

Long Day's Journey Into Night

RE (Pages 624-634)

INT. JILLY'S - NIGHT

Music Note: [Frank Sinatra continues on the bar sound system]:... Something in your eyes was so inviting Something in your smile was so exciting. Something in my heart told me I must have you. Strangers in the night. Two lonely people we were strangers in the night.... Frank Sinatra, "Sinatra at the Sands", 1988

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Peter suggested it. After the burial, Marcus could not face driving back to Pennsylvania to a cold house, and, probably, a driveway he would have to shovel in order to get into. Judie said he should sleep at her place. Peter suggested that they go and get a drink to celebrate Fran. Judie was too exhausted to join them so Marcus went with Peter, in the car Peter rented, into Manhattan.

MARCUS - MONOLOGUE

Some people go to the old country to find their ancestral homes. Because, in Fran's mind, this was the place where her soul was rooted, Peter thought we should come here. The bar is smaller than I expected. There are only a few people in it, probably because of the weather or, maybe because nobody wants to sit and listen to a loop of Frank Sinatra songs. We sit in booth and order two rounds of vodka martinis. Each glass looks like a prop, oversized to read clearly in the back of the house.

PETER

What was that you recited?

MARCUS

Just came to me, spontaneously.

PETER

With dialect and contractions? You never used a contraction in your life. And, if you were to start now, it probably wouldn't be with "ain't".

MARCUS

Ain't that the truth. It was the ACT III monologue of the Stage Manager in *Our Town*.

PETER

I thought you played the doctor or something like that.

MARCUS

Church organist. You know that I memorize everyone's parts.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Marcus reaches under the table and puts his hand on Peter's knee.

MARCUS

I certainly memorized yours.

PETER

That explains the accent.

MARCUS

What accent?

PETER

Boston Brahman. You know why you are amazing?

MARCUS

My thighs, my hair, my very large inheritance?

PETER

Even though that speech for Fran was a total non-sequitur, ripped off of some other actor, and from some dufus, high-school play, you still had everyone crying.

MARCUS

My mother would have hated it. She never came to see *Our Town* when I was in it on Broadway, or, for that matter, any legit play I was in. I was not going to let her be buried without having to suffer through a performance. But I feel bad about it. It was her funeral. I had nothing to say, Peter. She deserved to have some eulogy she would have liked.

PETER

What would that have been?

MARCUS

I do not know. She mostly knew what she *did not* like.

PETER

Fran was hard, Marcus.

MARCUS

Then I come to it fairly.

PETER

That's not so. You are very different than your mother.

MARCUS

How?

PETER

You didn't sleep with Frank Sinatra.

MARCUS

I did not sleep with Egon Von Furstenberg either, Peter. He threw me out of the limousine. I swear to you.

PETER

What difference does that make now?

MARCUS

I tried to get back to the party but I could not get a cab. It was a cruel and thoughtless thing to do to you. And I also know that I never really told you that I was sorry.

PETER

Why didn't you?

MARCUS

I wanted you to believe that a prince wanted me.

PETER

You had my rapt attention, but that didn't stop you. You kept looking, before and after Egon.

MARCUS

That is not true, completely. I did not look at JFK Jr. And anyone, straight or gay, would have looked. He was standing there talking to me naked and I never looked down. Not even for a second. I did that for you, Peter.

PETER

That was your great act of selflessness?

MARCUS

Fucking Gandhi would have looked! You do not understand how I love. It is different than you. It does not mean I did not love you. You think I did not love you. I know it. When we broke up, before I moved out, I would go through your wallet and your pants pockets. Once I found a telephone number of somebody named Alex Marcal. I called the number and he answered. Before I said anything, he said, "*Hi, Peter. Are you okay?*". He was *expecting* you to call him.

PETER

You called him from the apartment phone?

MARCUS

Yes. People did not have cell phones then, if you recall.

PETER

What does this have to do with not looking at JFK Jr's penis as a declaration of love for me?

MARCUS

Everything. It hurt a lot when the guy answered the phone and his voice was rich and intelligent. "*Hi, Peter. Are you okay?*"

PETER

Alex has a bedside manner.

MARCUS

I do not think that is funny. I could not eat or sleep for days. I was crushed. The only way I could make it ok was to find Alex Marcal and make him want me too. I went through everyone with that name, or even close to it, in the New York phone book, all five boroughs, and I never found one that matched the phone number. I called each one anyway.

PETER

That is love?

MARCUS

Yes. And you never saw it. That is what I mean. It is different than your way, so you never saw it.

PETER

Alex Marcal is my mother's stepbrother in Stamford. He is a cardiologist who writes my prescription for neuropathy, the pills that my HMO won't cover. If you looked you would have found his name on bottles in our medicine cabinet. The reason he thought it was me calling, was not because he expects it will always be me calling him. It is that you called him from the apartment phone and he has caller ID.

MARCUS

I would not do that now.

PETER

What? Call him? Look in my wallet?

MARCUS

Not trust you. I would not not trust you now. My mother thinks I was jerk to ever let you go.

PETER

I left you. You do have your mother's gift for re-visionist history.

MARCUS

All I am trying to say is that this last six months in the country has changed me. I am different now, Peter.

PETER

I'm not.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Marcus reaches behind him for his coat and puts it on. Peter looks saddened. He takes Marcus's hand and holds it.

A woman with platinum hair in a fur coat walks into the bar. She's old, but it's hard to tell how old. Her figure is that of a young woman, her face has been re-done, but done well. The bartender jumps out from behind the bar to grab the coat, since there is no one in the vacant check room.

MARCUS

I do not believe this.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

The woman sits at the bar and takes out a cigarette. The bartender lights it for her, even though smoking in a bar is illegal and has been for several years.

PETER

She's either above the law or she's so old that she doesn't know that they changed them.

MARCUS

She is a legend. The laws do not apply.

PETER

And what becomes a legend most in 2008 is *not* parading through midtown Manhattan in a lynx coat. She's lucky she didn't get spray-painted or shot by P.E.T.A.

MARCUS

She is invincible.

PETER

Okay, is this Yvonne de Carlo or somebody I should know?

MARCUS

Despite the fact that Yvonne de Carlo sang *I'm Still Here*, she is not. She died last year. If you were from Hoboken you would not know that *Follies* ever happened, but you would know who this is. And you might fall on the Frank Machianelli side or the Frances Pino side of the debate. Either way you would definitely have a loud opinion about Lulu Mach.

PETER

I try not to have opinions about people I don't know.

MARCUS

That is the laziness of a large, WASP penis. And it arrogantly saddles the rest of us with having to rise and harden ourselves to the likes of you.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Marcus moves to the same side of the side of the booth and sits next to Peter.

MARCUS

Lucille and Frank Machianelli got married right after graduating St Anthony High in Hoboken. Frank and his brother bought into a diner in Montclair. He was a good husband, worked hard, days, nights, weekends. Three years after they got married the Machianelli's had a three story house on Willow Terrace - where you wanted to live in Hoboken.

She had it all, some would have said. Except one day Lucille Machianelli walked out of the house, got on the Path train and when she got off at the World Trade Center in Manhattan, she was Lulu Mach. Nobody knows how she did it, but a year later she ended up on Wall Street, as a trader.

They say she met Goldman or Sachs or Kidder or Peabody or Merrill or Lynch. It changes depending who is telling it, but it was one of those guys. The Machianellis are a big family, probably a quarter of Hoboken is Machianelli somewhere. Every one of those thinks this woman is full of shit, and that nothing about her is true. The other three quarters of the town believes Lulu Mach is the greatest thing, other than Frank Sinatra, that ever left Hoboken.

PETER

Not what you picture when you think of a stock broker. But that's probably a compliment.

MARCUS

She became some big V.P. at Cantor Fitzgerald and was making millions a year - again, a matter of debate - when the plane driven by Al Qaeda flew into her office. Her office was at the top and on the corner. The terrorists went through her private bathroom on their way to Allah.

PETER

Molly Brown in a fur coat.

MARCUS

Not exactly. Lulu Mach did not go to work on Sept 11th, 2001 because she was on Sutton Place in her floor-through apartment overlooking the East River, fucking a young broker from New Rochelle, who happened to be married. When the phone rang, she jumped out of the bed and was on her way downtown so fast that the man had to finish by himself. This piece of information is consistent, no matter which side is telling the story, even though the only credible source has to be the guy himself.

(MORE)

MARCUS (CONT'D)

And he, in true Wall Street form, denied even being there. No one believed him, including his wife, who thanked Lulu Mach for saving her husband so that she could then take him to the cleaners. All downtown was blocked off at Chambers Street and Lulu's driver could not get through so she got out of the car and ran the rest of the way to Ground Zero. The New York cops knew her and did not make her move. Lulu Mach stood at the bottom of the World Trade Centers with her arms in the air, while human flesh was dropping from the sky. And she would not be moved.

PETER

Did she think that she was going to catch her co-workers?

MARCUS

I do not know. Again, it depends which side of Hoboken you are on if she was catching or if she was dancing. After Kennedy and Fitzgerald was reconstituted, Lulu never went back to work. She did not need to work, for sure. And because nobody is certain about what she does at this point, it provided people, like my mother, the opportunity to fill in the blanks with whatever they needed her to be doing. Like the Shroud of Turin people look at this woman and see what they need to see.

PETER

People look at that fur and see the imprint of Jesus?

MARCUS

Or Osama Bin Laden, depending, where in Hoboken you are from.

PETER

What happened to the young trader from New Rochelle? Don't you wonder what becomes of unheard of people once the media discards them? I mean where is Kato Kalin?

MARCUS

When you get drunk you become louche. The uprightness turns to lankiness and your head bobs and lolls. The mid-Atlantic speech is punctuated with little moans of self-agreement.

PETER

I moan?

MARCUS

Politely, like William F. Buckley being fucked by Gore Vidal.

PETER

Why are you studying me? Are you getting ready to play me?

MARCUS

I already do. Sometimes better than you do. But this is not about who is a better you. It is about Lulu Mach.

PETER

A hair more and she could be a drag queen. And one hair less and she could be a hooker. But by the grace of one hair, she's really quite amazing. I can totally get the whole thing now.

MARCUS

And why my mother wanted to be her.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Both men are silent, smiling, happy and drunk.

MARCUS - MONOLOGUE

Sitting in the worn, leather booth, with a worn, leather lover, several martinis, the smoky glamor of Frank Sinatra swirling around around us, I now get my mother. And why she would not want to leave here, ever.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Lulu gets up from the bar and walks to the bathroom, passing the booth with Peter and Marcus.

PETER

Ms. Machianelli.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Marcus freezes at the daring, or stupidity, of Peter in calling her by the name of her denouncers. Lulu stops and then smiles at Peter. She offers her hand.

LULU MACH

It's Lulu to you.

PETER

(standing to take
her hand)

I'm Peter Rensselaer. My friend, Marcus, was telling me about you and I want to say how captivating I find everything about you.

LULU MACH

Thank you, Peter.

MARCUS

(standing to shake
hands)

My mother is, was, Fran Pino. She went to school with you.

LULU MACH

Doesn't ring any bells.

PETER

She had a vivid imagination. So that may not even be the case.

LULU MACH
Not Franny Silvestre? Nico's kid?

MARCUS
That is my mother.

LULU MACH
Oh my God, what happened to her?

MARCUS
She died.

LULU MACH
I'm sorry to hear that.
(beat)
Now I remember that we were on Sister Bernice's shit list together. Franny Silvestre was a looker. To be frank about it, I was jealous of her.

MARCUS
That is ironic.

LULU MACH
I don't go in for that shit. I'm from Hoboken.

PETER
I don't think he meant you were ironic. He was responding to your being frank.

LULU MACH
In Hoboken you're either married to a Frank or getting divorced from one. Right?

PETER
Lulu, please sit down and join us.

LULU MACH
I'm on my way to the john.

PETER
We just came here from Fran's funeral.

LULU MACH
Now? You're just coming from Franny Silvestre's funeral now? Jesus Christ.

PETER
You see, Fran had this fantasy her whole life that Frank Sinatra and her got together here. That's why we came. To celebrate her dream.

LULU MACH

There was this gypsy guy who used to walk around and sell roses in all the bars. Sinatra bought out his whole goddamn wagon. He had the gypsy dump the whole thing on the bar right in front of Franny. A stack of roses you couldn't see over. That man never did things small. Now you tell me, who the hell coulda resisted that? Right?

MARCUS

Wait! Something happened between my mother and Frank Sinatra!?

LULU MACH

Why would you lie about a thing like that? Particularly since they're both dead, may they rest in peace. Sinatra was down and drinking. He left the Dorsey band and he hadn't released the "*Come Fly With Me*" album yet so he was kind of lookin' for a distraction, maybe. She was all done up fabulous- but with style. Franny Silvestre gave him a distraction alright. Look, I won't go into details. But let's just say if there was one part of my real face still left, it would be blushing from what went on here. Who could blame her? He was the Chairman of the Board.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

She continues to the bathroom.

MARCUS

I do not even know where to start.

PETER

This is a lot to take in.

MARCUS

What if Frank Sinatra *is* my father?

PETER

I don't think so.

MARCUS

Why are you sure? It would explain a lot.

PETER

It wouldn't explain why you can't sing and you don't have a big dick.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Marcus looks at Peter, who is completely slosed.

MARCUS

I do not believe that really came out of your politically-correct mouth.

PETER

I'm glad I'm still capable of surprise. Marcus, please just tell me one day when I'm that old that I can be Lulu Mach.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Peter slides his arms around Marcus.

PETER

You have a perfectly perfect dick and my life would be so much less without you, without it.

MARCUS

I can always count on you. Can I?

PETER

Yes.

MARCUS

Maybe that is better than a lover.

PETER

And maybe even if you looked at JFK Jr., it wouldn't have been a bad thing.

MARCUS

Maybe he would have looked back.

PETER

And?

MARCUS

I would be sitting here with *him* right now.

PETER

You could have saved him.

MARCUS

With one look.

PETER

You ready to go?

MARCUS

Please, before that woman gets out of the bathroom.

STAGE MANAGER/SPALDING GRAY

Peter tries to stand and Marcus catches him. Peter pulls out his money clip and throws several twenties on the table. Marcus is holding Peter by the arm. Peter's hand is clutching Marcus's back as they careen out of Jilly's into the New York night.

Music Note: [Frank Sinatra on the bar sound system].... Come fly with me, we'll float down to Peru. In llama-land there's a one-man band and he'll toot his flute for you. Come on fly with me, we'll float down in the blue . Once I get you up there where the air is rarefied we'll just glide starry-eyed . Once I get you up there I'll be holding you so near you might hear all the angels cheer because we're together.....
Frank Sinatra, Come Fly With Me, 1958