SCENE 3

The fire pit is moved up next to the upright piano. There is a bookshelf full of classic novels. EVE enters and sits at the piano. EMBER stands next to her in the fire pit. EVE plays a middle C. She plays it over and over, looking for something in it.

EVE
Theme...theme...theme...

She plays “Row, Row, Row Your Boat”.

EMBER
Been done.

EVE
Yes, I know, I’m just playing something to play something.

EMBER
That doesn’t make any sense.

EVE
It doesn’t matter if it doesn’t make any sense. I’m just coming up with ideas.

EMBER
Why aren’t you Googling anything? They told you to Google some stuff.

EVE
I don’t need to Google anything; I can come up with something on my own.

Beat.

EMBER
With all due respect, I’m not feeling any of those ideas.

EVE
Shut up.

EVE plays another middle C. She plays it again and again. EMBER starts to grow in agitation. His flames start to grow. One of his flames licks EVE’s arm.
EMBER
Just Google something! Don’t be stubborn, you don’t have a lifetime to think of a brand new idea!

EVE holds her arm. And moves to exit.

EVE
Fine! You’re right, you’re right, I don’t know what I’m doing.

She exits. EMBER starts playing a middle C in her absence. Then he moves up the piano and plays an F#5. EVE re-enters with her laptop and sets it on top of the piano. She logs on and EMBER watches over her shoulder. Google appears behind the two as a projection. EVE and EMBER stare at the screen for a moment; there is silence.

EMBER
You know what? Might as well check your email, see if you have anything new.

EVE
You’re right, clear my mind so I can think.

EVE goes to her email. She only has subscription emails. She clicks on each one until they are no longer new messages.

EMBER
Oh! When is that free Broadway concert downtown?

EVE
I don’t know. I think the 14th? Let me see...

She logs onto her Facebook. She scrolls through several posts until she finds the Broadway concert. It reads: “Broadway at Millennium Park FREE August 15th”.

EMBER
Good thing you checked.
Yeah, I don’t want to miss that.

She goes back to the Google search page. There is another silence. EMBER begins to get agitated.

EMBER
Just search something it’s not that hard!

EVE
What do I search then? Huh? New musical ideas?

EMBER
Well you could search // you could search--

EVE
What could I search?

EMBER
Um...why not go to Wikipedia and see if there’s anything interesting?

EVE
Really? I still wouldn’t know where to start.

EMBER
It’s better than pulling something out of your ass.

EVE
No it’s--

EMBER shoots a look to EVE. A moment.

EVE (CONT’D)
Alright but I’m not trying Wikipedia.

EMBER
Then where are you going to start? Books?

EVE
Wait, That’s actually a really good idea.

EMBER
Are you sure you want to do that? Lots of people adapt books.

EVE
Yeah, but not every book has been adapted.
She goes over to the bookcase and starts looking at the titles. All of a sudden her phone buzzes. She takes it out of her pocket.

EMBER
Is it them? Did they set a meeting date?

EVE
No, it’s Martin, actually.

MARTIN enters. EVE looks at her phone.

MARTIN
Yo! You still down to clown this Friday? I’ve got some stories for you when we hang.

EVE
(texting)
Yes! I am! What are you thinking?

While EVE says this, MARTIN puts his phone away and exits unceremoniously.

EMBER
You know he won’t respond for like days.

EVE
I know. Believe me I do. What about *Wuthering Heights*?

EMBER
That’s definitely been done. Don’t know who did it, but they did.

EVE
Oh yeah...Wildhorn did *Dracula*...how about--

EMBER sits down at the piano and starts to play that middle C again, along with the F#5, eventually adding a D5.

EMBER
There are new adaptations of *Moby Dick* everyday. Next.

EMBER starts playing those three notes in an improvisation. EVE continues to look.
EVE
You know it might be nice to do something on the sea.

EMBER
*Pirates of the Caribbean* is already a thing.

EVE
Not that I mean--

EMBER
*Pirates of Penzance* is also already a thing.

EVE
Cut it out. I mean some sort of adventure, a quest. Some epic journey of some sort.

**SONG #3: IDEAS (PART ONE)**

At that moment, EMBER strikes the first chord of the song. EVE and EMBER look at each other. EVE moves over to the piano. EMBER gets back into the fire pit, staring at EVE. EVE plays the C, in steady quarter notes.

EVE
SO WE START IN C MAJOR
IN THIS KEY THERE’S FLEXIBILITY

EMBER
THOUGH MOST POINT OUT MONOTONY

EVE
IN C YOU CAN DO ANYTHING YOU WANT.

EMBER
BUT YOU’RE NOT IN C

EVE
I’M NOT?

EMBER
NO, YOU’RE IN G.
PLAY THAT CHORD AGAIN.
EVE plays the chord.

Duh, of course. How simple.

You know better.

I know, I know.

NOW WHERE FROM HERE?

EVE plays a continuation of the chord. They look at each other. The stage warms with fire. EVE steps away from the piano.

What does that sound like to you?

A SPOTLIGHT RISES ON A SINGLE ACTOR THEIR DREAMS, THEIR FEARS LAID OUT BARE

BARE ACTOR enters in a spotlight while EVE and EMBER look on.

WHAT DO THEY SAY?

WELL...

BARE ACTOR MY DREAMS, MY FEARS ARE LAID BARE.

BARE ACTOR strains the final note. EVE and EMBER stare at her. BARE ACTOR leaves unceremoniously.

AND THEN FROM THERE?
EVE
I’VE GOT NOTHING.
WAIT!
AN ACTOR STEPS INTO THE SPOT BEHIND A WOODEN PODIUM
THE SPEECH THEY GIVE IS IN MEMORIAM
THE EULOGY IS FOR FRIEND, A GIRL, SOMEONE THAT CARED FOR THEM
IT WAS AN INFARCTION OF THEIR MYOCARDIUM

EMBER
THAT WAS A MOUTHFUL.
YOU MEAN A HEART ATTACK?

EVE
I DO.

EMBER
THEN JUST SAY THAT.

EVE
IT WAS A HEART ATTACK, OKAY?

EMBER
THEN WHAT?

SAD ACTOR walks out into a spot, rolling out a
wooden podium.

EVE
UHM...

SAD ACTOR
I’M SO SAD THAT MY FRIEND, OR A GIRL
JUST SOMEONE WHO I CARED ABOUT IS GONE
I WILL NEVER BE THE SAME.

EMBER
WELL THAT WAS SHIT.
EVE
FUCK YOU, LIKE YOU’D DO BETTER.

EMBER
I WOULD.

EVE
OH YEAH?

EMBER
YEAH!

EVE
PROVE IT. WHAT SHOULD THIS SHOW BE WRITTEN ABOUT?

EMBER
IT SHOULD HAVE HEART AND LIGHT
JOY AND CHEER
FRIENDSHIPS TIGHT DESTROYED BY
GRIEF AND FEAR
FLYING FREE,
AND BURNING BRIGHTER
THAT IS WHAT I SEE--

EVE
STOP. JUST STOP.
You’re not even saying anything.

EMBER
Yes I am!

EVE
WHAT’S THE PLOT?

EMBER
WHAT?

EVE
WHAT’S THE STORY?

EMBER
IT’S JUST AN IDEA
THAT’S NOT AN IDEA
IT’S JUST NOT

WORTH ANY

TIME.

EVE accidentally knocked off some binders.

Goddamn it.

EVE picks up some of the binders and puts them back. EMBER just watches. EVE stops on a particular binder.

Oh my god. Do you remember this?

I do. When did you start writing that?

I think college? Yeah it would’ve been...college.

EVE opens the binder and sits down, beginning to read it.

SONG #4: AND FANTASIES

“Memories of Tomorrow. Book, music and lyrics by Evelyn Kay”
EVE
I REMEMBER RESTLESS NIGHTS
DRIFTING TO AN UN-WALKED STAGE
EV’RY DAY A HOLY RITE
WATCHING THAT UNMARKED PAGE
AS THE TIME PASSED SLOWLY BY
MUSIC DAWNED ON MY HORIZON
PRECIOUS MARBLE TO MY EYE
A MASTERPIECE OF SONIC SUN
A PRELUDE FOR A STORY ABOUT TRUE LOVE
A GIRL OF EIGHTEEN THE LIKES OF ME.
I BEGAN WRITING WITH A FERVOR
AND WITH A TITLE, I WOULD PRESERVE HER
ON STAGE AND REALITY AND
FANTASY, FANTASY
FANTASY MADE MUSICALLY
SHE WAS A CAPTAIN AND A PIRATE OF THE REQUIEM
THE FIERcest SHIP ON THE SEAS
UNRIVALED BY ANYTHING IN THIS REALM

The CAPTAIN, enters the stage, decked out in
pirate attire.

CAPTAIN
I SAILED TO EV’RY CORNER OF THE BLUE EXPANSE
MY SHIP WRECKED FROM THE CALL OF DULCET TONE
THE COLD GRASP OF DARKNESS FROZE ME TO THE BONE
AS I SANK TO MY DOOM A SUPPLE HAND TOOK MINE
AND PULLED ME FROM THE BRINE
THEN I FOUND BEAUTY IN MY SIREN’S EYES

A SIREN pulls the CAPTAIN from her watery
grave and sings to her:

SIREN
AH!

CAPTAIN/SIREN
AH!

EVE
THE CAPTAIN AND SIREN WOULD TAKE ME FAR
EVE/CAPTAIN/SIREN
TO NEW YORK TO BROADWAY MAKE ME A STAR

EVE
THEY WERE MY DREAMS AND MY FANTASIES
FANTASIES.

EVE
FANTASIES, FANTASIES
MY LIFE WOULD SOAR
SIREN/CAPTAIN
FANTASIES, FANTASIES
SHE’D LOVE ME MORE
AH!
FANTASIES, FANTA---

EMBER
Eve!

EVE is broken from her fantasy. The CAPTAIN and SIREN exit. The lights shift back to reality.

EMBER (CONT’D)
There’s a reason you stopped writing it.

EVE
I know...

EMBER
The title didn’t even match the show. It should’ve been “The Captain and The Siren”.

EVE
I know.

EMBER
And Katherine--

EVE
I know, I know! I spent years on it for a stupid reason. It’s stupid. It doesn’t matter.

EMBER
EVE puts the binder back on the shelf and goes back to the piano. Her phone buzzes.

EMBER
Martin?
EVE
No, it’s Bri.

BRI enters.

BRI
Hey Eve, can you meet tomorrow night after work for musical stuffs?

EVE
Oh shit, that soon?

EMBER
But you don’t have an idea. You can’t go without an idea.

EVE
Well I’ll think of something tonight. I can do this.

EMBER
Just postpone, it’s fine. You don’t have any ideas.

EVE
I have plenty of ideas. I’m telling her I’ll be there.

EMBER
Why? You don’t have to respond yet anyway.

EVE
She’s probably already seen the text bubble anyway so it’s too late.

EMBER
Oh come on.

EVE
(texting)
Yeah! I’ll be there around 5. I’m so excited!

BRI
Us too! We’ll see you then!

BRI exits.

EMBER
You’re not going to be ready in time.

EVE
Yes I am.
EMBER
You don’t sound very convinced.

EVE
You don’t sound very convinced.

EMBER
I’m not because you’re not. You’re basically doing what your captain did.

EVE
No I’m not.

EMBER
We’re not doing this back and forth. You know I’m right so just stop--

EVE
Shut up, shut up!

EMBER yanks EMBER’s chain and EMBER falls. A moment. EMBER moves back to the fire pit.

EVE
Just stay there. You’re not helpful.

EMBER All you have stuck in your head is that damn Siren song.

EVE What?

EMBER That damn Siren Song.

EMBER’s voice echoes like a conscience. EVE plays a C#4 on the piano.

SONG #5: IDEAS (PART TWO)

EVE plays the Siren’s melody with a new melody. The piano takes the music and she stands and sings:
EVE
A FIGURE STUMBLES ON A SHELL-STAINED BEACH
SHE SINGS A CHORUS DELICATE AND SWEET

EMBER
EVE--

EMBER
EVE
AH!

EMBER
EVE
AH!

EMBER
EVE
HE HEY EVE, DON’T SING LOUDER I DON’T LIKE THIS IDEA AT ALL

EMBER
EVE
FINE SO BE QUIET I’M MAKING THIS SHOW ABOUT A
VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCE, MAGIC AND MYS’TRY
A CHARACTER TRIES TO LOSE LOVE FOR A SIREN’S CALL!

Blackout.
End of Scene.