

Scene 1

1

Lights up on the living room of an upper middle class suburban house. This is the BRADLEY family's living room and there is a long couch sitting UC, an easy chair DL, and a table with three chairs around it SR. The C and DC area is dominated by a large, intricate oriental rug. The front door is on the wall UL, and a door on the wall UR leads to the rest of the house. The time is 7 A.M. We hear the sounds of a car pulling up as the curtain opens. A few moments later, the front door opens and in comes ROSALITA, the BRADLEYS' maid. SHE is wearing headphones and the stereotypical Hispanic maid outfit. The salsa music blaring out of HER headphones is easily heard. SHE is pushing a vacuum cleaner. ROSALITA pushes the vacuum to an outlet DL, plugs it in, and starts it. SHE vacuums around the easy chair, and then walks to the rug to vacuum it. The moment SHE steps on the rug, SHE, the rug, and the vacuum fall into a large hole in the floor, which is now exposed. SHE makes no sound when SHE falls. ROSALITA, the vacuum cleaner, and the rug disappear. There is no sound of THEM hitting any kind of bottom to the hole. Lights fade down.

Scene 2

The lights come up and the furniture is basically how we left it. All the same as how we began, except for the missing rug and the large hole. The hole is a perfect rectangle of dirt and mud. In the easy chair sits TOM, the patriarch of the family. HE is calmly reading the morning paper, wearing a robe. After HE turns a page, the UR door opens and in comes HELEN, TOM's

(CONT'D)
wife, also in a robe. It is 8 A.M.

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HELEN
Good morning, Tom.

TOM
Morning, Helen.

(SHE sits down on the couch.)

HELEN
Could you toss me the arts section?

TOM
Sure.

(HE tosses HER a piece of the
paper. It falls into the hole.
HELEN watches it drop.)

TOM
Sorry, dear.

HELEN
Tom.

TOM
Yes, dear?

HELEN
What's this?

TOM
What's what?

HELEN
This here. This hole.

TOM
This hole?

HELEN
Yes. Right in front of me here. This hole.

(TOM finally looks up. HE
sees the hole.)

TOM
What about it?

HELEN
What's it doing here?

TOM
Hasn't it always been there?

HELEN
Has it? Out in the open?

TOM
I thought it had.

HELEN
Maybe it has.

(Pause. TOM resumes reading.)

HELEN (CONT'D)
Wait a second!

TOM
What is it, dear?

HELEN
We had an oriental rug there.

TOM
Where?

HELEN
Where the hole is.

TOM
You put a rug on top of such a large hole?

HELEN
Did I?

TOM
That sounds dangerous.

HELEN
No, of course I didn't. That was an expensive rug. There's no way I'd let it get dirty.

TOM
That's good to know.

HELEN
Well don't you see?

TOM
See what?

HELEN
That all means that this hole is new.

TOM
(Impressed)

That's right.

HELEN

Yes.

TOM

Good thinking, Helen. Very observant.

HELEN

Thank you.

(TOM resumes reading. Pause.)

HELEN (CONT'D)

Wait a second!

TOM

What is it, dear?

HELEN

There's something else.

TOM

What, my little detective?

HELEN

The rug is missing.

TOM

That's true.

HELEN

Maybe Rosalita's having it cleaned.

TOM

That reminds me, dear.
(HE puts down the paper.)

Have you seen Rosalita?

HELEN

Today, you mean?

TOM

Yes. Today.

HELEN

Why, no I haven't. Isn't that strange. She's supposed to be here by seven.

TOM

Exactly my point. And you know something else? Her car's here but I've seen neither hide nor hair of her.

Very strange. HELEN

Yes. TOM

(HE resumes reading the paper.)

Tom? HELEN

Yes, dear? TOM

Tom, could you toss me the local news? HELEN

Sure, Helen. TOM

(HE tosses HER a piece of the paper. It falls into the hole. HELEN watches it drop.)

Sorry, dear. TOM (CONT'D)

(The UR door opens and in comes ALBERT, the BRADLEY's 25 year old son. HE is wearing a robe. HE sits on the SL side of the couch, as far as HE can from HELEN who is on the SR side of the couch.)

Good morning, Albert. HELEN

(HE grunts.)

Good morning, champ. TOM

Morning, Dad. ALBERT

Did you sleep well? TOM

O.k., I guess. ALBERT

Didn't sound like you got much sleep at all? HELEN

(ALBERT grunts.)

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TOM

Does our boy have a new girlfriend?

ALBERT

She's not really my girlfriend.

HELEN

She sounds like she's got a lot of energy.

TOM

Did she?

HELEN

She was ≈very loud. I'm surprised she didn't wake you up, Tom.

TOM

Did she keep you up, Helen? Now, Albert, we can't--

ALBERT

But, Dad--

HELEN

Now, now, men. No, Tom, she didn't keep me up. There was a scraping sound that was bothering me much more than ... what is her name, Albert?

(HE mumbles something.)

TOM

What's that, slugger?

ALBERT

Lizzie.

HELEN

Beautiful name. Anyway, Tom, it was that scraping that kept me up, not Lizzie's screaming.

TOM

Did you bring home a screamer, son?

ALBERT

Something like that.

TOM

Good for you, my boy. Good for you.

HELEN

Do you need anything, son? Breakfast? Something to read? Do you need any clothes washed?

(ALBERT shakes HIS head no.)

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HELEN(CONT'D)
O.k. then. But if you do, just ask.

(ALBERT nods. Pause)

ALBERT
Hey, Dad, could you toss me the sports section?

TOM
Just give me one second to finish this article ... and ...
here you go, kiddo.

(TOM tosses HIM a piece of the
paper. It falls into the hole.
ALBERT and HELEN watches it drop.)

HELEN
Did you know about the hole, Albert?

(HE shakes HIS head no.)

TOM
Be careful around it, my boy.

(ALBERT studies it for a moment.)

ALBERT
Who made it?

(TOM and HELEN look at each other.)

HELEN
Now there's something we forgot to ask.

TOM
Who made it? Outstanding question, Son.

ALBERT
You don't know?

HELEN
No, I'm afraid we don't.

TOM
Was it you, sport?

ALBERT
I've never seen this before in my life.

HELEN
Well I guess you're no longer a suspect then.

TOM
 Albert, you haven't seen Rosalita, have you?

ALBERT
 Today you mean?

TOM
 Yes. Today.

ALBERT
 No I haven't. Not today.

HELEN
 Isn't that strange.

TOM
 It certainly is.

(Pause)

ALBERT
 Should we put up some rope, you think?

HELEN
 Rope?

TOM
 What do you mean, slugger?

ALBERT
 Around the hole. Rope so people know there's a hole there.
 So they won't fall in.

TOM
 Do you think that would be a good idea, Son?

ALBERT
 It couldn't hurt.

HELEN
 He's right, Tom.

TOM
 He certainly is, dear. Come on, Son, let's go get some rope
 from the garage. We'll be right back, Helen.

(TOM and ALBERT get up and head to
 the front door.)

HELEN
 It's so comforting to have two strong, smart men around here.

(TOM and ALBERT exit. HELEN
 contemplates the hole. After

(CONT'D)

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a moment, MARIE, the BRADLEY's teen daughter enters through the UR door. SHE is wearing a robe. HER feet are covered in dirt. SHE sits in one of the chairs at the SR table. SHE looks strung out.)

HELEN (CONT'D)

Good morning, Marie.

MARIE

Morning, Mom.

HELEN

Do you need anything, dear?

MARIE

Any coffee?

HELEN

Now you know that no daughter of mine drinks coffee. It'll stunt your growth.

MARIE

Can I have some medication then?

HELEN

(Cheery)

Sure.

(SHE reaches into HER robe and pulls out a pill bottle. SHE opens it, shakes a few out, and swallows them. SHE tosses it to MARIE.)

MARIE

Thanks, Mom.

HELEN

Do you want something to drink with them?

(MARIE shakes five or six pills into HER hand. Pause. SHE shakes three or four more.)

MARIE

No thanks, Mom.

(MARIE swallows all the pills at once.)

HELEN

Such a good girl.

MARIE

Here you go, Mom.

(SHE tosses the pill bottle to HELEN. It falls into the hole. MARIE and HELEN watch it fall.)

MARIE (CONT'D)

What were those?

HELEN

Percodan I think. I can't really remember.

MARIE

Sorry.

HELEN

It's not your fault, dear. Don't worry.

MARIE

Thanks.

(Pause)

HELEN

Did you know about the hole, Marie?

MARIE

No.

HELEN

It's new we think. But we don't know who dug it.

MARIE

Oh.

HELEN

Do you know who dug it?

MARIE

No.

HELEN

The men are out--

(And in enter TOM and ALBERT with a length of rope. As the scene progresses THEY will be roping the hole off, attaching it to the chairs, the table, the couch and the easy chair.)

TOM

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Albert found some rope!

HELEN

Where did you find it, Albert?

(ALBERT grunts and shrugs HIS
shoulders.)

TOM

Good morning, Marie.

(HE pats HER on the shoulder. SHE
shirks away and gives HIM a half-
hearted little wave.)

HELEN

What kind of rope is it?

TOM

It's just old rope we had. Probably from when we moved last.

HELEN

So ingenious of you, Albert. Now this hole will hardly
inconvenience us at all.

TOM

Have you asked Marie if she'd seen Rosalita?

HELEN

No I haven't.

(To MARIE)

Marie, have you seen Rosalita?

MARIE

Today you mean?

TOM

Yes. Today.

(MARIE shakes HER head no.)

HELEN

Isn't that strange.

TOM

It certainly is.

(To ALBERT)

Looking good, sonny boy.

ALBERT

Does Marie know who dug the hole?

Helen? TOM

Yes? HELEN

Does Marie know who dug the hole? TOM

I don't know. HELEN
(To MARIE)
Marie, do you know who dug the hole?

No. Sorry. MARIE
(SHE raises HER feet onto a chair.)

It's fine, dear. HELEN
(To TOM)
She doesn't know, dear.

She doesn't, sporto. TOM

Looks like this is set. ALBERT
(THEY tie up the rope. HELEN surveys it.)

Looks good, guys. Now we'll-- HELEN
(SHE notices MARIE's feet.)
Marie, what's happened to your feet?

What? MARIE

Your feet. HELEN
(MARIE looks at HER feet.)

It's just dirt, Mom. MARIE

But how did it get there? TOM
(MARIE shrugs HER shoulders.)

Is it the same kind of dirt that's in the hole?

TOM

Is it Helen?

HELEN

Marie?

MARIE

It could be, I guess. It would explain a lot.

HELEN

Explain what, honey?

MARIE

Well, last night I had this dream that I took a shovel out of the garage and came in here, lifted up the oriental rug and just started digging. Digging and digging this great big hole. And, actually, it looked a lot like the one we have here in the living room. When I woke up, my feet were covered with dirt, I had calluses on my hands, and there was a shovel lying next to my bed. But I thought it was just a coincidence. Do you think I could be sleep digging?

TOM

I don't know, kitten. Helen, you went to college. Have you ever heard of sleep digging?

HELEN

I don't know, Tom. It sounds pretty unusual. But maybe I missed class the day they taught about sleep digging.

(ALBERT, during these exchanges, has put some dirt from MARIE's feet in one hand, and some from the hole in the other. HE compares them.)

ALBERT

Ah ha!

TOM

Did you find something, champ?

ALBERT

The dirt from her feet is the same as the dirt from the hole.

MARIE

Then it wasn't just a dream.

HELEN

Isn't that strange.

TOM
Good work, Albert!

ALBERT
Where does it lead?

(TOM and HELEN look at each other.)

HELEN
Now there's something we forgot to ask.

TOM
Where does it lead? Outstanding question, son.

MARIE
Maybe it's bottomless. I mean, it felt like I was digging for a really long time.

HELEN
Good thinking, sweetie.

TOM
How would we test something like that, Albert?

ALBERT
Just drop something in the hole and count until you hear it hit bottom.

HELEN
Good thinking, Albert.

TOM
What should we drop?

HELEN
I have a pill bottle here.

MARIE
I'll time.

ALBERT
And I'll listen.

HELEN
You drop, Tom.

(SHE hands a pill bottle to TOM
as THEY all stand around the hole.)

TOM
Ready? One, two, three.

(HE drops the pill bottle into
the hole. EVERYONE watches it

(CONT'D)

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drop. MARIE stares at HER watch. ALBERT visibly listens. After a few seconds of this, everyone relaxes.)

ALBERT
No sound. It must be bottomless.

MARIA
I knew it was!

TOM
Good work everyone.

HELEN
I'm so proud of this family.

TOM
This calls for a cele--

(HE stops at the sound of a thump from upstairs. EVERYONE stares at the door. Pause. THEY resume THEIR previous positions.)

TOM
This calls for--

(HE stops again at the sound of coughing from upstairs. EVERYONE stares at the door. Pause.)

ALBERT
I guess that's Lizzie.

HELEN
She's still here then.

MARIE
I guess so.

(EVERYONE turns and looks at the hole. Pause.)

TOM
Helen?

HELEN
Yes, dear?

TOM
Have you heard from Grandpa lately?

HELEN
Why, no I haven't. Isn't that strange.

ALBERT
I miss Grandpa, Dad.

MARIE
I miss him too, Mom.

HELEN
Tom, the kids miss Grandpa.

TOM
Do they? Well, I think he's due for a visit.

ALBERT
Do you, Dad?

MARIE
Does he, Mom?

HELEN
I think he does, kids.

TOM
Absolutely. In fact, I'll go get him right now.

HELEN
I'll make up the spare room then.

TOM
Good. Albert, you ... and Marie go look for Rosalita. Tell her to help your mother make up the spare room.

ALBERT
O.k., Dad.

(MARIE nods.)

TOM
Such a wonderful family. Dad'll be so happy to see us.
(HE kisses HELEN on the cheek.)
I'll be right back.

(Fade to black.)