- SCENE 1 -

THE CELL (in the future). OLIVIA is sitting cross-legged inside, drawing on the floor with a piece of chalk. There are a few chalk drawings forming a circle surrounding where OLIVIA sits, as well as papers and notepads with script and illustrations, pens, and pencils.

CHRISTOPHER walks into the room outside the cell. OLIVIA doesn’t look at him. She continues drawing on the floor. CHRISTOPHER stands at the bars, watching her.

CHRISTOPHER

Hey.

Pause.

Hey.

She looks up, pauses, looks down, continues drawing.

Hey... Olivia?

She looks up again, pauses, looks down, continues drawing.

Please look at me. How can I know you’re listening?

Pause.

Please, Olivia, this is important. I need to know that you’re listening. I think I can help you. I know you didn’t mean to – I know you wouldn’t do anything to hurt someone – I know. You’re too gentle...

OLIVIA

(correcting him) Too weak.

CHRISTOPHER

No. That’s not it at all. You are strong. Much stronger than people give you credit for.

OLIVIA

Really?

CHRISTOPHER

Yes.

OLIVIA

You think so?

CHRISTOPHER

I know so.

Pause. CHRISTOPHER continues staring at her.

OLIVIA

Your eyes hurt.
CHRISTOPHER
What?

OLIVIA
Your eyes hurt. They hurt me.

CHRISTOPHER
Well, I’m sorry, I just want to make sure you’re listening to me.

OLIVIA
I am.

CHRISTOPHER
You’re not looking at me.

OLIVIA
You don’t listen with your eyes.

CHRISTOPHER
I know, I just—

OLIVIA
So what’s the point of me looking at you when you speak?

CHRISTOPHER
I think eye contact will help.

OLIVIA
Yeah?

CHRISTOPHER
It establishes trust.

OLIVIA
Ha... Trust...

*She starts laughing to herself.*

CHRISTOPHER
This isn’t a joke.

OLIVIA
*(laughing)* I know. It’s just so funny.

CHRISTOPHER
Please... explain.
OLIVIA
If I have to explain you won’t find it funny.

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER
I want to help you... but maybe I don’t know how.

OLIVIA
Because you never asked. You never ask.

CHRISTOPHER
I could ask now.

OLIVIA
Just stand there in your own little “think tank.” Keep to yourself.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah... I tend to do that.

OLIVIA
(mockingly) Seems that would be a defect in your ability to write I mean, you’re a writer, right, Christopher? Shouldn’t a writer be able to ask questions? Be naturally curious?

CHRISTOPHER
(sighs, says in a matter-of-fact tone)
That kind of “concern” for others has always been lacking in my personal life—

OLIVIA
Fascinating.

CHRISTOPHER
Stop.

OLIVIA
No, really, I’m so fascinated with your work.

CHRISTOPHER
I don’t understand why—

OLIVIA
“Dig deeper, find the truth” Chris!

CHRISTOPHER
You really don’t realize when you’re being a bitch, do you?
OLIVIA
Aw, Christopher, stop it you’re hurting my feelings!

CHRISTOPHER
Stop it—

OLIVIA
You started it—

CHRISTOPHER
I’m here for you.

OLIVIA
(impatient) Yeah sure HEARD IT ALL BEFORE.

CHRISTOPHER
God, you’re hopeless.

OLIVIA
And there’s the truth!

CHRISTOPHER
Jesus Christ—

OLIVIA
You want to help me? Huh? Do you really? (beat) Go take your pen and jam it into your chest... just deep enough for the tip of the pen to reach the surface of your heart... then wait for the ink to pump into your bloodstream. Then I can see the bullshit that runs through your veins.

CHRISTOPHER
(shaking his head) I don’t even know why I am trying to help you...

OLIVIA
Yeah, well I don’t really “get it” either!

CHRISTOPHER
I shouldn’t have come—

OLIVIA
Yeah, you shouldn’t have!

CHRISTOPHER
This is the whole reason I left in the first place...
OLIVIA
Oh don’t you even start with this...

CHRISTOPHER
There was no point coming here. You’re inconsolable, bitter—

OLIVIA
DO NOT START WITH ME.

CHRISTOPHER
I’m not starting with you, I ended with you! You’re ridiculous. You’re impossible. No one could ever begin—
Nothing will ever start with you!
Long pause.
Olivia... I’m—

OLIVIA
Get out.

CHRISTOPHER
I’m sorry.

OLIVIA
Get. Out.

CHRISTOPHER
Liv, I’m—

OLIVIA
Get out. Get out.

OLIVIA
Get out! GET OUT.

OLIVIA
GET OUT. GET OUT. GET OUT!!!

CHRISTOPHER
Ughh you’re impossible!

She continues to scream at him and then bangs at the cell bars confining her.
He leaves.
End of scene.
THE CAFÉ, present day. It is also a bookstore, so it has a “library feel” to it. Bookshelves line the walls. There is a comfy couch & arm chair in the corner, and a wood finish counter at the café section. Etta James plays. OLIVIA stands behind the counter, head down, checking the money in her drawer or rearranging a display. Her friend HARRIET is on the other side of the counter, sipping an ice chai. OLIVIA looks up.

OLIVIA
Oh my god.

HARRIET
What?

OLIVIA
It’s him.

HARRIET
Him who?

OLIVIA
Him.

Points to CHRISTOPHER. HARRIET looks at CHRISTOPHER, then shoots OLIVIA a look.

HARRIET
Well damn.

OLIVIA
I know right?

HARRIET
“Him” is pretty cute, I must say.

OLIVIA
(swooning) He’s a writer.

HARRIET
What does he write?

OLIVIA
I don’t know.
HARRIET
Well then how do you know that he’s a writer?

OLIVIA
Because he’s always there... writing in his notebook, or notepad... or some days he comes in with his computer.

*HARRIET gives OLIVIA another look.*

OLIVIA
I’m not a stalker.

HARRIET
You know he could very well not be a writer. Non-writers do write in their daily lives.

OLIVIA
I know, I know, but he just looks like a writer when he writes. Like, so concentrated... really dedicated...

HARRIET
Yeah, you know, he does have a very “writer vibe” about him... very brooding.

OLIVIA
I mean, but not in a “poser-ish” kind of way, you know? But like, a genuine, “totally-into-what-he-is-writing-about” -- who he’s writing about-- kind of way.

HARRIET
Mmm. Gotta admire the concentration...

OLIVIA
Uh huh...

*Pause.*

OLIVIA
He’s mysterious, Harri. He’s a mystery. (beat) A tough nut to crack.

CHRISTOPHER stretches, coincidently flexing his arms.

And I’m going to crack it. (beat, then under her breath) ...I’m going to crack it so hard...

HARRIET
(giggling) What?

OLIVIA
Nothing.
HARRIET
Right... (beat) Well he is cute.

OLIVIA
Yeah... but he’s smart too. He reads classics, like Dickens and Hawthorne... and Hemingway and John Green.
His smile is so genuine.

At this point OLIVIA & HARRIET are both staring at CHRISTOPHER. He looks up from his notebook and notices them.

OLIVIA
Oh my god.

HARRIET
Play it cool, girl.

OLIVIA
Oh god... He probably thinks I’m a freak.

HARRIET
Freak-y.

OLIVIA
Shut UP!

CHRISTOPHER looks over again, smiles.

HARRIETE
See there? It’s fine.
Pause.
I bet he likes you.

OLIVIA stares at CHRISTOPHER, entranced.

HARRIET
Olivia?

OLIVIA
What?

HARRIET
I said: I bet he likes you.
OLIVIA
(blushing, shrugging) Nahh, stop it.

HARRIET
Ooo! Here he comes.

CHRISTOPHER walks over to the counter. HARRIET makes her way back to her usual table.

CHRISTOPHER
Hey...

OLIVIA
Hey!

Silence. They both stand there awkwardly for a moment.

OLIVIA
Umm... Enjoying your book?

CHRISTOPHER
Wh-What?

OLIVIA
Oh, I was just wondering... you seemed really into your book. The one you were reading. I mean, I only ask because you come here a lot and you’ve been reading that book for a while.

CHRISTOPHER
Oh...

OLIVIA
Um, not that I’m keeping track— umm, keeping track of what you’re doing.

CHRISTOPHER
Uh-huh...

OLIVIA
Because that would be pretty shady of me. But I just notice you more. (Beat) Because you come in here a lot.

Pause. OLIVIA tries to save the “conversation.”

You could even say that you come in here “a latte.”

She lets out a weak giggle, then realizing what she’s just said, retreats.

Oh god. I made a coffee pun. Oh god, I’m so sorry.
CHRISTOPHER
It’s ok. It was pretty funny. You could even say... I like it “a latte.”

OLIVIA
Oh god, thank you, I’m sorry, I don’t normally act this way.

CHRISTOPHER
It’s ok. There are worst things in the world than puns.

*OLIVIA smiles.*

CHRISTOPHER
Speaking of a latte, I would love a medium one please, if you don’t mind.

*OLIVIA is still stuck in her feelings of relief and infatuation. She stares and the music becomes louder in her mind. CHRISTOPHER’s voice fades back in & becomes clearer...*

CHRISTOPHER
Is that ok? Umm, excuse me? (beat) Is that ok?

OLIVIA
What?

CHRISTOPHER
I’ll have a latte. Please.
Is that ok?

OLIVIA
Oh, yeah, right.
She fumbles around for her marker.
Whole or skim?

CHRISTOPHER
Whole.

OLIVIA
Alrighty then, that’ll be $3.95.

CHRISTOPHER
Thanks.

OLIVIA
It’ll be ready down on the other end of the counter.
CHRISTOPHER
Right.

Is about to walk away, stops himself.
Excuse me, sorry, but who sings this song?

OLIVIA
Etta James.

CHRISTOPHER
Ahh...
It’s wonderful. Soulful.

OLIVIA
She’s one of my favorites. Her and Ella. I like to put them on over the sound system every now and then. Hearing them sing the blues puts things into perspective. Makes the double-shifts bearable.

Pause.
Sorry, I don’t know why I’m telling you this... it’s not very interesting.

CHRISTOPHER
No, please, I like it.

OLIVIA
Etta?

CHRISTOPHER
(smiles) Yeah.

Pause.
This is a really good song. You’ve got good taste.

OLIVIA
Oh... thanks. It’s nice knowing someone appreciates good music.

CHRISTOPHER smiles at her before going back to his table. HARRIET goes back over to the counter.

HARRIET
Ooh well would you look at that? You got smiles and conversation.

HARRIET laughs and goes on (ad. lib.), but the music from the sound system grows louder and she eventually fades out. CHRISTOPHER, HARRIET, and the other patrons are frozen in time.

“At Last” begins playing. OLIVIA sings along (singing the vocals on her own preferably, if not, lip syncing to Etta James’ original vocals). She “slinks” her way over & under the counter and tables on her way to CHRISTOPHER.
OLIVIA
At last, my love has come along
My lonely days are over
And life is like a song

OLIVIA & CHRISTOPHER began slow dancing with the other store patrons, making their way to each other staring at each other the whole time.

Oh yeah yeah, at last
The skies above are blue
My heart was wrapped up in clover
The night that I looked at you

OLIVIA & CHRISTOPHER have made their way to each other and dance with each other while around them the other patrons dance with each other.

And I found a dream that I could speak to
A dream that I can call my own
I found a thrill to press my cheek to
A thrill that I have never known

CHRISTOPHER spins OLIVIA out away from him, and OLIVIA sings to him as she makes her way back to behind the counter, and CHRISTOPHER and the patrons go back to their original positions.

Oh yeah yeah, and you smile, you smile
Oh, and then the spell was cast
And here we are in Heaven...

The music fades out before the last line.
End of scene.

- SCENE 3 -

THE CAFE (a month has past). OLIVIA is working at the cafe. CHRISTOPHER is at his desk typing his novel. After giving up on making any progress, he calls OLIVIA. OLIVIA’s cell phone rings, she answers.

OLIVIA
Hi!

CHRISTOPHER
Hey, what are you up to later?
OLIVIA
So far I’ve got an evening of wiping down countertops and filling sugar jars. After
that...

CHRISTOPHER
You out by 8?

OLIVIA
I think I can make that happen.

CHRISTOPHER
Good.
So how’s work treatin’ ya?

OLIVIA
Well you know it’s... work.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah?

OLIVIA
Did you get through your chapter today?

CHRISTOPHER
A draft for sure. Still has a ways to go though.

OLIVIA
All great things do before they reach their potential, ya know...

CHRISTOPHER
Hmm, so full of perspective.

OLIVIA
I try. Plus Etta’s playing tonight...

CHRISTOPHER
Never hurts, does it?

OLIVIA
Nope. (beat) Gahh I miss you. These are going to be the longest two hours.

CHRISTOPHER
Is it really that dead over there?

OLIVIA
The “usuuals” are here. But it’s after 5 so that’s not a lot.
CHRISTOPHER
Well just try and keep yourself entertained.

OLIVIA starts taking off her apron and the rest of uniform from behind the counter. She lets down her hair and starts changing into a dress as if she’s at home getting ready.

OLIVIA
Well Steven just left. Nothing beats his pet ferret.

CHRISTOPHER
I thought it was a mongoose.

OLIVIA
Who do you know owns a pet mongoose, Christopher?

CHRISTOPHER
(laughing) I don’t know, I get them confused! They’re both tiny, skinny rodent-y looking things.

OLIVIA
Hey, stop that, ferrets are adorable! ...and maybe mongooses are too, but they’re much fiercer. They fight cobras and shit. Carrot is adorable.

CHRISTOPHER
You’re just defending him because his name is “Carrot.”

OLIVIA
He is an adorable creature and it brightens up my day whenever Steven brings him in! (beat) The fact that his name is also an adorable rhyme is just a bonus.

OLIVIA
Will you be picking me up here, or..?

CHRISTOPHER
Umm I was thinking that I could just swing by your place on the way over to the restaurant—

OLIVIA
Ah, a restaurant?

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah I figured I would treat you to something special tonight.

CHRISTOPHER walks into the café (as if picking her up her place).
OLIVIA
What’s the occasion?

CHRISTOPHER
Nothing, just being with you.

OLIVIA
Aww!

CHRISTOPHER
You’ve been working so much this week...

They sit down at a restaurant table and continue their conversation.

OLIVIA
I know, I know. But it’ll be worth it when I’ve got enough to afford my own place in New York.

CHRISTOPHER
New York huh?

OLIVIA
I think so.

CHRISTOPHER
Never mentioned that before...

OLIVIA
Or I don’t know... somewhere, anywhere where I could perform and be heard by people who are the same ten who come by the café.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah. It’s, umm—an experience—for sure. You just have to make sure you’re ready for it.

OLIVIA
(smiles) You did it, how bad can it be?

CHRISTOPHER
(laughs) Hey, hey, I’m serious! It took me a while...and I’ve got a will of steel.

OLIVIA
Ha. Alright “Will of Steel.”

CHRISTOPHER
You’ve got millions of people in not a lot of space. That’s more people to lift you up, and even more people to tear you down. It’s a shit deal.

OLIVIA
Just let me keep my romantic “Annie/NYC” version of the city, ‘kay?

CHRISTOPHER
Someone’s got to free you from that delusion, Liv.

OLIVIA
No! Just let me keep my innocence!

CHRISTOPHER
I simply can’t, Liv. I’d hate to be responsible for your disillusion with “The Big City.”

OLIVIA
I think I’ll be ok...

*They smile at each other.*

CHRISTOPHER
I worry about you, kid. And I’d be worry about you in the city by yourself.

OLIVIA
Well, you’re sweet, but you don’t have to worry about me.

*Pause.*

And if you really are worried sick when I’m there you can always... visit me...

CHRISTOPHER
Visit you? Hell I’ll make us next door neighbors.

OLIVIA
Oh really now?

CHRISTOPHER
*(smiles)* Certainly.

OLIVIA
You’ll get yourself some fancy digs, huh?

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, yes, I’ll obviously make a good chunk of change and buy myself a sweet place in “the country.” Then save up the rest for when I do shitty on my second one... Drink myself into a stupor, have a moment of inspiration, do brilliantly on my third, and purchase my second place in New York.
OLIVIA
Wow, impressive... and all before—?

CHRISTOPHER
All before 27, yes, yes you’ve got it.

OLIVIA
Wow.

A women in a red dress enters (ROSALENE) enters and sits at a table with her date. CHRISTOPHER looks at her. His look lingers for a little too long. OLIVIA notices. She tries to shake it off.

OLIVIA
(smiles) She’s pretty.

CHRISTOPHER
What?

OLIVIA nods her head in the woman’s direction.

CHRISTOPHER
(shrugging) Ehh, she’s ok.

He smiles at OLIVIA.

OLIVIA
You know her?

CHRISTOPHER
Oh, no, she just reminds me of someone.

OLIVIA
Who’s that?

CHRISTOPHER
Just an old— umm, just an old friend.

OLIVIA
...an old friend?

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah...
OLIVIA
Really now?

CHRISTOPHER
What?

*OLIVIA gives CHRISTOPHER a look. He looks down, embarrassed.*

CHRISTOPHER
My ex.

OLIVIA
Ah ha.

*They sit there in awkward silence for a moment. Then CHRISTOPHER coughs and adjusts himself in his seat several times.*

CHRISTOPHER
Things... things didn’t work out.

OLIVIA
I figured. Hence her being your “ex.”

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah...

*They sit in another moment of awkward silence. OLIVIA regains herself.*

OLIVIA
Listen, I’m sorry.

CHRISTOPHER
No, it’s ok.

OLIVIA
No, no, I’m just—I mean, I have trouble with— It’s just—

CHRISTOPHER
What Liv?

OLIVIA
My ex... is a bit of a tender subject. My last guy was a rough one.

CHRISTOPHER
Rough as in he hurt you? Physically?
OLIVIA
No he didn’t beat me. No... Yeah I guess when I say it like that...
No. He... He was just obnoxious. Obnoxious and oblivious.

*Pause.*

CHRISTOPHER
I’m sorry. I shouldn’t have brought it up.

OLIVIA
No, it’s fine.

CHRISTOPHER
No, Liv, it’s not. It was stupid of me.

OLIVIA
You couldn’t have known.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah, but even still, it was incredible dumb of me.
I mean who brings up exes on a date?

OLIVIA
*(in a hushed tone, trying to keep it together)*
Really, Chris... don’t worry.

CHRISTOPHER
Liv... I’m sorry.

OLIVIA
He was a jerk. You’re not. Trust me. It’s fine.
I wasn’t worth his time and energy. *(trying to convince herself)* I wasn’t worth the time to “fix” and that’s that.

*Pause. CHRISTOPHER searches for “the right words.”*

CHRISTOPHER
If you ever need to talk to me... about anything... you can.

OLIVIA
*(looks down)* Thanks, Chris.

CHRISTOPHER
You’re beautiful.

OLIVIA looks up.
And patient. And kind.
“At Last” instrumentals are heard faintly in the distance, but then starts growing in volume.
And very much worth my time.
The music continues to grow.
Please know that.
Music still growing.
You’re my inspiration. You’re what’s going to ‘make’ me.
I love you.

All of a sudden the instrumentals crescendo, CHRISTOPHER freezes, and OLIVIA gets to sing the last line of the song:

OLIVIA
For you are mine
At last

All of a sudden the setting starts to change from the restaurant to her cell. Her dress gets taken off (or at the very least hidden) and is then changing into her prison uniform.
End of scene.

- SCENE 4 -

THE CELL. OLIVIA stands griping the bars. LIAM (her ex) walks in and stands near her in the room outside the cell.

OLIVIA
I’m broken.

LIAM
No, you’re not.

OLIVIA
Yes. I am.

LIAM
Says who?

OLIVIA
Says me, for one.

Pause.

LIAM
Well you don’t really count.
OLIVIA
I don’t “count”? 

LIAM
No, not really.

OLIVIA
Why not?

LIAM
Because everyone thinks that they’re broken in some way or another.

OLIVIA
Well... it’s not just me.

LIAM
...who’s broken?

OLIVIA
No, it’s not just me who thinks I’m broken.

LIAM
Who else then?

OLIVIA
My friends.

LIAM
Who do you have besides me?

OLIVIA
I have plenty. I have enough for me.

LIAM
I’m just wondering... I never knew.

OLIVIA
Did you ever pay attention?

LIAM
There wasn’t much to see...

OLIVIA
Because you never opened your eyes. You never took me in. What did you say when I first kissed you?
I was “an angel.”
But the minute I stepped outside of your bedroom... I was mortal. I was grounded.

LIAM
You need to stop it. You’re so stuck on things that just don’t matter.

Pause. Looks around.
You know, you could escape here you actually tried.

OLIVIA
Ha! You think I haven’t tried?! Really?

LIAM
You let yourself slip away. You can’t keep calling on me. I don’t have the time.

OLIVIA
You don’t have the time? I don’t have the time!

LIAM
Whatever... it’s not a competition.

OLIVIA
No, it’s just the truth.

LIAM
I don’t have time for... this.

OLIVIA
Oh my god.

LIAM
What?

OLIVIA
Oh... my god.

LIAM
What? What is it?

OLIVIA
You never loved me. You’ll never love me.

She starts laughing manically.

LIAM
That’s not true.
OLIVIA
*(through her laughter)* Oh. Oh yes it is.

LIAM
No it’s not.

OLIVIA
Uh huh, please.

LIAM
It’s not true! I love you.

OLIVIA
But you don’t find me beautiful like you did before.

LIAM
You’re right. I don’t find you beautiful like I did before. But you’re still beautiful.

OLIVIA
You’re so full of shit.

LIAM
Does it even matter what I say? Are you even going to listen to me?

OLIVIA
I just wish I didn’t have to put up with so much bullshit in this place.

LIAM
Why are you even here?

OLIVIA
You put me here!

LIAM
Yeah-fucking-right.

OLIVIA
Now look who isn’t listening.

LIAM
I’m listening to you crumble. I’m watching you dissolve...

*OLIVIA picks up her chalk, sits down in the middle of the cell, and continues drawing.*
LIAM
I’ll come back when you’re ready to try.

*Pause.* **LIAM** walks out of the cell.

**OLIVIA**
(mumbling) You think I haven’t “tired.” Really? Are you serious?

**CHRISTOPHER** comes in.

**OLIVIA**
He’s such an asshole.

**CHRISTOPHER**
Who?

*Pause.* **She doesn’t answer him.**

**OLIVIA**
(under her breath, perplexed) I don’t understand... you should be better than him.

**CHRISTOPHER**
What?

**OLIVIA**
Nothing.

**CHRISTOPHER**
What was that—?

**OLIVIA**
Nothing!

**CHRISTOPHER**
Is this about me looking at that girl?

**OLIVIA**
No! (under her breath again) It’s about you looking at those girls.

**CHRISTOPHER**
Don’t mumble Liv, for Christ’sake you might as well not speak at all then.

**OLIVIA**
I just don’t like it when guys do that, that’s all...
CHRISTOPHER
Do what?

OLIVIA
You both just have a wandering eye, that’s all.

CHRISTOPHER
Stop comparing me to him. Jesus. I’m mine own person. We’re not one in the same! Why can’t you tell us a part?

OLIVIA
I don’t know. You all look the same from in here.

CHRISTOPHER
sigh, rubs his forehead. There is a pause. He then makes his way over to the bars and kneels down to get on her level.

CHRISTOPHER
I need you to come out. You can’t see clearly when you’re in here. I need you to come out.

OLIVIA
I can’t.

CHRISTOPHER
Everything will be fine. Just come on out of there...

OLIVIA
You should just leave me.

CHRISTOPHER
No... no, you’ll be fine. Just come out.

OLIVIA
I can’t.

CHRISTOPHER
Why is that?

OLIVIA
I not ready.

CHRISTOPHER
Dig deeper./ Find the truth.

OLIVIA
Everything’s a trigger.
CHRISTOPHER
Specificity, Liv.

OLIVIA
What do you want from me? You all put me here! I can’t get out.

CHRISTOPHER
That’s a lie and you know it.

OLIVIA
You can’t fix this. Just go.

CHRISTOPHER
I know you can—

OLIVIA
LEAVE, CHRISTOPHER.

CHRISTOPHER stops, looking hurt and frustrated. Despite her resistance, he approaches the bars.

CHRISTOPHER
No.

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER stays. Lights down.

End of scene.

— Scene 5 —

OLIVIA’s APARTMENT. A few weeks have past. She goes between reading and balancing her check book. She looks up at CHRISTOPHER a few times, and looks like she’s about to say something. She looks up a final time and after a moment of hesitation she speaks.

OLIVIA
Do you know that girl?

CHRISTOPHER
Hmm?

OLIVIA
Do you know that girl?
CHRISTOPHER
You’re going to have to be more specific.

OLIVIA
The one with the dark hair, red lips...

CHRISTOPHER
I’m not great with faces... does this mystery girl have a name?

OLIVIA
Rosaline, I think.

CHRISTOPHER
Ahh, hmm, Rosaline.

OLIVIA
She comes in the café. I guess you could say she’s somewhat of a ‘regular.’

CHRISTOPHER
Ahh, yes. I believe I’ve talk to her at the café before - once or twice.

OLIVIA
Yeah?

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah it’s nice to have someone to talk to while I wait for you. I after I’ve been writing for a while I forget how lonely it gets being stuck in my own world by myself. It’s nice to remind myself there are other things going on - Other people -

Pause.

OLIVIA
So that girl...

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah?

OLIVIA
She’s pretty.

CHRISTOPHER
Yeah, she seems interesting.

OLIVIA
So... has she been you giving a good reason to come to the café while you wait? Wouldn’t want you getting bored or anything...
CHRISTOPHER
Huh?

OLIVIA
I’m just saying, you don’t have to wait for me. Not if you feel obligated.

CHRISTOPHER
Why are you acting like this?

OLIVIA
Like what?

CHRISTOPHER
...Nevermind.

OLIVIA
No, what?

CHRISTOPHER
I said ‘nevermind.’

OLIVIA
You can’t just bring something up and then back away like that... you should tell me what you’re thinking—

CHRISTOPHER
How can I when you’re jumping on the end of my words? You’re leaving very little “breathing room” here.

OLIVIA
Are you feeling suffocated? Is that it?

CHRISTOPHER
What? Sweetheart, what are you talking about?

OLIVIA
It would make sense then. Why you’ve been so distant. So distracted.

CHRISTOPHER
I don’t think I’ve been that bad—

OLIVIA
Well of course you wouldn’t, Chris, you’ve got your head so far up in the air or in your own ass—
CHRISTOPHER
WOW. Ok then.

*Pause.*

OLIVIA
I’m sorry— it’s just— What are you doing?

CHRISTOPHER
Right now? Having a pointless argument.

OLIVIA
No. I mean, in your life, with me.

CHRISTOPHER
I’m barely paying rent, I’m writing a novel, I’m taking a girl to auditions and talent agencies, I’m *trying* to fall in love with her, but she makes that harder and harder with every little “episode” she’s been having the past couple of—

OLIVIA
Oh, so now honesty is having an “episode”? 

CHRISTOPHER
No, that’s not what I’m saying—

OLIVIA
Well you might as well be saying it—

CHRISTOPHER
Liv, please, you’re on edge right now and you’re being very unreasonable.

OLIVIA
It’s always “unreasonable” and “blown out of proportion” when it comes to me isn’t it—?

CHRISTOPHER
Oh for God’s sake this is pointless!

*Pause.*

It’s pointless...

OLIVIA
What do you mean? “It’s pointless?”

*Pause.*

Are you serious?
CHRISTOPHER
I just wish... I just wish you didn’t act like this...

OLIVIA
Like how? How do I act?

CHRISTOPHER
Like this! You’re so... impatient... and defensive.
Why can’t you just be yourself? Why can’t you just believe that I want to be with you?

OLIVIA
Oh, of course, it’s my fault. It’s about my insecurities.

CHRISTOPHER
Stop it! Stop playing the victim. Seriously, why don’t you believe that I want to be with you?

OLIVIA
I don’t...

CHRISTOPHER
Why?

OLIVIA
I- I just don’t see...

CHRISTOPHER
What?

OLIVIA
Nothing, forget it.

CHRISTOPHER
No, why? Is this not real to you? “Us”? You think this some sort of fallacy you’ve conjured up in your head? What is so—

OLIVIA
Because it’s too good to be true!
   Pause.
It can’t be true.
   Pause.
Why would you ever choose me?
CHRISTOPHER
Why wouldn’t I choose you?

He walks towards her, she turns away. He turns away in anger.

This isn’t a fucking fairytale.

OLIVIA
...I know.

CHRISTOPHER
We aren’t living a fantasy.

OLIVIA
Trust me, I know.

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER
I’m a person. I’m not perfect.

OLIVIA
I’m not asking you to be. I just want you to let me in. Open up to me.

CHRISTOPHER
I do.

OLIVIA
No, no you don’t, you open up your notebook.

Pause.

You open up your notebook or your computer and you write. Which is fine. Obviously. That’s what you do. But you never share anything with me.

OLIVIA
How can I trust you if you don’t trust me?

OLIVIA
Yeah but you should say something.

CHRISTOPHER
Well what do you want me to say? The truth?

OLIVIA
Umm, yes??

CHRISTOPHER
The truth would destroy you.
They both freeze. CHRISTOPHER has never been this cold before. The mood of the room has shifted completely. There’s a pause and then CHRISTOPHER continues.

CHRISTOPHER
I’m sorry you don’t feel as good about this as I do. But I need us together. You’re my inspiration.

OLIVIA
What?

CHRISTOPHER
I love you.

OLIVIA
No, I’m sorry, what? What was that bullshit before? Are you FUCKING KIDDING ME?

Pause. CHRISTOPHER stands his ground.

OLIVIA
If you don’t want to be here anymore that you should just say so.

CHRISTOPHER
What? / No it’s not that.

OLIVIA
If you don’t what to be here, with me, then just go.

CHRISTOPHER stands still for a moment. Then approaches OLIVIA.

CHRISTOPHER
It’s not like that... I just needed to remind you. You give me the words I need write.

OLIVIA
(trying to keep it together)
Just go. Please.

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER
No.

CHRISTOPHER stays. Lights down.

End of scene.
- Scene 6 -

In CHRISTOPHER’s OFFICE. A few days have past. He sits at his desk.

CHRISTOPHER
If I could just touch perfection...

A (far more aggressive and sexual) dream version of ROSALINE enters. She walks in front of his desk, faces away from him and poses. He studies her. Writes in his notebook. He walks around her & continues studying her.

CHRISTOPHER
I’m so close.

ROSALINE
Then what are you waiting for?

Pause.

CHRISTOPHER
Nothing.

He goes to touch Dream–ROSALINE. OLIVIA appears. He stops.

CHRISTOPHER
I can’t love her anymore. Not right now.

ROSALINE
Then don’t.

She walks up to him until she’s unbearably close.

CHRISTOPHER
If I could just touch perfection... even just for a moment...

ROSALINE puts his hand on her shoulder.

ROSALINE
What would you do?

He starts to trace her neck and shoulders a with the tips of his fingers.

CHRISTOPHER
I would hold it, touch it, kiss it ...with more passion than I had anything I’d ever encountered before.
ROSALINE
(laughs) Your words are sweet.
  She suddenly turns to him and grabs him.
But when don’t you show me?

CHRISTOPHER takes her in his arms.

CHRISTOPHER
I would touch her. (his fingers then start tracing her legs and then her inner thighs)
I would love her.

They kiss.
End of scene.

- Scene 7 -

Lights up on OLIVIA cleaning her kitchen. She is dressed in a ‘sweetie’ halter dress and pumps. She is washing dishes. “Tough Lover” by Etta James plays. She hums & sings along, going about her work effortlessly. She spins and steps to the rhythm of the music with charm and ease. As she’s cleaning & putting away dishes she notices a plate with a spot. She scrubs it but it doesn’t go away. She goes at the stain again, but the stain remains. She keeps scrubbing.

OLIVIA
God-fucking-dammit.

Continues scrubbing. The stain does not come off. She gets worked up.

OLIVIA
(ad lib.) You’ve gotta be kidding... fucking fuck... stupid, piece of shit...

The stain remains. She paces and tries to contain her frustration within her body, but then she starts convulsing. She smashes the plate down on the ground, then a few other dishes. She collapses onto the floor, sobbing. The music plays on. Lights down.
End of the scene.
THE CELL. OLIVIA is kneeling at the bars. CHRISTOPHER stands in the room outside it, back facing her.

OLIVIA
I want you the way I had you before. Better than before. I can make it better than before. Let me do that.

CHRISTOPHER
I don’t think so.

OLIVIA
You don’t believe me. But I can.

CHRISTOPHER
Stop it. There’s nothing to fix. It was supposed to end. You were my inspiration.

OLIVIA
I am your inspiration.

CHRISTOPHER
You were.

OLIVIA
What happened?

CHRISTOPHER
You just stopped being... “it.”

OLIVIA
Ok. Yeah ...But why?

CHRISTOPHER
You think the story would be as interesting with a happy ending? Who wants to read about a girl getting what she wants?

OLIVIA
What? Lots of people.

CHRISTOPHER
It isn’t very compelling.

OLIVIA
It’s fulfilling.
CHRISTOPHER
For a second. Then there’s the never-surprising, always-unsettling realization that life isn’t like that.

OLIVIA
Life isn’t what? Beautiful? Satisfying?

CHRISTOPHER
It seems so obvious... yet it’s always so difficult to learn.
He turns around to face her.
But I will stay here until you learn.

OLIVIA looks up at him. Before she can say anything the lights fade.
End of scene.

- SCENE 9 -

OLIVIA stands at the bar’s ‘stage.’ She sings:
Fool that I am,
For falling in love with you.
The dream version of CHRISTOPHER enters. The dream version of ROSALINE enters from the opposite side as him. They walk toward each other.
And a, fool that I am
For thinking you loved me too
Dream-CHRISTOPHER and Dream-ROSALINE begin dancing together.

You took my heart
Then played the part of little coquette
And all my dreams just disappeared
Like the smoke from a cigarette
Dream-CHRISTOPHER and Dream-ROSALINE kiss. OLIVIA watches them. Music stops.
She walk off the stage and over to the bar. Lights change, Dream-CHRISTOPHER & Dream-ROSALINE are gone.
OLIVIA sits at the bar alone. She takes sips periodically from her drink, but for the most part just hums to herself and stares off. HARRIET enters.

HARRIET
Hey.

OLIVIA
Hey.

HARRIET
So...
Pause.
How are you?
OLIVIA
Fine.

HARRIET
Right. good.

Pause.
Did you hear about Mike?

Pause. OLIVIA is humming herself.

Olivia? ...Yoo-hoo Olivia?

OLIVIA
What?

HARRIET
Did you hear about Mike?

OLIVIA
Oh. No.

Continues humming to herself.

HARRIET
He got hurt over the weekend.

OLIVIA
Yeah?

Continues humming.

HARRIET
Yeah. Stupid fuck hurt himself...

She realizes OLIVIA isn’t listen.

Yeah he was at the Zoo, right? And Lisa is trying to get him to go to the butterfly garden, and he’s going on about how “that shit isn’t for men” and that he’s bored and... you know, basically being a little shit as per usual. So eventually Lisa gives up and just tell him and her brother, Joe - is that his name? whatever... Yeah, she tells Mike and Joe that they can do whatever the hell they want. So Mike convinces Joe to go over to the monkey exhibit. Mike’s got a real fascination with apes --since they’re practically blood relatives-- So Joe agrees. So they get to the baboons, and the baboons are in their fort on an little island surrounded by a moat. But on one side of the exhibit there’s a tree that gets close to the protective fence, practically bending over it. And one of the baboons climbs over and is almost dangling over the people. Then the baboon drops something -- like a toy or a stick or some shit— and it lands right in front of Mike. And you know him can’t keep his hands to himself, the dumb shit. So he picks ‘whatever-got-dropped’ up and waves it in front of the thing like, “Hey stupid, I think you dropped something.” Then the baboon starts getting all upset and throwing a temper tantrum, and those things are fucking terrifying when they get upset. And Mike’s
laughing, not giving a fuck. Then the thing crawls down the tree, getting almost eye level
with Mike. And Mike’s still laughing, without a care in the world. Still taunting the
fucking thing like a fucking idiot. Then the baboon leaps for the fence and actually gets
a hold of it and starts reaching for Mike. So Mike challenges the thing. Like, some sort
of “alpha battle” or something. Like, what the fuck, right? And the baboon gets a hold
of him through the fence. Then they start... fighting? I don’t even know if you can call
that kind of thing a fight. Just stupid and messed up is what it is.

OLIVIA is still not paying attention.

Then... the baboon bit off two of Mike’s fingers!

Pause.

Olivia?

OLIVIA

Huh?

HARRIET

Olivia goddammit were you even listening?!

OLIVIA

What?

HARRIET

(under her breath) Well fuck me...

OLIVIA

What?

HARRIET

Olivia. You know I love you, right?

OLIVIA

Yeah, of course.

HARRIET

You know I respect you, right?

OLIVIA

Yeah.

HARRIET

I want to be here for you. Whatever you need. But I really think you could use some
distractions. You’re going to feel what you’re going to feel and all that... But please
believe me when I say that he’s not worth... this.

OLIVIA

I don’t know what you mean.
HARRIET
Really?

OLIVIA
What? You mean... him? I’ve gone through a “him” before.

HARRIET
I’m just a little nervous. You’re handling it differently.

OLIVIA
I think I’m handling it rather well.

*Takes a sip of her drink.*

I need my process.

HARRIET
Your “process” has been going on for months.

*Pause.*

I just hate seeing your waste your time over someone like this, all over again, ya know?

*Pause.*

Olivia?

*Pause.*

Please stop with this “staring into the void” thing, it’s freaking me out!

*Dream-*CHRISTOPHER* and Dream-*ROSALINE enter. This time OLIVIA sees CHRISTOPHER trying to “pick up” ROSALINE. HARRIET can see them now too.*

CHRISTOPHER flirts with ROSALINE but she is nervous & hesitant to warm up to him.

OLIVIA
Oh c’mon! Just like him... you know you want to!

*She sees ROSALINE becoming increasing uncomfortable in front of CHRISTOPHER.*

Just do it!

HARRIET
(to ROSALINE) Yeah, c’mon what are you waiting for??

OLIVIA
Please, just take him off my hands. Kiss so I can throw up! Maybe I can purge him out of my system!

HARRIET
Puke him up like the stomach bug he is.
ROSALINE continues to reject CHRISTOPHER’S advances. OLIVIA & HARRIET continue heckling ROSALINE.

OLIVIA
Don’t be such a stuck up prude! Just kiss him!

HARRIET
Yeah why ya gotta be such a tease??

OLIVIA
Just make things easier.

HARRIET
Trust me girl, you’ll be doing everyone here a favor if you just give in!

CHRISTOPHER says something that makes ROSALINE laugh. OLIVIA and HARRIET sit in silence. Music then begins to play. CHRISTOPHER twirls ROSALINE. OLIVIA begins to sing again:

OLIVIA
Fool that I am,
For hoping you'd understand.
And thinking you
Would listen, too,
And, oh, the things I had planned.

ROSALINE and CHRISTOPHER are slow dancing now looking into each other’s eyes. OLIVIA circles them singing.

But we couldn’t see eye to eye
So, darling, darling, darling,
This is goodbye.
But I still care, but I still care,
And oh, fool that I am.
Oh, but I still care,
Fool that I am.

Lights down. End of Scene.

— SCENE 10 —

THE CELL.

CHRISTOPHER
Hi Liv.
OLIVIA
Just go away.

CHRISTOPHER
I will. I just need to talk to you first.

OLIVIA
Why?

CHRISTOPHER
You know why.

OLIVIA
(laughs) Oh, of course... her.

CHRISTOPHER
They sent me in here to talk to you. They need to know what’s going on with you, Olivia. So do I.

OLIVIA
What’s the point? Just leave—

CHRISTOPHER
You won’t be able to leave here—

OLIVIA
—Just go.

CHRISTOPHER
—They’re pressing charges and they say that unless they can see any proof that you’ve just completely lost it then they’ll put you away for good—

OLIVIA
Why don’t you let them then? Wouldn’t that just be what you want anyways: To move on without me? To take away the guilt and obligation? (beat) Can you just go away? Why can’t you leave me alone? It’s like I don’t see you enough in my head.

Pause.

Just go.

CHRISTOPHER steps closer to her cell.

You fucked up. I fucked up. We both just fucked up so you should go!
You’re empty. And I’m a wreck. So I’ll keep filling you with all my crazy that you never wanted and I’ll just keep believing that... that you’re what I always wanted.

Pause.

You’re a piece of shit the way you treat me. You don’t know. —You don’t know— You don’t know what it’s like to be ...the puppet on the end of your strings... Completely destroying a perfectly good life for no reason — fuck off! God, I hate you! But I hate
myself more. I can’t take the guilt. I can’t take the contradictions you’ve put in my head. I don’t even know myself anymore.
Just go, Goddammit, just leave!

A long pause. Then CHRISTOPHER starts to walk away.
No! Wait, God no, please! I’m sorry... I’m so sorry! I keep doing this wrong. I should grovel. I should only say my faults. I should just... beg. You’re all I want. Please. You can’t leave. You know they won’t believe me. Why won’t they believe me? Please tell them. You love me. You love me, right? If you tell them... then I can leave. Then they’ll know why.

CHRISTOPHER
Hmm... Then they’ll know why.

OLIVIA
They’ll know...

CHRISTOPHER
Why...

OLIVIA
Then they would know.

CHRISTOPHER
Why you..?

OLIVIA
(stoic) They would know.

CHRISTOPHER
Say it.

OLIVIA
(aggravated) They would know.

CHRISTOPHER
Say it.

OLIVIA
Then they would know...

CHRISTOPHER
SAY IT!

OLIVIA
Then they would know why I hurt her!
CHRISTOPHER
You hurt her.

OLIVIA
I didn’t mean to... I mean, I did, but not like that. You know I can hardly stand the thought of it... I get those sensations... I couldn’t even handle breaking the skin without vomiting.

Pause.
I just couldn’t handle the thoughts anymore. I had to do something. I had to.

Pause.
I should have just hurt you.

CHRISTOPHER
You did.

OLIVIA
Like, how?

CHRISTOPHER
Seeing you become this person that you’re not. I wanted to write about you. But I can’t do that when you’re unraveling.

OLIVIA
(in a moment of pure insanity and simultaneous clarity)
I’m a ball of tightly wound string. You find the strand to pull and suddenly everything I’m holding onto – whatever I was hiding underneath – all of my layers become unraveled.

CHRISTOPHER
I can’t use you when you’re unraveling.

OLIVIA
Exploit me. That’s all you do... that’s what writers do... that’s what artists do. “I’m your clay to mold, I’m the ink in your pen.”

CHRISTOPHER
See what I’m saying? You’re not you anymore. You just adjust to whatever you think I want. You would have never ‘bent’ like this before. You’re delicate, complex... but not weak. I don’t want you to lose yourself because of me.

OLIVIA
Too fucking late.

CHRISTOPHER
Don’t give up on yourself.
OLIVIA
What’s left?

CHRISTOPHER
You could save yourself. I don’t believe I can save you. But I believe in you. I believe you could save yourself.

Pause.

OLIVIA
Go away, Christopher.
Or I will hurt you.

CHRISTOPHER looks down, defeated. He finally leaves.

- Scene 11 -

THE CELL. (Time has past.) The instrumentals to Sinatra’s “L.O.V.E” play. OLIVIA begins to sing, sincerely:

“L” is for the way you look at me.
“O” is for the only one I see.
“V” is for very, very extra-ordinary
“E” is even more than anyone that you adore
And “LOVE” is all that I can give to you
“LOVE” is more than just a game for two

The tone of her voice changes:
Two in love can make it
Take my heart, but please don’t break it
“LOVE” was made for me and you

Pause. She starts to laugh, then her breathing gets out of control. She continues to sing, with her own set of lyrics:

“H” is for how your stare at her
“A” is for anger that burns
“T” is for tearing me apart slowly
“E” is envy of anyone that isn’t me

She starts to “scream-sing” the last few lines:
And “HATE” is all that you can make me feel
“HATE” is the only thing that’s real
Life can be a bitch
But you’re the flea that makes me itch
OLIVIA bangs against the cell walls, first with her fists then progressively with her whole body. She lets out piercing screams. She collapses to the ground, on her knees.

OLIVIA
Let me out! LET ME OUT! Let me go! I want to be free! I WANT TO BE FREE! JUST LET ME BE FREE!

She continues to scream and bang until she is sobbing. CHRISTOPHER enters.

CHRISTOPHER
Olivia.

She continues to sob and throw a fit.

CHRISTOPHER
Olivia...

OLIVIA
(through the sobbing) No, no. Go away.

CHRISTOPHER
You always do this at first.

OLIVIA
I mean it this time.

CHRISTOPHER
No you don’t.

OLIVIA
Go away.

CHRISTOPHER
Where would you have me go?

OLIVIA
I’m so tired. I can’t.

CHRISTOPHER
Where would you have me be?

OLIVIA
I... I don’t know. Nowhere else. Anywhere else.

CHRISTOPHER
You’re talking in circles.
OLIVIA
It’s better than your constant bullshit.

CHRISTOPHER
Yes... I’m full of shit. But I’m the only one here. So take my shit... or be alone.

OLIVIA
Stop it. I’m tired... I’m so tired...

CHRISTOPHER
Well guess what?
We’re all tired.

Pause.

OLIVIA
I would like to forget you now.

CHRISTOPHER
You would, would you?

OLIVIA
...yes.

CHRISTOPHER
Then why do you keep calling me back here?

As if just remembering, OLIVIA turns around and sees (for the first time) the key to her cell. There is a tiny, precise beam of light shining down on it. After a moment’s pause, she picks up the key, unlocks the cell, and walks out. The scene changes around her and she is back in the café. Her prison uniform has been stripped away to reveal one of her everyday dresses. She sits down at a table with a gentleman (Henry).

OLIVIA
So tell me more about yourself...

HENRY
Henry.

OLIVIA
Henry.

HENRY
Well where should I start?
OLIVIA
I guess where you grew up. That’s seems like a good beginning right?

HENRY
(smiles) Yes. I grew up in South Carolina. I was never much a city fella, but ever since moving here I couldn’t imagine starting my life anywhere else.

OLIVIA
It’s a great city. Sometimes I wish I could break out of my bubble though.

HENRY
To bigger and better thing?

OLIVIA
Yeah.
Pause.
So... what do you do?

HENRY
I’m the art coordinator at the music hall and I work at the library. And I do work for the paper.

OLIVIA
Really? / You’re a writer?

HENRY
I love journalism. Well, it’s more of a “hobby.” I like to freelance where I can. My “day job” is working at the library, and the music hall brings in more money for sure. (beat) But yeah, journalism is my thing. Definitely surpasses any of work I’ve had to do before.

OLIVIA
What do you mean?

HENRY
I think it’s much more of a challenge. /
(with fake confidence) Writers of fiction? Cowards. / To write what you see and hear, without embellishing, is a true challenge.

OLIVIA
Oh? Is that so?
Uh huh...
HENRY
Though I do have to say I am much more partial to photojournalism. I can’t say that I can truly bring a story to life without a photo or two. You know, a picture is worth...

OLIVIA
A thousand words / (mumbling) Can’t say that this date is worth that.

HENRY
Yes, that’s right—

OLIVIA
Nevermind.

Pause.

HENRY
I’m sorry, I—

OLIVIA
That was rude. I’m sorry. This was a mistake. I’m sorry. I—

HENRY
You seem wonderful.

Silence.

You seem lovely, you do. You’ve been really patient with me...

OLIVIA
Stop. You don’t have to—

HENRY
(abrupt) I like your hair, and your eyes, and your smile.

(beat) When you smile. (beat) And I know I come on a little strong with my opinions but, ya know, at least I have my own.

Pause.

And you challenge me. At least you have so far. And it’s nice. It’s refreshing. I don’t want you to hate me already though... that’s not supposed to happen until after the wedding.

Laughs. Realize what he’s said, stops.

I mean, I would like to give you a chance, and I’d like you to give me a chance too.

OLIVIA
Oh... well... You’re very sweet and I, uhh, appreciate your honesty. But...
HENRY
But?

OLIVIA
I should go.

HENRY
Hey wait, no, please... I promise I’m can much more pleasant than this.

OLIVIA
No, it’s not that...

HENRY
Well, hey, listen... so what if I can’t restore this date? But if I do fuck up today, I can get one more chance?

OLIVIA
I’m sorry... I can’t...

HENRY
C’mon, why not?

OLIVIA
It’s too soon... I’m not ready.

Pause.

HENRY
Oh. Ok. (beat) Do you think you’ll ever be ready?

OLIVIA shrugs.
I can wait. But I wish I didn’t have to.

OLIVIA
You’re very sweet.

HENRY
I’m making you uncomfortable, aren’t I? Gahh, I’m such a... I don’t know how—

OLIVIA
No, no listen. I know I don’t to make this easy, let alone possible... I just think it’s best we... cut our losses and call it a day. I don’t know.
She gets up from the table and gathers her things. As she walks away HENRY says:

HENRY
The only loss I could have is you leaving now.

She stops.

HENRY
Please. I asked you out because I wanted to treat you to something nice, pleasant... Because I wanted to know you. I don’t want to make you uncomfortable, I just want to know.

OLIVIA
I know, and I really appreciate it, but—

HENRY
You’re beautiful. Please give me a chance. Ever since I heard you at the bar, and here at the café, I haven’t been able to get you out of my mind. I know I can do better than this. Please... just stay and sing to me.

“At Last” plays again over the speakers of the café.

HENRY
Sing to me, and smile.

HENRY freezes. OLIVIA sings to him.

OLIVIA
At last... my love has come along
My lonely days... are over...

Next line is repeated in OLIVIA’s voice over the speakers. There is a skip in the song, like a skip on a record machine.

Days are over... are over... over... (repeated over the speakers in OLIVIA’s voice) over - over - over -

The word keeps playing over and over. HENRY unfreezes, HENRIETTE enters. They both go to OLIVIA and drag her off as the café set transforms into her cell. They dress her in her uniform and sit her back in her cell. There is a single beam of white light on her in the cell. The light that falls on her gets smaller and smaller on her in the cage. The music continues to skip and fades along with the light. Eventually the light burns out.

End of play.