

(ROBYN is hold a knife to herself, about to commit suicide. ANTON enters.)

ANTON

Robyn!

(He grabs her before she can see him. She struggles and slips out of his arms. In the process, she--or he, it isn't clear--slashes her lower leg. Still, she keeps hold of the knife, now holding it in defense against ANTON.)

You were right!

(Robyn seems to wake from a trance; she drops the knife and screams, sinking to the ground. ANTON joins her there.)

ROBYN

Let me be, let me be, let me be...

(He does so.)

ANTON

You said to.

ROBYN

I... no, I only mean... I beg and plead and keep saying that but you refuse to leave, and speak over me, repeating over and over how you care about me; no matter how much I push you, you cling to me, convince me, strengthen me, tell me... ...I'm talking crazy, am I? No?

ANTON

I understand you, so the answer must be yes.

ROBYN

Ah! Anton's Lehrer's copyrighted sarcasm!

ANTON

Trademarked.

ROBYN

Hotshot. How did Cher react?

ANTON

She stayed. I deserve nothing, not her, or a child, or a friend with money who pays for school.

ROBYN

Driscoll pays for that.

ANTON

I would like to think he does not.

ROBYN

You deserve everything, Anton, except a friend who points a knife at your fiancée.

ANTON

I pointed a gun at your brother first.

ROBYN

You would never have pulled the trigger.

ANTON

You would never have slit her throat. I like your new place. Will you stay?

ROBYN

I wish... but...

(ANTON pulls the manuscript from his pocket.)

ANTON

For this? Now, another reason to hate it.

ROBYN

Hate it?

ANTON

You like big words. And sentences that make no sense because of big words. And time jumps, so you tell me everything in big worded, meaningless sentences.

ROBYN

Anything else?

ANTON

Something I learn in school: people do things for reasons. Motive. You forgot to write any motive for any person in that story.

ROBYN

Breya!

ANTON

Ah, that made perfect sense! I hate them all, Callie the most, because she made me hate them.

ROBYN

Everyone hates them!

ANTON

Callie wants to preach to a mob, not an audience, so scared that she wants a weapon from anyone! And I want to scream no more! I put you here. I hate Anton. I hate Callie. And I wrote a good speech in my head while coming here so please let me finish it.

(He puts When Midnight Comes in
ROBYN's lap.)

My client stands accused of many things, but the plaintiff-- Callie and Anton--used her. They stand guilty of making Robyn Senscia forget the third option between "publish book" and "die." Never mind what they did to me. I love you too much to let them persuade you.

NO.12. "THE CHIMES OF BIG BEN" [INSTRUMENTAL]

(ROBYN picks up the book.)

ROBYN

Should I call you "Alihu" now?

(ANTON thumbs at his necklace.
ROBYN catches him, with BREYA's
smile.)

ANTON

If you want.

(He shoots her QUINN's smirk.)

ROBYN

Alihu...

(She pulls her scarf off of her head. In the process, a part of it tears slightly.)

Do you have a match?

(He pulls his cigarette matches out to her.)

ANTON

For Eden?

ROBYN

For Eden.

(Together, they light the manuscript.)

(BLACKOUT)

(Only the light from the burning book remains; their faces glow with firelight.)

(END OF SONG)

(The fire goes out. The entire stage is black. The curtain lowers, as:)

BIG BEN STRIKES MIDNIGHT

(END OF SCENE)

(Strike #7. The curtain is at ankle height. A tiny halo of light. Shoed feet stand centerstage. Bare feet run to meet them. The bare feet raise onto their tiptoes as the shoed step closer.)

(END OF ACT)

(END OF SHOW)