

Blind Eye
A one-act play
by
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BLIND EYE

The Setting: A grim little municipal waiting room on July 4.

Lights up: flat, fluorescent afternoon light. Plastic chairs, a vending machine humming. BODIE and LENA sit, not touching. A long beat of nothing.

LENA

She said “injury.” She said “arrested.” That’s all I heard.
Injury, arrested.

BODIE

I pictured him face down. Some cop’s knee in his back.

LENA

Me too.

BODIE

Neither of us pictured her.

A beat.

LENA

Why didn’t we picture her?

Silence. Bodie has no answer.

BODIE

The afternoon was good. Before he got there.

LENA

He told us in April. A hundred and eighty-some days, he said, like it was a score he was keeping just for us. I hugged him. I was proud of him, Bodie.

BODIE

He was proud of himself.

LENA

(Bitterly)

Was. Past tense. Get used to saying it that way.

A beat.

BODIE

We don’t know exactly what—

LENA

BLIND EYE

I watched her hand him the bottle. I watched her do it. She held it out and said something and he took it, and I stood there with a paper plate of nothing in my hand and did absolutely nothing.

BODIE

What were you going to do, tackle him?

LENA

I don't know. Something other than pretend I hadn't seen it.