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]

"The trouble with pleasure is the timing.

It can overtake me without warning

and be gone before I know it is here.

It can stand facing me unrecognized

while I am remembering somewhere else"

EVAN:

New tune?

OLIVIA:

No. It was my grandmother’s song. It got stuck in my head, I guess.

EVAN:

Were you able to send out the invitations today?

OLIVIA:

Mmhmm. I brought them to the post office. They didn’t have any more 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 justice 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.

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 Scarborough.

OLIVIA:

You hated Scarborough.

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:

No. I ate 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.