

The setting

About halfway down the centre median of Parking Lot 4. It's not much of a median, just a small walkway between tightly spaced curbs. It is night. "European-Style" stadium lights shine phosphorescent on the "football" field. Light shines above the trees that surround the lot, illuminating upper crowns in the distance with a band of washed-out green. There are few cars left. Two figures stand next to a pair black and white garbage and recycling cans, or rather one stands, the other slouches. They speak in low tones. The night is warm. The ocean is not far.

May we suggest two folk act this aloud in class?
What fun that could be!

P1. Look at those trees. See how proudly they stand and greet the stadium lights?

P2. "That's not pride. They're skulking behind their brethren over yonder." [*Moves arm, vaguely gesturing toward the trees closest to the Trustees Memorial Recreation Center.*]

P1. O now! On a pleasant night like tonight, don't tell me you can find things to grouse about. The end of term is near.

P2. "Yes, and do you realize that in the eighteenth century, an English commoner would think of a gibbet as soon as an oak or elm upon hearing the word 'tree'?"

P1. Been spending time with the *OED* again?

P2. "There is nothing like curling up to a stolid book in bed."

P1. Listen, I've got a favor to ask you. I should've asked it a few weeks ago, but [*shakes head in a heady sort of way*], but I didn't.

P2. [*The following speech is the centerpiece of this play. It should be spoken with solemn, humble, eloquent, but benighted fervour.*] "I am wary of questions that should have been asked beforetimes. Indeed, I am wary of many questions. There is so much to know [*This should be said aggressively, almost spit out*], so much beyond our fate-filled grasps. Yet I am aware. And I thank you for the honour of appointing me a member of your Flyer Committee.

May I respectfully suggest, nonetheless, that it is inadvisable to do this without first consulting the persons appointed? I am unable to accept this burden." [*If you don't get this right the first time, go ahead and speak the part again. It bears repetition.*]

P1. Flyer committee? Excuse me?

P2. "Yea, verily, *nolo episcopari*. I have given much, but I shall not give in that way. Nor, I believe,

should you; but so endeth *Faeder lar his suna*."

P1. Hey, come on. Jeez . . . [*waving dismissively, but not accusatively or nominatively.*] Whatever! By the way, I am a *dohtor*. [*Pause for a long moment, then whistle at the stars barely visible above.*] I just need to know what you're bringing to the bash.

A Play Full of Words

P2. "Oh. When is it again?"

P1. When is

The Really, Really Big Lit/Lang Holiday Workshop Bash? You know! It's Friday, December 15th, at 4:30. Where it always is — N-115.

P2. "Ah, youth. But I can remember when it was elsewhere."

[*They walk on, chatting quietly. The "European-style" lights wink and then go dark.*]