

Slice of Life:

A Conversation on a Subway

Andrada Angileri

CHARACTERS

Robert Goodman- 35 years old

Bridget Osborne- 28 years old

Jaime's Voice- 32 years old

SETTING

Subway Car in a City

TIME

2018

Late night. One in the morning. A subway car. "Microon II" by alva noto and Ryuichi Sakamoto plays through until the first character speaks. For a moment, we see the dimly lit subway car. BRIDGET OSBORNE is in the car reading a book. We hear the subway car moving through the tunnels as the lights inside flicker a bit. Bridget is unphased by the movements, her body moving along with them naturally.

After a moment, the lights come up and we fully see the subway car. Bridget's face is shielded by the book. She occasionally looks up to see which stop is next and then looks at her watch. Beside her is her bag. She has her arm wrapped around it, and her legs are crossed. She is wearing a party outfit that is a few years too old for the current time. Despite the empty subway car, she does not spread out among the seats. She remains close together.

The subway car gradually comes to a stop. Bridget quickly glances behind her to peek out of the window. The doors open and ROBERT GOODMAN enters. He revels in the empty car but soon sees Bridget with the book covering her face. His expression drops as he goes to take a spot several seats away from her. Bridget peeks at him out of the corner of her eye and smirks.

Robert is wearing a nice suit and glasses, holding a cake box. As he sits, he opens the box to check on the cake. It looks fine. The doors close and the train begins to move. Robert checks his watch and looks everywhere, making sure to avoid eye contact with Bridget. However, he goes against this rule he set for himself. He takes her in for a moment.

Robert quickly averts his gaze as Bridget turns her head to look at him. She looks back down at her book, smiling to herself. She uncrosses her legs and crosses them again as she turns her body into his view more fully. Robert notices this from the corner of his eye and swallows hard, clearing his throat. There is another moment of silence.

BRIDGET

(eyes still on book)
Would you be happy if you died right now?

Robert takes a moment to process the question before he turns to look at Bridget. He's completely taken aback.

ROBERT

I'm sorry? Did you say something to me?

BRIDGET

You're the only other person in here.

Robert gives her a look as he shakes his head. He looks up at the map, figuring out when his stop will be.

Bridget puts her book down in her lap and stares at Robert.

Would you be happy if you died right now?

ROBERT

What kind of a question is that?

BRIDGET

It's just making conversation.

ROBERT

I don't see the need to have a conversation with you.

BRIDGET

Why not? I can.

Pause.

We're the only two in here and the next few stops aren't for a while. So... would you be so kind as to answer my question?

ROBERT

I don't have to answer any questions that make me uncomfortable.

BRIDGET

What's uncomfortable about it? We all die. It's just a matter of when and how.

ROBERT

Well, excuse me if I don't want to answer a question about dying when I'm in a subway car at one in the morning next to a complete stranger.

BRIDGET

Don't worry. I'll get you to answer it one way or another.

Robert is a bit put off by this response, but at the sound of her playful laughter, he calms down a bit.

Where are you coming from?

Robert is debating whether or not to engage. But the next few stops won't be for a while...

ROBERT

Work.

BRIDGET

Work?

Robert nods his head.

What kind of job do you have that keeps you at work until one in the morning?

Pause.

You a doctor or something? You don't look like one. At least, I haven't met many doctors who go to work in a suit. And a *really* nice one, too. Yeah, you're not a doctor. You wouldn't want blood getting on that.

ROBERT

I am not a doctor.

BRIDGET

Then what do you do?

ROBERT

None of your business.

BRIDGET

Fair enough.

Silence.

BRIDGET
What's your name?

ROBERT
Robert.

BRIDGET
And does *Robert* have a last name?

ROBERT
He does.

BRIDGET
And that last name would be...

ROBERT
(annoyed)
Goodman.

Bridget lets out a laugh.

BRIDGET
Goodman?!
Pause.
Well... are you a *good man*, Mr. Goodman?

Robert can't help but let out a little laugh.

ROBERT
I like to think so.

BRIDGET
I'm Bridget Osborne.

She puts her hand out to him to shake. It is clear that with where he is seated, even if he put his hand out, they wouldn't reach. Robert just wants to get to his stop as easily as possible. He takes a breath before moving a few seats closer to her.

The two shake hands. Bridget is beaming, and Robert gives her a quick smile.

As he goes to pull away, Bridget quickly takes his hand in her grasp and eyes the wedding ring on his hand.

BRIDGET

Mmm, so you also have a Mrs. Goodman... or Mr.

Bridget gives him a wink and Robert chuckles awkwardly, adjusting himself in his seat.

ROBERT

Mrs. Goodman.

BRIDGET

And *Mrs. Goodman* is okay with having Mr. Goodman work very late?

ROBERT

She understands the position I hold.

BRIDGET

And I'm sure it's a *big* position.

Pause.

ROBERT

(eyeing her outfit)
Where are you coming from?

BRIDGET

Nowhere.

ROBERT

Well, it looks like you're also dressed for... some occasion.

BRIDGET

No occasion at all.

Pause.

Just for me.

ROBERT

Just for you?

BRIDGET

What? A woman can't dress up for herself? You think a woman needs to dress up for the sole purpose of potentially exciting a man with the fabric she chooses to put on her body?

ROBERT

What?! No! I don't think *that*. I'm just saying you're dressed very nicely, and I thought you came from somewhere just as nice.

BRIDGET

I didn't come from somewhere as nice as my clothes.

ROBERT

I was going to say it looked like you came from a party.

BRIDGET

No party. No occasion. I simply came from... nowhere.

ROBERT

Alright.

Robert looks back down at his cake box and opens it up to make sure the cake is fine. Bridget decides to move closer to try and take a peek. Robert notices this and closes the lid.

BRIDGET

Didn't know bakeries worked late.

ROBERT

I've had it for a while.

BRIDGET

Who's it for? It looked real pretty with those flowers. What were they? Roses?

ROBERT

It's for my wife.

BRIDGET

Oh! Nice! Birthday?

Anniversary.

ROBERT

Even better!

BRIDGET

Pause.

How many years?

ROBERT

Quite a few.

BRIDGET

Mmmm... so your honeymoon phase is over, I presume.

ROBERT

That phase has been gone for some time.

BRIDGET

Come on! We're on this subway with nothing to do but waste time. Enlighten me!

Pause.

How many years?

ROBERT

Nine.

BRIDGET

Nice. I don't know many married couples, so I'm assuming that nine years together is quite the accomplishment.

ROBERT

I guess it is.

BRIDGET

You like her?

ROBERT

What?! I've been with her nine years.

BRIDGET

Just because you've known someone for that long doesn't necessarily mean you like them.

ROBERT

I love my wife very much.

BRIDGET

Good. It's nice to know love is still there.

Bridget takes a moment. She's pondering something. Robert watches her, waiting. He's intrigued.

How do you think your wife would react if you died?

ROBERT

I'm certain she'd be very upset.

BRIDGET

Really? You're certain?

ROBERT

I did just say that.

BRIDGET

And if *she* died... how would you react?

ROBERT

I'd be devastated.

BRIDGET

But she'd just be upset?

Robert stammers as he tries to form a response.

Before he can respond, Bridget takes the cake box into her lap and opens it. She reads over the writing and smiles.

Happy Anniversary, Baby.

Pause.

Very original.

Pause.

What is Mrs. Goodman like?

ROBERT

She's very sweet and loving and... wouldn't want me talking to a random woman on a subway car at this time of night.

BRIDGET

I see. She's the jealous type.

ROBERT

No, she's not. It's more about safety.

BRIDGET

Why? You think *I'm* going to hurt you?

ROBERT

Given the question you posed to me.

BRIDGET

You have nothing to worry about. Just want to make conversation.

ROBERT

Can I have the cake back now?

BRIDGET

Sure.

Robert puts his hands out as a gesture for Bridget to hand it to him. She looks at him and makes no indication of handing it to him. The box sits in her lap. Robert chuckles awkwardly as he reaches towards her lap and grabs the box. He quickly sets it next to him, placing his hand on top of the box.

There's got to be more to your wife than just being sweet and loving. You've been with her nine years.

ROBERT

Technically we've been together eleven. Just married for nine.

BRIDGET

So... what is she like?

ROBERT

She is very sincere and thoughtful. She's been by my side through everything. She makes me want to be the best version of myself. I want to be my best self for her. She's given me everything and I only want to do the same for her.

Pause.

She actually owns a bakery.

BRIDGET

Is that where you got the cake?!

ROBERT

No! I'd be stupid to go to my own wife's bakery for a surprise cake.

Pause.

A client of mine owns a bakery, so I got the cake from them.

BRIDGET

Client? What do you do for work?

Robert remembers how he blew off the question before. He wants to do it again, but he's enjoying the conversation. It is late. What does he have to lose?

ROBERT

I'm in commercial real estate.

BRIDGET

Interesting. So, you got this client their bakery?

ROBERT

I did. Took some time, though. They wanted the place to be perfect and fit all their needs.

Pause.

My wife and I went into a food coma with all the sweets they baked us as a thank you.

Robert and Bridget laugh. Her laugh sounds a bit more forced... unnatural.

That's actually how I met my wife. She was a client of mine, too.

Silence.

What do you do for work?

BRIDGET

Nothing special. Just a useless job to keep the money coming in.

ROBERT

Do you at least *like* what you do?

BRIDGET

Somewhat.

Pause.

But my side job is what I enjoy doing the most.

ROBERT

And that is?

BRIDGET

I observe.

ROBERT

Observe... what?

BRIDGET

People.

ROBERT

You observe people? What? You're a researcher or something? A data analyst?

BRIDGET

You could say that.

ROBERT

Is that what you're doing now? Observing me for some research study?

Pause.

Are you researching people's responses to would you be happy if you died right now?

BRIDGET

(playfully, almost in a teasing way)

Looks like you've got me, Mr. Goodman.

Robert enjoys the jovial atmosphere. He also likes being right.

I've been observing... *someone* for the past few years.

ROBERT

Really?! That's impressive. I don't think I'd have the patience for that.

BRIDGET

Yes. It does take quite a lot of time and effort to do what I'm doing. I know I'll find it very rewarding in the end, though, when all's said and done.

ROBERT

I suppose that's the right attitude to have.

BRIDGET

What kind of cake is it?

ROBERT

Chocolate.

BRIDGET

Mmmm. I like chocolate. Do you like it?

ROBERT

I prefer vanilla, but my wife likes chocolate, too.

BRIDGET

It *is* an aphrodisiac. I see you're also trying to make something *special* happen.

Bridget raises her brow. Robert chuckles.

ROBERT

(putting his hands up in fake defeat)

You got me.

BRIDGET

It appears that I do.

Bridget smiles brightly at him. Robert believes that this isn't so bad. He moves the cake to the other side of him so that he can move closer to Bridget.

Bridget smirks. She grips her bag.

Do you have any kids?

ROBERT

No, we don't.

BRIDGET

Any particular reason?

ROBERT

No, we just enjoy the time we have together as just the two of us.

BRIDGET

Do you want kids?

ROBERT

I'm not really sure. If I were to have a kid, I would love to have one with my wife, but I don't think I'm ready just yet.

BRIDGET

Is it because you think you'll be a terrible father?

ROBERT

No! It's just...

Pause.

What about you?

BRIDGET

What about me?

ROBERT

Do you have a wife or husband? Kids?

BRIDGET

None of that is important.

ROBERT

It's only fair. You've asked me about my family. Now, I'm asking about yours.

Bridget looks annoyed but tries to play it off by putting on a smile.

BRIDGET

I don't have a wife, husband, or kids. I am very much alone.

ROBERT

And you like that?

BRIDGET

Yes. I don't need anyone or anything tying me down. I enjoy being by myself. I get to do what I want without anyone holding me back. It's such a freeing feeling. Wouldn't you agree?

ROBERT

I don't know.

BRIDGET

Well, there must have been a time when you were alone. Do you remember what it was like... being by yourself... *alone*?

ROBERT

It's hard to remember after being with someone for so long.

BRIDGET

Luckily you have me to remind you about what it's like.

Pause.

I can go out any time I want without having to worry about texts asking 'where are you' or 'how long will you be out.' I don't have to worry about stumbling into my apartment drunk and waking up my partner. I don't have to cancel plans because my child needs my attention.

Pause.

I can simply do whatever I want. That's the beauty of being alone. You do everything for yourself.

ROBERT

I've never liked being alone.

Robert almost cringes at himself for his confession. It just slipped out.

BRIDGET

Why is that?

ROBERT

I mean... do any of us *really* like being alone?

BRIDGET

I do.

Pause.

So, tell me why you don't like it.

ROBERT

I guess... I don't like the feeling of being alone with just my thoughts, I suppose.

BRIDGET

What do you think about when you're by yourself?

ROBERT

The past.

BRIDGET

What about the past?

ROBERT

I...

Pause.

I'm enjoying this conversation, but that's something I won't answer.

BRIDGET

Touchy subject... got it.

Bridget pulls back and looks around the subway car as Robert lets out a short breath.

The subway car comes to a stop. The doors open. There's no one getting on. The doors close. The subway car continues.

Bridget and Robert sit in silence for a few moments. Bridget looks back over at Robert. She then fixates on his hair and squints her eyes. Robert lets out a quick shout as Bridget plucks a few strands of his hair.

ROBERT

What the hell?!

BRIDGET

Gray hairs. You don't want those if you want to look good for your anniversary.

With the hand not holding the hair, Bridget begins to pat at her sides and then her bag.

BRIDGET

Where is my phone?

Bridget opens her bag and rummages around with the hand holding his hair. After a moment, she pulls it out with the hand that held his hair. She closes the bag and smiles triumphantly.

BRIDGET

Thought I lost it.

Pause. Laughing.

Could you imagine! Riding the subway for so long only to realize you forgot your phone. I'd have a heart attack if it hadn't been in my bag.

Robert is annoyed by the silence being broken, but Bridget is slowly becoming good company to him. Maybe this will be a story he tells his wife?

ROBERT

We've all been there at one point or another.

BRIDGET

I swear... sometimes... my mind... GAH!

They share a quick laugh together. Robert decides to sit closer to Bridget.

Nice to see that you've finally warmed up to me.

ROBERT

Now that I have... can you tell me where you're coming from?

BRIDGET

Oh, no! I'm not saying anything!

ROBERT

I've been answering your questions about me. It's only fair.

BRIDGET

Is it?

ROBERT

I think so.

BRIDGET

I don't have to answer any of your questions about me... just like you don't have to answer my questions about you.

ROBERT

(chuckling awkwardly)

What?

BRIDGET

You don't have to feel obligated to provide me with an answer to anything I ask you. You could have very well just sat there in silence... by yourself... being *alone*.

Silence.

Robert is slightly put off by Bridget's words. They do not sit right with him. But to Robert, there is something intriguing about Bridget. She is like a train wreck. He wants to stop looking, but he cannot turn away.

When Bridget looks away, Robert lets out a breath he did not know he was holding.

(with sudden energy)

But! I guess I'll give you an answer so you don't think I'm some psycho. I did come from a small get together.

ROBERT

So... I *was* right. A party.

BRIDGET

It wasn't *really* a party.

ROBERT

What were you celebrating?

BRIDGET

Birthday.

ROBERT

Yours?

No. A relative's.

BRIDGET

How old are they?

ROBERT

They would have been thirty.

BRIDGET

Oh... oh, I'm... I'm sorry.

ROBERT

Robert tests the waters and places his hand over hers. Bridget stares at Robert with wide eyes as she hears his apology. She begins to tear up and grips his hand as tightly as she can. Robert winces from the pain but tries not to show it. He can see she is in more pain than him.

Bridget starts to sob. Robert is uncomfortable with this display of emotion. As she bends forward, Robert pats her back to try and soothe her.

It's going to be alright. At least you celebrated their life rather than their passing.

Bridget pulls back and sits up straight. She is no longer crying. As if she had been in a trance, she puts on a smile.

Let's play a game!

BRIDGET

Robert is confused. A game? But she just...

Are you alright?

ROBERT

Yes, I'm perfectly okay! Let's play a game to pass the time before our stops.

BRIDGET

Okay. What kind of game?

ROBERT

BRIDGET

Let's do two truths and a lie. I'll start.

Pause.

I'm twenty-five. I'm on a subway. And no one will miss me when I'm gone.

Robert is taken aback by the last statement.

Which is the lie?

ROBERT

The last one.

BRIDGET

I'm twenty-eight.

ROBERT

I find it a bit ridiculous to make a statement like that. Surely, you have people in your life who would miss you after you die.

BRIDGET

No. I don't.

ROBERT

Not even friends? Family? Didn't you just come from a party celebrating a dead relative's life?

BRIDGET

It was more of a... one person event.

Pause.

All the family I have is gone. I don't have friends. I am alone, and no one will miss me when I'm gone.

Silence.

But you'll have someone, at least. You said your wife would be very upset.

ROBERT

I don't like to think about these sorts of things.

BRIDGET

Why not? There's no harm in it.

ROBERT

I don't like imagining scenarios in which either my family or myself are dead. It's strange and... and unsettling.

BRIDGET

Despite how unsettling you think it is... don't you believe that there's some sort of comfort in knowing that you'll be missed?

ROBERT

I don't like this game.

BRIDGET

You haven't played yet.

ROBERT

I don't want to play your stupid game!

BRIDGET

It's not stupid!

ROBERT

It is to me!

The train comes to a stop. The doors open. No one enters. The train resumes. Robert lets out a groan.

BRIDGET

Looks like you're still stuck with me.

ROBERT

Looks like it.

Silence.

BRIDGET

I'm sorry. It's just been a *day*.

ROBERT

I understand. I'm sorry for yelling.

BRIDGET

I understand if you don't want to talk to me anymore.

Robert gives her a look. She's clearly hurt. She needs someone. Robert gives in.

ROBERT

No, I'm enjoying your company.

Pause.

It's nice to have someone to talk to on the subway. Usually, you're just sitting in your seat staring at anything but the people around you, in case you make awkward eye contact.

Bridget lets out a genuine laugh. She catches herself. Just as quickly as she let out the laugh, she stops.

Silence.

BRIDGET

I came from the cemetery where Liam's buried.

Robert is caught off guard. Despite wanting the death topic to be over, he knows she needs someone.

ROBERT

How did... um... how did he die? If you don't mind me asking.

BRIDGET

Car accident.

Pause.

It was the middle of the night. He was coming home from his birthday party... and someone ran a red light and hit his side of the car. He died before an ambulance arrived at the scene.

ROBERT

I'm so sorry. You two must have been close if you still go and... visit him.

BRIDGET

He meant the world to me. He took care of me when my parents couldn't. He was always there for me when I needed a shoulder to cry on. He went out of his way to show me that he cared for me and loved me.

Pause.

He was my everything.

ROBERT

How long has it been?

BRIDGET

It's been four years.

ROBERT

I'm sorry. I can't even begin to imagine what that must be like. To lose the one person you truly care about.

BRIDGET

(intrigued)

Really? Not even a little bit?

ROBERT

No.

BRIDGET

Never even the smallest intrusive thought? Not even the quickest flash of the lifeless corpse of the one you love the most?

ROBERT

I told you I don't like to think about those sorts of things.

BRIDGET

Why? You must have a reason.

ROBERT

I...

Pause.

I know you're hurting, but I'm not going to fall for some mind game you're trying to play.

BRIDGET

I'm not trying to play any type of game. I'm just asking you a question. What else is there for us to do while we wait for our stops?

Pause.

You do have a stop... don't you?

ROBERT

Of course I do!

BRIDGET

Which stop is it?

ROBERT

I'm not telling you that.

Silence.

Bridget slowly turns to look up at Robert. Her face shows no expression.

BRIDGET

Enlighten me, Robert.

Pause.

Try and imagine what it would be like. Do it. Do it for me... *please.*

ROBERT

I told you I don't like that sort of thing.

BRIDGET

It's a perfectly okay thought to have. I do it all the time and I've turned out just fine.

Robert looks at her with a skeptical look.

I think about it every time I go to sleep. Almost like a dream.

Pause.

Come on. Try and imagine it.

Robert is incredibly uncomfortable. He doesn't like how the conversation turned into this. He wants it to be over. He closes his eyes for a quick moment before opening them.

ROBERT

There! I did it.

BRIDGET

No, you didn't. I can tell. Just close your eyes and listen to me and nothing else.

Robert begrudgingly closes his eyes. He just wants this to be over. Maybe he can end the conversation when all is said and done.

ROBERT

I'm listening.

BRIDGET

Good. Who do you love most? I presume it's your wife.

Robert nods his head.

Imagine that you've gotten off the subway. You and I have said our goodbyes. You walk out onto the street holding the cake you hope to surprise her with in the morning. You have to place the cake box down on the steps of your front door in order to retrieve the key under your mat because somehow your key went missing.

Robert reacts to this small detail. It's a bit too familiar.

Once you get the door open, you go straight to the kitchen and put the cake inside the fridge. You do your best to be quiet so as not to wake your wife but those stairs... they like to creak and moan. You go up to your bedroom where you think you'll find your wife perfectly safe and sound, sleeping like a baby. When you get to the door, it's open just a crack. It's normally never like that. You enter the room... and there she is.

ROBERT

Stop.

BRIDGET

She's in your bed... there's blood all over the sheets. You rush to her and you see that her throat is slit.

ROBERT

I don't like this. Stop it, Bridget.

BRIDGET

Just open your eyes.

*Robert can't seem to bring himself to do it.
Bridget smiles.*

You cradle your dead wife in your arms. You shed tears over her. They mingle with the dried blood on her skin, creating a river of pink that flows down her neck and all over her chest. She's gone, and there's nothing you can do.

Pause.

She's gone and you're all alone.

(screaming)
I said stop!

ROBERT

Robert opens his eyes and pushes Bridget back in her seat. He stands from the seat and paces to the other end of the subway car. Bridget is finally glad to see some passion in him.

Robert takes a moment to compose himself as Bridget stands, holding onto one of the poles beside her.

For a quick moment, the lights of the subway dim as the lights from the tunnel flash inside of the car.

That wasn't so hard now... was it?

BRIDGET

The flashing stops as the lights come back on in the subway car. Robert wipes away his tears as he slightly turns to face Bridget.

Where the hell did you come from?

ROBERT

I told you. I came from nowhere important to you.

BRIDGET

You think about this sort of thing every night? Why would you ever subject yourself to something like this?

ROBERT

It's all I have left.

BRIDGET

I should have never said anything to you. You're crazy. You're insane.

ROBERT

Then why did you answer me? Why engage if you knew it was wrong?

BRIDGET

Pause.

You were fixated on where I was coming from solely based on the outfit I was wearing. I *intrigued* you... didn't I? You can admit it. It's just us.

ROBERT

I was not... I was not intrigued in any way.

BRIDGET

Admit it, Robert. I could see you glancing at me from the corner of your eye when you sat down.

Pause.

This is an empty car. You could have chosen any seat you wanted. No one would fight you for it. No worries about having to give it up for some pregnant woman or disabled person. But where did you *choose* to sit?

Bridget points to his belongings next to hers.

You decided to sit next to me after you took in my appearance. Something about me attracted you.

ROBERT

I am not attracted to you.

BRIDGET

It's okay if you are. We all have little attractions to the strangers we see walking among us. Even if you're married, it's still okay.

ROBERT

You didn't have to speak to me. You didn't have to ask me that stupid question of yours. You didn't have to do anything after I sat down.

BRIDGET

That's true. I didn't.

Pause.

But this is more fun.

The train comes to a stop. The doors open. No one enters. Robert is agitated by this. Bridget smiles. The doors close. The train continues.

ROBERT

God! Why isn't there anyone around to bring this to an end!

BRIDGET

No one rides this subway car this time of night.

ROBERT

(scoffing)
How do you know that?

BRIDGET

(nonchalantly)
I tend to just know things.

Silence.

I think we got off on the wrong foot.

Robert glares at Bridget.

ROBERT

You think?

Pause.

Listen... I know you're hurting because of what happened with your brother... but I don't want to be a part of whatever it is you're trying to project onto me. It's not fair. I don't even know you.

BRIDGET

Can we start over?

ROBERT

What?! Why?

BRIDGET

Because I like you. You're probably the most interesting thing that's happened to me in some time.

ROBERT

I'm not going to be one of your little specimens that you watch and collect data from.

BRIDGET

It's not like that.

Pause.

You *also* intrigue me.

ROBERT

I told you before. I'm neither intrigued by you nor am I attracted to you.

BRIDGET

You said yourself that you don't know me. This is an opportunity to get to know each other better. I mean, you're practically stuck with me in this subway. Like I said... no one takes this train this time of night.

Robert takes a moment to think this over. He has to admit. This has also been one of the most interesting things to happen to him. His routine has been changed, and he is not too bothered by it.

Bridget stands by the metal pole and leans her back against it, swaying naturally to the movement of the subway car. She watches Robert as he thinks.

ROBERT

Fine! But no more of this death talk! I don't like it, and you need to learn to respect that.

BRIDGET

I need to learn? Who do you think you're talking to? A child?

ROBERT

No, but if you-

BRIDGET

I'm a grown woman. I won't have any of your condescending tone. I'll learn to respect you once you've done the same for me.

ROBERT

Are you trying to insinuate that I don't respect you?

BRIDGET

Clearly, you don't.

ROBERT

Well, I... I barely know you.

BRIDGET

I'd even go so far as to say that you don't even respect your wife.

ROBERT

What the hell are you talking about?

BRIDGET

Isn't it obvious? Why is a commercial real estate agent out this late at night with a cake that has melting roses on the top? What tasks do you have to do that make you take the subway at one in the morning?

Your anniversary is today, so I'd assume you'd want to go home as soon as possible and be with your wife so that you can wake up beside her and maybe have a little anniversary morning sex.

ROBERT

It's not like that.

BRIDGET

Come on. You can tell me. After I get to my stop and I leave this train, you're never going to see me again. I'll be a distant memory.

Pause.

Your secret's safe with me.

ROBERT

I have nothing to tell you.

BRIDGET

Oh, but I think you do.

Robert gives her a confused look. He watches as she walks back over to her belongings and pulls out her phone. "I'm So Happy (Tra-La-La-La-La-La)" by Kenny Vance and the Planotones begins to play. Bridget keeps her eyes on Robert as she begins to dance to the music.

Robert takes a step back, watching her. He can't seem to look away. It's something about the way she moves that he can't quite...

Bridget dances and uses the metal poles to her advantage. After a moment, she stops and flashes Robert a smile.

Dance with me.

ROBERT

I... I don't...

BRIDGET

(pouting)

Come on! It'll be fun! Don't let me dance by myself. I don't want to be dancing all alone.

Robert watches for another moment as Bridget resumes her dancing. His smiles unconsciously as Bridget laughs. What she said was true. He will not see her again after this moment. Why not have a little fun?

Robert walks over to Bridget and takes her in his arms. As the two dance, it looks almost like a tug-of-war between who is going to lead. Towards the end of the song, Robert relinquishes his power to Bridget. She finally got what she wanted.

Robert's hands are on her waist, and he is entranced by her. As the song fades out on her phone, Bridget takes Robert's face in her hands and kisses him. Robert is shocked but slowly gives in, pulling her closer. The second he starts to take his power back, Bridget pulls away, smirking.

BRIDGET

You're cheating on your wife.

ROBERT

You really do know how to read a person.

Robert is spurred out of his trance as Bridget crosses to her belongings. She stops the music from her phone as Robert quickly composes himself.

I am not cheating on my wife!

BRIDGET

Yes, you are.

ROBERT

This is ridiculous. How can you say that when you don't know-

Silence.

ROBERT

I get it. I know what you are.

BRIDGET

What am I, Robert?

ROBERT

My wife hired you, didn't she?

Pause.

You're some person who spies on spouses to see if they're cheating. That's it! That's why you said you watch people.

BRIDGET

That's not who I am at all, but that profession does sound fun.

ROBERT

What? Clearly, my wife has suspected me of cheating and you were hired to-

BRIDGET

I don't know your wife, and that is not my job.

Pause.

But, clearly you have this fear of her finding out... because you *are* cheating... aren't you?

ROBERT

... No.

Bridget crosses to his belongings and picks up the cake box. She reads the label and flashes Robert a smile.

BRIDGET

Jaime's Little Sweets.

Pause.

Seems like Jaime has a little *sweet* of her own.

ROBERT

I am not cheating on my wife.

Bridget places the cake back down on his seat. Robert puts his head down to try and collect himself. As he does so, Bridget pulls out his phone. She had taken it from his pocket when she kissed him. When he hears the dial tone on

speaker; he looks up to see Bridget holding his phone beside her.

ROBERT

What are you doing?

BRIDGET

If you aren't cheating, then why do you have Jaime's number in your phone?

ROBERT

I have the bakery's number in case I want to order something.

BRIDGET

No... this is her personal number.

Robert's eyes widen in shock. He pats down his suit jacket and realizes that Bridget is truly holding his phone.

Robert rushes at her and she jumps onto the seats. Before he can grab the phone, we hear the call get picked up.

JAIME'S VOICE (O.S.)

Robert? What's wrong? Why are you calling so late?

Robert and Bridget get into a tug-of-war with the phone as Jaime continues speaking.

Hello? Robert? Are you there?

Pause.

What's going on? Is everything okay? Did you get home yet?

BRIDGET

Hi, Jaime!

Robert feels his heart stop as there is a silence over the phone. Everything stands still. It's as if the subway car has stopped moving.

JAIME'S VOICE (O.S.)

Bridget? Is that you?

Robert is successful as he takes the phone and hangs up.

He glares at Bridget as she laughs hysterically, jumping back down onto the floor.

ROBERT

What the fuck do you think you're doing? And how does she know you?

BRIDGET

I told you. There's no need to lie to me. You haven't told one yet, so don't start now.

Robert is slightly perturbed by Bridget's last line.

ROBERT

How do you know her?

BRIDGET

She's been my friend for a few years now.

Pause.

She tells me everything.

ROBERT

What... what has she told you?

BRIDGET

A private conversation between two women is not to be repeated.

ROBERT

Tell, me goddamnit! What did she tell you!

BRIDGET

I like seeing you like this.

ROBERT

Fucking tell me!

Robert paces towards Bridget. He goes for her neck. Bridget stands there, unphased and unmoving. Suddenly, the subway car stops. It appears as though there's an issue that needs to be fixed. The two stand in silence for a moment.

Robert rushes past Bridget and towards the doors. He looks out the window to see the graffitied tunnel walls. He bangs his hand against the doors.

ROBERT

What has she told you? Just tell me.

BRIDGET

No. You have to admit it.

Robert knows he is defeated at this moment. He is stuck in this subway car with Bridget. He has been backed into a corner.

ROBERT

I'm sleeping with Jaime.

BRIDGET

That wasn't so hard now, was it?

ROBERT

Why are you really here?

BRIDGET

I have to go home. Isn't that why you're here?

ROBERT

No... no, that's not it.

Pause. Turning to face Bridget.

You said that no one rides this train at this time of night. Why are *you* here?

BRIDGET

Because I'm the only one that takes this train at night. It's quiet. I can be alone here with my thoughts.

ROBERT

Thoughts about your dead spouse? Your dead brother?

BRIDGET

This place is perfect for me.

ROBERT

Did Jaime put you up to this? You two meet up with my wife and are now trying to get me to confess? You have a wire on you or something?

Robert paces back towards Bridget. He begins patting down her sides, trying to feel for a wire. Bridget pushes him back, but he is determined.

Bridget grabs Robert by his collar and pulls him towards her.

BRIDGET

Maybe I just want a taste of Jaime's Little Sweets.

Bridget pulls him in for a kiss. Robert remains still, his hands on whatever part of Bridget's body he was patting down. He is stunned. After a moment, he gives in. He pulls her in closer. As soon as it gets heated, Robert realizes what he is doing and pushes Bridget back.

ROBERT

What the fuck?!

BRIDGET

It's okay. It's in your nature.

ROBERT

I care about my wife.

BRIDGET

Clearly, you don't care that much about her if you were trying to get in my pants.

ROBERT

You kissed me.

BRIDGET

Doesn't matter who kissed who. What matters is you gave in.

Pause.

Explain this to me. Why are you still on this train?

ROBERT

Because we're stuck.

BRIDGET

No. You should have gotten off a few stops ago.

ROBERT

(shocked)
What?

BRIDGET

You've missed your stop.

ROBERT

How... how do you know my stop?

BRIDGET

Admit it. You were attracted to me when you saw me in this car.

Robert knows he has been caught.

ROBERT

... Yes.

BRIDGET

Well, then... it's just you and me. The train's stopped. Who knows when it'll be fixed?

Bridget sits back down. She pats the seat beside her as her other hand grips her bag. Robert takes a few deep breaths before shaking his head.

ROBERT

No! No... I may be attracted to you, but I don't want to sleep with you. And you better tell me how you know my stop!

BRIDGET

You're no fun when you're like this.

ROBERT

I'm not here to have fun. You need to start answering me right fucking now.

BRIDGET

Make me.

ROBERT

What?

BRIDGET

Make me answer your questions.

ROBERT

If you don't start telling me the truth about who you are and why you're here, I'm going to call the cops.

BRIDGET

And tell them what?

Pause.

You're going to tell them that some random woman on a train is asking you questions to seek answers? Surely, that's a waste of a call. And we are underground and stuck. Your phone won't work.

ROBERT

I can call them once this train starts moving and gets to its next stop.

BRIDGET

You can do that... but I have information that they would like to have.

Robert is rendered speechless and confused.

That's right. Now, won't you sit down next to me, and we will have a wonderful conversation.

Bridget caresses the spot next to her. Robert takes a moment before taking the seat next to her. All hope is lost.

Bridget turns to face him as he keeps his gaze on the floor.

I guess now is a good time to come clean about why I'm here.

ROBERT

(sarcastically)

Really...

BRIDGET

I'm yours, Robert. Ask me anything you'd like.

Robert takes a moment. He thinks. It somehow feels too easy. Why now is she doing this?

Who are you?

ROBERT

I *am* Bridget Osborne.

BRIDGET

How old are you?

ROBERT

I *am* twenty-eight.

BRIDGET

Pause.

I haven't told a lie, Robert. I never lie.

Neither do I.

ROBERT

Good. I like that.

BRIDGET

What do you do for work?

ROBERT

Like I said. A meaningless job... as an assistant.

BRIDGET

Where?

ROBERT

Capstone Real Estate.

BRIDGET

Bridget smiles seeing the shocked expression unfurl on Robert's face. He slowly turns to look at her.

You... *Capstone* Real Estate?

ROBERT

Yes.

BRIDGET

ROBERT

That's-

BRIDGET

Where you work? Yes. The same place.

ROBERT

How? How have I never seen you before?

BRIDGET

You were never looking.

ROBERT

How long?

BRIDGET

Just about two years now.

ROBERT

Two years?! Who do you work for?

BRIDGET

I work with Judith. She's very nice... and loves to talk. You and her are quite similar, actually. Neither of you can stand being alone.

ROBERT

What does she talk to you about?

BRIDGET

Mostly boring, mundane crap about her life. Her father recently recovered from some illness. I wasn't really paying attention.

Pause.

She does like to talk about you.

ROBERT

Me?

BRIDGET

It seems that you have this power over people you come in contact with. She is very much smitten with you.

Bridget giggles as Robert looks repulsed.

ROBERT

Judith? No! I only speak with her because she's a partner.

BRIDGET

She seems to know a lot about you despite how you feel towards her. She tends to live vicariously through your personal life. In the break room, anytime you mention anything about your wife or what you do on weekends, she retains it. She imagines what it would be like to be your wife.

Pause.

It's quite sad.

Silence.

ROBERT

And what about Jaime? How do you know her?

BRIDGET

I told you. She's my friend. Has been for two years now.

ROBERT

I take it she's told you about me and her.

BRIDGET

Every... little... detail.

Robert can't take anymore of this and stands from the seat. He crosses back to the pole and rests his head against it. Bridget looks disappointed as she lets go of the grip on her bag. He was right there.

ROBERT

How did you know I'd take this train?

BRIDGET

You always take it when you leave Jaime's apartment.

Robert slowly turns to look at Bridget over his shoulder.

ROBERT

And I take it that *Jaime* told you that.

BRIDGET

She didn't have to.

*Robert turns and leans his back against the pole.
He is confused by Bridget's statement.*

She did tell me about your affair and how it started.

Pause.

It appears as though you have a type. You like a woman who bakes... who can take care of you... and one who will willingly, at the drop of a hat, present their open mouth to you, ready and waiting for your cock to be shoved in.

Pause.

A woman you can dominate.

Silence.

Is that why you're attracted to me? You think you can dominate me?

ROBERT

I could if I wanted to.

BRIDGET

Mmmm. But there's one thing you've failed to realize.

Pause.

You have never once been in control of this conversation.

ROBERT

This isn't a conversation. This is a fucking trial!

BRIDGET

And you're doing a mighty fine job being on the witness stand.

ROBERT

What makes you think I'm the witness and you're the prosecution?

BRIDGET

7221 Honey Creek.

Robert's face grows pale as Bridget smiles brightly.

ROBERT

How do you know my address?

BRIDGET

I bet now you regret all the times you didn't drive Jaime home after your sleepovers.

Pause.

She would always call me.

ROBERT

This is insane. You know Jaime, you know where I work... how?

BRIDGET

I'm hungry.

Robert's expression drops as Bridget looks over at the cake box.

ROBERT

No!

BRIDGET

I'll just have a small piece.

ROBERT

That's for my wife!

BRIDGET

I don't think that matters anymore.

Robert knows she's right. He hates that he admitted that to himself.

Bridget takes the cake box and opens it. She picks up one of the melting roses and eats it. She lets out a soft moan as she giggles.

Jaime was always good at making cakes.

Bridget swipes some of the icing off. As she does, her eyes see something in the cake. Robert watches in confusion as Bridget slowly stands as she pokes her finger into the cake. As she pulls it back, Bridget is enraged.

Robert jumps back in surprise as Bridget throws the cake box onto the floor, its contents splattering all over.

Bridget kneels down and runs her hands through the mess, revealing that the cake had indeed been vanilla, not chocolate.

Robert had told a lie.

Bridget shakes and breathes heavily as she stands upright. She flicks the cake off of her hands before running her tongue over them. She gathers the cake in her mouth and spits it out in Robert's direction.

ROBERT

What the fuck! Are you crazy?!

BRIDGET

(anger bubbling)

You... You are no *good* man, Mr. Goodman.

ROBERT

What are you talking about?

BRIDGET

I told you. I like an honest man.

Pause. Pointing at the destroyed cake.

That's the first lie you've told.

ROBERT

Lie about what? What about the cake?

BRIDGET

You said it was chocolate because your wife liked chocolate. *That...* is vanilla... *your* favorite.

ROBERT

I wrote chocolate on the order. Jaime must have screwed it up and made it vanilla because she knows I like it.

BRIDGET

Of course. Blame the woman. It won't change the fact that you lied to me.

ROBERT

It's just cake.

BRIDGET

(seething)

Just cake?!

Panting.

This is so much more than *just* cake.

Pause.

This is about what you did to me.

ROBERT

Listen, I don't know what you're going on about, but I don't know you. I'd never heard of you until tonight. I never even saw you at work. What you think I've done to you, I haven't.

BRIDGET

Of course, you'd forget about it. It wasn't important to you. It didn't ruin your life.

ROBERT

Now, why don't we just take a breath and calm ourselves down. We've gone through a lot tonight.

BRIDGET

We can do that... as long as you finish playing the game.

ROBERT

Game? Which one?

BRIDGET

Two *lies* and a truth.

ROBERT

I think we had enough of that game before, didn't we?

BRIDGET

No. We were just getting started.

Bridget grabs her bag and puts it around her shoulder. Although the train is not moving, Bridget shakes as she steps away from the destroyed cake.

Robert panics slightly as the lights flicker in the subway car. After a moment, the train begins to move once again. Bridget is enraged by this. She goes towards the doors and slams her hands against them, smearing the leftover cake on them.

BRIDGET

(banging on doors)

No, no, no!

ROBERT

Why are you so upset? We're getting to go home.

BRIDGET

(screaming, unhinged)

I had him right where I wanted! Stop moving! No!

Bridget lets out an anguished cry. She realizes that she has to act quickly. Bridget turns to face Robert as she rummages through her purse. She pulls out a knife and aims it in Robert's direction.

ROBERT

Hey! Hey! What are you doing?!

BRIDGET

Tell me which one is the truth.

She advances towards Robert and he backs away. He steps in the cake as Bridget slowly stalks towards him. For a moment he is distracted by the cake on his shoes, and he jumps as Bridget quickly lunges forward. She laughs at his reaction.

I'm twenty-five. I'm *not* going to die alone.

Bridget trembles as she begins to break down. Robert keeps his eyes locked on her, afraid of the slightest movement he might miss.

Bridget takes a moment to breathe. She looks up at Robert, and she sees red. She has gathered the courage to continue. She straightens out her body and points the blade directly at his chest.

BRIDGET

And Robert Goodman killed my brother.

Robert is confused as Bridget sobs hysterically.

Which one is the truth, huh?

Pause. Screaming.

Tell me, fucking tell me!

ROBERT

The last one?

BRIDGET

Say it!

ROBERT

The last one is the truth! Okay?!

BRIDGET

No. You're not saying it right! Say it, motherfucker!

ROBERT

Robert Goodman killed your brother!

BRIDGET

Who killed my brother?

ROBERT

I... did.

BRIDGET

Again.

ROBERT

I.. I did it.

BRIDGET

*... Again.**Robert takes a moment to think. He's about to deny it... but he realizes. The car crash. The running of a red light. The hit and run. It's true. It's always been the truth.*

ROBERT

(spoken quickly, as if all one word)
I killed your brother!*Bridget lets out a laugh as she throws her head back, feeling a wave of euphoria diffuse through her body.*

BRIDGET

You don't know how long I've waited to hear you admit that.

ROBERT

Bridget... please... just calm down and we can talk this through.

Pause.

Put the knife away.

BRIDGET

Liam was everything to me. He was the only one who understood me. He could always make me laugh when I was sad. He could always make me feel so special.

Pause.

He made me feel loved when no one else could.

ROBERT

Look, I'm sorry. That night was such a blur to me. I wasn't thinking.

BRIDGET

You had every opportunity to help us.

ROBERT

I never even-

Pause.

Us?

BRIDGET

You seemed to like my outfit when you saw me sitting in my seat tonight. I thought you remembered.

ROBERT

Remembered what?

BRIDGET

I wore this the night of the accident.

Robert is stunned. He can't seem to find the right words. She had been there? If he had known, he would've stayed.

Today is your anniversary with your wife... but it's my anniversary of you killing Liam.

ROBERT

Bridget, if I knew you were there, or remembered...

BRIDGET

It's too late now to say the things you could've done when you had the chance.

Pause.

I had to watch as my brother's life left his body. Do you know how long it took? How long it took for the life to leave his body?

Robert shakes his head.

Seven minutes.

Pause.

It took seven minutes for him to die. And in those seven minutes, he could barely say anything or even look at me. It took seven minutes for all our memories of one another to disappear. He died in pain and I couldn't do anything to help him. I thought that maybe the person who came up to his window, the person who crashed into us, was going to help.

Pause.

I remembered your face. You were in so much shock, but what angered me the most was that you barely had a scratch on you. My brother's murderer had been spared from any pain. You didn't hear him crying out. You didn't hear him start to explain how he wanted his funeral to go. You weren't forced to hear his last breaths.

Pause.

You saw him. You saw the damage you had done... and left. You left us there in the middle of the road. I had to sit there, strapped in next to his dead body for two hours, until another car stopped and helped us.

ROBERT

I'm sorry. I was an idiot. I was scared. I didn't want to get in trouble. I was out late and I needed to get home so that-

BRIDGET

Your wife didn't find out you were cheating.

ROBERT

... Yes.

BRIDGET

You decided to let my brother die so that your wife wouldn't find out that you were sticking your cock inside another woman?

ROBERT

I was stupid, Bridget! I didn't know! I didn't know he would die! I got scared, okay! I hadn't been in an accident before, and I didn't see anyone coming. It was late and I thought it would be okay to run the light. I only saw your car seconds after. Please, you have to understand.

BRIDGET

I understand completely.

Pause.

You're nothing but a coward.

ROBERT

You're right. I am a coward. I'm so scared of being alone that I can't bring myself to leave my wife. I'm scared that if my affair ends and she finds out, I'll be all alone.

BRIDGET

There was one question you never answered.

ROBERT

What? I'll tell you anything! What was it?

BRIDGET

What do you think about when you're alone?

Robert swallows the lump in his throat. Bridget tightens the grip on her knife. She's waiting. She has all the time in the world.

ROBERT

I think about him.

Pause.

I think about how he looked in the car seat. I think about him begging for help. I think about your brother.

Pause.

Please, understand that I regret ever leaving. I should've called for an ambulance. I should've helped him. I didn't know you were there. I only remember him. I'm so sorry, Bridget. Please, forgive me.

BRIDGET

I have never felt more devastated in my whole life than when I did watching him die.

ROBERT

I'm so sorry. Please, you have to forgive me.

BRIDGET

I don't have to do anything.

Robert pants heavily as Bridget takes a few steps closer to him.

I, too, haven't answered one of your questions.

ROBERT

What was it?

BRIDGET

Why am I truly here?

ROBERT

I think you've answered that. You've made it quite clear.

BRIDGET

No... I haven't.

Pause.

I have been watching someone for a few years now. After I recovered from the accident, I went to a friend of mine who is very good at finding things. I gave him the license plate of the car that hit us. It had been registered under one, Robert Goodman.

ROBERT

Me? You've been watching me?

Pause.

If you had my license plate, why didn't you go to the police? File a report?

BRIDGET

That would've been too easy. I wanted to have some fun.

ROBERT

That's why you're here? For revenge? You want me to die as punishment?

BRIDGET

No.

Robert gives her a confused look as he takes a step back.

I want you to feel the pain I felt that night four years ago. Once you've felt your heart shatter into a million pieces... that's when I'll kill you.

ROBERT

You don't have to do this. Once we get to the next stop, you can call the cops and turn me in. I'll turn myself in! You don't have to do any of this.

BRIDGET

This is the only thing I *have* to do.

ROBERT

You think that killing me will ease the pain you feel? You think you'll be happy once you've killed me?

BRIDGET

I hope so.

ROBERT

Killing me won't solve this. It'll only make it worse.

BRIDGET

What do you know, huh? You have no say in how I should feel! This is my pain! You took away the one person who made me feel alive. And now that he's gone... I don't care what happens to me after I kill you.

The train turns very unexpectedly. Robert falls into the seats and sits down on the floor. Bridget is able to catch herself on the metal pole. The lights flicker once again.

I waited four years to do this. I have waited for the *exact* moment I could be alone with you.

Pause.

I looked you up online and found your company. I saw that they were hiring and I applied. I made my resume irresistible to your hiring committee, and they wanted me. From there, I gathered all the information I could on you.

Bridget leans down and puts her knife in the destroyed cake. She brings it to her lips and licks the cake off the blade. Robert cowers against the seats.

BRIDGET

Despite having helped your wife get her bakery started, it seems that you don't care about her work as much as you do Jaime's.

Pause.

I will admit that I do agree with you on that. Jaime is the better baker. So much better that you hired her to cater an event your company was having. That's how I met her.

Pause.

You know, you may think you're slick when it comes to showing your affection... but it was easy to tell from the many squeezes you gave her ass that night that you two were fucking. For a moment, I thought you and her were together *together*... but then your wife came and surprised you. That was quite the shock. Judith let me know who she was. She seems to know a lot about you. I only ever paid attention to her when she was talking about *you*.

ROBERT

How about this? If you let me go, I'll end it with Jaime and stay with my wife.

BRIDGET

No... that's not good enough. You need to pay for what you've done. I've watched your every move to ensure that a night like this could happen.

Pause.

Did your wife know about the accident?

ROBERT

Yes.

BRIDGET

What did you tell her?

ROBERT

I...

He realizes he told his wife a lie. If he tells Bridget...

In that moment, he knows he will do anything to get out of there alive.

BRIDGET

Tell me. I'll know if you're lying.

ROBERT

I told her that... wait... how can you know if I'm lying?

BRIDGET

You'll find out when you tell me what you told her that night.

Robert shifts awkwardly as he stands up. He holds himself by the bar above the seats. For some reason, the subway car has gotten faster.

ROBERT

I told her that I hit an animal. I had come in late and I was still in shock at what happened... she was scared. But I couldn't tell her the truth.

BRIDGET

You passed.

ROBERT

Please... you have to believe me when I tell you that I regret ever leaving. My thoughts were all over the place. I only did what I thought was right.

BRIDGET

You thought the right thing to do was to leave a man to die so that you wouldn't be punished for it?

ROBERT

Ever since that night, I've tried to forget about it, but I can't! Every time I close my eyes, all I see is *him*! Sometimes when I'm on the road, I think I see him in the driver's seat of the cars next to me. I see him everywhere I go. The more I try to forget about him... the more he appears.

Bridget is moved by this confession. She didn't realize he felt this way. He was hurting as much as her.

She walks over to her bag and reaches inside. She pulls out a pair of glasses with cracked frames. They are stained with dried blood. Robert's eyes widen as he realizes what she's holding.

ROBERT

How...

BRIDGET

Before the ambulance could take me away, I found these on the ground by the driver's seat. I remember that you had been shaking your head so aggressively, trying to deny what just happened, that they fell right off your face.

Pause. Extending her hand out towards him.

Do you want them back?

ROBERT

You kept them?

BRIDGET

I thought you might want them.

Silence.

Do you?

Bridget takes a step closer. Robert stares at the glasses. In their reflection, he can see Liam crying out in agony.

Robert puts his hand out and Bridget hands him the glasses. Robert observes them for a moment as an exhausted Bridget sits down beside her bag.

ROBERT

I'm sure your brother was a good man. I can tell you loved him very much, and I am sorry I took him away from you. I'm sorry I took him away... leaving you alone.

BRIDGET

You and I are similar.

Pause.

I hate that.

Pause.

We both can't stand to be alone with ourselves.

Bridget realizes her plan won't work.

Robert jumps slightly as Bridget throws the knife away from her to the other side of the subway car.

ROBERT

Are you not...

BRIDGET

Killing you won't solve anything. Killing you won't be a punishment. In fact... it would be mercy.

Pause.

If I let you stay alive... you will continue to be haunted by my brother's memory. You'll live in constant regret and guilt and it will eat away at you until you die a painful death like his.

Silence. Lights flicker.

What are you going to tell your wife?

ROBERT

Tell her what, exactly?

BRIDGET

When we finally get to our stop, and you go home... what are you going to say happened here tonight?

ROBERT

I'd come clean. I'd tell her everything I've been needing to say to her.

BRIDGET

Tell me. Practice what you're going to say.

ROBERT

Um... I would say that I've been unhappy for some time and have been having an affair. But I would make sure to clarify that my unhappiness does not stem from our relationship. I care about her very much, but I just... eleven years.

BRIDGET

You got tired of it. The mundane routines of married life. You got together when you were young and made a commitment too early on.

ROBERT

You're right. But I'm too afraid to leave her. There's always been this fear in the back of my mind that if I left my wife and Jaime decided to leave me, I'd be all alone.

BRIDGET

So, you decided to stay out of safety.

ROBERT

Yes. With Jaime, it's nice because she doesn't expect anything to come out of it. There's no attachments or expectations from the other. It's just... fun. A breath of fresh air.

Pause.

But with Lauren... there's so much history. In some ways, she made me feel the same way your brother did.

Silence.

Upon hearing this confession, Bridget smiles. Soon, she begins to laugh.

Robert gives her a look as she begins to cackle uncontrollably. He warily takes a few steps towards her and places his hand on her shoulder.

Bridget throws her head back as she takes a moment to compose herself.

BRIDGET

You don't know how happy you've just made me by saying that.

ROBERT

What?

BRIDGET

It seems as though I've already administered your punishment.

ROBERT

What are you talking about?

BRIDGET

You'll soon find out... Bobby.

Robert's face pales as he takes a step back from Bridget.

ROBERT

Only Lauren calls me that. How do you know that?

BRIDGET

It sounded so sweet leaving her lips.

Robert's heart begins to race. He doesn't want to believe it.

He watches as Bridget goes rummaging through her bag once more. What is she going to pull out? Robert can feel his heart in his throat.

Bridget takes the item in her hand and makes a fist, concealing the item. She stalks over towards Robert and takes his hand. She turns it so his palm is up towards the ceiling.

Robert keeps his eyes locked on Bridget's as she places the item in his palm.

The train stops. It has finally come to its end. No one is there to get on. The place seems abandoned, almost as if... it knew what was going to happen.

Bridget walks back to her seat. She watches as Robert looks down at his palm to reveal a set of keys. His face grows even paler than before. There is sweat on his brow.

ROBERT

These are my keys.

BRIDGET

Mhmm.

ROBERT

I thought I lost them a few days ago.

BRIDGET

Judith sent me to your office to give you a copy of some paperwork. When I arrived, you were getting ready to leave for a meeting. You told me to place them on your desk and you'd get to them when you returned. You left your keys on your desk.

Pause.

You never looked at me even once during that entire interaction. You thought I was a nobody... but little did you know exactly who I'd turn out to be.

ROBERT

Why did you take them?

BRIDGET

I knew you'd be fine without them.

Pause.

That's why you have the spare under your doormat, silly.

Robert clenches his fist, feeling the metal dig into his palm. Bridget begins to laugh again.

Unfortunately, you won't be able to place the cake box down on the front steps... but, at least you'll have your actual keys... so it all works out in the end... doesn't it... *Bobby?*

Robert looks down at his hand and then up at the open doors. He could run out right now. He could escape. She is no longer armed and seems to be backing down.

Unless...

It's too easy.

Robert decides to stay. He needs to know more.

ROBERT

Don't call me that. Only Lauren calls me that.

BRIDGET

I don't think you'll be hearing that name for a long time.

Robert takes a step back as Bridget stands, putting her bag around her shoulder.

You know, I'm glad you were out with Jaime tonight.

Pause.

Your wife was all alone.

ROBERT

What are you going on about?

BRIDGET

I felt bad disturbing her. She had been sleeping so peacefully, too.

ROBERT

What did you do, Bridget? What did you do?!

BRIDGET

I already told you.

Pause.

You don't remember?

Bridget stands and walks to the metal pole. She grabs onto it as she swings herself around it to face Robert.

Shame.

ROBERT

You better fucking tell me what you did, or I'm going to kill you myself!

Bridget glares at Robert. Where did his soft side go? Where did his guilt go?

BRIDGET

Now, don't use that tone with me. You know better than to do that.

Bridget steps away from the pole. She takes a few, small steps back.

Do you need me to refresh your memory? It's been a while.

Pause. Bridget takes his silence as approval.

If we had gone our separate ways, you would've gone to the kitchen before heading up those creaky stairs. Then, you'd make your way to your bedroom... but the door would be slightly open.

Robert starts to remember. He comes to the realization before Bridget finishes to speak.

Once inside the dark room, you see your wife in the bed sleeping soundly... or you believe her to be. But upon closer examination, you see the sheets are stained with her blood. You look upon her pale face to find her throat slit/ and you cradle her dead, lifeless corpse, crying over her body.

ROBERT

(completely broken)

Oh, god! No! Please, no!

Robert falls to his knees and weeps hysterically.

BRIDGET

Do you feel that, Bobby?

Pause. Enraged.

Do you feel it?!

ROBERT

You're lying. You didn't do that.

BRIDGET

Tell me you feel it. Tell me what you're feeling. Do you feel as devastated as you said you would?

ROBERT

She's not dead. You couldn't have done that.

BRIDGET

I know you feel it. Just admit it. Admit that you feel as devastated as I did watching my brother die. At least I saved you from watching it. You just have to go home and find her.

Pause. Screaming.

Admit it!

ROBERT

Yes! I can feel it! I can feel how devastated you felt! I'm sorry! I was an idiot!

Bridget beams as she takes a few more steps back.

BRIDGET

That's right. Embrace it, Bobby. Embrace the feeling of being completely lost.

Bridget takes a few more steps back. She bends down and picks the knife back up.

BRIDGET

Do you like that feeling?

ROBERT

No! No, I despise it!

BRIDGET

Good.

Pause.

I remember walking into the bedroom. You do need to oil those hinges. The second I opened the door, she began to stir from her sleep. She weakly called out your name...

(mimicking Lauren's voice)

"Bobby! Is that you?"

Pause.

She went to turn on the light, but I told her not to. In her half-asleep state, she thought I was you. I sat on the edge of the bed with my back to her. She started asking about where you'd been and why you were coming back so late.

Robert looks up and sees Bridget with the knife. She crosses back to the pole and leans her back against it, running her fingertips along the sides of the blade.

Now, you know me. When asked a question, I can't lie.

Robert's eyes widened as he crawls towards her. He is too stunned to even walk.

ROBERT

Please... you didn't...

BRIDGET

She was so devastated to know that you had been cheating on her. And to be told about it on the day of her anniversary.

ROBERT

Why?! Why would you do that!

BRIDGET

You put me in an uncomfortable position. If you had just called for help and ensured my brother lived, you would've been the only one on this subway car. Your *vanilla* cake wouldn't have been destroyed. You would've gotten off at your stop. You would've gone back home and used the keys you didn't lose, put the cake in the fridge, walked up those creaky stairs, and found your wife sleeping like a baby. You

would've slipped under the covers and pulled her into your arms and held her so lovingly... while still having fucked someone else.

Pause.

You truly could have had it all... if you had only done the *right* thing.

ROBERT

I'm so sorry. Please, forgive me. Just don't kill me! Please, I beg you! You said you wouldn't!

BRIDGET

I'm allowed to change my mind.

ROBERT

If you let me go, I won't go to the cops. I swear!

BRIDGET

I have waited *so* long for this moment. I know that this is the only thing that will bring me happiness.

Pause.

I can finally be happy once I see the life leave *your* body.

ROBERT

I'll do anything!

BRIDGET

It's too late to do anything.

Pause.

I came here to do one thing. I'm not going to let you stand in the way of that.

Pause.

After I slit her throat, I pinned her arms to the mattress. I felt her struggling underneath me. It felt... *good*.

Bridget glares down at Robert as he grovels.

Is that why you chose her?

Pause.

She was weak and easy to hold down. Almost as if she was accustomed to giving herself to others.

Pause.

I think you've been lying to me about a lot of other things.

ROBERT

What?! No! I haven't!

BRIDGET

You never loved your wife. You just wanted someone you could *dominate*. Isn't that right? And *she* was just the one, wasn't she?

Pause.

Why did you really start an affair? Was it because you got tired of the routine... or because you got tired of your wife? You dominated her and destroyed her, leaving nothing left for you to work with. So... you pounced onto the next woman you deemed fit.

Pause.

In getting to know Jaime, I've found she really is stupid. Never had a thought of her own. Always had to follow along with everybody else's routine. Her only redeeming quality was that she made *quality* sweets. It was the only reason I could stand her. I wasted so much money at her bakery. I'd sit and eat everything she had to offer just so she would talk about her life. She was a desperate woman looking to make friends. It was too easy to win her trust.

Pause.

I suspect you felt the same. She told me about how she met you. All of her other plans failed and she just wanted to have her own little bakery, her true purpose in life, *god* she was so dull! I had to sit through mind-numbing conversations to get the information I needed. I wasted so many days of my life on *you*. You have put me through hell. It's only fair I do the same to you.

ROBERT

What... what things did she say about me?

BRIDGET

Are you fucking kidding me? I'm going to kill you and you're worried about the things Jaime's said about you? None of it is going to matter in the next few minutes.

ROBERT

What do you want me to say? That I enjoy taking advantage of women?

BRIDGET

I don't want you to say anything.

Robert crawls in his way over to Bridget until he is a few inches away from her. He sits up on his knees and pulls the cracked and bloodied glasses from his pocket.

Bridget watches in confusion as Robert takes the glasses he has on off. He casts them aside carelessly before putting on the cracked and bloodied ones.

Robert then looks up at Bridget. In the reflection of his frames, she can see Liam. Her body begins to tremble as she remembers her dying brother. Her grip on the knife tightens.

ROBERT

Look at me, Bridget. What do you see?

BRIDGET

I see *him*.

ROBERT

What does he look like?

BRIDGET

He's hurt and crying and screaming for help.

ROBERT

You love your brother, right?

BRIDGET

I do.

ROBERT

What would he think if he saw you here right now?

Pause.

What would he say seeing you like this?

BRIDGET

I have to do it!

ROBERT

You don't have to do anything.

Bridget shakes her head violently as she brings her hands to her ears, still holding onto the knife.

You think killing me will avenge him? At the end of the day, your brother will still be gone... you will still be alone.

BRIDGET

No! I don't want to be alone! I can't stand it! Every day I wake up and I wish I was dead just so I could be with him! I have no one left.

ROBERT

How will killing *me* make *you* happy? How will it stop you from feeling alone?

I don't know!

BRIDGET

Silence.

(softly)
I don't know.

ROBERT

Is that your answer?

BRIDGET

What?

ROBERT

Is that how you would answer your question?

BRIDGET

I don't know what you're talking about.

ROBERT

Yes... you *do*.

Robert inches his way closer to Bridget and places his hands on her hips.

She stares down at him, but soon becomes overwhelmed by the images of her brother running through her mind.

BRIDGET

Take them off.

ROBERT

Why? These are *my* glasses. I've been looking for them for a long time.

Pause.

Thank you for finding them.

BRIDGET

No! This isn't how it's supposed to be! Get out of my head! Get out!

ROBERT

What if this is *exactly* how it was supposed to be! Did you ever think about that?

BRIDGET

This was supposed to be easy! I just wanted you to feel the same way I did. I wanted you to suffer.

ROBERT

You're right. I stopped caring about my wife... and you helped me.

BRIDGET

No!

ROBERT

Now, I'm free of the mundane routine of our life together. I am free to do as I please, because I am alone.

BRIDGET

Stop it!

ROBERT

I am free to do whatever I want when I want because I am alone.

BRIDGET

Why are you doing this to me!

ROBERT

I'm not doing anything. I'm just making conversation.

Bridget shakes her head. She falls to her knees and falls into Robert's arms. She weeps into his shoulder. Robert hushes her as he reaches for her hand that is holding the knife.

It's okay, Bridget. Everything will be alright. Just let go of the knife.

After a moment, Bridget loosens her grip and Robert is able to take the knife away from her. He casts it aside and goes back to holding her.

ROBERT

Good. You did the right thing.

BRIDGET

(pulling back)

I did?

ROBERT

Yeah... you did.

BRIDGET

You were right. Liam wouldn't want me to be doing this. I've... I've become a monster.

Robert places his hands on her shoulders holding her upright.

ROBERT

You're not a monster.

BRIDGET

I'm not?

ROBERT

No.

Bridget offers Robert a soft smile. Robert beams as he pushes some of her hair behind her ear.

You... You are far worse.

BRIDGET

What?

Before Bridget can even register what's happening, Robert grips her throat and slams her down onto the floor. Bridget's eyes widen in fear as Robert straddles her waist, choking the life out of her. His arms are shaking as he squeezes her throat.

ROBERT

(screaming)

You took everything away from me! You wanted to bring me down into your hell, but I am sending you back!

Bridget slaps at Robert's arms and face, trying her best to get him off of her. She can feel her life slowly slipping away. She is forced to stare

at his eyes, seeing Liam taking his last few breaths.

You're the fucking devil! Do you hear me?! The fucking devil!

Bridget's slaps and kicks start to weaken as Robert lets out an ungodly scream of pain and fury. Bridget reaches up towards Robert's face and is able to remove the glasses from his face.

She now sees Robert for who he is.

Even if I was given the chance to go back in time to that night... I'd still leave him there. I'd leave him there knowing that I would end up here in this moment in time with my hands around your neck! Now, I get to watch the life leave *your* body! I don't have to imagine it, Bridget! I finally get to *live* in it! Aren't you proud of me?!

Bridget's slaps and kicks become incredibly weak. She is losing consciousness. She is dying. With one final squeeze that make his arms tremble violently, Bridget is dead.

Although he can tell she is gone by the glazed look in her eyes, he continues to choke her to make sure. Once he is satisfied, Robert pants like a wild animal as he stumbles backward, his back hitting the seats.

As he catches his breath, he observes what he has done. For a moment, he feels happy...

Until the reality of the situation hits him.

Robert breaks down as he sees her lifeless body lying on the cold floor of the subway car. He trembles as he stands up, legs shaking. He looks around the subway car at the mess the two of them had made.

Robert then hears the announcement of the train getting ready to depart. Not thinking twice, Robert rushes out of the subway car. Once on

the platform, Robert takes a moment to catch his breath.

The subway car with Bridget's dead body leaves. The stage is empty and only Robert remains. He places his hand on his heart as he feels his breathing slowly return back to normal.

He runs his fingers through his hair as he lets out a small laugh. He feels victorious... until...

Robert places his hand on the spot that Bridget plucked his hair from. He lightly scratches the spot as he wonders... what did she do with the hair?

People will get on that subway car in several hours. People will find her. People will alert the authorities. If she still has his hair... and Jaime! Jaime knows Bridget called from his phone on his way back home.

Robert then looks up and sees the camera on the platform (this object does not need to be seen).

Robert stares off into the audience. He becomes aware of what he has truly done. His victory is short lived. His wife is gone. Jaime could rat him out. Bridget was a good friend to her. Robert is a murderer.

We hear the rumbling of the next subway car coming. The sound gradually gets louder. Robert looks down at his feet and then back up into the audience. He takes a breath before jumping in place. Once he lands, he holds his arms out at either side of him. Behind him, we see a light gradually getting bigger, approaching Robert. As the rumbling subway and the light reach their crescendos, Robert throws his head back.

Immediate blackout.

*In the blackout, we hear Bridget's voice echo:
"Would you be happy if you died right now?"*

*"I'm so Happy (Tra-La-La-La-La-La) by Kenny
Vance and the Planotones plays for bows.*

End of Play.