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Dramatic Publishing

PASSAGE

Drama
by
David S. Raine



The Dramatic Publishing Company

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(PASSAGE)

PASSAGE

**A Play in One Act
For Two Men**

CHARACTERS

MILO ABLESON early 20s
ANDY ABLESON middle to late 20s,
Milo's older brother

TIME: The present

PLACE: A tight passage in a cave

PASSAGE

SCENE: *The set represents a small chamber and narrow chute in a cave. The set should somehow accommodate the actor portraying MILO to the extent that he may comfortably remain motionless from the chest down.*

AT RISE OF LIGHTS: *MILO is trapped inside the chute. He is exposed from the shoulders up, and his arms are pinned at his sides. His eyes are closed.*

ANDY (off). Milo! (*MILO doesn't move.*) Milo! (*Milo's eyes open slowly. He has been trapped for a considerable time, and looks worn. Due to exposure, he has become ill and weakened.*) Milo! Milo, are you down here!?

MILO. Andy...? Andy? ANDY!

ANDY (off). Milo!

MILO. ANDY! I'M HERE! I'M HERE!

ANDY (off). All right, Milo, I hear you...hang on...I'm coming...just hang on!

MILO. Thank god. Thank you, god...thank you...thank you.

(ANDY comes into the passage head-first, pushing a lantern before him.)

MILO. Andy!

ANDY. I'm here, Milo, right here. (*He sees MILO.*) Oh, Christ.

MILO. Oh, man, I am so glad to see you. I mean really.

How'd you find me?

ANDY. Found your tent. From there I just looked for holes.

MILO. Well, this is a bad one.

ANDY. Are you okay? I mean, are you hurt?

MILO. What? Oh...no...no, I'm okay, I'm just hung up. I'm hung up real bad.

ANDY. What happened?

MILO. I was coming down and hit a dead-end, but there's a fissure in the floor... I figured it was just a blockage in the chute, and tried to kick it open...got my foot jammed into the fissure...

ANDY. Your foot is stuck?

MILO. Yeah, but...maybe something else...I think something...a rock probably...fell across my foot...pinned it in the fissure.

ANDY. Are you sure?

MILO. Pretty sure.

ANDY. Great. (*ANDY notices Milo's arms.*) What's with your arms?

MILO. They're stuck...just like the rest of me.

ANDY. How did that happen?

MILO. I was trying to work my foot out...got 'em jammed in here...tore 'em up a little, too, I think.

ANDY. Can you move them?

MILO. I can't even feel them.

ANDY. Can you move them at all?

MILO. No.

ANDY. Try.

MILO. I've been trying...for a long time. I'm telling you, I can't move 'em.

ANDY. Okay, take it easy. *(ANDY looks about the passage, trying to think how to proceed.)*

MILO. Can you get me out of here?

ANDY. Yeah, we'll get you out. Don't panic, we'll get you out.

MILO. How?

ANDY. I'm gonna try pulling you, okay? *(ANDY reaches over and takes hold of the left shoulder of Milo's shirt. He pulls.)*

MILO. Ow.

ANDY. Wedged in pretty good. *(He reaches over and takes hold of the right shoulder of Milo's shirt.)*

MILO *(in real pain)*. OW!

ANDY. What's wrong?

MILO. God, that really hurt. *(ANDY examines Milo's shoulder. He presses a spot.)*

ANDY. Here? *(He presses another spot.)* Here?

MILO *(painfully)*. AHH!

ANDY *(sitting back)*. Terrific. You, my friend, have dislocated your shoulder.

MILO. What? How?

ANDY. I don't know. Probably trying to pull yourself out.

MILO. I...I don't remember doing it...

ANDY. Yeah, well, it does create a problem. *(Pause.)*

MILO. Do you think you could pull me out enough to get my hands free?

ANDY. It'll hurt.

MILO. Maybe if you work on my left side. That wasn't too bad. *(ANDY moves to Milo's left, and tries to work his arm free. MILO is obviously in pain, but bites it back for as long as he can. Eventually, he cries out.)*

ANDY. No, that's no good...forget it.

MILO. No, c'mon, try again. I can take it.

ANDY. It's not you I'm thinking about.

MILO. Oh.

ANDY. There's not enough of you to grab onto here.

MILO. Great.

ANDY. That's okay...that's okay. Pulling isn't the only answer. (*ANDY surveys the situation.*) You've really stepped in it this time, pal.

MILO. Aw, no...Andy, please, don't get started, okay? I already feel like an idiot, so don't lecture, okay? Just this once.

ANDY. Well, I suppose the situation speaks for itself. (*Pause.*) Christ, it's cold.

MILO. Wouldn't be if we were further in. It's wet, too. I've already caught a cold.

ANDY. You deserve it.

MILO. Oh, thanks a lot. Ever hear of people dying of exposure?

ANDY. You're breaking my heart.

MILO. Nice.

ANDY. Well, what do you want, a party? Uncle Pete is about to have a fit wondering where you are. You take off without telling anybody where you're going...

MILO. Y'know, this sounds an awful lot like that lecture we wanted to avoid.

ANDY. I don't know why you bothered coming home for the break if you weren't going to spend any time at the cabin. You know how he looks forward to Christmas time.

MILO. You're not my conscience!

ANDY. You could at least make an effort, after all he's done. How can you just skip off like that?

MILO. I needed to get out of the house. The old man was driving me nuts.