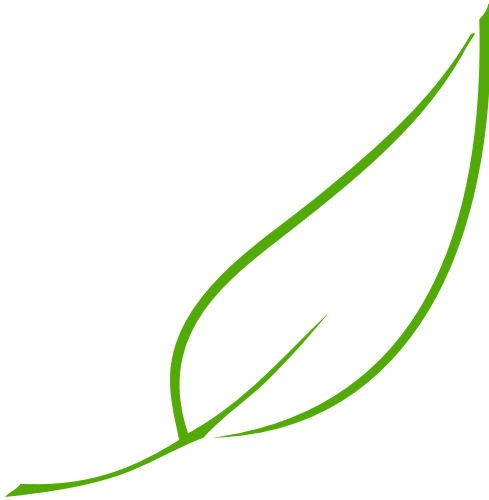


A GRAVE SITUATION

by Ken Bradbury



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MOREY: (*enters, looks around, sighs*) Why do I keep doing this? (*sees something on the ground and kneels down reverently*) How you doing, Jacob? It's me, Morey. Back again. Not sure why I'm here again, but ... you know ... we were such good friends ... back when you were still alive. (*sighs again, then*) Some good times, old buddy. I guess I just can't quite say goodbye to you so I come back to your grave every Saturday morning just to ... I don't know ... talk. Silly isn't it? I mean it's not like you can hear me.

JACOB: (*entering, standing behind Morey*) Of course I can hear you.

MOREY: You know, that's funny. Must be the wind or my imagination playing tricks. I just imagined I heard you say ...

JACOB: ... of course I can hear you.

MOREY: You said it again. This is weird. Maybe it's my cold medicine.

JACOB: You don't have a cold.

MOREY: You're right. (*It hits him*) Jacob! Jacob, is that really you?!

JACOB: We've got the cemetery to ourselves. Who else could it be?

MOREY: It's like ... it's like you're right here with me!!

JACOB: I am.

MOREY: But how ... his is so unbelievable! I mean, how can I believe you?

JACOB: You might try turning around.

MOREY: (*he does, then jumps to his feet*) Oh, my gosh! Jacob! I can't believe this! Jacob, you're dead!

JACOB: Yes.

MOREY: Yes? You really are dead?

JACOB: Weren't you at the funeral?

MOREY: I gave a speech! I carried your body out here! I was there and you should be ... you know (*pointing to the grave*) ... here.

JACOB: Oh I am.

MOREY: You are?

JACOB: Right there. Haven't moved.

MOREY: But you're ... you're standing right here.

JACOB: I'm a ghost.

MOREY: (*a very long pause, then*) Noooooooooo ... I don't believe in ...

JACOB: Then who do you think you're talking to, an ATM machine? I'm a ghost.

MOREY: But I thought ...

JACOB: Stop thinking. I'm a ghost. We prefer the word "specter," of course.

MOREY: Specter?

JACOB: "Ghost" sounds like ... well ... you know ... Halloween and bad movies. "Specter" has a certain noble sound, don't you think?

MOREY: I don't know what to think.

JACOB: You never did.

MOREY: Huh?

JACOB: I always had to do the thinking for you. To tell you the truth, that's why I came here today. I wanted to know how in the world you were managing without me. I've been the brains of our friendship ever since we were little boys.

MOREY: That's, uh ... that's harsh, Jacob.

JACOB: That's the downside of being dead. I mean, other than the fact that you actually are dead ... you're completely honest. Once you're dead, what's the use of lying?

MOREY: I miss you, Jacob. And I feel really bad about your ... you know ...

JACOB: Death? You can say the word. I do it all the time. After all, I'm dead, dead, dead. Finis. La Muerte. Kicked the old bucket. Sold the farm.

MOREY: It was such a needless ... I mean, maybe all death is needless, but yours ...

JACOB: Tripping over a cat and falling down the stairs wasn't how I imagined passing on to the great beyond.

MOREY: A cat.

JACOB: One stupid cat. How is the cat by the way?

MOREY: She's doing fine.

JACOB: Pity. I've come to hate that cat.

MOREY: I can't blame you.

JACOB: She was my downfall, so to speak. Morey ... remember when we were young? Just kids entering pre-school?

MOREY: Oh, how could I forget it? You were my best buddy! We did everything together! (*goes to his knees, becomes a pre-school boy*) Look at it, Jacob! School! Ain't this great?

JACOB: (*dropping to his knees beside Morey, joining him as a very young boy*) Pretty scary, Morey. You got your pencils?

MOREY: Pencils? I can't even write yet!

JACOB: You gotta have pencils, dummy. Everybody goes to school got pencils.

MOREY: Pencils are silly!

JACOB: Morey!

MOREY: Can I borrow a pencil?

JACOB: Just sit beside me and we can share. Uh-oh ... the other kids got crayons. I forgot about crayons.

MOREY: You think we'll flunk out? Do kids without crayons get kicked out of school?

JACOB: They just can't color as well. Darn. I had a list all made. How could I forget the stupid crayons? I've got milk money and ...

MOREY: Milk money? We gotta buy milk?

JACOB: Didn't you read the instructions?

MOREY: I'm only four! How can I read?

JACOB: Okay. I got two nickels. You can borrow one.

MOREY: You're my buddy, Jacob. (*standing and become himself as does Jacob*) Great times, Jacob! Even from the beginning ... and then we started dating.

JACOB: Don't remind me.

MOREY: We had a blast! Remember prom? (*becoming a teenager*) Yo! Jake! You ready?

JACOB: You kiddin'? I've got a date with the most gorgeous girl in school!

MOREY: Next to mine.

JACOB: Hey, it's a double date. We can compare.



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