

Indigo at Midnight

A Play

by  
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*Indigo is sitting at a party. Music and sounds of the party can be heard. Suddenly, the music and the ambient noises cease, Church bells chime twelve times to signify that it's midnight, as they do Indigo wanders out to the balcony outside of the party and Dagmar enters and sits in Indigo's chair. Antoine appears from the darkness, after a moment, Indigo sees him. She stares at him until...*

INDIGO

Hello there.

ANTOINE

Nice night.

INDIGO

I thought I would be alone.

ANTOINE

Weather's nice, too.

INDIGO

Clement, I think, is the word for it.

ANTOINE

Didn't know clement was a word for anything.

INDIGO

Yes. I like this time of night.

ANTOINE

Yeah?

INDIGO

And the terrace, something, I don't know, romantic about it. I mean romantic in the poetic sense, you know, as the extravagant invention of reality. That sort of thing. I wasn't implying...you know.

ANTOINE

Is there a party going on inside?

INDIGO

Hmm? Oh yes. Raging on, as they say. Is that what they say?

ANTOINE

Who?

INDIGO

I'm sorry what was your name?

ANTOINE

Are you nervous about something?

INDIGO

Why would I be nervous?

ANTOINE

You seem nervous.

INDIGO

I don't think you know me well enough yet to make such determinations. *(Clearly uncomfortable)* I'm terribly comfortable.

*Beat; They stare*

ANTOINE

Antoine. *(Beat)* You asked my name.

INDIGO

Antoine. It's a good name. *The Little Prince*. You know that book?

ANTOINE

No.

INDIGO

It was written by an Antoine. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry.

ANTOINE

What's it about?

INDIGO

The perils of insularity.

ANTOINE

Wow. I think I'm gonna need a Cliff Note on that one.

INDIGO

I wrote a paper about it in college. It's about finding spiritual growth through exploration. That in order to discover externally, you have to be willing to explore internally. You know. That old trope.

ANTOINE

I like the way you talk.

INDIGO

What an unsophisticated thing to say.

ANTOINE

Because it's blunt.

INDIGO

Because you should have said speak. I like the way you speak.

ANTOINE

And what do you like?

INDIGO

It's quiet.

ANTOINE

It's midnight on a balcony.

INDIGO

And you're name is Antoine.

ANTOINE

And you still haven't told me yours.

*Beat.*

INDIGO

Why did you follow me out here, Antoine?

ANTOINE

I'm doing research.

INDIGO

High school?

ANTOINE

Do I look that young?

INDIGO

I was going by your social graces.

ANTOINE

Call it natural curiosity.

INDIGO

It's just your way.

ANTOINE

It's a Midwest thing.

INDIGO

It's poor upbringing. *(Beat)* What kind of research?

ANTOINE

Philanthropy. You know the generous need some people have to give something away.

INDIGO

And what did you hope I would give away?

ANTOINE

That depends.

INDIGO

On?

ANTOINE

What are you willing to part with?

*Beat*

INDIGO

You remind me of someone.

ANTOINE

I get that a lot.

*They stare at each other; Indigo looks away first.*

INDIGO

No, I don't think that's why you're here. Not exactly a philanthropic crowd in there.

ANTOINE

I wasn't planning on going in there.

INDIGO

God, I don't know if I want to go back in there.

ANTOINE

Do you have to?

INDIGO

What do you mean?

ANTOINE

Well, I mean...there's more interesting things out here. Don't you think?

INDIGO

Is that a proposition?

*Beat; Antoine smiles*

ANTOINE

You haven't answered the question.

INDIGO

What question was that?

ANTOINE

What do you like?

INDIGO

Solitude.

*Beat.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

I do like this time of night. We all become something else when the light goes away.

ANTOINE

Oh yeah? What do you become?

INDIGO

Difficult to see.

*Antoine looks out into the darkness.*

ANTOINE

I love it out there. Especially in the dark, when the rest of

the world disappears, and all the shadows come to life to roam the streets.

INDIGO

How very Don Quixote of you. But isn't a windmill just a windmill?

ANTOINE

No. See for yourself.

*He motions out. Indigo crosses to him and looks out.*

INDIGO

It's just dark to me.

ANTOINE

No. If you look closely, you can just make out a shape. Do you see it?

INDIGO

I think I do. What is it? Is that a tree?

ANTOINE

Could be a tree. You want to say it's a tree? Let's say it's a tree.

INDIGO

Well, I want to know what it is.

ANTOINE

It's a tree.

INDIGO

It can't just be a tree because I say it's a tree.

ANTOINE

Okay.

*They look a little longer.*

INDIGO

*(To him)* It's beautiful. *(She turns back to see it. It's gone.)*  
It really is dark out there.

ANTOINE

Your eyes just haven't adjusted. Sometimes the best things to see are the ones that take you the longest to see them.

INDIGO

"Fortune is guiding our affairs better than we could have imagined."

ANTOINE

I still don't know your name.

*She turns to him.*

INDIGO

Indigo.

ANTOINE

It's nice to meet you. Indigo.

*He motions for her to keep looking. He can see that she is distracted.*

ANTOINE

What is it?

INDIGO

What do you mean?

ANTOINE

You seem bumfuzzled.

*Dagmar rises at this.*

INDIGO

No, it's just...wait, what?

ANTOINE

That's right. That's a word.

INDIGO

In what? A slang dictionary?

ANTOINE

No. A word-a-day calendar. Yeah, been holding on to that one for a special occasion.

INDIGO

I'm glad to accommodate.

*Dagmar tries to speak.*

INDIGO

It's that dreadful party.

ANTOINE

What is?

INDIGO

Shh! Do you hear it?

*Dagmar suddenly realizes she may have a voice. And she slowly and dramatically speaks.*

DAGMAR

Bumfuzzle!?

*She covers her mouth embarrassed.*

INDIGO

Oh no. You have to go.

ANTOINE

What?

INDIGO

You don't want to see her. Trust me. It's definitely better if she doesn't see you.

*Dagmar tries to enter on the wrong side.*

DAGMAR

God Dammit!

ANTOINE

But...what about the tree...?

INDIGO

I'll get rid of her. Just go.

*Antoine nods and exits through the audience. Dagmar enters the balcony.*

DAGMAR

There you are, you evasive bitch!

*Dagmar crosses to the bar.*

INDIGO

Dagmar.

DAGMAR

Life of the party, may ass! I turn around for two seconds to tell Al that you're here, and then I turn back and you were gone. And I was just...bumfuzzled!

INDIGO

I'm sorry. I just needed some air.

DAGMAR

And why wouldn't you? The only thing stuffier than these awful parties are the fucking people populating them. I mean the most interesting conversation I've had so far turned out to be with a centerpiece. So of course you needed to come out here. Just needed to breathe, right? On a terrace. Nice terrace. Very spacious. That's not the right word, is it! Oh, it does feel good to talk. Bum-the-fuck-fuzzle! You know what I'm saying?

*Beat*

INDIGO

You look different Dagmar. Have you changed something?

DAGMAR

It's life's cruel punch in the dick. We walk through one door as someone, and then out another as someone else, and it's fucking tragic. *(They both pause to take this in, and then suddenly)* I got my tits done!

INDIGO

*(Touching her own breasts)*

Oh yeah. Done. That is a word.

DAGMAR

Fuck gravity! Am I right? We shouldn't let our tits pay the stupid price that being alive racks up. Rack, ha! I'm funny. Why submit, am I right?

INDIGO

Sure.

DAGMAR

We can't just become something else simply because nature fucking dictates it. Stupid fucking nature. I don't even like trees. Al does. He likes anything that doesn't talk back. Ah! I shouldn't say anything else. Curse you double vodka martinis. Actually I think it's just paint thinner with a twist of lemon. I miss this. I miss our fun back-and-forth. (*Silence*) You should come back in to the party.

*Music and party noises are suddenly heard in the distance.*

DAGMAR (Cont'd)

Oh. There it is. Hear it? That's a party. Is that Bach? Strange party, but it's a party. A strange, Bach-blarin', stuffy people party! Are you coming back in?

INDIGO

Yes. Yes, I am.

DAGMAR

Oh good. Come on.

INDIGO

Dagmar?

DAGMAR

What?

*Indigo looks out for Antoine.*

INDIGO

I just, I just need to be alone.

*Music and party sounds stop.*

DAGMAR

Okay?

INDIGO

I like it out here.

DAGMAR

Why? There's nothing out here, right. I mean except a bunch of shadows. Fuck shadows! They're not even real. They're stupid! Stupid fucking shadows! They're like the absence of light. Do

you really want to spend your time with something that only exists by coming between two things that are actually real? Pathetic.

INDIGO

Yeah. Pathetic.

*Beat.*

DAGMAR

You want to get a drink? I know I could use a refresh! (*Beat*)  
Uh! Did I tell you Betty Anderson is here?

INDIGO

No, no you didn't.

DAGMAR

And you know whenever I look at her, I can't see anything but that unsightly mole on her upper lip. I don't know how anybody could. It's like a permanent cold sore. It's like she has hooker mouth disease. I bet that's a thing. Come on, come back in. It's so much more fun laughing behind people's backs when we're right in front of them.

INDIGO

Why don't you go get a drink, and I'll be in in a minute.

DAGMAR

And then there's Al, I saw the way you were looking at each other. He'll definitely want to say hi. That is, of course if Betty can spare him for a precious second. She's always all the fuck over him. Like a wrap. Like an algae wrap. Like some kind of skin fungus. It's really repulsive.

INDIGO

Yeah, I'll be right there.

DAGMAR

Yeah? Okay. Cause I feel like I might need some backup if I decide to slap her in her stupid twat face. I'm just saying!

*Beat.*

I'll be at the bar.

INDIGO

Yeah.

*Dagmar exits to her chair; Antoine enters with glasses of whiskey.*

ANTOINE

She's a handful.

INDIGO

I would say she means well, but...she really doesn't. (*She takes the glass*) Oh, whiskey?

ANTOINE

Yes, I know it's...

INDIGO

Impetuous?

ANTOINE

I was going to say spontaneous.

INDIGO

Yes, well, it is a little low-brow, but...

ANTOINE

Yeah, well. I guess that's me.

INDIGO

Salute.

*They drink.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

It's very nice. Goes right to your head, doesn't it?

ANTOINE

It doesn't really affect me.

INDIGO

What a shame.

ANTOINE

Is it?

INDIGO

It's not that she doesn't mean well...it's just—

ANTOINE

I get it. I mean do you really want to spend your time with someone like her?

INDIGO

No, it's, she's, we're...I don't want to talk about it.

ANTOINE

Okay. I love a mystery. See I figured, the way you give off this air of being sort of fancy pants—

INDIGO

I do/not.

ANTOINE

It just means that deep down, underneath all those decorative words and you know, fork etiquette, you're probably kind of a freak.

INDIGO

I'm sorry. Fork etiquette?

ANTOINE

Yeah, you set your table with salad forks and dessert forks.

INDIGO

Oh, is that so?

ANTOINE

And I just think it's wrong. You know, fork segregation. Besides, whatever happened to using our hands? Something primal about it, right. Just grabbing what we want and holding on before we sink our teeth into it. I don't mind getting a little messy. Maybe it's just me. I'm a forward thinker.

INDIGO

Don't you mean forkward?

*He stares at her. Beat.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

Sorry. I wasn't prepared for such witty banter. And I do have fork etiquette.

ANTOINE

I know.

INDIGO

But only because I married into it. I'll have you know I was not raised to be civilized.

ANTOINE

You're married?

*The moment is lost. Indigo crosses away from him.*

INDIGO

I just needed some air.

ANTOINE

Wait. Are you going back inside?

INDIGO

I probably shouldn't abandon her any longer.

ANTOINE

You don't want to go back in there.

INDIGO

Oh, don't I? How would you know what I want to do?

ANTOINE

I just meant...

INDIGO

What?

*Beat*

ANTOINE

We haven't finished our drink.

INDIGO

I don't even like whiskey.

ANTOINE

Then stay for the conversation.

*Beat. Antoine sips his champagne. Indigo watches him and then decides to stay.*

INDIGO

He cheated on me. My husband. Isn't that awfully common?

ANTOINE

Awfully. I'm so sorry.

INDIGO

Why? You don't know me. I could be a frigid bitch who withholds sex as a means of asserting power.

ANTOINE

Right.

INDIGO

Don't give me your pity until I've earned it.

ANTOINE

Got it.

*Indigo takes a big slug of whiskey.*

INDIGO

What do you think is a fair amount for murder?

ANTOINE

You want to kill your husband?

INDIGO

I did.

ANTOINE

You killed your husband?

INDIGO

I wanted to.

ANTOINE

But you didn't?

INDIGO

No.

ANTOINE

What changed your mind?

INDIGO

I was slowed down by being partially dead on the inside.

ANTOINE

Oh, I don't think that's true.

INDIGO

No?

ANTOINE

I can see a fire in you.

INDIGO

Tread with caution then, it'd be a shame if you got burned.

ANTOINE

Are you flirting with me?

INDIGO

It must be the whiskey. I don't know what I'm saying.

ANTOINE

Don't apologize. I like it.

INDIGO

Oh good, he's into volatile, drunken types. My lucky day. And I didn't apologize.

ANTOINE

Right. *(Beat)* You want to get out of here?

*Dagmar rises and gestures to Indigo who doesn't see.*

INDIGO

Out? Do I want to get out of here?

ANTOINE

Come on.

*Antoine starts to walk toward the ledge.*

DAGMAR

Son of a bitch!

*They both hear her and Indigo panics.*

INDIGO

Go!

ANTOINE

Wait.

INDIGO

Please. Just give me one minute.

ANTOINE

Yeah, one minute.

*Dagmar crosses over to Indigo; Antoine exits into the audience.*

DAGMAR

What's taking so long?

INDIGO

I was just about to—

ANTOINE

I can't find Al! I swear he's a fucking one-man *Where's Waldo*. He blends. You know what I mean? He blends. He's vermouth. He's a secondary cocktail ingredient. He's a sheep. Come back inside, we need to find him.

INDIGO

Yeah okay, just—

DAGMAR

Okay good. Let's go.

*Beat; Indigo looks out toward Antoine.*

INDIGO

Yeah, I just—

DAGMAR

And that fucking bitch Betty! She's been all over him, of course. Pulled him into a coat closet when we got here to discuss "business!" I didn't know stupid whores have business! And then! Then she gets all up in my griddle about how we need to have girl's day out. Girl's day out? Like we're fucking sorority sisters! She must think I'm as vain and shallow as she is! Why aren't you following me?

INDIGO

I will.

DAGMAR

Well? Come on then!

INDIGO

I said I will.

DAGMAR

Okay. Can I get an ETA on that?

INDIGO

When I'm ready!

DAGMAR

Which will be...?

INDIGO

Dagmar!

DAGMAR

What? I need you in there! You know I'm nearsighted! If I try to punch that skank, I'll end up breaking my fucking hand on a cement pillar! She's so fat I may mistake her for one of those.

INDIGO

Two minutes.

DAGMAR

Seriously? Because I have an egg timer in my purse and—

INDIGO

Yes. Seriously.

DAGMAR

I don't understand why you came to this party, if you're just going to spend the whole night out here while that bitch is trying to steal your man.

INDIGO

I'm not going to spend the whole night out here.

DAGMAR

Fine. Two minutes. And then I am dragging you back in there if I have to.

INDIGO

Yeah. Got it.

DAGMAR  
Hey, do I have to remind you—

INDIGO  
I said I got it.

*Beat.*

DAGMAR  
Yeah. Two minutes.

INDIGO  
Yeah. Two minutes.

*Dagmar holds two fingers up as she exits. Antoine re-enters.*

ANTOINE  
Are you okay?

INDIGO  
*(Whispering)*  
We only have a couple of minutes.

ANTOINE  
*(Whispering)*  
And?

INDIGO  
*(Whispering)*  
I don't want to go back in there.

ANTOINE  
*(Whispering)*  
What do you want to do?

INDIGO  
*(Whispering)*  
It's just that if I leave, I have to be sure. You know?

ANTOINE  
Of what?

INDIGO  
Of what I'm going into.

ANTOINE

You want excitement.

INDIGO

I want it to be worth it.

ANTOINE

Come here.

*Indigo crosses to the ledge with Antoine, Dagmar leans forward as they do.*

INDIGO

What?

ANTOINE

Look. Down there.

INDIGO

Where?

ANTOINE

By the gate. Do you see it?

INDIGO

I see something. Is it...is that a statue?

ANTOINE

It is. It's Cupid.

INDIGO

Yeah. I know him. The god of desire. How apropos. And awfully convenient. What about him?

ANTOINE

I noticed him just now. Don't you see? It's not so dark. We can see him.

INDIGO

Yeah well, he's a large statue. He looks good from here, doesn't he? So new. I've always rather liked Cupid. Capricious, unpredictable, feeding his own indulgence.

ANTOINE

And winged. Can fly away whenever he wants to.

INDIGO

But not without impediment. I know you can't see it from here,  
but he is blindfolded.

ANTOINE

"Love Looks not with the eyes but with mind, and therefore is  
winged cupid painted blind."

*Dagmar sticks her finger in her throat  
and mimes vomiting.*

INDIGO

But it's not real. Don't you see? It's only the veil of moon-  
light.

ANTOINE

And what do you suppose he looks like in the daylight?

INDIGO

Something else. Something...hardened.

ANTOINE

Still a god.

INDIGO

More of a ruin.

ANTOINE

But it doesn't change who he is.

INDIGO

What if it does?

ANTOINE

How can we blind to what's right in front of us?

INDIGO

How can we indulge our senses with invention?

ANTOINE

Sometimes what you're seeing is not the same as what you're  
looking at. That's not invention, it's desire.

*Beat as they stare.*

INDIGO

That's what I want.

*Beat*

ANTOINE

I know.

*They nearly touch each other*

INDIGO

That delicious anticipation.

ANTOINE

Come with me.

*Indigo is about to go when Dagmar rises.*

DAGMAR

Times up!

INDIGO

Ah!

*Indigo shoves Antoine into the audience as Dagmar crosses to enter.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

I'm not done out here!

*Indigo stops Dagmar from entering.*

DAGMAR

What the fuck!

INDIGO

Stop interrupting me!

*Dagmar goes to speak and can't. Indigo gets a drink. Antoine re-enters the audience.*

ANTOINE

Everything good?

INDIGO

Oh yeah! It's just fantastic!

ANTOINE

Okay.

*Indigo pours wine that's on the table  
and downs a glass.*

INDIGO

God that's a terrible vintage. It's like vanilla vinegar.

*She drinks another glass.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

Okay. This isn't going to work, is it?

ANTOINE

What's not going to work?

INDIGO

This. This. This fabricated delusional idea of something transient. That's a terrible sentence. I can't even articulate my self-disgust!

ANTOINE

Alright, look-

INDIGO

It's her! It's always her. You see what she's doing. Reminding me! Playing that stupid game. Coming in here and trying to confuse me.

ANTOINE

You don't have to-

INDIGO

Why did you have to be here tonight?

*Indigo turns her back to him. Antoine  
slowly exits.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

I was pretty sure I could go back in there. I was pretty sure I could handle that unbearable party until I saw you. Why did you show me that? Why would anyone want to remember the feeling of being alive or being free?

*Dagmar enters.*

DAGMAR

What the fuck, man! I don't want to be a bitch, but this is getting ridiculous. It's late. Hello? Party, inside! Remember? You can't let Al leave with that cunt!

INDIGO

I told you I need a minute.

DAGMAR

Uh-huh. Yeah. Okay. Is this really what you're doing? Are we really going to ignore the drunken elephant in the room? On the veranda? In the middle of the night? There's a big drunken elephant on a veranda in the middle of the night! Am I the only one that can see it!

INDIGO

I don't want to see it!

DAGMAR

Yeah, no shit! Do you really think that's the best use of your, our, my, us time. Our time. Really? My time?

INDIGO

I was in the middle of something!

DAGMAR

Yeah, so was I!

INDIGO

I just said-

DAGMAR

There's a God Damned party happening right now!

*Party noises and music are heard*

DAGMAR (Cont'd)

See!

INDIGO

There is not!

*Sounds stop.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

Ha!

DAGMAR

Okay. This is getting absurd! You clearly are drunk off your ass. Which is a really bad color on you, by the way.

INDIGO

Oh you know what—

DAGMAR

So here's what we're going to do! You're going to get rid of...whatever bad mood you have out here. Get your shit together and get the fuck back in there. How's that? I've had enough.

INDIGO

Oh. Oh you've had enough?

DAGMAR

Yeah. That's right! That's my dealio, and I say you're going to get rid of...whatever it is that you have to get rid of, the bug up your ass, and then you're going to suck it up and come back inside. And we're going to finish this awful, fucking, bullshit, cocksucking party! With a god damned smile on our faces! Because that's what we do!

INDIGO

This. Is. The Fuck?

DAGMAR

Yeah, that's right! This is the fuck. And you know what you're going to do? You're going to take it, you're going to build a bridge, and you're going to get the fuck over it! Like we do! Like we always do! Rapido, okay! Jesus Christ! I can't believe the shit I put up with!

*Dagmar goes back to her chair and drinks. Antoine re-enters. And sees Indigo is distressed.*

ANTOINE

Hey, you don't have to do this.

INDIGO

O! It's her. She's doing it. Bringing him up. That awful party, Trying to convince me that that it wasn't a mistake, that there was ever anything there. You want to know the truth? You want me to tell the truth? Al's dead. There I said it! Pretense over! That cheating son-of-a-bitch! Well I wanted him dead. God, is there anything worse to say? And so she keeps replaying it over

and over to keep me from remembering...Reminding me of a time I was supposed to be happy. That's what she does! She's trying to keep me stuck. That's what she wants.

ANTOINE

What do you want?

*Beat.*

INDIGO

The sky looks less dark now.

ANTOINE

Yeah, how 'bout that. It's almost blue.

INDIGO

Blue. Blue is the rarest color in nature? Did you know that?

INDIGO (Cont'd)

It has something to do with being more complex of a light to reflect than to absorb. Some chemical thing. It's complicated.

*Beat.*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

You don't imagine the things that you'll survive. You don't picture that, do you? You don't dream of the hours, the months, the years you'll spend trying to forget. The kind of sorrow that can't be touched by human fingers. That's not why I came out here. I don't want to remember that! You see what she's doing? Well, I won't do it. I know you can hear me!

*Dagmar picks at her teeth, disinterested.*

ANTOINE

So tell me. Tell me what you want right now. Forget about the rest of it.

*Beat.*

INDIGO

I was painted once. When I was a student.

ANTOINE

Yes.

INDIGO

A young artist. He was from some small village near Naples, I think. Dreadfully Italian, you know. He was one of those rugged, tortured artist types. We met one night at a masquerade ball. In Venice, of all places. Seems like a long time ago. It was in an old gothic church. Well, let me paint you a picture.

ANTOINE

Please.

INDIGO

I walk under these high steel beams, and thick iron chandeliers overstuffed with misshaped and half melted wax the size of drums. Through rivers of light...flooding across the black lacquered floor, glowing amber, like, like..the forging of onyx in volcanic lava. Ominous and fiery—

But romantic and elegant all the same. Like entering the gates of hell.

But only as envisioned by some terribly, terribly lonely poet. Something right out of Dante. I move past a roaring pyre, framed in carved stone; the faces of screaming devils, crackling and hissing. Plumes of smoke, but sensual, sinewy, ethereal.

ANTOINE

And there's music. A Raganella.

INDIGO

The clavier. "The 48." Well-tempered. You know Bach? The "48" is my absolute favorite. It took years and years to compose it. As if he were constructing it throughout out his whole life. Or I suppose moments of his life. Something that stands out. A little here, a little there.

ANTOINE

How did he know he was finished with it?

INDIGO

Maybe he didn't. Maybe he just stopped. I imagine at some point we all run out of things to say. And there I was.

*Dagmar enters the balcony.*

ANTOINE

*(To Dagmar)*

Hello there.

INDIGO

He followed me to a darkened terrace, he kissed my hand, and he said...

*Antoine takes Dagmar's hand and kisses it.*

ANTOINE

/Finalmente so chi sei.

DAGMAR

/At last I've seen you.

*Beat.*

INDIGO

And I was seen.

INDIGO (Cont'd)

I remember it far more perfectly than it was. It's like the opposite of a dream. Dreams lose details, but this...somehow it's embellished and sweeter than it could have possibly been. I posed for him. In his small room, next to a large bay window.

*Antoine crosses as if he's a painter, assessing her.*

ANTOINE

Non ti muóvere. (*Don't move*)

*Their eyes meet.*

INDIGO

By moonlight. The moonlight makes everything seem magical.

ANTOINE

La bellezza di Selene. (*The Beauty of Selene*) In tutta la sua sfera d'argentate. (*In all her silvery orb.*)

*Beat.*

INDIGO

When he finished, I looked at myself. His version of myself, I suppose. And there I was. That's who I was, I was completely new.

*Indigo rises and pauses. Antoine goes to her. They pause;*

INDIGO (Cont'd)

The perfect time. Isn't that what you say? It was the most.  
/Perfect time.

DAGMAR

/Perfect.

INDIGO

If I could feel that way again. If only I could get back to that feeling.

ANTOINE

You can. That's what's out there.

*Indigo removes her bracelets and places them in her purse. She then sets the purse back on the ledge and sits on the ledge with her legs dangling.*

INDIGO

I believe introductions are in order.

ANTOINE

Hello.

DAGMAR

Eat shit, fuck bag.

ANTOINE

So no pleasantries.

DAGMAR

You know what he's doing, don't you? You know what happens if you don't come back inside.

INDIGO

No, and neither do you!

DAGMAR

I know what happens if you jump off a fucking terrace!

INDIGO

Veranda.

ANTOINE

It's a balcony.

DAGMAR

Whatever!

INDIGO

And you don't know. You have no idea! And when I think of what I, what you, what we...you looked like. Born in that portrait. Born of—

DAGMAR

Of what? Pyres? Crackling demons? Sinewy bullshit smoke clouds? Like, like...what? Are you this far removed from reality that I have a separate genesis!?

ANTOINE

Go away!

DAGMAR

Fuck you. You go away. And what does it all add up to anyway? The grand realization that I have an historical inability to make a simple decision! I do! She does! I meant she!

INDIGO

I do not! And what part of this is simple?

*Antoine goes to say something*

DAGMAR

You need to shut your stupid face before I feed you your teeth! So, what did this fucktard promise you? Huh? If you follow him out into the darkness you can start all over? Was that it? Really? Over is not something you can start!

ANTOINE

I didn't promise anything. That's not how this works!

DAGMAR

I don't give a shit how it works. I know it doesn't work if she walks away. I'm not willing to disappear because she doesn't understand what's going on.

INDIGO

I don't understand what's going on.

DAGMAR

You see!

ANTOINE

Why do you even want to stay at such an awful party in the first place?

DAGMAR

Oh no! No, no, no! Shit kicker. I don't fall for easily charming cookie cutters. You're nothing but a slightly attractive speed bump to me. And she's coming back in there if I have to pull her by her hair!

ANTOINE

I don't think she is.

INDIGO

Wait. Don't I get a say?

DAGMAR & ANTOINE

No!

*Beat; Dagmar and Antoine face off.*

ANTOINE

I know what you are.

DAGMAR

So do you! What? Shut up. I hate your stupid face.

*Beat; Indigo comes down from the ledge and crosses back to the table and finishes the whiskey*

DAGMAR (Cont'd)

Let's go now. I've had enough. You're coming back in there with me.

ANTOINE

She doesn't have to listen to you!

DAGMAR

Yeah, we're done here!

INDIGO

Wait.

*Beat as Dagmar has realization.*

DAGMAR

Oh my god! How are we on equal footing? He's an illusion! He's filled with promises and sweetness, and chocolate-covered platitudes! Okay? He's a clichéd bonbon! You know what I'm filled with? You know what I've accumulated over my lifetime? Bullshit! That's what! I've spent our whole lives wading through rivers of your shit! And now I'm spawned upstream without a paddle?

ANTOINE

You're mixing your metaphors!

DAGMAR

And why? Because you've come to the realization that life didn't go your way? Are you kidding me? And so here we are. On a fucking tacky veranda!

INDIGO

It's a terrace.

ANTOINE

It's a balcony!

DAGMAR

It's a synonym! A god damned synonym, you dumb motherfucker! It's all the same shit! Just like you and you and me. Separate but equal. Yin and Yang. Tit and fucking tat! It's all about where we go next, right? Right? Well, let me tell you sister, it don't mean a thing if it ain't got that swing!

*Beat.*

ANTOINE

What?

DAGMAR

I'm bumfuzzled! (*Beat.*) God, I fucking hate that you taught us that word! You see. She's clearly having some kind of breakdown. A nervous breakdown. My nineteenth nervous breakdown!

ANTOINE

Do you need/ a minute?

INDIGO

/Dagmar, I don't want to go back in there with you.

DAGMAR

Oh okay. See ya later. Have a nice drop to your death! I don't really care what you want!

ANTOINE

That's pretty clear.

INDIGO

But with him, I can feel something.

DAGMAR

He's not even real!

INDIGO

Well, everyone's flawed.

DAGMAR

Oh my god! What can I even say to you?

INDIGO

What can you say to me that you're not saying to yourself?

DAGMAR

/Come back inside.

ANTOINE

/Come with me.

INDIGO

It's not /that simple.

DAGMAR

/Do I really have to say this!

ANTOINE

/You don't have to do any of this!

INDIGO

/You have to stop!

DAGMAR

/I can't fucking believe this!

ANTOINE

/Just come with me! You don't need her.

INDIGO

/Wait!

DAGMAR

/Fuck you! Stop talking!

ANTOINE

She's not real either!

*Slight pause*

DAGMAR

You owe me.

INDIGO

I owe you?

DAGMAR

God damned right you do.

INDIGO

You don't bring him up! You don't get to bring him up!

DAGMAR

Who? Our son? Is that who I'm not supposed to bring up?

ANTOINE

No, don't listen to her.

DAGMAR

Yeah. You don't get to heap all that shit on me, and then abandon me for this jag because you want to feel something! So you can go frolic with fucking shadows and leave me here with that shit. Just like you left him there.

INDIGO

I went for a drink of water—

ANTOINE

Don't listen to her. You see what she's trying to do. She's—

*Antoine is unable to speak. He stops and stares pleadingly at Indigo.*

INDIGO

I just went for water. I knew something was wrong, but I was convinced it was just in my head. He had been sick for a few days, and I hadn't slept much. I just needed air, just to

breathe. I drank some water and I put my head down at the table. I must've fallen asleep.

DAGMAR

When I saw him, when I looked down and I saw him, his little face has turned blue. Not the kind of blue you imagine, but some new shade you've somehow always been afraid to see. He looked like he was made of quartz. You couldn't even look at him. I stayed with him. I had to do that. I stayed with him. With what used to be him. Our son. You can't imagine something like that. You can't empathize. It's bigger than you. And that's what I did for you. So you could have some air. So you could breathe. What does he have?

INDIGO

He doesn't have anything.

DAGMAR

Let's go back inside.

*Dagmar starts to go; Indigo takes a breath.*

INDIGO

No.

DAGMAR

What? Did, did you say no?

INDIGO

I can't.

DAGMAR

You have to. What the fuck can you do without me?

INDIGO

What the fuck can I do with you? You can't imagine what it's like carrying you around with me. That perfect picture. I can't do it. And you can't talk me out of it. That's not what I am. Not anymore.

DAGMAR

Think about what you're saying. You want to wander out into the darkness? Where nothing is known? What could you possibly find out there? It's fantasy! It's all moonlight and retarded flirtations and fucking cheap watercolors! Okay. In there, that's real. This...you and me, this is real! What we've shared, what

we've seen...good and bad, you can't just close your eyes and pretend all of that just fucking disappears. And yes, it's pain and sorrow, it's heartbreaking and it's fucking terrible. But it's real. Irreducibly, absolute. How can you abandon me for something completely unknown?

INDIGO

Because I don't want you! I've finally seen myself through your eyes, what really happened that night, and you know what, I'd rather be blind! I can't let it control me anymore.

DAGMAR

But you need me!

INDIGO

No. I don't! You held him over me!

DAGMAR

I kept you safe!

INDIGO

You kept my eyes closed! You kept me right on the brink/ of all that shit!

DAGMAR

/Yeah, to protect you!

INDIGO

Until I questioned you. Until I dared to seek something new. And then you made me see! You threw that night back in my face!

DAGMAR

You deserved it!

INDIGO

Of course I did! I owe you! That's how we survive! Isn't that right?

DAGMAR

Fuckin' A right it is!

INDIGO

Wrong! That's how you survive. But it's mine now. You can't hold him over me because he was never yours to begin with.

*Beat.*

DAGMAR

I just...I wanted you to remember. To finally see.

INDIGO

Well now I do. I see it all. And I can never un-see it.

*Beat.*

ANTOINE

Hey.

INDIGO

Hey.

DAGMAR

You can't just walk away. All we can do is try again. In there, where it's real. That's still the only thing we can know for sure. Isn't that enough of a reason to stay?

ANTOINE

Isn't that the reason to go? Isn't it enough of a reason to stop pretending? We don't have to deceive ourselves, we can just jump and hope to god we have wings.

*Beat.*

DAGMAR

That's is the dumbest fucking thing I've ever heard.

*Indigo walks up to Dagmar*

INDIGO

Here. *(She removes her necklace and hands it to Dagmar)*

DAGMAR

What's this for?

INDIGO

I don't want it anymore.

DAGMAR

What the hell am I going to do with it? If you leave, I can't do anything! I can't be anything! How can you be so cavalier about this?

*Indigo goes back to Antoine.*

ANTOINE

Ready?

DAGMAR

You can't leave! You can't! I can't be anything without you. We're not done yet. This isn't how this goes. You don't actually leave with him! You're supposed to come back inside. He's not real! This isn't real! He's no different than that fucking painting! He's nothing more than an image on a canvas.

ANTOINE

Well, a canvas never lies. It only...perpetrates. *(To Indigo)* Is that the word I want?

*Antoine smiles and holds his hand out to Indigo; she goes to him and then turns back to Dagmar.*

INDIGO

But when I think of you, I'll see you in that portrait. Softened by moonlight. That's how I'll remember you.

DAGMAR

Alone.

INDIGO

As something completely new.

*Antoine and Indigo walk hand in hand into the audience and then turn to Dagmar.*

DAGMAR

I hope so.

*Antoine and Indigo exit. Dagmar stands center; Chimes strike midnight. Same as beginning.*

DAGMAR (Cont'd)

That's who I was.

*Blackout*

*End of play.*