

Yeah.

(Pause. They sit there. She rubs his neck.)

JENNY. Tell me a story.

ELIAS. Happy or sad?

JENNY. Scary.

Tell me a scary story.

ELIAS. I don't know if I can like make up a scary story on the spot.

JENNY. Try.

(Pause.)

ELIAS. Do you think it's scary here?

JENNY. A little.

ELIAS. Yeah.

But more tragic than scary.

JENNY. Why tragic?

ELIAS. You know. The tchotchkes.

"Paris."

The like Tragedy of Bed and Breakfasts.

The like desperate attempts to be homey and special and cheerful and warm and cute.

I don't know.

Isn't it obvious?

JENNY. Do you think my parents' house is tragic?

ELIAS. Jenny.

JENNY. Because my mother has a lot of cheerful tchotchkes.

ELIAS. Your parents' house is...

(A pause.)

ELIAS. I feel trapped.

JENNY. I'm just asking.

ELIAS. But I'm actually getting really anxious because I feel you trapping me.

JENNY. There's not like a wrong answer to my question. So I don't / see—

ELIAS. PLEASE STOP TRAPPING / ME.

JENNY. Okay please don't yell.

(They sit in silence. Her hand is frozen still on the back of his neck.)

ELIAS. Can you take your hand off my neck?

(She slowly removes her hand from his neck.)

JENNY. I don't know why that turned into a fight.

ELIAS. That wasn't a fight.

(He collapses back onto the couch and closes his eyes. He breathes. After a while.)

ELIAS. It was a

Cold

Dark

Rainy Night.

A man and a woman were driving down a highway.

A highway in the American Midwest.

And then they realized...

They realized they were low on gas.

And they...

And they looked for a gas station but there weren't any and it was pouring rain and they could barely see through the windshield so they pulled into this uh, creepy motel by the side of the highway.

And they walked into the motel and there was an old man with one eye.

Sitting at the, uh, front desk.

(Pause.)

ELIAS. And the old man with one eye had them...he told them...he had them sign their names in the...log book...and uh...he told them they could have any room they wanted in the motel. Because it was totally empty. And so the man and the woman picked a room and they uh...they brought their bags up to the room and they got into bed and then...

And then they realized...
That there was a face at the window.
Watching them.
And it was the face of...

(Pause.)

End Here

ELIAS. I'm stuck.

JENNY. It's so good!

ELIAS. I can only do build-up to scary.

Not scary itself.

JENNY. That's okay.

ELIAS. You wanted scary.

JENNY. I just want you to keep going.

(Pause.)

ELIAS. And the face in the window was...

(Pause.)

ELIAS. I'm done.

(He stands up.)

JENNY. I'm still cold.

ELIAS. Goodnight Jenny.

(ELIAS gets up and starts walking up the stairs.
He stops on the landing.)

ELIAS. I should have made it Gettysburg-specific.
Like "Ghosts of Gettysburg." All the dead soldiers and
shit.

Spirits haunting the Devil's Den.

JENNY. I liked the face.

(He shakes his head and heads upstairs.)

Scene Three

(Morning.)

(9:17 on the grandfather clock.)

(The first movement of the Brandenburg Concerto
is playing on the jukebox.)

(ELIAS is sitting at a table in Paris pouring cereal
from a little cereal box and then pouring milk from
a little silver pitcher.)

(JENNY is standing nearby looking at the
newspaper selection on a coffee table. She picks
through it. She picks the front section and the Arts
and Leisure section.)

(She walks back to the table and hands ELIAS the
Arts and Leisure section. She sits at the table.)

(ELIAS starts looking at the front page of the folded
Arts and Leisure section on the tabletop and eating
his cereal.)

(His eating is too loud for her.)

(It is annoying her.)

(Eventually JENNY takes one hand off the front
section of the newspaper and tries to very, very
subtly put a finger in her ear while still trying to
prop the front section up. She turns a page. He
looks up and notices.)

ELIAS. What.

JENNY. What.

ELIAS. What's that?

JENNY. What.

ELIAS. That.

JENNY. Oh. Nothing.

(She takes her finger out of her ear and turns
another page of the newspaper.)

ELIAS. Are /you like—