

0° Alcestis

Setting: A small, rather dingy apartment in Brooklyn, 1926. It is cramped, with a window overlooking the nearby cemetery. Inside should be strewn with papers and boxes full of manuscripts. A writing desk with a typewriter, and a trash can overflowing with discarded balls of paper.

Characters:

Adam- the husband of Allie, a prolific writer of short horror stories, agoraphobic, paranoid, asexual, racist, with twisted ideals of how the world works, and perhaps how it should work

Dr. Muñoz- professor at Miskatonic University, intrigued by the works of Adam, he's found a way to cheat Death, clothed in purple, "a man of birth, cultivation..high-bred"

Allie- the wife of Adam, friends with jazz musicians, an immigrant by heart, but not by birth. This is her second loveless marriage, and won't be her last, but she had hoped for more this time.

Death: a very capable black man. Dressed as a dapper gentleman, though doesn't have to be 1920s fashion. He seems to live above the time of the 1920s, the spectre of death for America. He holds no love for the living, especially those outside his reach.

Synopsis

This play grew out of the adaptation of *Alcestis* by Sonia Greene Lovecraft, and her life and times married to H. P. Lovecraft. Adam, an agoraphobic fiction writer is looking for a new life, and his upstairs neighbor, a crazed cryo scientist might just have the solution. But Death doesn't like it when mortals meddle with the fine line between life and death.

SCENE 1

A funeral dirge, wailing, weeping, and monumental music swells and dies.

*Jazz from the city mingles with the music of funeral
and dies.*

Death speaks as Father Martinez from the graveyard below.

DEATH

We are here today to celebrate a life, and mourn a passing. A passing, swift and fine, without suffering like the many in this world. We lay this fine man down to rest, remembering him not for his wealth, not for his earthly possessions, but for his family, and his kindness to this community. Those among you who may feel the need to curse and rage at this passing; those who might fear this event in their own life; those that feel despondent for their current life without the bright light of this great man; find peace with this ritual. Find peace with this life, for it must end, as all lives do. Find peace with this end, for it must come to every man, every woman, every person, every being. Find peace with death, for he is not your enemy, but a natural part of this world. Find peace with death, for he is not an enemy, but a friend to greet you at the end of a life well-lived.

Lights come up to reveal Adam lurking in his dingy apartment.

ADAM

Another cold processional
Comes marching through the gates.
With casket, held in gloves of coal,
Which somberly encase
The wreckage of another soul-
Whose body lives no more.
And with this steady sound of feet
Another knocking comes
And hastens me to turn and face
The entrance to my slums.
Oh open door and let me see
The source this mess of knocks.

(The door creaks open, revealing no one.)

And once again no thing appears
Except the lack of locks.
And still the knocking presses on.
A noted lack of what

That has the knack to move the knock
Away from inner thought.
Come demons out, my mind's design
So I may be at peace
To watch the withered shells of men
Put one more down to rest.
That man Martinez marks the grave
He stands at head to pray.
And solemn heads all wreathed in black
Are bowing down to pray.
A knock, a knock, a knock again
Which knocks about my head
Like some strange Raven come to call
From another poet's dread.
This knocking force is Death to come
I feel the bony claw
And pains have started rising up
As though a gaping maw
Has opened wide to swallow me
And bring me to my grave.
Should I be next to lie in dirt
While Martinez says words?
He gazes at my window now,
A curse I cry a curse!
Oh knocking knock it off I say,
That man below is sick.
I won't be made a pincushion
By someone such as he.
And if his curses come at night
Which he has laid on thick.
I'll bolt from resting here in bed
And sail back cross the sea.

MUÑOZ

I don't mean to intrude, good man. I was passing, and saw the door stood wide open.

ADAM

Oh good, they were real this time!

MUÑOZ

My God! You're Adam Lieben! I know your work! I hadn't realized you lived below me.

ADAM

That's me. What do you want? I'm busy.

MUÑOZ

I'm a fan of your work! It speaks to me with some poetics of the consequence of reality. It speaks to a working of the world that exists in the unknowable. And by god the fiction is--

ADAM

Horrid?

MUÑOZ

Exciting, to think that there are others out in this world like me, that speak of horrors to be undone! Too long have Death and his messengers of evil ravaged the land and man alike. I seek a solution to that steady climb of slaughter. Too many deaths might cause a world unpeopled- and where will the progress of the world lie, but sunken, rotting, rusting without humanity to guide it.

ADAM

I write my fictions to make my trade. But that is all they are: fiction.

MUÑOZ

No! I say they aren't! I've found a way to cheat the dark god, and I can help you do the same! The miracles of industry do spark a living flame!

ADAM

You're mad. Death is inevitable.

MUÑOZ

And yet we dread it still? Should fear prevent us from doing good, especially since the great One has neglected to deliver us from certainty? If we fear Death, then let us do something to stop his march on life. If we kill Death, then think- no more cruel acts, no more errors, nor more end to human life. That is worth it, no?

ADAM

Such notions I have in my head as well. But you frighten me with your ravings--

(MUÑOZ grabs a knife and stabs himself)

Doctor! Madman! Are you quite well!

MUÑOZ

See, I feel nothing! I have escaped the grasp of Death, and you may too!

ADAM

You have no blood--?

MUÑOZ

I'd share my discoveries with such a like-minded man. I feel a strong connection to your mind, your writings are inspired, and I know that to preserve your life would be a fortune to the Earth.

ADAM

I have some interest in your machinations. What does it cost?

MUÑOZ

It costs you nothing. I'm on a mission to save humanity. I will free America from the tyranny of Death, and then the world.

ADAM

Have many joined you?

MUÑOZ

Disappointingly no. Others do not share my vision for the future. I have lost many friends in my experimentation... They left me, they didn't die! I've devoted my life to the extirpation of Death.

ADAM

And you have been successful?

MUÑOZ

It hasn't been easy, ten years earlier this technology would be pure science fiction. But with such progress in refrigeration!

ADAM

And it is painless?

MUÑOZ

Some discomfort may ensue, briefly, but when you are free from thoughts of Death as conqueror, and see him as an offender- that is when you may truly live.

ADAM

Give me this power. Make me secure.

MUÑOZ

It will take me time to prepare my things- this evening, come upstairs/

ADAM

I can't. You must come here.

MUÑOZ

Why?

ADAM

I fear the world, for fear of Death, which lurks for me upon the doorstep. I sense his presence near. You must come here, or I am doomed tonight.

MUÑOZ

I will attend you then!

Muñoz exits.

Adam takes a seat at the typewriter.

A timepiece ticks.

Grasping hands emerge from the window

Long shadowy tendrils

Coming to take him away.

SCENE 2

Allie enters.

ADAM

Allie, dear, where have you been. I've been grasping at straws for nearly three hours.

ALLIE

I've been at work, something you've clearly not attended here.

ADAM

I was on the verge of a breakthrough this morning. But I was interrupted, there was a funeral being conducted.

ALLIE

God, not this psycho shit again. / Would it kill you to keep the curtains *open*?

ADAM

I tell you Allie, he's nefarious. What sort of man would want to spend all his time in a graveyard?

ALLIE

He's a priest! He gives last rites. He, for the last time, is *not* trying to raise the dead.

ADAM

A priest? Who still believes such things in this modern century? What need have we for priests?

ALLIE

Listen, love, some people still settle for such transcendental ideals. Some people live life outside your world of enterprise and the march of industrial progress. They are content to live life as it were, without your greater mysteries, and stirring engines. Your novels / have twisted your own vision of the world.

ADAM

My novels put food on our plates. / And a roof over our heads.

ALLIE

And a roof over our heads. Yes, I know. But my shop / is also fine.

ADAM

Is failing.

ALLIE

Is still standing, despite your *visions*.

ADAM

How should I express to you that the winds of change are blowing? Headaches in the air. Already the wealthy suffer from over-consumption. Might they not consume us too? The city is winding into itself, and soon nothing will be able to escape the urban labyrinth, except the wailing chords of jazz.

ALLIE

Again with jazz! I like jazz!

ADAM

I told you I didn't want you listening to it.

ALLIE

Well, I still do.

ADAM

Why? There's better music out there.

ALLIE

What's wrong with the music I like?

ADAM

You know where it comes from don't you?

ALLIE

I should damn well hope so; I got drinks with Ari last week.

ADAM

You got drinks with *her*?

ALLIE

Yes, Adam. You know if you spoke to her you might-

ADAM

I told you not to speak to them!

ALLIE

I will speak to whomever I want! It is 1926! Your ideas that her kind are to blame for the problems of America are ridiculous! / Vile, outrageous-

ADAM

If the South had held strong to their convictions-

ALLIE

Adam! That's enough! I won't have you shouting for all our neighbors to hear how you think the triumph of the Union was some plot by strange colors from Neptune.

Pause.

ADAM

Allie. My headaches have gotten worse.

ALLIE

As they should for the amount of strings you see connecting things that aren't connected.

ADAM

Don't say that.

ALLIE

What happened to you? Your promises of travel? We could still go to Greece- the crucible of human creation...

ADAM

The Greeks may have been a crucible, but they've abandoned their roots. Savage intermingling-

ALLIE

You say such vile things.

ADAM

Do you deny it?

ALLIE

What do you know of Greece? What do you know of the world? Have you seen any of it besides here and your farm-home?

ADAM

I keep up with the sciences.

ALLIE

The rags of knowledge. Claiming they know what separates men from women.

ADAM

They have true knowledge, not that you might see it anyways. Logic is a man's art.

ALLIE

I won't listen to you when you're like this!

ADAM

You never listen to me anyways! You go behind my back, you speak with that Ari girl, you probably sneak into those vile speakeasies to listen to jazz and- oh oh oh

The rushing of old city noise, steam, plumbing, a cacophony of NOISE.

ALLIE

Are you done?

ADAM

I hear the beast again.

ALLIE

You hear the city.

ADAM

I hate this place.

ALLIE

We might leave soon.

ADAM

And we can return to Providence?

ALLIE

I thought we might travel? Greece, Egypt-

ADAM

I want to return home.

ALLIE

I can't imagine why. That rotten house.

ADAM

I know the sounds there. Shadows work correctly there. The ocean doesn't try to drag me down.

ALLIE

You speak such nonsense.

ADAM

The world is nonsense. It's gone to the dogs. / The stain on humanity-

ALLIE

Yes. We should get out of the city. Escape.

ADAM

Soon.

ALLIE

How soon?

ADAM

When my headaches have stopped. It's as though some great force is splitting through my head like a rail spike! Do you ever feel as though Death is waiting for you around the corner?

ALLIE

Really Adam, you shouldn't speak like that-

ADAM

It reminds you of him?

ALLIE

No. I'm just tired of it.

ADAM

You think I'm like him-

ALLIE

He succumbed to madness! I hope you don't join him.

ADAM

I am not him.

ALLIE

I know.

ADAM

I would never- I could never.

ALLIE

Adam, why do you continue this rut?

ADAM

He was worse!

ALLIE

In some ways, sure. At least I knew that he loved me.

ADAM

He hit you! Beat you! I've never even laid a finger on you!

ALLIE

Yes! That's the problem! You haven't laid a finger on me! Samuel may have been a brute, but at least I knew that he wanted me desperately.

ADAM

It's sickening to hear you talk like that.

ALLIE

Adam, please.

ADAM

You know I can't do that sort of stuff.

ALLIE

You wrote such fantasies in your letters.

ADAM

Letters are fiction. I'm a fiction writer.

ALLIE

Oh fiction! Fiction! Everything is fiction of one sort or another. (*Pause.*) I'm tired, Adam.

ADAM

Lie down a bit.

My fingers ache from their work.

ALLIE

Take a rest.

ADAM

Lie with me?

ALLIE

Pause.

No.

ADAM

Still?

ALLIE

I'm busy.

ADAM

Doing what? Writing for the garbage can? For your readership of dust bunnies?

ALLIE

People are interested in my work.

ADAM

No one buys your stories anymore.

ALLIE

But they're interested. A man came. A professor who lives above us. Who adores my work. He said I had an eye for the truth.

ADAM

Adam?

ALLIE

He's working on something for me. To fix my headaches.

ADAM

ALLIE

Adam?

ADAM

He said he'd come tonight.

ALLIE

Adam, was he real?

ADAM

Of course he was real! Allie, he claims to have secrets. Knowledge of the world beyond our vision. Information about the things I write about!

ALLIE

You write ghost stories! Gods and graveyards, bloodshed and behemoths! What kind of professor has real knowledge-

ADAM

And all my life I've known I've touched upon something beyond myself!

ALLIE

What has this madman promised you then? This fanatic of yours who lives above us- do you even know his name?

ADAM

No- I don't know his name, but he has promised me an end to suffering in fear! No longer will Death stalk my body, waiting to pluck my soul from its shell.

ALLIE

Eternal life?

ADAM

That's what he claims. What he promised.

ALLIE

And why should that be of any help to a writer as yourself?

ADAM

I'll be free from the curse of man.

ALLIE

Free to do what? Live in a dingy apartment afraid of the world beyond its walls?

ADAM

Without Death as hunter, I may roam wherever I please. I can be free from this tomb of an apartment, this sepulchre of a tenement, this graveyard of a city. I can be rid of these tombstones that rise above the streets, seeking to block out the sun. I can be rid of these sickly airs that reek with heat: these throngs of people that course through the streets: a slow coagulated bloodstream. I may be free from this industrial wasteland. I might belong once more to a humanity filled with life and it's desire for discovery, rather than its stagnating cesspit as it is.

ALLIE

But why you? To struggle and die is human, you write of it as a necessity. Your characters are always on the precipice of death, and you stand lording over them, about to escape yourself.

ADAM

They are fiction! This is *reality* of which we speak!

ALLIE

Whose reality?

ADAM

The reality.

ALLIE

The reality which *you* try to escape by way of fanciful writings? The reality where you deny the powers that may be for your scientific nihilism? What will you say when Death comes to claim your soul?

ADAM

I've made up my mind, Allie. We could ask the professor about you?

ALLIE

I don't want that.

ADAM

You wouldn't join me?

ALLIE

I disagree with it. Wholly. With your need for it, with my need for it, with, it.

ADAM

It will clear me of the human disease, and that is worth it by right. And if Death comes to take me after I've entered another life, I'll simply tell him that he is no longer welcome in my presence.

ALLIE

It won't end well.

ADAM

Martinez is staring at me.

ALLIE

No, he isn't. Come away from the window.

ADAM

His gaze is piercing me from the gate.

ALLIE

You're imagining things again.

Lights flicker.

A crack of thunder.

Arcing lightning.

The sound of a forge, lit by powers of alchemy from above.

Silence.

SCENE 3

Dr. Muñoz bursts into the room.

MUÑOZ

Mr. Lieben! I have the device. Powered with energies of electricity and the wonders of modern medical innovation, this device should prolong your life indefinitely.

ALLIE

You're the professor, then? You're real?

MUÑOZ

I am indeed!

ALLIE

And you have a name, I'm sure?

MUÑOZ

Doctor Muñoz.

ALLIE

And how does this miraculous device of yours work, exactly?

MUÑOZ

Through the newly formed technologies of refrigeration and stasis! We've used ice for the longest of times to preserve items: foodstuffs, blood, even human bodies in preparation for their embalming- but now thanks to our industrial society we may move past ice!

ALLIE

I don't understand. You're injecting ice into my husband?

ADAM

Allie, don't be silly. Let the man explain.

MUÑOZ

Refrigerants, coolants, and electricity allow for the human to thrive, and continue thriving. There are already discussions about the ability to cool rooms! Buildings even! By conditioning the air around it to be colder. I've simply started smaller. If we might aspire to cool an entire skyscraper with this power, imagine how we might cool the body! To preserve it in life. A kind of cryosleep, but waking! Moving! Living!

ALLIE

This is pure science fiction!

ADAM

Allie, don't belittle the work.

ALLIE

Adam, you can't be serious. You'll be a walking icebox.

MUÑOZ

Feel my skin!

ALLIE

You're chilled-

MUÑOZ

But not frozen! I've already done the procedure to myself! I walk without fear of death, and life is thrilling because of it.

ALLIE

But where's the edge? The concern? / The life?

MUÑOZ

There doesn't need to be!

ADAM

Exactly! My love, do you not understand? I can escape from the dread of a world poised to undo me, and live at peace!

ALLIE

And then what? Live forever, a wandering shell of a man? I know you Adam, you'll crawl into a hole and mope for a living. It's what you do at present.

ADAM

No! I tell you, I worry for the future, and that keeps me from acting. With freedom from death / I can finally

ALLIE

You can find something else to complain about. Tell me, do you think the world will simply stop existing as it is now? Do you think turning yourself immortal will disrupt the world at large?

ADAM

No, but I can then outlast the world as it is now.

ALLIE

Do you honestly think it will get any better for you? Times are changing. People aren't putting up with the same things anymore.

ADAM

They'll go back to normal. America is a white country.

ALLIE

America is a changing country!

ADAM

Yeah, and we can see how well that's turning out! Look at this city, it's filthy with vermin. Rats too.

ALLIE

You're horrible.

ADAM

I can help bring about a new, *white*, future with this technology.

ALLIE

Don't you dare use this man's device.

MUÑOZ

I know what I'm talking about, Ms. Lieben. I'm a professor of biology at Miskatonic.

ALLIE

And you find death to be unbiological a process?

MUÑOZ

Not unbiological, no. But preventable, for sure.

ALLIE

What is life without death then? No one dares answer me.

MUÑOZ

It continues to be life. It is never not life. Nor now, will it ever cease to be life. Life continuous.

ALLIE

But what does that mean? Death must be more than just an opposite to life.

MUÑOZ

I'd argue it's even less than that. Death is merely an end. But consider, if the end to "life" were simply a continued living. Who's to say an ending has to be *the end*?

ALLIE

Everyone! That's what an ending is! A book doesn't continue past the last chapter. It's over!

MUÑOZ

But when it ends, you may pick it up and read it again.

ALLIE

But it will never be as impactful as the first time you read it.

ADAM

But the world remains. When a book is finished it can't ever not be.

MUÑOZ

Precisely, the book may end, but it continues on. So may a life.

ALLIE

I don't follow.

MUÑOZ

A life is always an existent force, much like a book. The end, death, simply ceases the existent force from continuing in the same space. The preoccupation with heavens and hells isn't necessarily important. But the life must go *somewhere*. Why not then simply keep the life in the same vessel?

ALLIE

But the body decomposes, the body...

MUÑOZ

Is not the spirit. And life comes from the spirit, not from the body. The body is the weak link. But with my device, it may continue to function. With the body unbreaking, the spirit can not wander off.

ADAM

And without the weakness of the body to get in the way, the spirit may be free to live unfettered!

MUÑOZ

Exactly! The body enjoys the life it is given, but it doesn't know how to maintain itself!

ALLIE

I implore you, professor. Do not allow this to continue. Pack up your device, find some other celebrated author, and push your life filled existence on them. But not on this man who barely lives as he does now!

ADAM

Allie! I won't have this anymore! I will be free from these curses! Dr. Muñoz, give me the device.

Throughout the following speech:

A sermon upon the blasted heath.

Lights flicker.

Tormented wails.

The shifting of epochs.

ALLIE

You? You want to take on immortality? You with your apocryphal visions for the future of men! Here's my vision for you, Adam. In years, when glass structures replace your gravestones, when people populate the Earth tenfold, when jazz expands to consume all music, and people can listen to it whenever they want wherever they want, and you have become nothing more than a frigid body; you will have no one else to turn to. I will be gone - dead. I will have turned to dust in the Earth. No longer with eyes or ears to see and hear your moping. No longer with a tongue to complain of your dribbling sentiments. Once I am consumed by maggots and the depths of the Earth, and you are without me again, you will be alone. The world will turn, and change will happen, and all these peoples and celebrations and existence that you spit on will rise up and devour America, to change it into something beautiful, that we pale people of 1926 cannot even imagine. And you will weep. And I will laugh from Hell at your undying body as you exist in a Hell worse than mine.

Adam takes the device.

Stabs it into his body.

The door throws itself wide opens.

A large crack of thunder shakes the room.

Smoke pours in.

DEATH is lit from behind by the blazing fires of Hell,

Which dance across the floor and over the walls.

Perhaps fog rolls in, but it shouldn't billow.

*Something deep and somber plays underneath,
almost incomprehensibly sad.
This is a man who has seen the beginnings,
middles,
and ends
of America.*

SCENE 4

ADAM

Dr. Muñoz, who is that?

DEATH

You rang?

ALLIE

Adam, I think he's Death.

ADAM

You are not welcome here! Out!

DEATH

I think you'll find that I am welcome into any home in America with open arms. You get that?
That's a little pun.

MUÑOZ

Hello again, sir Death.

DEATH

We aren't friends, professor. I know you might think that we are, but I've come to despise you more and more with every passing advance into my realm.

MUÑOZ

I simply wish for us to be cordial, as we might end up spending eternities with one another.

ADAM

You are Death?

DEATH

For America, yes.

ADAM

Why do you look like that?

DEATH

What were you expecting? A bag of bones? A billowing cape? The grand old scythe? That's old hat, old world, agrarian. The modern world needed a new face, and so I gave them one.

ADAM

It gives me that much more pleasure to tell you, you can't touch me.

Allie winces at this. Death doesn't react

DEATH

Such courage from a man who wouldn't tread outside his threshold for fear of me, mere minutes ago.

ALLIE

Please don't-

DEATH

Untouchable. Fantastic. Another untouchable. So- what'll it be?

ADAM

Excuse you?

MUÑOZ

Don't listen to him- he expects something greater from you for the blasphemy.

DEATH

I do indeed. The end is near, *professor*. No more ice.

MUÑOZ

I plan to stack debts against you.

DEATH (*sardonically*)

I'll watch with glee. But this isn't about you- I'm looking at Adam Lieben here. What'll you give me?

ADAM

What do you mean? Nothing!

DEATH

You think you can just wander the Earth for free? Rent is due. What are you paying with?

MUÑOZ

He can't touch you Adam, don't listen. You can't give in / because his words don't matter to you anymore

DEATH

There is someone here who I could take with me...

ADAM

Now listen here! You won't be laying a finger on her! Dr. Munoz, quickly! Can you produce another of these for my wife?

MUÑOZ

It might take time, but I can hurry.

ADAM

Go! Quickly!

DEATH

How about it ma'am?

ALLIE

What exactly do you mean?

ADAM

Don't get any closer!

DEATH

I need to take somebody along with me for this abomination. Death isn't an end, it's a scale. And I won't have anyone tipping it wrong on my watch.

ADAM

Why should you take her?

DEATH

Because you have erred, or was that not apparent?

ALLIE

I don't want to die. Not now.

DEATH

It's up to your husband. Really. Not you. I'm sorry.

ADAM

No! The answer is no, you can't take my wife!

DEATH

Well then, remove that ridiculous device from yourself, and you can come along with me yourself.

ADAM

-- -- Allie, can I ask you / if you might do this for me?

ALLIE

I can not believe you!

ADAM

I want to live!

ALLIE

Then maybe you should have actually tried living before now!

ADAM

She will be immune to your grasp soon!

DEATH

Immune to my grasp of your souls- but I can tear down cities, and pile the rubble so heavy upon you both that you can never move again. Life eternal, but buried alive.

ADAM

Allie, you know I love you-

ALLIE

I know nothing of the sort! The only time I ever received any love from you was when you'd never even met me! Beautiful letters, full of false promises and lovely gilded desires. And here we are in a ratty apartment, literally standing next to Death! -- I've been in this room before, a lifetime ago. Only that time I couldn't see the specter, I could only feel him. You took my Samuel from me, didn't you?

DEATH

He took himself from you. I merely guided him.

ALLIE

Ouch.

DEATH

It isn't in our practice to whisper sweet nothings into other's ears. We simply balance the checkbooks.

ADAM

Death, stop this. She won't go with you. You're not welcome here. Get out. Leave New York.

DEATH

I will do nothing of the sort. New York is a playground for me: so many people, so many weaknesses of human flesh, failing to continue on. I'm here to bring them along when it is time. I can't simply leave.

ALLIE

What is the afterlife like?

ADAM

Allie, I won't have you talking about it.

DEATH

Have you ever been to Cleveland?

ALLIE

No.

DEATH

Well, it's a lot like that.

ADAM

It doesn't matter because she won't be going. Allie, dear, Dr. Muñoz will be right back with eternal life for you! Don't make any rash decisions.

ALLIE

I don't want eternal life! Death, I don't want to die right now though.

DEATH

I'm sorry.

ADAM

Allie, come here! Step away from that man! I won't have you associating with--

ALLIE

ADAM! Always such terrible things! I don't want to die right now, but if I have to, so that I won't live forever... I suppose it's my only choice.

ADAM

But you could stay with me!

ALLIE

And do what? I despise living with you! I despise this love I had for you, have for you, I despise you, I despise what you are. Let me leave with dignity. (*Dripping with sarcasm.*) I do it in sacrifice for you.

ADAM

You don't need to do that.

ALLIE

Have you grown a spine? Will you face Death with open arms?

ADAM

No, I-

ALLIE

Then I see no other way for both of us to get what we want. Goodbye.

DEATH

Are you certain of your choice?

ADAM

No! Allie, you can't do this!

ALLIE

Yes. -- What's that Emily Dickinson poem? Because I could not stop for Death, he kindly stopped for me?

DEATH

The carriage held but just ourselves, and immortality.

ALLIE

Goodbye Adam. Enjoy the world. If you can.

ALLIE and DEATH vanish.

ADAM is alone.

He stares out the window.

Time passes.

And passes.

And passes.

And passes.

And passes on.

END OF PLAY