

The Pit

by Anthony L. Mariani

Contact:  
Anthony L. Mariani  
14810 Ridgewood Drive  
Little Rock, AR 72211  
Marianifilms@gmail.com



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## Cast of Characters

- RICK** 35, little league coach, father, insurance salesman, when he is excited he stutters.
- CHRIS** 35, the town sheriff, large build, rubs his head when he thinks, a habit caused by memory problems from high school football concussions.
- SCOTT WILSON** 18, neighborhood boy. He is the son of the local tutor.

## TIME

Dusk – 2001.

Dusk – 1976.

Dusk – 1976.

## PLACE

A childhood fort, a pit with a trapdoor and a ladder for an entrance.

Neighborhood woods.

A house basement.

Scene 1

The trapdoor creaks open and a square shaft of light illuminates a ladder leading to the darkness below. CHRIS, dressed in his brown sheriff's uniform, slowly climbs down the ladder to the bottom of the pit. He then strikes a match and lights a candle. He places the candle on a makeshift plywood table that is covered in melted wax, old baseball cards, and a sock monkey from decades before. Chris looks around and finds old empty Schlitz beer cans and a stack of disintegrating Playboy magazines. He slips on the sock monkey and uses it like a glove to pick up a Playboy. He flips to the centerfold which falls apart. Then RICK, dressed in a little league coach's uniform, climbs down the ladder.

RICK

What are you doing?

CHRIS

How fitting.

He holds up another Playboy centerfold, and it falls apart.

They are disintegrating, like all of us.

Chris pulls off the sock monkey and tosses it on the table.

RICK

Chris, why am I here?

CHRIS

I wanted to talk to you. Alone.

RICK

About what?

CHRIS

We found Scott Wilson's body today.

RICK

Shit.

CHRIS

Yeah, it's weird, after all this time. I had forgotten about him.

RICK

You forgot about him?

CHRIS

Man, Rick, I had so many concussions playing high school football that anything before high school, well, I don't have those memories anymore.

RICK

Why do you want to talk to me?

CHRIS

You know, when I went to see the body, it was lying in that caved-in pit. A pit just about the same size as this one. It just made me remember this place.

RICK

We used to have a lot of fun down here.

CHRIS

Did we, Rick? I don't remember. Today, when I remembered this place, well, it's the first thing I could recollect from our childhood.

RICK

You and I built this fort, God, it must have been twenty-five years ago. Yeah, we use to have f-f-fun, Chris.

Chris holds up another Playboy, which also falls apart.

CHRIS

Yeah, it sure looks like it. Twenty-five-years ago, Rick. That's when we built it, the same year Scott disappeared.

RICK

Look, Chris, I've got this little league game to coach.

CHRIS

This late in the fall?

RICK

Yeah, the league put it together to raise money for that 9-11 memorial fund.

CHRIS

Have you always been into baseball? I guess that's smart. You haven't lost your memory like me. I thought about this place, this pit and you, Rick. I thought you were the only one I still knew from back then. You know, when Scott disappeared.

RICK

Yeah, I r-r-remember when that happened.

CHRIS

Scott's mom used to tutor you?

RICK

She tutored half this city.

CHRIS

Rick, I don't know why, but I think you know something about who killed Scott Wilson.

RICK

A-aww, Chris. You took one too many hits in football.

CHRIS

I know that, Rick, but when I get this feeling, I start to remember things. Like this pit. When I saw Scott lying in that shallow grave, the first thing that popped into my mind was this place. Then it made me think of you. Rick, do you know who killed Scott Wilson?

RICK

We should get out of here before this place caves in on us.

CHRIS

This place has already caved in on us, Rick. I'm not asking you as a friend. I'm asking you as the sheriff. Who killed Scott?

RICK

I don't know.

Chris grabs hold of Rick by Rick's jersey.

CHRIS

You're lying! Who killed him? Rick, tell me! (pause)

Rick pulls away, and Chris lets go of the jersey.

RICK

Can I go now?

CHRIS

I need to know one more thing, Rick.

RICK

What?

Chris removes an old baseball card with his initials written in sharpie on it.

CHRIS

How did a baseball card with my initials on it end up on Scott Wilson's dead body?

RICK

Chris, you need to leave this alone.

CHRIS

I need to know. How did that card get there? Did you kill Scott Wilson?

RICK

No!

CHRIS

Tell me! How did my card get there!

RICK

You know, some things need to stay in the past. D-D-Dead and buried. S-S-Scott has haunted me my whole life. He has never been d-d-dead for me. Why can't you leave this alone?

CHRIS

Well, he is not buried anymore, Rick. Who killed Scott?

RICK

You! Y-Y-You, Chris. It was you who killed him. Not me. You killed Scott Wilson.

BLACKOUT and the candles are blown out. There's the sound of a needle dropping on a record, and the ending guitar riff from Blue Oyster Cult's "*Don't Fear the Reaper*" plays starting at the 1:23 mark of the song. The remaining haunting guitar riff plays, then there's a violent scratch and the record player repeats, skipping over and over again, then it suddenly stops.

## SCENE 2

1976. The lights slowly fade in on a forest at dusk. The dark blue shadows of the tall trees line a worn path, which is illuminated by shafts of blue light through the trees of the forest. There is a giant moon just cresting over the horizon; it's an eerie shade of blue. You can hear the early sounds of birds and other creatures bedding down for the night. A fog is creeping over the ground when RICK, now aged ten, walks through the mist. He wears a backpack, his unbuttoned little league uniform, and striped red, white, and blue sweatbands on his wrists.

RICK

I remember it was dusk, and I was heading home from my little league game. I was on the path that cuts through the woods. It was dark, but this giant blue moon was cresting over the horizon, shining on the trail. For some reason, I could sense he was there.

He slowly makes his way through the dark woods. Then a human howl is heard. Rick freezes in his tracks near a bolder with rock graffiti spray-painted on it; "*Kiss Army*," "*fly like an eagle*," "*don't fear the reaper*."

SCOTT WILSON

(OS)

I see you!

RICK

Leave m-m-me alone!

From behind the bolder, SCOTT WILSON, eighteen, jumps out onto the path. He holds a Schlitz beer can, and he is dressed in bell-bottom jeans and a black and white rock-n-roll baseball t-shirt. His body is silhouetted against the rising moon.

Hey, nice wristbands, Bicentennial Boy.

Rick takes a step back from Scott.

RICK

J-J-J-Just leave me alone!

SCOTT WILSON

Why did you stop coming to our place? My mom could still help you with your stutter.

RICK

F-F-F-Fuck you!

Scott laughs.

SCOTT WILSON

I've missed you, Rick.

Rick begins to make a break for it down the path. However, Scott cuts him off, tripping Rick and sending him crashing to the ground spilling books and baseball cards from his backpack across the path. Rick is breathing heavily as he holds back tears. Scott lets out another howl. He's silhouetted against the moon. A shadow of a werewolf appears, mimicking the same movements as Scott as he howls.

RICK

L-L-Leave me alone!

SCOTT WILSON

Aww, you want me to kiss it to make it better?



RICK

F-F-FUCK YOU!

Scott comes after Rick, who tries to crawl away from him quickly. Scott is too quick and grabs hold of Rick's legs and starts to drag him behind the large rock. At the same time, against the moon, the silhouette of a werewolf is attacking a victim and dragging it off. Then out of the blue shadows, a ten-year-old CHRIS, dressed in jeans and a football jersey, jumps onto the trail behind them. The silhouetted werewolf disappears.

CHRIS

Hey, what's going on here?

Scott lets go of Rick's legs and charges up to Chris. He presses his index finger sharply into Chris's chest, pushing him to the ground.

SCOTT WILSON

This is none of your business, Chrissy boy.

RICK

You leave him alone!

SCOTT WILSON

Or what, Stutter Boy?

RICK

Or I will kick your ass!

SCOTT

Just how are you going to do that, Stutter Boy?

Scott lets out another howl and comes after Rick. Chris picks up a rock near him and throws it, hitting Scott in the face. Scott falls to the ground, lifeless. Rick gets off the ground and slowly circles around Scott's body.

RICK

Stone dead.

CHRIS

I need to get home for dinner.

RICK

Chris? What are we going to do?

CHRIS

We need to get rid of his body.

RICK

You sure?

CHRIS

We can bury him at the first fort. The one by the creek that caved in. That pit will make it easy to dig.

RICK

Chris?

CHRIS

Go home and grab your shovel.

Rick starts to head home for the shovel.

CHRIS

And hurry! I can't be late again for dinner!

Blackout, there's the sound of a needle dropping on a record, and the ending guitar riff from Blue Oyster Cult's "*Don't Fear the Reaper*" plays starting at the 1:23 mark of the song. The remaining haunting guitar riff plays out, then a violent scratch, and the record player repeats, skipping over and over again, then suddenly stops.

SCENE 3

1976, the basement of Scott Wilson's house. It's occupied by an old couch, a coffee table with records sprawled out on it, and an end table with a record player. Scott is sitting on the sofa

reading the back covers of the albums when Rick, wearing his baseball uniform and book bag, climbs down the ladder to the basement. Scott looks over at him. Rick stops on the ladder.

RICK

Y-Y-Your mom said I could wait down here while she finished up with the other student.

SCOTT

Hi, I'm Scott.

RICK

R-R-Rick.

SCOTT

Is my mom helping you with that stutter? She has helped lots of boys like you with that.

RICK hangs his head low and nods yes.

Do you like rock music? I just got some new albums.

Scott holds up the Blue Oyster Cult album, *Agents of Fortune*, which has a magician in a tux doing a card trick on the cover.

Do you want to hear some new music?

Rick shyly nods yes, and Scott walks off and starts to load the album onto the record player.

You can sit on the couch if you want.

Rick sets his book bag down and plops himself down on the couch. Scott starts the song "*Don't Fear the Reaper*."

I love the way this song starts.

RICK

Yeah, it's cool.

Scott makes Rick slide over on the couch and sits down next to him. Scott

mimics hitting the cowbell in the rhythm of the music. Rick starts to nod and bob his head to the rhythm of the beat.

SCOTT

You bob your head well. You have rhythm.

Rick smiles and continues to move with the music. Then Scott suddenly puts his hand on Rick's thigh.

Nice cock.

Rick pushes Scott away, slides off the couch, and falls on the ground between the coffee table and the sofa.

Let me see it?

Rick crab crawls away from Scott.

Rick

No!

Rick circles around the back of the couch, but Scott catches up with him and pushes him down behind the sofa.

I'll show you mine.

Scott is standing behind the couch, and he starts to unbuckle his belt.

You, want to kiss it? Kiss it? Kiss it and make it better!

The guitar solo from the song hits the same spot as the transitions before, the 1:23 mark. Rick gets to his feet and makes a break for the ladder. However, Scott catches him and drags him back behind the couch. A cloud of baseball cards explodes into the air, and Rick's feet flail and kick the side table. The record scratches. BLACKOUT. The record continues to skip for three beats.

END OF PLAY