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:

Fine. We talk on Mondays. 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 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 7

(Beth sits at the detective's office, holding Olivia's computer to her chest. \*Note: Get rid of original scene of Beth asking Evan for Olivia's computer [Scene 3], and figure out what else they would talk about instead. Add to [Scene 6] the scene of Beth taking Olivia’s computer away from Evan.)

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 Olivia’s 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. Maybe you lose you right to privacy. When you die.

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. And sometimes we'd go shopping. She asked me to teach her how to cook.

DETECTIVE:

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

BETH:

(Embarrassed.) Well, I really just wanted a change, that’s all. But yeah, I acted a bit in college, and people 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:

As you know, due to the nature of her work, Olivia had a small following that included some unsavory characters. It's come to our attention that since her death, a certain group — some Internet occultists, if you’ll allow me — are continuing to … commune with the spirit of the deceased.

BETH:

What are you talking about? You sound crazy. You sound like voodoo!

DETECTIVE:

There’s this memorial online. Built kind of underground-like. Olivia’s fans, they send her notes or videos or … *tweets.* And she responds. It’s like she’s got a flock of mourners gathered out there, and one of them has taken it onto himself to become *her.*

BETH:

Is it Evan?

DETECTIVE:

No. We’ve managed to rule that out. But, with language analysis, he does seem to be male.

BETH:

Well, who is he? Can’t you hack him? Aren’t you able to trace these things?

DETECTIVE:

Whoever he is, he knows his way around computers. We’ve followed a few people that seemed to be him, but it all led to dead ends. Armando Hammer. Seymour Johnson. Those people didn’t exist at all.

BETH:

What does this have to do with me?

DETECTIVE:

I think you could help, Miss Beaseley. I think we could dress you up as one of the sheep, have you infiltrate the tribe, talk to this guy and figure out what he’s about.

BETH:

You said the gig was for … Olivia.

DETECTIVE:

Well, see? That was the idea that just struck me. When I realized you knew her somewhat well. Better than this guy, in any case. He’s very vague in his replies. And when her parents got in touch … well, you could tell he didn’t know much about her.

BETH:

That’s horrible.

DETECTIVE:

He does know what he’s doing though. He’s got a whole group of people eating out of his hands. So I thought, what if we held up the mirror to him? Made him confront his reflection.

BETH:

I … don’t understand what you’re saying.

DETECTIVE:

I think we’ll get more out of this guy if we have the element of surprise. He feeds all those other acolytes packs of lie, but maybe he’ll tell another Olivia the truth.

BETH:

You want me to take part in this? This twisted horrible game? It’s wicked! … What if her parents talk to me?

DETECTIVE:

You’ll only talk to Olivia.

BETH:

But he’s not Olivia! And I’m not Olivia! How am I … How do you expect me to be Olivia? I’m not … I’m not … I am much too tall and I have A cup boobs.

DETECTIVE:

Ma’am, no one will be seeing you physically. You just have to sit in front of your computer. Wait for messages.

BETH:

(Shakes her head.) Mm-mmm. This is messed up. It’s not right. It’s weird. … I can’t be Olivia!

DETECTIVE:

Ma’am. I’m not going to pressure you into doing something against your desires. But, just let me assure you, this won’t be dangerous, and you’ve got my full support, as well as the approval of Olivia’s father. We’ve been trying to plan this one out for a while.

BETH:

(Thinks about this a little more.) I … Really?

DETECTIVE:

Let me show you the web site. Why don’t we just start with that?

BETH:

Her dad wants this?

DETECTIVE:

He wants closure. And I think this will help bring some finality. This is the web site.

BETH:

Where did he get all these pictures of her?

DETECTIVE:

They’re all from the Internet. Seems wrong, doesn’t it? You could help bring this guy down. You could help her family. You could help Evan.

BETH:

What do you want me to do?

DETECTIVE:

We’ll make you a screen name first. We’ll make an entirely account for you.

BETH:

You mean for Olivia.

DETECTIVE:

For you as Olivia. It’s like going undercover. It’s like acting. Here. Olivia@Night. That’s him. We’ll make something similar. Olivia1234. That’s available.

BETH:

No. She would never have used that. It’s much too practical.

DETECTIVE:

Good. You’re thinking in character already. What do you think she’d be?

BETH:

(Pauses, then types, then speaks.) Fantasma\_Amaro. Bitter Ghost.

DETECTIVE:

All right. Great.

BETH:

What do I do now? Am I supposed to, like…chat? How do I chat with…*him*?

DETECTIVE:

Um… Well. I think if we open this window. (A sound pops up.) Here’s a note: “Welcome Fantasma\_Amaro. Are you vampire, witch, or human? Come on and join our midnight tea party!”

(He and Beth exchange a look.)

DETECTIVE:

You know, why don’t you lie low for a few days first? Get a little more familiar with the territory. Look, there’s the mailbox thing. When you’re ready, we can write him a note.

BETH:

(Ignores him and begins typing. Then reads.) Dearest fan, while I am both flattered and bemused at your imitations of me, I must ask why you resurrect my spirit thus, allowing me no rest. Don’t you know how tired I am? Please, explain yourself, and let’s discuss…. How’s that?

DETECTIVE:

Great. Seems like you’re more suited for the part then you realized.

BETH:

(Undercover.) Heh. I don’t know where that came from.

DETECTIVE:

So, if you hear back from him, give me a call. And keep a record of everything you talk about with him. There’s gotta be a button for that, right?

(Beth’s phone rings.)

BETH:

I have to go.

DETECTIVE:

Let’s chew on some strategy, some questions —

BETH:

I’m sorry. I don’t have time. It’s an emergency, and I — I have to go.

(She runs off. The detective looks at her retreating and shakes his head.)

DETECTIVE:

He is damn lucky to have you as a friend. I’ll say that for sure.

Scene XXX

(Evan has just called Beth over after her session with the Detective, in which she poses as Olivia to converse with a mysterious stalker.)

BETH:

Evan? What is it? Is everything okay?

EVAN:

Look! (Proudly gestures at the clean apartment and the pile of Olivia’s clothing, shoes, jewelry, photographs, sheet music, and bathrobe next to her garden grave.) I cleaned up!

BETH:

Oh.

EVAN:

Isn’t it great? My clothes — they actually fit in the closet now. And I rearranged the furniture a little.

BETH:

That’s … nice.

EVAN:

I’m no interior designer, but I’d say this is catalogue-worthy.

BETH:

Did you call me over just to show me this?

EVAN:

I’m sorry. Were you in the middle of something?

BETH:

(Shakes her head.) Of course not.

EVAN:

I also wanted to thank you. I made you dinner.

BETH:

You cooked for me?

EVAN:

Well, cook is a strong word. But yes, I cooked. Loosely. We’ve got salad, quiche lorraine, and beef stroganoff.

BETH:

Oh.

EVAN:

Some of it are, uh, leftovers. But I didn’t think you’d mind.

BETH:

It’s the thought that counts.

EVAN:

The detective called. He said that the investigation is off. And that I should take it easy and put the past behind me. Let things fall where they fall. So … cheers to that.

BETH:

(Smiles weakly.) Cheers. Did he, um, say anything else?

EVAN:

Yeah, I think he mentioned something about Sisyphus and the Rock and nobody being strangers or something or other. Funny guy, that one. Hey! I got the reels of this Japanese game show. Nothing more hilarious, right?

BETH:

The ones Olivia didn’t want to watch?

EVAN:

Well, she didn’t have a great sense of humor. Took things too seriously, most of the time. But you and I, we should dig into this.

BETH:

Okay. Sure.

EVAN:

Great. Just let me grab our food.

(Evan runs off stage to retrieve the plates of food. Beth wanders over to the pile. She picks up a necklace of Olivia’s, studies it, and then pockets it.)

EVAN:

What are you doing?

BETH:

Nothing! I, um —

EVAN:

Sit down. Sit down. Look at how impeccable this couch is.

(They seat themselves and he starts the video. Muffled Japanese comes out of the screen. Evan smiles broadly at the screen, but Beth has a hard time focusing.)

BETH:

Evan. What do you think…?

EVAN:

What do I think of what?

BETH:

Nothing. This food is delicious.

EVAN:

Well, I can’t really take credit, but thank you.

BETH:

I just…Sometimes I just wonder what she was thinking.

EVAN:

We buried her, remember? No more talking about her.

BETH:  
You’re right.

EVAN:

To letting things lie.

(Beth smiles and sips. A lot.)

EVAN:

God. Look at these guys. Do they know everyone is watching?

BETH:

I don’t know. Maybe it’s hidden camera or something.

(The two of them laugh. Evan pours out more wine.)

EVAN:

Oh, man. Check out that girl.

(Perhaps they could stare out at the audience with a screen glow on their faces and comment on things they did?)

BETH:

Must be weird. Knowing that everyone’s going to see what you do.

EVAN:

Like being an ant.

BETH:

Do you think that’s how she felt? Being on stage and posting those videos and things online?

EVAN:

Beth.

BETH:

Right. Sorry. I was just thinking about her today. I’m glad you’re doing better, Evan. What was her favorite color?

EVAN:

(Not looking away from the screen.) What? Her favorite color?

BETH:

I just realized I didn’t even know.

EVAN:

Sea green. … I think.

BETH:

I guess it doesn’t matter anymore.

EVAN:

Shh. This part’s great. Don’t miss this part.

(They watch in silence. Insert some choppy scenes of laughter and incredulity? They laugh once more. Evan tries to pour more wine, but it is empty.)

EVAN:

Be right back. No need to pause it.

BETH:

Oh, God. This guy. He just cracks me up.

EVAN:

I know! Isn’t it great? (He grabs another bottle, and still chuckling, stops in front of the grave. He crouches down and brushes some dirt away, revealing Olivia’s resting face. Smiling, he looks down at it.) It’s just wonderful.

End of Scene XXX

Scene 999

(~~Logan and Candie are in the middle of a session when Logan receives Beth’s message.)~~ (Logan sits naked 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. That will take care of some things on DSM-V.

LOGAN:

Last night, 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 Elvis Presley was there. Did you know Marie Antoinette was a vampire? Not that vampires are real.

CANDIE:

Doesn’t surprise me.

LOGAN:

I’m glad we’re doing this session all *deshabille.* I think I’m really getting to know you.

CANDIE:

Yes. I thought this would be a good step. By discarding our layers, we allow ourselves more freedom and openness to sense and to speak. I’m interested to see what we explore in this state. You seem more cheerful.

LOGAN:

Yeah. I am more cheerful, I think.

CANDIE:

Did your neighbor return from Bulgaria?

LOGAN:

No. No, she didn’t. But … I’m not the only one who misses her, you know?

CANDIE:

So you found solidarity? Collusion?

LOGAN:

Immortality. I found immortality.

CANDIE:

… We did agree that vampires were fantasy, correct?

LOGAN:

Oh, yeah. For sure. I’m not talking about vampires. I’m talking about … Yesterday, I got a letter from beyond the grave.

CANDIE:

Did you?

LOGAN:

You know? I like those glasses on you. The rest of you being naked … it really brings out the glasses. Those are nice horn rims.

CANDIE:

Thank you. I got a good deal on these.

LOGAN:

Right. So, I got this letter. From this girl, who *died*. And it was like, suddenly, everything made sense for me. I understood my purpose. And I felt like … a man. A man beast.

CANDIE:

A discovery of manhood….

LOGAN:

I wrote back, but she hasn’t responded yet. I hope she does. I told her I was super super super excited to talk to her.

CANDIE:

Do you think this discovery comes about as a result of stepping into a societal role? Or is it … a primal victory over latent desires and fears?

LOGAN:

Where did you get your degree again?

CANDIE:

I earned my own degree. Through iTunes University and the Kaplan Academy. The self-directed nature of my study has allowed me to be quite diverse in my work. I have some very high profile clients.

LOGAN:

Huh. I thought maybe you studied with Freud. Do you know Freud?

CANDIE:

Yes. He’s a quack. A self-masturbating quack.

LOGAN:

When you say diverse, do you ever….

CANDIE:

Yes. Yes I do.

LOGAN:

Great.

CANDIE:

It will cost you more.

LOGAN:

I assume it’s the Silver package?

CANDIE:

You would be correct.

LOGAN:

What are you doing?

CANDIE:

Transitioning.

LOGAN:

Oh. What should I do?

CANDIE:

Whatever makes you comfortable. Whatever you want.

(Logan looks around his bathroom. He goes to the web page he has created and plays Olivia’s music. He makes himself spiffy.)

CANDIE:

Okay. Are you ready?

LOGAN:

I’m ready.

CANDIE:

Good. Now, take three deep breathes. I’ll do them with you. We’ll do them at the same time. It’s very important.

LOGAN:

Okay.

(They take three deep simultaneous.)

CANDIE:

All right… Close your eyes… What color is the inside of my cunt?

End of Scene 999

(Lights fade but the music that Logan turned on continues playing. It is coming out from Beth’s computer.)

Scene 888

(Beth sits inside her bedroom, which is plain and unadorned, sitting at her desk with her computer light glowing. The computer plays Olivia’s music.)

BETH:

You wanted to talk to me? … (Shrugs off her uncertainty and dives into Olivia’s voice.) I’m here. I’m all yours.

(The unblinking light on the screen is her response. She shakes her head, picks up Olivia’s necklace, puts it on and studies herself in the mirror. Then she takes the necklace off again. She walks to the edge of her room and stares out across the hall, into EVAN’s APARTMENT.)

(Evan sits in his apartment, next to Olivia’s grave. He sips whiskey and occasionally brushes some dirt off her face.)

EVAN:

So. Today’s the day. Got it all circled on the calendar.

\*….She wrestles a little bit with trying to be herself. She knows that her time would be better spent just by being with Evan. Just as she is about to reach out to Evan, the sound on the computer distracts her.

(Lights up on Logan, on the opposite side of the stage.)

\* Now she talks to Logan. They establish that Logan is a fraud. Logan thinks that Beth is the real Olivia. He begins to freak her out. She calls Evan.

LOGAN: