

Into the Blue

by

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Lights rise on the giant living room of a lodge house. Its wall to wall windows are frosted with ice, and the outside view is cloaked by darkness. Boxes and furniture are haphazardly scattered throughout. A hallway, USC, leads to the rest of the house.

Off stage, a large truck pulls away and a muffled voice calls out, "thanks again!"

The front door opens, and a tiny figure, bundled in a coat, bursts through, carrying suitcases. The luggage is dumped by the door, the coat is slid off onto the floor, and we see MIA: a tiny woman in her thirties, an intense bundle of genius. Her hair is dyed a startling neon yellow - but it's fading. She leaves the door ajar and goes back outside.

The living room lights flicker.

By the front door, out of thin air, WENDY appears: a taller, rounder woman in her thirties, clad in a hospital gown. She has gentle eyes and a smile that could stop a freight train - except tonight, WENDY isn't smiling.

The front door opens again, and MIA returns, shivering, carrying grocery bags. WENDY steps into her view.

MIA

Oh, shit! Shit!

The bags fumble to the floor.

MIA (CONT'D)

God dammit!

MIA slams the door in a fury.

MIA

Get out, Wendy! Get out! ... Get out, get out, get out, get out, get out, GET OUT!

WENDY

Are you done?

MIA turns to pick up her coat.
WENDY grabs hold of it. A fierce tug of war. WENDY wins. MIA stamps her feet.

MIA

Why are you everywhere?

WENDY

I'm not everywhere, I'm home. We're supposed to be home. Where the fuck have you brought us?

MIA

It's not supposed to be us! I didn't think you'd follow me.

WENDY

I can't help it.

MIA

You won't help it.

WENDY

I can't help it!

MIA

Then, I'm moving to the moon. So help me, God, I'll go to the farthest star, I'll go to Jupiter and burn myself up.

WENDY

You won't burn yourself up, we'll be together even longer.

MIA drops to her knees and bursts into tears.

WENDY

Am I that repulsive?

MIA

Don't self-loathe, Wendy. I can't take it tonight.

WENDY

I don't have to self-loathe, I have you.

MIA

I just wanted five minutes. I just want a corner where you aren't.

WENDY

... Fine.

WENDY throws MIA's coat into a pile of boxes and walks to the other side of the room.

MIA

What are you doing?

WENDY

I'm standing in a different corner for you. Is this one okay?

(points)

How about over there?

(points to another)

That one?

MIA puts her head in her hands.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Hey! I know. I could rotate. That'd be super fun.

MIA

Why did I do this to myself? Why did I do this?

WENDY

'Cause you wanted to. You took off behind my back. That was real big of you, Mia. Are you enjoying yourself here? On the set of "The Shining"?

MIA curls into a ball.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Oh look, you're havin' a "ball". I'm still in my corner, by the way, anytime you want me to move, just give out a holler, let me know -

MIA

Wendy, shut up! I've left my life! Do you understand?
Nobody knows I'm here! Except you. Fucking fabulous.

MIA stands with her bags and
trudges to the center of the room.

MIA (CONT'D)

Why didn't I expect that? Why? I'm an idiot ...

She sits CS with her bags
surrounding her.

WENDY

What do you mean, you "left your life"?

MIA

I mean I left. I quit.

WENDY

You did not.

MIA gives her a look. WENDY
scoffs.

WENDY (CONT'D)

You take one day off, you go into withdrawal. You're
gonna get the shakes. I give ya an hour. One hour,
you're gonna be in that car, going straight back to -

WENDY points out the window.
Squints.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Where's the car? How'd you get out here?

MIA

Moving van drove me. I sold the car.

MIA hugs the grocery bags to her
chest.

WENDY

Mia, you have food in those, right? Ya know, food? Can
you contact people? Do you have your phone? How "left"
are we talking?

MIA

Would you relax?

WENDY

Well, you're scaring me.

MIA

I'm fine. I took care of everything. Back the fuck off.

WENDY

Show me your food.

MIA

I am fully stocked in the kitchen.

WENDY

I'm gonna go look.

MIA

Of course you are.

WENDY stomps up the HALLWAY and into the KITCHEN. MIA unloads four bottles of scotch from her first grocery bag.

WENDY (O.S.)

Six boxes of Mac n' Cheese?!

WENDY stomps back into the LIVING ROOM.

WENDY (CONT'D)

That is not "stocked"! -

(sees the bottles of scotch, stops in her tracks)

What the hell's that?

MIA

It's called liquor.

WENDY

You hate scotch.

MIA

Not today.

WENDY swoops down, gathers up the bottles, and retreats across the room. MIA grabs the second grocery bag, defiantly grins, and unloads four more scotch bottles.

WENDY

Have you lost your mind?

MIA

Oh! The apparition asks me if I'm crazy. That's ironic.

MIA opens a bottle.

WENDY

You can't handle this much.

MIA

I'm taking over for you.

MIA starts to chug.

WENDY

(holding up her bottles)

I'm pouring this out.

MIA flips WENDY off and continues chugging. WENDY stomps up the HALLWAY and into the KITCHEN. Sounds of liquid running down a drain. MIA continues drinking, unruffled. WENDY stomps back into the LIVING ROOM.

WENDY

Now, give me the rest.

MIA lay her scotch bottles on the floor and lies on top of them. WENDY stands by, exasperated.

MIA

What's the matter, Casper?

WENDY

Don't pull this.

MIA

(singing)

Casper can't touch me. NAH-nah-nah-nah-NAH-nah.

WENDY

Drink yourself into a coma, then. I don't care.

MIA

Liar.

WENDY

I don't care!

MIA

You just miss scotch.

MIA sits back up and resumes chugging. WENDY looks around the room for something. Bristles.

WENDY

Where's my chair? Mia, where's my chair?

MIA belches, holding her stomach. WENDY has an instinct. She climbs throughout the boxes, perusing. Then digging. Digging faster. Digging urgently.

WENDY

Everything here's yours. Everything. My stuff -

MIA

Gone.

WENDY

... What?

MIA

Threw it out.

WENDY

Everything?

MIA

Yup.

WENDY
Why?

MIA
You're dead.

Pause.

WENDY
You threw out my chair?

MIA
It was growing anthrax.

WENDY
It's my chair!

MIA
(imitates the Aflac duck)
Anthrax.

MIA bursts into laughter.

WENDY
You're a bitch.

MIA
And you hate yourself. I left my life and you don't have your chair. Your island. Things are gonna get really shitty now. At least I can drink.

WENDY
I didn't deserve this.

MIA
She swoons without her chair.

WENDY
I don't deserve it!

MIA
Then, take my stuff. Actually - throw everything out in the snow. Level the room. I don't care. We are doomed! We are stuck! There is nowhere to go, away from each other, ever!

WENDY
You can go back to your life, I can't.

MIA

I can't go back, you follow me!

WENDY

You have a life.

MIA

I don't! I see you in every patient's god damn face! I don't want them to make it! I don't want them to live! I can't be a doctor if I feel that way, and if I can't be a doctor, what good am I? I have to sit here, forever, with nothing, with you!

Pause.

WENDY

Wow.

MIA

And here we go. I'm honest, and I'm the villain. Every time.

Pause.

WENDY

Did they believe it? Your "shattered widow"? I'm sure they did. I'm sure you milked that motherfucker.

MIA

How dare you.

WENDY

So much attention. "Look, Mia's leaving her life!"

MIA

How much more can I possibly give up?!

WENDY

Six boxes of Mac ' Cheese! You're *camping*. You're waiting. For them to call. And beg. So you can make your triumphant return. All healed and restored and stronger than ever - look how much you've overcome! But, oh shit! What if they never call? What if they never, ever, ever call?

(extends bottle under MIA's nose)

Scotch? You can't go back before they call, you'll blow your cover, you go back now, you'll reveal what a

narcissistic shit you really are!

With a yell, MIA snatches the bottle and hurls it against the FRONT DOOR. It shatters.

WENDY (CONT'D)

There she is!

MIA bolts toward the US hallway.

WENDY (CONT'D)

And there she goes! Don't mind me, I'll just sit here in my non-existent chair.

MIA whirls around and charges WENDY.

MIA

You want to know why I got rid of your chair? You want to know why?

WENDY

Yeah, I wanna know.

MIA

Yeah? You were a vegetable in it, that's why. I couldn't stand watching you. You wasted away in it, and you drank, and you blamed me, and you didn't get up off your ass and deal with yourself. Even after death - after death, Wendy - you've sat in that chair for six months! You've caused your unhappiness, you! You're a coward!

WENDY

Have my cancer and say that again.

Pause.

WENDY (CONT'D)

Say it again.

MIA

I'm going to bed.

MIA, again, lumbers toward the US hallway.

WENDY

You couldn't take eight seconds of cancer.

MIA stops. Slowly ... turns.

MIA

I wouldn't have to. I'd go to a doctor. You were stupid.

WENDY

I went.

MIA

A mandated physical. You didn't see Jerry 'til stage 3.

WENDY

I remember. Thanks.

MIA

Your tumor was two and a half inches wide! It was obvious.

WENDY

I said I remember!

MIA

You were lucky. You had a symptom that was obvious. You didn't pay attention to your body!

WENDY

Pay attention?

MIA

You could have found it early when it was tiny!

WENDY

I did!

MIA

Stage 3!

WENDY

I found a lump, the size of a M & M,
(touches her breast)
it was right here! I found it by myself.

MIA
 What? ... When?

WENDY
 Last summer.

MIA
 Did you notice the lump getting bigger?

WENDY ... nods.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Did you notice everything else?

WENDY ... nods.

MIA (CONT'D)
 Then what the fuck were you doing?

WENDY
 Waiting.

MIA
 For what?

WENDY
 For you to notice.

Pause.

MIA
 WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?

WENDY
 I shouldn't have had to!

MIA
 Why?

WENDY
 Because it was me!

MIA
 You can't expect me! -

WENDY
 - it was your speciality, Mia! I got what you
 specialize in! You spend an hour with a stranger and

you see it, you spend nine years with me and you're blind!

MIA

I can't see if you don't tell me!

WENDY

You could've touched me! ... You weren't. You'd stopped.

Pause.

MIA

I can't bear this ... I can't ...

WENDY

Bear it.

MIA

How could you be that cruel to yourself?

WENDY

You were cruel to me! You were!

MIA

Then, why the fuck did you stay with me? You kept staying and staying and staying - all the way to your grave! Why? WHY?

WENDY

I didn't wanna be alone.

Pause.

MIA

But you were. You know to know why I stayed? Honestly? Because it was my apartment. I wanted to leave for eight years. But I didn't.

WENDY

Eight years?

MIA

Didn't you?

WENDY

Not eight.

MIA

Seven? Six?

WENDY

Eight and a half.

MIA

You'd still be alive if I'd left you.

WENDY

Don't do that.

MIA

It's true. I'd beaten you down so much, my god, you -

WENDY

Mia, this is all on me. Please. Don't.

MIA

You would have had a life. I would have had a life. If we'd ended this. If we'd been kind and adult and ... Christ, we still could have been friends, we're not even friends anymore. I miss being your friend. I miss you.

WENDY

You do?

MIA

All the time.

WENDY

Then, why'd you throw me out? Why'd you throw out my chair?

MIA

Oh, Wendy.

WENDY

Why did you throw out my chair?

MIA

Because you stopped calling *our* chair. And I didn't throw it out. It's in there.

WENDY

In there, where?

MIA

In there, in the bedroom.

WENDY

This whole time? You lied? I'm gonna go look.

MIA

Of course you are.

WENDY dashes US and disappears into the hallway. She re-emerges pushing a GIANT easy chair, dented from sitting, covered in threadbare 70's plaid. She pushes the chair to CS, between them. They stare at the chair. Each other. The chair.

WENDY

You cleaned it.

MIA

I vacuumed it.

WENDY

You cleaned it, the stain on the upper left is gone.

MIA

I cleaned the stain.

WENDY

You don't clean a stain, you lift a stain while you're cleaning.

MIA

Would you sit already?

WENDY

You sit. With me. Don't you want to?

MIA

... I can't.

WENDY waits a moment more. Then, she trudges to the chair. Sits.

WENDY

... The chair's cold ...

WENDY starts to cry.

MIA

Don't cry.

WENDY

I'm not.

WENDY can't stop. She turns her face away. Slowly, MIA moves toward her, and sits on an arm of the chair. WENDY turns her face back. Inches apart, they stare at each other.

WENDY (CONT'D)

I haven't been this close to your face ... since ...

MIA

I don't remember, either.

WENDY

You terrified my parents. That hair.

MIA

You terrified mine.

WENDY

I carried a club and a gun.

MIA

And you were a dirty cop. You stole this chair.

WENDY

Your dorm had six just like it.

MIA

You still stole it.

WENDY

I had to. It's where you first kissed me. You remember?

MIA

I served you under-cooked Ramen.

WENDY

And we watched "The Hours". I hated it.

MIA

I loved it.

WENDY

Then, you kissed me. We started right then, sitting right here. Then, one day you stopped sitting here with me. I didn't know why. It really hurt.

MIA

You stopped asking.

WENDY

You were never home to ask.

MIA

Because you stopped asking. I thought you didn't want me near you. I thought you didn't want me anymore.

WENDY

You thought that?

MIA

You stopped saying ...

WENDY

... Mia -

MIA turns starts to rise, but WENDY takes her hand. She can touch it. Both are breathless. They lock eyes.

WENDY (CONT'D)

... I want you ...

WENDY tugs gently, and MIA gives in. She slides into the chair. They sit, body to body.

MIA

We still fit.

WENDY

Thank god.

The lights flicker.

MIA doesn't see them.

WENDY does.

WENDY
Will you promise me something?

MIA
Sure.

WENDY
Will you re-dye your hair?

MIA
Why?

WENDY
I don't ever want you to fade.

MIA smiles.

The lights flicker.

WENDY is gone.

MIA lets out a cry and puts a hand to her mouth. She stares at WENDY's side of the chair. Reaches out a hand. Touches the fabric. Leans forward and rests her head against it. Closes her eyes.

Then - she lets go.

END OF PLAY