

Celebrating Australian Playwriting



Australian Script Centre



# Walking Blind

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by Peter Fyfe

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EXTRACT

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This script is distributed by The Australian Script Centre  
77 Salamanca Place Hobart 7004 Tasmania Australia  
email [admin@ozscript.org](mailto:admin@ozscript.org)  
[www.ozscript.org](http://www.ozscript.org)  
ph +61 3 6223 4675  
fax +61 3 6223 4678

# Act One

- *The late-afternoon sun gently warms the stage and draws our attention to a white door at its apex.*
- *The sun begins to set, taking the house lights with it.*
- *As the last rays of the day linger, a blind boy (Tye) enters carrying a tote bag and a white cane, which he carries but doesn't, at this point, need to use.*
- *Tye traverses the set, places his bag by the door, and takes out a large key.*
- *Bearing a slightly mischievous grin, he addresses the audience.*

**Tye** Why are you sitting in the dark?  
If you were blind, that would explain your sitting in the dark.  
But, you're not blind are you?  
You're just sitting in the dark, trying to make sense of it all until the lights come back on.  
Well, here's a hint for you: just remember everything means something...

- *He opens the door with the key, revealing Rex, standing in silhouette, about to knock.*

**Tye** But not always what you think.  
*(beat)*  
For example, Rex.  
A man in a play?  
A man in a dream?  
A man in a myth?  
Or, just a man?

- *The other company members enter to peer at the intruder.*
- *A dog barks.*

**Wendy** Rex?

**David** Rex?

**Jo** Rex?

**Tye** *(to Rex, who doesn't hear)* Mind the step.

**Wendy** I need to talk to you Rex.

**David** Rex?

**Jo** Rex?

**Wendy** You've got to help me Rex.

**David** Rex?

**Jo** I need you, Rex.

**Wendy** Will you help me, Rex?

- *Rex goes to step across the threshold and, missing the step as if blind, trips, landing flat on his face in front of the door.*
- *Jo and David rush to help Rex to his feet. We hear them utter seemingly authentic “ad libs” ensuring Rex is OK.*
- *Tye closes the door with a thud and locks it.*

**Wendy** *(emerging from the darkness)* Rex?

**Rex** *(looking for certainty)* Wendy?

- *The lights have changed to reveal a scene in Rex’s consulting rooms. Wendy, conservatively dressed, is sitting on the couch, ill at ease.*
- *Jo and David exit. Tye remains upstage by the now locked door.*

**Wendy** I had... a dirty dream.

**Rex** *(taking on the role of psychologist, which is, at first, slightly unfamiliar to him)*  
Would you like to tell me about it?

**Wendy** No.

**Rex** Why not?

**Wendy** I feel so... ashamed.

**Rex** Never be ashamed of your dreams, Wendy.  
They reveal your deepest wishes.

**Wendy** Well, this one doesn’t.

- *Tye, watching upstage, nods knowingly. From his tote bag, he takes a can of green paint and a brush and begins to paint the door green.*

**Rex** It might not appear to reveal a wish at the moment, but I’m sure you’ll come to see that it does.

**Wendy** You would say that.

**Rex** Why don’t you tell me the dream?

**Wendy** I can’t, it’s filthy.

**Rex** I’m sure I’ve heard it all before.

**Wendy** It’s too horrible.

**Rex** Tell me the dream, Wendy. I won’t be shocked.

**Wendy** No, your sort never are.

**Rex** What sort is that, Wendy?

**Wendy** Rapists.

- *There is an uneasy moment.*

**Rex** What makes you say that, Wendy?  
Did you dream about a rape?

**Wendy** You just said it was my deepest wish.  
Is that what you think I wish for?  
Well, it's not. It's not.

**Rex** No, of course it's not.  
Why don't we start again from the beginning?  
Why don't you tell me about the dream?

**Wendy** It's embarrassing.

**Rex** What makes it so embarrassing?

**Wendy** It's about... you.

**Rex** I see.  
What if I told you that, even if I appeared in your dream, it's not really me.  
Would that help you tell me the dream?

**Wendy** But it was you.

**Rex** Let's pretend for a moment it wasn't.  
Let's look at what the dream is about before we jump to conclusions.

- *They find their complicity.*

**Wendy** I was lying on a rocky outcrop overlooking a deep ravine.  
I was... undressed.

**Rex** Naked?

- *Wendy nods.*

**Rex** What happened next?

**Wendy** There was a terrible scream in the distance. A wild man's scream. Or the  
scream of some sort of animal. Then I saw a man chased into the ravine  
by two wolves. As he gets closer, I recognise his face.

**Rex** It was me?

- *Wendy nods.*

**Wendy** You had a wild look in your eyes and you were...

**Rex** Naked?

**Wendy** Yes... and (*searching for the discrete word*) proud.

**Rex** Erect?

**Wendy** Yes... Erect... and proud.

**Rex** I see.

**Wendy** (*Bringing it into the present tense*) Then you give me this look, a wild look, a dirty look, then you approach me. You pin me to the rock. The rock is cold at first, but then it keeps me warm. And then you... then you...

**Rex** Ravish you?

- *Wendy nods.*

**Wendy** You're cold... cold inside me. Like ice. I try to draw back from the cold but the rock is underneath me and it's... it's hot. The colder you get the hotter the rock gets until you... you...

**Rex** I see.

**Wendy** Then you reel back and cover your eyes like... like you can't bear to look at me.  
(*changing tense*) And then I woke up.

**Rex** It must have been a very distressing dream.

- *Wendy nods.*

**Rex** Did you try to struggle?

- *Wendy's gaze turns to ice at the implication of partial consent.*

**Rex** Pretend I didn't say that.

- *A rather awkward moment, as Rex searches for a way out.*

**Rex** What do you feel about the dream?

**Wendy** Do you find me attractive?

**Rex** Let's look at the dream.

**Wendy** I wouldn't blame you if you didn't find me attractive.

**Rex** Do you think you're attractive?

**Wendy** I mean, you only... ravished me because the wolves drove you to it. Is that what it takes?  
Is that the only reason that a man would find a woman like me attractive?  
If the wolves drove him to it?  
Rex?

**Rex** I don't know what to say.

**Wendy** Why don't you tell me it's all my deepest wish. My deepest desire. Isn't that what you think?  
It's what you said before? That this dream reveals my deepest desire?  
Well, it doesn't.  
It's not my deepest wish.  
It might be yours but it's not mine.  
Excuse me, I have... to go...