Logan Scenes

Scene 1

(Lights on over LOGAN's bathroom. He has a fish tank that houses a brightly colored snake named ZORA. And a computer on a desk. The bathroom 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 don't know what to do now.

CONSTANCE:

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

LOGAN:

She lives right above me. I hear her footsteps. And I hear them talking 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 humming. And then she checked her mail. So I looked at her mailbox and then I googled her. She has her own website, for her singing. 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 Phillip and Timothy are. And I made Phillip and Timothy. So, in a way, I'm friends with her twice.

CONSTANCE:

What do you mean, you made Phillip and Timothy? ... Remember. You can tell me anything. That’s part of my job. I won’t tell anyone else. I won’t report you. And I certainly won’t judge you.

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 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 recipe blogs.

CONSTANCE:

So you steal identities.

LOGAN:

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

CONSTANCE:

I see. Is it like...an imaginary friend? Are you creating tulpas?

LOGAN:

No. Absolutely not.

CONSTANCE:

Okay.

LOGAN:

You can't make tulpas based on real people. That would create an identity crisis. 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 the 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 — Something’s different now. I mean, she was there. Right in front of me. I could smell her!

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 sound waves.

CONSTANCE:

Uh huh… How’s your relationship with your mother?

LOGAN:

Fine. We talk on Sundays. 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:

Oh, yeah. Sometimes she sings at night, too. Not every night, but some nights. If you wait for like, another half an hour, you might hear her.

CONSTANCE:

I’ve got another session, later, but I just want to ask, what do you hope to get from this woman? Do you want to see her again? Do you want to have sex with her?

LOGAN:

Of course not! She doesn’t have a vagina. (Vaginas are gross face.)

CONSTANCE:

What do you want from her then?

LOGAN:

Nothing. I just want to see what she’s doing. She’s rehearsing for the Magic Fiddle now. And … and she’s getting married. He’s kind of a tool, but … who knows? Maybe she’ll leave him.

CONSTANCE:

Okay, so what do *you* get out of this? How does it make you feel? Watching her life blossom as yours, in effect, stagnates?

LOGAN:

What do you mean, stagnates?

CANDIE:

You willingly become a passive observer, rather than an agent. You spend all your time lurking behind your computer monitor. How does that affect your interpersonal relationships?

LOGAN:

I have lots 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. …. How often do you masturbate?

LOGAN:

… A normal amount. Are you… Are you taking off your shirt?

CANDIE:

Imagine, the inside of the elevator. It’s hot. Humid. You reach the fifteenth floor, but then you get stuck. The lights go off. Your neighbor, she’s so hot, she can’t bear it. She undoes the buttons of her shirt. There are beads of sweat appearing —

LOGAN:

I can see your boobs.

CANDIE:

And does that make you uncomfortable?

LOGAN:

(Defensively.) No.

CANDIE:

(Puts her shirt back on.) All right. We’re nearing the end of our session today.

LOGAN:

Where did you say you got your degree again?

CANDIE:

The nature of my study was very self-directed. But I hold several certifications from various accredited online institutions. I have many high profile clients.

LOGAN:

That’s why you’re so expensive.

CANDIE:

Mmhmm. So, a transaction will be made on your account 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:

Okay. 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:

Black.

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:

Brown.

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:

Gray.

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 5

(This scene occurs after Beth tells Evan about the detective, and Evan has already done some of his own searching.)

(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:

Now, do you know where we take the first step when solving a murder mystery?

EVAN:

Nope. But I bet you do!

DETECTIVE:

The murder weapon. This gun. It was registered in your name.

EVAN:

It was my grandfather’s gun. My inheritance.

DETECTIVE:

You ever… play around with it much.

EVAN:

It sat inside the top drawer. Never saw the light of day much. I didn’t even know it had bullets. … Olivia wanted it gone. She said it made it feel like we were in danger.

(The moment softens.)

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. Washburne?

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:

Then who’s on the other side?

(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?

DETECTIVE:

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

EVAN:

Do you have any pieces that I don’t?

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

DETECTIVE:

What do you want to know?

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:

What are you? A philosophy major?

DETECTIVE:

I was, actually.

EVAN:

Is that what all philosophy majors do? Become private investigators?

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 the truth.

EVAN:

Hit me. What have you got, Nietzche?

(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.... I want to curl up inside the curve of the fermata.

(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 sparrow stop in flight. I want to watch the sparrow fall out of the sky. There are thirteen ways of watching a sparrow 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:

Stop. Stop. Stop. Stop.

(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:

She had a standing appointment every Wednesday evening.

EVAN:

Why?

Thank you for your time, Mr. Hamilton. 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 take it. 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 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 exchange.) Poor little bird. You never liked surprises. What a shock, when the wind knocks you off-course.

EVAN:

(Asking the emptiness.) Why were you going to the doctor’s?

(He gets up and goes over to her computer, pushing her out of the way and taking her seat. Olivia stands and looks over his shoulder.)

OLIVIA:

Look at that. Pictures for our slideshow. You were such a cute baby. Look at those chubby little cheeks. Did you know I was making a slideshow? I had to ask your mom for those pictures….Mmm, okay. That might not be your cup of tea. I get it.

EVAN:

(Browsing, browsing, browsing.)

OLIVIA:

Internet history? You don’t think I clean that up? Oh, don’t go for that folder, baby. Not that one. There, that’s better. That’s a good one.

EVAN:

(Pauses and smiles at the screen.)

OLIVIA:

We were so young then, weren’t we? So young and poor and hopeful. Where did we take those pictures? Were we at the beach?

(Shadows of them playing at the beach run across the wall.)

OLIVIA:

There were seagulls at the beach. You held French fries above your head and they all came swooping down at us. I thought they were going to bite off your fingers.

EVAN:

I laughed at you for being scared of birds, and you said, “God damnit. They have talons.” And then…(He gets up and gets closer to the shadows)…and then, one of them brushed by your hair.

OLIVIA:

Nooo. It landed in my hair. It was going to build a nest and make a tree out of me. Or….wherever seagulls sleep.

EVAN:

You screamed, “Get it off! Get it off!” It was a full soprano scream. Probably scared the birds off for weeks. You grabbed me by the neck.

OLIVIA:

No. You took me by the hands. You touched my face.

EVAN:

You kissed me.

OLIVIA:

Liar. You kissed me first.

EVAN:

You didn’t want to go home. You wanted to stay out there all night.

(He sits down in the place of the male shadow. Next to the female shadow, who makes dramatic conversational gestures.)

OLIVIA:

You thought we were going to have sex. But I made you listen first.

EVAN:

We made a fire and watched it burn out. You told me the stories of all your favorite heroines.

OLIVIA:

You asked me why they all died such gruesome deaths.

(The female shadow stills and quiets down. As if she too is listening.)

EVAN:

There was Carmen, the untamable one. You liked Aida, who saved her country, but wouldn't save herself. And then Floria Tosca, an opera singer, too, made an exchange to save her lover, but she was tricked. You didn’t have a favorite role, though. You didn't want to be any of them.

OLIVIA:

I wanted to be a new role. A woman who survives.

EVAN:

You trained so hard you made me feel guilty. Writing was so ... capricious.

OLIVIA:

I told you you just had to do the work. And be ready for anything that came up. And be ready to give up everything when anything did.

EVAN:

I asked you what the hardest part was. You said it was all hard, but ...

OLIVIA:

... but you just had to remember how much you want it.

EVAN:

And then you lay down. And you pointed at the sunrise. (He turns to look at the female shadow.) Even then you were hiding things from me, weren’t you? Why couldn’t you tell me?

(The female shadow fades away, and Olivia exits the stage as well. Evan goes back to Olivia's computer. He begins composing a note.)

EVAN:

Where are you? Where the fuck are you? ... Please come back. I just want to talk to you. I just want to see you. … Come back here, you bitch! … Please. Please come back? I need to talk to you. I need to know you.

End of Scene 5.

SCENE 7

(Occurs after detective has visited Evan, but before we revisit Beth and Evan during the shower scene.)

(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:

Hello there. How are you tonight?

LOGAN:

(Ponders the screen but does not respond.)

CANDIE:

Can you hear me? Are we set up on sound? …. CAN. YOU. HEEEAR. ME? (Fiddles with microphone.) Fucking Tad. I told him not to fuck around with cheap equipment. Next time governor of New Jersey wants to *record* everything … (To someone else.) Hey! 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. Ahem. 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:

I mean, 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. Because of the rain. And the space.

CANDIE:

Space?

LOGAN:

I don’t like space very much. I mean, I’m okay with it, in my home, in the bathroom, under the kitchen table, but I don’t like the space outside, or like, atmospheric. I wish the world were flat. So the space could at least be in one direction. But, it’s, like, all around us, you know?

CANDIE:

Yes. There is space. All around us.

LOGAN:

Did you know that the diameter of the sun is 1.392 million kilometers? It’s like the biggest thing in our solar system by far, because you could fit one million Earths inside the sun, and still have room for like, a few moons and a swimming pool. But the sun isn’t even the biggest thing in outer space. There’s another star, it’s called Betelgeuse, and it’s 700 times bigger than the sun. I think, in outer space, the sun is just like a marble. Space is just … so big. Like, if you floated away, where would you go?

CANDIE:

You pose an intriguing question.

LOGAN:

I don’t want to float away. I don’t want anyone to float away.

CANDIE:

I think that’s admirable of you.

LOGAN:

You know how sometimes they’ll say, “a web of stars?” Do you know that phrase? … The thing is, actually, they aren’t webs. The stars are just scattered there. A “scattering of stars.” That’s a better way to say it. So, once you go too far into space, it’s just … space, with an infinite amount of stars, big ones, and small ones, and, actually, they aren’t even in the same plane, sometimes. Some stars are much older than other stars. And they’re much further away from each other than people think. So you’d just float away, into all these stars. … It must be so quiet there.

CANDIE:

Let’s bring this back a little bit. Last week, we talked about your neighbor. Where are you with that?

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. They’re just — they’re not getting married anymore. She’s going to be famous, though. 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:

Phillip and Timothy are. Phillip, um, Phillip sent her some letters.

CANDIE:

Did he? Well, that’s good progress.

LOGAN:

Phillip is a composer. He specializes in baroque and rock and roll. I think he could do very cool collaborations with her voice.

CANDIE:

That sounds wonderful. I’m happy for you.

LOGAN:

She’s not going to write back.

CANDIE:

Perhaps not … but isn’t the step that we make ourselves, to reach out to another, the most important one of all?

LOGAN:

It doesn’t matter. When no one’s there on the other end.

CANDIE:

Sometimes people are busy, and sometimes mail gets lost. But you’re still sending your voice out there, towards another spirit, rather than a void.

LOGAN:

I wish stars were like connect the dot. And you can always connect them together.

CANDIE:

So…Phillip. Does *he* look at her Facebook pictures a lot?

LOGAN:

Sometimes. … She doesn't look the way she did on the elevator.

CANDIE:

How did she look on the elevator? To Phillip?

LOGAN:  
Phillip wasn’t onthe elevator. How would Phillip get on an elevator? (Chuckles at her.)

CANDIE:

I’m sorry. I meant, how did she look to you?

LOGAN:

Fine. She was wearing a … skirt, and a white shirt. She had a lot of hair, and … so much skin.

CANDIE:

Was it a sheer kind of shirt? Could you see through it? Did it dip low, over her breasts?

LOGAN:

Stop it. I know what you’re trying to do. That’s not what I want.

CANDIE:

What do you want, then?

LOGAN:

(Beat.) Can you take off your shirt again?

CANDIE:

I’m so glad you asked.

LOGAN:

You have nice boobs.

CANDIE:

Thank you.

LOGAN:

(Takes out his boner. Hesitates for one shy moment. Then starts pounding it.)

CANDIE:

Slow down a little. Enjoy it. Shhh. Picture my hand on your cock.

LOGAN:

(Makes his weird masturbation sound.)

CANDIE:

Wait. Stop.

(Logan stops and looks up.)

CANDIE:

Let’s begin this with a visualization exercise instead. Close your eyes, and take three deep breaths with me. We have to take them at the same time. It’s very important.

(Some breathing synchronization occurs. Finally, they are able to take three breaths together.)

CANDIE:

Good. Good. Now. Picture us sitting inside a field. A damp wind comes and blows away all of our inhibitions, all of our uncleanliness, all of our shame, making us ready, for each other.

LOGAN:

(Tosses his hair back to make himself spiffy.)

CANDIE:

You come to me. You grab me by my butt cheeks. You pull me close to you. … When you’re ready, you feel yourself grow hard. You are harder than you have ever been, bigger than you have ever been. You are throbbing. You want to plunge yourself inside of me. You do it. You plunge. …. Now. What color is the inside of my cunt?

(Lights out.)

End of Scene 7

Scene 9

(This will occur after Olivia’s resurrection, but before Evan’s wedding day.)

(Logan sits on his bathroom floor, eating lo mien takeout. He is mid-session with Candie.)

LOGAN:

Have you ever been to a midnight tea party?

CANDIE:

I don’t drink tea. I drink coffee.

LOGAN:

There’s no tea at the tea party. No one brings tea. Some of the vampires will bring blood, but they don’t really drink it or anything. They’re not really vampires.

CANDIE:

Good to know. It would be a little problematic if they were.

LOGAN:

Last time, at the tea party, Marie Antoinette was there, Joan of Arc was there, Benjamin Franklin was there — He was totally boring. He didn’t know anything about lightning — and three Elvis Presley’s were there. Do you like Elvis Presley?

CANDIE:

No. He stinks of patriarchal machismo, and he treats women with contempt borne out of fear.

LOGAN:

Oh. Marie Antoinette is a vampire. She’s delightful. Do you like Marie Antoinette?

CANDIE:

I’m not informed enough to have an opinion.

LOGAN:

Cool. So do you want to go with me?

CANDIE:

Excuse me.

LOGAN:

Do you want to go with me? To a midnight tea party?

CANDIE:

…Nnnno. I think you misunderstand the boundaries of our relationship.

LOGAN:

Oh.

CANDIE:

I’m sorry. I used to have a handbook. I’m in the midst of updating it, but I could e-mail you a copy. All of your e-mail addresses have been randomized.

LOGAN:

No. That’s okay. It’s not a big deal. Let’s do visualization again. / (Let’s have sex again.)

CANDIE:

Pause your horses. I’d like to talk first. You seem … happier. Your mood’s improved. Would you like to detail some of the progress or achievements you’ve made that are contributing to your rising spirits?

LOGAN:

(Giggles?) I figured it out. The mystery.

CANDIE:

What mystery?

LOGAN:

THEE mystery. Of immortality!

CANDIE:

Uh … vampires?

LOGAN:

No! Vampires aren’t real! We just talked about that.

CANDIE:

Okay. So, what?

LOGAN:

I don’t really know how I did it. But, usually, I work so hard to make someone alive. And whenever I take a break, they die right away. All of my profiles, they live in a half comatose state. But now, this time, with *her* … she’s *spoken* to me. I’ve brought her back somehow. Or maybe … maybe I didn’t do it at all. Maybe it *wasn’t* me. I mean, who am I to think that I could — Maybe it was *her.* Because she … she ascended somehow, she *rose* —

CANDIE:

Whoah. Whoah. Whoah. I don’t do any of that weird religion stuff. That’s stated on my web site.

LOGAN:

No. No. It’s not weird. It’s beautiful. I just wish I could understand it.

CANDIE:

We have twenty minutes left in our session today. Perhaps we should end with a lengthier visualization exercise today.

LOGAN:

I don’t even really need to understand it, though. I’m just glad to know that it’s there. That *she’s* there. She’s all around us… She’s … eternal.

CANDIE:

Listen. If you need to talk to a priest, or a rabbi, or a monk, or a shaman, that is fine, but I am none of those things. I am just —

LOGAN:

You’re just wonderful. I really like you.

CANDIE:

Oh boy.

LOGAN:

I really like talking to you and doing visualizations with you.

CANDIE:  
Should have seen this one coming.

LOGAN:

Hey! Hey. What’s your name?

CANDIE:

We’ve gotten a little off-course, so let’s end today’s session a little bit early. You’ll only be charged for a half-session, and I’ll send you a copy of my handbook.

LOGAN:

Okay. But tell me what your —

CANDIE:

Please read it. And I’ll see you next week! (Signs off.)

LOGAN:

* (Sits quietly, a little bit abandoned.) — My name’s Logan. It’s nice to … meet you.

End of Scene 9.

Scene 10

(Beth steps at the detective's office, holding Olivia's computer to her chest.)

DETECTIVE:

Miss ... Beaseley, was it? How are you? What can I do for you today?

BETH:

You said I could come find you, if I thought of anything, or had anything to show you.

DETECTIVE:

Of course. Have a seat.

BETH:

Evan is not guilty. Here. This is Olivia's computer. She's not as happy as everyone thought she was. You'll see, if you look in the computer.

DETECTIVE:

So, you ... looked through this?

BETH:

(Uncomfortable about violating her privacy.) Well, I — she — you give up your privacy a little, don't you? When you're ... dead?

DETECTIVE:

There are no more secrets kept in the grave, these days.

(He takes the computer from here.)

BETH:

I just thought it would be helpful for the investigation. There are things in there...You'll see. She was troubled.

DETECTIVE:

And how's our guy doing? How's Mr. Bosworth?

BETH:

He's good. I think he's making progress. He returned to work yesterday.

DETECTIVE:

Good, good. Glad to hear it.

BETH:

Do you think the investigation can be closed? She was seeing a doctor already, wasn't she? And, if you show her parents these notes ... Evan didn't kill her. I swear it.

DETECTIVE:

Oh, Miss Beaseley. I'm more than one hundred percent certain that Mr. Bosworth didn't shoot his fiancee. And so are Olivia's parents.

BETH:

Then ... then ... what are you still ...

DETECTIVE:

We know he's not the one who pulled that trigger. We know Olivia pulled the trigger herself. But we're not interested in the trigger. We're interested in what happened before that.

BETH:

What are you trying to investigate?