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# DREAMWALK

A One-Act Play

By

**EDDIE KENNEDY**



THE DRAMATIC PUBLISHING COMPANY

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(DREAMWALK)

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# DREAMWALK

*A One-Act Play  
for Two Men, Two Women*

## CHARACTERS

ELIZABETH . . . . . a teenage cancer patient

DAVID . . . . . another teenage cancer patient

ALESIA . . . . . Elizabeth's sister

THOMAS. . . . . a friend of the family

*TIME: The Present*

*PLACE: A Hospital*



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## Dreamwalk

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SCENE: A visitation room.

AT RISE OF CURTAIN: ELIZABETH is seated at the card table. She rises, goes to the door, and looks down the hall. She turns and moves to the plants, touching the leaves. After a pause, she turns on the stereo, and soft music is heard. She moves to the card table and continues her game of Scrabble. As she spells another word, DAVID enters unseen.

DAVID (looking over Elizabeth's shoulder). Shudder, as in shudders and boards cover the windows.

ELIZABETH (reacting happily to David's presence). Wrong. Shudder, as in I shake and quake at your spelling mistake.

DAVID (pretending to be aghast). What?

ELIZABETH. Spelling mistake. "D" for "T"?

DAVID (with a terrible English accent). No, thank you. I never touch the stuff, actually.

ELIZABETH (laughing). Oh, David. I'd hoped you'd come by.

DAVID (continuing the accent). Dear Elizabeth, may I ask why?

ELIZABETH (picking up the accent). You're a little bit crazy. That is why.

DAVID (rolling his eyes and sounding like Bela Lugosi). Crazy, you say?

ELIZABETH. Yes.

DAVID (looking around secretively). Don't say that too loud. Someone might hear you and think that you're right.

ELIZABETH (taking David's hand, dropping the accent, and laughing lightly). There's no doubt about it. I know that I'm right.

DAVID (dropping the accent and laughing lightly, too). Well, could be. Who's to say? Maybe we're all a little crazy.

ELIZABETH. Could be.

DAVID. Could be.

ELIZABETH. Well, anyhow, I'm glad you came by. I thought for a while you might not.

DAVID. Why do you say that?

ELIZABETH. Well, you're later than usual, so I thought you might not.

DAVID (again like Bela Lugosi). Ah-hah! So you have been keeping track of my comings and goings.

ELIZABETH (laughing). Keeping track?

DAVID (accent intact). Do not deny it. You have been keeping track.

ELIZABETH. David, you are crazy.

DAVID (with the accent). Do not try to change the subject.

ELIZABETH. What?

DAVID. You have been vatching vat I do. Ven I come, and ven I go true dat door.

ELIZABETH (laughing). Crazy.

DAVID. Sticks and stones may break my bones, but you have

been vatching me.

ELIZABETH (breaking away, a la Bette Davis). I . . . don't know . . . uh . . . what you mean.

DAVID. Don't pretend vit me.

ELIZABETH. I . . . don't, uh . . . know . . . what you mean.

DAVID (pursuing ELIZABETH). You vatch me.

ELIZABETH (still Bette Davis). No.

DAVID. Like a hawk.

ELIZABETH. Madman.

DAVID. Maybe so.

ELIZABETH. Crazy.

DAVID. Admit it.

ELIZABETH. No.

DAVID. It's true.

ELIZABETH. No.

DAVID. The truth!

ELIZABETH. You're sick!

DAVID (after a slight pause). You're right.

ELIZABETH (stopping the game). Oh, David.

DAVID (in normal voice, kindly). It's okay.

ELIZABETH. I'm sorry.

DAVID. It's all right.

ELIZABETH. I feel terrible.

DAVID (kindly). Stop it. Everything's all right.

ELIZABETH. I didn't mean to . . .

DAVID (friendly, gently). I know you didn't. We're just having some fun so don't think about it. Okay?

ELIZABETH. Okay. (A pause. She moves away, toward the plants. After another pause, she turns off the music.) Do

you mind?

DAVID. No. (He crosses to the plants, as ELIZABETH returns and sits at the table.) I think this plant is going to make it now.

ELIZABETH. Yes. I think so.

DAVID. They all look better, actually.

ELIZABETH. It's the fertilizer.

DAVID. What?

ELIZABETH. Fertilizer.

DAVID. That's what I thought you said.

ELIZABETH. Those little white sticks. In the bottom of the pot there.

DAVID. Yes?

ELIZABETH. They're fertilizer . . . pre-measured fertilizer to make them healthy, to make them grow.

DAVID. You're serious?

ELIZABETH. Yes. I put them there two days ago. They're better already.

DAVID (laughing). Fertilizer sticks?

ELIZABETH (laughing a little). Yes. They don't call them that, of course.

DAVID. Of course.

ELIZABETH. They're called houseplant spikes, or something like that.

DAVID. Naturally.

ELIZABETH. But it's fertilizer just the same.

DAVID. I see. (A pause. BOTH smile.) Want to work on some more words?

ELIZABETH. All right.

DAVID (joining ELIZABETH at the table). There ought to be a lot of points in a word like fertilizer.

ELIZABETH. I suppose so.

DAVID. Depending on where you spread it. (A pause). On the board, I mean.

ELIZABETH (grinning). I know what you mean.

DAVID (surveying the board). Do we start again, or just go from here?

ELIZABETH. Doesn't matter. Which do you want?

DAVID. You've done such a good job, let's just go from here.

ELIZABETH. All right.

DAVID. You did the last one, I believe. My turn?

ELIZABETH. Okay.

DAVID (looking at the letters). Oh dear, dear, dear, dear . . .  
Let's see. Ah! (He spells out the word) L-i-t-t-l-e, little.  
(He assumes the English accent again.) And the correct usage of the "T," my dear.

ELIZABETH. Yes, I see.

DAVID. Your turn.

ELIZABETH (after surveying the board). L-e-t, let.

DAVID (enjoying the pun). Well, *let's* see.

ELIZABETH (after a pause). What time is it, David?

DAVID (checking his watch). A little after four.

ELIZABETH. I thought it must be.

DAVID. Is something wrong?

ELIZABETH. No. I was just wondering. It's about time for them to come by.

DAVID. Your sister?

ELIZABETH. Yes. And Thomas, I suppose. He's usually with her, it seems.

DAVID. Yes. (He surveys the board.) Do they date?

ELIZABETH. I don't know. Friends, I guess. I don't really

know. He's a friend of the family.

DAVID. I see.

ELIZABETH. Our minister's son.

DAVID (spelling out the word). D-e-l-a-y, delay.

ELIZABETH (surveying the board quietly). Well, I can't seem to come up with anything.

DAVID. Sure you can. Look a little harder.

ELIZABETH. I really think I've run out.

DAVID. No, you haven't. Look again.

ELIZABETH. No. I'm sure.

DAVID (starting to move). Let me help you.

ELIZABETH (rising and moving away). No. Really, there's nothing there. I'm sure. (There is silence. DAVID watches her for a moment.)

DAVID (rising). I . . . uh, think I should go now.

ELIZABETH. Oh, no. Please.

DAVID. I just needed a walk and thought —

ELIZABETH (interrupting). David, please don't go. Stay awhile. Please.

DAVID (after a pause). All right.

ELIZABETH. I've not slept well. I'm a little edgy.

DAVID. Sure.

ELIZABETH (after a pause). You still leaving? End of the week?

DAVID. Yes.

ELIZABETH. That's wonderful, David. I'm so happy for you.

DAVID. Thank you.

ELIZABETH. But I'll miss you.

DAVID. Me, too.

ELIZABETH. I have looked forward to seeing you . . . these

little visits here.

DAVID. They're nice. I like them, too.

ELIZABETH. They've meant a lot to me. They've made these weeks easier. They really have. I hate to see them end.

DAVID. Don't think like that. Think of it as a beginning.

ELIZABETH. Beginning?

DAVID. Of a good memory.

ELIZABETH. That's nice, David.

DAVID. Yes. It is.

ELIZABETH (after a short pause). I know your family is excited. I know they want you home.

DAVID (after a pause). So does yours. You'll be going soon.

ELIZABETH. Maybe so.

DAVID. I'm sure you will.

ELIZABETH. If the treatments are working.

DAVID. You'll know soon.

ELIZABETH. Yes.

DAVID. Who knows? You may go out of here the same day I do.

ELIZABETH. No. I don't think so.

DAVID. Well, soon, I'm sure. They've told you that?

ELIZABETH. If it has stopped. If it is arrested, yes.

DAVID. Well, there you are.

ELIZABETH. Yes.

DAVID (reassuringly). It will be. Don't worry. It will be, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH (smiling faintly). Yes. (After another pause, she moves to the door and looks down the hall. DAVID glances at his watch.)

DAVID. She'll be here.

ELIZABETH. What?

DAVID. They'll be here soon.

ELIZABETH. Yes.

DAVID. They come every day?

ELIZABETH. Unnhuh.

DAVID. That's wonderful.

ELIZABETH. Yes.

DAVID. I know how much I love a visit. They mean a lot.

ELIZABETH. Yes.

DAVID. That's why I come by here. I enjoy our visits. (A pause.) You know, I don't have any brothers or sisters. Just Mom and Dad.

ELIZABETH. Oh?

DAVID. I had a sister, Laura, but she drowned when I was very little. I can hardly recall her. I was so young. But I remember little things; some of the fun we had. And it makes me realize how much I'd like to have a sister.

ELIZABETH. I'm sorry.

DAVID. I have a friend with a very large family, and I used to pretend that his brothers and sisters were mine, too. It was all very nice. Then I guess we all sort of outgrew that kind of thing. We stopped pretending. Just grew up, I guess. (A pause.) We're all still friends, though.

ELIZABETH. Do they come see you now?

DAVID. Yes. Sometimes. They do. (A pause.) They are busy, like everyone else, but . . . sometimes they come by.

ELIZABETH. Not as often?

DAVID. Well, no . . . not like the first time. That was a little more than a year ago. The first time. We were all sort of scared, I guess. They came by quite a bit, though. It was very nice.

ELIZABETH. And now?

DAVID. And now . . . not as much. But there's no need to, I guess. We've all been through this before, and everything worked out. So, there's really no need. It's different this time. We've been through it, you see.

ELIZABETH. Yes. (A pause.) David, would you think I was an awful person if I said I don't look forward much to my sister's visits anymore? (DAVID doesn't know how to answer.) Really, I don't look forward much to any of the visits anymore, I almost dread when this time of the day comes around. I know she will be here, and that annoying Thomas will be around, too. And we sit and make conversation. And we try to talk . . . we try to laugh some . . . and it's all very forced. It's not comfortable anymore. (Another pause.) Do you know what I mean?

DAVID. I think you're just imagining things.

ELIZABETH. No. I'm not. It's very real. I've felt it happen. It's sort of grown into this. It's not like when we first found out about me, and everyone was around a lot. It's different now.

DAVID. Different?

ELIZABETH. Yes. Sometimes I even think I sense it in my parents. Sometimes I can feel Mama's eyes just staring at me . . . sort of blank and listless. And Dad, too. And no one seems to want to touch me much anymore. No one wants to hold me anymore. And I miss that . . . that loving touch. They touch each other and hold each other, but not me. And I feel so strange, a kind of empty, funny feeling. I even dream about it. I see Mama, Dad, and Alesia just sitting and staring blankly at me. And I'm not even in my body. I'm across the room, invisible. And I watch them watch me, lying there . . . still, pale, with no hair, and someone's removed my wig. And no

one even tries to talk. And after a while, they all begin to cry and walk out of the room without saying goodbye or touching me. And then I hear them talking in the hall. And Thomas is always there, sounding like a book . . . talking about prayer . . . and faith . . . sounding like a grownup preacher. And then I hear myself say, "Wait . . . wait a minute. Come back, Mama, Dad, everybody. This is only a dream. There's nothing wrong with me. It's just a dream." And I try to get out of bed, but I can't. I can't even move. The words are only in my mind, and I can't even move my lips to say them. And then I, too, begin to cry. And then I wake up. And I'm as tired as I was in my dream. Then I know it wasn't a dream.

DAVID (reassuringly). But it was. Only a dream. And the medicine. You know it does funny things. You know that.

ELIZABETH. You get used to the medicine. I can't get used to the dreams.

DAVID. That's all they are. Just dreams. So, don't dwell on them. Don't.

ELIZABETH. Don't you ever have dreams, David? Am I the only one who feels like this?

DAVID (comfortingly). No, you're not the only one. And we all have dreams. We all do.

ELIZABETH. Do you still? Even now? After all this time?

DAVID. Sometimes I do. Yes.

ELIZABETH. You do?

DAVID. Yes. And it's always the same, and it's a little eerie like yours. It still scares me some, I guess.

ELIZABETH. It does?

DAVID. Yes.

ELIZABETH. David, tell me your dream.

DAVID. It's just a dream, Elizabeth.

ELIZABETH. I know. I know it is. But I want to know what others like me think, and feel, and dream. Is it the same? Is it, David?

DAVID. I suppose it is.

ELIZABETH. Tell me.

DAVID. Well, I once read a story about a large, beautiful forest at the foot of a mountain in Japan. And people who knew they were very sick would go to this calm, wooded, beautiful spot. And they would just begin walking, deeper and deeper, until they disappeared into the forest. And they were never seen again, and that was it. Very calm and quiet. (A pause.) And I dream sometimes that I'm with my parents and the doctors, and we have arrived at the edge of this large, beautiful, wooded area. And everybody embraces everybody, and the doctor tells me it's time to walk, that it is what I should do. My mother always cries quietly and my dad holds her. And I begin to walk away from them and into the forest. And then I remember the story and I turn to ask if this is the forest in the story, but there is no one there. Just very large trees have grown up, and it is dark where they were all standing. I begin to call for them but there is no answer. And I start to run back but the trees begin to grow taller and larger, and I feel smothered. And then I wake up. And I'm still here and it's all been a dream. Just a dream.

ELIZABETH (quietly). And it is like mine, sort of.

DAVID. Yes. We all have dreams. It's just natural. Everybody's a little frightened, so we have these dreams to help us get rid of our fears.

ELIZABETH. I suppose so. But it doesn't always make it easier.

DAVID (after a pause). Not always.

ELIZABETH. And it doesn't make the visits any more pleasant.

DAVID. I guess not.

ELIZABETH. It doesn't.