

THIS HOLLOW EARTH  
B LIPKIN

## **Characters**

BETTY HILL: Abductee, former unitarian and civil rights activist.

BARNEY HILL: Abductee, former unitarian and civil rights activist.

FRANCIS ISRAEL REGARDIE: Jewish Occultist Researcher

SAMUEL MATHERS: British Occultist, Tunnel leader.

DICK: Tunnel inhabitant.

HARRY: Tunnel inhabitant.

TOM: Tunnel inhabitant.

JANE: Tunnel inhabitant.

## Act 1, Scene 1

A HOUSE IN A FIELD. CROOKED AND WOODEN. REEDY GRASS IN FRONT AND THE SIDES.

WIND, WAVERING

TRIM ON THE SIDES AND RUST

IMAGINE THERES A PORCH AND IMAGINE THERES AN UNDERNEATH THE PORCH

A ROCKING CHAIR ON THE PORCH

A WILTING

A WANTING AND ELSEWHERE

SOMETIMES A WOMAN SITS ON THE PORCH

*[ A woman sitting in a chair facing towards grassy reeds. The house looks crooked and battered. As the woman shifts her feet, the boards creek. It is night out. ]*

BETTY

*(almost exasperated)* HELLO?

HELLO?

Who's there??? WHO'S THERE?

*(screaming)*

HELP ME

PLEASE HELP ME

**Act 1, Scene 2**

*[Two men sit down next to each other on crates of sorts, or rocks. Makeshift seats.]*

MATHERS

The only things I care for are magic and the theory of war.

REGARDIE

The people who lived...

*(Mathers sits down behind a table with a board of chess)*

MATHERS

I must now convene with the gods.

*(Mathers starts to hum at a steady frequency)*

REGARDIE

We who were strangers...

*(Mathers continues to hum)*

REGARDIE

Born from the absence of good...

*(Mathers continues to hum)*

Empty the lungs and remain thus while counting 4.

REGARDIE

Inhale, counting 4 so that you feel filled with breath to the throat.

*(Mathers continues to hum)*

REGARDIE

Hold this breath while counting

*(Mathers continues to hum)*

REGARDIE

Exhale, counting 4 till the lungs are empty.

*[Two seconds pass.]*

MATHERS

AAHHAHHHHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAAGGHLKTJPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPPP  
NNNNNNNNAAAAAAAAAAAA

MATHERS

Why, I tell you, didn't I know about this before?

REGARDIE

(somberly) I don't believe you, he's not that type of boy.

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## Act 1, Scene 3

DICK

What I'm trying to talk about is a concealed mystery. What I'm trying to talk about is a hum in the engine. What I'm trying to talk about is all the things that are not but could be.

HARRY

The balance between mind and magic. A room built out of dirt, a soft mechanical spirit acting as a cudgel.

TOM

Yes. Magic as psychotherapy. The thing about me is, I know things. (beat) Stuff. It's like a story about history, a song with sedimented failure. Facing east, standing tall while the archangel penetrates. I didn't know then the things I know now. But now, I know.

JANE

I've always lived here, underground. In the underground, we are alive. Before me, behind me, at my left hand -- an accountant should be like Mathers: someone who takes accountability.

DICK

I come in the power of the Light.

TOM

I come in the Light of Wisdom.

HARRY

I come in the Mercy of the Light.

JANE

The Light hath healing in its Wings!

ALL

I come in the power of the Light. I come in the Light of Wisdom. I come in the Mercy of the Light. The Light hath healing in its Wings! I come in the power of

the Light. I come in the Light of Wisdom. I come in the Mercy of the Light. The Light hath healing in its Wings! I come in the power of the Light. I come in the Light of Wisdom. I come in the Mercy of the Light. The Light hath healing in its Wings! I come in the power of the Light. I come in the Light of Wisdom. I come in the Mercy of the Light. The Light hath healing in its Wings!

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#### **Act 1, Scene 4**

*[BETTY and BARNEY are in some kind of civic hall. The basement of a church, a municipal rec room etc..]*

*BARNEY steps up to a microphone, and taps on it.*

BARNEY

And so I uhhh.... I called the Air Force. And they didn't want to speak to me. So I called a psychiatrist, and he told me I was a lunatic, when I told him about the flashing lights.

BETTY

Aren't you forgetting something, Barney?

BARNEY

Oh yes! Well, we met with a businessman in Albuquerque named Paul, and he did explained to us that there's a base under the town of Dulce in New Mexico. That there is a force of humans and aliens being trained together by the military. And that's when Betty remembered.

BETTY

Yes, they were little men. Grey and green. They poked us, and prodded us. I don't think we were supposed to remember at all. That's why for the past five years, black helicopters keep chasing my friends. I drive down the street to buy some milk, and wake up 20 minutes later in a closet I don't recognize. There are beauracrats stalking me. I see them sometimes in suits, or moving theirs carts behind mine in the grocery store until I start staring at them.

#### BARNEY

They got us kicked out of the unitarian church. We used to believe a lot of things.

#### BETTY

Now I don't believe in much anything at all.



