

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: Hmm. (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. MEEEEE? (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 Freemont 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.