

THE ELEVENTH
A Memorial In One-Act

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AUTHOR'S NOTE: This play is intended to be a memorial honoring those who were affected by the events of September 11th, 2001. There are no names used to identify any of the characters in this play. The short sequence of scenes does not represent actual conversations or events as they happened. They were created to instill in the minds of the audience the scope of this tragedy. To make us reflect on how many people's hopes and dreams were shattered by this cowardly act of terrorism. To make us all aware of the fragility of life and how our simplest plans and aspirations can be taken away from us in an instant. The professions of the characters in this play are representational of actual victims of September 11. Any similarity of lives or events is merely coincidental.

DEDICATION: This play is dedicated to all of the victims of September 11th, their families, and loved ones.

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Radio station announcer's voice	
Radio station manager's voice	
Female Victim #1	An airline stewardess
Female #1	Pregnant wife of a firefighter
Firefighter	New York City fireman
Male Victim #1	Retiring investment broker
Female #2	Wife of investment broker
Female Victim #2	Professional business woman
Male #1	Boyfriend of business woman
Police Officer	New York City policeman
Female #3	Wife of policeman
Girl Victim #1	An eleven year old girl
Mom/Victim	Eleven year old girl's mother
Army Officer	Officer of the U.S. Army
Female #4	Army officer's wife
Janitor	Custodian at World Trade Center
Female #5	The Reverend's housekeeper
Reverend	A minister and fire chaplain
Female Victim #3	A business woman
Female Victim #4	A business woman
Girl #1	A pilot's daughter
Girl #2	A pilot's daughter
Pilot	An airline pilot
Police Officer #2	Non-speaking stretcher bearer
Police Officer #3	Non-speaking stretcher bearer

COSTUME NOTE: Costuming can be general and simple, with the men wearing dark slacks and dress shirts and the women wearing dark skirts and light blouses. The addition of costume props and hand props is used to differentiate the individual characters.

PROPS:

2 hand-held telephones	pad of paper
stewardess' cap	pen
fireman's helmet	envelope
man's tie	clerical collar
man's sport coat	Bible
briefcase	advertising folio
policeman's cap	laptop computer case
2 small carry-on bags	newspaper
old teddy bear	pilot's cap
travel brochures	stretcher
army officer's coat and hat	U.S. flag

STAGING NOTES: The play can be staged modestly or as elaborately as budgets and resources dictate. There are a number of simpler options to the set described below. One option is the use of a slide or picture of the collapsed Trade Center projected on a screen upstage with a low construction fence slightly downstage. It can also be done with simply using the low construction fence and some signs indicating the sight of the disaster. There does need to be separately lighted acting areas downstage of the fence.

SETTING: The up-stage area of the stage is a mass of ruins. Twisted steel beams reach skyward out of what appears to be crumpled piles of concrete. Around the piles of concrete is a low orange construction fence with signs on it warning people to keep out. The fence is laced with flowers, pictures, and memorials. There are four steel beams slightly lower than the rest and evenly spaced in the middle of the concrete. These beams will support the stretcher with flag in the final scene. The down-stage area of the stage is bare except for a small table and 2 chairs stage-right and the same stage-left. All of the scenes are played down-stage below the ruins. Entrances and exits are made from the curtained wings. The down-stage is lighted separately with area specials stage-left, stage-right and center-stage.

AT RISE: The down-stage area is dark. The ruins are bathed in a dim blue light. There is a mist of fog rising from the piles of concrete. The song America can be heard playing softly in the background. As the music fades, the lights on the down stage area come up and the ENTIRE CAST enters from different areas off-stage. The CAST appears to be busily on their way towards a destination. The CAST exchanges general light banter and ad-libs as they pass each other. The mood is light until the RADIO ANNOUNCER'S voice comes over the sound system. During the RADIO ANNOUNCER'S speech the lights dim slightly and the ENTIRE CAST stands motionless and frozen on stage.

RADIO ANNOUNCER: At this time the management would like to interrupt our regularly scheduled programming to bring you this editorial from our station manager.

STATION MANAGER: Fellow Americans...today, September 11th, 2001, America and all of her citizens came under attack. As millions of American watched these attacks on television it was hard to comprehend what could have prompted such acts of cowardice. Our entire nation watched in disbelief as smoke billowed from Tower Number One of the World Trade Center. A result of being struck by American airlines Flight 11 bound for Los Angeles from Boston. Seconds later many witnessed United Flight 175 crash into Tower Number Two. Still later we hear of American Airlines Flight 77 crashing into the Pentagon and United Flight 93 crashing in rural Pennsylvania.

Speculation has it that Flight 93 was intended for the White House, but some brave passengers and crew foiled that attempt. Millions watched their TVs dumbfounded as the Twin Towers, symbols of the New York skyline, collapsed in a giant heap of concrete and twisted steel. Only then did it become apparent what an incredible loss of life had just taken place. Thousands of innocent victims gone in an instant; victims whose families and friends will be haunted for years by the events of today, September 11th, 2001. Victims with dreams, victims with plans. . . . with hopes. Victims who only hours before the attack were discussing their future with family and friends. As you ponder today's events, ask yourself, what their expectations as of this morning, September 11th, just a few short hours ago.

(As the radio broadcast fades the CAST bustles off and the lights rise on the down-stage left area. A woman, FEMALE VICTIM #1, enters talking on a phone. She is dressed in a black skirt and white blouse with a nameplate and gold wings on the breast pocket. She is wearing or carrying a stewardess cap. As she talks on her cell phone she paces and occasionally sits at the table down-left.)

FEMALE VICTIM #1: Now, Mother, I don't want to argue with you. I haven't got much time. I'm working a flight to L.A. this morning and I have to get to the airport. Look, I know you're disappointed that I'm not going to be home for Thanksgiving, I know that. . . . But, it can't be helped. (Pause) No, it has nothing to do with Bob. . . . it's just, it's just that he's not Dad, ya know? I have trouble talking to him, and seeing you with him and. . . . I know Mother, it's not your fault, it's mine. I have to learn to deal with it. And I will, Mom, I promise, only right now, I have to get to the airport. (Pause) Mom, please. . . . can we talk about this later? I'll call you when I get to L.A. . . . just got to give me some time, that's all, just a little time. (Pause) I miss you, too, Mom. I'll call you, I promise. The minute I get to L.A.. I'll call and we'll have plenty of time to talk. (Pause) I love you, too, Mom. Talk to you later. . . . bye.

(FEMALE VICTIM #1 exits. On her way she crosses near the orange fence up-stage, reaches over the fence and places her stewardess cap on the pile of rubble. At the same time the lights cross-face and come up on the down-stage center area.)

(FEMALE #1 enters and crosses center-stage.)

FEMALE #1: Come on honey or you'll be late.

(FIREFIGHTER enters and crosses to FEMALE #1. He is wearing dark slacks and a white shirt. He is carrying either a fireman's coat or helmet.)

FIREFIGHTER: Why the hurry? (Embracing her.) Maybe, I'll just call in sick. What do you think of that? How about it. . . . I stay home and you and I spend some time together, go to a movie or something? I've got plenty of sick time coming or I could call the captain to see if I can take a vacation day. . . . what do ya say?

FEMALE #1: (Slipping from his embrace.) I think you had better go to work like a good little boy, that's what I think. I have some things to do today and. . . . I can't change my plans, its important.

FIREFIGHTER: (Pouting) More important than me?

FEMALE #1: No. . . . but, let's just say it is important for us.

FIREFIGHTER: What kind of plans?

FEMALE #1: Now don't! You'll spoil it.

FIREFIGHTER: (Slyly) If it's what I think, then how could I spoil it?

FEMALE: C'mon now. . . . don't you go trying to guess.

FIREFIGHTER: (Guessing) You're going to the doctor's office? You've got a doctor's appointment! I know it, I knew it! Am I right? Am I right?

FEMALE #1: (Quietly) I wanted it to be a surprise. I was going to tell you tonight over a nice dinner.

FIREFIGHTER: (Crosses to FEMALE #1 and hugs her.) Hey. . . . I'm sorry. . . . but, you know me, I. . . .