

## Outside the Window by Tanya Ye (葉心玫)

Characters:

May: The bride, who will get married today. She is 27 years old. She isn't very confident of herself and always wants to be considerate of others' feelings.

The reflection of the bride: May's real personality.

Mark: The bride's father. He is about sixty, a tall and thin man who is easy to get nervous.

Dora: The bride's mother. She is fifty-seven years old, a tall and plump woman. She is determined and very keen about face-saving.

Charles: The bride's older brother. He is in his middle thirties and still single; a person pursues freedom and hates restriction. He always has smile on his face all the time.

The old lady: She has passed her seventy, wearing long gray frock patterned with small roses.

It's a big living room with two big windows facing the street and a dressing mirror near the front door. Out of the window, the weather is so lovely. The tranquil street hasn't woken up by the morning sunshine.

Outside the living room, the old lady walks slowly looking at her shoes. She passes the first window and appears again outside the second window. She pauses for few seconds, and then raises her head looking at the living room through the window. She smiles gently and seems to think about something in her memory.

Standing behind the second window for few more seconds, she walks forward and passes the window.

(Lights turn off.)

(Lights turn on.)

The living room is in a noisy chaos. The mother walks fast in the living room preparing anything which may be needed in the wedding. The father practices how to walk solemnly with the bride to the groom in the corner.

Dora: Charles, go to wear your necktie. Today is your sister's wedding.

(She looks around in the living room)

Charles: All right, Mom. I will wear my necktie in the car to church. Now, let me relax a while. I got up too early today.

(Charles sits lazily on the sofa, and puts the cushion behind him.)

(Dora walks toward Charles, picks up the gloves from the sofa, and puts the cushion back to its position)

Dora: Get everything into the car right now, Charles. Mark, it's time to go.

Mark: Wait a minute. Do you think I walk too fast?

Dora: It's all right. Now go to get the car ready.

(Dora answers without looking at Mark and walks out of the living room.)

Mark: Dora.

Dora: I said it's OK. Don't waste time. Charles, it's time to the church. May! Sweet heart, hurry up. You won't want to be late in your wedding, will you?

May: I'm coming.

(Dora, Charles goes out of the living room. Mark walks slowly out of the living room, practicing how to walk solemnly.)

The living room comes back to silence. The bride is the only one left in the house. After a few seconds, the bride appears in the living room. She hurries to the front door, but stop suddenly when she walks pass the dressing mirror.

May: Do you think it's the right decision? Should I marry Lion?

(She murmurs to her reflection in the mirror.)

The reflection: You will feel regret just after saying "I do" before the God. Everything will go wrong. You know that!

(The reflection screams to the bride.)

May: But... Lion is so kind to me and loves me so much. He can't stand it if I leave him.

(The bride says with a little hesitation. She blends down to pick her doll up from the desk)

The reflection: How about you? Are you sure you love him? No! The only thing you can make sure is you don't love him.'

(The bride in the mirror says furiously also grabbing a dull on her hand.)

Dora. But the wedding will begin in an hour. You know how embarrassing it would be

to Dad and Mom if I don't appear in the church.

(The bride replies and climbs the doll's long straight hair without raising her head to look at the mirror.)

Dora: May, we're almost late. It'll be a joke to be late in your own wedding. Come here right now.

(The mother hastens in the car. The father sounds the horn.)

May: I' m coming.'

(May replies immediately. She gives a quick look at the mirror and then walks out of the door still holding the doll on her hand.)

Charles and May are in the preparing room of the church. The sound of the crowd waiting for the wedding in the church can be heard.

Charles: Come on, May. Take a deep breath and relax. You look so nervous. One... Two... Three... Smile.

(May smiles nervously. Charles takes a photo of May.)

Charles: My sister is so beautiful today. I'm so proud of you. Now, enjoy your last single moment. I'm going to take some photos of the guests. See you in the wedding.

(Charles walks toward the door.)

May: Charles.

Charles: What?

(Charles stops and turns to May with smile.)

May: Ah.....nothing.

Charles: Don't be nervous. See you.

(Charles laughs and goes out of the door.)

After Charles closes the door, the room becomes silent. May plaits the doll's hair. At times, she raises her head to look at the garden from the window. Then, she looses the doll's plait and plaits it again.

The noise in the church becomes louder. It seems the guests are impatient now. Suddenly, the noise stops. May raises her head looking at the door to the church. It's Lion, the groom, speaking. His sound can't be heard very clearly. May stands up from the chair, puts the doll on the chair carefully, and walks to lean against the door. In the end, Lion makes an apology to the audiences for something. Then, his sound can't be heard any more. There are silence in the church and the preparing room. After half minutes, the guests' murmurings become louder and louder. Then, come back to silence.

Dora, Mark, and Charles are standing outside the door of the preparing room. Dora (furious): I can't believe it. What's wrong with Lion? Why can he just walk out here like this is nothing. Oh, my poor May. (She begins to cry.)

(Charles hugs Dora. These three people stand outside the room silently. Then, Charles knocks on the door.)

Charles: May, I have something to tell you. Can I come in?

(May is shocked. She takes a step back from the door. Then, she turns around to peer at her doll on the chair. She walks to the chair and picks up the doll.)

May smiles and puts down the doll on the windowsill facing the little garden. She goes to sit on the chair and orders her wedding grow down the ground smoothly.)  
May: Come in.

(Curtain)