

Full Moon Inside a Red Sky

by

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FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

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Special thanks to Scott Hudson, Michael LoPorto, The LAByrinth Theater Company, BrooklynOne, Barefoot Theatre Company

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Characters

Sylvia Figueroa, 30's

Anthony Santoro, 30's

Maitre'd, 30's

Lisa Orosco, 30's

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SCENE 1

A tiny studio apartment on the lower eastside.

SYLVIA FIGUEROA stands in front of her dresser mirror getting herself ready for work, all the while singing one of her original songs to an instrumental track on her Ipad.

SYLVIA. *“It’s always been about what you want/It’s never been about what you need/Don’t you see standin’ all alone on her bended knee/Is everything you’ll ever need/Can’t you see what your love has done to me/I’m just a blooming rose on a dying stem/I’m just a blooming rose on a dying stem/I’m standing naked by your side/But all you do is push me far and wide/You’re looking for me to run away and hide/I don’t come from that type of tribe/I’m not her, never gonna be/Open wide those baby blues/Can’t you see what your love has done to me/I’m just a blooming rose on a dying stem/I’m just a blooming rose on a dying stem...”*

ANTHONY. *(O/S)* Hey, luv is that you or the radio?

SYLVIA. What?

ANTHONY. *(O/S)* I said, is that you or the radio?

SYLVIA. I can’t make out a thing that you’re trying to say. *(We hear the toilet flushing as ANTHONY SANTORO steps out of the bathroom.)*

ANTHONY. What I was saying was whether that was you or the radio?

SYLVIA. It was me.

ANTHONY. Sweet.

SYLVIA. Can you please shut the bathroom door?

ANTHONY. Sorry. *(He closes the bathroom door.)* Happy now?

SYLVIA. Did you at least spray?

ANTHONY. I forgot.

SYLVIA. Great.

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ANTHONY. It's no big deal. I don't smell anything.

SYLVIA. You never do.

ANTHONY. You want me to spray?

SYLVIA. Forget it, damage has been done. (*He goes into the kitchen to fix himself a cup of coffee.*)

ANTHONY. Was that the new song you were telling me about that I was hearing?

SYLVIA. Yeah, it is.

ANTHONY. I like it.

SYLVIA. Really?

ANTHONY. Oh yeah, it sounds really great. You got that Christine McVie vibe going on for yourself girl.

SYLVIA. I love her.

ANTHONY. You wanna cup?

SYLVIA. No thank you, no time. (*He suddenly takes in what she's wearing.*)

ANTHONY. WHOA! Hold on there for two seconds now!

SYLVIA. What?

ANTHONY. I need to take a step back here and take in the full complete picture of this stunning landscape.

SYLVIA. What? Why are you staring at me like that? It's creeping me out.

ANTHONY. Who is this?

SYLVIA. What?

ANTHONY. I'm sayin', who is this?

SYLVIA. It's me, who else do you think it would be?

ANTHONY. Nah, nah, don't you be playin' me like that girl. You know exactly what it is I'm talkin' about. (*He starts to circle her.*) Look at you. I mean, seriously, LOOK AT YOU!

SYLVIA. Why are you yelling?

ANTHONY. Just take a look at your reflection over there. (*Sylvia turns to look at her reflection in the mirror, she likes what she sees.*)

ANTHONY. Yeah, yeah, you know what I'm talkin' about. Are you seein' what I'm seein'?

SYLVIA. What are you seeing?

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ANTHONY. I'm seein' Chrissie Hynde, circa 1985 Pretenders look, that's what I'm seein' that you got going on here for yourself or did I just now hit my head on the toilet bowl and I've somehow time traveled back to my teenage years.

SYLVIA. I don't follow you, what are you going on about?

ANTHONY. What else, but - THE LOOK.

SYLVIA. The look?

ANTHONY. That's right - The Look.

SYLVIA. What about my look?

ANTHONY. Well, let's pick a few highlights, shall we? Tight black jeans, small fitting denim jacket, spiky messy hair, dark eye liner, the vintage style Cuban heeled, round toed, ankle high Beatles boot. Let's cut to the chase and just say it shall we?

SYLVIA. Say what?

ANTHONY. It's working sweetheart, it's truly working. It's magic on a stick for me. I feel it. I like it. I like all of it. It's very...

SYLVIA. Very what?

ANTHONY. RETRO.

SYLVIA. Get away from me.

ANTHONY. What, I'm serious, we got us some major big-time retro going on here in the flesh.

SYLVIA. This is seriously not what I wanted to hear this morning.

ANTHONY. What, what's the matter? Retro is sexy, retro is hot, retro is the new now. It's all about today, right now, not yesterday. You are totally in the NOW.

SYLVIA. Shut up, I got no time for you and your nonsense. *(She starts packing her handbag.)*

ANTHONY. Wait a minute, just wait a minute please...oh my God, what's happening to me?

SYLVIA. I don't know, but between you, me and these four walls, it's better and much healthier that I don't.

ANTHONY. I'm not kidding Sylvia, look at me, look at my hands.

SYLVIA. What about them?

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ANTHONY. Don't you see, they're shaking, sweating, oh no, now it's moving to my heart...this is not good, this is bad, like real bad...my heart, I think it's the big one.

SYLVIA. Are you being serious with me or are you fuckin' around, because I really don't have the time, energy or patience for any of your childish games this morning.

ANTHONY. I'm being very serious with you. I'm having a major throwback type of moment over here.

SYLVIA. Throwback what?

ANTHONY. Throwback moment. Just hear me out please, what I'm really trying to say is that this, "*Old-New-New-Old again*" look you got going on for yourself is stirring up some major deep heavy duty big time intense nostalgic hormonal feelings inside of me.

SYLVIA. Please.

ANTHONY. Seriously. I mean I haven't felt these sensations since my prime years at Joan of Arc junior high school. You didn't know me then, but I was prime. I'm not talkin' just any kind of prime; I'm talkin' some serious prime time prime.

SYLVIA. God help me.

ANTHONY. I'm tellin' you, I seriously thought that these feelings were long gone, gone like in forever, lost in the past, tucked away in some other time continuum. But my theories have been proven wrong thanks to this utterly stunning vision of you.

SYLVIA. Me?

ANTHONY. Of you, wearing this magnificent form fitting outfit and by the divine miracle of visual sensory time travel, these feelings, thought to be lost, long gone, have been reawakened in me and maybe, dare I say, EVEN REBORN!

SYLVIA. You are a serious, complete and total super freak.

ANTHONY. If it were only possible for you to stand in my shoes right now, see what I see, you might understand completely where I'm coming from, but that's neither here nor there, if you can just spare me a few minutes of your precious morning time, I can quickly hop into my closet, put on my best Marty McFly outfit, skateboard not included for safety reasons naturally and we can get down and dirty and super freaky

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with a little "Back to the Future" sex between Chrissie and Marty. What'd ya say, I mean, seriously how do those gigawatts sound to you? I personally feel that between you, me and these four walls it could be super-hot-hot-hot.

SYLVIA. Fuck off freak.

ANTHONY. Okay, that wasn't the response I was hoping for, was the skateboard thing an issue? No, then allow me to rephrase the request. I can easily change it up, I'm flexible. I was once a gymnast, you know.

SYLVIA. You were a gymnast?

ANTHONY. Oh yeah, seriously, well actually, technically speaking that's a lie. But I did sit in on a class, once.

SYLVIA. No, no really, thank you, you don't need to rephrase anything for me because the response I just gave you in all honesty, that was the only response you'll be getting from this girl, right now, this morning, nostalgia boy.

ANTHONY. Okay then, got that message loud and clear. Thank you, thank you very much. I really appreciate it, most kind of you. I'll just be taking my morning cold shower now, but first a word from our sponsor: *"Hot morning turned cold? Use deluxe palm soap, the soap that not only cleans you up, but helps bring you down. Brought to you by the makers of Iggy Pop black head remover."* (Blank face response from Sylvia) Tough crowd this morning.

SYLVIA. I'm sorry, but I'm feeling more than just a little bit tense at the moment. I'm not in the mood to be appreciating any of these distracting idiosyncrasies of yours, which I will confess at times can be very, very cute and often quite charming, but for right now, they're nothing but FUCKING annoying to me and making me seriously want to bust you dead in your testicles.

ANTHONY. Okay now, message received loud and clear and speaking on behalf of my testicles, we say *"Thank you for the warning."* (No response. Sylvia continues to get herself ready for work.) Are we okay? What's happening here?

SYLVIA. Nothing.

ANTHONY. Right, we seem to be a little out of sync with each other. Come on, what's going on? You used to find my idiosyncratic ways

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rather cute and charming. I'm just quoting you on that by the way, also found them often times quite sexy, course that was after three beers, a grey goose and joint chaser on an empty stomach on a Thursday night at 2:30 in the morning in a dark alley next to Magical Mateo's Tattoo and Taco Shop.

SYLVIA. Jesus Fucking Christ ENOUGH!

ANTHONY. Wow. Okay. I got it.

SYLVIA. Good. Thank you.

ANTHONY. Why are you feeling so tense?

SYLVIA. Because, I gotta do a background 60's girl group type of thing for a Sponge Bob Square Pants promotional kids party for UNICEF and you're fucking telling me that I look like the lead singer for The Pretenders! This is going to be so awful. I just want to crawl back under the covers and hide for the next fifty years.

ANTHONY. Don't be that way, you're very talented.

SYLVIA. That's just it. I should be doing way better than this, this shit's a waste of my natural God given talents. I mean, look at me, what do you see? (*He starts to answer but is quickly cut off.*) I'll tell you what you see. You're looking at the next big thing to be that hasn't happened yet. That's what you're looking at. Dammit, I wanna be more than just another downtown wanna be rock chick coming out of the same twin cities that brought us Prince and Brother Ali. You understand what I'm getting at here? I don't wanna be doing these types of bullshit backup vocal gigs for kiddie parties into my granny years. For the love of Christ himself I have a freakin' associates degree from the McNally Smith College of Music, that school is not joke. I have skills. I know what I'm doing. I'm good. Why doesn't anybody else see this, is the whole world blind except for me?

ANTHONY. I feel the exact same way.

SYLVIA. You do?

ANTHONY. Oh yeah, are you kidding me, it's total Kismet between me and you, come here baby girl. (*He takes her into his arms.*) You know, between you and me and these four walls, in my heart of hearts, I should've already been graduated from the Star fleet Academy.

SYLVIA. Excuse me?

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ANTHONY. Oh yeah, I should already be well on my way into my five-year mission as a Star Ship captain, traveling at warp speeds through-out the known and unknown galaxy, meeting strange and exotic intelligent beings, but instead look at me, look where life has planted me.

She pulls away from him

SYLVIA. You are a complete fucking child. My God, why, why don't I ever learn!

ANTHONY. What, what?

SYLVIA. I can't, I just can't.

ANTHONY. What's so different about what we, you and I, hoped to be, right now at this stage of our lives, when we both looked at our own reflections in the mirror during our hopeful years? You wanting to be a global star, performing on the greatest stages on earth and me wanting to be a star ship captain going to the furthest reaches of the galaxy and beyond, where no man or woman has gone before?

SYLVIA. Because what you are wanting has nothing to do with reality and everything to do with being a delusional goddamn fool.

ANTHONY. Wow, I see...is that what you really believe about me, that I'm a delusional fool?

SYLVIA. You need serious help, Anthony.

ANTHONY. Okay, okay I hear you.

SYLVIA. I'm sorry if I hurt you.

ANTHONY. Right, right I got that. Can I ask you something?

SYLVIA. What?

ANTHONY. Are we okay?

SYLVIA. Excuse me?

ANTHONY. I mean, look at me for just a second, I'm asking you, you and me, are we okay?

SYLVIA. You really know how to pick your times don't you?

ANTHONY. This is not a good time? *(No response from Sylvia.)* Okay, so let me put this another way, tell me then, when would be a good time?

SYLVIA. I'm in no mood to get into this relationship shit with you right now.

ANTHONY. Relationship shit?

SYLVIA. I didn't mean that to come out the way it did.

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ANTHONY. Well, too late for that don't you think? It's out there.

SYLVIA. Anthony, I got things to do. I don't want to be late for work. I don't need this type of stress right now.

ANTHONY. I'm not looking to stress you out here.

SYLVIA. Good, because if I stress, I get tight, I get tight, my throat clinches and I can't sing. I can't sing, I get no paycheck. I get no paycheck, that means I got no money to pay the rent. Is that clear enough for you to know where I'm coming from?

ANTHONY. I'm trying to get a job.

SYLVIA. Tryin' ain't about gettin' shit done.

ANTHONY. Not for nothing, but when I was working and paying for everything around here, I didn't say fucking peep about you not puling your weight, not one fucking peep, zero, nada and I still appreciated you 150% - 24/7 and that's a fucking fact.

SYLVIA. And I appreciated that.

ANTHONY. Well, you're welcome then, so I'm asking you what makes this here situation so much different than the one we were in together back in the day. Tell me, why you can't appreciate me in my time of need in the same way that I appreciated you in yours?

SYLVIA. Because I have my own needs now.

ANTHONY. *"You have your own needs now?"*

SYLVIA. That's right, I do.

ANTHONY. What the fuck is that supposed to mean?

SYLVIA. Figure it out.

She starts to leave

ANTHONY. Wait a minute, wait a minute, you can't leave me on that note.

SYLVIA. I gotta go to work. *(Anthony steps between Sylvia and the front door.)*

ANTHONY. Talk to me.

SYLVIA. I really can't afford to be late.

ANTHONY. Whatever, I don't care if you're running late, blah, blah, blah bullshit to that.

SYLVIA. It's not bullshit! My life is not bullshit!

ANTHONY. I'm not saying it is.

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SYLVIA. Let me pass.

ANTHONY. Jesus Christ Sylvia, let's just take a breath here and talk to each other...hey, look at me, whatever happened to those two lovable crazy kids who met at that lower eastside dive bar on avenue B, huh? Remember them? I never want to forget them.

SYLVIA. Don't. Just stop.

ANTHONY. Is that what's happening here, are we forgetting them? Because if that's the case, I have a memory on me and I can I tell you...

SYLVIA. I don't like walking backwards.

ANTHONY. Then we can just stand still right here in the present with each other and talk. We do so much running around, hustling from one place to the next, forever on the move. You know what they say about moving targets, don't you?

SYLVIA. What?

ANTHONY. They can't be touched.

SYLVIA. Anthony, you're going to make me...

ANTHONY. I know, I know, I don't give a flying fuck right now about whether you're going to be late for work or not and neither should you!

SYLVIA. Don't you dare raise your voice like that to me. I won't stand for that shit.

ANTHONY. I'm sorry, I'm very sorry, it's just that, this is important.

SYLVIA. And I don't know that it is, is that what you're getting at?

ANTHONY. No, but if you do know how important this is then you understand that what's going on at this moment between us is more important, more real than having to be on time for some fucking job, more important than eating and breathing and actual fucking.

SYLVIA. Stop doing this.

ANTHONY. Stop doing what?

SYLVIA. I didn't want to have this type of conversation with you right now. Let me pass. *(Anthony steps to the side to let Sylvia get to the front door.)*

ANTHONY. Then when? *(She moves away from the door.)*

SYLVIA. Who's the victim here?

ANTHONY. What?

SYLVIA. Can you answer me that?

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ANTHONY. I don't understand the question.

SYLVIA. Then come over here, look into that mirror, take a real good look at yourself and tell me what you see and who you see. Take a real, honest to God good hard look.

ANTHONY. Okay?

SYLVIA. Now listen to me. I can't be your caretaker. I can't be your nurse/mommy, that's not a job that I'm looking for and it's especially now what I want from a relationship. I can't believe it's something that you want. If I'm wrong, then we need to seriously take a walk away from each other.

ANTHONY. We have a life together.

SYLVIA. No Anthony, I have life. I don't know what you have. Do you?

ANTHONY. I thought I had you. I thought we had each other.

SYLVIA. No.

ANTHONY. No?

SYLVIA. Listen to me, I don't like having to come off like the classic cliché bitch girlfriend from hell, those are not the kind of shoes I wanna be walking in with you. I don't want to be that type of character in this story, but I'm sorry, one of us has to wear the adult pants here and do the right thing for each other's lives or else we're just gonna shrink, dry up and die. I know I don't want that for myself. I can't believe that you do.

ANTHONY. Sylvia, I just want to... *(She takes his face into her hands.)*

SYLVIA: Sweetheart, you need to try and listen to me, can you do that? *(Anthony nods his head yes)* Good, now listen to me, you need to really start to learn how to tie your own shoelaces and begin walking in your own man shoes. It's the only way you'll ever really get anywhere in your life. You get where I'm coming from here, don't you? *(No response)* You look confused.

ANTHONY. No, I get it, it's just that sometimes when I don't get enough oxygen my brain kinda slows down, but I get it, I get what you're saying.

SYLVIA. It's all for the best you know?

ANTHONY. The best for whom?

SYLVIA. For both of us of course.

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ANTHONY. Right.

SYLVIA. By the way listen, before I go, and I really hate to ask this under these circumstances, but whataya gonna do, right, ask I must. It's about my computer.

ANTHONY. What's wrong with it now?

SYLVIA. That's the problem I don't know, it's just running really slow, and I wouldn't be asking you unless, well, you're so brilliant when it comes to all that techie stuff and well, you know me and computers, I'm nothing but all thumbs and toes.

ANTHONY. Yeah, sure I'll take a look at it.

SYLVIA. Would you?

ANTHONY. Of course.

SYLVIA. I knew you'd say yes, you're such a doll.

She starts to leave.

ANTHONY. Hey, wait a minute.

SYLVIA. What?

ANTHONY. I'm sorry, but I'm a little confused, I mean what just happened here?

SYLVIA. Don't you know?

ANTHONY. Is this the end?

SYLVIA. It's for the best don't you think?

ANTHONY. For whom?

SYLVIA. I'm sorry Anthony, I really don't have time to get back into all this.

ANTHONY. Right, right you need to go and get to work, I get that, how about this, how about me and you get together tonight, after you finished what you're doing with Sponge Bob. I could take you out to dinner, what do you say?

SYLVIA. You want to take me out to dinner?

ANTHONY. Yeah.

SYLVIA. With what money?

ANTHONY. I still got a few dollars left over from my last gig. Come on, what do you say, we'll go over to the Afghan cafe that you love so much.

SYLVIA. I don't really feel like having Middle eastern tonight.

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ANTHONY. Then what do you feel like?

SYLVIA. I'm not feeling like anything to be honest with you.

ANTHONY. How about Sacco's then?

SYLVIA. Sacco's?

ANTHONY. Yeah, you like Sacco's.

SYLVIA. I do.

ANTHONY. So? What'd you say?

SYLVIA. Okay that sounds fine.

ANTHONY. Seven at Sacco's?

SYLVIA. Seven at Sacco's.

ANTHONY. You gonna be there right, I mean, you're not gonna leave me hangin' like a dick in the wind, are you?

SYLVIA. No, I'm not gonna leave you hangin' like a dick in the wind, where do you get these sayings?

ANTHONY. You're gonna forget, aren't you?

SYLVIA. I said I'll be there, so I'll be there. Jesus Christ, I hate this about you, just don't you forget to leave the keys with the doorman.

ANTHONY. Keys with the doorman?

SYLVIA. I don't think you have too much stuff here that belongs to you, so packing shouldn't be that much of a chore for you.

ANTHONY. No, I don't have a lot of stuff, am I going somewhere?

SYLVIA. It's for the best this way - nice and clean, no unneeded stress, capiche? *(She gives him a quick peck on the cheek and exits. He stands there for a moment, looks about the apartment, exhales.)*

ANTHONY. Fuck me.

SCENE 2

That evening inside Sacco's Cafe-Bistro we see LISA OROSCO sitting by herself nursing her drink as a sharply dressed MAITRE D comes up to her.

MAITRE D'. Are you waiting for a table, Miss?

LISA. Oh no, I'm not, thank you, I have a reservation.

MAITRE D'. Alright.

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LISA. I'm just waiting for my date to arrive. He's running a little late.

MAITRE D'. I see.

LISA. You know how crazy traffic can be.

MAITRE D'. Indeed, I do. By the way, what's the party's name, if I may ask?

LISA. My name you mean?

MAITRE D'. If it's the name that the reservations are under, yes.

LISA. Oh, I'm sorry, I misunderstood, no the reservation is not under my name.

MAITRE D'. I see, that's alright. Whose name is the reservation under then?

LISA. It's under the name Lopez, Richard Lopez.

MAITRE D'. Richard Lopez. *(He checks the reservation book)*

LISA. Right, that's L.O.P.E...

MAITRE D'. I got it, thank you. Let's see what we have here...oh, I'm terribly sorry Miss, but that reservation was canceled.

LISA. Excuse me, canceled?

MAITRE D'. Yes.

LISA. I don't understand.

MAITRE D'. It's right here in the book. See... *(He shows her the reservation book)* the red mark across the page indicates that the reservation was canceled.

LISA. Canceled.

MAITRE D'. Yes.

LISA. How could've it been canceled?

MAITRE D'. It was done via text message.

LISA. I don't understand, when was it canceled?

MAITRE D'. I'd say about a little more than an hour ago.

LISA. It was canceled?

MAITRE D'. That's right.

LISA. I don't understand. By text message. You said it was canceled via text message?

MAITRE D'. That's correct.

LISA. An hour ago?

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MAITRE D'. Yes. I still have a few tables available if you'd care to stay for dinner? (*She starts to hyperventilate.*)

LISA. I'm having trouble breathing.

MAITRE D'. I'll get you a glass of water.

LISA. What, I'm sorry, I wasn't listening, what was that what did you just say to me?

MAITRE D'. I was going to get you a glass of water.

LISA. No, before that.

MAITRE D'. I said that if you'd like to stay, we still do have a few tables available for seating. We actually have a nice one by a window with the most lovely view of the city's classic downtown architecture.

LISA. You mean seat me for dinner?

MAITRE D'. Yes.

LISA. By myself.

MAITRE D'. Would you like to take a look at our menu, see if anything jumps out at you?

LISA. No, no thank you.

MAITRE D'. You sure?

LISA. Yes, I'm sure. I've suddenly seem to have lost my appetite.

MAITRE D'. I'm sorry to hear that.

LISA. Me too. (*She gets up to leave.*) Thank you.

MAITRE D'. You sure you won't change your mind?

LISA. No, I don't think I will be.

MAITRE D'. If I may say so, you really don't know what you'll be missing.

LISA. I won't?

MAITRE D'. No, you won't, it's quite a beautiful view of our handsome city at this time of the evening, capturing the glow of the past ever just so. It's the finest of views if you're looking to feel the true spirit of old New York, in my humblest opinion of course.

LISA. Of course, I'm sure it's a lovely view, but no thank you, I'll just be on my... (*She suddenly stops, looking ill at ease.*)

MAITRE D'. Are you alright Miss?

LISA. I don't know, yes, no, I'm sorry, I think I'll just stay here for a bit, if you don't mind.

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MAITRE D'. That's fine, as you wish.

LISA. Thank you.

MAITRE D'. You sure I can't get you anything?

LISA. No, no thank you.

She sits back down.

MAITRE D'. Well, if you happen to change your mind and find yourself getting a tad hungry, there's a menu displayed on the wall to your left, with our appetizers, entrees and dessert listings. If nothing jumps out at you, well between you, me and the wall, we do have some off-the-cuff specialties that we usually keep under wraps for only our very special clientele that I can tell you about.

LISA. Thank you, that's very kind of you to offer.

MAITRE D'. My pleasure. I'll be around, just give me a wave or a holler if you need me for anything.

LISA. I will, thank you.

He exits. She sits there for a moment, looks around the cafe, checks her phone, gets up, looks about, unsure of which direction to turn to, sits back down, motions to the Maitre D'.

MAITRE D'. Changed our mind so soon, have we?

LISA. Not really, I'm sorry.

MAITRE D'. No need for apologies. Is there something other than that I can perhaps help you with then, wine menu perhaps?

LISA. Oh no that's fine thank you, I really just wanted to know where your restrooms were located.

MAITRE D'. The restrooms are to your right where Marc Chagall's 1967 surrealist painting of "*Adam et Eve chasses du paradis*" or as we non-Parisians in this part of the world would say, "*Adam and Eve's expulsion from paradise*" hangs. You see it?

LISA. Yes, I see it.

MAITRE D'. It's one of my favorites of his works. When you get closer to it, you'll see clearly how he uses composition to demonstrate Adam and Eve actually leaving Paradise. The left side of the painting is very bright and beautiful, while the right side is darker, sadder. The holy angel acts as the divider between paradise and the outside world.

LISA. It's quite lovely.

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

MAITRE D'. *"When I am finishing a picture, I hold some God-made object up to it - a rock, a flower, the branch of a tree or my hand - as a final test. If the painting stands up beside a thing man cannot make, the painting is authentic and while viewing one of my works if a symbol should be discovered in a painting of mine, it was not my intention. It is a result I did not seek. It is something that may be found afterwards, and which can be interpreted according to taste."*

LISA. He said that?

MAITRE D'. Yes, indeed, those are Mr. Chagall's very words.

LISA. What did he mean?

MAITRE D'. I think Mr. Chagall was trying to say that if you are fortunate to find a symbol in one of his paintings that you are welcome to interpret it as you wish.

LISA. Thank you.

She gets up from the chair.

MAITRE D'. Are you feeling better?

LISA. Am I feeling better? No, no I'm not. *(She goes to the restroom.)*

SCENE 3

Anthony on his cellphone outside of Sacco's paces back and forth, checking his watch from time to time.

ANTHONY. I can't seriously believe this shit. Jesus Christ, look at the time. *(He looks through the window of the cafe to see if tables are still available.)* I make the effort and what do I get for it? She slaps me down into the gutter with an act of cruelty. *(He checks his watch, tries to light up a cigarette, but his lighter doesn't seem to be working, he tosses both the cigarette and lighter to the ground, stands there for a moment, then suddenly lets out a horrifically scorching primal scream that echoes into the night air. The Maitre D' quickly comes out of the cafe like a shot.)*

MAITRE D'. What the hell was that!?!

ANTHONY. What was what?

MAITRE D'. That scream.

ANTHONY. Scream, what scream, there was a scream?

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

MAITRE D'. Don't tell me you didn't hear it?

ANTHONY. I didn't hear a thing.

MAITRE D'. Jesus Christ in a bucket it scared the living crap out of half my customers in there.

ANTHONY. Really?

MAITRE D'. I got a woman in there crying her eyes out, who was so petrified, she spilled her entire plate of Zuppa Toscana all over her beautiful one-of-a-kind Elsa Schiaparelli dress.

ANTHONY. That's terrible.

MAITRE D'. You sure you didn't hear anything or seen anything out here that may have screamed like that?

ANTHONY. I honestly didn't hear a thing and I've been out here for like an hour.

MAITRE D'. I don't understand how you could you not have heard it; it was glass shattering.

ANTHONY. Beats me and I got a good pair of ears too, in fact I can hear a feather land on a rock from as far as fifty yards away.

MAITRE D'. Okay.

ANTHONY. Scouts honor.

MAITRE D'. It sounded like some poor animal was suffering the most horrible of pain or even dying.

ANTHONY. Maybe some fox got itself caught in a bear trap or something like that.

MAITRE D'. Fox in a bear trap, we're on the lower eastside?

ANTHONY. Well, anyway, like I said I didn't hear a thing and I've been here for a while now.

MAITRE D'. It's very strange.

ANTHONY. Well, strange things do happen in this world, especially when the full moon is looking like the one, we got ourselves up there tonight. I hope the lady's, okay?

MAITRE D'. Which lady?

ANTHONY. The one wearing the Schiaparelli dress.

MAITRE D'. Oh, she's happy as a clam in chowder. I gave her a couple of slippery nipples on the house. Believe me, she's feeling no pain.

ANTHONY. Slippery nipple?

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

MAITRE D'. A Sambuca and Baily's Irish cream combo.

ANTHONY. Sounds terrific.

MAITRE D'. It's like Novocain with a twist. Makes everything around you seem painless.

ANTHONY. Speaking of sounding terrific, that soup that you mentioned that she was having.

MAITRE D'. You mean the Zuppa Toscana?

ANTHONY. Yeah, what is that?

MAITRE D'. It's a soup that was born in Tuscany. It's made of smoked Italian sausage, russet potatoes, bacon and onions combined in this creamy chicken broth, along with some kale and of course garlic. It's one of our most popular items.

ANTHONY. I don't doubt it. I gotta try it.

MAITRE D'. Oh, you must. Were you waiting to come inside?

ANTHONY. Eventually. I'm waiting for someone. Unfortunately, they're running more than a little late.

MAITRE D'. I see.

ANTHONY. Traffic can be a real bitch at this time of the evening.

MAITRE D'. Yes, it can be. Oh my...

ANTHONY. What?

MAITRE D'. Well, will you look at that? Will you just take a look at that moon? Magnificent.

ANTHONY. It's pretty cool looking.

MAITRE D'. That's some lovely round moon dangling up there far above our heads looking down at us tonight from a most beautiful red sky. You know, that is no ordinary moon my friend.

ANTHONY. No?

MAITRE D'. No sir, she is very far from being ordinary, she's actually quite extraordinary... "*And the sun became black as sackcloth, the full moon became like blood, and the stars of the sky fell to earth.*"

ANTHONY. Okay?

MAITRE D'. Revelation 6:12.

ANTHONY. End of the world stuff, huh?

MAITRE D'. No, just the moon up there, it's a snow moon you know, ever heard of it?

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

ANTHONY. No can't say that I have.

MAITRE D'. It's also known as the mourning moon, not as in good morning, but rather as sad and mournful. It is November after all.

ANTHONY. Yeah, so?

MAITRE D'. November is the time of endings and beginnings. Look at the way the sky and the moon are showing themselves tonight. It's telling us that it's the time of the full mourning moon Esbat.

ANTHONY. I'm not speaking your language man.

MAITRE D'. It simply means that anything that you are holding onto, for which you're hoping for some kind of resolution that is not going to happen, you mourn for, relationships as well as people, must sometimes be mourned, even if they're not dead. It's a releasing type of ritual, whatever it is that you're holding on to that needs to be released, you release it. You can whisper, sing, chant, move, dance, beat drums, shake rattles, even cry. You say what you need to say to that person, hold an Apache tear in your hands and pour away every one of your feelings into it.

ANTHONY. That sounds pretty intense. I don't know if I could see myself doing any of those things you just mentioned.

MAITRE D'. Sure, you can.

ANTHONY. I can?

MAITRE D'. All you have to do is simply close your eyes for just a second, relax your shoulders, breathe and take in the night air. Go on, try it.

ANTHONY. I don't know.

MAITRE D'. It's okay, just take it in, it won't bite you.

Anthony closes his eyes, takes in the night air.

MAITRE D'. Smells like snow, doesn't it?

ANTHONY. Yeah, yeah it does have a sort of snowy type of a smell to it.

MAITRE D'. I'll be inside if you need me for anything.

ANTHONY. Wait a minute, that's it, you're just gonna walk away and leave me hanging?

MAITRE D'. Leave you hanging, I don't follow you sir?

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

ANTHONY. It's like you're leaving out the best parts of the whole story.

MAITRE D'. These are the best parts. Now I really must get back to work.

ANTHONY. Are you some kind of Shaman-mystic-maitre d' - swami type of person?

MAITRE D'. Me? No, I'm flattered that you think of me so, but no sir, I'm just what you see and this here place is where I work, right in there, that's my complete story. *(He exits back into the cafe. Anthony stands there for a moment, looking up at the night sky.)*

ANTHONY. Mourning moon of Esbat, is that who you are up there? *(He checks his watch.)* Look at the time...I knew it, I just knew she wasn't gonna show up, I felt it in my bones and still I let it happen, stupid me, blind and stupid me. *"Just you don't forget to leave the keys with the door man."*, she said. You would think that would've been enough of a hint of things to come, but not with me it wasn't that's for sure...what was that? *(He looks up at the direction of the fallen object.)* Was that a freakin' snowflake? *(He bends down, touches the wet spot left by the fallen snowflake.)* Great, that's just the icing on the cake I needed to complete this picture, this beautiful picture of shit that's become my life. DAMN YOU SYLVIA! How could you have done this to me, I thought you and me were in a different place in our relationship...at least a different place than this. *(Anthony checks his watch, goes to the cafe window, taps on the window, gestures to the Maitre d' inside, who steps out from the cafe.)*

MAITRE D'. Yes sir?

ANTHONY. I'm sorry to be bothering you again.

MAITRE D'. You're no bother sir.

ANTHONY. I need a big favor.

MAITRE D'. What big favor would that be sir?

ANTHONY. I was just wondering about my table.

MAITRE D'. You're table?

ANTHONY. Yeah, I made reservations for an earlier time than now, and I was wondering since it's way past that time, whether or not I still have a table.

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

MAITRE D'. I can check that for you sure, what's your name sir?

ANTHONY. Anthony Santoro, with two O's.

He checks the reservation book.

MAITRE D'. It says here that your reservation was for seven.

ANTHONY. Right.

MAITRE D'. It's 8:30 now.

ANTHONY. Yeah, I'm really sorry about that I thought, well, I thought a lot of things.

MAITRE D'. No need to fret sir. It's still quiet inside. It's actually a lite night for us. I could seat you right now if you'd like?

ANTHONY. Yeah, well, no. My date isn't here yet, in fact, truth be told, she's not even coming.

MAITRE D'. I see.

ANTHONY. She stood me up. Can you believe that? It's so fuckin' humiliating you know, excuse my French.

MAITRE D'. It's quite alright, no need to feel embarrassed or ashamed or humiliated - all the above feelings are not needed.

ANTHONY. They're not, huh?

MAITRE D'. No of course not, it happens all the time. No need for stress or strain. It's just a reservation, not the end of mankind as we know it. Just roll with it, that's what I always say, and it seems in the end to always work out fine with all concerned parties.

ANTHONY. She just dumped me like an old piece of fruit.

MAITRE D'. Perhaps you should come inside.

ANTHONY. I don't know.

MAITRE D'. I can safely assure you sir that it's much warmer inside. We actually have, for nights such as these, an actual working fireplace.

ANTHONY. Nah, I'm alright out here, thank you, I appreciate your concern. You're very good at your job and most kind.

MAITRE D'. Thank you.

ANTHONY. She played me like I was a monkey, and she was the accordion player.

MAITRE D'. Break ups are hard.

ANTHONY. Tell me about it. They shit as hell are.

FULL MOON INSIDE A RED SKY

MAITRE D'. It's funny or maybe not so in hindsight, but, anyway, you tend to think often to yourself in situations such as these, that as an adult, that you've built up this strong armor that protects your heart from the pain of a love that has been lost and no longer there within your touch, but that just isn't the case at all isn't it?

ANTHONY. No, it most certainly is not.

MAITRE D'. I remember when Jeremy and I broke up, we were together as a loving couple for nine years, but one day you start being aware of little erosion's that built up from time to time, you don't pay much attention to them, just another barnacle that needs scrapping, they're tiny, you tell yourself, what harm can they do? I'll deal with it later. So, you let it fester some more. You hardly notice how many times he comes home late from work, or that the conversations you once had together that seemed to last a lifetime are now reduced to a sentence or two or just a word, until finally one day what the both of you are left with is complete and total silence. You say goodbye, it's been nice and heartrendingly beautiful having spent this time together.

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