

FIVE

Evan and Jared, online.

Start

JARED: Holy. Shit.

EVAN: I didn't say anything. I just, I couldn't say anything.

JARED: Holy. Fucking. Shit.

EVAN: They invited me for dinner. They want to know more stuff about Connor and me, about our "friendship."

(Elsewhere, Alana appears in a pin spot of light, online, alone.)

~~ALANA (Stunned): Still can't believe the terrible news about @Evan-Murphy.~~

JARED: What are you going to tell them?

EVAN: I mean, the truth.

~~ALANA: I wouldn't say that we were "friends" exactly. More like acquaintances.~~

JARED: The truth. Really. You're going to go to the Murphys' house and explain that the only thing left they have of their son is some weird sex letter that you wrote to yourself?

~~ALANA: We were in Chemistry together. I'm pretty sure.~~

JARED: You know, you could go to jail for this. If you get caught?

EVAN: But I didn't do anything.

~~ALANA: He was also, he was in my English class in tenth grade. I'm almost positive.~~

JARED: Yeah, I hate to tell you this, Evan, but you may have already perjured yourself.

EVAN: Isn't that only when you're under oath? Like, in a court room?

JARED: Well, weren't you under oath? In a way?

EVAN: No.

~~ALANA: Yeah, he was definitely in my English class.~~

JARED: Look, do you want to listen to me or do you want to have another meltdown like last year in English when you were supposed to give that speech about Daisy Buchanan, but instead you just stood there staring at your notecards and saying, "um, um, um," over and over again like you were having a brain aneurysm?

EVAN: What do you expect me to do? Just keep lying?

JARED: I didn't say, "lie." All you have to do is just nod and confirm. Whatever they say about Connor, you just nod your head and you say, yeah, that's true. Don't contradict and don't make shit up. It's foolproof. Literally, *nothing* I tell my parents is true and they have no idea.

~~ALANA: That's lying. Connor was here and now... now he's gone.~~

EVAN: They were so sad. His parents? His mom was just . . . I've never seen anyone so sad before.

JARED: Well, then good thing you're about to tell her the truth about your sex letter. I'm sure that will cheer her right up.

stop

(Evan considers this, as Alana stares out, plaintively, yearning.)

ALANA: If Connor meant something to you, please re-tweet. Or private message me if you just want to talk. At times like these, we could all use a friend.