAYES (*Still up to God*)  
Look, enough, already. (*A beat*) I get it. (*A beat*) You can hold a grudge. (*A beat*) Duly noted.

*(More indistinct chattering can be heard coming from just offstage. HAYES looks down the well.)*

HAYES (*Cont'd*)

Okay, Eli, listen to me very carefully... I can't see you down there, all I see is emptiness, but—

ELI (*Quietly*)

I am pretty lonely.

HAYES

No, that's not what I mea—I know you are.

ELI

SO, LONELY!

HAYES

I know, I know. And I also know you're in a lot of pain right now, but—

ELI

SO MUCH PAIN!

HAYES

I know. But you're gonna havta trust me, now is the time for you to suffer in silence.

ELI

MY ANKLES ARE THROBBING!

HAYES

SHHH! (*A beat*) How'd you think those ankles are gonna feel in prison when you're forced to grab 'em and hold on tight?!

ELI

Why would I be for—oh. (*A long silence*) Yeah, that'd be worse.

HAYES

That's right! Now shush!

(*A beat. Then HAYES nods and quickly exits the stage.*)

ELI (*Whispers*)

Much worse.

HAYES (*Offstage*)

SHHH!

(*A long pause. Then DEPUTY BETH RYDER, a police deputy in her 30s, and DETECTIVE JODY GEORGE, a police detective in his 50s, both race onstage.*)

RYDER

Where'd they go? I swear I saw them both run off in this direction.

GEORGE

You're sure it was them?

RYDER

Either them or two guys late for a wedding.

GEORGE *(Sighs)*

Must everything revolve around weddings with you?

RYDER

Have you ever been left at the altar, Detective George?

GEORGE *(Sighs)*

No.

RYDER

Well take it from someone who has... YES! For some time afterwards... things tend to revolve around weddings!

*(A beat)*

GEORGE

I said I was sorry.

RYDER *(Scoffs)*

I know, I got your Tweet.

GEORGE

Don't forget about the frowny face emoji.

RYDER

How could I?

*(RYDER glares at GEORGE. GEORGE feels her glare and looks away. A long pause.)*

GEORGE

So, where'd they go?

RYDER

I don't know.

GEORGE

You didn't see which way they went?!

RYDER

Well, I thought it was this way.

GEORGE (*Scoffs*)

Maybe now you can understand why I don't think you're ready to be a detective, yet, Ryder.

*(RYDER glares at GEORGE.)*

RYDER

Then maybe you could enlighten me, *Detective George?* (*A long pause*) Please, by all means, tell me... which way did they go, George?

*(GEORGE glares at RYDER but remains silent.)*

RYDER (*Cont'd*)

Oh, sorry... which way did they go, Detective George?

GEORGE

You're not funny, *Deputy Ryder.*

*(GEORGE walks past the well and exits offstage, but not in the direction HAYES exited in. Though RYDER keeps her distance, she follows GEORGE offstage. A long silence. Then HAYES slowly creeps back onstage, watching the direction GEORGE and RYDER exited in. Another long silence. Then HAYES slowly makes his way back over to the well.)*

HAYES

Okay, Eli, you can talk now. But remember, sound travels, so keep your voice down because I'm not even sure they're all the way out of earshot yet.

ELI (*Whispers*)

Then are you sure I should talk?

HAYES

Nah, you know what? Maybe you should remain silent for a little while longer.

ELI (*Whispers*)

How long?

*(A long silence)*

HAYES

I'll let you know.

*(A long silence)*

ELI (*Whispers*)  
I can't believe you pushed me down the—

HAYES  
THEY'RE COMIN' BACK!

*(A long silence. This time you can hear a pin drop. HAYES has to keep his hand over his mouth to keep from laughing out loud. Another long silence. Then HAYES nods and looks back down the well.)*

HAYES (*Cont'd*)  
False alarm.

ELI  
You're such a jerk.

HAYES  
I'm just tryin' to cheer you up.

ELI  
Well, it's gonna take a lot more than that.

HAYES  
Why?

ELI  
'Cause I'm at the bottom of a well with two broken legs!

*(A slight pause)*

HAYES  
How do you know they're both broken?

ELI  
It hurts to move.

HAYES  
That could be temporary. Try standing up.

ELI  
All the pain is shooting out of my ankles.

HAYES  
That's good. It means the pain is leaving your body.

ELI

My feet are turned backwards.

HAYES

Good for you, that means you're bendy, too. Bragging rights.

ELI

My ankles are swollen the size of canned hams.

HAYES

Probably from all that running away from bears. *(A beat)* Come on, don't be a baby. Just try to stand up. We need to be sure.

ELI

So, you want me to feel even more pain?

HAYES *(Under his breath)*

Don't tempt me. *(A long pause)* I just want to be sure they're both broken.

*(A beat)*

ELI

I am sure!

HAYES

But we need to be absolutely positive.

ELI

Why?

HAYES *(Sighs)*

It determines how many ambulances they'll send.

ELI

It does?

*(HAYES sighs and shakes his head, then looks down into the well. A long pause. Then the SOUND of ELI trying to stand, failing, and falling back down inside the well again.)*

ELI *(Cont'd)*

OWWWWW!!

HAYES

Let me know when you're ready.



ELI  
I just did!

HAYES  
Did what?

ELI  
TRIED STANDING UP!

*(A long pause)*

HAYES  
On both of them?

*(A beat. Then the SOUND of ELI trying again to stand, failing, and then collapsing in agony again.)*

ELI  
OW! YES! YES! YES! YES! NOW I'VE TRIED STANDING ON BOTH OF THEM!!

*(A slight pause)*

HAYES  
At the same time?

*(A long pause)*

ELI  
Yes.

HAYES  
You're a lousy liar.

ELI  
Come on, Hayes... please?

HAYES  
But where's the harm in trying?

ELI  
EVERYWHERE!

HAYES  
Just this last time and then I promise I'll be satisfied.

ELI

Satisfied?! I don't want you to be satisfied! I want you to go get help!

HAYES

Well, of course, you do. *(A beat)* But how am I supposed to go get help when I don't even know how many legs you've broken?

ELI

WHO CARES IF I BROKE ONE OR BOTH OF 'EM?!

HAYES

It's all about the details.

ELI

JUST TELL THEM I FELL DOWN THE WELL AND BROKE MY LEGS!

*(A long silence. HAYES crouches down in front of the well.)*

HAYES

Fine. Just one last thing, though...

ELI

Oh, God... what?

HAYES

Tell who? *(A long pause)* Seriously, who do you want me to call for help? *(A beat)* The fire department? Some random news crew? The cops? *(A beat)* Who the hell do you think you are? Have you forgotten where we just came from? You think you're like that Baby What's-Her-Face?

ELI

What baby?

*(A slight pause)*

HAYES

You know, the one from a couple years' ago. The one who fell in that well. Baby Jane or something.

ELI

Jessica?

HAYES

Yeah, that's it. Baby Jessica. You think you're just like her?

ELI

A couple of years ago? Hayes?! Try, like, 30 years ago!

HAYES

So what?

ELI

So, how could I be just like her, I wasn't even sperm back then!

HAYES *(Sighs)*

I didn't mean just like her literally.

ELI

I don't even know her literally.

HAYES

My point is... you think you're in the same boat as her? *(A long pause)* 'Cause if they come and drag you outta there you're gonna go directly from a well to a cell.

ELI

What happened to the boat?

HAYES

I'm about to leave you down there to rot, you want that? *(A long pause)* That's what I thought, now try standing up one more time so I can see exactly what I have to work with, here.

*(The SOUND of ELI trying again to stand, failing again, and then collapsing in agony again back down inside the well.)*

HAYES *(Cont'd)*

Okay, fine. *(A beat)* I'll guesstimate.

ELI

OH, MY GOD ALMIGHTY!

HAYES

Isn't what just happened to you proof positive God wants no part of this?

ELI

WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?!

HAYES

What's with the "We" part? My legs are fine.

ELI

Please, Hayes, don't leave me down here all by myself—

LINDSAY (*Offstage*)

TIMMY?!

(*A beat. HAYES looks off in the direction of LINDSAY'S voice, then back down into the well.*)

ELI

Hayes? Did you just hear a—

HAYES (*In a whisper*)

Shhh!

LINDSAY (*Offstage*)

TIMMY?!

ELI

Did she just say—

HAYES

SHHH! Don't say another word. Just be quiet and stay put.

ELI (*Off the cuff*)

Where else am I gonna go?

HAYES

SHHH!

LINDSAY (*Offstage*)

TIMMY?! WHERE ARE YOU?!

HAYES (*Whispers*)

Timmy's not out here, lady.

LINDSAY (*Offstage*)

TIMOTHY ALEXANDER GAINES?!

ELI (*Gasps, then whispers*)

Uh-oh, she used his whole name. She's serious.

LINDSAY (*Offstage*)

I'M SERIOUS!

ELI (*Whispers*)

She's not playin' around.

LINDSAY (*Offstage*)  
I'M NOT PLAYIN' AROUND?!

ELI (*Whispers*)  
Told you.

HAYES (*Down the well*)  
SHHH! (*A long silence*) Okay. I'll be right back.

ELI  
Where're you going?!

HAYES  
SHHH! (*A beat*) I'm not going anywhere.

ELI  
Oh, thank God.

HAYES  
But if I get back and you're not quiet, I'm gonna be pissed.

ELI  
Okay. Wait, what? I thought you said you weren't—

HAYES  
SHHH!

*(A long silence. HAYES nods and then quickly ducks offstage just as LINDSAY enters, looking around frantically as she does.)*

LINDSAY  
TIMMY?! (*A beat*) TIMMY?! (*A beat*) TIMMY?! (*A long pause*) Come on, Timmy, enough is enough. (*A beat*) I MEAN IT!

*(A long pause. LINDSAY continues to cross the stage, looking all around as she does.)*

LINDSAY (*Cont'd*)  
You're so gonna get it if you don't get out here this instant, Timmy.

*(A long pause. LINDSAY keeps crossing the stage, inching closer and closer to the well.)*

LINDSAY (*Cont'd*)  
You are unbelievable, child. (*A beat*) You know something, though... this may sound silly, but I guess I can see why you're still hiding. (*A beat*) You may be unbelievable, but I guess you've also become a pretty savvy little kid, too. (*A beat*) I get it, now. (*A beat*) See, you missed your

window. *(A beat)* If you had come out the first or the second time I called you, yeah, sure... you know, you might have gotten in a little trouble, maybe I'd have yelled and screamed and hollered for a bit, maybe have sent you to your room without supper, that sort of thing... but then that moment passed... it came and went and still, you didn't come out... so then you had to be thinkin'... "Okay, now it's been waaaaaayyyy too long with me still hiding, so how can I come out now? I'll really be in trouble by this point," so you waited even longer... and I guess there's just no way around that... you painted yourself in a corner because it's too late now... if you came out of hiding now there's no way you'd just get me screaming and hollering for a few seconds... you'll have to deal with me yelling at you till your 18<sup>th</sup> birthday... and no one wants to have to go through that... least of all my larynx... so, what are you gonna do? What can you do by this point? Just go all the way and commit to running away from home? See how long you can last roughin' it out there in the wilderness all by yourself? *(A long silence)* Okay, so how 'bout if I make you a deal? How 'bout if I say now's the beginning of when you started hiding? Huh? How's that sound, Timmy? *(A beat)* Now you get a clean slate and I'm gonna pretend you just started hidin' a few minutes ago, and so that'll certainly cut down on the severity of your punishment if you come out in the next few moments... sound good? We got a deal, son? *(A beat)* But just remember, if you don't come out now, the deal's off the table... and just imagine how much more trouble you'll be in if you let this nonsense go to that point... whoa, Timmy. Let me just tell you, son, if you let it go that far... whoa.

*(A long silence. LINDSAY is practically on top of the well by this point.)*

LINDSAY *(Cont'd)*

Okay, so... do you need a count? *(A long pause)* Fair enough, but just remember, this is the last time, Timmy. I mean it. *(A long pause)* Okay, then... seriously, though... I really do mean it, on the count of three, you better come out from hiding and be done with this whole nonsense once and for all...

*(A long silence. Then LINDSAY sighs very audibly.)*

LINDSAY *(Cont'd)*

One... two...

ELI *(Childish voice)*

Three?

LINDSAY

TIMMY?! OH, MY GOD! IS THAT YOU?

ELI *(Normal voice)*

No, but I think I get why he's hiding.

*(LINDSAY starts looking all around.)*

LINDSAY

Who said that?

ELI (*Childish voice*)

No... one...

LINDSAY (*Cont'd*)

TIMMY?! OH, MY GOD! TIMMY?! WHERE ARE YOU?

ELI (*Childish voice*)

No... where...

(*LINDSAY immediately dives down on her hands and knees to look inside the well.*)

LINDSAY

OH, MY GOD! TIMMY, ARE YOU DOWN THERE?!

(*A long silence*)

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Maybe...

LINDSAY

OH, MY GOD! ARE YOU HURT?!

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Maybe...

LINDSAY

WHAT HAPPENED?!

(*A long silence*)

ELI (*Childish voice*)

I think I broke my legs.

LINDSAY

Oh, my God (*A beat*) Both of them?

ELI (*Childish voice, off the cuff*)

Seriously? Does that matter?

LINDSAY

No. Of course not.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Thank you.

*(A long pause)*

LINDAY  
But did you?

ELI *(Normal voice)*  
YES!

LINDSAY  
Okay, okay, son. Don't worry, honey, you're gonna be okay. I'm gonna go get some people and we're gonna get you outta there.

*(LINDSAY jumps to her feet and races over to the storefronts and begins banging on them one by one.)*

LINDSAY *(Cont'd)*  
HELP! HELP! TIMMY'S STUCK IN THE WELL!

*(A beat. It dawns on LINDSAY what she just said. She shakes her head.)*

LINDSAY  
MY SON'S STUCK IN THE WELL! PLEASE?! SOMEBODY HELP ME!

ELI *(To himself, normal voice)*  
Uh-oh.

LINDSAY  
HELP! HELP! SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!!!

ELI *(Quietly, normal voice)*  
Let's not go off the deep end, lady. No reason to make a big production out of this, or anything.

*(Off ELI'S remarks, LINDSAY quickly returns to the well.)*

LINDSAY  
What are you talkin' about, sweetie?! *(A beat)* You're stuck down a well with a broken leg, of course I'm gonna—

ELI *(Normal voice)*  
Two.

LINDSAY  
Right, two broken legs. Of course, I'm gonna make a big production out of—wait a minute, what happened to your voice?

*(A long pause)*



ELI (*Childish voice*)  
I swallowed some dirt on the way down.

LINDSAY  
OH, MY POOR BABY! YOU JUST HANG ON DOWN THERE!

*(A long silence)*

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Where else am I gonna go?

*(Again, LINDSAY races back over to the storefronts and begins banging on the doors one by one.)*

LINDSAY  
HELP! HELP! HELP ME, PLEASE! *(A beat)* SOMEBODY PLEASE HELP ME!!!

*(A long silence)*

LINDSAY (*Cont'd, barely audible*)  
Hello? Anyone? *(A long pause)* Please? *(A long silence)* Come on, please? There's no way all of you have completely abandoned this ghost town yet... have you? *(A long pause)* Please?

*(LINDSAY bangs on all the rundown doors of the abandoned storefronts one by one again. A long silence. Then LINDSAY returns to the well and crouches back down on her hands and knees directly in front of it again.)*

LINDSAY  
Timmy? How're you doing down there? *(A beat)* Are you still in pain?

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Nope. The pain just went away.

LINDSAY  
It did? Really?

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Uh-oh. Back again. Broken legs are so fickle.

*(A long pause)*

LINDSAY  
Who are you?

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Huh?

LINDSAY

Who are you? You aren't my son. My son's a crybaby. Two broken legs? Are you kidding me? Timmy'd still be wailing.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

I am wailing.

LINDSAY

You haven't even made a whimper.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

I'm wailing on the inside, Mommy.

LINDSAY

I'm not your mommy.

ELI (*Gasps, then in a childish voice*)

I'm adopted?!

LINDSAY (*Scoffs*)

I'd bet money on that.

ELI (*Normal voice*)

Really? How much?

LINDSAY

You wish.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Oh, sorry. I mean, how much, Mommy.

LINDSAY

Stop calling me that. You're not my son.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

How can you be so sure?

LINDSAY

My boy Timmy was born without a sense of humor. My boy Timmy wouldn't even know how to tell a joke.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

I took a comedy class.

LINDSAY

Then you should fire your teacher.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Maybe you just weren't listening to me closely enough.

LINDSAY

What?

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Oh, but suddenly you think I'm funny?

LINDSAY

I think you're not my son.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

But I love you, Mommy! (*A beat*) Sorry. That sounded much more sincere on the way up.

LINDSAY

I'm gonna throw up.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

I meant on the way up the side of the well, not on the way down your throat.

LINDSAY

That's because you're dumb.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

You're the one who didn't understand that.

LINDSAY

And you're certainly not my son.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Yes I am. And how can you call your own son dumb?

LINDSAY

How can you ask me that from the bottom of a well?

ELI (*Childish voice*)

It's not that deep.

LINDSAY

Neither are you.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
You see?! So there! I am your son!

(*A pause*)

LINDSAY (*Cont'd*)  
When's your birthday?

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
You forgot my birthday?!

LINDSAY  
No. You did.

(*A long pause. ELI sighs.*)

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
That's right, I did. (*A long pause*) I also bumped my head a couple times on the way down. (*A beat*) When is it, Mommy?

LINDSAY (*Scoffs*)  
Nice try.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Just give me a hint.

LINDSAY  
February.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
I was gonna say February!

LINDSAY  
Then you'd be wrong.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Nuh-uh, I was going to say, "Well, I know it's not in February."

LINDSAY  
It is in February.

(*A beat*)

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Not during a leap year.

LINDSAY

It's not a leap year.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Yay! I get a birthday this year!

LINDSAY

Okay, I've had enough of this nonsense. Seriously, who are you?

*(A long pause)*

HAYES (*Offstage*)

He's your son. Tony.

*(LINDSAY turns in the direction of HAYES' voice.)*

LINDSAY

My son's name is Timmy.

*(A beat)*

HAYES (*Offstage*)

The well has an echo.

LINDSAY

So now there's two of you down there?

*(LINDSAY looks back down in the well.)*

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Oh. Is that you I'm touching?

HAYES (*Offstage*)

I'm not down in the well.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Then who am I touching?

HAYES (*Offstage*)

It's more than likely 'a what' than 'a who'.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Ew.

*(LINDSAY'S eyes remain glued down into the well. HAYES enters, approaches, and then stands right behind LINDSAY. HAYES is no longer dressed in formal wear, instead he is dressed in a Hawaiian shirt, jean shorts, and flip flops.)*

LINDSAY *(Down the well)*  
Where are you?

HAYES  
Right here.

*(LINDSAY nearly jumps out of her skin.)*

LINDSAY  
AAAGGGHHH!

ELI *(Childish voice)*  
MOMMY?

HAYES *(Down the well)*  
IT'S OKAY, TIMMY, YOUR MOMMY'S RIGHT HERE.

ELI *(Childish voice)*  
I thought she fell in, too.

HAYES *(Down the well)*  
AND THAT WOULD'VE MADE YOU SAD, RIGHT?

ELI *(Childish voice)*  
Very sad.

HAYES *(To LINDSAY)*  
You see? How could you even doubt he's your son? Can't you just feel all that love of his? If you had fallen down the well, he'd have been devastated!

ELI *(Childish voice)*  
Yeah, and she could've landed on me.

HAYES *(To LINDSAY)*  
Out of the mouths of babes, huh?

LINDSAY  
I thought you said the well had an echo.

HAYES  
Different well.

LINDSAY

Who are you, anyway?

HAYES (*Smiles*)

Oh. You don't know me.

LINDSAY

Right. That's why I asked who you were.

HAYES (*To LINDSAY*)

But your son knows who I am.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Not anymore, I don't.

HAYES (*To LINDSAY*)

My name is Dr. Cooper Graysmith. I'm Timmy's psychiatrist.

LINDSAY

Timmy doesn't see a psychiatr—

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Might be a good time to start. I think I'm starting to hear voices.

HAYES

Tell them it's rude to interrupt.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

I can't help it if the voices have bad manners.

HAYES

Maybe that's why nobody likes them.

LINDSAY (*To HAYES*)

Look, Doctor, Timmy doesn't need to see a psychiatrist. Timmy's fine.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Except for my broken legs.

LINDSAY

Oh, yeah, right, except for that. (*To HAYES*) But otherwise, he's perfectly fine.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

And that I'm stuck in a well.

LINDSAY (*Down the well*)  
Must everything revolve about you?

HAYES  
Ma'am? You may think your son's fine, but your husband didn't agree. That's why he hired me.

LINDSAY  
My husband's dead.

*(A beat)*

HAYES  
He paid me in advance.

LINDSAY  
He died three years ago.

HAYES  
Well in advance.

*(A long pause)*

LINDSAY (*Sighs*)  
Okay, Dr. Whatever-Your-Name-Is, what's—

HAYES  
My name's Dr. Cooper Graysmith.

LINDSAY  
Sure, it is. *(A beat)* Okay, Dr. Name-So-Made-Up-I-Forgot-it-Already, so, tell me, Doctor, when's the luau?

*(A long pause)*

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Luau?

*(Another long pause. HAYES remains silent with a stoic expression on his face. LINDSAY sighs as she stands up to face HAYES.)*

LINDSAY  
Okay, fine. So then, Doctor, what's wrong with my son?

HAYES  
You mean besides he's stuck in a well?



*(LINDSAY nods.)*

ELI *(Childish voice)*

Actually, I'm not really stuck, per se. I can move around a bit.

HAYES *(Down the well)*

Then why don't you try standing up?

ELI *(Normal voice)*

Why don't you try going to h—

LINDSAY

Timmy, don't be vulgar to your doctor.

ELI *(Childish voice)*

Why not? It seems to work just fine for him.

LINDSAY

But that's allowed. He's a doctor.

ELI *(Childish voice)*

He's a nut-job!

HAYES

No, you are.

*(A beat. HAYES chuckles and smiles at LINDSAY but LINDSAY doesn't return the smile, instead she offers him a stern look of disapproval. A beat. Then LINDSAY and HAYES both sigh and look down the well again.)*

HAYES *(Cont'd)*

I guess we really should try to get him out of there, huh?

LINDSAY

I was all about tryin' to get him out of there earlier. *(A beat)* But then he starting talkin' and it suddenly didn't seem like such a dire emergency. *(A beat)* Plus, you must not have set up your practice here in this town, huh, Doctor?

HAYES

I was stuck in that other well, remember?

LINDSAY

Oh, right, echo well. Well, see how the storefronts are all boarded up, Doctor?

HAYES

I hadn't noticed.

LINDSAY

I thought it was part of a doctor's job to be observant.

HAYES

Psychiatrists are only observant on the inside.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

That doesn't sound very bright.

HAYES

Spoken from a kid who didn't notice a big, gaping hole in the middle of the road.

ELI (*Normal voice*)

That's not what happened and you know—

HAYES (*To LINDSAY*)

Does Timmy like to make excuses?

LINDSAY

Is there a kid who doesn't?

ELI (*Normal voice*)

I'm not making excuses.

HAYES (*To LINDSAY*)

Sounds like an excuse to me.

LINDSAY

Me too.

HAYES

You still doubt he's your son?

LINDSAY

Maybe I rushed to judgement.

ELI (*Normal voice*)

Maybe you didn't.

HAYES

Maybe she did. Unless you wanna stay down there indefinitely, *Timmy*.

*(A long pause)*

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
Mommy?!

HAYES (*To LINDSAY*)  
You see?

LINDSAY  
Yeah, but like I was saying before, getting Timmy out of the well might not be that easy anymore, Doctor. Look around. This is a ghost town. Everyone's gone, so who's left to take part in any sort of rescue-type activity? This town has literally become nothing more than a hole in the ground. (*Down the well*) No offense.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
None taken. (*A beat*) Okay, slightly taken.

LINDSAY (*To HAYES*)  
As a matter of fact, what are you doing here?

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
In the well?

LINDSAY (*Down the well*)  
Not you. (*To HAYES*) Like you said, yourself, it's not like you practice here in town, or anything. Unless you don't like people.

HAYES  
Well, that all depends. I mean, I am a psychiatrist. (*A beat. LINDSAY doesn't look amused*)  
Sorry.

LINDSAY  
Well?

HAYES  
Well... truth be told... I followed you.

LINDSAY  
You followed me?

HAYES  
Is there an echo.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
That's the other well.

LINDSAY  
Why did you follow me?

HAYES  
To keep track of Eli.

LINDSAY  
Who?

HAYES  
Timmy.

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
What happened to Tony?

LINDSAY  
Who's Eli?

HAYES  
Look, five minutes ago, you were completely panic-stricken because your son fell down a well and broke his leg. What's changed since then?

ELI (*Childish voice*)  
I broke the other leg.

HAYES (*Down the well*)  
Prove it.

LINDSAY  
He just did.

HAYES  
What?

LINDSAY  
He spoke. (*A slight pause*) That's proof positive that ain't my son down there.

HAYES  
But—

LINDSAY  
No matter what you say, you're not gonna change my mind, Dr. Kamehameha.

HAYES  
So then why don't we pull him outta there just to prove he's not your son?

LINDSAY  
What more proof do I need? He already doesn't even know his own birthday.

HAYES

But that doesn't prove anything. A lot of people don't know their own birthday.

LINDSAY

Like who?

HAYES

Jehovah's Witnesses.

LINDSAY

Okay, fine, we'll pull him up and then we'll be sure he's not my son.

HAYES

Fair enough.

LINDSAY

And then I'll drop him back down again.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

What was that?

HAYES

Sounds like a deal.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

What if I break something else on the way up?

HAYES

Then you can just walk it off.

LINDSAY

In six to eight weeks.

HAYES (*Nods*)

If he's lucky.

*(LINDSAY nods back and smiles.)*

ELI (*Childish voice*)

But what about my arms?!

HAYES

We'll do the pulling... (*Quietly, to LINDSAY*) He can just stick to the screaming.

*(LINDSAY nods and smiles.)*

ELI (*Childish voice*)

What was that?

LINDSAY

But what if—

HAYES

Or we could just leave him down there, since you're sure he's not your son. (*A long pause*) But then again, if, in fact, that is your Timmy down there, after all... and you don't help me try to pull him back up to safety... then what kind of—

LINDSAY

Okay, okay. But you want us to pull him up? Just the two of us?

HAYES

Well, I thought I could try to call someone earlier, but way out here in the middle of nowhere...

*(HAYES pulls his cell phone out and waves it in front of LINDSAY.)*

HAYES (*Cont'd*)

I didn't even know you could get negative bars. (*A beat*) But then, again, if you're absolutely positive he's a stranger, we could just wait until someone eventually comes along...

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Please, God, no.

LINDSAY (*Sighs*)

You might as well face it, doctor, no one else is gonna step foot in this town ever again.

*(ON CUE: CYNTHIA STUMP and SHERRI enter the stage. CYNTHIA holds a mic and SHERRI holds an old-fashioned camcorder camera in one hand and a shoulder bag in the other. They both look offstage as they enter and don't notice LINDSAY or HAYES on the other side of the stage. But HAYES notices the camera right away and quickly ducks offstage. LINDSAY doesn't notice HAYES' rapid departure and stays fixated on CYNTHIA and SHERRI instead.)*

CYNTHIA

Do you see her?

SHERRI

Not yet.

CYNTHIA

Well, she can't be too fall behind. Come on, hurry up and start rolling... maybe we can get done before that corporate-ladder-side-stepping-little-flooie even gets here.

SHERRI (*Gasps*)  
I've already started filming.

CYNTHIA (*Gasps*)  
What?!

SHERRI  
Nah, but I wish!

CYNTHIA  
Stop hoping I'm gonna give you your next soundbyte.

SHERRI  
More like YouTube snippet.

CYNTHIA  
Shut up and start recording. (*A beat*) I'm so ready for this stupid puff-piece, hunk-a-junk, pile-of-garbage-crap story to be over and done with, already.

SHERRI (*Gasps*)  
Man! That might've gotten a thousand hits.

CYNTHIA (*Smiles*)  
I know.

*(SHERRI sighs, places the shoulder bag down on the stage floor, and then puts the camera on her now-free shoulder. CYNTHIA holds the mic up to her face. SHERRI holds her hand out to silently count down on her fingers. When she gets to one, CYNTHIA smiles into the camera.)*

CYNTHIA  
Good afternoon... and welcome to *The Ghost Towns of America*. I'm Cynthia Stump. And today, we are here in... we are here in...

*(SHERRI shrugs and CYNTHIA sighs but keeps going.)*

CYNTHIA (*Cont'd*)  
Well, anyway, today we are here in yet another soon-to-be ghost town somewhere in the middle of Texas...

*(CYNTHIA starts to approach the three boarded-up storefronts.)*

CYNTHIA (*Cont'd*)

As you can probably already tell... these stores here have all been abandoned and have long since gone out of business... but perhaps we can still find a few poor souls who have not yet been able to completely clear out of town, yet.

*(CYNTHIA knocks on a door to one of the abandoned shops just as PAIGE WRITTEN enters the stage from the same direction as where CYNTHIA and SHERRI previously entered from. PAIGE enters in a flurry of movements and is a one-woman GoPro whirlwind. She has one GoPro on a 3-Way which she holds in front of her, another mounted on a head-strap, and two more attached to handlers, which she has clipped on each side of her Batgirl-esque utility belt.)*

PAIGE (*To CYNTHIA*)

Got a problem with these poor souls?

*(PAIGE quickly walks right past CYNTHIA and SHERRI and approaches LINDSAY. PAIGE turns and speaks into the GoPro mounted on the 3-Way.)*

PAIGE

Hello, this is Paige Written coming to you live from—

*(PAIGE turns the 3-Way and shoves it in LINDSAY'S face.)*

LINDSAY

Does that even matter?

*(PAIGE turns the camera back on herself.)*

PAIGE

I love her!

*(PAIGE turns the camera back to LINDSAY, then grabs a handler off the carabiner on her belt and focuses this camera on herself.)*

PAIGE (*Cont'd*)

So, then? What brings you all the way out here to this poor little, lost and desolate—albeit still serene and beautiful—dust bowl of a rural town that has tragically now gone the way of the dodo, just another sad and tragic remnant of forgotten Americana, a Podunk that just couldn't keep up with—and thus got trampled by—this ever-evolving, yet completely dream-crushing landscape of our broken through technology-dripping cyber-society?

LINDSAY

Wow.

PAIGE (*Giddy*)

I know, right?!



LINDSAY

Well, I was just passing through when my son fell into this abandoned well.

PAIGE

WHAT?!

LINDSAY

Well, I'm not 100 percent sure he's actually my son but my doctor here has assured me that—

*(PAIGE quickly focuses the camera on the handler down on the well and spins the 3-Way back on herself. LINDSAY looks all around in search of HAYES.)*

PAIGE

Ladies and gentlemen, we will have to get back to our story on how another Cowtown of America is now gone forever at a later time 'cause right now, I've got yet another exclusive! A young boy, by the age of...

*(PAIGE spins the 3-Way back around on LINDSAY.)*

LINDSAY

Well, my son, Timmy is ten years old, but like I said before, I'm still not even sure—

*(PAIGE spins the 3-Way back around on herself.)*

PAIGE

We have a ten-year-old boy stuck in this well! *(Down the well)* Can you hear me, son?

ELI *(Childish voice)*

Are you talking to me?

PAIGE

Well, ladies and gentlemen, there you have it... a little ten-year-old boy—who I'm pretty sure is mentally challenged—is stuck deep down at the bottom of this well.

LINDSAY

Whoa! My son's not mentally challenged, lady...

PAIGE

But you said you're not even sure that is your son.

LINDSAY

That's right.

PAIGE

So, whoever's down there could be, right? (*A beat*) I mean, he did fall in. How right in the head could he actually be?

LINDSAY

Well, his psychiatrist doesn't think he's—

PAIGE

Whoa! His psychiatrist? What psychiatrist?

*(LINDSAY looks around, unable to locate HAYES.)*

LINDSAY

Well, actually, I'm not exactly sure where he went, but he was here a minute ago.

PAIGE

Did he fall in the well, too?

LINDSAY

Maybe.

PAIGE

Maybe?!

LINDSAY

Well, he could have fallen in the other well. The one with the echo.

PAIGE

Maybe the voices in your head have an echo.

LINDSAY

I don't hear voices. My son does.

PAIGE

Your son who may or may not be at the bottom of this well?

LINDSAY

You're making it sound weirder than it actually is.

PAIGE

Your son who may or may be right in the head?

LINDSAY

Have you two met before?

PAIGE

Your son who may or may not be with his disappearing psychiatrist.

LINDSAY

Okay, I guess it does sound kinda weird.

*(A long pause)*

PAIGE

Weird?! It sounds amazing! *(A beat)* Wow! What a story! *(A beat)* What an EXCLUSIVE! *(A long pause, then into one of the cameras)* Yup, you heard it right, folks, the little boy's mother, who may or may not even be his real mother, just told me about this poor child's psychiatrist, who also may or may not even be real himself, and who may or may not also have fallen down the well with the boy. *(A beat. PAIGE shakes her head.)* Wow! *(A beat)* Well, you can rest assured my loyal followers, that I will stay here until we all get to the bottom of this entire complicated conundrum and, by God, we get that poor little boy out of this well... This is Paige Written, here with...

*(PAIGE focuses the 3-Way back on LINDSAY.)*

LINDSAY

Uh...

*(PAIGE spins the 3-Way back to focus on herself instantly.)*

PAIGE

I'm here with "Uh..." and we will be here until the very end. *(A beat)* And just remember, ladies and gentlemen, that you heard it all here first... *(PAIGE turns the 3-Way around to focus on CYNTHIA and SHERRI, who both stare blankly at PAIGE and LINDSAY.)* Here, and only here... So, stay tuned, folks, you're not gonna miss one single second of this exclusive story of "Poor Little Timmy Stuck in the Well." *(A beat)* We'll be right back...

*(A beat. PAIGE turns the 3-Way back around so it's back to being focused just on her.)*

PAIGE

Wow!

*(A long pause. Then PAIGE lowers both the camera on the handler and the 3-Way down to the ground. Then PAIGE jumps up in the air.)*

PAIGE *(Cont'd)*

Whoo-hoo!

*(A beat. Then PAIGE and LINDSAY both turn to watch as CYNTHIA explodes and has a complete meltdown. She starts beating her hands against the abandoned storefronts one by one.)*

CYNTHIA  
AAAAGGGGGHHHHH!

*(A long silence. CYNTHIA calms down and collapses on the stage floor in front of the abandoned storefronts. SHERRI lowers the camera.)*

SHERRI  
Got it!

*(CYNTHIA instantly jumps to her feet and rushes over and grabs the camera off of SHERRI'S shoulder and holds it above her head as if about to smash it into a thousand pieces. SHERRI pulls out her cell phone and starts filming. PAIGE turns all her GoPros on CYNTHIA as well. CYNTHIA notices all the cameras on her. She smiles and then slowly lowers the camera and holds it by her side. A long silence.)*

ELI *(Childish voice)*  
Did I mention that I also broke my legs?

*(All eyes turn back to the well. Stunned, CYNTHIA accidentally drops the camera and it shatters. SHERRI gasps and crawls over to examine it. PAIGE points one of the GoPros at CYNTHIA.)*

PAIGE  
HA!

*(A beat. PAIGE turns one of the cameras back on herself.)*

PAIGE *(Cont'd)*  
#Anchor Management.

*(A beat. Then PAIGE turns all the cameras back onto the well. Quick blackout. End of Act One/Scene One.)*

## Act One/Scene Two

### Scene Two: Deeper Down the Well

*(At rise, we are in the same scene as we were at the end of Scene One. SHERRI is still trying to sort through the broken pieces of camera as CYNTHIA hovers over her, while LINDSAY and PAIGE crowd around the well.)*

PAIGE  
Okay, Mrs. Uh... don't worry, we're gonna get your son/that imposter pretending to be your son outta there just as soon as possible.

LINDSAY

It's actually Lindsay. Lindsay Gaines.

PAIGE

It's nice to meet you, Mrs. Gaines. (*A beat*) Or can I call you Lindsay? (*LINDSAY nods.*) I'm Paige. Paige Written.

(*A long pause*)

LINDSAY

What's your real name?

CYNTHIA

Succubus.

PAIGE (*Smiles*)

Oh, Cynthia, your ex-boyfriend's such a blabbermouth.

CYNTHIA

My—

PAIGE

I know. I know. (*A beat*) What ex-boyfriend, right?

CYNTHIA

I hate you.

PAIGE

That would matter if you did.

LINDSAY

Did what?

PAIGE

Mattered.

(*A beat*)

LINDSAY

Your real name is—

PAIGE

My real name is not important. What's important is getting your son out of that well.

ELI (*Childish voice*)

Oh, am I finally back in the conversation? Are you sure? 'Cause me and my broken little legs down here don't want to cause either of you any trouble.

PAIGE (*To LINDSAY*)

You must be so proud.

LINDSAY

He's not my son.

PAIGE

We'll see. Either way works for me.

CYNTHIA

Succubus.

PAIGE

So, how's your camera looking, Cynthia?

CYNTHIA

Our camera's fine.

PAIGE (*Smiles*)

Sure it is.

CYNTHIA

Worry about your own stinkin' camera!

LINDSAY (*Correcting her*)

Cameras. Plural.

CYNTHIA

Yes, thank you.

PAIGE (*Giggles*)

Oh, yeah, that's right, I forgot, I do have more than one camera, don't I?

LINDSAY

You've got tons!

PAIGE

But it's not really about the quantity. As long as you have one working camera, that's really all you really need to—oh. Sorry, Cynthia.

CYNTHIA

I hate you.

