

Walking Dead

(short version)

by
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Walking Dead

Cast:

UNIX a guy, Sarah's exboyfriend, something of the young Jim Morrison lizard king about him.

SARAH a woman, Unix's exgirlfriend, not young, not old, complex.

Setting:

Sarah's one room apartment, with an entry/exit door, bed, dressing table, couch, some drawers or cupboards. A very interior space. Lots of texture. Unix, drunk or high/tripping (but perhaps not as much as he's playing it up), wearing greasepaint to look like a sideshow ghoul, white face, black eyes, skeleton or corpse outfit, has turned up at Sarah's place as if it's some kind of insane Halloween trick or treat (though tonight is probably *not* Halloween, that would be too predictable). They don't live together anymore, but he used to live here. Sarah is dressed for being at home.

Time:

The present, evening.

WALKING DEAD

We enter the scene suddenly, mid discussion. UNIX is already here in SARAH's bedroom, looking and acting wild, a mixture of Jim Morrison's tripping shaman, B-grade horror movie ghoul, voodoo witchdoctor, carnival spruiker & anything else that might have flown out of the pit of his imagination. SARAH had not been expecting this show.

SARAH: Why do you do it to yourself?

UNIX: To be free, to be dead, to have no direction or want other than the hunger, the need to be, the need to run eat possess.

SARAH: Who?

UNIX: Whoever.

SARAH: You're a freak.

UNIX: Always in your heart, I'm not the animator, it is, it is forever free of tomorrow like a horse running free, god it's release, I don't know what's better, love or being dead.

SARAH: I hate you like this, you're a cheat.

UNIX: Yeah right on the nail, baby.

SARAH: It's not a joke.

UNIX: Isn't it, I think it's funny, I'm laughing now.

SARAH: You're a laughing clown. Like I said, you're a freak show and you're the star.

UNIX: Shine on, baby, shine on.

SARAH: You treated me like I was nothing.

UNIX: Don't try to stop me I'm running and you can't keep up.

SARAH: I hope you get what you're looking for.

UNIX: Got it now not looking for anything it's so easy when you're a dead man.

SARAH: I hate it when the shit in your veins does the talking.

UNIX: Oh yeah, like now like now, like a politician's slime rolls off the tongue, like water thin as ice, slide away, not a hint of depth depth depth...

SARAH: Shut it.

UNIX: With the best of pleasure baby doll, wow I'm falling now, back into the well, come with me and lose yourself too. It's not a sin, it's time you grin. Show me.

SARAH: You're pathetic.

UNIX: And it so doesn't matter no more no more no more no more.

SARAH: Anymore no. Why do you do it?

UNIX: It's easy. I'm getting even. There it is on a plate for you, love.

SARAH: I do love you, or I did. I don't know. I did. I do. I don't know.

UNIX: Fuck me.

SARAH: No. No, I feel sick.

UNIX: It may be your last chance, the bus is leaving.

SARAH: And you're on it.

UNIX: I am it.

SARAH: You're quieter now.

UNIX: Yes.

SARAH: You want something.

UNIX: Silence now. My head feels tight. Can I stay with you? I'm made of paper.

SARAH: You'll take me down.

UNIX: Yes.

SARAH: Why do you do it?

UNIX: It's so easy.

SARAH: You can't stay.

UNIX: No I can't stay.

SARAH: No, you can't stay. Do you have somewhere you can go?

UNIX: Everywhere I can go, really it doesn't matter, anywhere is fine just fine.

SARAH: It's starting again. Why do you do it to yourself?

UNIX: You started it.

SARAH: Yes I did. You're fading, it's getting hard to see you. Tell me a story.

UNIX: What story?

SARAH: Any one. Talk to me. Don't go.

UNIX: *[Pause]* There were two lizards, a man and a woman, they lived in a garden. It was autumn and they were like a king and queen in this garden sitting in the warmth amongst the flowers and grass. Time passed slowly and they walked together hunting smelling the air the perfumed scents of the garden and they made love lizard love their bodies twisted and wrapped around each other writhing and hissing in a coil of scaly limbs. And each day it became more passionate more hungry more given away and until one day in the depth of his desire he lost consciousness of what he was doing and ate her not because he wanted to but because that's what lizards do, they walk and hunt and eat. Their head is mostly mouth. Then as always after making love he fell asleep in the warm afternoon and when he woke up he was alone and he wondered where she was so he started walking looking for her because he knew she would be somewhere in the garden. And he kept walking through the flower beds over the lawn past the rhododendron trees looking knowing she would be there and he kept going over the bark and leaves and he got to the edge of the garden and kept going and the plants gave way to rocks and sand and autumn became winter but he kept walking walking. And it carried him on to a desert but he couldn't find her so he kept walking. But just walking on now no longer looking just walking onwards over the ground not wanting anymore just walking and day became night and he walked further over the sand until he no longer touched the earth. And he walked over the sky past the clouds and moon over the great star fields until his walking was no longer even walking and his body became air and finally he became part of the night sky because he was no longer a man with a body made of flesh and bones, just a shape made of stars and darkness and space.

SARAH: It's your story. I can see you again.

UNIX: But you can put your hand right through me. And that's the way I like it.

SARAH: What did you mean getting even?

UNIX: Getting even getting even getting even, that's what I mean, don't come here you'll disappear. It's such a waste just the two of us, say bye bye to the showgirls, they think it's so so sad, but I'm laughing at them.

SARAH: Talk sense.

UNIX: You talk then, so far it's been me, that's what you wanted. Now: what I want, I want to be entertained. You owe me a show.

UNIX goes to dressing table and starts to take off his makeup and ghoulish outfit. He is doing this throughout the next section of the play. As the greasepaint comes off you can see that actually he is beautiful.

SARAH: I owe you nothing, you took more than I had.

UNIX: More than you thought you had. You should be thankful I extended you outside that box you called your home.

SARAH: You lived there too.

UNIX: So tell me about it, I can't remember too well right now. Too much shit in the veins, doc.

SARAH: There was a red door with a silver handle and a number 37 that was silver too. The house was old red bricks and there was creeper over the walls in summer but bare in winter. It looked like a face from the front. Door for nose, two windows for eyes, dark roof for hair. There was a white painted rocking horse in the front room, the loungeroom, that was mine from when I was a kid, but you played on it, it was big and strong enough to take your adult weight. There were books in bookcases, many of them were from your grandparents house and there were paintings on the wall, old oil paintings that I had bought at auctions and markets, traditional land and seascapes, farm scenes. They weren't great art, just comfortable pictures in nice frames. There was a fireplace that was always dirty and full of soot and coals because we could never be bothered cleaning it because it made too much dust that would get onto the rugs. Two rugs; they were dark red and blue black, an afghan and a baluch. They were yours. There were double doors that looked on to the garden. There was brick paving and a stone birdbath with vines and shady trees all year. It was enclosed with a high wall so no-one could look in, and see the garden furniture and the pond with goldfish and lilies.

UNIX's makeup is removed now. He goes to a cupboard and gets out a bag and some clothes, his, which were left behind from when he used to live there. He starts to change into some of these clothes.

UNIX: There was a staircase.

SARAH: Yes, there was a wooden staircase with polished treads and banisters that led upstairs to our bedroom. There were skylights above the bed that let in the morning sun and in winter we would sleep in and stay up there reading. You were happy there.

UNIX: I was happy there.

SARAH: Weren't you?

UNIX: I found my grave at the top of the stairs the first time I went up them.

SARAH: What?

UNIX: I saw the end, our end. My failure. It was at a spot just to the left of the top tread. I walked over it every day.

SARAH: You never told me.

UNIX: What could I tell you, that I could see death in a spot on the floor at the top of the stair and I had to face it every time I entered or left like some tripped out fucking shrine. You wouldn't have understood. You don't now.

SARAH: What did it look like?

UNIX: It didn't look like anything. But it had a dark sense to it. Very dark, dark heavy quiet, things going into it nothing coming out.

SARAH: You're crazy. You always were.

UNIX: Crazy like a crazy horse spooked in the night, running running totally unstable.

SARAH: Lay it to rest.

UNIX: I have, love. R.I.P. That's what this was about.

UNIX has finished changing his clothes and starts to pack the leftover clothes into the bag. (Maybe the last thing to go in is the ghoul outfit, maybe he leaves it behind.) He looks ready to leave, a bit dressed up like he might be going out.

SARAH: You're going.

UNIX: Yep. But did you enjoy the show? I thought it was a blow.

UNIX walks to the door, stops and turns to look back at SARAH.

SARAH: You should look after yourself.

UNIX: Yes I should. Should's a strange word.

SARAH: [Pause] Unix?

UNIX: Yes?

SARAH: Tell me another story.

UNIX: [Pause] There was a beach, a seashore at night at that time when the fog comes in, a man walking, footsteps crunching over the sand where it was wet, fishbones and cuttlefish washed up. He found her washed up here, gone now. Her body was blue and white, crabs nesting in her hair. A redhead. Naked like venus, luminescent, sequined, a glittering coral where each speck of plankton like a star like a diamond like silver shimmered from her pores. Beautiful. And all he could do was look. At her shut eyes, lips, breasts, hands, fingers, thighs, calves. But not her crotch, not her soul, flower, crescent, angel, manger, privacy, vagina. Afraid to look there, like it might have revived her if he had, by the the shear brutal offense of his taking liberties with her corpse. Better to let her sleep unchanged amongst the dead.

SARAH nods. UNIX turns, walks through the door and leaves.

END PLAY

