

SYNOPSIS of BLUE EYES

The eve of last year's hurricane. NYC. Marcie and Jules go home from an interrupted party. Marcie is disappointed that the party ended extra-early. Her sister Liza, from Manila, had just died, and she was looking forward to the distraction.

BLUE EYES

MARCIE

a woman, 49 years

JULES

a man, 37 years

An studio in the Lower East Side, NYC

-oOo-

Large windows.

Outside, a hurricane.

MARCIE stands beside the windows. Looks out.

JULES wipes some dishes. Puts them in the cupboard.

A brief tableau.

JULES : Are we turning in?

MARCIE : I guess so. In a while.

JULES : I still have reception.

MARCIE : Me too.

JULES : Maybe you can call her again. What's her name again?

MARCIE : Joel?

JULES : Yes. Joel. Is he the boyfriend.

MARCIE : Sort of.

JULES : He's on top of things, right?

MARCIE : I guess so. Can't really know, right?

JULES : Yeah.

MARCIE : Do you think they're going to cut the power?

JULES : Lydia said they might.

MARCIE : She was at the party?

JULES : Yes. Just dropped-in, really. She was going out.

MARCIE : Going out where?

JULES : Work.

MARCIE : Damn. You know she's a single mom?

JULES : Yeah. She dropped-in to leave her little – what's his name?

MARCIE : Nelson.

JULES : Yeah, Nelson. He seems to be looking forward to spending the evening with Phil and Justine. He seems to like it there.

MARCIE : That was a nice party.

JULES : I guess as nice as it could be.

MARCIE : The caterer was so nice.

JULES : And they're from way up in Yorkville. Chances are, they're spending the night in the lobby.

MARCIE : I'm sure Phil and Justine will let them stay with them.

JULES : Do you want to have a drink?

MARCIE : Sure. Are you having one?

JULES : Sure.

Jules pops two glasses.

Fills them with wine.

Marcie sits. Jules looks out.

MARCIE : Did you tell Phil and Justine about Liza?

JULES : Not really.

MARCIE : They were extra nice to me.

JULES : Somebody probably did.

MARCIE : I guess it was Jeff. Jeff heard me earlier.

JULES : Did you tell Jeff?

MARCIE : Not really. But he gave me some napkins. From Quizno's. That really made me laugh a bit. I was going to cry, but I just laughed a little and said thank you. He told me it was ok. I said I just needed a moment.

JULES : Got with him in the elevator earlier. Asked me how we were going to get home. I said, you know, I didn't know if I could come.

MARCIE : You should come. If you want to.

JULES : You know I want to.

MARCIE : I called Expedia earlier. They said the best way would be to get a flight two

MARCIE : Sort of.

JULES : You alright with it?

MARCIE : That's what she wants.

JULES : You told him?

MARCIE : He didn't really ask.

JULES : Let's call him.

MARCIE : It's alright. Knowing her, she wouldn't really care as much.

JULES : You guys were the closest.

MARCIE : She does what she wants.

JULES : Like you.

MARCIE : Not really.

JULES : No. Like you.

MARCIE : We're sisters, but that's just about it. I love her, she loves me. But that was pretty much it. Liza's very, independent, I guess. It's just how she is. Was. Well, was. You know, when we were younger, there was this guy that really wanted to meet her. We were in high school, then. The guy was a little bit nuts. He followed her everywhere. Him and his dog. He had a dog. Thin, ugly mongrel. One time I told him not to follow her anymore. Liza heard it. Says it' ok. But I still insisted. I told the guy I will go to our principal and tell. Then he stopped following us. Her, really. But I guess me too since we were always together. A week after, we were running home because it was going to rain soon, and from out of nowhere the dog came out. I stopped. Dumb in my tracks. I remembered someone telling me to sit down when you encounter an angry dog. I sort of did. But doing that didn't make it go away. Instead it attacked me. I screamed like hell. But Liza was no longer there. I guess she didn't know I wasn't following her anymore.

A beat.

Jules looks out the window.

JULES : We're really having it this time.

MARCIE : I guess we are.

JULES : Remember our old apartment in Clinton?

MARCIE : This would have been terrifying.

JULES : I hated that basement.

MARCIE : Me too.

JULES : Liza loved it there.

MARCIE : She liked the people. She loved them.

JULES : Those wannabe artists?

MARCIE : She wouldn't think about them that way.

JULES : Well, yeah. I take it back.

MARCIE : That's her crowd.

JULES : Sure was.

MARCIE : Ethnic music, Whatever-American crowd. So cultural.

JULES : You sound like it's more a joke to you that it is to me.

MARCIE : Looking back, it does seem that way.

JULES : It wasn't.

MARCIE : I don't know.

JULES : Really?

MARCIE : Honestly, I don't.

JULES : Well, she was just there on vacation.

A beat.

Marcie joins Jules, looks out the window.

MARCIE : Where were we the last time?

JULES : It was pouring like this? Florida.

MARCIE : Oh.

JULES : Why?

MARCIE : Earlier, I realize, this appears a little strange. It does.

JULES : Why?

MARCIE : I can't hear anything. It's probably howling like hell out there. But you don't hear it. The sound it makes. It's actually relaxing. If the power doesn't go, I would call it – actually call it – relaxing. It's deceiving that way.

JULES : You don't like it?

MARCIE : You don't like or not like what I just said. I think.

JULES : I would say, that's why the mortgage's that high.

MARCIE : It's not that high.

JULES : Isn't it?

MARCIE : What else are we going to spend for?

JULES : Maybe you'll change your mind someday and want to have kids.

MARCIE : I already have you. You're enough. My kid quota's done.

Jules laughs a bit.

Marcie goes to the kitchen to get another drink.

She finishes a glass in one gulp.

Fills her glass again.

The power goes.

An emergency light comes on -

While earlier the apartment looks chic and comfortable, in this light, the mood seems to change to that of a cave.

A brief tableau.

MARCIE : Phil and Justine owe us another party.

JULES : You really wish it turned out to be a real one, don't you?

MARCIE : Party or not, what I wished was to go home a little bit drunk.

JULES : You're not a little bit drunk now?

MARCIE : Too little. Not even a little bit. I want a bigger bit.

JULES : Drunk like dancing drunk?

MARCIE : Somewhat.

JULES : You need to be?

MARCIE : Not necessarily.

JULES : You're strange.

MARCIE : You sometimes say that. I don't know why.

JULES : But I get you.

MARCIE : Maybe you don't.

JULES : I get you.

MARCIE : Do you think I'm a bad sister?

JULES : Don't say that.

MARCIE : I'm just kidding.

JULES : You really wanted a longer party?

MARCIE : That part, I wasn't kidding.

JULES : Jeff didn't think you were supposed to be there.

MARCIE : I heard. Screw him.

JULES : I don't like that guy.

MARCIE : Me too. Seems to think too much for other people. Like he expected me to teleport. Maybe he did. Wouldn't be surprised if he believed in teleportation. Actually, you know, something else that I wish I did earlier. Corner Jeff. I wish I had told him about Liza's plan. Liza's cremation plan. To be one with the earth. Consumed by fire. Return to ashes. That would make it rather ironic because we're here, in a city soaking wet, unable to get

drunk.

JULES : Why would it be ironic?

MARCIE : I don't know. She's the artist. The idea just... resonates.

A beat.

JULES : I feel old when someone dies.

MARCIE : Tell me about it.

JULES : You did. Ten years ago.

MARCIE : How old was Liza?

JULES : Now?

MARCIE : Then.

JULES : In her thirties.

MARCIE : Like me.

JULES : Yes. You're only a year older, right?

MARCIE : Well, yes.

JULES : So she was in her thirties.

MARCIE : Right.

JULES : Marcie -

MARCIE : Do you know you're the first and only American that she slept with? Cross-country from California to Texas to New Jersey to here, and you're the only one. That time she told me, she said she couldn't forget your blue eyes. Rather hilarious, remembering it now.

Silence.

JULES : May I just say that I was intentionally keeping quiet.

MARCIE : I know.

JULES : That's not something you want to talk about. I think.

MARCIE : Yes.

JULES : It's not.

MARCIE : Yes. Yes. Funny I ever recalled.

A beat.

MARCIE : I just wish Joel's not going to organize one of those services when we come. I'm quite certain that he will. But still hoping. Best wishes. I wouldn't know what to say. There must still be some old friends. I mean, old friends that we had. We're not really at that age where everyone's dead. I would know what to say to them. They've known her so well. I guess so differently. What would I say?

JULES : You can choose not to talk.

MARCIE : There's something I remember. We were in college. I was a year ahead. She was, if I remember it right, only a sophomore. So I guess I was just a junior. We pretty much went with the same crowd. We all lived in a house. We shared a room. It was almost the end of the term then. I think. A few weeks before the summer break. She woke up from a dream. She said she

doesn't remember most of it, but she said I died somewhere in it. And our parents too. We were younger. We were kids. There was something. Not an accident. But something. And we had all died. Her too. She died too. But she could see everything. Like she didn't die.

I asked her if that frightened her. It took her a while to talk. We were sitting there. One afternoon – yes, it was in the afternoon – sweltering hot day, we were sweating, in probably our underwear, and I was waiting for her. She said she didn't want anyone to die, but it felt ok for her to die. It felt perfectly normal. The rest of her dream felt that way. She said it was perfectly normal. She went and finished all her classes. She went home. There was no one there, but it didn't feel different. She was sad that everyone else was dead, but insisted it was normal that she is.

She recalled that story only once. We were on a cab on our way to the airport. I was leaving for grad school. I didn't exactly know why she was rambling on about it. I was too busy checking and rechecking if I had everything. But she talked about it. That was the last time.

A long silence.

JULES : I'm sorry I'm here.

MARCIE : Why wouldn't you be?

JULES : I know you wanted to go to a party because I'm probably the last person you'd like to be with.

MARCIE : No.

JULES : It's something that I understand.

MARCIE : No.

JULES : You haven't even cried yet. Please find the chance.

MARCIE : No. She's no longer here. You are.

JULES : I know.

MARCIE : And you're not going away.

JULES : I know.

MARCIE : I appreciate that.

A beat.

JULES : I'm turning in.

Marcie smiles.

Jules takes the glasses, puts them in the sink.

Loosens his tie. Walks towards the room.

MARCIE : Play something on your phone.

JULES : What do you mean?

MARCIE : Music.

JULES : Not exactly the time to play music, baby. We might need the phone.

MARCIE : Dance with me.

JULES : Why?

MARCIE : We didn't get the chance to get drunk and dance in the party.

JULES : Ok.

Awkwardly, Jules goes to Marcie.

He takes her hand.

She hugs him. Tight.

They begin to sway.

MARCIE : Come home with me if you want.

JULES : I'll let you be.

MARCIE : Thanks.

They go on dancing.

The apartment – now looking at the cave – begins to fade into darkness.

We see the storm from outside the window.

And the lights completely fade out for the end of the play.

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