

CIL

Why was I at Graceland? The day we met?

(E gives her a look as if to say, "What's the point of this?")

CIL

(Insistent)

Why was I there?

E

You were there because. . . your mother had just died. And she loved Elvis. And you didn't know what else to do, so you went.

CIL

Yes. But she didn't just "die."

E

No.

CIL

She killed herself.

E

On August 12th. Ten years ago.

CIL

And she left a note.

E

She left a note? You never told me that.

CIL

I was afraid to.

E

Why would you be afraid?

CIL

Because of what the note said.

E

What did it say?

CIL

It said: "I should have married Elvis."

(Beat)

CIL (Cont'd)

That day at Graceland, I was looking for you.

E

Cil, that's. . . you weren't *looking* for me. You had no idea that I would be there.

CIL

You know what I mean. This whole thing. . .Us. I was out of my mind, E, I didn't know what I was doing.

E

That's not. . .I know the circumstances of how we met were. . . difficult. I know you were in a lot of pain. But it doesn't mean that what we felt wasn't real. That road trip. That summer. The last ten years. *Ten years*, Cil.

CIL

I know. But I just. . .I can't help thinking that I made all of these decisions because of a suicide note. Because a girl named Priscilla whose mother was obsessed with Elvis, met a guy with the same name and thought it was a sign. So even though I didn't have my head on straight, even though it was all happening so fast I just. . . took a leap. And I'm not the sort of person who leaps. But Graceland was closing and you asked me to come have a drink with you and I thought, what the hell. He's cute. He seems nice. And then we got drunk on whiskey and I told you I'd never seen the Atlantic Ocean, and you said "Let's go. We'll rent a car and we won't stop until we get there. We won't stop until you can dip your toes in that water." And I thought, how romantic. And when you asked me to marry you, even though we'd only known each other for a few months, I said, yes. Because it just. . . seemed like the thing to do. But all of it – from the very beginning – I can't help wondering if it was ever real, or if it was just some fantasy I made up in my head because I was heartbroken. And I was looking for my mother.

(Beat)

E

Cil. Did you ever love me?

CIL

Yes. Of course I did.

E

Then what does it matter how we started?

CIL

Because for ten years, I've been looking for something that I haven't been able to find. And now I need to go out into the world, on my own, and keep looking. Otherwise, I will end up just like her. I know I will.

(Beat)

E

Did I ever tell you about the first time I saw you? We were in the Jungle Room. You were standing off to the side, by yourself, and you had this look in your eyes. You looked so sad, but so beautiful, too. It was like you knew a secret, something you wished you didn't. And all I wanted was for you to tell me what it was, so that you didn't have to carry it alone any more. I still want that, Cil.

CIL

I know. But this is something you can't fix.

E

Tell me you're going to be OK.

CIL

I'm going to be OK.

(He looks at her for a moment, then picks up the envelope from the coffee table and hands it to her. She looks at him, opens it, and removes the documents contained inside. She scans them, then looks back to him, as though looking for an answer.)

E

I signed them before you got home.

CIL

But . . .

E

I'm sorry I didn't tell you. Maybe I needed to know that you were sure. Or maybe I just needed some time to say goodbye.