

Scene 2

A month later. Late winter/Early spring. The apartment has changed slightly—pictures on the walls—but not normal pictures. They are band photos and framed albums. There are new boxes of CDs. It is morning. There is coffee brewing. Gerry—in her pajamas...pours herself a cup of coffee and settles in on the couch. She picks up her laptop, and begins to listen to music. The buzzer rings. She gets up and presses a button.

Gerry

Who is it?

V/O Ricardo

Hi Gerry. It's Ricardo.

Gerry

Oh...Hey. I haven't seen Sleeping Beauty yet this morning. But I'll buzz you in.

Gerry presses a second button. She moves to the closed door that leads to Zeb's bedroom and knocks lightly.

Gerry

Zeb? You in there?

Gerry opens the door and looks inside. She quickly retracts and closes the door.

Gerry

Hi Zeb...I just wanted to let you know I buzzed Ricardo in. I'll tell him you're not in.

Zeb

No! Just keep him outside.

Gerry

Are you sure?

Zeb

Yes!

Gerry

Ok.... Sure

There is a knock at the door. Gerry goes to it tentatively. She opens the door. Ricardo enters. He is very handsome and not effeminate.

Ricardo

Remember that diet I'm on?

Gerry

Uh-huh.

Ricardo

I'm cheating.

Ricardo reveals a box of Crispy Creams.

Gerry *laughing*

Oh no! You're gonna regret that—

She reaches her hand to the box as if she's going to take it away.

Ricardo

Hands off! I woke up this morning—determined to drink that fucking protein shake...but the smell—

Gerry

I know—

Ricardo

They shouldn't allow Crispy Creams to open a location next door to my apartment. It should be illegal.

Gerry

Every diet allows a cheat day.

Ricardo

This is my third cheat day this week, and it's a Wednesday.

Gerry

I'll pour you some coffee—two Splenda and skim milk.

Ricardo

Fuck it—make it half-and-half. *(They laugh.)* I'll just poke my head in.

Gerry

Stay out here and have some coffee first—he'll bite your head off if you wake him too soon.

Ricardo

No. He complains all the time about never doing anything with his day...he can get up.

Ricardo heads for Zeb's door.

Gerry

Found a job, yet?

Ricardo

Not a real one, you?

Gerry

I've quit looking. I was thinking we could attack Craig's List together.

Ricardo

Later...The Village Voice comes out today too I think.

He reaches to the doorknob.

Gerry

I wish you wouldn't...

Ricardo

What's up?

Gerry

It's just that he went to bed really late last night and—

Ricardo

That's surprising.

Gerry

I mean even later than usual.

Ricardo

I love his theory about how he thinks humans are biologically programmed to go to bed at two and wake up at noon.

Gerry

Well, he's a living testament.

Ricardo

Not this time.

Just as Ricardo turns, the door opens and Zeb kisses Ricardo deeply.

Zeb

Morning.

Ricardo

We were just talking about you. Gerry thought you were going to bite my head off, but

instead I get a kiss.

Zeb

You got lucky.

They smile at each other.

Gerry

I was trying to get him to have coffee.

Zeb

Coffee sounds good.

Gerry

I'll get you some too.

Ricardo

And Crispy Creams?

Zeb

I like the ones with the apple filling.

Ricardo

Got 'em.

Ricardo passes out doughnuts to Gerry and Zeb. Gerry is preparing the coffee.

Zeb

Just remember that this was your idea.

Ricardo

I know.

Zeb (to Gerry)

You know the other night; he actually blamed me for his gaining weight?

Gerry

Now boys—

Ricardo

Well, you are responsible. I gained fifteen pounds since we started dating.

Zeb

I don't go out and buy you Crispy Creams,

Ricardo

Besides, it is a proven fact that couples gain a little weight together once they feel comfortable in the relationship.

Gerry

They get fat and happy.

Zeb

I haven't gained any weight.

(Beat)

Ricardo

I have an excuse today...My Visa expired.

Gerry

What?

Ricardo

My student Visa...it expires today.

Gerry

What does that mean?

Ricardo

Basically...it means that unless I leave the country today...*(he laughs)* I am officially here illegally.

Gerry

Are you ok?

Zeb

Is the coffee ready?

Gerry

I made the coffee, but I couldn't find the sweetener.

Ricardo

Six months ago I wouldn't have had a problem leaving.

Zeb

It's above the sink.

Gerry

I didn't see it.

Ricardo

I was hoping someone would give me a work Visa...but now...

Gerry *looking again*

Yeah...it's not here.

Ricardo

But, we'll figure it out.

Gerry

You should marry someone, sweetie...

Ricardo

Believe me...I've thought about it

Zeb joining Gerry at the cabinet

Here it is.

Zeb pulls down a bottle of Jack Daniels.

Gerry

What is that?

Zeb

A little sweetener.

Zeb pours it into her coffee and then into his own.

Ricardo

It's not even noon.

Zeb

I'm not giving you any.

He drinks it.

Gerry

I can't...

Zeb

Drink!

She drinks.

Ricardo

You're horrible. He's a bad influence.

Your turn! Zeb

No! Ricardo

Zeb playfully chases Ricardo around the room with the bottle.

No! Don't! Ricardo

Drink! Drink! Just a little. Zeb

I have to work! Ricardo *laughing*

Like that job matters! Zeb *enjoying himself*

Ricardo looks at Zeb.

I was joking. Zeb

Do you think I should have gone back? Ricardo

I was— Zeb

I love you. Ricardo

I love you too. Zeb

You do? Ricardo

I do. Zeb

They kiss.

Gotta go, baby. Ricardo

I love you. Zeb

Gotta go. Ricardo

I'll watch this one. Gerry

We should have dinner later—the three of us. Zeb

No. I need to be alone tonight I think. Ricardo

We'll see you soon. Gerry

Ricardo exits.

He's too sensitive. Zeb

What's his job today? Gerry

Something stupid. I don't know. This week I think he's selling tickets to a comedy show on Times Square. One of those annoying people...but I guess they pay him in cash. Zeb

Right. Gerry

I can't believe I'm up before noon. Zeb

The door opens. A handsome man walks out of Zeb's bedroom.

Hey. Man to Gerry

Umm... Hi. Gerry

Man to Zeb

I stayed in there as long as I could.

Zeb

It's cool.

Man

I've gotta run. I have a class.

Zeb

Cool.

The man exits. Zeb and Gerry look at each other.

Zeb

Are you doing anything today?

Gerry

No. Just settling in. I still have to organize all of my CDs.

Zeb walking over to boxes labeled CDs

I noticed you own a lot of these.

Gerry

My mom just shipped them. They got in this morning. I've been going crazy without them. Those CDs are my life.

Zeb

I don't have any.

Gerry

I've noticed.

Zeb

I like to go to the movies once in a while.

Gerry

It's not the same thing. You live your life without music. That just seems sad to me.

Zeb

Believe me, there are worse things in the world than living life without entertainment.

Zeb pours more Jack Daniels in her cup.

Gerry

My mom also sent me one of my old posters of Tobin. I was wondering if I could put it out here?

Zeb

Another one?

Gerry

Do you mind?

Zeb referring to Gerry covering for him.

Thank you...

Gerry

I'll just put the poster up.

Zeb

Why do you call him that anyway?

Gerry

Who?

Zeb

The singer—Tobin Grey...you always call him by his first name, like you know him.

Gerry goes to get the poster and begins to put it up.

Gerry

Here will be perfect.

Zeb

The minimalist in me weeps. *(Beat)* I want to get drunk today. Who says that? Who wakes up and decides they want to spend the day drunk?

Gerry

Alcoholics.

Zeb

Don't be so judgmental.

Gerry

I'm going to a concert tonight.

Zeb

A concert? Really? I haven't been to a concert since...I don't know...high school.

Gerry

But you are Cindy Hall's personal assistant.

Zeb

Her target audience is twelve to seventeen-year-old girls.

Gerry

Unfortunately that is the largest consumer base in America.

Zeb

Exactly...Millenials.

Gerry

What are—

Zeb

The generation after us—Millenials—really sheltered bunch—the “Baby on Board” generation. They think the world revolves around them—and it is--the economy is all geared toward them.

Gerry

And we are X—generation X?

Zeb

No. We're the generation in between. They say we don't really have opinions.

Gerry

Cheerful thought.

Zeb

We just let the kids take over—follow Cindy and whoever else. I go find a Starbucks when she performs.

Gerry

Well there are adult bands.

Zeb

I don't like music.

Gerry

Oh my God. How can you not like music! Give me that.

Gerry grabs the bottle of Jack Daniels and drinks.

Zeb

Music is—

Gerry

You're talking about it as if it were a hobby. Music is the largest industry in America.

Zeb

I think film—

Gerry

No lectures buddy—this I know. Music. Think about it. CDs...i-tunes. People own more CDs than movies. Look at this.

She pulls out a magazine.

Zeb

What is that?

Gerry

US Weekly. Look. Singer, singer, singer...

Zeb overcome by US Weekly

Pass the bottle.

They are now both drinking from the bottle. Zeb's phone goes off. It is on the kitchen counter.

Zeb

And no phones today! I am sick of it. This bullshit. Celebrity is America's form of crack.

Gerry

You work for a celebrity.

Zeb

I am aware of the hypocrisy.

Gerry moves to the phone and picks it up.

Gerry

646-972-0084

Zeb

Oh that's Cindy...I don't program her name in my phone as a precautionary measure—in case some stranger sees it—or I lose it. Just turn it off.

Gerry

Are you sure? Ok.

She turns it off and tosses it to Zeb. He throws it in his room.

Gerry

You know, I could understand this...this no music idea, if I were having a conversation with an eighty year-old.

Zeb

Whatever.

Gerry

You don't like hip-hop? Dance music?

Zeb

No.

Gerry

Alternative Rock?

Zeb

Nope.

Gerry

Classical? Like Mozart, Beethoven, Debussy?

Zeb

No-no-no.

Gerry

Opera?

Zeb

Jesus!

Gerry

But you're gay!

Zeb

Hey!

Gerry

You must like musical theater. You must like Sondheim!

Zeb secretly liking Sondheim

This culture makes me sick. We define ourselves by our taste in music rather than our politics.

Gerry

All right...so what are your politics?

Zeb

My politics?

Gerry

Sure. Do you read the paper—I know that you don't watch TV so how do you get the news?

Zeb

Fine...you got me. I'm a hypocrite.

Gerry

Did you ever think that people rely on music to set their life rhythms? The way reading a newspaper can be part of a daily rhythm?

Zeb

I'm sorry...what?

Gerry

We are rhythmic beings. We live based on a beat right? Our heart beats. And music is all built around rhythm...just like people. And our daily rhythm is built around the things we do...like brushing our teeth—even that has a rhythm.

Zeb

You know what I think? I think the radio stations have been linked to brain waves and subliminal messages are encoded on them to feed you that bullshit.

Gerry

You're the one who's drunk at noon.

Zeb

We're bonding! It's allowed.

Gerry

You know what we're going to do? I am going to take you to a concert. We're going to see Tobin tonight.

Zeb indicating the poster

Oh Jesus. We must all bow before the shrine that is Tobin Grey.

Gerry

He is an amazing lyricist.

Zeb

He's hot. I'd fuck him.

Gerry

I have two VIP passes to his show tonight. I was going to go by myself as usual. But now I have a date. I don't see how an intelligent person like you could not see his genius.

Zeb

You see! I would never call a rock star a genius—no matter how good they were.

Gerry

What makes him a genius is that he gets you to like his music while he creates...poetry.

Zeb

Oh so now it's poetry? Fine. I'll go with you on one condition. We get wasted. I really just want to forget my name tonight.

Gerry

Fine. I got the tickets, so you buy the drinks.

Zeb

VIP to a rock concert. Should I feel honored?

Gerry

Are we on?

Zeb

We're on.

Blackout