

HOVERING SPIRIT

By

Marcus A. Bedford Jr.

An Original Play

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2/24/13

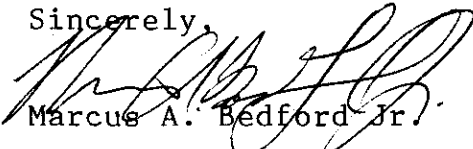
Safe Streets Arts Foundation
1600 K Street NW, Suite 501
Washington, DC 20006

Dear Director:

Greetings, I am submitting my play called 'Hovering Spirit' which is based on true to life events. I appreciate that you are having another event at the Kennedy Center and I hope this one too turns out to be a great success. I really like being a part of something that people in the free world can see, and if my contributions can help change someones mind in a good way I felt I have given back to the community I hope to one day re-enter. I am also enclosing a SASE so that I may receive an acknowledgement of receipt of the play.

Thank you for your time and consideration.

Sincerely,



Marcus A. Bedford Jr.

ACT 1

SCENE 1

An Inmate is laying on his back looking up at the ceiling.

(Narration:) I died in my cell last night...well I didn't die literally, but a part of me did. Prison has a way of changing a man in the most unimaginable way, sometimes for the good and other times for the worse.

SCENE 2

Inmate sits up and swings his feet off the bed, but before he stands he runs his hands over his head, then over his face, and down to his heart.

(Narration:) I don't know exactly when I started to become anti-social doing this time, and recently I haven't been able to recognize the old me through the cracked mirrors in the cell. My eyes that once shined bright with hope and full of life, now only stare back at me dark and empty. The hatred in my heart for all those that have forgotten about me has become so toxic, that my saliva has the sower taste of snake vemon. I know they didn't put me here but were is the love.

SCENE 3

Inmate begin to pace the small cell back and forth.

(Narration:) Home...that's what many people call this place, but I just can't bring myself to call a box home no matter how many years I have to do. This cell is no bigger than a closet...I eat, sleep, exercise, and use the bathroom in the same space-it's unnatural. To make matters worse they force two men to live together not knowing or caring if they are compatible. You don't have to be a psychic to predict a wreck is coming when two unstable vehicles are headed straight for each other.

ACT 2

SCENE 4

(Darkness on stage)

(Narration:)Inmate 45456 you got mail.

SCENE 5

(Lights back on)

The cell now has two Inmates sitting up on their beds, one of them is looking to the left the other is looking on the floor for his shoes.

(Narration:) I hate these state issued shoes...I hope it's a letter from my folks. Soon as I stand up and walk pass my cellmate, I suddenly feel a punch to the back of my head. On instinct, I spin around throwing two quick punches of my own, one landing on the chin of my cellmate causing him to fall back onto his bed.

SCENE 6

Inmate standing in silence looking down at his cellmate.

(Narration:) Do you want your mail or not...I don't have time to wait on you.

SCENE 7

Inmate turns around slowly to face the C.O. holding out his mail, and heads in his direction.

(Narration:) This is CRAZY...he didn't just see what happened. I took my mail from his grasp as he slid it through the crack in the door, he then continued to walk down the tier passing out the rest of the mail. I stood near the door in disbelielf, certain that we had gotten away with that exchange of punches I turned around sure he would be standing behind me poised for another sneak attack. I spun around he was not there.

SCENE 8

Inmate walks back to his bed and sits down.

(Narration:) Is this some kind of sick joke?, is he playing with my mind?, he must be trying to test me...look at him, he's actually laying down to go to sleep. I'm so pissed I can't even read my letter...What's the prison protocol for this sort of situation. God if you hear me, What am I suppose to do? I really didn't expect an answer right away, but wow, I got a life sentence for my mistakes should my prayers fall on deaf ears too.

SCENE 9

(Dimly lit stage)

Inmate gets up out of bed, looks over at his sleeping cellmate for a second, then walks to the cell door staring out into the dayroom.

(Narration:) In the calmness of the night a small ray of light slashes through the darkness of the cell, not enough to disturb a good sleep but more than enough to annoy the irritable. This is the time that most inmates give their inner-demons a rest so it's nice and quiet. Feeling thirsty and claustrophobic all of a sudden, I walk to the sink. I push the button for a sip of water so I thought, the sound of the toilet flushing tore through the silence like a baby crying at church during prayer. I had expected my cellmate to wake up wanting to get down, surprizingly he didn't even flinch or stir.

The incident between me and my cellmate, I can't lie left me a little jumpy and I knew that once that sun come up one of us had to move.

SCENE 10

Inmate walks back to the cell door, to look out into the dayroom again.

(Narration:) I'm too amped up to sleep right now...at least I'm not alone, those two mice over in the shadows seemed to be enjoying themselves oblivious to the fact that they are in prison too. One of the brave little rodents noticed me watching them, the nerve of him to come up to my door and taunt me, daring me to do something...do he know I'm locked in-Poetic Justice I guess. I had no mercy when I would chase mice in the fields with my loyal dog Prince even though I never caught any. My childhood memories almost made me forget the incident between me and my cellmate, but this man I didn't know put his hands on me then went to sleep. His audacity angered me to a point I could not explain. Fight or Flight...and I had nowhere to go.

ACT 3

SCENE 11

(Dark stage-then spot light shines on Inmate with his fist balled.)

(Narration:) I felt myself rising yet my body was firmly on the ground, engulfed by the darkness but protected by the light. A Realm of Unknown reality. Void of conflicting emotions a pure essence. My higher self hovered above the surreal picture of my vehicle locked in battle of life and death. My mind's eye knows We are all living just to die, but in prison the stakes are higher, survival is your first priority. In this esoteric state you know the answers to all those burning questions, there are no winners or losers...just players in this game called life. Hovering above the violence, I come to understand that my vehicle the flesh, bone, and blood will sometimes be his worse enemy, but the fight is bigger than just this moment. It's about fighting for freedom, justice, and equality...if you truly want to find peace-because soon as you give up the fight your...

-Fade to Black-

THE END