

Sacred Land

by

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Cast of Characters

<u>VICTOR DWIGHT EASTY:</u>	31
<u>ROGER CRAGGSDALE:</u>	45
<u>CHESTER:</u>	61

Place
Oregon

Time
19th Century

2.

Setting: The upscale library quarters and study of the rising star architect and builder, Victor Dight Easty.

At Rise: Victor Dwight Easty readies himself in anticipation of Mr. Craggsdale's entrance.

Victor Dwight Easty stares out his library window fixated on something.

He grabs a pair of gold binoculars and watches intently.

He then places the binoculars inside of his desk draw and adjusts his clothing.

Victor stands erect, facing the door, waiting.

A knock at the door.

VICTOR: You may enter.

CHESTER: Mr. Easty, Mr. Craggsdale is here to see you.

VICTOR: Send him in.

CHESTER gestures for MR. CRAGGSDALE to enter.

MR. CRAGGSDALE is an older man who appears disheveled and badly shaken.

VICTOR: Mr. Craggsdale, good to see you, come on in. (beat)
Care for a cigar?

MR. CRAGGSDALE'S hands shake as he rudely pours himself a drink and quickly drinks it. He pours himself another and yet another.

MR. CRAGGSDALE (quickly): May I sit down?

VICTOR (shocked): Of course, please do.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: We need to talk.

VICTOR (sarcastic joke): I should hope so, unless I am imagining your presence.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Sir, we have a serious matter to address...there has been a terrible incident at the railroad, men have been murdered.

VICTOR: What do you mean murdered?

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I was there early this very morning. I saw the entire event unfold before my own two eyes. I narrowly escaped with my life. I still don't believe it, but I have the wound to prove it.

MR. CRAGGSDALE stands up and takes off his jacket. Blood is revealed seeping through his long white sleeve shirt.

VICTOR (concerned): Now, now...have you been to a doctor?

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I have, I have, three times! Each time I returned home my wound completely opened itself up again, as if on its own accord. It won't remain closed. No matter how much stitching Doctor Baum performed. Do you understand? It bleeds. It bleeds! I've decided to come straight here from Doctor Baum's to tell you something's got hold of me and won't let me go. I was there, Mr. Easty! I saw them come out from the ground's surface. Fully formed beings made of dirt and rotting flesh. Giant men with long white hair and black glowing eyes. It was as if they held me captive from their stare alone, but I broke free of it and ran, not before one of them raised their claws and sliced my arm wide open, but I kept running and running and that was when I heard a symphony of the most horrific screams...I turned round to look and saw grown men being lifted up by these monsters and having their faces eaten as they screamed, one by one, each man tossed aside as a lifeless object, before the process was repeated.

MR. CRAGGSDALE sways where he stands and makes an effort to sit back down.

We cannot continue our work. We must stop digging up the burial grounds. Do you hear? We must stop! It was wrong for us to go in on this project. We knew Mr. Easty, we knew it was wrong to touch the sacred!

VICTOR: Mr. Craggsdale, you are in a state the likes of which I have never seen.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: What I have seen was no apparition, no fantasy, no dream...it was real. Do you hear? IT WAS REAL!

VICTOR: Get ahold of yourself!

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I cannot get hold of myself because it has a hold of me.

VICTOR: Mr. Craggsdale, I believe you are in a trance, the sort of trance a man finds himself in after he's been on a drinking binge. Surely you have lost your sense of self in this drunken stupor and became injured in the due process, only to embarrass yourself even further by making up this fairy tale that quite frankly, I am appalled to listen to any further.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Mr. Easty, I promise what I speak is fact.

VICTOR: Fact? There are no facts other than a drunken imagination.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I have not imagined this!

VICTOR: You take me for a fool?

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I would never, never take you as such.

VICTOR: After everything my family has done for you throughout the years. Now this? This disgusting tale. You were a drunken decrepit with wasted potential. I plucked you out from the weeds and planted you in a rose garden because you were always kind to me when I was a boy. I've never forgotten. My father always had an affinity toward you, which was passed down to me and I thought I was more capable than my own father to straighten out your course, but I digress. Perhaps you are a lost cause. This latest stunt proves that all too clearly I'm afraid. I gave you a new lease on life Mr. Craggsdale. Overseeing this railroad project was the opportunity you always craved and now you enter my home spinning wild tales of creatures coming up from God's soil because you are too drunk to lead this project to completion! Shame on you!

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I am not drunk! I am as sober as I have ever been!

VICTOR: The moment you entered this room you went straight for the booze.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: My nerves are destroyed from what I have witnessed.

VICTOR: I never knew a man to suffer from his own imagination as do you.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: I swear on the very fiber of my heart Mr. Easty that the bodies of your workforce lay dead on the tracks as we speak. What greater proof do you need than that?

(pause.)

VICTOR: What if what you are saying is true?

MR. CRAGGSDALE: It is! It is!

VICTOR: Stop it! I'm talking about Mr. Chamberlain...

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Mr. Chamberlain?

VICTOR: Why, certainly. Surely, this must have been a set up of sorts.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: You think Mr. Chamberlain hired monsters to kill our workforce?

VICTOR: Shut up about those stinking monsters!! Not another word! Get your head back into reality! Mr. Chamberlain has been using all his power to prevent our success in building the railroad. He and his cronies took deliberate action on our men and resorted to the most devastating, the most despicable...all seen through the eyes of a drunken Mr. Craggsdale. My good man why lie to me?

VICTOR (cont'd): Isn't it horrific enough that these hard working men are now dead as you claim? Have you given any thought to their families? No, of course you haven't because you are a drunkard and your brain is warped. What you witnessed is distorted vision. What you experienced is skewed. Do you not see that? It would have been nothing short of a miracle for me to depend on you when I needed you most. No. There is no real account of what took place and I still don't even know if I---

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Mr. Easty, I have not touched a drink in two whole years, until this very day. I was of the right mind when this, this, I don't know what to call it---

VICTOR: FIASCO! This is going to destroy me.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: We must not build any further.

VICTOR: You caused this! If you were of the right mind we would have had a chance to counter this murder spree from Chamberlain but no, you were too busy falling over yourself in your drunken glee.

VICTOR takes handgun out from his desk.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: What are you doing Mr. Easty.

VICTOR aims his gun at MR. CRAGGSDALE.

VICTOR: Do you think that I am going to buy your lies and allow you to destroy everything I've worked hard for in my life? Do you imagine I will allow you to walk this Earth after you brought me to ruin? Answer me!

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Mr. Easty, please---

VICTOR: Is it true? Answer me! Are there men dead on the tracks or is this all a fiction of your mind?!

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Yes! Yes! I swear my life to it!

MR. CRAGGSDALE goes into a nervous spasm and dies.

VICTOR examines the body.

VICTOR: Chester! Chester!

VICTOR places his gun inside his jacket.

CHESTER enters.

CHESTER: Yes, sir.

VITOR: Mr. Craggsdale may have suffered a stroke of some sort. He doesn't seem to be breathing at all. I need you to fetch me Doctor Baum immediately. Bring him to me!

CHESTER: Yes sir, right away, sir.

CHESTER exits.

VICTOR checks MR. CRAGGSDALE'S pulse.

VICTOR walks to his window and observes CHESTER leaving.

MR. CRAGGSDALE suddenly stirs alive. He stands as if something has brought him to life. Possessed.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: The sacred grounds you touch...

VICTOR: Craggsdale?

MR. CRAGGSDALE: We will not permit it.

VICTOR: Craggsdale I've just about had enough of you.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: The sacred grounds you touch are not for your hand...

MR. CRAGGSDALE walks toward VICTOR.

VICTOR takes his gun out from his pocket.

VICTOR: Stay back.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: The sacred grounds you touch.

VICTOR: Stay back. I will shoot. Stay back.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Dadilzinii jidisin. Dadilzinii jidisin. Dadilzinii jidisin. (*Navajo Translation: Respect the sacred*)

VICTOR: STAY BACK!

MR. CRAGGSDALE almost grabs VICTOR.

VICTOR fires his gun three times.

MR. CRAGGSDALE keeps walking toward VICTOR.

VICTOR: You can't be real. This can't be real!!

MR. CRAGGSDALE: It is forbidden.

VICTOR fires his gun again.

MR. CRAGGSDALE doesn't stop approaching.

VICTOR fires again but no more bullets.

MR. CRAGGSDALE has cornered VICTOR in a corner and begins choking him.

MR. CRAGGSDALE: Forbidden.

VICTOR: No! NO!

MR. CRAGGSDALE: FORBIDDEN.

VICTOR: We will terminate the project! We will cancel the project!
We will stop. We won't dig any further!

MR. CRAGGSDALE stops and stares at VICTOR before his own body collapses to the floor, back to death.

END OF PLAY