

ACT I

Scene 1

(Logan sits in front of his computer with a box of photos and letters next to him. He is talking to Candie over Skype, because he has just hired her for advice.)

LOGAN: Did you see that one? Okay. Go to the next page. Page 3. And scroll down to the third row of pictures. The fourth thumbnail. That's her. That's my favorite picture of her.

CANDIE: She looks a little skinny to me. A sad set of boobs.

LOGAN: Are you kidding? She's perfect. I bet if Leonardo da Vinci got out the tape measure for a painting or a sculpture, he would just ... he would be like, "Mona Lisa, get your beaver face back in the closet." And then Olivia's face would be in the Louvre. (He realizes he can do this with a little digital manipulation.) I am going to blow this up and print it out.

CANDIE: So you're a connoisseur of Renaissance painting, then, as well as opera and classical music?

LOGAN: I ... Sure. Uh huh.

CANDIE: I see. And what do you do for a living?

LOGAN: I thought you were an advice-giver, not a third-degree-er.

CANDIE: I'm sorry. I like to get to know my life advancement and social balance advising clients. After assessment, I often find that I can do more meaningful work in my other capacities, such as confidence and awareness visualization coach, cyberpsychosexualcognitiveimmersivetalk therapist, or tarot reader. But we can take things slowly. We will move at your pace.

LOGAN: I am an independent contractor.

CANDIE: Wonderful. And what exactly do you need my advice on? Would you like to begin posing your questions?

LOGAN: Well, how am I supposed to know if you give good advice?

CANDIE: There are a number of testimonials on my website.

LOGAN: You could have made those up yourself.

CANDIE: So how would you like to resolve this trust issue?

>>>LOGAN: (Thinks for a minute.) If you were a mountain lion, and you saw a gazelle and a bear, which one would you try to attack for food?

CANDIE: The gazelle. Always go for the more ambitious. Plus, bear meat is fatty and tough.

LOGAN: Steak or chicken?

CANDIE: Steak at a restaurant. Chicken at home.

LOGAN: Death by fire or death by drowning?

CANDIE: Neither. I keep a cyanide tablet hidden inside my locket at all times.

LOGAN: That's really smart.

CANDIE: I know. I can get to it with my teeth if my hands are tied up. Now. Do you feel prepared to continue with your session?

LOGAN: Yes. I do.

CANDIE: Wonderful. What can I help you with?

LOGAN: So you saw her, right?

CANDIE: Yes. You had many pictures and links to share with me.

LOGAN: Okay. Now get this. She's my neighbor.

CANDIE: Uh huh.

LOGAN: She's like, for real famous, kind of, and she's my neighbor. She lives right above me. And guess what? She's my friend now.

CANDIE: And you want some guidance to turn the friendship into a relationship.

LOGAN: Well, it's already a relationship. I mean, a friendship IS a relationship, right?

CANDIE: That's correct.

LOGAN: Okay. Right. So what do I do?

CANDIE: About what?

LOGAN: About my friend!

CANDIE: Is she ... uh ... Well. (A clearing of throats, of sorts). What kind of attention or need is your friend demanding from you?

LOGAN: What should I do if she comes over again? (Beat.) She came over today. To my house. I didn't know where to put her!

CANDIE: ... How big was she? Life size? Or pocket friendly?

LOGAN: Life size! Because, I mean, she was at my door! Like, really really her. And she wasn't, like, a "little person" or — or a pre-adolescent. I didn't know where she wanted to sit or what she wanted to drink, or where I should sit or what to say or what to do. Oh my God. She totally thinks I'm a D-O-L-T.

CANDIE: I get the sense that you don't have company very often. That social interactions might be perhaps a bit stressful for you?

LOGAN: (Beat.) I have a lot of friends.

CANDIE: I'm sure you do, Mr. Blake. Can I call you Logan? I like to be on a first-name basis with my patients. You can call me Constance.

LOGAN: Call me whatever. She brought me things. Her things. (He lifts up a box full of papers and notebooks and diaries.) She wants me to put them on the Internet for her on a secure site that no one can read. I'm supposed to scan things, but I'm not supposed to read. She said she doesn't trust diaries anymore because anyone can read them. But if she burns them, she'll lose them forever.

CANDIE: What is the nature of your relationship with this woman again?

LOGAN: She's my neighbor. We met on the elevator.

CANDIE: And?

LOGAN: And she sings into my vents.

CANDIE: Huh. So what is it about her then? How has she ... what's the phrase? ... grabbed your goat.

LOGAN: She has the most incredible voice. Like, every morning, at eight, she'll wake up, and she'll start singing. Scales, first. Just scales. Really softly. And then, like, half an hour later, she'll come back, and she'll just, burst into song. Like, her voice will explode into my bathroom.

CANDIE: From the vents.

LOGAN: Yeah. And the first time I saw her, on the elevator, she was humming the song, and I knew it was her. Standing right next to me. And she looked completely different from how I thought she looked, cuz I thought she would look more like a bird or a peacock, but she doesn't. She looks perfect.

CANDIE: And is she aware? That you listen?

LOGAN: Sometimes I think she's singing just for me. (Beat.) But if I had to speak completely linearly and not at all co-centrally, then I would have to say that, no, she does not know that I am listening. (Beat.) But I love the way she sings for me.

CANDIE: And you want to know what to do, when she comes over?

LOGAN: I just ... I don't have guests very often.

CANDIE: Why not?

LOGAN: I just ... don't like it.

CANDIE: Okay. That's fine. You're entitled to your likes and dislikes. It does seem to me that you have some

unwarranted anxiety though. I know a few good tricks if you'd like to relax right now.

LOGAN: Okay. But what should I say to her? What should I do? If she comes over again.

CANDIE: Well...perhaps you could try some of the standard stock phrases. Such as "How is your day?" "It's so good to see you again." or "Come in. Don't worry about your shoes."

LOGAN: Uh huh. Okay.

CANDIE: Maybe you could try watching some movies. Do you like movies?

LOGAN: Yeah.

CANDIE: Look at what they say in the movies. Take some notes.

>>>LOGAN: "Silly rabbit. Tricks are / for kids."

CANDIE: Yeah. Like that. Nice job. We're nearing the end of our session now, but we can continue, if you would like to learn some mantras for anxiety control?

LOGAN: It's almost eleven. That's when she sings.

CANDIE: I see. Well, then. Let's just do a quick visualization. Close your eyes and take three deep breaths.

LOGAN: (Takes three quick sharp breaths.)

CANDIE: Deeper. You really need to feel the oxygen go to your brain.

LOGAN: (Takes three longer breaths.)

CANDIE: That's good. Now, focus your mind on your heart center. Channel yourself to the place you feel most safe and secure. What do you see there? What color is the flame of your inner chakra of light?

LOGAN: I see purple. No, lavender. A lavender iguana.

CANDIE: Oh. A spirit animal. How wonderful. Let your spiritual animal be your guide next time you encounter the dark pit of anxiety, the boiling vat of uncertainty. Take

deep breaths and focus your energy onto your purple iguana. And let him be your guide.

LOGAN: Lavender.

CANDIE: Lavender. (Beat.) All right then. Our time is up. Your credit card will be charged within the next business day. You can make your next appointment on the appointment wizard application. Don't forget to cancel with 48 hours to avoid a no-show fee. And remember, (insert her slogan) when life is a lemon, it's up to you to find the "-aid." Other services offered include confidence and awareness visualization coaching, cyberpsychosexualcognitiveimmersivetalk therapy, and tarot readings. Accuracy not guaranteed. See you next week!

LOGAN: Bye! I —

CANDIE: (Hangs up.)

LOGAN: — enjoyed talking to you...

LOGAN: A lavender iguana. A lavender iguana who sits on my heart. And he'll lead me to you. (Picks up picture of Olivia.)

(Behind him, her singing begins to float in through the vents. He crouches closer to listen.)

End of Scene 1

Scene 2

(EVAN and OLIVIA's bedroom. Olivia undresses and gets ready for bed, rehearsing a song as she does so. She moves out of the bathroom and into the living room, putting her earrings away. As she rests her hand on the jewelry box, she seems to grow lost in thought. Evan enters. He's just returned from work.)

EVAN: You know what really gets me about cupcakes though? There's no good way of holding onto them. You always look

like some continental prat. They're like, finger food, except finger cake, and they're just not very good.

OLIVIA: We don't have to have cupcakes. Relax.

EVAN: I just want to make sure you never think another absurd thought about cupcakes ever again. (Kisses her.) Hello.

OLIVIA: Hi. How are you?

EVAN: Good. Looks like our ad campaign is about ready to roll out, and I'll have just enough time off to focus on the wedding and the concert.

OLIVIA: That's good.

EVAN: How was your day? Did you get the invitations out?

OLIVIA: Um. No, actually. I was running back and forth all day between students and rehearsals. So I just — ran out of time. I had breakfast with Beth today though. She said she'd be thrilled to make our cake. So. Your cupcake nightmares are over.

EVAN: That's awesome. We'll have awesome cake.

OLIVIA: I'm sorry about the invitations.

EVAN: Oh, don't worry about it. I can drop them off tomorrow.

OLIVIA: You don't have to. I'll get them out.

***EVAN: (Laughs at her sincerity.) It's okay. Don't worry about it. (Evan pours himself a drink.) Nightcap?

OLIVIA: No thanks.

EVAN: What's wrong? You seem kind of down. Did rehearsals not go well? (Comes by and rubs her shoulders.)

>>>OLIVIA: No, it was fine. I'm making progress with the aria.

EVAN: Oh good. What's wrong then?

OLIVIA: Nothing. I'm just — Long day.

EVAN: Tell me about it. (Kisses her along her neck.)

OLIVIA: (Artfully disentangles herself.) I think I'm just going to go to sleep. I'm tired. (She gets into bed.)

EVAN: Okay. (Shrugs it off and finishes his drink, puts some things away.) Hey. When we're married, do you think we should get our initials carved into some kind of rubber stamp? (Moves away from her and does some other stuff.) We could get fabric paint and glassware paint. That seems like the easiest way to monogram all our dishtowels and wine glasses, right? We should have our own seal. All the properly married people do.

OLIVIA: (A small laugh.) That's an idea.

EVAN: It's a great idea.

OLIVIA: If you say so.

EVAN: Maybe we should take a trip. Get away for a while. I'd like a break, too, after I get this project done.

OLIVIA: We're already taking a honeymoon.

EVAN: Just a small trip. A day trip. I feel like I almost need to catch up with you. (Beat.) We could go back to Port Townsend. Hang out on that little beach behind the inn again.

OLIVIA: You hated Port Townsend.

EVAN: And you found dusty flea markets and lopsided pottery unequivocally charming. I'll never know why.

OLIVIA: I liked the ocean.

(Evan gets into bed, too. Olivia watches him get settled in.)

OLIVIA: Sometimes I feel like it doesn't matter where you go. You'll never be completely free.

EVAN: But it's still a vacation, right?

OLIVIA: Yeah. I guess so. (Beat.) One of my student is tone deaf. You know, the little six-year-old girl? I play her

three ascending notes and she thinks they're descending. We had the kids' recital with all the other classes, and she sang louder than anyone. Most of the kids are a little shy, but she loved it. She could barely stand still she was so excited.

EVAN: She was singing from her heart. Just like you.

OLIVIA: Do I? I think I sing from my stomach now.

EVAN: (Thinks about it.) Diaphragm. It's your diaphragm.

OLIVIA: No. I think it's my stomach. That's where all the tension is before I get on stage. And then, when I start singing, everything melts away starting from my stomach. But when I'm not singing, all I want to do is fill myself with food. I ate three hot dogs today.

EVAN: Hot dogs? You? Ms. Rainy Day Vegetarian?

OLIVIA: Don't judge me. They smelled so good. You wouldn't believe how good they smelled.

EVAN: Did you get toppings. You got toppings, right?

OLIVIA: Everything I could.

EVAN: Good. I'm happy for you. I think everyone should be free to enjoy their hot dogs. The only person holding you back was you.

OLIVIA: Evan.

EVAN: What?

OLIVIA: Nothing. (Beat.) I love you.

EVAN: I love you, too. (Kisses her hand.) We're going to be so great together. Oh, that reminds me. The arts editor at City Scope agreed to cover the concert. Do you want to look at your schedule tomorrow and see when you can do an interview?

OLIVIA: Sure. I'll look at it tomorrow.

EVAN: You should post the new recording to the web site too. Do you want me to do it?

OLIVIA: No. I'll do it. Tomorrow.

EVAN: Okay. Good night. (A pause.) Port Townsend. I'll look at my schedule and we'll take trip, okay?

OLIVIA: Okay. That sounds nice.

(Evan kisses her.)

EVAN: Sweet dreams.

OLIVIA: Good night.

(Lights off until the middle of the night. Lights up on Olivia as she sits up in bed and ponders Evan's sleeping form. She kisses his forehead and tucks the blanket over his shoulders. Then she gets up and walks around the room. She takes out a gun out of a drawer and a sheet of paper and a pen. She pauses a long time over the note she is writing, but then she doesn't write very much. Finally, she simply sets the paper down and curls up in a fetal position on the floor. It takes a while for her to press the trigger, but she does it, she puts that fucking bullet inside her brain. The sound of it jolts Evan awake.)

End of Scene 2.

Scene 3

(Stage lights soft and different from reality. Amniotic music gentle as waves, with the occasional shriek of a gull or some other creature to emphasize the dangers of this particular surreality. Olivia is seated in a small pool of light in the middle of the stage. Evan stands behind her, watching her a moment before walking over.)

OLIVIA: (Looking up.) You made it.

EVAN: You didn't leave a note. I had to ask the front desk if they saw you.

OLIVIA: I left a note. By the lamp.

EVAN: Oh. I guess I missed it. How long have you been out here?

OLIVIA: Not long. Just since the sun started creeping up. It's so beautiful here. It's like we're sitting at the edge of the world. We could just jump in and go nowhere.

EVAN: You really didn't pay attention in geography class, did you?

OLIVIA: Shut up. Just sit with me. (Pats the spot next to her.) It's so nice to get away.

EVAN: From me?

OLIVIA: No. From the world, silly. Why would I need to get away from you?

EVAN: Last night wasn't the most pleasant, was it?

OLIVIA: We had a fight. That will happen, you know.

EVAN: So you didn't wander off at daybreak to get away from me?

OLIVIA: (Shakes her head and takes his hand.) I did not.

EVAN: Oh. Cool.

OLIVIA: Is that what you thought?

EVAN: I didn't really know what to think.

OLIVIA: So you came out looking for me?

EVAN: Had to try. Right?

OLIVIA: Well, I'm glad you did. Sorry I didn't put the note somewhere more obvious.

EVAN: That's okay. Listen. I'm — I'm sorry. Your voice is your art. It's entirely your thing. And I shouldn't try to interfere or meddle with it. I feel really stupid. I can't believe I said your music was like your secret Italian lover.

OLIVIA: Who...what was it?...lived in my closet, ate snails, and talked in trills?

EVAN: There was alcohol involved.

OLIVIA: It was stupid.

EVAN: I know it was. And I'm sorry.

OLIVIA: It was stupid because, can't you see how much I like you?

EVAN: You're very forgiving. Have I ever told you that? That might be one your best attributes.

OLIVIA: (Laughs a little.)

EVAN: Why me? I mean, I'm just a guy. I don't have anything special like that. An art, or a gift. I'm just – I'm just a blip.

OLIVIA: You're lucky. You're lucky you don't have a thing.

EVAN: What do you mean?

OLIVIA: Maybe my music is like a lover, but it's the lover that never gives back.

EVAN: What are you talking about? You're amazing. Everyone knows you're amazing. You're going to be a star one day.

OLIVIA: I just like to sing.

EVAN: I know. And I don't want to take that away from you. I want to be part of it with you. (Beat.) I want to be part of your future.

(They share a look as they both realize that the future is coming for them. Olivia slowly turns away from Evan, and loops back to the beginning.)

OLIVIA: It's so beautiful here. It's like we're sitting at the edge of the world.

EVAN: (More stilted this time. As if he is outside of the scene.) You really didn't pay attention in geography class, did you?

OLIVIA: Shut up. Just stay with me. It's so nice to get away.

EVAN: From what?

OLIVIA: From the world, silly.

EVAN: What's so bad about the world?

(OLIVIA is silent.)

EVAN: What did you write in your note?

OLIVIA: Which note?

EVAN: You know which note.

OLIVIA: Nothing.

EVAN: What did you mean to write?

OLIVIA: "Dear Evan..."

(Three knocks at the door.)

EVAN: That's the part you did write. What did you mean to write? In the part you did not write?

OLIVIA: "Dear Evan... what?"

(Four knocks at the door. The lights on the stage flood back and we see Evan's dishevelled apartment. He is seated on the ground in front of his computer. Perhaps his balls are hanging out or perhaps they are not. That is up to costume and design. But Evan is in a rather rumpled kind of state.)

BETH: Evan, are you there? It's me! It's Beth!

EVAN: (Gathers himself back together, shuts his computer, and opens the door.) Beth! Hey! How are you?

BETH: Hi. (Sigh.) It's good to see you. I'm glad you're back.

EVAN: (Looks around the apartment.) They cleaned it all up. It's different. But it's home?

BETH: How was Port Townsend? Was it good to be there?

EVAN: I never went. I thought I would. I had her ashes in the backseat. I got to Arlington and booked a motel room instead. Didn't leave it for two weeks.

BETH: Well, give it time. Maybe you'll feel more ready to make the trip in a month or two.

EVAN: She has whole albums of that place on Facebook. Every trip we took there. She looked happy.

BETH: (Nods.) I brought your mail key back. (She hands him the key and a stack of letters and cards.) There were flowers, too. These came yesterday. (Takes out the bouquet from her bag.)

EVAN: (Reading the outside of the envelope). "To Olivia."

BETH: I feel very touched, you know, seeing how much she meant to her fans. Not just to her students, or her peers, but people who just happened to hear her sing, and it made a difference in their lives somehow. I think that's what she wanted, you know?

EVAN: (Reading card.) "You're gone now. But I needed to write you. Because you sang with more of a bang than anyone I've ever seen. Life ain't no thang, but yours was a thing. I miss the way your titties shook when you sang."

BETH: Oh.

EVAN: I don't get it. Am I supposed to rap this? Who sent this?

BETH: I — I don't know. I found them outside your door. I kept them in water.

EVAN: (He admires the flowers.) Pretty. (He chucks them in the garbage.)

BETH: I'm sorry about those. There really are people mourning with you right now, though. I meant what I said. Everyone's taking her death really hard. Did you know they changed her web site into a memorial?

EVAN: Who did? The web site I made? Or the music school's?

BETH: Her personal one.

EVAN: That's the one I made.

BETH: It's a memorial page now. People have been leaving her notes, and posting pictures and stuff. I was on it this morning. It felt — It was strange, but it also felt good, you know? Having these people — these strangers, really — to mourn with me.

EVAN: They changed it into a memorial?

BETH: You should look at it. Read some of the notes. She meant a lot to people.

EVAN: Yeah.

BETH: I posted some pictures, too. Of the trip we took to the San Juans. That was our first time all hanging out together, remember? I was really nervous, actually. You guys seemed so cool and big-city-ish, and I'd only been here a month. Olivia was so nice, though. She said I had to experience more of the redeeming qualities of the west coast.

EVAN: You're not in Kansas anymore, Toto.

BETH: She was so happy to be on the ocean. She said it was like the edge of the world.

EVAN: Yeah. She said that.

BETH: And then the whales came out of the water. It was so perfect. Three whales and three of us. And Olivia said that whales are guardian animals, family ancestors connecting us to the spirit world.

EVAN: I think that's only if you're Hawaiian.

BETH: She was one of those people, you know. She burned slightly brighter than the rest of us. But she was so warm with her light. I never would have thought — But then I should have known, and I ... I'm so sorry, Evan. I told myself I was only going to talk about happy things. Like you really need to listen to me blab on and on right now. God. I am so —

EVAN: Relax, Beth. It's okay.

BETH: I am so sorry.

EVAN: I know. (Stares hard at his computer.)

BETH: Oh, I brought you some food, too! Beef stroganoff. Just heat it up at 350 for thirty minutes.

EVAN: Thanks, Beth. That was so nice for you.

BETH: It's nothing. I just want to help. I have to get to work right now, but, if you need anything, anything at all, I'm right across the hall.

EVAN: Do you want to ... eat beef stroganoff tonight?

BETH: Sure. Of course. Let's do that.

EVAN: Okay. Thirty minutes. Three hundred and fifty. I'll make a salad, too.

BETH: Sounds good. I'm glad you're taking care of yourself, Evan. I'm glad to have you back in the building.

(They hug and Beth exits. Evan looks off into the distance for a moment as he lets his mind wander. Then he remembers what Beth said about the web site.)

EVAN: (Jumps off his seat and over to his computer, where he goes to the web site that he made for Olivia.) I can't believe some fucker just hacked my site. Unbelievable. This is ... (A beat as he is struck by the sophistication of the web memorial.) ... How did they pull this together?
***Probably doesn't all need to be spoken. Expressed without words would be great.

(As he scrolls through the web page, the voices of the notes are read through voiceover or by shadows behind a screen. Actual figures/identities are unseen.)

NOTE 1: (Female voice) I was checking your website for new recordings and I realized what had happened. This made me so sad. I've never met you or even seen you on stage, but my friend gave me your CD last year and I listen to it often. I will listen to it again today and say prayers for your loved ones. I'm sorry you were in so much pain.

NOTE FROM TEACHER: (Male voice) Olivia was the most talented of all my students. Her loss is not only a personal one to me, but a shame for the entire musical community.

NOTE 2: (Female voice) I went to middle school with Olivia. She was in the school musical and I was her understudy. I remember watching her and thinking, damn, she's going to be Sarah Brightman one day. But now she's dead. Dead and buried and gone. It just reminds me that we should never ignore someone else's pain. What the world needs now is kindness and love.

NOTE 3: (Bad male singing) "When the wind is blowing in your face/And the whole world is on your case./I could offer you a warm embrace./To make you feel my love, ... The storms are rolling on the raging sea..."

EVAN: (Winces and switches to something else.)

NOTE 4: (Unisex quote generator voice.) Like a bird singing in the rain, let grateful memories survive in time of sorrow.

NOTE 5: (Female quote voice.) Death leaves a heartache no one can heal. Love leaves a memory no one can steal.

NOTE 6: (Male quote voice.) When someone you love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure.

NOTE 7: (Advertisement voice.) FIND YOUR TREASURE ON THE HIGH SEAS. CLICK NOW TO WIN A FREE CRUISE IN SUNNY FLORIDA KEYS.

EVAN: What?

NOTE 7: RESTRICTIONS APPLY.

EVAN: (Clicks something to make the ad go away.)

LOGAN/TIMOTHY: (Perhaps in a digitally distorted voice?) When the bullet went through you, it also went through me. It ripped through my dreams and lodged itself into my heart. My heart bleeds because you are gone. You took my breath, my soul, with you.

EVAN: "Love, Timothy-Timone." ... Who?

LOGAN/TIMOTHY: I know I haven't known you long, but the letters we've exchanged and the time we've shared have meant so much. I feel like I have lost my soul mate. Now that you are no longer here, I can only direct my questions to the air and look for your response in the raindrops or the wind.

EVAN: Who the hell is this guy?

(He types some stuff into the computer and does a search. A whole bunch of other sounds of messages rushing in or files opening flood the room. Evan has entered a different email account of Olivia's.)

EVAN: Liv2Sing. She has another email?

>>>TIMOTHY/LOGAN: Thanks so much for writing back to me. I'm very touched you would take the time to correspond with me. I agree with you. [Madame Butterfly] is touching, but [Manon] is the most tragic of the librettos. Opera is a strange world. The only achievement waiting for the heroine is death. The only freedom is found in death.

Liv2Sing: Yes, that is the strange twist of the operatic stage. The diva is the goddess, the prima donna, the very center of everything. Perhaps because of this, she is never allowed to live. One day I would love to see a different ending to the story. Perhaps even to perform in it, if that isn't too much to wish for. I'm very interested in the music you're writing. I would love to hear it, if you're ready to share.

DISTORTED VOICE: I want to eat your pussy out and suck your juices dry, you dirty, sexy whore...

DISTORTED VOICE: Put my cock in your mouth ... Put my cock in your mouth ... Put my cock in your mouth ...

Liv2Sing: Please don't apologize. I know it's very hard to share work that is in progress. I'm always very shy about that too. In making music, we expose our souls. And even if people don't understand how to read it, it still feels like there are parts of me that must stay hidden. That don't belong in daylight. That nobody should see.

OLIVIA: (Steps onto the stage behind Evan.)

DISTORTED VOICE: Damn, girl. You hot. You can sing opera to me all night long. When you hit those high notes, I just want to close a hand over your throat and feel it hum in my fist. Let me see you sing again, girl.

DISTORTED VOICE: (Good female singing voice?) "...I'd go hungry. I'd go black and blue./ I could make you happy, make your dreams come true./There is nothing that I wouldn't do./ To make you feel my love..."

(Voices and sounds meshing to add to a conjuring trick. Or bring in a clear, crescendoing Olivia singing voice that helps make the connection for Evan to conjure her.)

(Olivia reaches a hand out and touches Evan's shoulder. Evan jumps in surprise and looks back at her, grabbing her hand. They freeze and hold the gaze a moment. The lights change to the strange memory/digital lights over Port Townsend. Evan slowly stands and moves away from Olivia.)

EVAN: You're back.

OLIVIA: You brought me here. (Beat.) You shouldn't have. You shouldn't go digging in the past.

EVAN: What else am I supposed to do?

(Olivia moves around the room a bit. They move around each other, Evan keeping a safe distance, from which he can observe her. Perhaps some distant music can go up here, or appropriate music that connects him to her. Unless we use the loud noise before this. In which case, it should be silent here.)

OLIVIA: You can't live in the past, Evan. You can only live for tomorrow.

EVAN: (Laughter.) Really? That's what you want to tell me?

OLIVIA: (Shrugs and sits down.) We're at the edge of the world here.

(Evan watches her a moment.)

EVAN: You left me nothing. Do you realize that? You left me nothing.

OLIVIA: Shhh. (She looks back at him.) We can't stay here long. Let's just ... let's just be together.

EVAN: You want to be with me? (He steps closer to her.)

OLIVIA: Of course I do, baby.

EVAN: You want to be with me. You want to marry me? Travel the world with me? Spend your life with me? (He closes the distance between them as he asks these questions.)

OLIVIA: I just want to be with you.

EVAN: (He takes her chin in his hand and gazes into her face a moment.) You beautiful liar. Who the fuck are you?

(He lets her go and sits down next to her. Behind them, shadows and lights of a shifting world/identity bloom and sweep past.)

OLIVIA: Remember when you used to ask me what it was like to step on stage? You thought it was good therapy for my nervousness. And I said it was like a transition, when I'm neither myself nor the person I'm supposed to be. I'm in between. I could be anyone.

EVAN: And who are you?

OLIVIA: Who do you want me to be?

(Evan has no response for her. She gets closer to him and touches his face. Perhaps she gets up on her knees so that she is taller than he is.)

OLIVIA: Shhh. Rest your head on me, sweetheart. There, there. It's going to be okay. Just because I'm not with you... That's no reason to ...

(Evan pulls away from her, distrusting of her. She changes her stance, to fit his mood.)

OLIVIA: Hit me. You know you want to. Curl your fist up around all that darkness inside you and smash it across my face. You want to hear the bones crack in my cheek. You want to hear my eyeball rip out from its –

EVAN: Stop it. (He grabs her shoulders or pins her down on the ground.)

OLIVIA: Dear Evan. (Gently touches his cheek.) Dear, dear Evan.

EVAN: No.

OLIVIA: Evan, who is so dear to me.

(He gives in to the touch of her fingertips on his face. But then he remembers he has other things on his mind.)

***EVAN: Who's that guy who writes you? Do I know him? Why do you tell him things?

OLIVIA: Can't you just leave people to their whims and machinations? Can't you just be a little more accepting? Not everyone can be perfect. Not everyone can be you.

EVAN: That's bullshit. Cut it out.

OLIVIA: Do you think you're better than them or something? Do you think you're different? Do you think I picked you out from a crowd for your impeccable grooming and your glowing pristine heart?

EVAN: I don't know what you're harping on about.

OLIVIA: Or maybe you think we're soulmates. Like God or some higher power stole a piece of your rib and made me just for you. Created me to fit along your breast bone. The missing piece of the puzzle.

EVAN: Seriously. What are you talking about?

OLIVIA: But here's the thing. You're not special. You're just like all the rest of them.

EVAN: Are you done now? If anyone here is airing out grievances, I think it should be me.

OLIVIA: What? Did I leave a stain on the carpet?

EVAN: How could you — !

(He pushes her down again, but this time she fights back. They continue the next lines in a tussle, like the beginnings of a rape.)

EVAN: Don't you know what you're doing to me?

OLIVIA: All you ever wanted was to control me. Dress me up like a doll and loop me through your keychain –

EVAN: All I ever wanted ...

OLIVIA: ...Keep me in your pocket like loose change.

EVAN: All I ever wanted was to love you!

(Beat.)

OLIVIA: (Changes back to her sweet self.) Oh, baby. I love you, too. Oh, dear Evan.

(Evan pushes her away and sits up holding his head, laughing-crying, until he can gather his thoughts enough.)

EVAN: When exactly did you become insane?

(But she's no longer there, and he's alone.)

EVAN: Olivia?

(Lights go back up to normal. Evan realizes his surroundings and stands back up. He is able to conduct himself like normal, but looks around for a moment as if to check the perimeters. He shuts the computer, goes over to her armoire, and picks up the letter.)

EVAN: (Reading.) "Dear Evan..."

(He crumples the letter up and throws it into the corner. Then he goes back to the computer and begins typing, staring intently at the screen. He sends an email to Timothy.)

End of Scene 3.

Act 1 Scene 4

(Logan is sitting with multiple computers out. There is some festivity in the air: party music or whatnot.)

LOGAN: (Laughing.) Oh. My. God. Marie, you crack me up. Are you guys listening to this? This woman is hilarious. Oh, boy, Marie Antoinette. You need to start taking your show to Youtube.

(Logan switches to another computer, or to a different place on the couch.)

LOGAN: Okay. I know the jokes are a little bit racist, Izzy-Grape-Pop, but hey man, you just gotta chill, man. We're all here for each other, all right? Now my pal Timothy, he really needs us right now. He's going through a rough patch here. I know he's pretty new to this group, but let's try to figure out how we can be here for Timothy. Because he just lost the love of his life. Okay?

(Logan types something and then sighs loudly.)

LOGAN: Yes, Ferdinand. I know you thought she was the Isabella to your Columbus, and I know your feelings are hurt, too, but she just didn't like the way you came on too strong, now did she? Maybe next time, you should think twice before you send a photoshopped Mona Lisa Bridal Portrait to someone. Goodness. Can we get something to lighten it up in here?

(He switches the music to something more upbeat and opens a can of beer. There are a few other empty bottles and beer cans and takeout boxes around the room.)

LOGAN: Okay. So. Let's review our operations. Daniel Stephen Smith has created a memorial page for the deceased, and we have all left our notes of sympathy. Is that right? (Reviews his notebook.) Gertrude and Marjorie, I am missing your notes of sympathy. Just leave a few lines of poetry or an inspirational quote. Maybe share a story you've heard about the deceased. We want to let the world know that she was loved. All right. Moving on. Daniel has also emailed the local papers to write a profile about her, and he has nominated her for a posthumous award from the Society of Women on Stage. I think a posthumous award would be just the thing to cheer up our old buddy Timothy. So remember to be alert for the date that voting opens. Next issue.

(A knock on the door interrupts him.)

LOGAN: (Pauses.) Well, who could that be?

(He checks his schedule as the door knocks again. He goes over to the door and leans his back against it, surreptitiously peering out the cat eye. Finally, when the woman is turning to go, he rushes to open the door.)

LOGAN: Wait. I'm here! I'm right here! I – Hello.

(He holds himself very shyly and protectively.)

BETH: Oh. Hi. I thought you weren't home.

LOGAN: ...Hi.

BETH: Hi. How are you? Um. My name is Beth. I live up on the fourth floor.

LOGAN: "Come in. Don't worry about your shoes."

BETH: Oh. I'll just – I won't be long. (She doesn't really step inside very much.) Anyway, I'm just here because ... I'm here on account of the tragedy that happened last week. When we lost one of our neighbors in this building.

LOGAN: (Nods. Perhaps he is also excited to know what she is talking about and excited that someone else cares.) I know. Olivia. That was her name. She died. She was my best friend.

BETH: Oh. Ummm. I didn't know you were so close to her.

LOGAN: I mean. She was my friend's best friend.

BETH: Well, she was one of my best friends, too. And, you know, she did mention you once.

LOGAN: She did? What did she say?

BETH: Uh. She said you were one of the most interesting people who lived in this building. And she said you were very talented. And nice.

LOGAN: (Happy but then sad.) I'm sad that she's gone.

BETH: Yeah. Me too.

LOGAN: I – I heard the gunshot. It woke me up. In the middle of the night. And all the police cars and the sirens came. And I watched them, right over here. (Moves to his

window) I watched them put her in the back of an ambulance and take her away. She was in a bag, but I knew it was her.

BETH: (Shudders. Or something. Tries to get back to business as usual.) So I'm bringing a card around, to all the neighbors, and I'm also asking for any donations you'd like to make to Olivia's fiance, Evan Roberts. (Perhaps a few sounds from upstairs here, making Beth pause to look at where Evan is.) He lives right above you. But, um, just a few dollars or anything you can spare.

(Logan looks at her hard for a moment, before whipping out his checkbook and writing on this desk.)

BETH: You really don't have to give very much. I know Evan will appreciate anything. Now, I'm not asking for a handout, and I know we're not a socialist building, so really, don't listen to Ms. Widlansky. She is malicious and mean-spirited and —

(Logan hands her the check.)

BETH: Thanks so much for your — (She gets a better look at the check, which is in the vicinity \$5,000) Oh! This is ... a lot of money.

LOGAN: Take it.

BETH: I — Are you sure? I mean, I'm really not looking for hand-outs. And this is ... This is really nice of you.

LOGAN: It's for her.

BETH: Thank you so much.

LOGAN: It's no problem. No big deal.

BETH: Olivia was right about you. You are very nice.

LOGAN: (Shrugs shyly and considers how to phrase his question.) Do you like inspirational quotes?

BETH: I have to get to work soon, so I better keep going, but it was really nice to meet you! Thank you, again.

LOGAN: You're welcome. It was nice to meet you, too.

(He slowly extends a hand to her as if to shake hello, but she has already dashed off on her way.)

LOGAN: My name's ... Logan.

(He slowly turns back to his apartment, where the emptiness is for a moment, overwhelming. And then he forces himself back into his role as the puppeteer maestro.)

LOGAN: Okay, gang. Good news. So it turns out we are not alone in this operation. Isn't it great? (Beat.) There are other people out there who care. There's a whole building of people. All the people around us. (Beat.) So has anyone thought of a very very good comment we can post?

(He sighs and sits down. He drinks the rest of his beer, this time as an angry loner thing, rather than a social party thing. Then he turns on his computer and looks up Constance's web site again. He dials her Skype phone.)

CANDIE: (She answers with a purr.) Hello there, Governer Mc — (She loses the sultry.) You're not my two o' clock.

LOGAN: (Stares, looks around for a moment, then whispers.) I can see your boobs.

CANDIE: I — uh — (Changes her uncertainty.) Why? Does this ... bother you?

LOGAN: (Takes a deep breath.) One of Olivia's friends just came to my door. She was very nice. And she smelled nice, too. And I didn't mind having her in my air. But it's just very confusing, because she left so quickly, and after she left, I felt — I felt like my lung was filling with water again and, and you have very symmetrical boobs.

CANDIE: Thank you. But listen, I've only got a few minutes here. I don't take emergency calls from my clients. So I'm going to have to talk to you later. You can always schedule more appointments, though, if you see an opening.

LOGAN: I'm going through a very stressful time right now and I think I would like to upgrade my sessions.

CANDIE: Okay. Great. Why don't you visit my appointment wizard application? And if you do have an emergency, you should call 911.

LOGAN: What you're doing right now ... Is this cyberpsychosexualcognitiveimmersivetalk therapy?

CANDIE: It's part of it. Yes. My therapy sessions range from levels red, to red hot. What would you like to sign up for?

LOGAN: Is there a red orange?

CANDIE: We can talk about this transition and whether or not it is fitting with your treatment plan at your next session. Remember that you can only dial me during our appointed time slot. How did you get my screenname just now, anyway?

LOGAN: (Shrugs.) I know some people.

CANDIE: (Through gritted teeth.) I'm going to have to talk to my technician again. (Beat.) Anyway. I've got other clients in need of my services right now. But I look forward to seeing you, at our appointed time slot.

LOGAN: Right. I'll check you later. T-T-Y-L. In a while, crocodile.

CANDIE: (Hangs up.)

(Logan looks around the room for a moment. It is an empty and barren place. He goes over to his closet, or underneath his desk, and pulls out a box. He rifles through a notebook of pages, and then he pulls out a picture of Olivia.)

LOGAN: Where do you go after they take you away?

(There is a sudden incoming-message noise from his computer.)

A READING VOICE (OLIVIA'S OR EVAN'S): "Dear Timothy-Timone. Thank you for your messages these last few weeks. I've enjoyed our correspondences. It strikes me though that I still don't know much about you. Where did you say you saw me perform again? I would love to know more about you, especially as it seems we are becoming close friends. I would love to know who you are."

End of Scene 4.

Act 1 Scene 5

(Beth and Evan are in Evan's apartment having dinner. Beth heats up the food and brings the salad over to the table.)

BETH: So, you had lettuce, radishes, and carrots. I tossed out the cucumbers, but, we still have a salad.

EVAN: (Distractedly.) This looks delicious, Beth. Thank you.

BETH: You're welcome. Eat up.

(Neither of them eat and there is a pause, until Evan remembers to pick up his fork.)

EVAN: So how was your day?

BETH: It was good. I finished doing some errands, and I got to make the scones today. So, they're starting to trust me more at the bakery. Pretty soon I'll get to start making cakes.... (She trails off as she notices that Evan is not listening.)

BETH: Guess what I saw today during my run? Two little toy terriers in this woman's bike basket. It was the most ridiculous thing ever.

EVAN: That sounds adorable.

BETH: They looked like alien muskrats. (No response from him.) I have something for you.

EVAN: Hmmm?

BETH: (Takes the card out of her purse.) This is for you.

(Evan takes the envelope without really thinking about it.)

BETH: It's from me and everyone in the building. To let you know that we care.

EVAN: (Looking at the check she wrote.) Beth. This is almost six thousand dollars.

BETH: It's to help with the rent, and the funeral. I mean, I know you've got a great job, but you just put down so much money for the wedding and the concert and now ... I know Olivia was trying to budget and money was kind of tight.

EVAN: Where did you get this? How did you get people to open the purse strings?

BETH: Everyone wanted to help.

EVAN: (Not buying it.) I think you're the only person I know in the world who would decide to do something like this and have the ability to actually do it. Thank you, Beth. This was – This was really nice of you.

BETH: (Shakes her head.) It wasn't just me. It was everyone. We're all here for you. And that guy downstairs? I mean, I know Olivia was kind of friends with him. But he really seems to care about her, and he was really generous.

EVAN: What guy downstairs?

BETH: Oh, you know. That guy. The one who, like, never leaves his unit? He gets all his groceries delivered and all those packages that come in downstairs are always for him. Olivia knew him somehow. I thought he was a little strange – I mean, he IS a little strange – but Olivia said he was nice. Didn't she ever mention him?

EVAN: No. What was his name?

BETH: Logan. I think Blake is his last name?

EVAN: (Thinking to himself.) No. That's not right.

VOICEOVER TIMOTHY-TIMONE/LOGAN/NOTE FROM BEFORE: Thanks so much for writing back to me. I'm very touched you would take the time to correspond with me.... The only achievement waiting for the heroine is death. The only freedom is found in death.

BETH: I think that was one of the most beautiful things about Olivia. She never judged people, you know? She was always so willing to talk to you and to listen. It didn't matter who you were.

EVAN: Everyone was the same and no one was worth a thing.

BETH: What?

EVAN: Nothing. I'm just...thinking out loud.

BETH: Are you okay, Evan?

EVAN: Yeah. I'm just ... When love becomes a memory, the memory becomes a treasure. Right?

BETH: (Relieved.) I think of that one, too. It reminds me of heaven, and storing our treasure in heaven. I have to believe that she's up there now, you know? That her pain is gone and she's at peace. I haven't been to church in years, but I went to church the weekend after she... It helped. Being in church.

EVAN: Hey. Did Olivia ever mention a guy named Timothy to you? I, um, I got a note from him, but I couldn't remember who he was.

BETH: Doesn't sound familiar. Maybe someone she went to school with back in California?

EVAN: Yeah. Maybe.

(Evan stands up from the table and paces into the living room. He stops at Olivia's writing desk, where the jewelry box is standing. His eyes eventually fall on the jewelry box and he fingers the lock, which has become a much larger padlock.)

BETH: Evan?

(Beth walks over to him and finds him intently touching the locked jewelry box. She can't help herself. She hugs him from behind.)

BETH: Oh, Evan, I can't imagine what it's like for you. I can't imagine how you feel or how much it must hurt. I just — I just wish I could take it away for you. I wish I knew how to help you heal.

EVAN: (Straightening up.) Beth?

BETH: (Realizes what she is doing and is suddenly embarrassed and shy. She releases him and steps back.) I'm

sorry. Oh Gosh. I'm really sorry. I – (Laughs awkwardly.) – I always was a big hugger, wasn't I? I should, um – Well, I'll just go clean up dinner.

(She returns to the dining table. Evan watches her a moment before he goes over to help.)

EVAN: (After a pause.) She doesn't really care about people, you know. Not really. If she cared, she wouldn't have... she wouldn't have done this.

BETH: I'm sure she was in so much pain. I'm sure this isn't what she really wanted.

EVAN: She left a courtesy note. Do you want to see? Not that you really need to, because it's like not she actually wrote anything. She didn't even try to explain.

BETH: Remember how happy she was? When you got engaged? She was radiant.

EVAN: She didn't even try.

BETH: She must have been in so much pain, feeling like she had to hide it all the time. I should have realized. Talked to her. I knew she was tired but she was also so busy.

EVAN: Don't do that, Beth. Don't take her responsibilities and put it on yourself. She should be the one who's sorry. She should be the one to blame. She should –

(His voice breaks, and so does Beth's heart. Evan catches himself and gazes off at the far wall for a moment, where a flash of the digital world dances across the stage.)

EVAN: Was I good to her?

BETH: What?

EVAN: Was I good to her?

BETH: Evan, you were wonderful.

EVAN: Why did she do it?

BETH: I think that the last thing she wanted was to leave you.

EVAN: I don't even know ... How could she do this? What kind of person could do this?

BETH: I brought some other things for you, too, Evan. (Goes back to her purse and pulls out a stack of handouts, like she has been collecting them for days.) Look. Look at these. I know you feel alone, but there are support groups all over the city for "survivors of suicide." That's what the term is. I've been researching this. Look. There's a meditation group, talk therapy, Letting Go by Letting Live, and a Peaceful Healing mosaic-making class. It's called "Picking up the Pieces." I would sign up for this. This looks really fun. See? They made trivets!

EVAN: Sometimes I think it's better that she's dead. Because if she came back to life, I'd kill her myself.

BETH: You don't mean that.

EVAN: I do, though. I do in a way. (Turns to look at her.) There's something inside of me now. This darkness. She put that inside of me.

BETH: (Holds out a pamphlet to him.) I think it would be really helpful if you checked out one of these groups.

EVAN: You're a sweetheart, did you know that? You're a lifesaver.

BETH: Well, I'll be here. If you ever need any life-saving. Except for, well, (Realizes what she has inadvertently referred to) except for any actual life-saving, because I'd probably just toss you my inhaler because well, that's what saves my life, you know? (Makes a face at herself.) I'm just ... going to head out, I guess.

EVAN: Are you leaving already?

BETH: I've intruded long enough.

EVAN: You're definitely not intruding.

BETH: I can come by in the morning, if you like. Before work or something.

EVAN: Besides, any intrusion is more than welcome right now.

BETH: And I can bring you some day-old muffins! If that's your jam. Or, you can put some jam on the muffins.

EVAN: Please don't go. (Beat.) I'm sorry. I just — I haven't been here at night in a while.

BETH: I can stay.

EVAN: I don't want to inconvenience you...

BETH: I'll stay. It's not a problem at all.

EVAN: (Relieved.) Great. I can pull out the futon for you.

BETH: All right.

EVAN'S MEMORY OF OLIVIA/VOICEOVER: Yes, I do have a boyfriend. And he's very wonderful. So, thank you for your offer, but I'm going to have to decline. (Beat.) The only problem with my boyfriend is that he is sometimes too wonderful. It hurts sometimes, you know? When people are too wonderful. It can make it very difficult...to live with them. (Beat.)

(Beth and Evan set up the futon bed and do their other nightly routines. Beth gets settled on the futon, but Evan wanders around, perhaps gets into bed, but then gets up again.)

EVAN: Hey. Would you mind if I actually ... This is a little weird. I just can't get used to my bed right now.

BETH: Oh. Oh, you want to ... Yeah. Okay.

(She scoots over and makes room for him on the futon.)

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: Yes, I do notice when other women admire my lover. It doesn't make me jealous, though. I guess I'm not the jealous type. It's weird. Sometimes I begin to think about what if my lover was with another woman. And what if the two of them actually made the better couple...

(The lights go off and in the middle of the light, they become somewhat brighter, as if our eyes have adjusted to the dark. Evan tosses and turns in the bed, and finally gets up. He goes to his computer and begins playing Olivia's music, which relaxes him for awhile. But then things get weird and shadows begin to move and stir in the

Internet space. Lights on Olivia moving in the room with a gun. Lights off. Lights on Olivia lying supine on the floor. Lights off. Lights on Olivia huddled in the corner. Evan goes to her. But then she is gone. He can't touch her.

Shadows dance and sing past and around him as his memory of her melts into the multifaceted versions of her in the digital Internet world. Music and the Internet noise grow louder around him. The shadows are all her, and she is none of them. He goes to her dresser top and finds the jewelry box that is locked with the padlock, and he fiddles with the lock only to grow impatient, so that he destroys the box instead with a hammer or something. Inside, however, are only some pieces of jewelry and nothing that really matters. It is essentially empty. Her shadows grow larger and faster and they fold in over him. He sweeps the pieces of the box off the table. The shadows converge and then disappear. Evan does some serious-faced placing of hands on the table kind of thing.)

***Perhaps this moment actually requires more explicit representation. More Evan-Olivia interaction? Evan trying to drown Olivia? Act out his dark side a bit?

End of Scene 5.

End of Act I

Act II

Scene 1

(Evan seems to have been awake for a while but we're not sure what he's been doing. He walks over to the bed where Beth is sleeping and sits down. He stares at her perhaps a little more intensely than what is considered acceptable. She begins to stir and wake up.)

BETH: Hmmm. (Blinks some and looks around. A little nervous when she realizes he's there.) Hi.

EVAN: Hey.

BETH: What time is it?

EVAN: Nine-thirty. We don't get enough sun through these windows.

BETH: Have you been up for a while?

EVAN: No. Not long.

BETH: Oh good. Did you sleep okay? (Begins sitting up.) I think I was really out of it.

EVAN: Hmm.

BETH: I guess I was tired. I haven't been sleeping very much.

EVAN: Yeah. Me too.

BETH: Umm. Do you want some breakfast? I can make us a bite to eat.

EVAN: No, let me. I'll make breakfast. How do you like your eggs?

BETH: However. Scrambled, I guess.

EVAN: Scrambled eggs. Coming right up. Do you want tea? Coffee? Juice? I think I have orange juice. (Finds the carton of orange juice on the counter/table.) But...it's expired. Someone sent me a box of oranges, though. I can squeeze you some orange juice.

BETH: Evan. Wait.

EVAN: (Turns around for a moment and waits.) For what?

BETH: Nothing. You just seem really nervous. You don't have to be nervous.

EVAN: I'm not nervous. I'm just ... invigorated. (He shoves the wood pieces out of sight with his foot.) So. Tea? Coffee? Juice?

BETH: I'll come help. Just let me go home and freshen up a bit.

EVAN: (Distracted again as he catches sight of a bigger jewelry box sitting on top of the dresser.) Okay.

(Beth exits and Evan walks over to the jewelry box. He looks at it for a moment, then picks it up to pack it away right. As he is shoving it behind something, Beth enters again.)

***BETH: Didn't you tear that thing up last night?

***EVAN: What?

BETH: The rain. Did you hear it coming in last night?

EVAN: Oh. No. Not really.

BETH: Yeah, neither did I. Looks pretty wet out though.

EVAN: Gets pretty rainy here, doesn't it?

BETH: Should I get some coffee going?

EVAN: I'll make the eggs.

(They move around together in the kitchen and bump into each other.)

EVAN: I'm sorry. Excuse me.

BETH: Evan, it's okay. Listen. Nothing happened last night. And nothing's changed. I just want to be here for you.

EVAN: Maybe something's changed. Maybe something's different.

BETH: (Not sure what to make of this.) Oh. Like what?

EVAN: (Has to walk away or pace or something to think about this.) You reach a point, you know? You get to the top of a mountain and you realize there's nothing there. Just clouds and fog. So you have to go back down the mountain.

BETH: (Puzzled, then smiling.) Are you so poetic every morning?

EVAN: Not poetic. Just pathetic.

BETH: Nonsense. You're holding up really well.

EVAN: I have to get the mountain behind me now.

BETH: Someday you will.

EVAN: I can't keep dwelling on Olivia. Going crazy over her. When she didn't even care. I need to let her go.

BETH: It's hard to let things go. When you don't have the answers.

EVAN: Yeah. I need answers. (Brushes a hand over his computer?)

BETH: I can't give you any answers. But I've got some other ideas for you. The Chiefs are playing the Bears tonight. Do you want to go to a bar and watch?

EVAN: Really. Yeah. You know? That sounds fun. I think I can vaguely remember what the world is like outside.

BETH: Good news. It's always there.

>>>EVAN: Can we go to that bar with the chess boards?

BETH: Yeah! That sounds fun!

EVAN: This time Olivia won't be sighing in the corner trying to —

(He stops, distracted by his memory of her. Beth smiles sadly and reaches for his hand.)

BETH: You're not alone. I'm here for you.

(Evan smiles back at her, too, and flips his hands around so that they are holding hands. Lights fade out.)

End of Scene 1.

Scene 2

(Logan sits with a look of pensive melancholy, gazing at his computer as the Skype ringtone sounds. Finally, Candie picks up.)

CANDIE: Hello there. How are you today?

LOGAN: (Ponders the screen but does not respond.)

CANDIE: Can you hear me? Are we set up on sound? ... CAN. YOU. HEEEAR. MEEEEEE? (Fiddles with microphone.) Fucking Tad. I told him not to fuck around with cheap equipment. (To someone else.) Tad! Hey, Tad! Stop whacking off and get your lazy ass over here!

LOGAN: (Snaps out of his trance.) I'm here. I can hear you.

CANDIE: Oh! Okay, then. Well, I, um — (To someone else.) Never mind! I — I won't be requiring tech support anymore. You can ... go back to your business. (To Logan) So. All righty then. Let's get started. Last week, I performed an assessment and we arrived at the joint decision to move you up to a therapy patient. Now, I practice an exciting, multi-faceted, multi-disciplinary form of cyber therapy that can change its shape and form at any moment. This is an innovative and groundbreaking field, that works in varied approaches. Before I begin my sessions, I like to perform a cleansing, gently hypnotic relaxation technique. One that helps you to feel comfortable, and helps us to connect to each other, at an intense level. So, first of all, I'd like you to shed your outer —

LOGAN: I don't believe in heaven.

CANDIE: Or, you can just start talking.

LOGAN: And I definitely don't believe in hell. I'd like to believe in God. I don't know if I believe in ghosts, but I think, maybe. I think we all leave something behind, but I don't know what it is. It's like dark matter. Do you know dark matter?

CANDIE: I've heard the news of its discovery.

LOGAN: It's like, the opposite of matter. It's not really there, and they didn't know about it for a long time, but then they said that if you listen carefully in space, you can hear it scream. You know how we're all made out of

atoms? I think, maybe, when we die, we create the opposite of atoms. Like, negative space. And it works like a magnet, drawing the positive space we used to know as close as we can, until there's no more room to breathe.

CANDIE: ... Do you open your windows at home? Fresh air can do wonders for the soul.

LOGAN: I died once. Yeah. I did. Not very many people know that about me.

CANDIE: I see. And what was that like?

LOGAN: I was eight years old. And I was at my uncle's house in Los Angeles. We were having a family reunion, except it was more like a family separation, because both my parents and my cousin's parents were getting a divorce that week. So everybody was drinking. Anyway, on the third night, I saw this thing at the bottom of the pool. I didn't know what it was, but I liked the way it sparkled, so I tried to get it, but the water was much deeper than I thought it was and I fell in. And I had taken swim lessons before, but I got so scared that I forgot. How to swim, I mean. So then the water started filling my lungs. And I couldn't breathe. And nobody noticed me because they were all drunk. When they finally revived me, I had been dead for three minutes. And after that I always remembered what it was like to be dead.

CANDIE: (In a different, gentler, tone.) And what was that like?

LOGAN: There's water all around you. Your screams go into the water in bubbles, but nobody can hear them. Everything slows down. The water drags you down. You're so heavy and so cold and so, so alone. Sometimes I can still feel the water seeping back into my lungs, like death creeping back inside me.

CANDIE: And what is that like?

LOGAN: (Shrugs.) I tried to look it up on Web MD. But, they didn't have anything like that.

CANDIE: Yes, well, traditional western medicine is deeply lacking in its understanding of the psyche and the meta-psyche.

LOGAN: This is what I learned though. I experienced death, yet I'm not dead. So Death isn't always so final. Thus, if she experienced death, but she's still here, then is she not really dead?

CANDIE: (Gently.) You mean, your friend. Olivia.

LOGAN: (Nods.) I think of her inside that ocean. Lost inside all of that space. Screaming and screaming and no one can hear her. No one can save her from drowning.

CANDIE: I think you're imagining her in a form of purgatory. But maybe you can remember her in a more positive light. Because you're right, you know. The dead do live on, in our memories of them. By choosing to remember them, we can honor them, and keep them alive in our hearts.

LOGAN: She wrote to me. I got an email from her. And the footsteps are back. (Looks up at the ceiling.) They've been back 10 days now. No singing though. It could be the guy, but he never made so many footsteps.

CANDIE: What did the email say?

LOGAN: I think it's from her. She sounds a little different, but, she did just die, and that can really change a person.

CANDIE: True.

LOGAN: But then, I think: No. It can't be. You know it can't be. You're just being a big fool. And then I think: But who else can it be? Who else does this kind of work? And after that I think: Can it be me? What if I'm doing it, and I just don't know it. What if I'm losing it? And after all of this thinking, I am just confused, and sad, and the only thinking left that I can do is the thinking of her floating in the water.

CANDIE: You're going to have to slow down and explain this to me a little bit.

LOGAN: (Takes a deep breath.) Remember when I told you I was an independent contractor?

CANDIE: Uh huh.

LOGAN: Well. I'm not just an independent contractor. I'm also a profile collector. Creator. Collector.

CANDIE: What does that mean?

LOGAN: Sometimes I'll find a picture of someone online. Or a name. And I'll take that person's picture and I'll make him a profile. And I'll give him a job, and hobbies, and friends, and their friends will write on their timelines, and take pictures with them, and sometimes they'll get married, or have kids, or start vegan recipe blogs.

CANDIE: So you're an identity thief.

LOGAN: Oh, no, no. I don't steal identities. I – I gift identities. Like, after I watched the documentary of Marie Antoinette, I gifted her a profile, where she's a stand-up comedian. And a vampire. And Marguerite Thompson, who used to live in this unit before me? Well, she was very old, and she died, but in her closet, I found a box of steamy love letters, so now she self-publishes erotica. She was an Amazon bestseller last year! David Stephen Smith is a web designer. Ferdinand makes terrariums and sells them on eBay. And Timothy-Timone...(Beat.) Timothy-Timone is Olivia's best friend. He's a musician and a composer. He's not very good though. He's still learning.

CANDIE: And what about Olivia? How are you writing her life?

LOGAN: But that's the thing! I'm not! All of these people are like little Pinnochios. And I hold the strings to their puppet arms and legs. But now, here's someone who's alive! Except she's dead. So it's like the Blue Fairy has arrived, or maybe I'm the Blue Fairy, or maybe there is no Blue Fairy and this is all a trick. And if this is all a trick, then I don't even know what to say to her! But, still, she's alive somehow. She's there. On the other end. And I didn't make her up. She's real. Except, she thinks she's talking to Timothy, but she's talking to me, but she doesn't know it's me. So I'm not real. I'm a trick.

CANDIE: I can see how this may lead to some confusion.

LOGAN: Or, someone else is playing a trick, and someone else is being sneaky. But she didn't give her box to someone else. She gave her box to me. I'm the one with her box.

CANDIE: Why did she do that again?

LOGAN: Timothy recommended me. Or, I recommended me. But she knew me through Timothy, and Timothy knew her through me. And she gave her box to us. So that we could help her! So that no one else can PRETEND to be her. I know what I have to do now.

CANDIE: Do you?

LOGAN: This is my calling. This is what I've been preparing for. To help her live on. To fish her out of the water. To give her voice again.

CANDIE: Are you sure? In my professional opinion, this girl just wants to be left alone. It sounds to me like she already had too many people giving her voices.

LOGAN: But I have the real voice. I listened to her sing, and she gave her real voice to me.

CANDIE: So you could protect it.

LOGAN: And I'm going to protect it. I'm going to make sure nobody else can take her voice or pretend to be her.

CANDIE: I feel like you're missing a crucial detail here.

LOGAN: I'll make her so beautiful. And I can mix up her voice. I can write songs for her. Timothy can write songs for her. Nobody will ever forget her.

CANDIE: You know. I'm not sure if you're heading down the right path. Maybe – Maybe you should focus on being in touch with yourself instead. I could teach you about self-love, and relaxation, and letting go of those daily stressors.

LOGAN: No. I think I've figured it out now. Your therapy is really good!

CANDIE: It is? (Beat.) Why, thank you. Please feel free to leave a testimonial.

LOGAN: I will. I just need to make this new page first.

CANDIE: Actually, you know what? Forget it. You don't have to write me a testimonial. In fact, I'm not even sure if we're the right fit.

LOGAN: What do you mean?

CANDIE: I tend to deal with a very specific set of needs, and I leave my customers very satisfied.

LOGAN: I'm satisfied.

CANDIE: But I don't think you have the right set of needs.

LOGAN: Oh.

CANDIE: But maybe if you brought your set of needs to another therapist, maybe someone you could see in person, she could meet your individual needs. Maybe you should try it.

LOGAN: I liked you.

CANDIE: Thanks. You're swell yourself.

LOGAN: You're pretending, too, aren't you? You don't really do therapy. And tarot cards tell lies.

CANDIE: We're all pretending, aren't we?

LOGAN: She didn't pretend. Not when she sang.

CANDIE: Yes. Well. Pretending's the only way to get by. So maybe she needed to learn that.

LOGAN: I'll pretend for her.

CANDIE: Good luck with that.

LOGAN: I don't need luck. I just need an iguana around my heart.

CANDIE: Okay. And I'm signing off now. Your credit card will be charged within the next 24 hours, and you know the rest. If you ever do need my services, you know where to find me.

(The hang-up sound.)

(Logan continues typing on the computer. The glow of the computer grows strangely brighter. The whispers begin to stir.)

End of Scene 2.

Scene 3

(Evan sits in his apartment, working intensely on his computer. Beth comes in carrying some shopping bags and a movie.)

EVAN: (Looks up and closes his laptop.) Hey. How's it going?

BETH: Hi. Um, I knocked, but ... Well, you knew I was coming by.

EVAN: Oh. I guess I didn't hear you.

BETH: What are you working on?

EVAN: Nothing. Just some work I brought home. I figured I won't be needing all that vacation time anymore, so I might as well get started on a new account.

BETH: It's only your first week back. You should take it easy.

EVAN: (Picks up the movie she brought.) With "You're in the Superbowl, Charlie Brown"?

>>>BETH: (Shrugs.) It's a classic. But in case you objected, I did also bring: (She makes a face) "Plan 9 from Outer Space."

EVAN: (Laughs.) All right. Now we're talking. That was pretty crafty of you, Harrington. Pitting Charlie Brown against "the worst movie ever made." Unfortunately for you, I happen to know two people in this room who can't resist a horrible movie. Give me that. (Reaches for the DVD.)

BETH: No. Let's do Charlie Brown first. Charlie Brown!

(They do some flirtatious, play-wrestling, and then both realize that they are in an uncomfortable position, and try to disengage. Disengage! Disengage! Is what their minds are screaming.)

BETH: Okay. "Plan 9 From Outer Space."

EVAN: No, I can deal with Charlie Brown.

BETH: I can watch it myself, too. I usually watch Charlie Brown by myself. It's, um, hard to find a willing audience.

EVAN: I'll be your willing audience.

BETH: Heh. Thanks. Umm. Hey. I was thinking — I have to get up kind of early tomorrow — so, I might just go back and sleep at my place tonight.

EVAN: You can wake me up early. That's fine.

BETH: Yeah. But I should really — I mean, I need to catch up on my sleep a bit.

EVAN: You sleep better over here anyway. What's up? Why are you acting funny?

BETH: (High-pitched.) I'm not acting funny. Nothing's up. The sky's up. Maybe.

EVAN: Come on, Beth. It's me.

BETH: That's the problem. (Beat.) I think you're doing really well, Evan. You seem ... really well. And I'm happy for you. I don't think you need me here at night anymore.

EVAN: I don't need you here, Beth. I like you here.

BETH: That's nice. But it's also really confusing.

EVAN: What do you mean?

BETH: It's just confusing for me... It shouldn't be. I know what's possible and what's not. But then, we're on the futon, and I ... I used to think about this.

EVAN: I'm sorry. I didn't know. I'm so sorry, Beth.

BETH: I should go. I need to go back to my own place. I need to feel like myself.

EVAN: No, Beth. Wait. (Grabs her arm or in some way stops her from leaving. Then a pause as he lets her go.) When you talk about what's possible ...

BETH: You don't have to do this. Please don't.

EVAN: If you give me some time...

BETH: To do what?

EVAN: I just need some time.

(He gazes at her a little too intensely. Then he leans in as if to kiss her. Startled, Beth jumps back a bit. Evan, who can't quite go through with a full-on kiss, compromises and kisses her forehead, leaving Beth devastated.)

EVAN: Come on. Let's go watch some Charlie Brown.

(They move to the couch and sit down. The television casts its glow over them, Evan reaches awkwardly and puts his arm around Beth. Beth looks at his hand uncomfortably, but she doesn't move away. They both keep their eyes glued to the television screen, Evan willfully oblivious, and Beth beginning to cry. Happy Snoopy music begins to play. Lights out to mark the passage of time. Lights back on.)

EVAN: I confess, I was a little bit skeptical, but I gotta hand it to you. You picked a good movie.

(He gets up to take the disc out. Beth watches him a moment before she speaks.)

BETH: I ... thought of Olivia today.

EVAN: Oh. (Shrugs it off.) Did you?

BETH: (Nods.) I went for a jog. I really needed it. And there were these two women running and talking behind me. They were talking about one of their weddings. And they were just batshit. They wanted to have swans and doves and an ice sculpture, and the bride said she was dis-inviting her grandmother because she wouldn't lend her some diamond necklace. I wanted to call Olivia to make fun of them, but

then I remembered. And all I could think was, I miss my friend.

EVAN: Huh. (Studiously cleaning the DVD?)

>>>BETH: I walked past that bistro she liked so much on my way home. I went in and I had a glass of wine and a sticky toffee pudding. Her favorite. I ate it looking at the empty seat across from me.

EVAN: You know. I'm kind of beat. Do you want to go to bed? Unless you're still... heading home?

BETH: I can stay. But I think I'll be up a bit longer.

EVAN: Okay. Well. Is the futon okay? I'll leave space for you.

BETH: Hey, Evan? Will you go see her with me sometime?

EVAN: Huh?

BETH: It's just...I haven't gone back to see her yet. I'd really like to bring her some flowers. Maybe some calla lilies, like she wanted in her bouquet. Can you come with me? I don't want to go by myself.

EVAN: Yeah. Sure. I can do that.

BETH: Okay. Thank you. Good night.

EVAN: Good night. Get some sleep, okay? You have to get up early.

BETH: Mmm hmm.

(She sits stoically on the couch as the lights change and a few hours pass by. Suddenly, the computer lights up, and Olivia's singing begins to fill the room./ Or, Evan sleepwalks over to the computer to begin playing the music and then goes back to sleep or goes sit in the corner? Depends on how ghostly we want the computer to become. Beth wanders over to the computer and tries to shut the music off. She gets distracted by the memorial site instead, perhaps because Logan has added a new page.)

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: Welcome to my web site. I'm so glad to have you here. Freedom is found in death, and in death I am

freed. Dissipated into nothing, I am everything. This is my eternity. Together, we can continue. We can swim into the light.

BETH: (Clicking frantically.) Who is doing this?

(She looks over at Evan, glad that he is still sleeping. She tries to find a way to delete all of this, but she can't.)

OLIVIA: "You are never one here. You are never alone here. We are all together here. (Voice becomes doubled, the tripled?) We are all eternal here. We are all spirit here. We leave our bodies behind here. We are multiplied here. We are unstoppable here."

(Beth gives up on the computer and buries her face in her hands. An overwhelming surge of noise and then silence.)

OLIVIA: "Thank you for stopping by. I hope you come back soon. More and more of me will slowly be added to this page, thanks to the commitment and efforts of my best friend. May the song be always with you."

(Beth looks up and recognition dawn on her. She glances back at Evan, shuts the computer, and then hurries out of the room.)

End of Scene 3.

Scene 4

(Logan is typing on the computer very intensely with the light on his face and the papers from Olivia scattered around him. Perhaps the shadows of the Internet move around him. When he stops and pauses, they stop as well. The knock outside the door disrupts him, but he is not bothered by it. It's almost like he's expecting it.)

BETH: Hi. May I can come in?

LOGAN: Yeah. Come in. Don't worry about your shoes.

BETH: I'm Beth. We haven't really met before.

LOGAN: Logan.

BETH: Last time I was here, you said you were Olivia's best friend.

LOGAN: (Nods.) I remember when you were here.

(Beth looks around the room, at the papers and notebooks.)

BETH: Those are her journals. She only always used those black hardcover notebooks.

LOGAN: She gave them to me. She wanted me to keep them safe.

(Beth goes over and touches one, but Logan snatches it away from her.)

LOGAN: You can't look at that. They were for me.

BETH: So you ... built the memorial, and you made that new page, with the notes from her?

LOGAN: I'm going to keep her alive. I'm going to make sure everyone can hear her voice.

BETH: (Sits down.) Why? How did you know her? Why did she give you all of this?

LOGAN: She trusted me. She sang for me, and I listened. And I heard how sad she was.

BETH: I'm so confused. (She puts her head in her hands again.)

LOGAN: (Looks down at her for a moment, then awkwardly pats her shoulder.) There, there.

BETH: She brought these to you?

LOGAN: (Nods.) She came over with a big box. And she sat right there. Right next to me. She smelled like flowers.

BETH: She just gave you all of her journals? What did she say?

LOGAN: (Observes her for a moment.) You're a very nosy neighbor.

BETH: I'm just very confused.

LOGAN: Why? She knew I could help her. And I'm helping her. I'm re-creating her.

BETH: Into what?

LOGAN: Something big. Something with a voice people can't ignore. Everyone will hear her. Everyone will save her.

BETH: She's already dead. It's too late to save her.

LOGAN: But what if she doesn't have to stay dead? What if she doesn't want to stay dead? She wrote me, you know. She wrote to me beyond the grave. She needs my help. I can save her. Don't you want me to save her?

BETH: No. You can't save her. You can only re-create her. And I don't want to know what you'll turn her into.

LOGAN: Why do you think I'll turn her into something? She gave me all of herself. She's right in those boxes. I have everything I need to bring her back. (Beat.) That's a good thing. Don't you see? I'm glad you came over. You can help me. You can tell me more about her.

BETH: (Shakes her head.)

LOGAN: We can all be friends.

BETH: It's wrong. It's all wrong. She doesn't want all of her journals and thoughts posted for everyone to see. She doesn't want you to use her.

LOGAN: You don't know what she wants.

BETH: Maybe not. But I know she wouldn't want this.

LOGAN: I'm not using her. I'm protecting her.

BETH: Then protect her. Keep her journals safe. Lock them up somewhere. Don't just throw her to the wolves. Don't make her something she wasn't.

LOGAN: But then the other people will. Other people who don't care about her at all.

(Noises from upstairs begin to build.)

BETH: What other people?

LOGAN: The newspaper said she was a doing drugs, and you know that's not true, and someone's writing as her, using her email. Did you know about that?

BETH: No.

LOGAN: See? Everyone else is trying to turn her into something different. I'm the only one trying to save her.

BETH: But her journals? Her notebooks? Those were her private things.

LOGAN: You wanted to read them.

BETH: You wouldn't let me read them. Why would you let the world?

LOGAN: The rest of the world is different.

BETH: Her family is going to see what you did. People who loved her and cared about her. Think about what that's going to do them? To her?

(The noises stop upstairs. Beth and Logan both look up.)

End of Scene 4

Scene 5

(Evan wanders around his apartment, getting dressed and looking for a particular shirt. He digs around in the closet and his eyes land on the jewelry box instead, sitting in the corner. He moves away from it and takes out his phone to call Beth instead.)

EVAN: Hey, Beth. It's just me. I noticed you got out early today, and I — (Distracted by the jewelry box) — I just wanted to see how your day was going. And to see if you

want to get dinner. We could go out somewhere maybe. ...
Okay. I'll see you later.

(He puts the phone away, and tries not to look at the box. He checks the time instead and puts on his shoes. But then the clock tells him he still has time, so he goes back and takes the box out. He places it on the table and touches the wood and traces the carvings. It makes him want to see more of her. So he goes over to the computer and is flooded with a sense of relief at being able to look at her photos again. He drops his briefcase and takes the computer with back over to the bed. When he gets there, Olivia crawls out from under the covers.)

OLIVIA: It's hot down there. I could barely breathe.

EVAN: I'm not going to play this game with you anymore.

OLIVIA: Why not? This was the best morning ever, you said. You want me to go back down there? Is that the part you miss?

(She wriggles back down, and Evan lets himself enjoy it for a moment. Then he sits up again.)

EVAN: No. Don't do that. Let me see your face.

(She comes out from under the blanket and hovers above him. He slowly touches her face and hair. She laughs and kisses him.)

OLIVIA: It's so good to be back.

EVAN: I haven't heard you laugh like that in so long.

OLIVIA: "I'm free now. Through death, I have been freed."

EVAN: What are you saying?

OLIVIA: Because — (She pauses and thinks thoughtfully.)

EVAN: He's making you say that, isn't he? Who is he? Who's Timothy?

OLIVIA: (Raises her hands in an I-don't-know fashion, and laughs.) I don't know. Does it matter? I'm back now, aren't I?

EVAN: Not really. You aren't, really. (He turns away from her and gets on the computer.)

OLIVIA: What are you looking at?

EVAN: I'm looking at you.

OLIVIA: But I'm right here.

EVAN: That's not really you. Who knows what's really you.

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: "Hunger. It's taken over me. An emptiness spreading like an ocean inside of me. I don't know what it will take to fill it. Music can do the trick, but only for so long. Why do I feel so insatiable. Why do I feel so empty?"

OLIVIA: Well, that certainly sounds like me.

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: "July 4. Fireworks. I love the smoke they leave behind."

OLIVIA: Remember our first Fourth of July? We stayed up on the roof of that building even though we both wanted to leave. All those drunk people. All those sirens. Walking home through that huge crowd. But then we snuck off into those gardens. And it was empty somehow. Remember? Under the trellis?

EVAN: Stop trying to distract me from your secrets?

OLIVIA: What secrets?

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: August 15. Saw my first whale today. Beautiful creature. Evan and I went to the ocean with new girl next door. The whales were so beautiful gliding in the water. The way they jumped out of the ocean and simply shimmered. I wanted to join them, my heart jumping, too. What do whale songs sound like underwater? Rejected from Monteverdi fellowship. Oh well. Next year.

OLIVIA: That was a good day.

EVAN: You got rejected from a fellowship I didn't even know about. Were you going to tell me about it?

OLIVIA: Did you know that whales are aumakua spirit animals to the Polynesians?

EVAN: You're not Polynesian. Are you? Forget it. (He turns back to the computer.)

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: I wonder what it would feel like to flop on a show. Step on stage and croak.

OLIVIA: Remember that practice rehearsal when you helped me sneak into the church sanctuary. And you sat in the front row? My only audience?

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: I could never like Copland over Charles Ives. This is probably significant of something.

OLIVIA: Remember when you surprised me with that Christmas tree? And the stupid lights that sang "Joy to the World?"

EVAN: I didn't know. I got them at a thrift store.

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: Note to Self: Always bring a second pair of shoes.

OLIVIA: Or else you'll have to give me piggy back ride across the Fremont Bridge.

OLIVIA VOICEOVER: Met a guy in the elevator today. Strange guy. There was something off about him, but he knew my songs. I felt like we connected in some way. Like he knew me on some spiritual level. Like I was meeting a soulmate.

OLIVIA: That sounds a little less like me.

EVAN: (Trying to put this together in his head.)

OLIVIA: Remember Valentine's Day? You just started this job and we had that fancy pre fixe dinner?

EVAN: Wait. Give me a minute.

OLIVIA: We came home and there was that fancy package, except it was sent to the wrong address, and it was for Marguerite Thompson, who lived below us, except there wasn't a Marguerite Thompson, there was only —

EVAN: The guy downstairs.

(He and Olivia share a gaze.)

OLIVIA: Are you sure about this?

EVAN: I don't know. I don't know.

(A third figure walks in, shrouded in black. Evan and Olivia watch as she comes and lies down on the floor.)

OLIVIA: Do it.

(***Evan walks over to the figure, picks up the gun from underneath the shrouds, and exits the stage. Olivia watches from the bed until he's gone. Then she goes over to the shrouded Olivia on the ground, and curls up behind her, spooning her until they're one.)

End of Scene 5.

Scene 6

(Beth and Logan are sitting on chairs in his apartment, not really speaking to each other.)

LOGAN: When you die, you get divided into pieces. Your body goes one way and your spirit goes another way, or many ways. You're shattered into pieces. You're not whole anymore.

BETH: You can't put her back together. You're not her. You can't be her.

LOGAN: But I'm good at being other people.

BETH: (Shakes her head.) No, you're not. You can't be. You're just borrowing them. Stealing them.

LOGAN: I give them their voices back. I give them their lives.

BETH: They're not yours to give. You know that. You know it's wrong. Why are you doing this?

LOGAN: Don't — Don't cry. I hate crying.

BETH: Please just stop. Can't you stop?

LOGAN: (Walks over to his computer and to the journals and notebooks.) I wasn't supposed to read. I was only supposed to scan. That's what she asked me to do.

BETH: So do it. Do what she asked you to.

LOGAN: I just wanted to save her. To keep her from drowning.

BETH: You can still help her. You can protect her. By keeping her safe. But you can't possess her.

LOGAN: What about the other people who wanted to possess her?

(A loud pounding on door. Beth and Logan turn around. Pounding continues.)

EVAN: Timothy? Logan? Whoever you are?

(Logan answers the door. Evan stands there staring at him. He steps in, forcing Logan back step by step. Perhaps he is holding the gun? Not sure if we want to use the weapon again. For this round, let's say that he is not.)

EVAN: I need to talk to you.

BETH: Evan?

EVAN: Beth. What are you doing here?

BETH: I came — The memorial. He made it.

(Evan gets distracted by the notebook. He brushes his hand across the papers.)

EVAN: These are hers. These don't belong to you.

LOGAN: They're mine. She gave them to me. (He takes out the box and begins to put everything back in the box again.)

EVAN: Who are you? What did you do to her? (Logan ignores him, until Evan grabs him and pushes him against the wall.) What did you do to her?

BETH: Evan. Don't hurt him.

EVAN: Stay out of this, Beth. This isn't about you.

LOGAN: You are not a very nice person!

(Evan releases his hold a little. Logan straightens and brushes himself off.)

LOGAN: (Takes some deep breaths.) Calm down, little iguana. Hold tight, little iguana.

BETH: (Trying to explain to Evan, but less forcefully.) He's not like the rest of us.

EVAN: (To Logan.) Don't try to act with me. I saw your emails. I saw your notes about death and opera stars and I know it was you. Who are you? What did you want from her?

LOGAN: All I wanted...was to love her. (Beat.) I just wanted to make her happy.

EVAN: You made her dead.

LOGAN: No. No, no, no. No I didn't. I just listened to her singing. And she was so sad, when she was singing. And you never heard her. You never heard her sadness at all.

EVAN: (Winces and swallows.)

BETH: Evan. Maybe we should go back upstairs.

EVAN: No. I want to know why. I need to know why.

(He pushes Logan aside from the boxes and digs in there.)

BETH: What if there is no why? What if it just happened?

EVAN: There has to be a why.

LOGAN: Those are not yours. They're mine. (Tries to snatch them from his hands.)

(Evan pushes him aside, and he falls to the floor. Beth rushes over to him. Evan packs up the rest of the box, and walks off with it.)

LOGAN: He took her. He took her away from me.

BETH: That wasn't her. She was already gone.

LOGAN: She's gone?

BETH: Yeah.

LOGAN: She's gone. She's gone.

(He starts crying. Beth comforts him. Lights off.)

End of Scene 6.

Scene 7

(Evan is walking along the beach of Port Townsend. He has the box of papers, as well as her ashes. When he gets to the spot he is looking for, she is already there.)

OLIVIA: You made it. Finally.

EVAN: Yeah. It took me a long time to get ready. I'm sorry.

OLIVIA: Don't be sorry.

EVAN: It's peaceful here. Has it been peaceful here?

OLIVIA: Yes. It's been peaceful. I've just been waiting for you.

EVAN: Why? I'm the one who drove you here. Didn't you want to get away from me?

OLIVIA: (Wraps her arm around his and rests her head on his shoulder.) We can be free here.

EVAN: (Pulls out a stack of letters from the box.) I brought your things back to you.

OLIVIA: Did you read them?

EVAN: Some of it. Yeah. I thought I would find out why. Or at least they would be about me. They're not, though. Not really. They're about you. Things I never knew about you.

OLIVIA: (Takes the stack of papers from him.) "Evan brought me flowers after he apologized, and then we took a walk on the beach. A sunset stroll. I'm so in love. It's

terrifying. I didn't know love could be terrible, too, but that seems right, somehow." That one's about you.

EVAN: Yeah.

OLIVIA: "It's hard to breathe sometimes, when Doctor T or the orchestra begin their praise, or when Evan looks at me in that way he has. So much promise. So much future. So much to lose." Kind of about you.

(Evan takes out the gun and begins to play with it in his hand.)

OLIVIA: "There is nothing more alone than standing in the middle of a stage, surrounded by the orchestra and the audience, washed in the gaze of your lover. Nothing more alone."

(Evan turns off the safety and does other gun type stuff.)

OLIVIA: "I wandered all day through this city, skipping rehearsals and looking strangers in the eye. I went to dinner with my friends, and we talked like strangers through the meal. I went home, into the bed I share with my lover, and then I realized they were not the strangers. I'm the only stranger here."

(Evan raises the gun to his head. Lights out.)

End of Scene 7.

End of Act II.