

GATOR HATER

The Resident's River of Crime/Episode #2

CHARACTERS:

Narrator: Middle aged man, pleasant but slightly paranoid

Eddie: Teenage boy

Vince: Teenage Boy

Young Narrator: Boy at age 10

Mother: The narrator's mother; slight southern accent; she's in her early 30's

Wanda Sue: Young woman, 20 years old; southern accent

Deputy Sheriff: Man in his late 30's/early 40's; heavy southern accent

INTRO

NARRATOR/INTRO

Our lives are constantly surrounded
by unseen streams ...numerous,
invisible rivers composed of love,
power, success, pain ...all that we
detest and desire. Some we navigate
with ease, some we seek forever
...and some are simply whirlpools,
spinning us into oblivion.

While I am not a criminal, crime
has stalked me from an early age.
At this point, I can only see my
life as an unending collision with
evil, leaving me with but one
conclusion: I ride the river of
crime.

(New music - Episode
theme; continues
under...)

INTRODUCTION TO EPISODE #2 - IT AIN'T NO RAT

Typical street noises are heard; most prominent are the
voices of several teenage boys and a pronounced scraping
sound.

VINCE/ROC#2-V1
 HEY EDDIE! LET'S DUMP THIS SNOW
 DOWN THAT MANHOLE! I'M TIRED OF
 SHOVELING THIS CRAP!

EDDIE/ROC#2-E1
 Yeah ...okay, me too ...I gotta go
 home, anyway. (shouts) OVER HERE,
 GUYS! DUMP IT DOWN THIS MANHOLE!

The scrapping sound gets louder, accompanied by the boys' voices.

EDDIE/ROC#2-E2
 SHIT ...IT'S COLD!

VINCE/ROC#2-V2
 I'M BEAT!

EDDIE/ROC#2-E2
 LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!

A noise is heard.

EDDIE/ROC#2-E4
 HEY LOOK! SOMETHING'S MOVING!
 THERE'S SOMETHING DOWN THERE!

VINCE/ROC#2-V3
 It's just a rat ...goddam sewer is
 full of 'em.

EDDIE/ROC#2-E5
 SHIT, IT AIN'T NO GODDAM RAT! IT'S
 BIG! ...IT ...IT'S HUGE!
 SHEEEEITTT! VINCE ...GRAB THAT
 ROPE, I THINK I CAN GET IT AROUND
 HIS HEAD (pause, shuffling noises)
 ...I GOT IT! I GOT! GUYS, HELP!!
 HELP ME PULL IT UP!!!

Sound of exertion, excited grunts and shuffling feet are heard.

VINCE/ROC#2-V4
 JEEEEZUSSSS!!! LOOK AT THAT THING!
 IT ...IT'S TRYING TO OPEN ITS
 MOUTH!!! LOOK AT THEM GODDAMM TEETH
 ...KILL IT!! KILL IT! QUICK ...KILL
 THAT SUCKER!!

The sounds of snow shovels hitting something hard is heard repeatedly over and over, along with several voices all screaming.

EDDIE & VINCE/ROC#2-E6&V5
 KILL IT! KILL IT QUICK! KILL IT!!!
 (the sound of chaos and
 mayhem fades into music)

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH1
 Kill that sucker, kill it dead
 Whack him on his ugly head

OPENING

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N1
 According to the NY Times, Feb 10,
 1935, three teenagers were
 shoveling snow into an open manhole
 when they found themselves staring
 into the open mouth of an
 alligator. After looping a rope
 around its head, they bludgeoned it
 with snow shovels, then proudly
 drug their trophy to a stove repair
 shop a couple of blocks away.
 Nobody ever figured out how a
 tropical animal made it into the
 sewers of New York in the middle of
 the winter, but it did become the
 foundation for one of America's
 best loved urban legends: the cute
 baby alligators brought home from
 Florida that were ultimately
 flushed down toilets (flushing
 sound) and into the sewers of the
 Big Apple.
 (musical interlude)

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH2
 Sucked down the sew-ers
 Sucked down the sew-ers
 Just like man-ure
 in the Big Bad Apple

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N2

Now the crime in this story is not the killing of a small and undoubtedly bewildered alligator, although it was criminal act as far as I'm concerned ...no, there's little doubt that the real crime is murder ...but then, no one knows for sure.

(brief musical interlude)

SCENE 1 - THE GATOR IN THE DUCK POND

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N3

My story starts many years later. I was ten years old ...and very interested in similar rumors about a small alligator, supposedly swimming around a local pond.

(musical interlude)

The phone rings. A ten year old boy picks it up.

YOUNG NARRATOR/ROC#2-YN1

Hello. Oh, hi Tommy. What's up?
(pauses) What? WHAT, ARE YOU KIDDIN' ME? REALLY? WOW? WHERE?
(pauses briefly) YEAH, YEAH, OKAY, I'LL GET MY BIKE AND COME ON OVER ...Yeah, see you in a couple of minutes! (hangs up the phone) MOM! MOM! I gotta go. Tommy called and said there's this alligator over by the golf course...

A voice from the next room cuts him off

MOTHER/ROC#2-M1

NOOOOOO!!!! NO! ABSOLUTELY NOT! YOU ARE NOT GOING OVER THERE!!! NO!

YOUNG NARRATOR/YN2

BUT, MOM...

MOTHER/ROC#2-M2

NO! DID YOU HEAR ME!!! NO! YOU'RE NOT GOING!!!

YOUNG NARRATOR/ROC#2-YN3

BUT...

MOTHER/ROC#2-M3
 NO! NO! NO! DID YOU HEAR ME!!!! NO!
 GO TO YOUR ROOM!!!!

A door slams.

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH3
 Twinkle, twinkle little beast,
 How we wonder if you'll feast
 Upon our organs and our glands
 Or just eat babies - when you can
 (musical interlude)

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N3
 Well ...my mom's harsh response
 really caught me off guard, but,
 what the hell, I reacted like any
 normal ten year old boy. I went to
 my room, climbed out the window and
 went to see the goddam alligator.

SCENE 2 - THE BEST THINGS IN LIFE

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH4
 Perhaps it could have been a log
 Or a floating and dead dog

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N4
 You know ...one of the things we
 learn in life is that the most fun
 is usually free from expectation.
 Without the burden of anticipation,
 the things that just happen are
 always the best - while on the
 other end of the life's emotional
 barometer are anything that's
 "FREE!," New Years Eve and, of
 course, the gator at the duck pond.

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH5
 Is there any worse surprise
 Than a mother's angry eyes?
 (musical interlude)

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N5
 But much worse was the fact that,
 as dozens of kids stood around an
 ugly brown pond staring at a pile
 of lumps, I looked up and saw my
 mom. This was big time bad.

SCENE 3 - FREAKOUT IN THE FAMILY ROOM

MOTHER/ROC#2-M4

HOW DARE YOU!!! HOW DARE YOU DO
THAT!!! ...WHEN I STRICTLY TOLD YOU
NOT TO GO!!! HOW COULD YOU DO THIS
TO ME!!!

YOUNG NARRATOR/ROC#2-YN4

But, Mom...

MOTHER/ROC#2-M5

NO EXCUSES!!! DO YOU HEAR ME!!! NO
TV!!! NO FOOTBALL PRACTICE!!! NO
FRIENDS AFTER SCHOOL!!! NOTHING!!!
...YOU HEAR!!!! NOTHING!!! FOR SIX
MONTHS!!! NOTHING!!! NOTHING!!!

YOUNG NARRATOR/ROC#2-YN5

But, Mom...

MOTHER/ROC#2-M6

GO TO YOUR ROOM!!! AND THIS TIME
YOU STAY THERE!!! DO YOU UNDERSTAND
ME!!!

YOUNG NARRATOR/ROC#2-YN6

Yes m'am... (a long pause in
silence) ...did you think I would
get eaten by a two foot long
alligator?

Another long pause is suddenly broken by the sound of heavy
labored sobbing.

YOUNG NARRATOR/ROC#2-YN7

Mom ...are you okay? Mom, I'm sorry
...I'm sorry ...please stop, Mom,
I'm sorry

The young narrator also begins to cry and for a moment,
nothing is heard but the mutual sobbing of mother and son.

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N6

Confused and shaken, I hugged my
mother, saying that I was sorry,
and begged for her forgiveness,
even though I still wasn't sure
what I had done.

(MORE)

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N6 (cont'd)

Soon she pulled herself together enough to tell me that it wasn't my fault ...she said that long ago, during her freshman year in college, she had a best friend - her name was Wanda Sue Judkins.

SCENE 4 - WANDA SUE

MOTHER/ROC#2-M7

...Wanda Sue and I were such great pals. We laughed ...cried ...talked about boys ... we practically did everything together. (pauses) But then her mother got sick ...she was from Texas, a little town called Elmendorf ... not too far from San Antonio ...well she had to go home in the middle of the semester to take care of her mother, but we stayed in touch...

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH6

She put herself aside and tried
To help her mother, but she died
And left her all alone inside
Of nothingness - I guess she cried

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N7

Mom said that her roommate had gotten a job as a waitress in (pauses and sighs) Elmendorf, but, unfortunately, her mother's illness turned out to be fatal, leaving Wanda Sue without a family, but the young girl said she was saving money and would be returning to college the following year.

MOTHER/ROC#2-M8

...as the school year progressed, we made plans to see each other. I was going to take a bus and stay with her over the Easter holidays ...but she never answered my last two letters, leaving our plans unconfirmed ..I tried to call, but never got an answer... I was so worried...(her voice trails off) ...so I finally just decided to go anyway (pauses) ...I can still remember reading her last letter on the bus...

WANDA SUE/ROC#2-W1

Dear Eurlene, I guess I'm lucky to have a job, but things are a little strange here. My boss is a man named Joe Ball. He's nice enough, I guess ...maybe a little too nice sometimes, if you know what I mean, but it's the way he runs his business that I don't like. The restaurant and bar are okay, but big attraction is the alligators. Joe dug this pond back behind the place and filled it up with alligators. And every Saturday night he feeds them. Last week it was a raccoon and a calf. And the week before that it was a couple of cocker spaniels and a baby pig. AND THEY WERE ALIVE WHEN HE THREW THEM IN THERE!

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH7

He found a sheepdog at the pound
And with its legs securely bound
He lowered it into a pit
Where snapping jaws awaited it

WANDA SUE/ROC#2-W2

It just gives me the creeps. After that I felt weird every time he touched me ...and he touches me a lot. I guess I should get another job, but there's not much work around here...

(Wanda Sue's voice fades
into the sound of
snarling and chomping)

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH8

He touched her every single day
In a subtle sickly way
Even in her dreams he crept
Invasively into her sleep
(musical interlude)

SCENE 5 - OUTSIDE OF A BAR IN ELMENDORF, TEXAS

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N8

Given the ultimate circumstances of
this sordid scene, the timing of my
mother's arrival at the Sociable
Inn in Elmendorf was ...well, not
good. The bar was surrounded by cop
cars with more arriving, when the
bus dropped her off a hundred yards
or so from Joe Ball's dirt parking
lot.

(the sound of sirens is
heard)

CHORUS/ROC#2-CH9

The sound of sirens filled her head
With a sucking sound instead
Of open arms and smiling eyes
There is a smell when someone dies

MOTHER/ROC#2-M9

Anybody could tell that something
was wrong ...bad wrong ...I ran
into the bar and practically
knocked over this deputy sheriff
...he (she sniffs and wipes her
nose) he had the strangest look on
his face when I asked him where I
could find Joe Ball ...I remember
it like it was yesterday
(the mother's voice fades
out and the deputy's
voice fades in)

DEPUTY SHERIFF/ROC#2-D1

...m'am, Joe Ball done shot hisself
to death ...right in front of me.
It was the damdest thing I ever
saw. He did it right behind that
bar over there ...pulled out a
pistol and just shot hisself right
in the head ...we couldn't do a
goddam thing ...we was just about
to arrest him ...on MURDER CHARGES!
...and he just up and kills
hissself!

(MORE)

DEPUTY SHERIFF/ROC#2-D1 (cont'd)

...well that sure as shit says
somethin' to me ...uh, pardon my
French, m'am ...but it seems like
several of Joe's waitresses done
disappeared ...and ...and everybody
around here knows about how he
feeds them gators...

(brief musical interlude)

EPILOGUE

NARRATOR/ROC#2-N9

Joe Ball's alligators, of course,
survived ...and it wasn't long
before they became the main
attraction at the San Antonio zoo
...but Wanda Sue Judkins, my mom's
best friend, disappeared without a
trace.