

Lovejoy: The Compelling and Twisted Tale of a Private Eye's Pursuit
of Love and Justice

written by

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v. 2

CHARACTERS

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Male. 60 to 70 years old.
Enthusiastic. Not stupid. A little full of himself. Still
a 20-30 year old at heart.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Female. 60 to 70 years old.
The house manager of the real-life theater the play is
being performed in.

LOVEJOY

Male. 20's to 30's.
A character in the play.
A rugged noir detective.

FREDDIE

Male. 20's to 30's.
A character in the play.
Slightly less hard-boiled than LOVEJOY.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Female. 40's.
A character in the play.
Uptight. A feminist at a time when "feminist" was still a
bad word.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Female. 17.
A character in the play.
Was once happy, but her once joyful demeanor has been
dulled.

THEODORE STONE

Male. 17.
A character in the play.
Member of the debate club. Intelligent.

CATHERINE LOVEJOY

Female. 20's to 30's.
A character in the play.
A successful reporter. She has a fiery spirit. She wears
glasses.

CONTENT DISCLOSURE

Attempted suicide, death, language.

AUTHORS NOTES

Please maintain the illusion of Richard Lovejoy's real-life existence in marketing and during the pre-show. Actors playing Richard Lovejoy and The House Manager should not be seen post-show with their costumes on.

Expanding on the character's history is encouraged, as long as it correlates with and does not contradict what the script has established as canon. This could include a playbill biography, anecdotes from the actor portraying Richard Lovejoy, etc.

ACT 1

PRE-SHOW

Throughout preshow RICHARD LOVEJOY greets the audience to "his" play.

THE HOUSE MANAGER greets guests, takes tickets, and guides audience members to their seats.

Just before the play begins, RICHARD takes his seat in the front row, and continues to chat with the audience. THE HOUSE MANAGER takes a seat at the back of the house.

As the lights dim, RICHARD suddenly stands up and makes his way onstage. This is not supposed to happen.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Welcome, welcome, welcome! I am pleased to see so many faces here tonight.

As I was sitting there, chatting with so many of you wonderful theater-goers, I thought a proper introduction may be the best way to start off the show! I'm sure the actors wouldn't mind indulging me for a moment.

He waits for someone to agree with him. No one responds.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

My name is Richard Lovejoy. And this is my play!

RICHARD hopes for applause, and reacts accordingly.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

For those of you not "in the know," I was a rather successful detective in my former life. I worked and lived on the mean streets of Chicago, which I'm sure you know is infamous for its organized crime.

Now don't get the wrong idea, ladies and gentlemen, Chicago is a lovely city. Many a citizen are born, live, and die in Chicago without once becoming the victim of a crime.

But that, my dear audience, is the result of our hardworking police force,

RICHARD says "police force" in a way that makes it clear that he wants to elicit an audience reaction. He gets them to applaud.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

(As the audience is
applauding)

And men such as myself! Us sometimes even *harder-working*
private detectives!

After the applause has ended...

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

My dear ladies and gentlemen, you likely know nothing of the
nameless, faceless private investigators, working silently
behind the scenes of your lives, protecting and serving you.
You see the dangers I-

*As RICHARD is talking, THE HOUSE MANAGER makes her way
towards the stage, but stays in the house.*

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Mr. Lovejoy!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

(automatically)

Detective Lovejoy!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

I'm sorry, sir. *Detective.* We need to start the show now.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Who is that?!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

I am the House Manager, sir.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

The what? This is not a house, madam!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Sir, "the house" refers to where the audience sits. I manage
it. And it's where you should be returning to right now.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Yes, yes. A moment more, and my play can begin.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(sighing)

Thank you, sir.

THE HOUSE MANAGER returns to her seat.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

As I was saying...

RICHARD takes a moment to gather his thoughts.

Ah, yes! My dear audience, tonight you will bear witness to a production the likes you have never experienced. For you see, I have commissioned the writing of a play about my life. You will, along with the ghostly apparition of my former self, no doubt played by a young, dashing actor, confront the dangers I myself faced all those years ago in Chicago. This is the grand premiere of my play, ladies and gentlemen! Like you, I am witnessing this spectacle for the first time, and I cannot wait to experience this momentous occasion with you all.
Thank you ladies and gentlemen, and enjoy my show!

RICHARD returns to his seat.

Throughout the performance, RICHARD is free to react and interact with the audience while remaining in his seat.

Lights down.

SCENE 1

In the darkness, a cigarette is lit, and we can see LOVEJOY's face. LOVEJOY brings it to his lips, and lets out a long, thin exhale of smoke.

LOVEJOY

This damn city.

LOVEJOY takes another drag.

Just when you start to think there may be some good in the world, some ray of sunlight glimpsing through the cesspit of muck that is our world...

LOVEJOY takes another drag.

Some scumbag drops another bucketful of shit into the pit, and covers that ray up all over again.

LOVEJOY sighs.

FREDDIE opens a door on the back wall. He is silhouetted from the light outside, obscuring his features.

FREDDIE takes a moment, staring at LOVEJOY.

FREDDIE

Richard? The hell are you doing?

LOVEJOY

(brooding)

What does it look like?

FREDDIE switches the lights on.

They are in the Lovejoy and Lovejoy Private Investigators office, Chicago, 1970. The front door, with a window of frosted glass with the name "Det. Lovejoy and Lovejoy" printed, is centered on the back wall. There are two desks, framed newspaper articles on the wall, a large cork board, and other detective paraphernalia strewn about the room. LOVEJOY has been standing by a window.

FREDDIE

(crossing to LOVEJOY)

What did I say about doing that in the office? That's not a joint, is it?

LOVEJOY

Just a cig.

FREDDIE

Damn it, Rich.

FREDDIE snatches the cigarette from LOVEJOY.

LOVEJOY

Hey! Back off!

FREDDIE snubs the cigarette out on the windowsill, and tosses it out the window.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

What's your bag, man?!

FREDDIE

(crossing to his desk)

Stink this place up and I'm going to want one too. Goddamn cancer sticks.

What's bugging you?

LOVEJOY sighs and gazes longingly out the window.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

This about the Sanderson case?

LOVEJOY

If those motherfucking pigs hadn't gotten in the way, we would have nailed that son-of-a-bitch!

RICHARD LOVEJOY leaps from his seat and waves his hands dismissively.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

(to the audience)

Everyone called them pigs back then! It was fine! It was a different time!

A beat.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Sorry, boys! Continue!

A beat.

LOVEJOY slams his hand down loudly onto the windowsill.

LOVEJOY

If those motherfucking pigs hadn't gotten in the way, we would have nailed that son-of-a-bitch!

FREDDIE

We solved the mystery, we got paid, his wife knows to stay away from him. Better than nothing, right?

LOVEJOY

And the bad guy goes free. What a world, Freddie. What a world.

FREDDIE

We'll get 'em next time.

A silhouette appears in the door's frosted window. They knock.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Maybe it will be sooner than you think.

FREDDIE opens the door, and NANCY HOLLOWAY enters.

LOVEJOY

Welcome, Ma'am. Please take a seat.

As NANCY moves further into the office she glances around, scandalized by the mess.

FREDDIE

How can we help you today Mrs...?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

My name is Nancy Holloway.

LOVEJOY has heard the name somewhere before. He privately tries to recall.

FREDDIE
What brings you to us today?

NANCY HOLLOWAY
I... well...

NANCY glances around the office.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
You are private investigators, correct?

LOVEJOY
Detectives. Ma'am.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
I see.
You came recommended... by a friend. Are you two related?

FREDDIE
We're brothers.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
How interesting.

LOVEJOY
(suddenly remembering)
Holloway!

NANCY HOLLOWAY
Yes?

LOVEJOY
You're the wife of Assistant District Attorney Holloway?

NANCY HOLLOWAY
(Annoyed)
No. I *am* Assistant District Attorney Holloway.

Awkward silence.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
Any more questions?

FREDDIE
Uh... what can we do for you Mrs.- Ms.- A.D.A. Holloway?

NANCY HOLLOWAY
(sighing)
Maybe this was a bad idea.

NANCY gets up to leave.

LOVEJOY

Ma'am, you clearly have something on your mind. We came recommended by a friend of yours, yes? First consultation with us is free-of-charge. You have nothing to lose by sitting down and getting whatever's troubling you off your chest.

NANCY contemplates for a moment before sitting back down.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

This is really quite silly. There may not even be anything wrong.

FREDDIE

If there's trouble, ma'am, we'll sniff it out. Just tell us your story. Cool?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I'm going to regret this.
A week ago I was up late at my office. We've been working a major drugs case, and I've had to work late for the past month.
I got home around midnight, and there, taped to my front door, was this envelope.

NANCY pulls an opened envelope from her purse and hands it to LOVEJOY. LOVEJOY takes a piece of paper from the envelope and reads it.

LOVEJOY

"I know what you did."

LOVEJOY hands the note and envelope to FREDDIE, who inspects it.

FREDDIE

Envelope's blank. Note is typed. No distinguishing marks.

LOVEJOY

And do you know what this means? "I know what you did?"

NANCY HOLLOWAY

That's the thing. I haven't *done* anything!

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY glance at each other.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

The nerve! I haven't done anything! Anything that warrants leaving a cryptic note like that, anyway.

LOVEJOY scoffs.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Excuse me?

FREDDIE

We apologize Ms. Holloway. It's just... you're an attorney, and...

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I clean up the trash in this city, not make it!

LOVEJOY

Don't flip your lid, Ms. Holloway. We believe you. Please, sit.

NANCY sighs, and sits.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Like I said. I haven't done anything wrong.

LOVEJOY

Can you think of anybody who might want to do you harm? Somebody you convicted, perhaps?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

That's the first thing I thought. I went through all of my records, and I couldn't find one perp who may have it out for me this bad. Not one. Being an A.D.A. is hard work. Hell, I sleep in my office more than I do in my own bed some nights. But I was drafted to work on this big drug case, and it's been all hands on deck. I'm also up for raise so, you know.

FREDDIE

Could somebody from this new case be targeting you?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

None of the dealers we're building cases on have any idea who I am. At least, I don't think so.

LOVEJOY

So somebody who knows your address typed a note saying "I know what you did," put it in a sealed envelope, and taped it to your door. But you haven't done anything wrong?

FREDDIE

And you want us to find out who did it?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Yes... But there's more.

NANCY hesitates.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

It's... my daughter.

LOVEJOY

Your daughter?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Ever since I received the note, she's been acting strange. Avoiding me, changing the subject whenever I bring up the note, and... I don't know...

NANCY shakes her head.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

She's just not herself. Something is wrong. I can just tell. Something is wrong with my daughter.

FREDDIE

You think the note was meant for her?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She's seventeen, Mr. Lovejoy and... Mr. Lovejoy. This is her senior year of high school. Of course I don't want to believe that my darling has done anything wrong but...

NANCY is on the verge of tears.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Something is wrong with Lisa.

FREDDIE

Tell us about your daughter, ma'am.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She's a bright girl. 4.0 gpa, in the debate club, full-ride cross-country track scholarship to Harvard.

FREDDIE

Impressive.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Like I said, she's a bright girl.

LOVEJOY

Who are her friends?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She has a full-ride to Harvard, Detective. She hardly has time for friends.

FREDDIE

Boyfriend?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(agitated)

Absolutely not.

Beat.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Not in high school, anyway. She's too young for that. She needs to focus on her future.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY glance at each other, silently communicating.

LOVEJOY

Poor girl.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

What was that?

LOVEJOY

I said we'll take the case Ms. Holloway.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Really? Listen, all of this may just be a prank.

FREDDIE

We'll get to the bottom of it.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

If my daughter is all wrapped up in this... I just don't know what I'll do, detectives.

LOVEJOY

We'll take care of it Ms. Holloway.

NANCY tears up, but attempts to hide it behind a stony expression.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Keep the note.

FREDDIE

Thank you, Ms. Holloway.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Lisa is at school. She stays a few hours after dismissal for track, debate, and studying. She attends Cecil Mills High School. I'll let them know that you have permission to talk to her. If you need to, of course.

NANCY makes her way to the door.

FREDDIE

That's very helpful Ms. Holloway. Thank you.

NANCY pulls a business card from her purse and hands it to LOVEJOY.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Here's my business card. If you need anything.

LOVEJOY

Thank you Ms. Holloway. We'll be in touch. Tomorrow afternoon at the latest.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Yes, well...

She sniffs, nods to the detectives, and quickly goes through the door, pulling a handkerchief from her purse and patting her nose and eyes with it as she exits.

LOVEJOY

Have you ever heard of a politician who's never done anything wrong?

FREDDIE

She's not a politician, she's a lawyer.

LOVEJOY

Same difference.

FREDDIE

What do you think this means? "I know what you did?"

LOVEJOY

Somebody who knows where Holloway lives thinks she's done something worth scaring her over.

FREDDIE

What about the daughter? That angle worth looking into?

LOVEJOY

A teenage girl is acting out against her suffocating mother. Stop the presses.

FREDDIE

Still. Worth looking into.

FREDDIE goes to his desk and picks up the phone.

LOVEJOY

What are you doing?

FREDDIE

(into the phone)

Get me the Chicago Star, please. Thank you.

LOVEJOY

Fuck.

FREDDIE

(into the phone)

Yes, could you connect me to Catherine's office, please?
That's right.

LOVEJOY

Oh well ain't this killer.

FREDDIE

(to LOVEJOY)

Quiet.

LOVEJOY

You be quiet.

FREDDIE

(into the phone)

Catherine? It's Freddie.

LOVEJOY

We don't need her help.

FREDDIE

(into the phone)

We have a case and we could really use your-

LOVEJOY gets his coat and makes his way to the door.

LOVEJOY

Well it's been real, brother.

FREDDIE

(to LOVEJOY)

Where are you going?

LOVEJOY

Meet you there.

FREDDIE

Flippin hell.

(to the phone)

No, not to you! Listen, Cath, we have a case-

Lights out.

SCENE 2

*Cecil Mills high school track and field practice.
There is an outdoor bench. The track team is
practicing off-stage. Theodore Stone is watching them.*

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY enter.

Oh, piss off. FREDDIE

We don't need her help. LOVEJOY

We always need her help. FREDDIE

We've never needed her help. LOVEJOY

We never would have gotten out of that jam last month if not for her. FREDDIE

We would have gotten out of it just fine. LOVEJOY

They see THEODORE. LOVEJOY and FREDDIE give each other a communicative look before standing next to him, one on either side.

THEODORE looks between them.

Afternoon. THEODORE STONE

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY say nothing.

A beat. THEODORE shifts awkwardly. He fishes a box of Canada Mints from his jacket pocket.

Mint? THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY say nothing. THEODORE waits a moment before returning the mints to his pocket.

Can I help you, gentlemen? THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

That's "detectives" to you, sonny boy. LOVEJOY

FREDDIE rolls his eyes.

What's your name, kid? LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Theodore. THEODORE STONE

Theodore...? LOVEJOY
 Theodore Stone. THEODORE STONE
 Enjoy watching the girls, Theodore? FREDDIE
 Do you? THEODORE STONE
FREDDIE and LOVEJOY glance at each other.
 We're here on official business. LOVEJOY
 You got badges? THEODORE STONE
 We're private investigators. FREDDIE
 Rent-a-cops. THEODORE STONE
 Mister Stone over here's quite the gentleman. You always act
 this way towards authority? LOVEJOY
 (sarcastic) THEODORE STONE
 Oh yeah. I wear Jesus Sandals and everything. Fight the
 power.
THEODORE looks between them.
 Sorry investigators. My twin brother just left to fight in
 'Nam. I'm not in a good mood. THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)
 Vietnam? Aren't you, like, twelve? FREDDIE
THEODORE gives FREDDIE a hard look.
 My brother just walked into hell, "detectives." Fuck off. THEODORE STONE
FREDDIE and LOVEJOY give each other a look.
 You know a Lisa Holloway? LOVEJOY

THEODORE STONE

Didn't I just tell you to...
Fine. Yeah. I'm in debate with her. That's her right there.

THEODORE points off-stage.

LOVEJOY

Huh. She's fast.

THEODORE STONE

Wait, what's this about? Lisa in trouble?

FREDDIE

We hope not. We just need to ask her a couple questions.

THEODORE STONE

Who's your client?

LOVEJOY

None of your business.
(yelling to the track team
offstage)

Lisa Holloway!

FREDDIE

Have a good one, kid.

THEODORE doesn't move.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

I said have a-

LISA HOLLOWAY runs onstage.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Hey Theo. Who're them?

THEODORE STONE

Pigs.

LOVEJOY

We are the opposite of pigs, thank you very much.

THEODORE STONE

They're private investigators, Lisa.

*LISA pauses and looks between the two investigators.
She hides how terrified she is poorly.*

LISA HOLLOWAY

Is something the matter?

THEODORE STONE

They hope not.

LOVEJOY

Okay, that's enough out of you, smart guy. Buzz off.

THEODORE goes to LISA and takes one of her hands.

THEODORE STONE

If anything's wrong, let me know.

LISA HOLLOWAY

I will.

*THEODORE gives her a concerned look, then exits.
LOVEJOY waits until he leaves before speaking.*

LOVEJOY

Boyfriend?

LISA HOLLOWAY

No.

FREDDIE

Course not. Not allowed to have boyfriends.

LISA eyes him suspiciously.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Who are you?

LOVEJOY

We're detectives.

FREDDIE

Private investigators.

LOVEJOY

I'm Richard Lovejoy and this is my brother, Freddie Lovejoy.

LISA HOLLOWAY

(sighing)

My old lady hired you?

FREDDIE

(unconvincingly)

...Maybe.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Well, let's get this over with. What's got her so friggin' upset that she hired two pigs to spy on me?

LOVEJOY

(irritated)

Not pigs. We work where the cops can't.

LISA HOLLOWAY

What's that supposed to mean?

LOVEJOY

If those pigs are the heat, we're the fire.

FREDDIE

Okay.

LOVEJOY

The volcano.

FREDDIE

What my brother is trying to say is that we-

LOVEJOY

We're not afraid to play dirty.

LISA HOLLOWAY

(scared)

What?

FREDDIE

We work outside of the system. But not in a scary way.

FREDDIE eyes his brother: "back down." LOVEJOY gets the message.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

We're here because your mother is concerned about you.

LISA HOLLOWAY

What does she know?

LOVEJOY

Excuse me?

LISA looks surprised. FREDDIE and LOVEJOY look at each other.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

She knows about... your boyfriend.

LISA takes a step back.

LISA HOLLOWAY

He's not my boyfriend.

FREDDIE

What is he, then?

LISA HOLLOWAY

Just a friend.

LOVEJOY

Didn't look like that to us.

LISA HOLLOWAY

He's a friend. We've been friends since we were kids.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY look at each other suspiciously.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

(upset)

Friggin' seriously? She hired two private investigators because she thinks I have a boyfriend?

FREDDIE

She hired two private investigators because she thinks you may be in trouble.

LISA stares at them for a moment.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Wait. Is this about the note?

They wait for her to continue.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I don't know anything about that.

LOVEJOY

Do you know what it means?

FREDDIE

"I know what you did?"

LISA HOLLOWAY

(anxious)

I have no idea.

LOVEJOY

You alright, Lisa?

FREDDIE

You seem a little nervous.

LISA HOLLOWAY

I just don't-

LOVEJOY

Has your Mom done something?

LISA HOLLOWAY

No! I mean- she hasn't-

FREDDIE

Any idea who put the note on your door?

LISA HOLLOWAY
(overwhelmed)

I have no idea!

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY stop. They watch her, then look at each other.

FREDDIE
Alright, let's calm down. No need to get worked up.

FREDDIE leads LISA to the bench and they sit. LOVEJOY stands slightly behind her.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
You need a tissue?

LISA HOLLOWAY
I'm fine. Theo isn't my boyfriend. I promise.

FREDDIE
I think I believe you.
Listen, we're looking into who put that note on the door.
Your mom doesn't seem to think she's done anything wrong.

LISA snorts.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)
You disagree?

LISA HOLLOWAY
Who hasn't done anything wrong in this city?

LOVEJOY
Have you?

LISA HOLLOWAY
No.

FREDDIE
You're a debate student, right? And in track?

LISA HOLLOWAY
Yes.

FREDDIE
And going to Harvard?

LISA HOLLOWAY
That's right. I've got a full ride.

FREDDIE
Impressive. Your mom did say you were smart.

LISA HOLLOWAY
(surprised)

She said that?

FREDDIE

She did. She doesn't think you've done anything wrong, Lisa. She's just worried about you is all.

LOVEJOY

She seems to think the note may have been for you.

LISA HOLLOWAY

What!

LOVEJOY

We know you couldn't have done anything too bad. You're only seventeen, after all.

FREDDIE

But we need to look at this from every angle. Can you think of anyone who may have wanted to leave a note like this for your mother?

LOVEJOY

Or you?

LISA pauses, thinking. The brothers wait for her response.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Maybe...

LOVEJOY

Yes?

LISA HOLLOWAY

...Steven?

LOVEJOY

You think a boy named Steven left the note?

LISA HOLLOWAY

No, I mean it may have been about Steven. Um...

LISA doesn't look at them. She's nervous.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Steven is Theodore's twin brother.

FREDDIE

Your not-boyfriend?

LISA HOLLOWAY

That's right.

FREDDIE

Theodore said that his twin brother left for Vietnam.

LISA HOLLOWAY

(stuttering)

Yeah. You see... um...

THEODORE STONE

(offstage)

We thought it was a stupid idea.

THEODORE enters.

LISA HOLLOWAY

(surprised and relieved)

Theo?

LOVEJOY

Eavesdropping?

THEODORE STONE

I'm sorry investigators, but I couldn't let Lisa talk to two strangers alone. Steve wanted to make something of his life. Our family isn't like the Holloway's. We grew up poor. He wasn't the brightest, and not very athletic, so once Lisa and I both got into Harvard on full-ride scholarships, that was it.

FREDDIE

So he joined the army... at seventeen?

THEODORE STONE

We may have fudged the paperwork a little bit.

LOVEJOY

And you think Ms. Holloway found out?

THEODORE STONE

Definitely not. We were careful.

LOVEJOY

She's an A.D.A., you really think she didn't notice?

LISA HOLLOWAY

I hardly see my mom anymore. I could grow a third eye and she wouldn't notice.

FREDDIE

But somebody knows. Somebody sent that note.

THEODORE STONE

All I know is that the three of us messed with the paperwork *on our own.*

LISA HOLLOWAY

Our school thinks he dropped out.

THEODORE STONE

And our parents thinks that he joined some flower power cult and got the hell out of here. They don't know, and frankly they don't care.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY share a communicative look.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

The last time I heard from my brother was when I dropped him off at the airport.

LOVEJOY

How long ago was that?

THEODORE STONE

Two weeks ago.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY share another, quicker look.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Nobody but us knows.

LOVEJOY pulls a business card from his pocket.

LOVEJOY

Call us if you hear from him, or think of anything.

LISA HOLLOWAY

You won't tell, won't you?

LOVEJOY

We won't tell.

FREDDIE

Your secret's safe with us.

LISA lets out a sigh of relief and tears up. THEODORE holds her hand.

THEODORE STONE

Let's get some ice cream, okay?

LISA smiles at him.

LISA HOLLOWAY

'kay.

THEODORE lets go of LISA's hand, and the two of them start to leave. THEODORE stops.

THEODORE STONE

Investigators? Is Lisa safe?

FREDDIE

Everything is fine.

THEODORE gives them a nod before exiting with LISA.

LOVEJOY

That was enlightening.

FREDDIE

I think I believe them. If somebody knew about their little forgery stunt, why let them know with a note in a blank envelope on their front door? Why not a locker? Or why not go for Theodore first?

LOVEJOY

You saw her. A little pressure and she snaps like a twig.

Beat.

FREDDIE

I'm going to call Cath. Let her know about this new development.

LOVEJOY

Please no.

FREDDIE

Maybe she could find something-

LOVEJOY

Not Catherine. Please!

FREDDIE

After your little stunt at the bank robbery, do you really think the cops are going to start helping us again?

LOVEJOY

We caught those guys red-handed!

FREDDIE

After beating them to a pulp! One of them can't see color anymore!

LOVEJOY

What were we supposed to do? Let them get away?

Beat.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

We told Lisa that we'd keep it to ourselves.

Rich. FREDDIE

LOVEJOY
If you don't got trust you don't got nothin'.

FREDDIE
I trust Cath. You trust Cath. I'm not keeping my promise to a seventeen year old girl if it means we can solve this case.

Beat. LOVEJOY turns to leave. FREDDIE follows him.

LOVEJOY
This is dumb.

FREDDIE
Thank you, Rich.

LOVEJOY
You're dumb.

FREDDIE
You're so full of it.

They exit.

SCENE 3

As the set changes into that of the Lovejoy and Lovejoy office, something goes wrong, resulting in the transition taking longer than "expected."

Two CREW MEMBERS enter and try to solve the problem. At some point they end up separated, one at either side of the stage.

The moment RICHARD LOVEJOY notices this, he leaps from his seat.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
How are you enjoying the show, ladies and gentlemen?

Waits for applause.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
Yes, yes!
All of this really is quite strange, ladies and gentlemen. Like the ghosts of my past have returned to haunt me. In a good way, of course.

I must say though, it is quite strange seeing my brother again.

RICHARD stares at the stage. A long pause.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Anyway! My dear audience, our esteemed playwright seems to have only written about one of my cases, out of three hundred and fifty two! ...Which is fine.

But you had any number of entertainment choices to choose from today, and you chose my show! Clearly that puts you a cut above the majority of the population both in taste and intelligence! Why deny such an enlightened crowd the opportunity to hear, from my own lips, the tale of one of my more harrowing cases.

You see ladies and gentlemen, a few years years after the founding of our detective agency, I assisted in the capture of a notorious criminal I'm sure you've all heard of.

The CREW MEMBERS communicate loudly to each other.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Chicago was notorious for its organized criminal activity. At one point, the mob had such a tight grip around the throat of the city of Chicago, even I feared them. But of course that didn't keep me from kicking them in the balls from time to time!

One CREW MEMBER loudly asks the other if the problem is fixed, and the other gives a thumbs up.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Anyway, obtaining the evidence which led to the arrest of this notorious criminal involved quite a long climb up the side of the-

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(from the back of the house)

Mr. Lovejoy! We're ready to start again!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

(annoyed)

Oh! Yes, yes my apologies! On with the show!

RICHARD LOVEJOY takes his seat, and the set transition is complete.

The Lovejoy and Lovejoy office. FREDDIE is sitting at his desk, looking through some newspapers. LOVEJOY stares at a bulletin board near his desk. The note, photos of the individuals involved in the case, and string linking the evidence are tacked to the board.

LOVEJOY

"I know what you did."

FREDDIE

Saying it over and over again isn't going to do anything.

LOVEJOY

Well if you let me have a smoke it'd give me something to preoccupy my unconscious mind.

FREDDIE

I'll give you something to occupy yourself with.

FREDDIE rolls a newspaper with a rubber band, and chucks it at LOVEJOY.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Actually make yourself useful.

LOVEJOY

Asshole.

FREDDIE

Stoner.

LOVEJOY

Takes one to know one.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY absorb themselves in what they're reading.

A noir-esque silhouette appears from behind the door's frosted glass. The figure waits for a moment before opening the door without knocking.

CATHERINE enters. She is carrying a briefcase.

CATHERINE

You know you're not allowed to call yourselves detectives, right?

RICHARD LOVEJOY leaps out of his seat and rushes the stage. As soon as he gets up THE HOUSE MANAGER races towards the stage. He makes it onstage, but the HOUSE MANAGER remains in the house.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

No! No! No! No! I said no!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Mr. Lovejoy!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

I explicitly said no!
 (referring to CATHERINE)
 What is she doing here?!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

What are you talking about?

RICHARD LOVEJOY

I specifically said that I did not want her in the play!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Look, Mr. Lovejoy, I don't-

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Detective Lovejoy!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(so over this)

Detective Lovejoy. Sir, I'm just trying to do my job. They said her name multiple times, it should have been obvious that she was in the show.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Well I didn't think they would actually bring her on!

Beat.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Plus I may not have noticed. I've sort of edit her out of my brain when I think about her, or hear her name, or-

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Sir, please. Take your seat.

RICHARD glares at her, then at CATHERINE.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Fine.

He returns to his seat. THE HOUSE MANAGER communicates to the actors that they can start again, and she returns to her seat.

CATHERINE

You know you're not allowed to call yourselves detectives, right?

RICHARD LOVEJOY snorts loudly, then motions for the play to continue.

FREDDIE

It's good to see you, Catherine.

FREDDIE gives CATHERINE a hug. LOVEJOY sulks in the corner.

Richard. CATHERINE

Catherine. LOVEJOY

Awkward silence.

What've you got for us? FREDDIE

CATHERINE places her suitcase on Freddie's desk and opens it. LOVEJOY remains on the other side of the room.

I found nothing in the archives matching your mysterious note. I found plenty on A.D.A. Holloway, but nothing bad. She didn't lie to you. She's as clean as they come. CATHERINE

Which isn't saying much. LOVEJOY

Would you like to join the rest of the class, Rich? CATHERINE

This is pointless. You're telling us what we already know. LOVEJOY

She's been here for less than a minute. FREDDIE

And I'm already bored. LOVEJOY

CATHERINE slams her suitcase shut.

What is your problem? CATHERINE

LOVEJOY moves towards her.

What's my problem? You're the one wearing Jackie Kennedy-looking shoes. LOVEJOY

LOVEJOY and CATHERINE slowly get closer to each other as they argue.

CATHERINE

Oh, I'm sorry I can afford to treat myself once in a while. Why don't I come back and turn in my suit for a nice potato sack.

LOVEJOY

You are so full of it! We're doing real good here, and what are you doing in your fancy-pants high-rise office? Printing half-truths on rags so and your friends can kiss up to the crooks who run this town!

CATHERINE

You don't know anything, Richard!

LOVEJOY

Says the girl who couldn't talk until she was two!

FREDDIE

Okay, dudes.

CATHERINE

I was tongue-tied and you know it!

LOVEJOY

Yeah, well maybe mom said that to make you feel better!

FREDDIE jumps between them.

FREDDIE

Alright boys and girls, that's enough of that. Cath, you're brilliant and we're proud of your overwhelming success. Rich, Cath was tongue-tied, I remember the doctors appointments. Can we get back to solving the case now please?

CATHERINE and LOVEJOY eye each other.

CATHERINE

I know something you don't know.

LOVEJOY

So childish.

CATHERINE places her suitcase back on Freddie's desk and opens it. She takes out a piece of paper and hands it to FREDDIE. He scans it.

FREDDIE

A police report?

CATHERINE

Your chat with Lisa Holloway made me remember something. You know the Stone boy, the one who went to Vietnam?

She hands FREDDIE the photo.

LOVEJOY

Oh. Yeah. That's our guy.

FREDDIE

Twins.

CATHERINE

Blunt force wasn't the cause of death. They think that he hit his head on a rock when he fell, but he drowned in the river.

FREDDIE gags, hands the photo to LOVEJOY, collapses into a chair, and tries to keep himself from throwing up.

FREDDIE

Make sure his brother never sees that photo.

CATHERINE takes back the photo and places it in her briefcase, which she closes. She turns to leave.

CATHERINE

Looks like you boys have your work cut out for you. Make sure you read the entire police report.

As CATHERINE reaches the door, she stops. She walks up to LOVEJOY. Part of his back is not visible to the audience. CATHERINE pats him on the back.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

(feigning sincerity)

Good luck. Truly.

LOVEJOY

Um... thanks?

CATHERINE walks to the door. As she reaches it, LOVEJOY turns so the audience can see a sticky note on his back reading "Kick Me."

FREDDIE

(trying not to laugh)

Cath.

CATHERINE opens the door.

CATHERINE

Stay out of trouble, boys.

CATHERINE laughs as she exits.

LOVEJOY walks back to his bulletin board and stares at it. FREDDIE stands up and walks towards LOVEJOY.

LOVEJOY
"I know what you did."

FREDDIE
We need to tell Ms. Holloway.

LOVEJOY
"I know what you did."

FREDDIE
We might as well tell Lisa too. And Theodore, poor bastard.

LOVEJOY
"I know what you--"

FREDDIE kicks LOVEJOY in the back of the knee.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
What the hell?!

FREDDIE pulls the sticky note off LOVEJOY's back and shows him.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
Catherine!

FREDDIE chuckles as he goes back to his desk.

FREDDIE
She told you that she would get you back.

LOVEJOY
At least my pranks never involved physical harm.

FREDDIE sits back down and reads the police report. Something he reads startles him.

FREDDIE
Richard!

LOVEJOY hurries to FREDDIE's desk and looks at the report. FREDDIE points to the paragraph in question.

LOVEJOY
Am I reading that right?

FREDDIE
Yes.

LOVEJOY
Shit.

Dramatic pause.

FREDDIE

"John Doe's jean pockets were filled almost entirely with damp, pure white heroin powder.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY look at each other.

Lights down.

SCENE 4

As the set changes, RICHARD LOVEJOY stands up and addresses the audience.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

For the record, I hold a 41 to 40 advantage over Catherine in our prank war. She never bested me!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(yelling from the back of the house)

Mr. Lovejoy!

RICHARD LOVEJOY waves to THE HOUSE MANAGER apologetically, rolls his eyes to the audience members sitting nearby him, and sits back down.

The Holloway home. LISA sits on a couch, with LOVEJOY and FREDDIE sitting opposite them. THEODORE was sitting next to LISA, but stood up in shock moments before the scene begins.

THEODORE STONE

No.

LOVEJOY

I'm sorry, Theodore.

THEODORE STONE

You're wrong. You said he was a John Doe. He hasn't been identified yet. You can't know if-

LOVEJOY

We saw the photographs. It's him.

THEODORE STONE

You've never met him before in your life, how could you possibly-!

It hits him.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Oh.

THEODORE takes a moment to gather himself. LISA is in shock.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

How? How did he die?

FREDDIE

There's a bridge over the river with a walking path to the airport. They think he fell from there, and hit his head on a rock.

THEODORE STONE

So it was an accident?

FREDDIE

Maybe.

THEODORE STONE

No. That's not possible! We dropped him off in front of the terminals. He didn't need to cross the bridge!

LISA HOLLOWAY

Theo, maybe it was just an accident.

THEODORE STONE

No. Not my brother. He would have gone straight to his flight, I know that. You two have to believe me.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY exchange a look.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

There's no way! Um... okay, the railing! Right? There's no way he could have fallen off the bridge by accident. The railing would have caught him!

LOVEJOY

(sighing)

That's possible.

THEODORE STONE

He was pushed. That has to be it. He was pushed.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Are you sure?

FREDDIE

Theodore, there's no evidence to suggest that he-

THEODORE STONE

You two work outside of the system, right? Do things the police won't do? He was pushed, detectives.

LOVEJOY
He's right. The railing is high.

THEODORE STONE
What about the note?

LOVEJOY
You know about the note?

THEODORE STONE
What if Ms. Holloway-

The sound of a door opening and closing. THEODORE abruptly sits back down and shuts up.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
(offstage)
Lisa? You home?

LISA silently begins to cry.

NANCY enters, looking between everyone before finally seeing LISA.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
Lisa? What's wrong?

LISA bursts into tears.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)
What the hell did you do to my daughter?

THEODORE STONE
Afternoon, Ms. Holloway.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
(to FREDDIE and LOVEJOY)
And who is this?

NANCY reaches for LISA, but LISA recoils, burying her face into THEODORE's shoulder.

THEODORE STONE
Theo, Ms. Holloway. Theo Stone.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
(to THEODORE)
What the hell is going on?!

LOVEJOY
Steven Stone is dead, ma'am.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
Who?

FREDDIE

Steven. Theo's twin brother. He's dead.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Oh my... how?

NANCY glances back at LISA and whispers to LOVEJOY and FREDDIE.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Does this have anything to do with the-?

LOVEJOY

We don't know yet, ma'am. We're trying to sort that out now.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(no longer whispering)

Well sort it out quickly.

NANCY turns to THEODORE.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I have a boy to kick out.

LISA HOLLOWAY

No!

NANCY is taken aback. LISA is surprised when NANCY doesn't respond. She seizes the opportunity and stands.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

When one of my best friends skipped town, you couldn't care less! Now he's dead, and you want to kick out the only other person who actually cares about me?!

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(quietly)

Lisa, I don't know-

LISA HOLLOWAY

Exactly! You don't.

LISA turns to leave. NANCY grabs her by the arm.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I love you Lisa! Please-

LISA HOLLOWAY

(tearing herself away)

What was his name?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

What?

LISA HOLLOWAY

What was his name?! My best friend in the whole world. The one who loved me for me. The one who actually listened to me when I talked. What was his name?!

NANCY HOLLOWAY stares at her for a long moment.

LISA bursts into tears and exits, running, out the way Nancy entered. THEODORE follows her, exiting.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY sit in a long, awkward silence.

FREDDIE

Steven.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(startled)

What?

FREDDIE

Steven, ma'am. His name was Steven.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

You don't need to fucking rub it in. Get out!

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE quickly leave the room. As soon as they exit they see THEO and LISA hugging. The teenagers do not notice them.

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE stumble over each other to hide, but do so without alerting THEO and LISA.

LISA HOLLOWAY

I can't believe it. This can't be real.

THEODORE STONE

It's going to be okay.

They stand there for a moment, Theodore comforting Lisa.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Could your mom have had something to do with this?

LISA HOLLOWAY

Oh my god. Everything is falling apart.

THEODORE STONE

As much as I hate to admit it, those PI's seem competent.

LISA HOLLOWAY

PI's?

THEODORE STONE

The private investigators. Lisa, if you know anything... Even if it's about your mom...

LISA HOLLOWAY

I would tell them.

THEODORE STONE

Is your mom involved? You know how she feels about my brother and I.

LISA HOLLOWAY

I don't know! It's not like she cares much about me either. Everything we've done was to get us as far away from her as possible.

THEODORE STONE

Okay. Lisa, look at me. We're going to be alright. We're together.

THEODORE hugs LISA again.

LISA HOLLOWAY

You're the best Theo. You've always been there for me. You're my best friend. Thank you.

LISA lets go and takes a few steps away.

THEODORE STONE

Lisa?

LISA HOLLOWAY

I need some time to think.

LISA exits. Lights out.

SCENE 5

The Lovejoy and Lovejoy office. FREDDIE is pouring over newspapers, which are scattered throughout his side of the office. LOVEJOY is drawing a large, red X over a drawing of Steven on his bulletin board.

FREDDIE

Is that really appropriate?

LOVEJOY

Justice doesn't care about "appropriate."

LOVEJOY stands back, admiring his work.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

"I know what you did." I know that you killed Steven Stone?

FREDDIE

That seems likely. The timelines match up. Two weeks ago Theodore drops Steven off at the airport. Two days later, Steven's body is found. Five days after that, Nancy Holloway finds the note on her door.

LOVEJOY

"I know what you did."

FREDDIE

But was it meant for Catherine, or Lisa?

LOVEJOY

Or neither?

FREDDIE

What was that?

LOVEJOY

There was no writing on the envelope.

FREDDIE

They left it on the Holloway's front door. It was meant for Nancy or Lisa.

Beat.

LOVEJOY

And then there's the heroin.

LOVEJOY joins his brother in looking over the newspapers.

FREDDIE

Remember the case that Nancy Holloway is working right now?

LOVEJOY

Some kind of drugs bust.

FREDDIE

Could they be connected?

Beat.

LOVEJOY

But who carries a literal *pocketful* of heroin. With how freaking valuable that is, I would have put it in a baggie at least.

FREDDIE eyes LOVEJOY.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

I said "would have." Hypothetically!

FREDDIE picks up the phone and starts dialing.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

What are you-? No.

FREDDIE

(into the phone)

Could you connect me to the Chicago Star please?

LOVEJOY

I already just dealt with her Fred! Not again, please!

FREDDIE

(to LOVEJOY)

She's our sister. You have to pretend to get along. For the good of the citizens of Chicago Illi-

(into the phone)

Oh, yes! Sorry, I was- um- could I speak to Catherine Lovejoy please?

FREDDIE listens.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

She's not... no, that's alright. I'll call again this evening. Thank you.

FREDDIE hangs up the phone.

LOVEJOY

Thank god.

FREDDIE

Not in.

LOVEJOY

Trudging through some grimy sewer looking for a salacious story, hopefully. Getting her expensive fancy-pants shoes all-

FREDDIE

Get over yourself, Rich.

LOVEJOY

It's not myself I need to get over! It's the principle!

FREDDIE

Get over the principle, then!

LOVEJOY

The principle of justice? Of not selling-out?!

FREDDIE

Rich-

LOVEJOY

We do the hard work and what does she do? Write about it. Every major case of ours covered in detail by the Chicago Star's newest female reporter! Doesn't that bother you?

FREDDIE

We had a deal.

LOVEJOY

Fuck the deal!

CATHERINE suddenly busts into the office, exhausted.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

(to CATHERINE)

And fuck you too!

CATHERINE

Excuse me?!

FREDDIE

Are you alright?

CATHERINE

Something came over the wire. You need to come with me right now.

LOVEJOY

What? Your favorite sippy cup stuck behind the couch again?

CATHERINE

Fuck you, Richard! Lisa Holloway is standing on a bridge by the Chicago Airport. She's ready to jump.

They look at CATHERINE in shock.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Ready to come with me now?

The trio bolt out of the room.

SCENE 6

Outside, the bridge near the Chicago Airport. LISA is standing on the wrong side of the railing, facing out, clutching the bars for dear life.

*A piece of paper is taped to the railing nearby.
Sirens wail in the distance.*

NANCY HOLLOWAY is standing off to the side.

FREDDIE, CATHERINE, and LOVEJOY enter slowly.

LOVEJOY

Ms. Holloway?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(startled)

Investigators? Please, help my little girl! She won't listen to me!

FREDDIE

You think she'll listen to us?

LOVEJOY

What about Theodore?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I already chased away that gold-digging piece of shit!

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE are taken aback. NANCY realizes that what she says was fucked up.

NANCY HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

I'm sorry. I can't... She won't listen to me. Just help her! Please?!

FREDDIE, LOVEJOY, and CATHERINE turn to LISA. They carefully begin their approach. LISA notices them.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Oh, it's the pigs.

FREDDIE

Lisa, let's talk for a moment, alright?

LISA HOLLOWAY

I don't want to talk anymore! I've spent my entire life bullshitting to get by. But it's all over now.

LOVEJOY opens his mouth, but CATHERINE motions for him to wait. FREDDIE and LOVEJOY stop, and CATHERINE continues towards LISA.

CATHERINE

Lisa. My name is Catherine Lovejoy. These two morons are my brothers.

LISA HOLLOWAY

What do you want?

CATHERINE

Lisa, you said that you're entire life has been nothing but talking bullshit? I get it.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Shut up! No you don't!

CATHERINE

All I did as a kid was talk. And I talked pretty big. I talked my way out of all kinds of shit. I'm a reporter now, Lisa. I make my living by listening. And I think I'm good at it.

Beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Will you let me listen to you?

LISA chokes out a sob. CATHERINE is behind her.

LISA HOLLOWAY

(crying)

I miss Steven. So much.

CATHERINE places a hand on LISA's shoulder.

CATHERINE

Lisa, I know about Harvard. You did what you believed, with all your heart, was the best thing for you. And you know what? Honestly, it probably was. For you and for Steven.

LISA sobs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Talking is hard, Lisa. It can be so, so hard. But sometimes the only way to get out the crud inside of you is to talk. You'll feel much better when you do.

LISA sobs harder.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

You don't want to do this. I know that. Steven wouldn't want you to do this. Theo is still here. He wants you here. And believe it or not, I think your mom wants you here too. Come back, so we can listen to you.

LISA turns around, letting CATHERINE help her back over the railing.

LISA leans against the railing, exhausted.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Lisa, why don't we-

It's my fault. LISA HOLLOWAY

Silence.

Sorry? LOVEJOY

He's dead because of me. LISA HOLLOWAY

Lisa, you're not thinking straight. You're- CATHERINE

I did it. LISA HOLLOWAY

Silence.

CATHERINE
(to LOVEJOY and FREDDIE)
She needs to go to the hospital. She isn't thinking straight.

Of course. FREDDIE

LISA lowers to the ground and sits, withdrawing into herself.

LOVEJOY notices the note taped to the railing, and retrieves it. He, FREDDIE, and CATHERINE move off to one side, away from LISA.

What's that? FREDDIE (CONT'D)

Suicide note. LOVEJOY

Fantastic. FREDDIE

What does it say? CATHERINE

LOVEJOY opens his mouth to start reading, but then stops. He breaks character, and looks between his fellow actors in shock.

What does it say? CATHERINE (CONT'D)

LOVEJOY looks offstage and mouths "what is this?" He watches, and nods as if whoever is backstage urged him to read.

LOVEJOY takes a breath, glances at RICHARD LOVEJOY, and starts to read.

LOVEJOY

I have lived a long life. A long, tiring life. A life that ended years ago.

LOVEJOY glances again at RICHARD LOVEJOY. RICHARD has gone rigid in his seat, watching the actor intensely.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

It is with a heavy heart that I, Richard Lovejoy, being of sound mind and body-

RICHARD LOVEJOY erupts from his seat and makes his way to the stage. THE HOUSE MANAGER races to the stage.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

What is this?!

LOVEJOY

-on insert current date here I will throw myself into the insert name of local body of water here. I do this of my own free will and choice. As I have no one to leave my possessions to, I declare my-

RICHARD LOVEJOY has reached LOVEJOY, and tears the note from his hands.

Various crew members and actors hesitantly make their way on stage to see what's going on.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

What is this?! How did you get this?!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Mr. Lovejoy!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

How did you get this?!

THE HOUSE MANAGER has reached the stage, maintaining distance from RICHARD.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Mr. Lovejoy, I must insist that you stop interrupting the performance-

RICHARD LOVEJOY

This note! How did you get this note?!

THE HOUSE MANAGER
What are you talking about?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
This is... this is my...

Silence.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
The prop?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
This isn't a prop. This is my...

Silence.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
(stuttering)
I... I don't know how you got this but...

Silence.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
I need a moment to think.

RICHARD LOVEJOY returns to his seat, puts his head in his hands, and sits silently.

After a beat, THE HOUSE MANAGER addresses the audience.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Excuse me everyone, I apologize for what just happened. We're going to take a brief intermission.

She looks back at the actors. They nod.

THE HOUSE MANAGER (CONT'D)
Act 1 was about to end anyway. We're going to take a brief intermission, after which we will continue the show. Thank you.

THE HOUSE MANAGER corrals the actors, who are clearly confused, offstage.

Intermission begins.

Throughout intermission, RICHARD LOVEJOY remains in his seat. He does not respond to any type of interaction.

END OF ACT 1

ACT 2

SCENE 7

The corridor of a hospital. THEODORE STONE sits on a bench placed next to a hospital room door.

FREDDIE, LOVEJOY, and CATHERINE enter, with FREDDIE entering first.

As soon as FREDDIE steps on stage, RICHARD LOVEJOY stands up and rigidly walks towards the exit. The actors stop and watch him.

Halfway to the exit RICHARD stops. He closes his eyes, takes a breath, looks up at FREDDIE, and returns to his seat.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY sit with THEODORE.

FREDDIE

Any word?

THEODORE STONE

She's fine.

Theodore sighs.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Thank you for not narc-ing to the police.

LOVEJOY

Truth comes first. Police second.

THEODORE chuckles.

THEODORE STONE

You want a mint now?

FREDDIE

I'll have one.

THEODORE pulls a box of Canada Mints out of his pocket and looks inside.

THEODORE STONE

Shit. I'm out. Sorry.

NANCY HOLLOWAY enters through the hospital room door.

CATHERINE

How is she?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She won't talk to me.

Silence.

FREDDIE

I am so sorry to ask this ma'am, but we need to speak with your daughter.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She only told me one thing.

FREDDIE

She did?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She said "It's my fault. I killed him."

Silence.

LOVEJOY

We want to talk to her.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(defeated)

Knock yourselves out.

LOVEJOY, FREDDIE, CATHERINE, NANCY, and THEODORE enter the hospital room.

LISA HOLLOWAY is lying in a hospital bed.

CATHERINE

Hi Lisa.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Hi.

LOVEJOY

How do you feel?

LISA HOLLOWAY

How am I supposed to feel?

Silence.

CATHERINE

Lisa, do you remember what you told me at the bridge?

LISA hesitates.

THEODORE STONE

Lisa? It's okay. Whatever happens... I love you.

*THEODORE takes LISA's hand. They watch each other.
NANCY eyes them intensely, but says nothing.*

LISA HOLLOWAY

Theo. I...

LISA chokes back a sob.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

It's alright.

THEODORE nods and kisses her hand. NANCY scoffs.

CATHERINE

(to THEODORE and NANCY)

Can we have the room?

*THEODORE gives LISA one more look before exiting.
NANCY does not move.*

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

A.D.A. Holloway?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I am her mother.

The siblings glance at each other.

CATHERINE

Alright.

(to Lisa)

What happened to Steven?

LOVEJOY

Geez, Cath.

LISA HOLLOWAY

No, it's okay.

LISA takes a breath.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Steven wasn't going to Vietnam.

You were right Mr. Lovejoy. I did have a boyfriend. But...

(she glances at her mother)

...it was Steven. He wanted to escape, and I... wanted to go with him.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Lisa!

FREDDIE

Ms. Holloway, maybe you should wait outside.

LISA HOLLOWAY

No. I want her to know the truth.

(Lisa locks eyes with her
mother)

We were going to run away. Him from his parents, and me...
from you.

Pause.

LISA HOLLOWAY (CONT'D)

Theo drove Steven and me to the airport, but we got there
early. I wanted to go for a walk, and we...
If it wasn't for me, Steven never would have been on that
bridge, and he never would have tripped. He'd still be alive.

LOVEJOY

He tripped? That's how he died?

LISA nods.

CATHERINE

I went looking through some of your school's records, and I
found your Harvard acceptance letter. It was good. Good
enough to fool your mother. If I hadn't compared Theodore's
Harvard letter to yours, I never would have known it was a
fake.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Excuse me?! Lisa, you...

LISA HOLLOWAY

How else was I supposed to get you off my back?!

CATHERINE

Lisa, what is your GPA?

Beat.

FREDDIE

Not good enough for Harvard, I presume?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

(gasping)

You faked your grades?

LOVEJOY

(to NANCY)

Well sure, as long as you your grades were high she wouldn't
think twice about what you were doing after school. You
wanted to get her off your back.

LISA locks eyes with NANCY.

I am not sorry.
LISA HOLLOWAY

Beat.

"I know what you did."
LOVEJOY

LISA looks up at him in shock.

What?
LISA HOLLOWAY

"I know what you did." You wrote that, didn't you?
LOVEJOY

LISA looks down.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
Your mother noticed that you were acting strangely. You knew that she would figure it out before long. So you did what you always have done- distract her. Your high grades kept her off your scent for awhile, but you needed something stronger this time. So you left her a note. Just one sentence. A sentence you knew any Chicago lawyer would fear. "I know what you did."

Beat.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
But you didn't account for one thing. Well, two things.

LISA HOLLOWAY
What's that?

FREDDIE
That your mother hasn't done anything wrong.

LOVEJOY
And that she loves you.

Beat.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
I know, I'm surprised too. A Chicago lawyer who hasn't committed a crime, or even broken a rule.

FREDDIE
You thought that she must have done something wrong, like you had. But she wasn't worried about herself, she was worried about you.

LISA HOLLOWAY
If you just let me live my life...

LOVEJOY

You wouldn't have felt desperate enough to leave.

Silence.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

But there's one more thing, isn't there, Lisa?

LISA HOLLOWAY
(genuinely confused)

What?

LOVEJOY

Steven wasn't so clean himself, wasn't he?

LISA HOLLOWAY

What are you talking ab-

FREDDIE

His pockets.

LISA HOLLOWAY

What?

LOVEJOY

Stuffed to the brim.

LISA HOLLOWAY

I don't know what you're-

FREDDIE

With heroin.

LISA's glances between the two of them.

LISA HOLLOWAY

No.

LOVEJOY

Heroin, Ms. Holloway.

FREDDIE

Steven's pockets were full of the stuff.

LISA doesn't know how to respond.

NANCY has had enough. She storms out of the room.

CATHERINE

Lisa?

LISA HOLLOWAY

I don't... Steven didn't...

LOVEJOY

Steven didn't...?

LISA HOLLOWAY

Steven wasn't a druggie.

FREDDIE

We saw the photos. We know that he had-

LISA HOLLOWAY

I don't care what was in the photos! Steven didn't do drugs!

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE look at each other, their expressions intense.

FREDDIE

And here I thought we were done.

CATHERINE

What?

LOVEJOY

Something doesn't add up. We're missing something.

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE leave the room.

CATHERINE

Lisa, as soon as you talk to your mother again, have her stay with you. When you leave the hospital go straight home, and don't leave the house.

LISA HOLLOWAY

What's going on?

CATHERINE

I don't know, but when my brothers get like this, you know some shit's about to go down.

CATHERINE exits as the lights go down.

SCENE 8

The set begins to change into that of the Lovejoy and Lovejoy office. As the transition goes on, RICHARD LOVEJOY gets up, filled with energy, and addresses the audience, making his way to the stage if it is safe to do so.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Alright everyone, I think I know where this is going! We need to have a bit of a powwow real quick!

The crew onstage moans.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(approaching RICHARD, furious,
but maintaining distance)

Mr. Lovejoy!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

That's still Detective Lovejoy to you, missy!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

You have tested my patience again and again. One more interruption and I *will* throw you out!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

This is *my* play!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

I don't care! I will throw you out, and you can listen to the rest of the play in the lobby with your ear against the door!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

We all have something very important to discuss, don't we ladies and gentlemen!

He waits for what he hopes will be applause, and responds accordingly.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Mr. Lovejoy, I must-

RICHARD LOVEJOY

I think we are *all* wondering what went down at the end of Act 1. I know, it can be quite a shock when such an esteemed gentleman becomes a bit emotional.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

A *bit* emotional?!

RICHARD LOVEJOY

I will address that episode now.

RICHARD coughs, preparing himself.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

That prop, which you saw on the stage, was indeed not a prop. It was mine.

Waits for a reaction.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

It was for a novel!

THE HOUSE MANAGER groans.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

It had your name on it.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

A novel about myself!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

And name of local body of water used on the note?

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Yes. It is also about the local area.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

And today's date?

RICHARD has no response.

THE HOUSE MANAGER (CONT'D)

I talked to everyone backstage, Mr. Lovejoy. Nobody knows who switched the props. I'm so sorry that this happened, it must have been incredibly upsetting and embarrassing to-

RICHARD LOVEJOY

What?! Why?!

Beat.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

I think you know why.

Beat.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Whatever could you be talking-

THE HOUSE MANAGER

It was your note. Mr Lovejoy, please tell me that you're not actually considering-

RICHARD LOVEJOY
(not convincing anybody)

Of course not.

Beat.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Are you alright?

Beat.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
(still not convincing anybody)

Of course.

Beat.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
If you need to talk to someone, we can-

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I know exactly who is at fault for this. The playwright! That son of a bitch!

RICHARD hurries back to his seat to retrieve his playbill.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
What are you talking about?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
The playwright! She wrote the play! She chose this case in particular!

RICHARD thumbs through the playbill as he makes his way onstage. By now, the set has finished its transition.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
You chose the playwright, didn't you?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
Of course! Based on her numerous accolades and five star reviews!

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Reviews? Mr. Lovejoy, how did you contact this playwright?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
Where else? Craiglist.com. Where I find all of my handymen and service-peoples.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Have you ever met this playwright in person?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
No. But she sent me some of her work, and I assure you she is brilliant.

He finds the playwright's name. It is buried deep within the playbill for anyone to find, if they actually read the playbill of course. Which no one does.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Here she is! Ladies and gentlemen, I wouldn't be surprised if you hadn't heard of her, unless you're of the theater-going sort, as I am.

In fact, perhaps the author of this atrocity is here tonight! Please, would you stand up, Ms. Ima Weiner.

He pronounces the name as "Ee-ma Wine-er."

He waits. No one stands. The crew and actors, whether onstage or off, burst into laughter.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

I'm sorry?

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Ms. Ima Weiner! ladies and gentlemen! Or is it "Ima Weiner?"

He pronounces it "correctly" this time.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Ima Weiner? Ima Weiner! Are you here?!

The laughing onstage and off gets louder.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

What is this?! What is going on?

He looks at THE HOUSE MANAGER, who has also started chuckling, and doing a poor job hiding it.

Richard looks back down at the playbill, back at the stage, then back at the playbill again.

He realizes his mistake. He looks at the audience.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Ladies and gentlemen. I...

RICHARD rolls up his playbill, embarrassed.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

I apologize. It seems that I... That I made a grave error in judgement.

Somebody, onstage or off, yells "I'll say!"

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

What was that?!

RICHARD looks onstage. He angrily storms onto the set and heaves the playbill into a waste bin.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

(returning to his seat)

On with the show! On with the fucking show!

Just as RICHARD is about to leave the stage:

THE HOUSE MANAGER

Mr. Lovejoy?

RICHARD LOVEJOY

What?! Fucking what?!

THE HOUSE MANAGER

I know what you did.

Silence.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Excuse me?

Silence.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(gently)

On with the show.

THE HOUSE MANAGER exits offstage.

RICHARD returns to his seat.

Lights up. FREDDIE, LOVEJOY, and CATHERINE enter the office. LOVEJOY immediately goes to his cork board. FREDDIE flips through a file on his desk.

CATHERINE

What is going on?

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY can't hear her.

FREDDIE

She's lying.

LOVEJOY

Yes. Something's not right.

CATHERINE

What?

LOVEJOY

She may not have known.

FREDDIE
I think she would have known.

LOVEJOY
But she seemed so adamant about it.

CATHERINE
Excuse me?

FREDDIE
So he's not a druggie?

LOVEJOY
No. She's lying about something else.

FREDDIE
That's right!

LOVEJOY
But why?

CATHERINE
Boys, you want to clue me in please?

FREDDIE
(to CATHERINE)
Steven was found with wet heroin powder in his pockets.

CATHERINE
He was doing heroin. Big deal.

FREDDIE
You heard Lisa. He wasn't a druggie.

LOVEJOY
And think about it. Loose powder? Why? Heroin is expensive.
Why wasn't it in a baggie?

CATHERINE
Druggies do weird things?

LOVEJOY
Something is wrong.

FREDDIE
I know.

LOVEJOY
We missed something.

FREDDIE
I know.

CATHERINE

Okay, well... um... we know that Ms. Holloway was working a drug case.

FREDDIE

She was.

CATHERINE

Could that be connected?

FREDDIE

It has to be.

LOVEJOY

Maybe...

FREDDIE approaches LOVEJOY.

FREDDIE

You're Lisa.

LOVEJOY

You're Steven.

They hold hands.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

We're going to the airport to run away from our horrible parents.

FREDDIE

(realizing)

No we're not.

LOVEJOY

Why not?

FREDDIE

There's no ticket in my pocket.

LOVEJOY

There's a bunch of heroin in there.

FREDDIE lets go of LOVEJOY's hand and walks a few steps away. He reaches into his pants pockets.

FREDDIE

I have heroin in my pocket.

LOVEJOY

But you don't take drugs. I'm sure of it.

FREDDIE

And my toxicology report came back clean...
You did lie! You weren't there when I died.

LOVEJOY

(scoffing)

I said that you tripped.

FREDDIE

Fat chance. You saw the guardrail. There's no way I tripped.

They think. LOVEJOY has an epiphany.

LOVEJOY

Why do people go to airports?

FREDDIE

To fly places.

LOVEJOY

Why else?

FREDDIE

To arrive.

LOVEJOY

From all over the world.

FREDDIE gets it.

FREDDIE

I'm selling it!

LOVEJOY

At the airport.

FREDDIE

Where people come and go all the time.

LOVEJOY

You were planning on leaving with Lisa. How else are you supposed to afford that? And why else would you have heroin if you're not taking it.

FREDDIE

Your mom is working a major drug case. Is she involved?

LOVEJOY

She would know better than anybody.

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE look at each other.

FREDDIE

Let's go.

LOVEJOY

Where, my love?

FREDDIE

No, I'm Freddie again. Let's go talk to Ms. Holloway. See what she has to say.

CATHERINE

Wait, wait, wait. Theodore said that he drove Steven and Lisa to the airport. If Lisa lied about being there when Steven died, then how does Theodore fit into all of this?

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE look at each other again.

FREDDIE

I'm Steven.

LOVEJOY

I'm Theodore.

FREDDIE

I asked you to drive me to the airport.

LOVEJOY

I lied when I said you were going to Vietnam, and I lied when I said that Lisa was in the car with us. So I drove you to the airport. Alone. Just you and me.

FREDDIE

...To sell drugs.

They look at each other and think.

FREDDIE (CONT'D)

We need to split up. I'm Freddie now. We need to split up.

LOVEJOY

I take Steven, you take A.D.A. Holloway?

CATHERINE

What the hell is going on right now?

FREDDIE

Catherine, you check on Lisa.

CATHERINE

Excuse me? What are we doing?

LOVEJOY and FREDDIE put on their coats.

LOVEJOY

Steven and Theodore were selling drugs at the airport.

FREDDIE

He didn't have a ticket or Vietnam papers on his body. He didn't have drugs in his system. He couldn't have tripped over that railing. Lisa and Theo were lying to us from the beginning.

CATHERINE

Why would Lisa lie to us? She didn't know anything about the drugs.

LOVEJOY

Maybe Theodore made her?

FREDDIE

Or asked her.

LOVEJOY

They've been friends since they were kids. With Steven dead, Theo's the only real loved-one she has left.

CATHERINE

And why are we talking to ADA Holloway?

LOVEJOY

Something doesn't smell right. She's working a major drugs case, and her daughter's secret boyfriend is selling drugs?

FREDDIE

Smells like shit.

CATHERINE

(suddenly very serious)

Worse than shit. Holloway isn't looking to bust some minor drug dealer. I did some digging and guys, she's going after the mob!

FREDDIE goes to his desk, unlocks a drawer, and takes something out.

FREDDIE crosses to LOVEJOY.

FREDDIE

That's why you need this.

FREDDIE holds a pistol out to LOVEJOY.

RICHARD LOVEJOY stands up.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

No!

The actors ignore him.

LOVEJOY

You sure?

FREDDIE

If these guys were selling, and if they are connected to the mob, who knows what they're capable of.

LOVEJOY takes the gun and pockets it.

LOVEJOY

Thanks.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

No!

RICHARD LOVEJOY runs onto the stage.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Don't take it you moron!

The actors continue to ignore him.

FREDDIE and LOVEJOY hug.

FREDDIE

You be careful.

LOVEJOY

You too.

FREDDIE opens the door.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Stop!

FREDDIE looks at RICHARD LOVEJOY. Beat.

The actor playing LOVEJOY steps out of the way.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Don't go.

FREDDIE

Everything will be alright.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

No it won't.

The actor playing FREDDIE looks to someone offstage. He looks back at RICHARD. He has to go off-book.

FREDDIE

I'm alright. I'm doing what I love.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

You didn't deserve this.

FREDDIE

You didn't do anything wrong.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

I should have known.

FREDDIE

There was no way you could have.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

If I was smarter. If I thought about it for a few more minutes...

FREDDIE

Then another innocent person would have been killed.

They look at each other.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

(pleading)

Don't go.

FREDDIE turns to leave before stopping. He looks back at RICHARD, and hugs him.

FREDDIE

You did nothing wrong.

FREDDIE looks at RICHARD, lets him go, and walks out the door.

Lights fade, save for a single light on RICHARD. The actors leave the stage.

RICHARD stands alone and cries, mourning.

After a long moment, the lights return.

CATHERINE walks in through the door, looking solemn. She watches RICHARD for a moment.

CATHERINE

It's just like you thought. Lisa was at the hospital. She hasn't heard from her mother.

RICHARD sobs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Freddie made it to Holloway's office. But...

She swallows, trying to get the words out.

THE HOUSE MANAGER walks onstage. She touches *CATHERINE*'s shoulder. The actor playing *CATHERINE* gives her a look: "are you sure?" *THE HOUSE MANAGER* nods. *CATHERINE* exits.

THE HOUSE MANAGER takes *CATHERINE*'s place. She removes her wig and pulls a pair of glasses, identical to the ones *CATHERINE* has been wearing, out of her pocket, and puts them on.

She takes a deep breath.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Somebody was already there, or he was ambushed or...
Rich... Freddie didn't make it.

RICHARD looks up, noticing *THE HOUSE MANAGER* for the first time. They look at each other.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
Oh god.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
He was shot multiple times in the chest.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I should have let him keep the gun.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
You couldn't have known.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I should have known. I'm good at my job! I should have known!

THE HOUSE MANAGER
But you didn't. You didn't do anything wrong, Rich. You did everything right.

RICHARD looks at *THE HOUSE MANAGER*. With a sob, they rush to each other and embrace.

They stand there for awhile, both of them crying.

THE HOUSE MANAGER (CONT'D)
You scared me.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I'm so sorry.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
I thought I had lost you.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I'm sorry I let you go for so long.

They let go.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
You could have just called.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
What fun would that be? 41 to 41. Now we're tied.

They both laugh.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
Thirty years.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Longer.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
You never couldn't disagree with me, could you?

They laugh. Then they stand in silence.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
You had to see it for yourself.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
Well that's a bit extreme.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Not for someone as extreme as you.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I never did let go, did I?

THE HOUSE MANAGER
No. No you didn't.

Silence.

THE HOUSE MANAGER (CONT'D)
You wanted one last big hurrah?

RICHARD LOVEJOY
I haven't done anything worthwhile since then. So yes, I needed one more chance to relive the glory days.

THE HOUSE MANAGER
Before you finally let go. For good.

Silence.

RICHARD LOVEJOY
How on earth did you know?

THE HOUSE MANAGER

You're not the only one who felt guilty, Rich. I've been keeping tabs on you. As soon as I found out that you were trying to get a play written, I knew something was up.

Pause.

THE HOUSE MANAGER (CONT'D)

It wasn't your fault.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

Wasn't it?

THE HOUSE MANAGER

It was never your fault. You have to know that.

Richard sniffs. He notices the audience, and laughs.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

(motioning to the audience)

At least they got to know him, right?

Richard laughs.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

And I got to see him again.

Silence.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Thank you.

He embraces THE HOUSE MANAGER.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

You know, we could end it now. The next scene isn't something you want to see again, I'm sure. Screw them, they can go see insert name of local show or recent big movie release or something.

They laugh. RICHARD lets go.

RICHARD LOVEJOY

No. I'm ready. I think.

He takes in a big breath, and lets it go.

RICHARD LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

His final message should be heard. He deserves it.

They smile at each other.

RICHARD returns to his seat.

THE HOUSE MANAGER

(addressing the cast and crew)

Alright everybody, on with the show! Let's go!

SCENE 9

A.D.A. Nancy Holloway's office. It has been ransacked. There is a chalk outline of a body on the floor, near the desk, and blood consistent with a shooting. A file cabinet is open, with the contents strewn about the floor. Some of the papers lay beneath the outline, consistent with the papers being on the floor before the body. Near to the outline sits a round globe which once sat on the desk.

LOVEJOY and CATHERINE enter. LOVEJOY almost vomits.

CATHERINE

Take as long as you need.

LOVEJOY takes a moment.

LOVEJOY

(recovering)

I'm okay.

He takes a breath.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Let's see what Freddie has to say.

He carefully enters the room, looking carefully at everything as he passes, making his way to the chalk outline of a body.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

Nancy Holloway was here. We know because she never signed out at the front desk.

CATHERINE

Right, but they searched the entire building. There's no sign of her.

LOVEJOY has made it to the chalk outline.

LOVEJOY

Hey, bro.

LOVEJOY kneels down. CATHERINE keeps a respectful distance.

LOVEJOY gently touches the chalk outline. He examines the area immediately around the body.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

These papers were on the ground first. The outline is drawn over them.

CATHERINE

The office was ransacked before Freddie came in?

LOVEJOY

No, I think he interrupted the ransacker. Given how far into the office Freddie's body is...

LOVEJOY turns, pointing out bullet holes in the wall.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

And that there's bullet holes in the wall... He probably fought his attacker.

CATHERINE

Jesus, Fred...

LOVEJOY notices the globe.

He slowly bends over and takes the globe into his hands. He studies it.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Okay, so maybe Holloway shot Freddie and ran. But why would she ransack her own office? Did it get like this during the struggle? No...

LOVEJOY laughs.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

What is it?

LOVEJOY

Oh, Freddie. You sneaky bastard.

LOVEJOY holds up the globe so CATHERINE can see.

CATHERINE

What am I looking at?

LOVEJOY

Freddie left me a message.

LOVEJOY points to Canada. There is a smudge of blood on that country, and nowhere else.

CATHERINE

She's going to Canada?

LOVEJOY puts back down the globe. He rubs his hand along the chalk outline.

LOVEJOY
Canada's not a place, Cath.

LOVEJOY stands up.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
It's a mint.

He turns to CATHERINE.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)
Where is Lisa?

CATHERINE
Probably still where we left her. At the hospital.

LOVEJOY
We need to find her. Now.

CATHERINE runs out. LOVEJOY lingers at the door, takes one last look at the Freddie's chalk outline, and exits. Lights down.

SCENE 11

Outside the Chicago airport. It is night. LISA HOLLOWAY is standing outside, waiting. After a moment...

THEODORE STONE
(offstage)
Lisa!

LISA see THEODORE offstage and turns to wave, but she suddenly freezes in fear.

LISA HOLLOWAY
What are you doing?

THEODORE enters with NANCY HOLLOWAY. He is leading NANCY forward with a gun against her back.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
Lisa! Get aw-

THEODORE jams the gun into her back.

THEODORE STONE
Say anything, anything at all, and I will shoot.

LISA HOLLOWAY

Mom!

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Why is my daughter here?

THEODORE STONE

I asked her to come. We're getting out of here Lisa. For good.

LISA HOLLOWAY

You didn't have to bring her!

THEODORE STONE

I'm sorry doll, but it was the only way. With the DA's office breathing down my employer's necks I realized that I was in the perfect position to make a deal.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Employers? You mean-?

THEODORE STONE

We've been selling drugs Ms. Holloway, yes.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

All this time...kids. Of course it was kids.

THEODORE STONE

Nobody suspects a nice, well groomed schoolboy claiming to have an interest in avionics, Ms. Holloway.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

How much is the mob paying you?

THEODORE STONE

An innocent-looking boy who just so happens to be childhood friends with A.D.A. Holloway's daughter? After today, more than you'll ever make. All I have to do is get the hell out of here, and I'm set.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I don't get it. You insisted to the Lovejoys that Steven's death wasn't an accident. You wanted them to investigate.

THEODORE STONE

I wanted them to investigate you. Everyone's done something wrong in this city, and they were going to find just the dirt I needed to bury you.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

You were willing to risk getting caught?

THEODORE STONE

Caught?! You really think that little of me? I'm no dummy, Holloway. I was careful. They have nothing on me!

LOVEJOY

(offstage)

You may want to rethink that, Theodore.

LOVEJOY and CATHERINE enter. LOVEJOY has his gun raised and trained on THEODORE.

THEODORE breaks away from NANCY and lifts the gun he's been holding against the back of her head.

THEODORE STONE

"Detective" Lovejoy! One more step and you'll have quite a mess on your hands.

LOVEJOY and CATHERINE stop, but LOVEJOY does not lower his gun.

CATHERINE

Lisa, are you okay?

LISA HOLLOWAY

(petrified with fear)

He has a gun.

LOVEJOY

How's a high schooler get a gun anyway?

THEODORE STONE

My generous employers.

LOVEJOY

(laughing)

The mob? Well aren't you quite the high-roller.

THEODORE cocks this gun.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

And not afraid to use it, I see.

THEODORE STONE

Why would I be?

LOVEJOY

Airports don't take kindly to loaded weapons on planes.

THEODORE smirks.

LOVEJOY (CONT'D)

What's your plan, Theo? Get on the plane with no weapon and assume Ms. Holloway will keep quiet?

THEODORE STONE

My employers have my back. I already reached out. The moment I drop my gun in the trash, I'll have two or three big guys to assist me with my luggage.

LOVEJOY

Fat chance.

THEODORE STONE

Wanna bet? I raided Ms. Holloway's office. I have all the files on my employers right here.

He pulls open his jacket, revealing paperwork rolled up and stuffed into his inner jacket pocket.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

With me by their side, they won't have to worry any more.

LOVEJOY

Why, Theo? Why'd you kill your brother?

THEODORE laughs.

THEODORE STONE

He wanted me to stop. Said that it was getting too dangerous. That we needed to think about Lisa.

THEODORE looks at LISA, and then laughs.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Lisa! Think about Lisa! As if you've ever thought about me! What did my no-count spaz of a brother have that I didn't have?! I had the grades. I had my future all set. I was swimming in cash, despite my good for nothing parents. And I was on a fast track to becoming a lawyer! It wasn't the looks. We shared those. Same face, same build, same everything.

LISA HOLLOWAY

(rambling)

I've always cared about you Theo, I-

THEODORE STONE

But no! You chose *him!* Over *me!*

CATHERINE

Oh god, I wonder why.

THEODORE STONE

Shut the hell up!
That sissy would have destroyed everything. So we went for one last sale. A sale so big, we would make more than enough for tickets out of this dump and a comfortable living. A meet-up on the bridge.

THEODORE pulls out his box of Canada Mints.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Something I realized early on was that if you exchange a bag for money, well then everyone knows what you're doing. But nobody bats an eye at sharing a mint. You should have taken one when I offered, Investigator. They're pretty good.

LOVEJOY

Your brother stuffed his pockets for the sale. They melted in the river.

THEODORE STONE

Stupid fucker forgot his box at home.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

You're sick. That's why Lisa didn't choose you. She's smarter than that.

THEODORE STONE

Shut up!

LOVEJOY takes a careful step forward.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She's a good kid. That's why.

THEODORE STONE

Oh, like you ever cared about her!

NANCY HOLLOWAY

I should have done better. I should have listened to her.

LOVEJOY takes another step.

THEODORE STONE

She hates you, Ms. Holloway. She thinks that you destroyed her life.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

She's angry at me. I deserve it. But she doesn't hate me.

THEODORE STONE

She was ready to take the fall for me. She lied to protect me! She loves me more than she ever loved you!

LOVEJOY takes one more step.

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Even if that is true... I'll change. For her. I'll do better. You know why?

THEODORE STONE

Oh yeah? Why?

NANCY HOLLOWAY

Because I love her!

NANCY grabs the gun and twists it from THEODORE's grasp. She knees him in the crotch, and he goes down hard. As soon as it hits the floor LISA scrambles for the gun and points it at THEODORE.

LOVEJOY

Oh. Well that works too.

THEODORE STONE

(to what he believes are mob
goons, ready to help)

She's got my gun! Move in!

They look around. Nothing happens.

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

Come on! Help me out!

*CATHERINE gently removes the gun from LISA's hands.
LOVEJOY snatches the paperwork from THEODORE's jacket.*

THEODORE STONE (CONT'D)

(panicking)

Help! Guys?! Help me out!

THEODORE breaks down, screaming.

LOVEJOY places his gun against THEO's head.

LOVEJOY

This is for my brother, jackass.

LISA screams.

CATHERINE

Rich! Stop!

*LOVEJOY knocks out THEODORE with the butt of his gun,
then looks back at CATHERINE, confused.*

LOVEJOY

What?

CATHERINE

I... I thought...

LOVEJOY

Holy shit, Catherine! I'm making a citizen's arrest! I'm not going to shoot him!

CATHERINE
(relieved)

Oh my god.

LOVEJOY pulls out a pair of handcuffs and locks them onto THEODORE's wrists.

LOVEJOY
The police are going to want these.

LOVEJOY takes the box of Canada Mints. He hands them to CATHERINE.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
Lisa. Are you alright?

LISA is about to say something snarky, but can't bring herself to do it. She sniffs.

LISA HOLLOWAY
I'm sorry Mom.

NANCY rushes to LISA and they embrace.

NANCY HOLLOWAY
Things are going to change, sweetheart. I promise.

LOVEJOY
(to NANCY)
This should make quite a story for the DA, Ms. Holloway. Looks like you'll get your raise after all. Maybe a promotion?

NANCY HOLLOWAY
Fuck the raise. I'm going to take some time off.

NANCY and LISA exit.

LOVEJOY
(to CATHERINE)
Well, it'll make a good story for the paper at least. You know the drill. I'll get you a copy of our notes tomorrow and-

CATHERINE
No. Deal's off.

LOVEJOY
Sorry?

CATHERINE
I don't need your insider information anymore. I can do good work without that.

LOVEJOY

What do you mean?

Silence.

CATHERINE looks at RICHARD LOVEJOY.

CATHERINE

I'm about to say that you should have been more careful. That I told you how dangerous your job was. That you should get out while you can. That Freddie is dead...

Beat.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Because of you.

Silence.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

Let's change that.

CATHERINE looks back at LOVEJOY.

CATHERINE (CONT'D)

I'm done with the reporter shtick. It was nice while it lasted, but I think I'll serve better on the street.

LOVEJOY

Cath? You mean that?

CATHERINE

Who's going to look after you now? You need someone to make sure you don't end up with cement shoes or something.

LOVEJOY

Come on.

CATHERINE

And to have your back.

They smile at each other, and hug.

End of show.

RICHARD LOVEJOY gives a standing ovation.

At the end of bows, THE HOUSE MANAGER invites RICHARD LOVEJOY to the stage. They take a bow together.

END OF PLAY.