

THE BLIND MAN'S CONFESSION

An original radio drama by
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THE BLIND MAN'S CONFESSION

CAST

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| NARRATOR | A kid blind and mute after a terrible night |
| KILLER | A mysterious murderer/madman |
| KID | The unlucky kid |
| MAN | An unlucky truck driver |

THE BLIND MAN'S CONFESSION

SCENE ONE: INT. CAR - DUSK

(Narrator, Matt, David)

NARRATOR: He never told me his name...

MUSIC: LOW AND OMINOUS

NARRATOR: Ankle-deep in mud, blood everywhere, gun against my skull, and he couldn't extend the simple courtesy of introducing himself. It would've made everything afterwards more bearable. Instead, all I got was the pain - the pain, and that deep, wrenched-up feeling in my gut.

SOUND: THUNDERCLAP... RAIN PELTING DOWN. THEN, CAR ZOOMING ALONG WET ROAD, RAIN BANGING ON METAL ROOF, LOUD ROCK MUSIC, INTERIOR AMBIENCE, MUSIC RECEDES FOR A MOMENT

NARRATOR: It all started with my car careening down the Black Woods Road ten minutes past midnight on some night in November, the rain coming down in sheets on the unlit blacktop.

SOUND: SOME REVEALING LYRIC IN THE SOUND, MORE EXTREME CAR SOUNDS

NARRATOR: My pulse quickened as I skidded around each corner, each time gripping a little less, losing a little more control. I careened in a possessed fury, gritting my teeth with an alkaline taste in my mouth. I gunned into fourth gear as I came around a hairpin turn, savoring the way my tires spun and squealed but gripped true.

SOUND: A MUSIC OF BREATHLESS SILENCE

NARRATOR: The only thing I didn't account for was the other car.

SOUND: HORRENDOUS SOUNDS OF HARD BREAKING, SQUEALING, AND COLLISION. EXPLOSION OF GLASS

NARRATOR: What I remember most about it all was being in the air, soaring for a moment over a thick, black, rain-soaked forest before hurtling down again.

SOUND: SPLASH! UNDERWATER AMBIENCE, DISTORTED HEARTBEAT.

NARRATOR: I opened my eyes. Was I still alive? Was I in hell, or in the womb? Darkness, darkness everywhere. The water around me burned like

fire, my body seared in places I couldn't identify. About the time I realized that I was alive, I realized I'd soon be dead. I started to panic.

SOUND: GURGLING.

NARRATOR: But then a sign. Light flashed from some direction and I followed it.

SOUND: GURGLES AND BUBBLES ACCELERATE TO A CLIMAX, CULMINATING IN A BURST OVER THE WATER'S SURFACE AND DESPERATE GASPS FOR AIR. THUNDER ROLLS ACROSS THE LAND

NARRATOR: At the very last moment an image filled my mind... A dark citadel among lonely mountains with bats whispering at the tallest tower. It filled my vision completely, jarringly, before fading into the reality of an uneasy cold lake and crooked woods.

SOUND: AMBIENCE OF RAIN FALLING ON WATER, STEADILY, AFTERSHOCKS OF THUNDER, A SLOSHING OF A BODY THROUGH WATER.

NARRATOR: I started back, though my body dragged like a lead sack. Each stroke was an ordeal unto

itself, sending rocketing waves of pain throughout my body, though all my limbs seemed to work. Just as my strength failed me I slosed against sharp hard rocks, and gripped a slippery edge with what might I had left in me. For a moment, I rested... I began to pull myself up the muddy, hard, slope handful by handful, stinging like I'd been ravaged by a thousand wasps, finally gripping onto gravel and grass and then the asphalt. I unsteadily sank to my knees, and could do little more than lift my head to see the grisly scene.

SOUND: MORE THUNDER ROCKETS ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE.

NARRATOR: As the lightning flashed I could see my convertible pinned against a snapped tree by a sleek black sedan. The words on the side of the other car:

HOOKLAND POLICE DEPARTMENT, TO SERVE AND PROTECT.

MUSIC: OMINOUS AND UNSETTLING, RISES UP

NARRATOR: The horror of what had happened didn't stop me from getting to my shaking knees and staggering forward. I didn't know if there

was still a way to salvation, but I knew the way I was headed wasn't it. Sure, sure, shake your head, call me an idiot, scream at me like you would some big-titted teen in a horror movie. You want the victim to turn back, to conquer the curiosity. Run, hide, you say! Well let me let you in on a little secret--turning back is impossible. You can't not know.

SOUND: UNSTEADY STEPS THROUGH WET GRAVEL

NARRATOR: I was close to the door now, and threw one more cursory glance at my maimed car... the car I'd bought after a summer washing dishes, the car I'd washed a hundred times by hand, the car I'd lost my virginity in. Now crushed like a Coke can, the guts of glass strewn everywhere...

I grabbed the handle to the police car. It opened almost too easily

SOUND: LOUD CREAK/CRUNCH OF DAMAGED CAR DOOR, CRACKLE OF THUNDER AGAIN

NARRATOR: The blank glow of lightning illuminated the driver's grotesque corpse. I turned quickly, but the scene will live with me

forever. It wasn't the blood or the mangled body. It was the look in his eyes.

MUSIC: UNNERVING MUSIC BEGINS TO RISE...

NARRATOR: Fear was the last thing that man felt when he left this world. It was a deep far, down into the core of the human consciousness, emanating from a source more basic than shivering to the pelting cold of the autumn rain. It was a fear that'd stop your heart stiff, even if that very stiffness left you exposed and naked to the danger that caused it.

MUSIC: RISES TO A CLIMAX

NARRATOR: It was a fear just like what I felt the next moment, when someone tapped me on the shoulder.

KILLER: Evenin' sport.

NARRATOR: Fear. The kind of fear you can't imagine until it happens to you, the kind that makes you wonder why you ever went to horror movies to try and get that way, since the real thing, the thing it all hinted at, flirted with, was a truly terrible thing, a

ferocious thing, a thing that made your soul limp and useless. That's how I felt when I realized I was not alone in that black, lonely night, fifteen miles from the nearest house, a mutilated police officer just in front of me. There was no reason that another person would be here, unannounced and clandestine like this dark-voiced stranger. At least, no reason I wanted to think about.

KILLER: Fine job you did there--a real work of art. Take it from an expert.

SOUND: WHIMPERING, LOW DRIZZLE IN BACKGROUND.

KILLER: Oh, I'm sorry to scare you, it just... helps to have the upper hand in my profession. Kind of incredible, what just happened, isn't it? The wheel of fortune spins, one escapes, one lives, one dies. So be it; I'm not one to fuck with God.

SOUND: GUN HAMMER PULLED BACK

KILLER: ...Though I will step on his toes if I must. Still, I owe you a favor--a man like me doesn't appreciate captivity. So I'll give you the next 60 seconds to tell me why I

shouldn't pull this trigger and let the rain cover the rest of my tracks.

NARRATOR: My brain froze, my gums stuck and my tongue twisted around itself; my whole bodied betrayed me. I worked my mouth loose and rattled off an idiot list of things

KID: I-I have a family, a girlfriend--they'll miss me! I-I'm a decent person, I mean, this was just an accident, I should be in bed--fuck! I have to work tomorrow!--I just wanted to go for a ride this one night and n-now instead of being warm in my bed I'm here... in the rain, with a god!

KILLER: (SNICKERS) Go on, go on!

KID: I'll, I'll submit to God, go to church and all that! I j-just want to live! Please!

SOUND: WHINE OF A DIESEL ENGINE SLOWING TO A STOP,
IDLING

KILLER: Shit! Get down! (HISSED) There's more than one bullet in this gun. If you move an inch our little charade is up.

SOUND: STEPS QUICKLY ACROSS GRAVEL, DOOR OPENED

MAN: (OFF) Hello! Hello! Is there anyone out here! ...Oh, oh Jesus, this looks pretty bad...

SOUND: THUNDERCLAP COINCIDES WITH GUNSHOT, RAIN
RETURNS WITH DOUBLED EFFORT. GRAVEL STEPS
COME BACK. GUN COCKED AGAIN

KILLER: Now where were we?

KID: (BLEATED) I-I won't tell them anything! I never saw anything, that's all they'll hear from me!

KILLER: (EVIL LAUGH) Oh yes, that will do. Yes, that will do indeed.

NARRATOR: I breathed a sigh of relief. The nightmare was over. The man wasn't merciless after all. Hell, I didn't even know why he was there, not that it mattered to me. I felt a twinge of guilt for the two corpses being soaked in the sleek cold rain, but my own selfish freedom was more important. Death had lashed at me too many times already that night; I wanted to get home, get some sleep, and get the nightmare behind me.

KILLER: Just one thing.

SOUND: SHIRT GRABBED, SOMEONE PULLED INTO MUD,
SCREAMS OF PROTEST, PITIFUL STRUGGLE

KILLER: Quit it!

KID: (CHOKING)

NARRATOR: I fought to utter one last word of protest, but the next blow was cold steel against my head. Suddenly the world was blackened, white, burning, hot, wasted, cold. I kicked like the last moments of a dying fish as the darkness set in, flushing the other feelings from my body. My eyes shut.

SOUND: SOUND DIMINISHED TO NOTHING. RISES BACK
WITH DAY AMBIENCE, BIRDS CHIRPING, WIND
RUSTLES THROUGH THE TREES.

NARRATOR: Somehow, I awoke. The sun had been beating on me for some time. My face was chapped and hot, but the sweet sounds of the river lapping and the birds eased the small fires burning throughout my body. I smiled, I think, and tried to open my eyes...

MUSIC: CRESCENDO

NARRATOR: ...and the horror of the night returned. I could not. My eyes burned, but it wasn't

the sun. My stomach churned, sick, as I realized that beauty was gone. I must have sat there for hours in that stunned silence. Eventually I heard men yelling and the howls of sirens.

SOUND: MEN TELLING, HOWLS OF SIRENS

NARRATOR: I thought they'd leave me for dead, so I opened my mouth to cry, but I opened it in vain. The same burning in my eyes was in my throat, and only a hoarse gurgle came from the mouth that tried to speak. Some deal we made, that villain and I. I don't know how long I thrashed there uselessly, but darkness overcame me again, and I woke up to this hard dry bed where I am now.

Don't patronize me, or comfort me, or accuse me any more. You know more than I do. I have no idea how he was caught, what was his crime, or where he intended to go. He never told me his name, I never saw his face, I can't even remember his voice, save that it sounded like a knife being dragged across slate. (WEARIED) I've already told more

than I promised to. I don't know why you want to torture this thing out of me, I've already suffered enough. I can't know if you'll ever find him, but if you ever do, tell him this. Tell him I did my best to keep the bargain. Tell him I'd like to know his name. Tell him I, too, should have known better than to fuck with God.

MUSIC: OMINOUS MUSIC RISES, TO FADE OUT.

THE END

Writer/Director's notes for "Dark Passenger"