

## To Eliza

By Marjorie Gast

*Lights up**OLIVIA is adjusting height/angle of a camera on tripod downstg. left**Cell phone rings, she answers*

OLIVIA:

Hey, sis.

How are you?

Yeah.

No no no no really

Charlie, don't you dare drive all the way here -

No! Don't bring her with you - I don't want to see her -

First of all, you'd be in the car for three days-

Second of all she is mad with me so that's not a good -

*½ word interjections as Charlie is talking over Olivia on the other end*

No - Don't - But - Could you just -

*Listens*

Yes.

Yes, I am sure.

Listen, it's been like 74 days now so naturally I'm a wreck, ok?

I know she's not going to respond because I know she's mad at me, but could you tell her I miss her?

Please?

I didn't think it would be this hard.

*Listen. Joke on the other end.*

Shut up.

*Waits*

Yeah.

My therapist said that I need to make a video and address everything that went wrong.

I know it sounds weird, Charlie.

I'm supposed to say everything that I should have said when I was still around her.

It's supposed to make me feel... catharsis or better or something.

As long as it makes me feel less blah, I am all for it.  
Well I don't know, Charlie, do you have a better idea?

*Listens*

Maybe this will help.  
It can't make it worse, right?  
Right?  
I have to get over her, I have to.  
I can't spend all day long wondering how she is anymore, I have things I need to get done.

*Listen*

Why are you speaking so funny?  
You sound weird.  
Are you driving right now?  
You know I don't like it when you talk and drive -  
You get off the phone and focus on the road -

*Listen*

Alright.  
Later, sis.

*Looks at camera*

*To herself, she is hyping herself up to find the courage to make this video*

I need to be strong, I can do this, I can tell her all of these things, I can do this, it is necessary -

*Olivia presses the record button on the camera*

*She is talking to the camera with thought and time-taken*

Hi, Eliza.  
Hello.  
It's me, Olivia.  
I mean of course you know it's me - why wouldn't you be able to recognize that it is me...  
Uhg, what am I saying?

*Adjust*

I know this is an embarrassing way to tell you, over video, but truly this is the only way I am able to say all the things I need to say to you without being distracted by you and your beauty!

Because I know that if I don't tell you what I'm feeling, this split is just going to absolutely eat me alive with the way we left things.

I can't let that be the last time I talked to you -- not in a fight.

So, here is everything I need to say to you.

Everything I should have said when we were still together.

And everything that you need to hear so things get cleared up.

It's better that we're apart, and I know that is hard to hear but honestly maybe we weren't the greatest match to begin with.

There were a lot of ways we weren't compatible at all...

And yeah, when we made music together it was absolutely electric and so special but that has to be done and that has to be just a memory because we've separated.

Y'know what, I'm liking myself without you, even.

My hands look good.

They look kickass!

You didn't like it when I wore nailpolish when we were together

You said it was distracting for you.

But look, I got a manicure, and they look good!

I'm evolving now!

I am trying new things and being a new and improved version of myself without you so you don't have to worry that I'm doing alright because I absolutely am.

I've never been better actually.

I don't have to worry about a lot of things now -- without you.

You are so high maintenance, you know that?

I don't have to worry about traveling with you anymore for example.

And I don't miss it!

I don't, and I also don't feel bad for telling you that because that is another reason why we never were going to work together because you are so much more difficult to lug around than other --

Woah, wait let me rephrase, that came out wrong — hey, hey, hey, that wasn't a size joke.

I know you are really sensitive about that and I really didn't mean it in that way.

Just because Zeke is smaller than you, it doesn't mean anything.

I know you thought I liked Zeke more just because of his size but I didnt - I dont!

### *Beat*

Wait wait wait wait.

This is about Zeke, isn't it?

Ok, ok, ok

I know what it is.

I know why you're mad at me.

I know it got weird when Zeke came into the picture.

I know you weren't a fan of that love triangle, I really do.  
 Things got... they got weird.  
 To be honest, I didn't care for that love triangle either -- I much prefer to enjoy you separately!  
 But guess what -- Zeke didn't move across the country with me!  
 Neither of you did, so you can't keep holding that grudge against me, alright?

*Beat*

I mean, this is on you too.  
 I'm not the only one who let things slip.  
 Why didn't you work harder for this relationship to stay alive?  
 Why did you let me ignore you?  
 You should have demanded my attention more during the past year.  
 I am SO MAD I wasted that time we could have spent together because honestly do you know  
 how it feels to leave part of you across a country?  
 Is this as hard for you as it is for me?  
 Do *you* miss me?  
 I mean, would you even want to come here, even to visit, with the way we left things?

*Beat.*

Look.  
 I have a confession, I can't lie to you.  
 I've got to finally get this off my chest.  
 And you're not going to be happy about this...  
 I know this is going to hurt when I tell you that -  
 I lied.  
 I lied to you.

*Pulls out small keyboard from behind couch and places it on coffee table*

I did bring Zeke.  
 And it is not because I like him or care for him more than I care for you.  
 I mean, he is smaller and more transportable but all he's got are keys!  
 You've got 46 beautiful strings!  
 Zeke only has ONE pedal and you have SEVEN.  
 Y'know what, it's actually kinda lame to think about-

*To "Zeke" the piano*

Zeke oh my god I am so sorry please don't take that personally but you have to admit 7 pedals  
 is a lot cooler than 1 kinda shitty pedal that doesn't even really work that great.

*Back to "Eliza"*

You, Eliza -- you've got such lovely walnut colored wood and Zeke, he's plastic.

*To Zeke*

Obviously you're still cool, Zeke and I appreciate you and your musical capabilities but, I miss my Eliza.

*To Eliza*

Eliza, you've got such a special tone and I never want you to think that I am trying to replace you with Zeke.

You're both great on your own.

*Beat*

In fact, here's an apology song from Zeke and myself, to you, Eliza.

*Olivia plays and sings So Far Away by Carol King, eventually breaking down in tears*

Screw the fact that you are so far away and I have a tiny apartment -- I'm gonna come and get you.

And fuck this nail polish too.

*Get's nail polish and cotton ball, wiping off the polish*

I don't like it anyway.

I don't want to be any different than how we were together.

Because while you're a nuisance to lug around,

You are *my* 82 pounds of handcrafted intricacy

Your 46 strings I've played endlessly

Your 7 pedals I've locked into

Your 3 knicks or "character marks" that were there even before you became mine

All of that adds up to *my* Eliza.

My harp.

Eliza.

I'm so sorry.

I take it all back!

I DO miss you.

I DON'T want this to be over between us.

I didn't want to make this video even, and I am going to burn it

I need you to callus my fingers and give me more scoliosis than you've already given me from contorting myself around you in the practice room.

I want you to make beautiful music with me that is just ours.  
And I promise that you, Zeke, and I will never be in the same room together ever again.

*Olivia picks up Zeke and places him outside the front door*  
*Music begins softly, Chanson Dans La Nuit by Carlos Salzedo*  
*(perhaps @1:14 in Alice Gile's version.)*  
*While music becomes more prominent, Air Harp of the piece happens*  
*Perhaps lights shift to emulate a performance hall.*  
*The music correlates with the miming.*

Because I miss *our* music.

*Olivia sits on chair at angle and pulls imaginary harp back onto her right shoulder*

I miss the stories we tell together.

*Begins "playing" the harp*

Or how a harmonic is played with the most gentle yet controlled touch.

*Demonstrate harmonic*

When my fingers know exactly which shapes to create so I don't even have to think anymore.

*More playing, more intricately*

I miss the feeling of robust rolled chords and the way your mellow tone warms my ear as you are nuzzled right into my shoulder.

*Show that the harp is perfectly "nuzzled"*

And that beautiful moment when we are neither in the song, nor at the end - the moment in between where my hands gracefully fall to your sounding board.

*Demonstrate this motion of arms falling back to the invisible sounding board*

Knowing the beautiful sadness of when we complete the piece, it that has never happened before, and will never happen again in the same way.

*Olivia's hands rest on the invisible sounding board*  
*Phone rings rather abruptly*  
*Air Harp stops - music fades/stops*  
*Olivia picks up phone and answers -- the camera is still rolling*

OLIVIA:

Hey, Charlie you interrupted it, I was in the middle of the most sentimental air harp performances of my life-

*Interrupted*

Go downstairs?

What do you mean shut up and just go downstairs-

*Listens*

What?

You're here???

And you brought Eliza?

Shut up!

Ah, you are really here?

I knew you sounded funny on the phone earlier -

Ok, I'm getting off the phone and I'm coming and I'm gonna give you the biggest hug!

Both of you!

I can't believe you are both here.

I'll be right down!!

I'M COMING, ELIZA!

*Olivia grabs the tripod, grabs the camera, gives Zeke a pat, and rushes out of the room to her beloved harp.*

*End of show.*