Scene 0

(Lights on over LOGAN's kitchen and bathroom. Or just bathroom. He has a fish tank that houses a brightly colored snake named ZORA. And a computer on a desk. The bathroom also operates as his office. He is conferencing with someone over the computer. We can hear her, but we can't see her.)

LOGAN:

So, it's not that there's something wrong with me. Or that I need help. It's just that ... I've changed. She's changed me. And I want to see her.

CONSTANCE (off-set):

Yes. I see. And you said she's your neighbor.

LOGAN:

She lives right above me. I hear her footsteps. Their footsteps. And I hear their voices...sometimes.

CONSTANCE:

And she's changed you because...of the elevator.

LOGAN:

Well, even before the elevator. I could hear her. She sings. From there. (He points to the vent behind him.) But then, I saw her. On the elevator.

CONSTANCE:

Did you guys talk?

LOGAN:

...No.

CONSTANCE

How did you know it was her?

LOGAN:

She was checking her mail, and I saw the names on the mailbox. So I googled the names. She's a singer. She has her own website. I'm friends with her on Facebook. Do you know Facebook?

CONSTANCE

Of course. So, you're friends with her on Facebook.

LOGAN:

Well, I'm not really friends with her. But Mark and Anthony are. And I made Mark and Anthony. So, in a way, I'm friends with her twice.

CONSTANCE:

What do you mean, you made Mark and Anthony? ... Remember. This is a private session. I'm bound by law from repeating anything you tell me during this session, unless you give me reason to fear that you pose a danger to others or to yourself. In which case, I would be obligated to report you.

LOGAN:

How would you report me? You don't even know my name.

CONSTANCE:

Oh, believe me. There are ways of finding out. But, really, you can tell me anything. And I won't tell anyone. We're not even in the same room. I barely know what you look like.

LOGAN:

I collect profiles. I'm a profile collector. Creator. Collector.

CONSTANCE:

What do you mean?

LOGAN:

Sometimes I'll find a picture of someone online. Or an unusual 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.

CONSTANCE:

You mean you steal identities.

LOGAN:

No, no. Not at all. The opposite of that, really. I — I gift identities.

CONSTANCE:

I see. Is it like...what do they call it?...are they tulpas?

LOGAN:

No. Absolutely not.

CONSTANCE:

Okay.

LOGAN:

I don't have imaginary friends. I'm not ... weird. I just — I give people alternatives. I give them the possibility of another life. Like, when my mail girl left for law school, I gifted her a profile, where she's a mail delivery scout, and she dates this guitarist, Mickey, who needs a kidney transplant, because he was born with only one. One kidney. I wonder how he's doing now.... Anyway, she doesn't live here anymore. She moved away, for law school.

CONSTANCE:

You said she was your mail girl?

LOGAN:

She'd get my mail and drop it off for me, so I wouldn't have to go outside. I have a new mail guy now, but I found him on Craig's list. Do you know Craig's list? Yeah. It's not the best. I don't like this guy as much. I think he reads my magazines. The pages always feel...fingered.

CONSTANCE:

How often do you typically get outside?

LOGAN:

I like being inside my home. I have a great home. It's a very self-sustaining system. I have everything I want inside my home. And if I don't have it, I can get it shipped. Usually for free, if I spend more than twenty-five dollars.

CONSTANCE:

So what were you doing on the elevator? When...things changed?

LOGAN:

It was the MiceDirect guy! Do you know MiceDirect? They ship mice, and they're usually very good. I've never had a problem with packaging or the freezing. But I told this guy to bring the mice upstairs and I waited for him by the door and he never came and he left the mice downstairs, in the lobby. And I couldn't wait for Craig's list guy because I already messed up Zora's feeding schedule, and I forgot about Sunday, and she was starving, and I didn't want another dead snake. So I put on my shoes and I got them for her.

CONSTANCE:

And what happened when you went outside?

LOGAN:

I saw her.

CONSTANCE:

Besides that.

LOGAN:

What do you mean?

CONSTANCE:

How did you feel? When you were outside?

LOGAN:

Fine, I guess. I tried to hurry, but, I was fine.

CONSTANCE:

So you were outside in the elevator for like, ten minutes? And nothing happened. You were safe. What are some more small, achievable steps you could take toward your larger goal of leaving your house?

LOGAN:

No. No. I don't want to leave my home. I like my home. I just — I want to stop wanting to see her. I was perfectly happy before I saw her. I want to be perfectly happy again. That's my goal.

CONSTANCE:

I see. Well. What is it about her that has so entrapped you? How has she...grabbed your goat, so to speak?

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 or something, she'll come back, and she'll just, burst into song. Like, her voice will explode into my bathroom.

CONSTANCE:

From those vents.

LOGAN:

Yeah. Sometimes, I feel like — it's like she decides what kind of day I will have, by the emotion encapsulated in her song. And it's never very clear or straightforward. It's not like that chart you use with the smiley faces — do you know that chart? "Today I feel sad," "Today I feel anxious," "Today I feel lonely" — and it's not like, "I am 83 percent bored and 17 percent excited." Or maybe it is like that, except without math. Because even when she sings a song that's supposed to be happy, she's got — she sounds sad. Or maybe music is just always sad. Like it taps into this sadness that words, when they're spoken and not sung, can't reach because they don't have long enough soundwaves.

CONSTANCE:

... Let's talk about your childhood. How would you describe your relationship with your mother?

LOGAN:

It's just that, I never thought that the music was from her, you know? Like, from a person. It was more like, from God. Or like, the perfect algorithmically generated soul of every great composer and soprano who ever lived, combined in equal portions and programmed to release a new song every morning.

CONSTANCE:

It must be a very exciting bathroom you occupy.

LOGAN:

Sometimes she sings at night, too. Not every night, but some nights. If you wait for like, another half an hour, you could hear her, maybe. If you're lucky.

CONSTANCE:

I've got another session coming up here. But I'm sure it's lovely.

(LOGAN nods.)

CONSTANCE:

So, a transaction will be made on the account information you provided within the next three days. Shall we go ahead and schedule for next week? Same time? I think we've got a lot to excavate here.

LOGAN:

I'll put it on my Google calendar.

CONSTANCE:

Great. I like to end my sessions with a visualization exercise. So, please close your eyes now, empty your mind, and take three cleansing breaths....Good. What color is the inside of your mind?

LOGAN:

[Improv it]

CONSTANCE:

A door appears inside the space of your mind. You open it. A cold and cleansing wind sweeps by you, blowing all the scattered bits of debris out of your mind, until only the essential essence remains. What do you see?

LOGAN:

[Improv it]

CONSTANCE:

Yes. Your brain is an expansive space. It can hold so much. And yet, and yet you look up and around you and you see the shell of your cerebrum. Transparent, first, but growing more and more solid, closing in on you. What is the shell that encloses your understanding? What keeps you from reaching your full potential?

LOGAN:

[Improv it]

CONSTANCE:

Wonderful. I think we've had a very successful session. I look forward to seeing you next week.

LOGAN:

I'll see you — (CONSTANCE signs off.) — next week.

(The bathroom is empty. LOGAN looks around the emptiness. He crouches down by the vent and waits for the music. Soon, it comes, softly, then louder, and we move upstairs to...)

Scene 1

(EVAN and OLIVIA’s bedroom. Olivia undresses and gets ready for bed, rehearsing a song as she does so. Evan steps in and watches her. This is the last night he will spend with her while she is alive, but he has no idea. There were no signs.)

OLIVIA:

[MUSIC]

EVAN:

New tune?

OLIVIA:

My grandmother used to sing this, actually. It got stuck in my head, I guess.

EVAN:

Did you send out the invitations today?

OLIVIA:

Mmhmm. I brought them to the post office. They didn’t have any roses or ring stamps, so we got Snoopy instead. It was that or Abraham Lincoln.

EVAN:

You chose a cartoon dog rather than a former president representative of honesty and equality as the image that will forever brand our envelopes?

OLIVIA:

Lincoln — victim of assassination. Snoopy — proprietor of the happy dance. I thought it was more celebratory.

EVAN:

Good point. Lincoln was kind of a snooze, anyway. Snoopy it is.

So, invitations are sent. No more backing out now.

OLIVIA:

Cancel that one-way ticket to Peru.

EVAN:

Throw out that Carmen San Diego disguise.

OLIVIA:

Two more months.

EVAN:

Two more months.

(They get into bed.)

EVAN:

When we’re married, do you think we should get our initials carved into some kind of rubber stamp? We could get some fabric paint and some glassware paint. That seems like the easiest way to monogram all our dishtowels and wine glasses, right? We should have our own seal, you know. All the properly married people do.

OLIVIA:

(Distracted.)

Uh-huh.

EVAN:

How were rehearsals?

OLIVIA:

They were good.

EVAN:

After the show is done, maybe we can take a trip somewhere.

OLIVIA:

We’re going to Paris in two months.

EVAN:

Just a small trip. A day trip. It’d be nice to spend a day with you.

OLIVIA:

Yeah. I guess that would be nice.

EVAN:

We could go back to that inn, in Monteverdi.

OLIVIA:

You hated Monteverdi.

EVAN:

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

OLIVIA:

Thank you.

EVAN:

How was your day?

OLIVIA:

Good. I walked around town a lot. I smelled hot dogs everywhere. Coming out of doughnut shops and up the sewer grates. You wouldn’t believe how much I wanted a hot dog. I salivated for hot dog.

EVAN:

Was today the day you gave up being vegetarian?

OLIVIA:

I had a lettuce tofu wrap instead.

EVAN:

Ahh, so you’ve only increased in your martyr status. Another pig has lived to see tomorrow. All because of you.

OLIVIA:

How was your day?

EVAN:

Uneventful. As per usual. Adulthood was exciting the first five years. Then the tedium set in. And after that, it’s one six-month performance review after the other. And free everything bagels on Fridays.

OLIVIA:

Sounds pretty bleak.

EVAN:

It’ll be different for you. You’ll be famous. You steal the show every night.

OLIVIA:

I don’t care about being famous. I just want to sing and I want them to listen.

EVAN:

And that’s why you’ll be famous. (Kisses her.) When you’re famous, I’ll be all like, hey, my towels are monogrammed with her towels. We share monogrammed towels.

OLIVIA:

Does the tedium never end?

EVAN:

No, but sometimes the sunlight breaks through. And I get to marry you. Have children with you. Watch you sing and see you own the crowd. I get to do all of that, so I am pretty damn lucky.

OLIVIA:

Not tonight, please. I’m tired. It was a long day.

EVAN:

Okay.

OLIVIA:

I’m sorry. I love you.

EVAN:

I adore you.

OLIVIA:

I’ll see you in the morning.

EVAN:

Sleep well.

OLIVIA:

You, too. Can I tell you something? I did eat a hot dog today. In fact, I ate three.

EVAN:

How was it?

OLIVIA:

They tasted so good. I didn’t know a hot dog could taste so good.

EVAN:

Did you get toppings? You got toppings, right?

OLIVIA:

Everything I could.

EVAN:

Good. That’s good. I’m happy for you.

OLIVIA:

I’m going to dream of hot dogs tonight.

EVAN:

You could dream of worse.

OLIVIA:

I’ll dream of you and I, eating hot dogs by the Arc de Triomphe.

EVAN:

Like Lady and the Tramp with Django Reinhardt playing guitar in the background?

OLIVIA:

Precisely.

EVAN:

Leave the onions off of mine, please.

OLIVIA:

Will do.

EVAN:

Hey. Tomorrow’s Third Wednesday. Can you run to the bank?

OLIVIA:

Sure. No problem.

EVAN:

Okay. Thanks, love. Good night.

OLIVIA:

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.)

OLIVIA: I love you so much, baby. Will you please please remember that?

(She kisses him.)

(Olivia gets up and walks around the stage. She takes a gun out of a drawer and then 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 1.

Scene 2

(Two weeks later, both Evan and his apartment are in shambles. Evan is sitting in his bathrobe with his balls hanging out. Withered bouquets and deviled eggs left over from the funeral service sit around the apartment. The area where Olivia died exudes negative energy. Evan is drinking whiskey and building the greatest sugar cube castle in the world.)

BETH:

The wedding planner said she’ll handle everything. And she’ll only charge 15 percent of her fees. It’s not a bad deal.

EVAN:

Yeah. What a sweetheart, that one. Just like you.

BETH:

I picked up your mail. You got a few bills, and your work sent you an orchid. There’s a card. Do you want to look at it?

EVAN:

Nope. Those bastards can eat their heads.

BETH:

(Opens the card anyway.)

It says, “Dear Evan, We’re so sorry for your loss. We hope you’re recovering from this unfortunate incident and we know we’ll see you back on the bench soon. Please let Sally know how soon exactly. The retail accounts are really pushing right now. It's catalogue season. All our condolences.”

EVAN:

Yep. Bastards. Want an egg, Beth? This one’s got celery and dill. Here we’ve got original, with a dash of chili pepper. And THESE. These sick looking things have crab meat! They look green, but don’t be alarmed. It’s just the avocado. Avocado deviled eggs! Can you believe it?

BETH:

That's a new twist on an old classic.

EVAN:

You’re not kiddin’, sister. The world's just full of twists. One day you’re planning a honeymoon to Paris. The next you’re mopping up the pieces of your dead girlfriend’s brain. Never stop twisting, world.

BETH:

Did you eat any of the other left-overs? Or the beef stroganoff I brought? Let me heat it up for you.

EVAN:

No, no, Beth. You're too kind. Come sit down. I'm a terrible host.

BETH:

Olivia’s parents have stayed in town. They want to know what happened.

EVAN:

(Examining a sugar cube.)

Don’t we all.

BETH:

I mean, they hired someone. He came by my place this morning to ask me questions. About you.

EVAN:

Did you tell him all about my wit and my charm?

BETH:

I told him you would never hurt anybody. But then he asked me why you owned a gun.

EVAN:

(Leans his head back and squeezes his eyes shut for a long time.)

How does the sugar stay in such a perfect cube, do you think? Look at this thing. Just look at it. This is geometry.

BETH:

Did you know she was depressed? Did she ever…say anything?

EVAN:

Olivia wasn’t depressed, Beth. She was just a rotten bitch.

BETH:

Please don't say that.

EVAN:

Can I get you some tea? Coffee? Are you sure you don’t want an egg?

BETH:

Evan, I’m going to help you.

EVAN:

(Surprised.)

You’re already helping me. You’re keeping me alive, Beth.

BETH:

I want you to let me look through Olivia’s things. She must have left something behind.

EVAN:

She left lots of things behind. Look at all this crap she left behind. We should have a garage sale. Or a parking ramp sale, rather.

BETH:

We need something that discredits … that proves that she … oh, never mind. Is it okay if I look through her things?

EVAN:

Knock yourself out. Feel free to take some jewelry. Anything you’d like. She’s outgrown them now anyway.

BETH:

I need your help. I want to get access to her email account, and her other things online. Do you know her passwords?

EVAN:

A-B-C-1-2-3-all-I-want-is-a-bullet-in-me.

BETH:

They might be saved on her computer, if I can have her computer. You can also apply to get her email password, but with the investigation, it could be difficult.

EVAN:

Take the laptop. Take it all.

BETH:

They set up a memorial fund in her name, you know. Donations are being made to the music school downtown. They do musical therapy there, and give free lessons.

EVAN:

Great!

BETH:

I thought that would make you happy.

EVAN:

Couldn’t be happier.

BETH:

Evan, I have to go soon, but I found this number for you. I think it’d be good for you to talk to this woman.

EVAN:

(Looks at the card.)

She’s a psychotherapist. Named Candie.

BETH:

She’s very good at her job. The Internet says so. I think it’d be good for you to talk to someone.

EVAN:

Beth, you’re a peach. I toast you for your peachiness.

BETH:

Will you make sure you eat well tonight? And maybe, you know, you can think about taking a shower?

EVAN:

Of course. Of course.

BETH:

I’ll come by tomorrow, okay? And, if you need anything, just knock. I’m right next door. So if you need anything at all.

EVAN:

(Building onto his sugar cube castle.)

Beth is the best. This turret is for Beth.

BETH:

(Sighs.)

All right, Evan. Have a good night.

EVAN:

And a good night to you, Madame!

(Beth exits. After struggling with the placement of a sugar cube, Evan loses interest in his castle. He picks up a robe of Olivia’s and smells it. He lies down with the robe crumpled over his face, breathing it in like a drowning man just handed an oxygen mask. Then he sits up and flings the robe across the room onto the area where Olivia died. He flips open his computer and looks through pictures of her, of the two of them together. He goes to her web site, where fans have left messages and posted videos. He finds her tour dates, and a video message that she posted to her fans.)

OLIVIA’S VIDEO:

Hi, friend. Thank you so much for stopping by my page. I’m so glad you’re here.

I’m Olivia Holland-Pryce, and if you’re here, you probably know that I’m a soprano at the Birchwood Conservatory of Classical and Contemporary Music, and you’re probably at least a little bit interested in my work.

Music is my passion, and my dream is to share this passion with the world. I believe that music has the power to transform and to heal, to unify and to transcend the petty banalities of everyday life. I suppose you can say I am a little bit dramatic, too.

On my web page, you can find out more about me and listen to some of my work, so please, stay a while. We have so much to explore.

In these videos, I hope to share with you more of my thoughts on music and, in particular, the pieces that I perform. I hope this helps you to better connect with the music and to increase your understanding of my work at the Birchwood Conservatory. Thanks for listening!

For now, I’d just like to read you one of my favorite poems, which I believe is expressive of the mystery and depths of great music. This is Sonnets to Orpheus 9, by Rainer Maria Rilke.

Only he who has raised

his lyre among shadows

may find his way back

to infinite praise.

Only he who has eaten with the dead

from the stores of poppy

will never again lose

the softest chord.

And though the pool's reflection

often blurs before us:

Know the image.

Only in the double realm

do the voices become

eternal and mild.

(The video freezes on a still image of Olivia, and Evan lingers on it for several minutes. Then he hits the Replay button. He forwards to the parts he wants to see. He knows how her movements fall to each second of video. As he watches, more notes arrive to Olivia.)

NOTE 1:

(On screen in text. Perhaps Evan reads it aloud in a mimicking voice.)

Dear Olivia. Your death has rendered a hole inside my soul. The world burned brighter with you in it. All that is left to fill me are the hollow sounds of your notes trapped in plastic and polish.

EVAN:

A regular Romeo. I hope he makes himself barf, too.

NOTE 2:

Olivia! I love your voice so much! I think you’re the best American soprano in the world! I would like you to visit my organization and perform. We are a retreat center for top business executives hoping to take a restive from the daily stressors of life. Because we are just opened, we can’t pay very much, but you are more than welcome to ALL of our amenities, including our cleansing mineral hot springs and our detoxifying sweat lodge. We hope very much that you can come visit us at the Happy Mountain Retreat and Recovery Center!

EVAN:

Someone missed a memo at the sweat lodge.

NOTE 3: Dear Ms. Holland-Pryce, I write from the Cremona Institute in Bulgaria, as I have heard from colleagues that you will be making extended travel through Bulgaria. I have also heard that you are a rising star with great talent, and so would like to correspond with you regarding teaching and performing opportinunities with the Institute...

EVAN: Blah, blah, blah.

(He pulls up a large image of Olivia and studies it.)

EVAN:

You’re a beautiful wretched conniving transcendent stinking filth pit liar. I hope you know that.

(He toasts her with a swig of whiskey and then puts on a CD of her singing. He lies down on the couch to go to sleep. After the CD ends, the song continues. The voice seems to inhabit the whole space, echoing out from all corners. After the singing ends, there is a rustle at the side of the stage as the robe tossed over the area of the death begins to move. It fills out and Olivia stands up, covered in the robe. The right side of her head is matted with blood. After taking some time to adjust back to the physical world, she steps her way over to Evan’s sleeping form. She crouches down so that her face is level with his. She studies him lovingly.)

OLIVIA:

I never meant to lie to you, darling. I thought I always told the truth. But I didn’t recognize the truth, until it crawled into my skull.

There’s a pounding in my skull, baby. It echoes like a metronome. Clack. Clack. Clack. Clack. Every second is a half note.

Please help me. Oh, baby, please help me.

(She crawls on top of him and places her head over his chest.)

OLIVIA:

Please help me. Please help me. Please help me.

End of Scene 2.

Scene 3

(Detective Samuels clears off a spot for himself to sit. Evan is overall not very impressed with him. His computer is on and he is more interested in the images of Olivia.)

DETECTIVE:

This is a very difficult situation for you, I’m sure. It’d be a difficult situation for anyone. I don’t mean to come here and make things worse for you. I hope you know that. I brought you a sandwich.

EVAN:

You take sugar in your coffee?

DETECTIVE:

Just cream.

EVAN:

Of course. (Under his breath.) Fucker.

DETECTIVE:

I got a roast beef hoagie and a Portobello eggplant. I wasn’t sure if you were veggie or not. I know your wife was.

EVAN:

She was my fiancée.

DETECTIVE:

Right. You had about two months till your wedding, didn’t you?

EVAN:

(Hands the guy some coffee and sits his ass down.)

DETECTIVE:

(Shakes his head.) A real shame, buddy. It’s a real shame. A tragedy.

EVAN:

Some people would see it that way. Shakespeare, for instance.

DETECTIVE:

How do you see it?

EVAN:

What do you mean?

DETECTIVE:

Well, what do you think happened? What’s your perspective?

EVAN:

Do I get a perspective?

DETECTIVE:

I’m going to be honest with you, buddy. Because I feel your pain. Some people see this like a tragedy. But others, they see a murder mystery. And after investigating Olivia’s contacts, there aren’t too many suspects in the pool.

EVAN:

She didn’t make it onto too many hit lists.

DETECTIVE:

How did you and Miss Holland-Pryce meet, bud?

EVAN:

(Considers his answer.)

I was walking in a rainstorm, looking for shelter. Found a bus stop, and there she was, drenched within an inch of her soul. Or rather, she was on the balcony of a manor on the lake. I saw her from the garden below and after that I was a lost man. Or try this one on for size. We were children together, living on opposite sides of the shire. Our fathers tried to keep us apart but we still found each other. We went on an adventure and scaled a mountain in the moors.

DETECTIVE:

You enjoy telling stories, Mr. Anderson?

EVAN:

We met the usual way. On the Internet. She was still a student then and I was still a writer.

DETECTIVE:

How long have you been together?

EVAN:

Something tells me you already know.

DETECTIVE:

I’m trying to help you out here. I’m on your side.

EVAN:

Who’s on the other side?

DETECTIVE:

This isn’t a pretty picture for you. And you’re not painting yourself well. Eat your sandwich. You look like you could use a balanced meal.

EVAN:

Balance. Right. (Takes a bite.)

DETECTIVE:

The gun that killed your fiancée — it was registered in your name. You don’t seem like the type to own a gun. When was the last time you shot a gun?

EVAN:

Haven’t shot one in my life.

DETECTIVE:

Your print was on the trigger. Interlaid with hers.

EVAN:

I bought that thing when I was eighteen. At a gun show with my grandfather. Almost forgot I had it.

DETECTIVE:

But Olivia knew you had it.

EVAN:

She said she didn’t want it in the house. She said that knowing it was close made her feel like we were in danger.

DETECTIVE:

But you forgot you had it.

EVAN:

(Studies the detective a moment.)

It’s not something that often saw the light of day.

(They partake in a stare down. Evan goes back onto his computer, flipping through photographs of Olivia.)

DETECTIVE:

She was a beautiful lady.

(Evan plays a video of her singing.)

OLIVIA:

[Music]

(They sit in silence for a moment, soaking in the residue of her voice.)

EVAN:

What do you want to know, detective? What can you know? What can any of us know?

DETECTIVE:

There are pieces that are missing to this. I’m just trying to puzzle it out.

EVAN:

Pieces that are missing.

(He picks up a sugar cube and studies it before dumping it into his coffee.)

DETECTIVE:

What do you want to know? What’s eating you up?

EVAN:

I want to know how to go back in time. How to stop myself from waking up to a dead body.

(Olivia, dressed in an outfit from her younger days, with no injuries apparent on her body, steps onto a corner of the stage, unseen by the men.)

DETECTIVE:

What would you do if you could go back in time? Tell her you love her? Keep yourself from picking a fight? Swallow your temper and count to ten, or wake yourself up before she does?

(Evan doesn’t answer. Olivia sits down and takes out her computer, plugging in the charger and getting comfortable.)

DETECTIVE:

Whatever you do different, the results will remain the same. That’s the problem with digging in the past.

OLIVIA:

(Reciting her thoughts as she composes e-mails.)

Hi, Evan!

Thanks for your note, as well as your poem. Smiley face. I would love to grab coffee but my schedule is a bit full this week. But I am heading downtown to the symphony on Sunday, and would not mind having company, if you would like to….. if you are not bored by orchestral instruments. The Frankfurt Philharmonic will be performing Bach, so it will be a classic, and I am friends with one of the violinists....Does he need to know that? It's not like we’re GOOD friends.... There is also decent coffee…. There is also a great wine bar around the area that I’ve been told to check out.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

DETECTIVE:

That’s the problem with my job. I go through the past picking up stray pieces, but for all that I collect, I can’t do a thing to change the present.

EVAN:

Are you trying to compare your mid-life crisis with my quarter-life apocalypse?

OLIVIA:

There is never enough time in our lives to do what we love and what we must. That is the biggest dissatisfaction, isn’t it? I know that what you want to do in life is to write poetry, just like what I want to do in life is to sing, and what we both want is to love each other, but then there are the things we must do, like go to work, buy groceries, eat, sleep, commute. If only time were limitless, I would spend ten thousand years just loving you....

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

DETECTIVE:

Sometimes though, what I find is that the past isn't what it seems. There is no solid thing we call the past. The past is fluid. It's constantly repeating, constantly changing.

EVAN:

A regular philosopher, aren't you?

DETECTIVE:

The past can sneak up on you. That's all I'm saying. Sometimes it'll surprise you.

OLIVIA:

Do you know what I love about art? I mean, what it is about art that makes it necessary and impossible to live without? The thing about art is that there is truth in it. Even if it is just a tiny tiny kernel hiding somewhere inside the highest, most difficult, most unpleasant note. Underneath all the makeup, and the costumes, and the stage lights, and the interviews, and the posturing, and the smiling, there is truth. And that is the only time I can ever, ever tell the truth.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

DETECTIVE:

Listen, kid. I'll leave you alone. I just want to ask you two questions, and I want you to tell me the truth.

EVAN:

Hit me. What have you got?

(The detective ruffles through his papers.)

OLIVIA:

I just want the world to shut up sometimes. I want there to be a still point, a silence. I just want things to stop sometimes. How can we ever think, to know our thoughts, to feel our bodies, if we aren't ever able to stop? I just want to stop. I want to stop.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

DETECTIVE:

How would you describe Olivia's mood these past few months leading up to her death? Did you notice anything unusual?

OLIVIA:

Birds stop in flight. I want to watch the swallow stop in flight. I want to watch the swallow fall out of the sky. There are thirteen ways of watching a swallow fall out of the sky.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

EVAN:

Unusual? No. Was she indescribably happy? No. Did she give the slightest indication she was about to fuck it all and off herself? No.

OLIVIA:

Stop talking about me. Stop looking at me. Stop thinking about me. Stop wanting me. Stop waiting for me. Stop masturbating to me. Stop re-naming me. Stop manifesting me. Stop creating me.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

DETECTIVE:

Were you aware that Olivia was seeing a psychotherapist named Dr. Candie Silvester, as an outpatient at Hillcrest Hospital?

OLIVIA:

I am so cold. I have no soul. Everything is cold. Everything must go.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

EVAN:

I was not aware of that. No.

OLIVIA:

Goodbye, little bird. I'll miss the flutter of your wings as you fly next to me.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

DETECTIVE:

Thank you for your time, Mr. Anderson. I know it's been hard on you.

EVAN:

Wait. You're just going to leave now?

DETECTIVE:

I understand and respect your need to be alone.

EVAN:

You didn't even eat your sandwich.

DETECTIVE:

You can use it more than me.

EVAN:

Why was she seeing a doctor?

DETECTIVE:

I don't know. A patient's rights can't be violated. It's called HIPPA.

EVAN:

Why do you think she was seeing a doctor?

DETECTIVE:

I think your girlfriend had more secrets than you realized. I think maybe in this case it's best to leave the past alone.

EVAN:

You're full of bullshit, you know that? You asked me what I want to know. This is what I want to know.

DETECTIVE:

Knowledge isn't an easy pill to swallow. Just remember. I'm on your side.

(Detective exits. Evan is confounded by his sandwiches.)

OLIVIA:

(Who has been watching this interchange the whole time.)

Poor little bird. You never liked surprises. If you want me to regurgitate into your mouth a worm as long as the equator, please be prepared to swallow the worm, dripping with my saliva and my bile.

(She prints this letter out and puts it in an envelope.)

End of Scene 3.

Scene 4

(Beth and Evan hang out in Evan's apartment. Beth does not return Olivia's computer. Evan is in an increasingly confused place. Beth tries to clean Evan's apartment.)

EVAN:

Beth, I will not allow you to clean my dishes. Please don't clean my dishes.

BETH:

I'm beginning to think that there are things living in your sink.

A mini kraken. Borne out of food bacteria.

EVAN:

I'll battle it down tomorrow.

BETH:

Should we throw out some of these eggs? I think that they're the main cause of the smell.

EVAN:

(Sniffs himself and smiles deprecatingly.) That's kind of you, Beth.

BETH:

(Throws a few things out and picks up Olivia's robe. She takes it and sits down with a heavy sigh.)

It's so strange. To think that she's just gone. She's never coming back.

EVAN:

(Sits down next to her.)

BETH:

I'm so sorry, Evan. I'm just — that's all I can say.

EVAN:

Yeah. Hey. Did you ever find anything on her computer? You were looking through it, right?

BETH:

Um, yeah. I took a look.

EVAN:

Did you find anything unusual?

BETH:

(She is a bad liar.) No, not really. It felt strange, looking through her private things. It felt like I was violating her.

EVAN:

You give up your privacy when you die.

BETH:

She already gave up so much of her privacy just by being a little bit famous. Did she ever show you, the fanmail she received?

EVAN:

Sometimes. Not everything. There was this crazy guy for a while. He would send her pictures of his cat sitting on top of a piano or inside a violin case with captions like "Meow! I love your mew-mew-mew-sic" or "Your voice is fantasti-cat!" But then she got the agent and they made her contact info private. That took care of most of the weird ones.

BETH:

I never thought about what it might be like to be her. I was always just jealous of her.

EVAN:

You were jealous?

BETH:

(Nervously) Right. A little bit. Because she was so successful, you know? But, I guess, there's always more than meets the eye, right?

EVAN:

Was I a good man to her?

BETH:

(Startled.) What do you mean?

EVAN:

Was I good?

BETH:

You were wonderful.

EVAN:

But. Not good enough.

BETH:

You were wonderful.

EVAN:

How did I not know then?

BETH:

None of us knew. No one in their wildest dreams would ever have imagined it. Look at how shocked everyone is. Her parents hired a detective!

EVAN:

What did I do wrong?

BETH:

You didn't do anything wrong. You didn't.

(She raises a hand to touch him, but then changes her mind. It is not her place to touch him.)

BETH:

It's not your fault, Evan. I swear to you. None of it is your fault. Olivia was troubled. There were things, in her life. She had her own demons.

EVAN:

She never told me. She never told any of it to me.

BETH:

Maybe she just couldn't.

EVAN:

Maybe I didn't listen. That was all she ever wanted. For people to listen.

BETH:

Evan, I think...there's...Don't be so hard on yourself, okay? It's not your fault.

(Evan starts to cry. Beth is uncertain how she fits into this particular moment. She squeezes his hand, but there is like a force field preventing any further intimacy.)

BETH:

I should go. I'll come back tomorrow, okay?

EVAN:

Wait. Please don't go. I'm sorry. Please? Stay?

BETH:

("Do I get myself into this?") Okay. I'll stay.

EVAN:

Thank you.

(She sits down next to him again. Neither knows how to proceed.)

EVAN:

Do you want to play cards?

BETH:

(At the same time.) Let me clean up a little.

(Beth gets up and engages herself in sweeping or some other cleaning activitiy. Evan watches her, then watches his hands and feet. Beth eventually finds herself standing in front of The Stain. She doesn't know what to do about it.)

BETH:

Do you think...? Should I call a carpet cleaner for you?

EVAN:

Olivia wanted to clean the carpet once. She thought she was allergic to the carpet. It made her throat itch. I told her she was being neurotic. We'd buy a house soon. But she didn't want to move. She said she'd never found a bathroom with such great acoustics.

(He picks up a sugar cube with shaky fingers.)

BETH:

("Okay. Touchy subject.") Okay, forget that. I'll just ... pretend it's not there.

EVAN:

Sometimes I hear her, you know? Singing in the bathroom. She's all over the place.

BETH:

Maybe you should have that garage sale. Or, you know, start to get rid of some of her things.

EVAN:

I know. I'm just, so tired.

BETH:

Go to sleep, then. I'll be here.

EVAN:

You will?

BETH:

Yeah. I won't leave you.

EVAN:

Thank you, Beth.

(Some time passes and Evan is asleep on the couch. Beth covers him with a Navajo blanket. She sits down on the ground next to the couch, or maybe on a loveseat. Soon she is asleep as well. Some unearthly, but also not very digitally manipulated, music begins to waft into the air. Evan wakes and sits up. A light appears in the bathroom. Water begins to run. The singing gets louder. Evan walks over and opens the door, careful not to wake Beth. When he does, he sees a female profile shadowed behind the shower curtain. The voice in the music becomes clearer. Evan watches but does not disturb her. After a while, a male figure springs up from behind the shower curtain as well. The two figures begin to talk and kiss, but their voices and the sound of the water seem to bounce across the whole space, not confined to the country of the tub.)

MALE FIGURE:

Let me soap you. You're so lovely. How did you get so lovely?

FEMALE FIGURE:

It took a lot of hard work and dedication. No dithering around here.

MALE FIGURE:

I love being with you like this. Nothing between us. Everything washed off. No makeup, no costumes. You're just you.

FEMALE FIGURE:

I don't even know who I am anymore.

MALE FIGURE:

You're just you. I love you.

FEMALE:

I love you, too.

MALE FIGURE:

(Begins kissing more aggressively.)

FEMALE:

When I was little, I loved watching my mom put her makeup on. She called it making her face. Sometimes she put makeup on me, too. But once we were at the beach, it was hot, and her makeup started to melt. She used surgical makeup. A lot of it. And it started sliding off her face, like ice cream dripping down. It was horrible. I dream about it still. My face sliding off. And nothing underneath the makeup but a dark hole.

MALE FIGURE:

Your face isn't going to slide off. Your face is beautiful. I'd lick your face if it were ice cream.

FEMALE FIGURE:

Oh! Stop that.

MALE FIGURE:

What flavor ice cream would you be? Something sweet, but tangy.

FEMALE FIGURE:

Mango?

MALE FIGURE:

Passion fruit.

FEMALE FIGURE:

You'd be pistachio. Or pecan. Something nutty.

MALE FIGURE:

Hmmm.

(He gets on his knees to eat her out. Then kisses his way back up.)

MALE FIGURE:

I can't get enough of you.

FEMALE FIGURE:

I want you inside me.

(Sloppy shower sex ensues.)

MALE FIGURE:

I want to stay like this forever.

FEMALE FIGURE:

(Something changes in her voice.)

You can't. You have to go back to where you belong.

(A beat.)

MALE FIGURE:

That doesn't belong here.

FEMALE FIGURE:

Neither do you.

MALE FIGURE:

Don't talk. No more talking. Just touching. Just feeling.

(He renews this escapade with vigor, gaining in momentum and pleasure as she becomes more and more detached.)

FEMALE FIGURE:

You can't stay here. There's no place for you here. No place for either of us.

MALE FIGURE:

I don't care. I just — uhnn.

FEMALE FIGURE:

They're trying to scrub me out. Rub me down with bleach and alcohol.

MALE FIGURE:

Oh God. Oh God. Stop talking.

FEMALE FIGURE:

I'm going to drown.

MALE FIGURE:

I'm going to come.

FEMALE FIGURE:

The metronome is clicking. One two three four. One two three four. You have to count the note to the very end. There's no coda in this one. There's no break. There's no —

MALE FIGURE:

Be quiet. Just be quiet. (Covers her mouth with his hand.)

FEMALE FIGURE:

(Shrugs his hand off. Whispers.) We're almost at the end again... one... two... three...

MALE FIGURE:

Ah ... ahh ... ah ...

(A gun explodes. Blood splatters over the shower curtain. The female figure slumps against the male figure.)

EVAN:

Don't! No!

(Olivia creeps up behind him.)

OLIVIA:

It's okay, darling. I found another way out.

EVAN:

(Whips around at the sound of her voice. Shock and disbelief slowly turn into joy.)

You're home.

(Lights out.)

SCENE 5

(Logan sits inside his bathroom, waiting for his session to begin. The floor of the bathroom is full of red rose petals and half-burned candles. He plays with them as he waits. Finally, his Skype phone rings.)

CANDIE:

So sorry I'm late. I'll be happy to extend our session by ten minutes today, for no extra charge, to make up for this delay in our start time. How are you?

LOGAN:

I can see your boobs.

CANDIE:

Oh! Oh. (Adjusts her surprise to a professional suaveness.) And does this bother you?

LOGAN:

(Considers it. Shrugs.)

CANDIE:

This camera...got a little off-center. There we go. That's better.

LOGAN:

Your bra is pretty.

CANDIE:

Thank you. So. Last time we met, we dipped into some of the obstacles preventing you from optimizing your selfhood. How would you like to direct today's session? Where would you like to go?

LOGAN:

Nowhere. I like my home.

CANDIE:

What would you like to talk about?

LOGAN:

(Sweeps a hand across the petals.) Afterlife.

CANDIE:

What do you mean? Afterlife?

LOGAN:

I don't believe in heaven. And I definitely don't believe in hell. 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:

Yes. I've heard of it.

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 keep your windows open at home? Fresh air and sunshine are great analgesics for emotional pain.

LOGAN:

No, I don't open my windows that much. It rains a lot here. Like, all the time.

CANDIE:

That can be depressing for some people.

LOGAN:

It can be dangerous for some people. I just...I don't like water. I don't like being outside. In case it rains.

CANDIE:

So, let's talk about the girl again. Your neighbor.

LOGAN:

She doesn't sing anymore.

CANDIE:

No?

LOGAN:

No. She, um, she went away. She got this fellowship to sing in Bulgaria. So she packed up and moved away. But the guy, he's still here. She's going to become very famous. The director of the symphony — his name is Claude? He's...he's really good.

CANDIE:

It sounds like you're keeping up with her Facebook feed and all that.

LOGAN:

Mark and Anthony are.

CANDIE:

And to what purpose, may I ask?

LOGAN:

I can see your boobs again.

CANDIE:

You got me onto the edge of my seat, I guess.

LOGAN:

Do you do all of your sessions undressed?

CANDIE:

It depends on the type of session, but here. I've got a sweater.

LOGAN:

Do you do a lot of different sessions?

CANDIE:

I'm very diverse in my approach toward helping clients achieve personal fulfillment. Speaking of which, let's get back to you. What's your purpose in burying yourself inside her profiles? You say you want to stop wanting her, but what do you get from trailing her on the Internet?

LOGAN:

I get...to see what she's doing.

CANDIE:

How does that make you feel? Watching her life evolve as yours, in effect, stagnates?

LOGAN:

What do you mean, stagnates?

CANDIE:

You willingly become a passive observer, rather than an agent.

LOGAN:

That's not true.

CANDIE:

How so? What do you do, lurking behind your computer monitor, that creates any impact on your interpersonal relationships?

LOGAN:

I have a lot of friends.

CANDIE:

When do you see them?

LOGAN:

When I go online.

CANDIE:

But that's not the same as being in an elevator, is it? Standing next to someone, breathing the same air, almost touching, trapped together.

LOGAN:

I don't want to talk about the elevator.

CANDIE:

Okay. Well, now that she's no longer here, you can't run into her in the elevator anymore, can you? It would seem you no longer have to wrestle with wanting or not wanting to see her.

LOGAN:

It doesn't matter where people go. They're always here. You can always see them.

CANDIE:

You mean, on the Internet. Don't you think you should stop trying to see her? It's like scratching a mosquito bite, isn't it? You only make it worse.

LOGAN:

Not scratching is the worst.

CANDIE:

I'm confused about what you want from this woman. What do you hope to get from her?

LOGAN:

Nothing. I don't want anything from her.

CANDIE:

Yet I sensed some codependency last time we talked. You seem to have taken her departure rather hard.

LOGAN:

It's okay. I think...(listening for music)...I think she'll come back.

CANDIE:

But what will be different when she comes back?

(The music begins to come out of the vent again. But it sounds more like a tortured whistling, like the whine of machinery.)

LOGAN:

Everything.

SCENE 6

(Evan and Olivia sit next to each other on the floor of the bathroom. The blood on the shower curtain has been washed away. Beth, unseen, sleeps in the living room.)

EVAN:

Does it hurt?

OLIVIA:

(Touches the wound on the right side of her head.)

Not really. It's just uncomfortable. It's like I've got a splinter in there, and I can't dig it out.

EVAN:

It went in deep, huh?

OLIVIA:

I guess so.

EVAN:

I could get tweezers. Do you want to try tweezers? That's how they do it in hospitals, right?

OLIVIA:

Calm down. I'm fine. You don't have to worry.

EVAN:

I don't have to worry? You — you just — do you know what you did?

OLIVIA:

I can't stay long. Let's not fight.

EVAN:

Why can't you stay? Where are you going?

OLIVIA:

I don't know. London. France. Bulgaria.

EVAN:

Why did you leave me?

OLIVIA:

(Staunchly.)

It wasn't intentional. It was just — it was just a mistake.

EVAN:

It can happen to anyone.

OLIVIA:

Exactly.

EVAN:

I missed you.

OLIVIA:

I missed you so much.

EVAN:

Seventeen days. You've been gone seventeen days.

OLIVIA:

Those days made some lines on your face. I'm so sorry.

EVAN:

Why did you do it?

OLIVIA:

(Shakes her head.) I don't know. I'm like a song that got misarranged, and half the notes went missing, lost underneath the couch.

EVAN:

You're keeping things from me. You always were. I found your letters. Were they for me? Did you leave them for me?

OLIVIA:

I used to write a journal. But then I realized that no one would ever read it. So I started writing letters, instead. Sometimes even e-mails. I never addressed them to anyone, though.

EVAN:

What did they even mean?

OLIVIA:

Do you remember Monteverdi? The crooked pottery and dusty flea markets? Do you know why I liked it so much? We had a fight there.

EVAN:

That's why you liked it?

OLIVIA:

You don't remember. It was when we were walking by the marina, and you told me I should try pottery, and I said, I didn't have time for anything but music. And we argued about the place of art in our lives. You said I revered it too much, and I said you couldn't be a poet and a copywriter both, and that a serious poet would never have children, because they wouldn't want to bring their children into such a cruel world. And then you called me a histronic hyperbolizer, and we fought, and in the end you said, "Let's just stop. None of this will change the fact that I'm doomed to love you." And then you pecked my cheek like a little bird.

EVAN:

I do remember that.

OLIVIA:

That was the first time you told me you loved me. (Laughs.) I'm such a silly girl. A stupid, silly girl.

EVAN:

You're not stupid. Sometimes you're stupid.

OLIVIA:

I couldn't breathe. I would get so scared. Out of nowhere. This fear would curl up in me.

EVAN:

Why didn't you tell me? I would have helped you. What were you afraid of?

OLIVIA:

Of the future.

EVAN:

Of us? Of the wedding?

OLIVIA:

No. Just the unknown. The door that hasn't been opened. Do you know I have this dream? I had it the night before my first audition. When I was, like, sixteen. And it hasn't gone away since. I'm about to get on stage, and I have my sheet music, and I'm wearing my grandmother's white dress. So I step onto the stage, clutching my music, and the audience starts laughing at me. Everyone is laughing. (Insert bizarro laugh track and strange stage music.) The auditorium is endless. It stretches forever. I try to run away, but I can't move, because suddenly there are strings attached to my arms and legs. I'm a puppet. And everyone is pointing and laughing. (Another wave of bizarro laughter). And that's the future.

EVAN:

No. The future is us, together. Our marriage. Our kids. Our mortgage bill and family vacations and retirement plan. Our condo in sunny Florida. Is that what you're afraid of? Normal, mundane life creeping its normal pace forward?

OLIVIA:

Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow.

EVAN:

What is so bad about tomorrow? What is so fucking bad about tomorrow?

OLIVIA:

Sometimes I didn't even want to sing. I hate the moment before I step on the stage. Did you know that? I hate it more every time.

EVAN:

Answer the question.

BETH:

Evan? (Evan turns around and finds Beth peering in.)

Is everything okay? I heard you...shouting.

EVAN:

I ... (He looks back at Olivia.) I'm just losing my mind.

BETH:

It's okay, Evan. I know this must be so hard for you. You can — whatever you need, you should just do it.

OLIVIA:

You're in the audience, too. Center of the very first row. Sitting next to her.

EVAN:

None of this makes any sense.

OLIVIA:

You talk to her so loudly I can overhear what you say. "What a waste," you say. "Did you know she's been waiting for this her whole life?" And then you laugh. And you say, "I just can't stop laughing. I'm crying!"

BETH:

Maybe it will never make sense.

OLIVIA:

Dreams don't make sense, so maybe this is all just a dream.

EVAN:

(Laughs.)

BETH:

Evan?

EVAN:

I just can't stop laughing. I'm crying.

OLIVIA:

In my dream, you shout up to me, "Is this what you've worked for?" "Is this what your life is about?" And then you turn to her again. "What a waste," you say. "Did you know she's been –"

BETH:

Come on, Evan. Get up from there.

OLIVIA:

"Did you know she's been waiting for this her whole life?"

BETH:

Get up. Let's get you back to bed. (She touches his shoulder, and he grabs onto her hand like it's the rope on his lifeline.) It's okay. It's going to be okay.

EVAN:

How will it be okay?

BETH:

You just...you just have to stop looking behind you. And slowly it'll become part of the past.

OLIVIA:

We don't have a future, Evan. One little bullet blew it all up. All we have is history. But didn't we have a beautiful history?

BETH:

Come on. Stop reliving it. Stop looking back. It wasn't your fault. And you couldn't have done a thing to change it.

OLIVIA:

Remember Monteverdi? Remember the vineyard? Remember the little bird? Remember busking? Remember Chopin? Remember Pioneer Square in the rain?

BETH:

Bury her. She wanted to leave. So let her go.

OLIVIA:

Remember Christmas?...Remember sunrise on coast?... Remember...?

(Beth leads Evan back outside. They walk past the stain on the carpet.)

BETH:

Let's clean this up.

(Together Beth and Evan make a mound of dirt over the blood stain. They plant the various flowers strewn around the house into the dirt.)

BETH:

I hope she rests in peace.

(From the bathroom, Olivia looks out at them.)

Scene 7

(Beth sits at the detective's office, holding Olivia's computer to her chest. \*Note: May get rid of original scene of Beth asking Evan for Olivia's computer [Scene 3], and include the incident in [Scene 6] instead, having her request that Evan give her Olivia's computer so that he stops spending so much time on it.)

BETH:

I don't think she was ever as happy as everyone thought she was. You'll see, if you look in her computer.

DETECTIVE:

You're really fighting for this guy.

BETH:

He's a good guy. He doesn't deserve this.

DETECTIVE:

I'm not trying to convict him of anything, Miss. I'm just trying to find some understanding for two mourning parents.

BETH:

I think I hate her. I've never hated anyone, but I think I hate her.

DETECTIVE:

She was your friend, wasn't she?

BETH:

Kind of. But I don't think she was anyone's friend. Evan...he's so nice. He helped me move into the building, when I didn't know a single person in the city. And now he's....I don't care how desperate she was. How could she do this to him? I will never understand, and, and I won't even try to forgive her.

DETECTIVE:

So...you've brought me her computer.

BETH:

(Uncomfortable about violating her privacy.) I thought you could use it in your investigation. There are things in there...You'll see. She was troubled.

DETECTIVE:

(Takes the computer.) Did you look through it already?

BETH:

Well, I — she — It's not like she's here to stop me.

DETECTIVE:

How well would you say you knew Miss Holland-Pryce?

BETH:

Well, we weren't like, close confidantes, like I said, but, I guess, I guess I saw her fairly often. With Evan. Although sometimes we'd go shopping, and she asked me for cooking lessons.

DETECTIVE:

And you moved to the city to become an actor, is that right?

BETH:

(Embarrassed.) Well, I really just wanted a change, but yeah, I acted in college, and my professor said I was good. But I mean, that was in Iowa. I mean, I'm just a baker now.

DETECTIVE:

The reason I'm asking is because I may have a gig for you, Miss Beaseley. To be Olivia.

BETH:

What?

DETECTIVE:

It's come to our attention that since her death, there is still ongoing activity within some of her accounts. Particularly on one account, there seems to be someone trying to reach her.

BETH:

Is it Evan?

DETECTIVE:

No. But we'd like you to help us figure out who it is.

(Lights on in the other side of the stage.)

LOGAN: