

Gator's Fury

by

Joseph Arnone

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1.

Cast of Characters

EWELL: 30' s
GUNNER: 20' s
HOLT: 20' s
GATOR: Mature

Place
Lake

Time
Afternoon

2.

Setting: The play takes place in the outdoors, beside a lake.

At Rise: The play opens with Ewell and Gunner sitting on small boulders and drinking beers. There's a tree stump beside them with a thick rope wrapped around it which is used as a hoist to bring up and down what's attached to it.

Ewell and Gunner look like a picture perfect pair of two men gone fishing.

Ewell whistles a made up tune. After a few seconds of this...

GUNNER: Shiiit, how long we gotta wait out here man? It's hot as shit.

EWELL: You the one told me you wanted to come, now you're here, now you won't shut the hell up about it?

GUNNER: Didn't know it was gonna be so damn hot.

EWELL: Heat's in your blood son.

GUNNER: Feel like the sun is pressin' down on me.

EWELL: What you want me to say?

GUNNER: Couldn't a chosen a cooler day?

EWELL: I ain't glued to the TV set watchin' the news all day like yo dumb ass.

GUNNER: I like bein' educated.

EWELL: You call that bein' educated?

GUNNER: Damn straight.

EWELL: You just like goin' on mind rides.

GUNNER: I like formin' my own opinion a things.

EWELL: Only opinion you formin' is one a confusion.

GUNNER: I ain't confused 'bout a damn thing.

EWELL: (laughs)

GUNNER: (looking at stopwatch) That's thirty seconds.

Ewell pulls down on a rope and up from the water comes out a man named Holt.

GUNNER: He dead?

EWELL: Hold on...

Ewell examines Holt.

EWELL: Nah, he breathin'.

GUNNER: Look dead to me.

EWELL: Told ya he breathin', I hear him breathin'.

GUNNER: I ain't hear shit.

EWELL: Cause you hard a hearin'.

GUNNER: I hearin' just fine. We gonna let him dry out then?

EWELL: Guess so.

GUNNER: Gator may want 'em.

EWELL: Yeah.

GUNNER: Whatta we do if a gator wants him?

EWELL: I ain't thinkin' that far ahead.

GUNNER: Well think now on it.

EWELL: If a gator tore into his ass?

GUNNER: Uh-hm.

EWELL: What you mean, like, we try to save him?

GUNNER: I ain't savin' him, ain't no gator sinkin' its jaws into my ass.

EWELL: We just let the gator eat 'em.

GUNNER: We ain't supposed to kill 'em!

EWELL: What if we do?

GUNNER: Hayley won't be happy none.

EWELL: Why you so afraid what Hayley thinks?...You scared a her, ain't ya?

GUNNER: I ain't scared a no one.

EWELL: I seen you round her.

GUNNER: And?

EWELL: You shake. (*laughs*)

GUNNER: What you talkin'? I ain't never shake.

EWELL: Like a leaf in a storm. (*laughs*)

GUNNER: Man, you mixin' up charm with fear.

EWELL: (*laughs*)

GUNNER: I aim to be polite. It's business. Ain't nothin' wrong with southern hospitality.

EWELL: What you know 'bout southern hospitality? Being born between a rock and a hard place.

Holt moves.

GUNNER: There he go.

EWELL: Hey boy! You got your wind back?

HOLT: (*coughs*)

EWELL: Ew wee, he got some a that sludge in his lungs. (*laughs*)

GUNNER: He do! That he do!

EWELL: Hey, boy! Open your eyes, you still alive!

HOLT: (*coughs*)

EWELL: Hayley's keepin' you alive!

HOLT: No. No.

EWELL: No what?

HOLT: No more Ewell. I'm through.

EWELL: We ain't through with you.

HOLT: You dip me under the water again, I won't make it.

EWELL: Ya think?

HOLT: There's a gator in these waters.

EWELL: There we go again 'bout that gator talk.

HOLT: He bumped me down below.

GUNNER: Gators don't bump!

HOLT: There's a damn gator down there feelin' me out. Get me outta here!

EWELL: You the worm on a hook boy. The more you move around, the more chances that gator--

Suddenly a large and powerful gator bursts out of the water and takes hold of Holt.

Holt screams his head off.

Ewell and Gunner jump up and grab one another by their shirts.

The gator thrashes Holt back and forth a few times mercilessly. Holt continues to scream.

Ewell and Gunner pull down on the rope which hoists Holt higher into the air.

The crocodile releases its grip on Holt while Holt dangles in the air well above the water.

EWELL: (to Gunner) Hold the damn rope.

Ewell approaches Holt.

EWELL: Hey, boy! You okay?

HOLT: I was in the gator's mouth!

EWELL: But you still intact. I don't see no pieces off ya.

HOLT: That gator bit -

Holt faints.

GUNNER: (to Ewell) Told ya they was a gator lurkin' in them waters.

Both men laugh hysterically.

EWELL: You see the size of that thing?

GUNNER: Look like a mack truck it did.

EWELL: Shook me the hell up! (laughs) I thought I seen it all Gunner.

GUNNER: Thought he'd swallow him whole. Why'da think he let go?

EWELL: Damned if I know.

GUNNER: I mean he had 'em! Didn't he? Had him whole!

EWELL: He didn't like the taste. Even a gator knows Holt be trash.

GUNNER: (laughs) Ain't that the truth. I'm laughin' so hard, I can't hold this rope.

EWELL: Don't drop the rope Gunner.

Both men keep laughing.

Ewell joins Gunner and they tie the rope back around the tree stump.

GUNNER: What we gonna do now?

EWELL: Have some beers?

GUNNER: I'm game, shiiit.

Ewell and Gunner crack open some beers.

EWELL: That was some highlight, weren't it?

GUNNER: I wish I had my photography camera with me man.

EWELL: You still taken them photos?

GUNNER: I try to find me the time.

EWELL: You good at that.

GUNNER: I know it.

EWELL: Woulda made a helluva photo.

GUNNER: (laughing) Like that movie Jaws man.

EWELL: Say that again. (downs his beer)

GUNNER: Like that movie Jaws man.

Both men laugh out-loud again.

GUNNER: What we gonna do with him?

EWELL: Can't lower him back down unless we give 'em to gator boy.

GUNNER: Shiiit.

EWELL: Could take the truck and lower 'em into it.

GUNNER: Ya think?

EWELL: Do just fine.

GUNNER: Alright. (*downs his beer*)

EWELL: We'll get the truck and bring it on over.

Ewell and Gunner walk off.

Holt stirs awake. He screams and then calms.

HOLT: (*looking down at the water*) I see you down there you beast. I see you! We supposed to be friends, member? Grown all fourteen feet a you on account a me. I's be the one fed you them wild chickens, steaks, n' turkeys...you forget! Forget we was friends?! How many times did I come over and we talk? Like a pair of old pals we did. Eh? You know me and I sure as hell know you. Member that time I found you caught in that net? I was the one got you out. MEMBER?! I saved yo life! Ain't I the one who'd rub your belly and scratch your back when you was depressed? (beat) We shared stories, so many little heartfelt stories..about life, death and the cosmos..don't that count fer somethin' you giant suitcase!

(*the lake water makes waves*) Yeah, that's right. You hear me. Didn't forget me. Thass why ya spit me on out. Come on. You just mad at me cause I ain't come visit ya in a while. I get it. But I promise to never neglect ya ever again. Okay? That make you happy? (*the lake water makes waves*) Thatta boy. Looky here..them two fellas is comin' back and they'd be the steak of the day. Nice and tender. An' loaded up on beer so you get yourself a nice buzz goin' to boot! (beat) You owe me one, don't you forget...besides, they aim to kill me and with me gone, who ya else ya gonna have in yo life that cares as much about you as me. Think about that..hmm...the choice is yours buddy.

Ewell and Gunner walk back.

EWELL: (to Holt) This must be your lucky day boy. My truck is stuck in the mud. We gon' have to lower you down to them waters. Bet that gator be waitin' for ya. (laughs)

GUNNER: Oh, he waitin' alright.

HOLT: He waitin' on somethin' finer!

Ewell and Gunner Laugh.

They lower Holt back into the water.

Holt stands straight up.

EWELL: Come on out that water.

HOLT: I'm stayin' put.

EWELL: You get yourself out them waters boy!

HOLT: I ain't leavin'.

GUNNER: You lost yo mind Holton?

Ewell and Gunner take hold of the rope and pull Holt, despite his resistance, back on dry land.

Gunner goes over to Holt and gets behind him. He pushes him forward when suddenly the gator attacks.

The gator leaps out from the water and takes hold of Gunner, who doesn't stand a chance as he gets quickly pulled back into the lake while screaming his head off.

Ewell stands shocked.

Pause.

HOLT: You gonna untie me?

EWELL: Gunner's gone. I'll be damned.

HOLT: Untie me you damn fool.

Holt takes a few steps forward.

Ewell unties Holt.

Holt runs off.

Ewell stands still, staring at the lake.

Lights slowly fade to black.

END OF PLAY