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**Lighting Design of "Our Guy" – Schaeberle Studio, Pace University,
February 5th-8th, 2009**

Maria Gerhard

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LIGHTING DESIGN OF "OUR GUY"
SCHAEBERLE STUDIO, PACE UNIVERSITY
FEBRUARY 5TH – 8TH, 2009

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B.A. in MATHEMATICS, SEPTEMBER 2009

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ABSTRACT

Title of Thesis: LIGHTING DESIGN OF "OUR GUY"
 SCHAEBERLE STUDIO, PACE UNIVERISTY
 Maria Gerhard, Bachelor of Arts, 2009

Thesis Advisor: Adjunct Professor, Debra Dumas, Department of Theatre

The intent of this thesis defense is to provide all of the materials necessary for the complete realization of the lighting design of the Pace University Theatre Department's 2009 production of the new work *Our Guy: A Musical Play*. This thesis consists of the following; drafting of the lighting design with respect to the architecture of Schaeberle Studio to aid electricians in the hanging of the light plot, as well as a channel hookup and an instrument schedule needed in the process of mounting the production. An annotated script with all cues, as well as a cue sheet, is included to aid the stage management and lighting board operator in the cueing process. A magic sheet has been included which is necessary for the lighting designer during the cueing process in order to locate channels in a prompt manner. Archival photographs of the production as seen in the performance have been included as well, in order to visually document the ultimate, realized production.

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Appendix A: Pre-production Materials

Design Concept Statement for “Our Guy”

Our Guy

A Musical Play

Schaeberle Studio: February 5th – 8th 2009

Book & Lyrics by Matt Williams

Score by Jesse Weiner

Directed by Mike Tartaglia

Set by Mike Tartaglia

Lighting Design by Maria Gerhard

Our Guy is a new work exploring the oft-ignored trials of life as a twenty-something – caught in the perils of life post-academia and the stereotypes and conformities that accompany. The focal arguments are presented through analysis of Nora and Jamison; nearing the end of their twenties, they have not yet completely conformed to the norms of “thirty-dom”, but they have just found their first apartment together and are recently engaged. While Nora expresses some doubts concerning the finality of marriage and monogamy, the evasive Jamison doesn't seem to have an opinion on the matter, complacent, comfortable and preoccupied. Jamison has a lover – Michael.

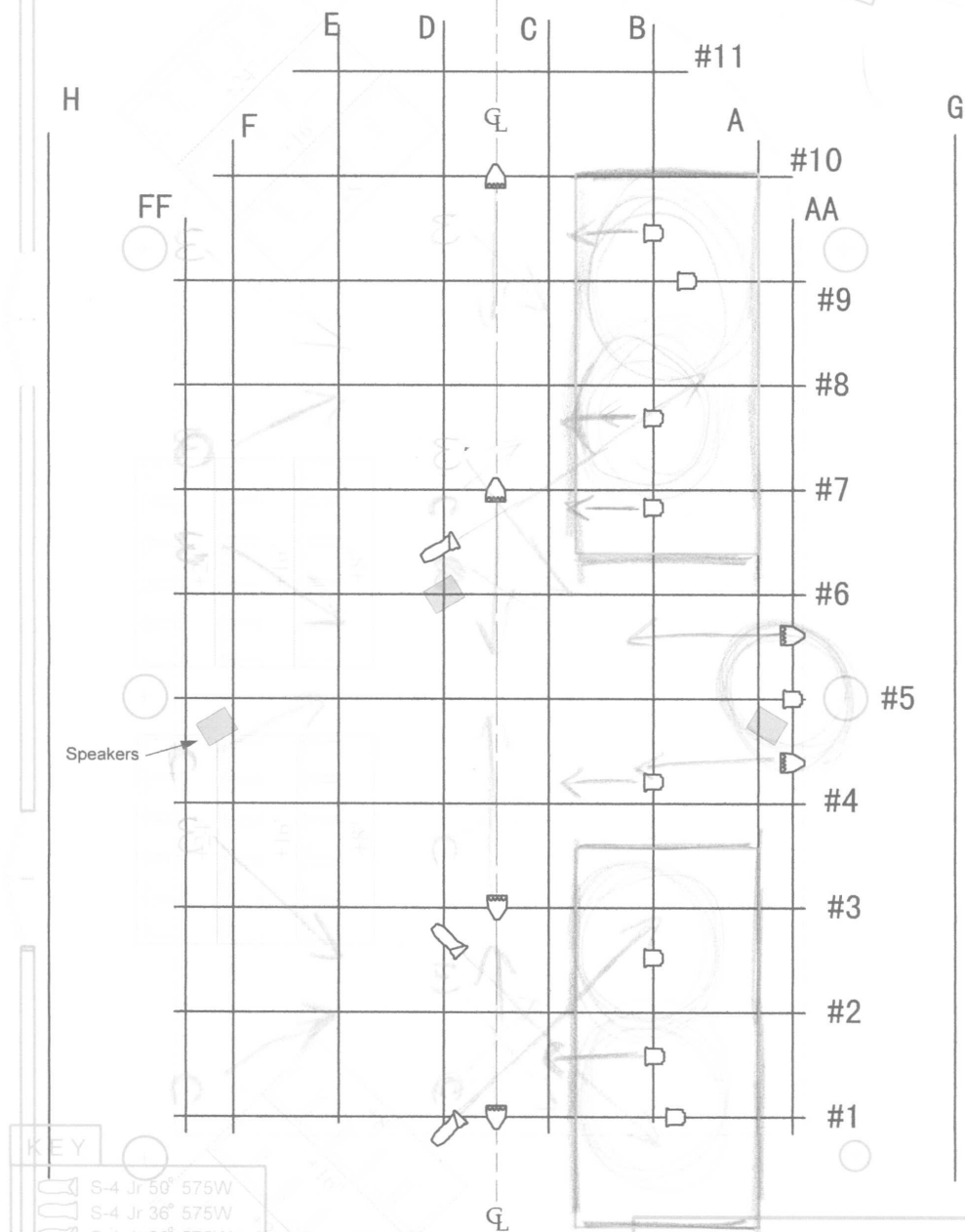
Michael is a twenty year old dancer and a man genuinely comfortable in his own homosexuality. Having returned from a national tour only a few weeks prior to meeting Jamison, he now finds himself ever more preoccupied with their whirlwind relationship. Their relationship is open, easy and free of judgment – completely opposite of Jamison's relationship with Nora. Jamison finds an intimacy with Michael that he and Nora have

never experienced, but he cannot come to terms with his newly discovered, homosexual identity. As Jamison's two worlds start to collide, Nora, Michael, and ultimately Jamison are forced to accept reality and their new-found identities.

The show follows Jamison's journey of discovering and coping with his personal and sexual identity as a young man in New York City. His struggle to find a life in which a balance exists between intimacy and friendship, responsibility and happiness is universal, and rarely acknowledged, making *Our Guy* so relevant in today's culture. *Our Guy* reaches its denouement with our protagonist, Jamison, finally taking responsibility for his life and seizing his own destiny and lifestyle.

As I approach the lighting for *Our Guy* I want to focus on the juxtaposition of Jamison's two, contrasting lifestyles: his life with his Michael, all physical and with no judgment, and his life with Nora, forced and platonic, yet comfortable. To represent these conflicting lifestyles I will be pairing clean, stark lighting with a warm, welcoming style to reflect his relationships and to build an environment in which they can flourish. Nora's apartment with Jamison will be bright and lit with crisp, cool color at an appealing angle, highlighting the platonic state of their coupling. Michael's apartment will be warm and comforting; the lights should be slightly more dim, and angled to create a more shadowed environment, conducive to a rich, sexual relationship, and creating shadows for Jamison to hide from his reality with Nora. As Jamison develops as an individual, and comes into his own, I aim to gradually meld the two styles into one, the culmination of Jamison's journey into himself.

APPENDIX B: LIGHT PLOT



KEY

- S-4 Jr 50° 575W
- S-4 Jr 36° 575W
- S-4 Jr 26° 575W
- S-4 PARnel 575W
- PAR 38?
-
-

Typical unit:

Unit #

31 Current Channel

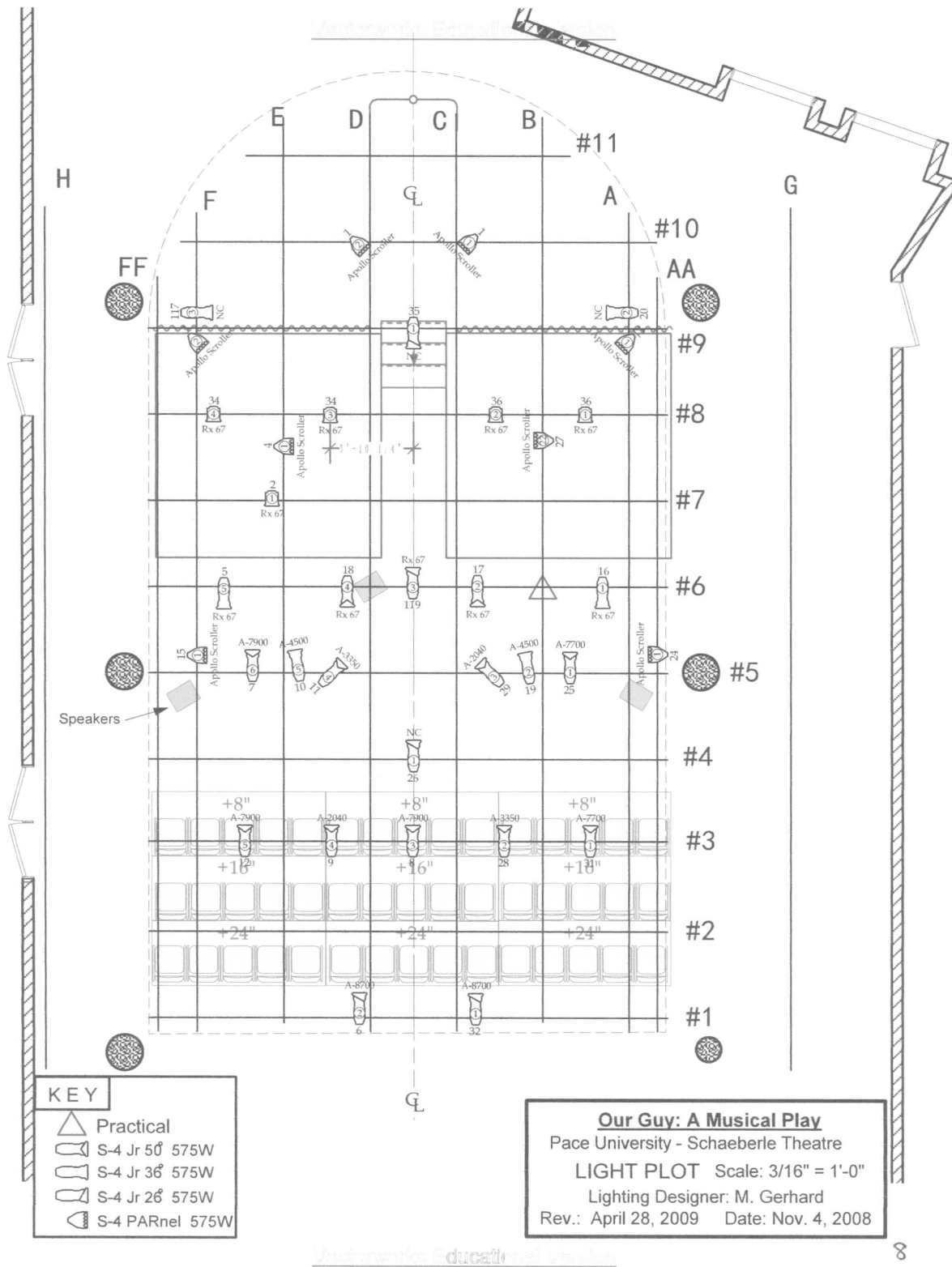
Schaeberle Studio Theatre

Lighting Grid

Pace University Scale: 3/16" = 1'-0"

Original Dwg: M. Alford & M. Gerhard

Revised: D. Dumas Date: Nov. 4, 2008



APPENDIX C: SCRIPT

Our Guy (Working Title)
By
Jesse Wiener and Matt Williams

ACT I

Opening: Mike and James

LQ204 (T:5) *Light up on Michael's room. MIKE and JAMES are on the bed; JAMES with his back to us, and MIKE, arms around James, facing out.*

MIKE

LQ204.1 **"Michael's Soliloquy"**

LQ204.2 *MIKE tries to kiss JAMES, who turns his face away. Real time resumes and they begin*

LQ204.3 *frantically undressing each other as the lights fade.*

310 LQ205.5 *Lights up, JAMES is dressing, MICHAEL is still in bed.*

LQ206 (T:3)

JAMES

Your hot water goes quick, huh?

MIKE

(Who has been looking at him intently)
What? Huh?

JAMES

Your hot water...

MIKE

Oh. Tempermental.

JAMES

Yea. (Pause)

MIKE

Where...uh...

(Not what he was going to ask...)

Where, I mean which line are you going to? On the subway.

JAMES

The green I guess, I always take it.

MIKE

Oh, right. Cause you can take the yellow, like the R
if you need to, that's there too.

JAMES

Yea I know, but green works fine... transfer at 14th.

MIKE

Kay.

(Silence, wretched for Mike, doesn't seem to phase James.)

JAMES

See you later.

MIKE

Bye.

JAMES exits.

MIKE

Fuck.

Nora and Jamie

LQ208

NORA, looking into her mirror.

NORA

Nora's Soliloquy

In the mirror, she sees JAMIE enter.

Late!

LQ208.2

LQ210

JAMIE

Sorry.

A quick kiss on the lips and they exit.

B/O LQ212(T:2)

NORA, JAMIE, ALEX, CHELSEA
At a table in an oh-so-hetero midtown bar.
ALEX and CHELSEA are already seated, Alex with his
Guinness, Chelsea with her rum and diet coke.
JAMISON and NORA enter with martini's - straight
up, two extra olives.

ALEX

There they are! JIMMY-JAMES, mah man!
(General greetings, all around. Then,
concerning the martinis...)
Oh what's this, huh? Very serious stuff right
here! Very serious - THREE olives, I see! Uh
huh. We're very serious tonight, I see, we are serious
people tonight!

JAMISON

Yea, yea.

NORA

We *are!* Just you remember! Keep it in mind...

CHELSEA

Alex! Sorry! He's already... well.

ALEX

I'm already WHAT?

CHELSEA

Oh shush.

ALEX

Shush. She tells me.

NORA

Chelsea, you're a saint.

CHELSEA

Thank you!

ALEX

That's my... saint! She's a saint! Wait, why is she a saint?

CHELSEA

Oh please!

NORA

Cause she deals with
you! Cause. She. Deals
with you!

ALEX

What does that make me, I wonder?

NORA

We won't talk about that, will we?

ALEX

We will not! We'll just talk about you two! How the
fuck are you? Haven't seen you!

NORA

I know! Well you've seen Jamie but -

ALEX

Well not in a-

JAMISON

We should do this
weekly, wasn't that
the plan once?

CHELSEA

It was! Every Thursday night. Thirsty Thursdays we
were gonna call it. Well we weren't - I mean lots of
people call it that but so were we. Gonna. We were-

NORA

But we didn't keep up with it.

CHELSEA

No! Well we should! Every Thursday will be our night
out on the... on the town!

NORA

You two really got started without us, huh?

ALEX

Oh-

(Unsaid could have been "Shut the fuck
up, Nora.")

CHELSEA

(Quick)

Well I mean - ! - You know, Nora... ! ... I don't
usually... but *this* one, tonight was just - I mean at
dinner!

ALEX

We went to BBQ.

CHELSEA

Dallas BBQ.

NORA

Oh?

JAMISON

You must be-

CHELSEA

And we - I'm sorry, what were you
saying Jame - Ji - Jamie?

JAMISON

...full.

(Beat)

You must be full.

CHELSEA

YEA! I swear between the-

ALEX

The portions.

CHELSEA

The portions in that place and the-

ALEX

Those drinks are...

CHELSEA

They *are*.

ALEX

Cause they're THICK! THICK and CREAMY!

CHELSEA

They really are.

ALEX

(Leaning in to Chelsea)

Just how you-

(Unsaid: "-like it.")

CHELSEA

(Quick, to Alex. Not making it a thing.)

Sh, sh, sh.

How's school Nora?

NORA

Can we please not talk about it?

(Laughing)

Sorry, not to be rude, I just -

CHELSEA

You don't want to -

NORA

...no. This is my break from... *school*.

CHELSEA

Yay! We're your break! I hope we're worthy of... of your break. Of being your break.

ALEX

Jimmy man, why the fuck are we at this place, aren't you fucking tired of this fucking place after you work here four nights a week?

JAMISON

Did you have another idea?

ALEX

Yea man! There's great places downtown, man with like *real people* not like the kind of people - not like New York people, not like the New York crowd but like real like everyday people, you know what I'm talking about?

NORA
I have no idea what you're talking about.

ALEX Th - yes you - come on

CHELSEA They're just more...
 they aren't like those
 places you walk in
 and you're like "oh
 it's *that* kind of
 place." They're just
 like... a bar. With
 like... people who go
 to bars in them.

NORA
Downtown?

ALEX
I don't mean *Downtown Downtown*, I mean like
Downtown. Like Downtown, like down there, like near
where I work-

CHELSEA
Really near where he -

ALEX
Right down the street from my job -

CHELSEA
There's the one place -

ALEX
Good spots. Good crowds.

CHELSEA
-on the... cobblestones...

ALEX
Irish bartenders.

NORA
Naturally.

JAMISON
(Gesture to the bar)

Donny's Irish.

ALEX

Fuck Donny, how often have I ordered a drink from that guy and NOT ONCE - NOT ONE TIME does he give me one on the house!

CHELSEA

You don't need one on the house!

ALEX

I don't mean right now! I mean ever! I mean never!

NORA

He doesn't charge you cause he knows Jamie lets you lap it up like a fish.

CHELSEA

Ha! Like a fish!

ALEX

It's the fucking principal. I'm gonna need every free drink I can get from here on out.

NORA

Why?

JAMISON

What?

ALEX

Fucking economic *crisis!* Fucking socialism on the fucking... rise!

NORA

Oh Jesus.

CHELSEA

You promised! *She* was being good, baby, *you're* the one that's starting now!

ALEX

What? I'm not allowed to express my *concern?* With my money about to be ripped out of my hands and re-distributed to crack dealers!

NORA I'm not biting. I
will not talk about
this with you.

JAMISON Ok, ok, that's...
that's enough.

ALEX I'm just saying. I'm not *saying*... I'm just *saying*!
(He laughs)
Ok, ok!
(Beat)
So what's with the martinis?
(Little pause, NORA and JAMISON look at
each other)

NORA I... I like them.

JAMISON She likes
them. They're good.

ALEX Jimmy, I thought you didn't even *like* gin!

JAMISON
(To Nora)
There's gin in this?

NORA Jamie, you know there's gin in it.

JAMISON
I thought I tasted gin.

ALEX You thought you tasted pine sole, huh?

CHELSEA You didn't know there was...!...? That's funny!

NORA He did, he's just being... you did too! I *told* you.

JAMISON No it's not... I like them actually. They're good.

ALEX Make you feel like a grown man.

JAMISON

Yea that's it.

ALEX

Put back a few martinis you don't even need a degree to feel like you're getting ahead in the world!

CHELSEA

Alex.

ALEX

What? He knows I'm just messing with him. Hey man, can you believe it was...

CHELSEA

Six.

ALEX

Six years ago that we were living in Renson? Quad two baby!

CHELSEA

That *does* seem like a long time.

ALEX

Who would've thought, right? Fucking... right?

JAMISON

Right.

ALEX

Class of 200_. Well.

CHELSEA

Baby.

ALEX

Nah, nah, nah, I'm just... James man, you know I'm just concerned about you man, you know that.

JAMISON

I know.

ALEX

I mean... look... this is... this is nothing new, this is all shit we've discussed since... fucking...

CHELSEA

ALEX

A
He knows.

JAMISON
I know.

ALEX

...but look! Things
fuckers with degrees
gonna...? Fucking...
(Little pause)

JAMISON
You know the only places to
n good times? Liquor store.
(Little pause)

for you, being a career ba.
ic economic move then?

ad it figured out sophomore
... how come you didn't te-
na be another depression a
ng school?

is cause you were the econ
't first.
and everyone

ng...

ALEX

And hey, you know, it might not matter. I mean, hell, you're the one he's gonna give all my money to anyway right?

NORA

Alex shut up.

ALEX

Hey I'm just stating a fact.
A four percent income tax increase.

NORA

For those making over \$250,00 a year. They can afford it.

ALEX

Not in New York they can't.
Jobs first - stimulate the economy by letting people keep their money.

NORA

What did you do with your Bush \$300?

CHELSEA

Got a new flat screen.

NORA

There we have it. The deficit or a flat screen.

ALEX

It's *my* money. I earned it. I'm paying for a MBA.

NORA

Your job is paying for that, a luxury most people don't have.

ALEX

Most people don't work hard.

NORA

Most people work very hard and see nothing for it. Now the 95% of the country that makes under \$250,000 will get the relief they need.

ALEX

To buy drugs.

NORA

I can't.

watching this crazy liberal late-night show
"Democracy Now" - fucking "Demo-*crazy* Now!" -
thought "fuck yea Democracy now!," the kind that
bunded on the free market! Now our President is
ost liberal...ever... and has communist and
alist leanings.

ime state ownership of the majority of the
ntry's productive assets or comprehensive
istributions of wealth that even comes close to
ual socialism and I'll say YOU should be our next
esident.

should be.

EA

Oh God, can you *imagine*?

I wouldn't steal people's hard earned money and pass it
off to people who have never worked a day in their
lives.

A

Now you're just repeating yourself.

ELSEA

Let's just agree to disagree, like last time?

AMISON

Please.

CHELSEA

You know... politics... I mean it just ruins a good
time, doesn't it? I mean I *do* learn a lot listening to
you two though! Don't you... Ja...mes?

ALEX

Much good it does him! Guy's never been to a voting
booth in his life!

NORA

Not true. He voted. Didn't you?

ALEX

Bullshit, you told me you didn't feel like it!

JAMISON

Can we not talk about
this anymore, please?

NORA

He may not have felt
like it but he did!

ALEX

James. Man.

JAMISON

It's every time with you two.

NORA

Can you...
Jamie.

JAMISON

What?

NORA

You left my place at noon cause you had to go to your
district.
(Little pause)

JAMISON

Yea. And I voted.
Alex. *I voted.*

ALEX

Ok man.
(Pause)
For who?

NORA

For whoever he thought
best... fit!

CHELSEA

Baby, let's not
do this, it's his
business!

ALEX

I just want to know who.

JAMISON

Don't worry about it.

ALEX
You fucking bullshitter! You didn't vote for shit!

CHELSEA
Yes he did, honey.

ALEX
Where was your... polling... location then?
(Little pause)

JAMISON
I don't remember, it was a while ago.

ALEX
You don't remember cause you went home and jerked off!

JAMISON
Ok, man. Whatever you say.

NORA
I need another drink.
She exits.
(Little pause)

CHELSEA
See? Politics.

JAMISON
You're a real ass hole sometimes, man.

ALEX *KQ214 (T:5)*
Hey! Come on! I was just messing with you for bullshitting! Think I care if you didn't vote? I mean one more for our team would've been nice - not like it would have mattered in *this* city but whatever man! I understand! You just didn't want her to not fuck you for the next four years!

CHELSEA
Stop it!

ALEX
Chels, babe, would you go get me a drink?

CHELSEA

You've lost your mind!

ALEX

PLEASE!

(Beat)

I asked nicely!

CHELSEA

(Maintaining levity)

You're right Jamie, he *is* an ass hole sometimes, isn't he? Why do we hang out with him!?

(She laughs loudly and *exits*)

(Little Pause)

ALEX

Sorry I got you in trouble, man.

JAMISON

It's... whatever.

ALEX

No it's not, I'm an ass, you should stay pissed off at me.

JAMISON

I'm not.

ALEX

I know you're not. You're never pissed off. That's what's great about you, buddy.

JAMISON

How's the wedding planning?

ALEX

Why you asking me?

JAMISON

Huh?

ALEX

Think I have anything to do with it? That's her department. Not like I'd be any use anyway.

(Pause)

Hey man I was thinking, why don't I ask the Greg man about getting you a spot at the firm?

JAMISON
Huh?

ALEX
I'm not saying he could or anything, I mean he should be able to - but I'm not saying... I'm just saying, you know, maybe he could find you something.

JAMISON
A job?

ALEX
Yea man! Wouldn't that be some shit?

JAMISON
I can't work there man, I never finished school, you know that...

ALEX
It wouldn't be anything big or anything, not to start, but if Greg likes you he likes you and I mean who knows right?

JAMISON	ALEX
I'm good, Al, Thanks	Listen! Hey!
Listen,	
though.	let me just ask, huh?

JAMISON
Don't worry about me-

ALEX
I'm just gonna ask, ok. No harm in asking, right? Hey you may not get to redeem yourself with Nora till 2012, I owe it to you, right?

JAMISON
I-

ALEX
I'm just gonna ask.
Where the fuck is Chelsea?

Cross fade to NORA and CHELSEA, outside. Nora is smoking.

_____ LQ218 + Follow LQ218.2
CHELSEA

entering)
Caught you!

NORA

(Little jump)
Oh! Yea. Got me.

CHELSEA

Don't worry, I won't tell.

NORA

Not like he'd care anyway.

CHELSEA

I catch Alex sneaking one every once in a while too. It's just... it's such a... hard habit to break! I never even tried one till me and Alex started... dating. Took me seven tries to kick it!

NORA

You'd think our generation would have been smart enough not to have started. We have all this... information at our finger tips. My grandmother always said "we didn't know it was bad for us back then!" I always thought "Yea, that's probably what *her* parents said too."
She died. Cancer. Last year.

CHELSEA

Oh I'm so sorry.

NORA

Did Jamison ever smoke?

CHELSEA

James!? Never!

NORA

Course he didn't.

CHELSEA

Never seemed interested.
Well maybe once or twice with Al but...

I mean I'm sure they smoked... pot. I mean I know they did, I was there with them, but...

NORA

How's the wedding coming?

CHELSEA

Oh! Great! Great. It's... well it's stressful I mean... it's a lot to... think about but it's... we're very excited.

NORA

I bet.

CHELSEA

I mean his poor mom, she's just... you know? She never thought the day would come!

NORA

He's Twenty five.

CHELSEA

Well!... Yea but... it's Alex, you know, she's glad to see he's... she's glad. She's happy. We're... very excited.

(Little Pause)

I'm trying *not* to have all those wedding magazines all over the place! It just takes over the whole apartment, I swear! He gets home and he... you know... he just... he has no place to put anything so he's all huff and puff and blow this house down!

(Little laugh, Nora joins)

These boys. These men, I guess, huh?

These men.

(Pause)

NORA

Uh huh.

CHELSEA

(Almost a boast)

You know he's probably angry - he asked me to get him another beer! And I... I'm out here! He can just... wait!

NORA

Yea I wouldn't say he needs another.

CHELSEA

Oh he... you two when you're together! It's just....!... *Watch out!*

(Beat)

But he's a good guy. He has very strong opinions.

(Beat)

But at least he has opinions.

(Beat)

CHELSEA

Oh that's not to say that Jamie doesn't! No!

NORA

I know, I know you weren't...

CHELSEA AND NORA

FUNNY LIKE THAT

CHELSEA

Jamie's just...

How long has it been now? With you two?

NORA

(Little pause)

God. You know I don't... Must have been a year in... November! A year in November.

CHELSEA

You didn't celebrate!?

NORA

No I... I guess we got... /got so caught up in the... in everything else going on in the world that... between the... and the holiday... it sort of just passed us by.

(Beat)

CHELSEA

You two aren't very... ceremonial, I guess.

NORA

Guess not.

(Pause)

CHELSEA

Well how about I get him his Guinness before he goes
into withdraw!

(Loud, almost hysterical laughter)
These guys!

She exits. Nora lights up another cigarette.

Lights down.

LQ 224

B/D

LQ 226

Late Thursday Night: Michael and Jamison
*Michael is sitting in bed, staring out. The sound
of running water from off. He turns to face the
sound. It stops and he suddenly tenses. JAMISON
enters in a towel.*

JAMES

Mind if I shower?

LQ 228

MIKE

Course not.

JAMES

Thanks.

He turns to leave.

MIKE

UM.

Um. There may be no hot water.

JAMES

There was just then.

MIKE

Oh.

From the sink though?

JAMES

Yea.

MIKE

Well that's different, but try, I mean... go for it.

JAMES

I'll give it a... whirl...

(He turns to leave again but is stopped
by Mike's sudden laughter.)

What?

MIKE

No it was funny, the way you said "whirl."

JAMES

(a smirk)

Yea? How come?

MIKE

I don't know. "Whirl." Kind of a... fabulous word.

JAMES

Is it?

MIKE

It is, it is... it is a little bit fabulous.
(Pause)

JAMES

Am I not fabulous enough for "whirl?"

MIKE

Well... I didn't say... I wasn't criticizing your...
fabulousness, no. Not that - It just... as a word...
it just sort of... *sat* funny... in your... in your
mouth.

JAMES

It... *sat* funny? In my mouth.

MIKE

Yea.

(little pause, sexual)

Yea.

(another, then broken by their laughter)

I mean... look, as far as fabulousness goes, "whirl"
has absolutely nothing on "twirl." "Twirl" is about
the gayest word since "fierce," which I don't even *say*

anymore cause it became like, the show queen's calling card for a while there.

JAMES

Did it?

MIKE

Did it? Yes, it did. Are you... I guess you don't spend a lot of time in Hell's Kitchen...?

JAMES

I guess not.

MIKE

Well where do you...

Nevermi... I...

It's weird, I started to ask you where you *do* spend a lot of time but... I feel like that's breaking a rule or something.

JAMES

Why did you think that?

MIKE

I don't know. This hasn't exactly been a verbal...

JAMES

A verbal...? A verbal what?

MIKE

(Joking but not without edge)

Um, excuse me, you know *exactly* what I'm trying to say. But then you're pushing me to pick words so you can criticize the ones I choose. Am I right?

(pause)

JAMES

Well.

Sorry.

Guess that *was* what I was doing.

MIKE

No, I... was I just really harsh or...?

JAMES

No, no, you're right.

MIKE

No, I... well. Anyway. What were...?

Eye contact. MIKE flips the covers aside as if to say "sit". JAMES sits.

So where *do* you spend your time? During the *day*.

JAMES

I live in...

(gets it)

you're funny... "During the *day*."

Um... Where do I spend my time? I live in Washington Heights -

MIKE

Ooh... ***something from *In the Heights****--never mind.

JAMES

(Confused laughter)

What?

MIKE

Oh *nothing, nothing!* It's from this shooo...ooow.

JAMES

Oh on Broadway?

MIKE

Yea.

JAMES

How's that going?

MIKE

Hmm?

JAMES

Looking for a... for another show?

MIKE

Oh that. Um, not too bad, not too bad. Cattle calls, call-backs... hoping to book something before I have to start...

(with complete derision)

waiting tables... again.

But you - *you* live in the Heights...

JAMES

Yep.

MIKE

And...?

JAMES

And I... bartend. As you know.

MIKE

Right. At that atrocious hetero joint. Why is that?

JAMES

Why not?

MIKE

Um... well for starters, the tips.

JAMES

The tips?

MIKE

Uh, *yea!* In a gay bar *you'd* double *or triple* your salary!

JAMES

Think so?

MIKE

(baffled, yes, but trying to make light of it)
What... *planet* are you from? How long have you lived in the city?

JAMES

I guess five years now, getting there.

MIKE

And, as a bartender...and as a gay man, it never crossed your mind to... work in a *gay bar*?
(pause)

JAMES

(uneasy)
Well.
I guess I like it at O'Malley's. It's easy. I like the people. I don't really like gay bars.

MIKE

No? Well, no, I mean "no," I mean I can understand that, I hate them, a lot of them, but still...

(pause)

How long have you been out?

(longer pause, tense)

Did I just ask a personal question?

JAMES

No.

No.

MIKE

Felt like I did.

JAMES

No, you're... it's...

MIKE

I'm sorry, I just...

We've never even spoken. This has been going on for almost seven months and I know nothing about you.

JAMES

Seven months?

MIKE

Yea since... since we met at O'Morgans or whatever the fuck-

JAMES

O'Malley's.

MIKE

Yea. And let it be known: had it not been for my friends boyfriends - well, her, whatever she likes to call it- her- nevermi- regardless- his birthday - I wouldn't have been caught dead in that little... joint.

JAMES

Yea you actually told me that that night.

MIKE

Did I? I was wasted, I JAMES
I remember.

MIKE

I bet you do.

(Little pause - charming smiles from both)

See this is nice. Talking.

JAMES

Yea.

MIKE

(Out before he knows it)

Meet me for drinks tomorrow night.

(Terrified Pause)

JAMES

Ok.

MIKE

Ok?

JAMES

Ok.

MIKE

Ok. Ok.

JAMES

Where?

MIKE

Anywhere but O'Leary's.

JAMES

Now you're just being an asshole.

MIKE

Now you get it.

I'll let you know where.

JAMES

Ok. I'm gonna jump in the shower.

MIKE

Yea.

JAMISON starts to exit.

Oh don't worry, there *is* hot water.

JAMISON turns.

Just said there wasn't cause... it was all I could think of to get you to stay in the room.
(pause)

JAMES

You're funny.

He exits.

MIKE

Yea. Yea I'm fucking hilarious.

"Tell Me" NORA goes to the door, lets JAMIE in.

Very Late Thursday Night: Nora and Jamie

NORA

I thought you were going home?

JAMIE

I was, but...

He kisses her. She takes his jacket off, then his shirt, and starts to undress as well. She kisses him, they move to the bed. Once there he kisses her on the forehead and lays back. She sits up in disbelief. He's really asleep.

Friday Morning: Nora and Jamie

NORA in a bathrobe at her table, JAMIE still asleep. She brushes her hair for a moment, stops, looks at the brush, then at herself in the mirror: "Why am I brushing my hair?" JAMIE wakes. A pause, then:

JAMIE

Hey.

NORA

Hey.

Didn't want to sleep alone?

JAMIE

What?

NORA

Did you not want to sleep alone, after all?

JAMIE

Yea, that must've been it.

NORA

(with a smile)

You're weird, you know that?

JAMIE

Yea.

(Pause. NORA goes back to her hair.)

NORA

I thought about San Francisco today. For Grad School.

JAMIE

Yea?

NORA

Yea. There was some ad with a picture of the Golden Gate Bridge at the subway. I've never been there but it's supposed to be... breath-taking. Just. Quality of life, I mean, over there, just... better.

JAMIE

Really?

NORA

Yea. Well you know the sun, it creates... you know what I mean... positive... energy - I'm not trying to go all Kabala on you right now, I know that's not your bag, but -

JAMIE

No, it's fine.

NORA

- or... Endorphins.

NORA

That's what it is: Endorphins.

JAMIE

What's that?

NORA

They're these... they're released in the body when you experience extreme happiness, I think. And apparently the sun, I don't know, stimulates them or something.

JAMIE

at? I think it was Angie, this
d you about Angie, right?

ie

NORA

(Doing a nasal,
screechy voice)
"Hi! Can I help
you?" Uh huh, yea,
her.

o, consider the source, I
, sense right?

oking at Columbia any more?

day anyway.

NORA
Bad City day.

City day?

Not feeling it right now.

haven't even gone outside yet.

as I have. You were asleep. Nothing wakes you.
go outside every morning and stand on the... stc
and then I know whether or not I can stand it he
on any given day. This morning I almost threw up
(Pause)

IE
You know you're a little weird too.

ORA
I do. See that's the difference between us,
a little off, you think you're this... pinr

don't know, this - salt of the earth something or other.

JAMIE

How do you think you'll be feeling tomorrow?

NORA

We'll see then, won't we?

You know, I just kind of insulted you.

JAMIE

Did you?

NORA

Something like that. You changed the subject.

JAMIE

Did I?

NORA

You did.

(Little Pause)

JAMES

So what do you want for breakfast?

NORA

(Affectionate)

Slick one here, I see.

JAMIE

Aren't I?

She goes to the bed, they kiss.

NORA

What do you think about architecture?

JAMIE

It's useful.

NORA

As my major.

Something *applicable*, you know? I'm seeing just how much good that B.A. in English is doing me.

JAMIE

You like architecture?

NORA

Yea, I've always been sort of fascinated by it, you know?
I did some design work at school.
Not that... I mean...
That was part of why I moved to the city.

JAMIE

Design?

NORA

Architecture. Mom and I visited in November and by January, here I was.

JAMIE

Impulsive.

NORA

It was that Cathedral on 110th... well it's on... it...
up to 113th - it takes up three blocks.
You know the one?

JAMIE

No.

NORA

Saint something or other.
Life changing.

JAMIE

Yea.

NORA

I really mean that.

JAMIE

Yea. Yea, I know you do.
She lies across him. Pause

NORA

You're lucky you're comfortable. That's your appeal.

JAMIE

Huh?

NORA

Nice to lay out on. That's all.

JAMIE

Hmph.
(Little Pause)

NORA

Did you just "Hmph"?

JAMIE

Maybe a little.

NORA

I'm trying so hard to get a rise out of you and all I
get is "hmpH."

JAMIE

You're trying to get a rise out of me?

NORA

Doing my best.
Do you like fish?

JAMIE

What?

NORA

Fish. Seafood. Alex *hates* it, I got the whole story
from Chelsea.

JAMIE

Yea? I guess I knew that.

NORA

Well I just think it's interesting as hell and by that
I mean I had no choice but to think it's interesting as
hell cause Chelsea wouldn't shut the hell up about it
last night.

JAMIE

Oh you two bonded, huh?

NORA

Yea. And wait...

She sits up.

What did *you* do last night? You went all the way home?

(Beat)

JAMIE

Yea.

NORA

And then you turned around and... that's so...
strange... and so... sweet I guess.

JAMIE

Thanks.

NORA

You're... fucking... bizarre.

JAMIE

Thanks.

NORA

Yea.

(She searches for something in his
eyes...)

Yea.

Weirdo.

(Pause)

JAMIE

You wanted to get a rise out of me?

Kay.

You don't really know anyone here but me, right?

NORA

Well I mean I'm getting to know... Chelsea I
guess. And Angie and the girls at work -

JAMIE

But you don't like them.

And you don't ever really see anyone but me.

So when you say this place makes you vomit...(Pause)

NORA

Hmm. It speaks.

No. Jamie. No.

It's just here. It's fucking New York.

JAMIE

You miss home?

NORA

NO! I don't know where I miss, but it's not...
there. Every time I go online I find out another girl
I graduated high school with is knocked up.

(Beat)

I've decided that a necessary part of getting older is
not being sure what "home" is for a little while. It's
not Mass. And it sure as hell isn't this... *room*.

(Beat)

How do they afford kids?

I can hardly pay my rent and they're paying for another
life.

JAMIE

They probably live with their parents.

NORA

That's true.

And either way, they don't live in New York. So.

Yesterday was a good city day though. I thought about
The Met again -

JAMIE

You're obsessed.

NORA

But I - wait for it - I didn't, I walked from Union
Center -

JAMIE

Square

NORA

Union Square, I always do that, I walked from Union
Square to... where does the Park start?

JAMIE

59th.

NORA

To 59th.

JAMIE

Good walk.

NORA

I know. I've lived here a year and I've barely taken the time to explore the place, besides the first month or two, but then I was so worried about moving in and all that...

The Park looks... but I didn't go that far. Didn't want to get lost.

JAMIE

You can't get lost in the park. Less you're there at night or something. But you shouldn't ever go there at night.

NORA

I figured.

JAMIE

Lots of... scary stuff.

NORA

We should go.

JAMIE

At night?

NORA

Yea. Be brave.

JAMIE

It's really not a good

NORA

Some *evening* - not night - just...

NORA

Early evening. Let's go. I get off at six.

JAMIE

Thought it was a Bad City Day.

NORA

Cause I didn't have plans! And I had to work. I hate work.

JAMIE

Why do you -

NORA

never get anything done before you have to go to work.

JAMIE

Ok.

NORA

Meet at 59th? I know how to get there.

JAMIE

Sure.

NORA

Great. Done. A real date.

JAMIE

Ok.

A quick, sweet peck, then he stands.

I'm going to take a shower.

NORA

Ok. Tell Alex "hi" for me.

They kiss again, and he exits. She lies down.

B/O LQ246

LQ248

Friday Night: Alex and Jamison
*ALEX and JAMISON at O'Malley's. ALEX has already
put back a few, JAMISON is on his second beer.*

ALEX

- I'm not saying I want it to happen! I mean come on man, you know me, I'm not saying I *want* it to happen, I'm just saying it's a serious fucking possibility - and *then what?* You know? Think it was gonna be bad before - ? - then we got President Fucking Biden, biggest fruitcake there is. Goddamn plagiarizer motherfucker whateverthefuck.

JAMISON

That's funny coming from you.

ALEX

Oh okay, okay, yea yea yea, I forget who I'm talking to here - yes I may've paid for one or two English papers in my day, but then again, I never ran for President -

JAMISON

Vice President.

ALEX

Vice President - whoa whoa whoa! What is this? She got you reading The Nation and shit or what?

JAMISON

Reading what?

ALEX

Dumb question, forgot who I was talking to again.

JAMISON

Listen just...

ALEX

What?

JAMISON

Nothing.

ALEX

What? You started to say something, finish what the hell you were saying Jim-man.

JAMISON

I wasn't saying anything, I was going to say don't start on her but -

ALEX

OH COME ON! Who was starting on her? I just don't want her turning you into some fucking crazy -

JAMISON

I know man, I know. Let's just not it's even -

ALEX

Alright, alright, I'll fucking drop it, it's it's...

ALEX

It's cool.
(Pause, he gulps at his drink)
All I'm saying: they better know what they're doing with this shit cause... you know, these New Yorkers - I mean people who were, you know, born and raised and shit. Even Jersey boys like you, you people don't know shit about how it is man. In this country. Like, fuckers in VA, man? No way. I don't mean like *Virginia Beach* either man, I mean like *VA, VA*, and fucking...!... we're not even, I mean *my* territory isn't even *that* far South! Virginia isn't! Not really, you know? Shit. And you really think that - especially if we're talking eight years here, and I sure as *fuck* hope we're not - you really think these *Appalachian* bitches are gonna sit around and let the

country be... you know?! Come on! I mean God forbid! God for-bid! But come on! I'm just saying what everyone doesn't want to think about. This is still America, man. Some shit doesn't change.
(Pause)

JAMISON

Uh huh.

ALEX

(Shake of the head, but not without affection)
You're such a shit man, you know that? You're such a shit.

JAMISON

Uh huh.

ALEX

What are you doing with yourself man?
He reacts with a jerk and pulls out an iphone - must've been on vibrate. He impatiently types into the keypad.
Yea yea yea yea yea.
Fucking Chelsea is waiting tables for fuck sake.

JAMISON

Really?

ALEX

Yea it's some Mexican place in midtown that's not really busy during the winter and she's not even making enough to justify the fucking... you know she has to be like the worst waitress ever.

JAMISON

Why would you say that?

ALEX

Cause she likes to tell her tables her life story, I keep telling her keep it simple, no one's trying to make friend with her there, you know? And she, I mean she's just really... she's like just naturally...

JAMISON

Nice.

ALEX

Yea.
And so she... she doesn't get it.
You think she's nice?

JAMISON

She *is* nice.

ALEX

No but I mean you think she's nice.

JAMISON

Why wouldn't I?

ALEX

No, I mean, she is nice. She's really fucking nice.
Thanks for introducing us?

JAMISON

(Almost a warning)
You're welcome

ALEX

(A chuckle)
She just didn't get you man, that's all. There's too
much to you, you dense thing, you! Plus you two don't
make any sense.

JAMISON

You're right.

ALEX

I mean you and Nora don't really make sense to me
either, but -

JAMISON

You have a lot of opinions, you know that?

ALEX

Free country. But you know, you don't really make
sense with anyone. I mean, every time you ever bring
someone around it's like "this is the one" and then she
trickles out. Cept Nora. Cept Miss New England.

JAMISON

You just can't resist, can you?

ALEX

But she didn't even know anyone here did she? Like at all?

JAMISON

She has a cousin here.

ALEX

All I'm saying: she's the kind you have to watch. Comes to the city, latches on cause what else is she gonna do? Never lets go.

JAMISON

You don't know her, man. At all.

ALEX

No, you're right. You're right.
Where you pissed at me about Chelsea?

JAMISON

What the fuck are you...?

ALEX

Hey man, I'm just curious! You know! You two didn't make any sense.

JAMISON

We went on one date. **A** date. One.

ALEX

Then she had to find a man with a plan, huh?
(He laughs)

JAMISON

Maybe she just wanted someone her size.
(Alex's laughter catches for a moment but he keeps his poker face and makes light.)
Kidding.

JAMISON's cell vibrates, he silences it.

ALEX

Uh huh. Uh huh. You want another drink? I got it.

JAMISON

I haven't finished this one, and I need to get going -

ALEX

(Has either not heard or deliberately
ignores the last remark)
Shut the fuck up and have a drink, man, I'm buying.

JAMISON

I don't need another, I -

ALEX

Listen man, did you think about what I said last night?

JAMISON

About what?

ALEX

What the fuck are you - "about what" - about a spot at
the firm, man. I talked to Greg-Greg today. You know
he likes you, and he's seriously thinking about it, no
joke.

JAMISON

I don't know anything about -

ALEX

Oh who gives a fuck, you're a fast learner! That's
what I told him. Plus you won't be doing shit but
delivering mail at first anyway.

JAMISON

I don't want to deliver mail.

ALEX

Don't be a stupid shit man. Don't be a stupid
shit. Everyone has to start somewhere.

JAMISON

I have a job.

ALEX

This fucking place! This isn't a job! And why the fuck are we here again!? There's so many good places downtown man, near the job -

JAMISON

Alex. I don't need you to find me a job.

ALEX

Who said anything about that? I'm just -

JAMISON

Hold on...

He fishes his phone out of his pocket, reads something and starts to type. Alex reaches across the table and grabs his phone.

What the fuck?

ALEX

I'm not reading your shit man, I don't give a damn about what Nora wants from you right now. I'm looking at your phone.

JAMISON

Well don't look at my phone, give it back.

ALEX

This is the shittiest excuse for a phone I've ever seen.

JAMISON

You're a douche.

ALEX

Can you even get online, man - ? - for real!

JAMISON

I don't fucking
archaic
know! I don't care,
give me my phone back!

ALEX

This shit is
man, it's like *moot*,
it's *irrelevant*...

JAMISON

(Desperate)

GIVE IT BACK.

He grabs the phone back.

(Little pause)

ALEX
Damn man. Got something on there you don't want me to see?

JAMISON
No.

ALEX
Uh huh. You distressing it? You can tell me.

JAMISON
Sure.

ALEX
I bet.

JAMISON
(Typing into the phone)
How about you? The wedding.

ALEX
I told you, I don't want to talk about the fucking wedding.

JAMISON
Alright... alright.
(Pause)
I have to go.

ALEX
Are you fucking serious?

JAMISON
Yea I'm meeting Nora, she's -

ALEX
Oh that's bullshit.
JAMISON's phone vibrates, he silences it.
What *is* this?

JAMISON
Sorry. Stop by here tomorrow night, I'll give you one on the house.

ALEX
Man. What're you doing?

JAMISON

I gotta go meet Nora.

ALEX

No I mean... never mind. Listen, you want to know more about the job, let me know. But the offer isn't gonna be around forever, you know?

You don't want to be in a bar the rest of your life, man. You just don't.

JAMISON

Yea. Thanks.

ALEX

Yea.

Well look, hold on a seconded, let me finish this, I'll head out with you -

JAMISON

I'm already late, I really need to run.

ALEX

Alright.

Say hi to her. For me.

JAMISON

Yea man, bye.

JAMISON exits. A pause. ALEX sips his drink. Lights up on NORA on the phone. His

vibrates.

ALEX

(Looking at the name on the ID)
What the fuck?
Hello?

NORA

Hey.

ALEX

Hey, James just left.

NORA

Huh?

ALEX

You're trying to get up with him? He just headed out. He's on his way right now.

NORA

Wait. To where?

ALEX

To meet you. Why didn't you call him?

NORA

I did. Twice. Wait, he's meeting me?
(Pause)

ALEX

That's what...
I mean.
No.
I could be...
No. No, never mind.

NORA

I just tried to call him. He said he was leaving to meet up with me?

ALEX

I... yea - no - I mean, yea, he -
Is there something... going on, what's up, why'd you call me?

NORA

I was trying to call him. We're supposed to meet tomorrow morning. I was going to ask him to meet me at my place instead -
Never mind.
He really said he was on his way to meet up with me?

ALEX

(Beat)
Yea.

NORA

Like we had plans?

ALEX

I don't know. I don't know.

NORA

Okay. Thanks. I'm going to go.

ALEX

Bye.

NORA

Bye.

(Pause)

ALEX

Motherfucker.

NORA

Son of a bitch.

B/D LQ25A(7:1)

LQ25C

Mike and James: Late Friday Night
*MIKE and JAMES enter Mike's room, drunk and
giggly. When their laughter starts to subside,
they catch each others eye and crack up again.*

MIKE

I don't understand what's funny.

JAMES

Me neither.

MIKE

Then why are we laughing?

JAMES

I don't know.

MIKE

Well ok then.

(Pause)

I have this friend; Mauritius -

JAMES

Huh?

MIKE

Mauritius. Maurice, actually. He re-christened himself. He's the type that could run the Brooklyn Bridge in Stilettos.

Never mind.

We were in this piano bar once. Like the one tonight, but this one's in the village, so... it's even *more...* (nods)

And they started playing... well it doesn't... not that you'd... and everyone in the bar was singing and... all the sudden we hear this voice just...

booming from the entrance, and everyone turns around and there's Mauri, making a... grand entrance, descending from the stairs! Everyone stopped singing! And these are *not* the types of people to pipe down and give someone else the floor! But...

(He has enjoyed this story very much, and is laughing at himself. Pause.)

JAMES

What made you think of that?

MIKE

I don't know. I don't know what to say to you now. At this point we usually already have our clothes off.

JAMES

See why do you have to go and...

MIKE

What? Go and what?

JAMES

Everyone's so serious about everything.
(Pause)

MIKE

Jesus Christ.

JAMES

What?

MIKE

You still have that... that...
After Mike's indication, JAMES pulls out a flask.
Yea, hand it over.

JAMES

No.

MIKE

Why not?

JAMES

Cause it's mine

MIKE

Bullshit.

JAMES

How's that bullshit, it's mine!

MIKE

You can share, can't you?

Mild horseplay in sues...

JAMES

No, I can't
actually! Get your
own! What kind of
place is this where
you don't have any
fucking... booze?

MIKE

Hey douche! I
don't want my own,
I want yours! I'll
fucking... *kill* you!

MIKE

(Pause. They are very close.)
You're talkative tonight.

JAMES

So?

MIKE

So nothing. There's no "so." I had no other point
besides the obvious.

JAMES

Which is?

MIKE

You're talking. You usually don't. That is all.

JAMES

Oh.

MIKE
Care to elaborate?

JAMES
Not really.
A tug-of-war with the booze move them closer to the bed.

MIKE
Why not?

JAMES
Cause.

MIKE
Cause why?

JAMES
Cause I don't have anything to say on the... subject.

MIKE
You're an ass hole.

JAMES
You really think that?
They're now on the bed, JAMES on top of MIKE. MIKE looks at him for a long moment, considering the question. He leans up to kiss JAMES on the lips, but JAMES pulls back and instead, pours the contents of the flask down MIKE's throat. MIKE coughs.

MIKE
ASS HOLE!

JAMES
(laughing)
Sorry! You wanted it!

MIKE
(also laughing)
I didn't want to be choked!

JAMES
(Smirk)
Oh, did I choke you?

MIKE

(Little pause)
Yea. You did.

JAMES

Sorry.

MIKE

Uh huh.
(Pause)
I think.
You.
Liked that second place we were at tonight.

JAMES

Oh you do. Why do you think that?

MIKE

Cause. I saw you shaking your ass just a little.

JAMES

Lies.

MIKE

Britney fan, are we?

JAMES

Britney who?

MIKE

"Britney who?" - You're full of shit.

JAMES

She's ok. Good beats.

MIKE

(Blase')
I'm not much for the scene, myself, but they sure do
appreciate her there.

JAMES

Why do you talk like that? "I'm not much for the
scene, myself."

MIKE

I don't understand the question.

JAMES

"I don't understand the question."

MIKE

Why have we never kiss on the lips?

(Pause. JAMES gets up.)

What? What is it?

JAMES

Why do you care?

MIKE

Why wouldn't I?

I'm interested in you... in... in getting to... in... I want to know more about you.

JAMES

What do you want to know?

MIKE

Um. Well. How old are you?

JAMES

How old do you think I am?

MIKE

(Pause)

Twenty three.

JAMES signals "higher."

Twenty... four... five? Twenty five?

You're an old man.

JAMES

How old are you?

MIKE

Guess.

JAMES

Twenty.

Mike signals "higher."

Twenty one... two... three - Twenty three. You look eighteen.

MIKE

My boyish charm.

JAMES

So now you know how old I am.

MIKE

Why do you work at McGarvey's?

JAMES

O'Malley's. Now who's the asshole?

MIKE

Pardons.

JAMES

Cause I like it. Next question.

MIKE

Why do you leave? When we're done.

JAMES

What am I supposed to do?
(Little pause)

MIKE

It's a point. I guess what I mean is "what's your story?"

JAMES

I'm from Jersey.

MIKE

Who isn't?

JAMES

Exit 5. Moorsetown. Came to the city for
school. Dropped out second semester sophomore year...
Yea.

MIKE

Why'd you drop out?

JAMES

Didn't know what I wanted to do.

MIKE

So major in communications like everyone else who's
undecided.

JAMES

Eh.

MIKE

Yea I suppose that would be ironic. You with a
Communications degree.

JAMES

You're funny.

MIKE

Do me a favor: next time you think I'm funny,
laugh. Don't tell me I'm funny - laugh at what I
say. Deal?

JAMES

Deal.

MIKE

And you live in Washington Heights?

JAMES

Yep. Anything else?

JAMES leans in to kiss MIKE's neck. MIKE resists.

MIKE

Yea.

When did you come out?

Of the Closet.

(Pause)

JAMES

Who says I'm gay?

(Pause)

MIKE

Well. When you take away all the fashion sense, and
the wit... the fascination with the grotesque -
especially in tragic female singers... the defining
characteristic of homosexuality is... sleeping with
men.

(Pause)

So far as I'm aware.

(Pause)

We've been fucking for going on eight months. On a
regular basis. Like three or four times a week

sometimes.

(Pause)

I'm a guy. You're a guy. We have sex. That's gay. It just is.

(Pause)

JAMES

So I'm gay because you say I'm gay?

MIKE

No. You're gay because you suck my dick.

JAMES goes for his coat.

JAMES

Fuck you.

MIKE

Hold on a second. Please. I'm... just... I can't... I really feel something. And look, I mean listen to me, I'm not - that's not an easy... thing... to say. But I'm saying it to you. I don't want you to leave. And I think you should take into... consideration that... there are a lot of perfectly... or... *relatively* normal openly gay men who would love nothing more than to be with me, but here I am with you. It is beneath my dignity, but I'm here anyway. So think about that before you leave just cause you've heard some shit you couldn't handle.

JAMES

What do you want from me?

MIKE

What is your deal?

JAMES

What do you -

MIKE

You're not out? Ok. So you won't kiss me because that would mean what; it's more than just sex?

JAMES

I don't know.

MIKE

YES YOU DO.

JAMES

Fine. Yes. Sure. Why not.

MIKE

Is there someone else?

(Pause)

Ok. There's someone else. That's fine, I mean, we certainly have no... there's no... I mean, long as you're safe. Who?

JAMES

It's...

(He can't go on.)

MIKE

I mean, I... I'm mostly curious, I just can't even imagine where you'd meet another guy. If I wasn't drunk enough to hit on the "straight" bartender, we never would've -

JAMES

Her name's Nora.

(Beat)

We've been together for a year.

(Long Pause. MIKE is aghast.)

MIKE

Wh-

Ok.

Ok.

And... I'm guessing... Nnn- ... Nora...

(JAMES reacts to his saying her name)

... *Nora* doesn't know... about me -

JAMES

No.

MIKE

Mmhm.

Well.

I don't know what to say.

JAMES

Don't... I'm just gonna go.

MIKE

Don't go. Please.
Can you just. Stay. Please.

JAMES

I...

"I Want You to Stay With Me"

They kiss on the mouth. A sustained, passionate,
longing kiss. JAMES pulls out of it.

JAMES

I'm sorry.

JAMES leaves.

Having stumbled out into the night, he downs the
rest of the liqued in the flask.

"Time"

Toward the end of the song, he sits down.
He passes out.

Intermission

B/D LQ278 (T:5)
ACT II

Threshold of Revelation: Nora and Mike

LQ 278, follow 278.5
 NORA and MICHAEL share a moment.

NORA

Fancy meeting you here.

He looks around: "Where?"

She shrugs.

Are we stupid or is he just really good at keeping us from each other?

MIKE

You mean you really have no idea?

NORA

No. No, I don't.

Maybe I'm not very... intuitive. Or no, that's not the...

Just. Too trusting. Or something.

Or maybe I do know.

Maybe it just isn't high on my priority list. I'm more worried about how he chews his food than "is there another?"

MIKE

And a man at that.

NORA

Oh, a man are we?

MIKE

Fine - a beau then.

NORA

Well that doesn't matter.

MIKE

It doesn't?

NORA

It's New York City.

MIKE

I don't believe you. That it doesn't make any difference.

NORA

Well we'll see.

And wait, you did suspect something?

MIKE

My therapist says it's some sort of particularly gay cynicism I have where I suspect everybody of everything.

NORA

This doesn't sound like an orthodox therapist.

MIKE

Well I say therapist but I really mean this friendly old queen that buys me drinks at Marie's Crisis sometimes.

NORA

Well whatever works.

MIKE

He's sweet. Listens. No other motivations whatsoever, I'm sure.

But I would've expected another man. This... this is...

NORA

Better? Worse?

MIKE

Well. I don't really like the part of me that makes me want to say "better." You know. To bag a straighty.

NORA

Oh I yea I forgot, that's a thing with the gays.

MIKE

Mmm. And I know it's unhealthy, but...

NORA
Unhealthy?

MIKE
Oh yea, please, this attraction to brute masculinity,
it's so self loathing. It's like we're fetishizing the
thing that's oppressed us for like... centuries.

NORA
Mmm.

MIKE
Like being in love with the high school bully who
always called you a fag.

NORA
Mmm.

MIKE
Well.
If it's hot, it's hot. You can't spend your life
worrying about what your old Queer Theory Professor
would think.

NORA
You call him James.

MIKE
That's his name.

NORA
Jamie.

MIKE
Jamie? Ew.

NORA
Ew?! I love it!

MIKE
Ew. He can't pull off an androgynous name! No.

NORA
Oh! Come on!

MIKE

He isn't anywhere near fabulous enough.

NORA

What are you - what you think he's butch or something? He's butch?

MIKE

Well. Comparatively.

NORA

Huh. Cause I thought of him as sort of...

MIKE

"Metro?"

NORA

Yea!

MIKE

Ugh, you know, the whole "metro" thing has caused nothing but problems for you ladies.

NORA

Do tell.

MIKE

Closet cases love that they have this other option to hide behind! There's no best of both worlds. You need to learn to help yourselves.

NORA

(laughing)

We do? This coming from the guy who isn't interested unless they walk like John Wayne!

MIKE

Mmm.

(Pause)

It's a shame I'm going to have to hate you.

NORA

Mmm.

Well. Maybe not.

MIKE
Maybe not?

NORA
It may work out in your favor, you may never find out about me, I'm thinking about leaving town.

MIKE
Leaving New York?

NORA
Yep.

MIKE
Why would anybody ever leave New York?

NORA
Why would anybody ever stay?
I don't mean that.
Rough couple of months.
I think I feel the same way about New York as I do about Jamie.

MIKE
Who?

NORA
Jamie. James.

MIKE
I know, I was just being a bitch.

NORA
Yuck. To you.

MIKE
Go ahead. You were about to do a little Sex and the City metaphor, I believe. Love that.

NORA
You know how much it costs to take the Chinatown bus from Boston to New York?
Fifteen dollars.
Fifteen bucks to change your life.

LQ279

This City

(Pause)

LQ279.5

MIKE

Well I take cabs so...

(Pause)

*They look at each other. A moment. They
laugh.*

But I heard a lot more city than sex from that one, I
must say.

NORA

Why do you think that would be?

MIKE

I could take a guess.

(Little Pause)

NORA

I thought it was great at first.
But then I realized that was just cause I wanted him
so much.
I kept feeling something was missing.
Then I realized what it was. His eyes. He closes
them. The whole time.
Makes sense now.
It won't next time we fuck though.

MIKE

No.

NORA

I'll still wonder.

MIKE

Denial. It ain't just a river.

NORA

It is not. It's an... epidemic.

(Little Pause)

Does he do it with you too? Close his eyes...?

(Pause)

MIKE

No.
Not often anyway.
Not any more than anyone else.

NORA

Oh. And here I thought he was just...very introverted
when it comes to sex.

MIKE

In my experience there's nothing introverted about him
when it comes to sex.

NORA

I don't follow that.

MIKE

Bad attempt at drag humor. Never mind.

NORA

He's imagining you.

MIKE

Or any number of people.

NORA

Yea.
But no, no, because if he's imagining just anyone...
he'd close his eyes on you too.
(Pause.)

MIKE

Well it's a good thing people don't really talk about
these things, huh?

NORA

Mmm.
And you are a dancer.

MIKE

I am a chorus boy.

NORA

On Broadway!

MIKE

Not Broadway. Broadway National Tour. Was. On a...
two actually. But that's... or it can be... a far cry
from the Broadways.

NORA

Still!

MIKE

And you're thinking about going into... architecture?

NORA

Right!

MIKE

Do you have some sort of... design background? At all?

NORA

The chorus boy is calling me unpractical.

MIKE

Never!

NORA

Well you're paying the bills, and plenty of cabbies,
so-

MIKE

For now. We Chorus Boys sometimes have tragically
short stage lives.

NORA

Well do you act too?

MIKE

Eh.
I love to dance. When I can't do that anymore I'll do
something else.

NORA

It's that simple?

MIKE

I'm sure if it's what I'm supposed to be doing. I used
to want to get into more contemporary
stuff. But. Broadway is a somewhat more... commercial

enterprise, if you can imagine. Or at least it *was*!
Who even knows anymore. But.
Anyway. I don't always love it, and they say you have
to love it.
But dancing. Actual dancing. When I can't dance
anymore I'll probably want to die. if you want to know
the truth.
But I'll cross that bridge when I come to it.
Do you love him?

NORA

I don't think so.

MIKE

Good. I mean. All things considered, that's good.

NORA

Do you?

MIKE

(Pause)

I don't know.

I don't know him.

So it would be impossible.

But.

I don't know.

NORA

Mmm.

Neither do I. All things considered, even.

MIKE

Mmm.

I didn't think I did. Then a few weeks ago, one day -
night - I was lying in bed with him. He was
asleep. Only time he's ever fallen asleep in my...
cause I'm pretty sure he was wasted. Does he always
fall asleep the second his head touches the pillow?

NORA

Yep.

MIKE

I tend to toss and turn.

NORA
Me too.

MIKE
It can last hours. Hours. But there he is. Dead to the world.

This City (Reprise)

MIKE
See, hate is different. Hate means there's something. There has to be something worth hating, right? And I think I hate that fucker.

NORA
Mmm.
Me too, I think I hate that bastard!

MIKE
I fucking hate him.

NORA
I just want to -

MIKE
Kill him. NORA ...you know...

NORA
Well I wasn't going to say that, no, but... why not?

MIKE
If we ever meet, let's pull our resources and hire an assassin.

NORA
Deal.
Now I really hope we never meet.

MIKE
Me too.
(Pause)
Till then.

NORA
Till then.

B/D LQ280

Saturday Morning: Nora and Jamie

LQ 282
NORA on her bed. JAMIE enters. A moment, then

NORA

What. The hell?

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

NORA

I was fucking terrified! You were supposed to meet me over two hours ago! I've been calling you since LAST NIGHT!

JAMIE

I know.

NORA

Why didn't you answer your phone?

JAMIE

I...
I was too drunk.

NORA

To answer your phone?

JAMIE

Yea.

NORA

That's the biggest load of shit I've ever heard in my life! Being drunk makes people use their phone MORE! WHERE WERE YOU?

JAMIE

(Cringing)
Please. Don't yell.

NORA

Are you still... are you still hungover?

JAMIE

Yea.

NORA

Jamie.

JAMIE

Yea?

NORA

How late where you out with Alex last night?

JAMIE

I don't know. A while.

NORA

How late is a while?

JAMIE

A long time. It was a late night.

NORA

And you were with Alex?

JAMIE

Yea. I told you.

NORA

What time did you leave him?

JAMIE

What... what the hell is this?

NORA

Where you at O'Malley's the whole time?

JAMIE

Nora what are you doing?

(Pause)

NORA

I don't know. I've never felt like I had to do this before. You make me feel like a stupid little... girl. Where WERE YOU, JAMIE?

JAMIE

I was with Alex. Ok. Like I told you. We drank a little too much and I slept in today. I'm sorry I was late -

NORA

Are you lying?

JAMIE

What? No. Why would I?

NORA

Cause I talked to Alex last night. When you didn't answer your phone. I was going to ask you to go ahead and meet me here instead. If you could. I wanted to spend the morning doing applications, instead I spent it worrying about where you were and should I go to 59th and risk missing you here.

JAMIE

I went home.

NORA

What?

JAMIE

I went home. I was really tired -

NORA

James.

JAMIE

I was really tired and I went home to sleep it off and... I've been working a lot lately and I guess I just didn't realize how... tired I was and I... slept through our... I'm sorry.

NORA

You haven't worked the past two nights.

JAMIE

I... was tired.
(Pause)

NORA

Have you showered?

JAMIE

What? Um...

No. Why?

NORA

You don't look like it. You always shower. You are never not showered. You left the house without washing yourself?

JAMIE

I... was worried... I knew I'd kept you waiting.

NORA

All day.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

NORA

Don't say that again. If you're going to keep secrets from me then...

I don't know. I don't know what this is. I don't know what we are, Jamie. I don't feel like I have any idea who you are.

JAMIE

Hey. Listen. I went home. I was tired.

He goes to her.

I love you, ok?

Kisses her.

Ok?

NORA

Sure.

This was a really bad city day.

JAMIE

I'm sorry.

NORA

I swear to god - the apologizing.

JAMIE
I'm...

NORA
What?

JAMIE
Don't leave me. Ok?
(Pause)

NORA
Don't lie to me.
Ok?

JAMIE
Ok.

NORA
Ok.

JAMIE
Ok. Let's go out to... lunch or... what is it...?...
dinner or something...? But I need to rinse off first.

NORA
Please.

KQ284

A little kiss and then he disappears to the bathroom. NORA sits and looks into her mirror. A few moments later, his phone rings from his coat on the bed. NORA goes to it, takes it out of the pocket, then puts it back without opening it or looking at the panel for who's calling. She shakes her head and sits back down. Lights up on MIKE on the other side of the stage.

MIKE
It's me. Just wondering if you... made it home. Sorry for... Or.
Um.
I don't know. I'm not really sorry. At all.
But.
I don't know. Just let me know that you're ok. Text

me. Or call, you know, whatever.

LQ 286

Lights fade on MIKE. A moment, then the phone beeps. It's a voice mail alert. NORA looks up. A moment. She goes to the phone and picks it up. A moment. She opens it and registers the name on the last call. A sound from the bathroom and she drops the phone back on the bed and takes a few steps away. She then gets brave and picks up the phone again and positions herself in front of the bathroom so she'll be ready when he comes back in. Shortly thereafter JAMIE re-enters from the shower.

(A long pause, they stare at each other.)

JAMIE

What?

(Another.)

NORA

Who's Mike?

Lights out.

310 LQ 288

Mike, Mauritius, and later, Chelsea

LQ 288.5, follow: LQ 290

MIKE at a cafe table. Pink margarita, chips and salsa. With the swoop of a scarf MAURITIUS makes a fabulous entrance. Their dialogue is rhythmic and familiar.

MAURITIUS

Di-va!

MIKE

Lady!

MAURITIUS

Little one.

MIKE

Ugh. Not lately.

MAURITIUS

Don't want to hear it. How's you been, dahlink?

MIKE

Ugh, good, good, you know...

MAURITIUS

I DON'T know! I have come amongst you to be in the know. Tell tell.

MIKE

I will not - You! You champion of the little people and all the jaaazzzzzzzz...

MAURITIUS

You know me.

MIKE

Fighting the good fight?

MAURITIUS

These straighties aint gonna know what hit em.

MIKE

I bet.

MAURITIUS

It's gonna get ugly. It already is ugly, and it's gonna keep getting uglier.
But this is not cocktail conversation.

MIKE

Well these are not cocktails. Are they?

MAURITIUS

Please, margaritas put the cock in the tail! Was that crass?

MIKE

No, just entirely too easy.

MAURITIUS

I'm still getting warmed up.

MIKE

Seen anyone from the tour?

MAURITIUS

No dear, I don't rolls with them.

MIKE

No? Well no, I haven't either I guess.

MAURITIUS

I was but a lowly wig supervisor, not all of the pleasantries from the cast were as forthcoming as yours.

MIKE

Ew, they were stank?

MAURITIUS

They usually aren't, but there was something particularly vicious about that bunch. That's the thing about performers - they come in extremities, you get a lot of loveliness or a lot of stank.

MIKE

Truth. So TELL ME about your escapades at the gay whatever it is- what is it?

MAURITIUS

I am freelancing at the moment, darling, so it is a lot of things. The City Hall protest, I had my hand in a nation-wide University walk-out on December 3rd, I worked on call-in-gay on December 10th; queers called out of work in protest - and I hope you participated -

MIKE

I would've needed something to call out of.

MAURITIUS

Mmm. Went to "Light Up the Night," stop offs in Vegas and Atlanta, god help me, what else...? Lots of stuff

in December. Heading back out to Cali in a couple weeks.

MIKE

No!

MAURITIUS

It's the stomping ground.

MIKE

I don't know how you deal with it, I can't deal with ignorant people like that, I just avoid them.

MAURITIUS

I was home for the holidays and got into it with my cousin Durell -

MIKE

Ew, Durell.

MAURITIUS

Mmhmm, who had nothing original to say, just the same old shit "Adam and Eve, not Adam and-" blah blah

MIKE

Ew blah blah, hate him.

MAURITIUS

Hate him. And this is my first cousin. He's all "you know the Bible doesn't condone your behavior, Maurice." And I said "UH-UH! Maurice is my civilian name. Ever since I joined the order I go by Mauritius, and I will answer to nothing else!

MIKE

You look like a Mauritius to me.

MAURITIUS

- I go all camp on them and they don't know how to respond, it's the only way! See I don't even argue with him. I've found that arguing with stupid people is a colossal waste of energy. You'll never change their minds. All you can prove is that you're smarter than them, but you prove it to everyone else, when you really only wanted them to know.

I should take that to heart.

MAURITIUS

Mmmhmm, you should. Gotta save your brilliance for the big fights, cause they are a-comin, boy, they are a-comin. But! I want to know what the Divine Mr. M has been doing with himself since he came back! What is happening in your life?

E

(Really meaning it)

Oh my god I missed you so much.

MAURITIUS

You should have. And now we're over the histrionics - what the hell is happening?

MIKE

Lots of auditions,
(pronounced "aud-i-ci-ions.")
almost as many call-backs-

MAURITIUS

Work.

MIKE

-aaand... one offer...

MAURITIUS

Say what?

MIKE

Mmmhmm.

MAURITIUS

The Broadwaaays?!?

MIKE

Naaw.

(Beat)

Another tour.

MAURITIUS

Happiness!

MIKE

Mmm.

MAURITIUS

"Mmm," what, "Mmm"? Oh, I forgot, we aren't taking tours, we're too grown for tooooooours.

MIKE

No! You know what I said, no more national tours. Two was enough, time for the next stage in the career-

MAURITIUS

Times is hard, Mr. Todd, a job's a job, I don't know if you've heard, but Broadway's half way to shut down-

MIKE

That... is truth, but still...

MAURITIUS

Are there any other prospects?

MIKE

Eh, one or two but nothing I can bank on.

MAURITIUS

When do you have to tell them?

MIKE

ASAP! They're already out, I... I have no time to hold out for another offer...

MAURITIUS

Mmm, tough one.

MIKE

It's my own fault, I said I wouldn't even go in for anything I wouldn't take, but it had been a couple weeks and I just felt like I needed to be... productive or something so I went in.

MAURITIUS

And they swooned.

MIKE

...swooned...

MAURITIUS

Swooooooooooned for your brilliance.

MIKE

Oh go on.

MAURITIUS

Did it hurt when you kicked your face?

MIKE

(Very fey)
Maybe a little.

MAURITIUS

Yaas.

MIKE

So I need to decide like yesterday.

MAURITIUS

And what are you going to do?

MIKE

I don't know!

MAURITIUS

Boo. Do you know how many of these little twink
would kill to have the kind of leverage that
apparently you have here - ? - "I mean I might take
this Equity National Tour."

MIKE

I'm not saying they're banging down my door, it's a
risk! It's a big risk, but if I take it that's a
whole 'nother year of my life I'm giving up!

MAURITIUS

Doing what you love!...?...
(Upon "!" becoming "?", a short silence
passes between them.)

MIKE

I don't know.

ITIUS

You don't know?

3

It just... I don't feel it right now. And they say if you can do anything else, like, at all, then you should do it cause... cause the business is just too hard for the lukewarm at heart.

URITIUS

Hard when you're not getting work!

IKE

Now! Now I'm getting work, but what about... I don't know, ten or fifteen years from now when...

MAURITIUS

When what? They don't kick you out of the chorus line when you get a few wrinkles!

MIKE

Oh please!

MAURITIUS

Ten or fifteen years from now you won't be forty!

MIKE

Ok twenty or thirty years from now.

MAURITIUS

You're being ridiculous.

MIKE

I'm being-

MAURITIUS

(overlapping)

You're, no, sh sh sh, I'm speaking knowledge to you: you're acting out of fear! And what does fear beget?

MIKE

Huh?

MAURITIUS

WAR! Fear starts all the world's bullshit and it
leads to more mid life crises than mortgages and...
(whispers)
straight marriages.

MIKE

Sing it.

MAURITIUS

I'm being real with you. You're seriously considering
packing up and going home because you're afraid of
growing old?

MIKE

No.

MAURITIUS

It's just a career decision. Do you think you're
gonna get another offer?

MIKE

I don't know. It's possible but... this is a sure
thing. I wouldn't not take it just cause I...
there's... I don't know...

MAURITIUS

Hmm? What? Is there something else?

MIKE

No.

(Beat)

Maybe.

(Beat)

Possibly a guy.

MAURITIUS

Of course, who?

MIKE

No one, no one you know.

MAURITIUS

Well fill me in, stupid, it has to be serious if
you're

making life decisions around him.

MIKE

No it's... it's not, actually. It's not serious.

(Beat)

But.

MAURITIUS

What? What is it then?

MIKE

It's... it's stupid, I can't believe I'm talking about this right now. I actually... I've... I don't think I've ever talked about it with anyone before, so I guess I'm just as bad as he is but... I don't know I...

MAURITIUS

Ooo this sounds deep.

MIKE

No it's... skip it. How's the... rallying or...?

MAURITIUS

Uh uh, naw don't bore me, who is boo boo?

MIKE

He's no one. And by that I mean I have no idea who boo boo is.

(Pause. Then a look from Mauritius)

We met at a bar like... almost nine months ago now. A straight bar.

MAURITIUS

Ew.

MIKE

Right. And we... I was drunk. He... I don't know if he was. I doubt it, he was at work-

MAURITIUS

A bartender! He must be tres beauteous!

MIKE

Ahh... not the kind of bartender you're thinking of...

MAURITIUS

Hmm? Wait, he works in a straight bar?

MIKE

He... anyway we sort of... I sort of... went home with him...

MAURITIUS

Mess. Love it. Continue.

MIKE

...and we've been... we've been seeing each other...
or... well... we've been... more or less seeing...
we've...
We've been fucking ever since.

MAURITIUS

My my my.
And when you say fucking, you mean the relationship
consists of naught but-

MIKE

Yea. Well, up until three weeks ago. We sort of... I
guess I... finagled... I hate that word... I... yea I
finagled my way into having an actual date with him
and now I don't even know what I'm doing...

MAURITIUS

Tricky.

MIKE

He's... exactly what I thought he would be. Which is
the worse thing he possibly could be.
I mean we had barley spoken.

MAURITIUS

Ew what is this relationship?

MIKE

I don't know! I didn't know - or, no, I still don't
know! But, Mauri, I can't even...

MAURITIUS

The boot knocking?
(MIKE nods)
Glorious?
(then off MIKE's heavy sigh)
I see.
But why didn't you ever speak?

MIKE
Well... that's the thing... I wasn't sure... but...
he's...
(Pause)

MAURITIUS
No.
He's in the closet.

MIKE
More or less.

MAURITIUS
You're either in or your out.

MIKE
He's very in. Very. Very in.
(Pause)
I guess I knew, I mean he works in a straight bar,
he... he would act like I was speaking a different
language sometimes. But then we actually spoke and
now...

MAURITIUS
God.

MIKE
Yea.

MAURITIUS
You're dickmatized.

MIKE
Worse. Worse than that.

MAURITIUS
Oh you mean the quality of his *personage* appeals to
you as well!

MIKE

Well. What little I've seen. I thought maybe we had something that one night. Before he completely lost his shit and left and... I haven't heard from him since.

MAURITIUS

This was?

MIKE

Going on three weeks ago.

MAURITIUS

You've called?

MIKE

I usually never call. Just text. But yes, I have called.

MAURITIUS

No response?

MIKE

None. I may have gotten him into trouble.

MAURITIUS

Trouble?

MIKE

With his...

MAURITIUS

His...?

MIKE

His girlfriend.
(Pause)

MAURITIUS

Great.

MIKE

I didn't know until that night.

MAURITIUS

...I hate to tell you...

MIKE

I'm never going to hear from him again?

MAURITIUS

Three weeks is a long time.

MIKE

Yea.

MAURITIUS

Sorry Babs, didn't mean to rain on your parade.

MIKE

What do I do?

(Pause)

What?

MAURITIUS

I don't know how to say this.

MIKE

What? I know he probably won't call, I get it, don't worry about me like crying or anything.

MAURITIUS

No, that's not it.

Baby. You know I love you, I do, but...

(Pause)

There was an event in Atlanta in December. And besides Atlanta having quite a scene, it is, nonetheless, Atlanta, Georgia.

It was out in front of this Mall. And at one point these boys, these guys, these... young men... drove by in the whole get up - the pickup truck and the stars and bars and the John Deer hats - not the trendy hipster John Deer hats, which are maybe even worse, but like authentic, no irony, faded John Deer hats. And the guys... they didn't do anything any more surprising than Durell did; just shouted out the obligatory epithets and drove away. Words I've heard my entire life. But for some reason, maybe it was being there in the South, where as far as a lot of people are concerned, I have two strikes against me

from the gate... for some reason I was... struck.
 With this... profound... thought:
 There are some people we can never reach.
 There are some people we will never get through to,
 some who have no interest in hearing us.
 We forget in the city - it's a cliché to us,
 something you have to go home to be reminded of, so
 you just don't go home.
 But out there - in all that wide open space - there
 are people you've never met who hate you very much.
 And probably hate me even more. And for a lot of
 them, there isn't a damn thing can be done to change
 that. They're so absolute, so resolved in their
 hatred. And it occurred to me. We need their
 resolution. Not in hate, no, not in that, we need
 their conviction in our own sense of truth. We have
 to be just as sure that we deserve our dignity as they
 are that we're going to burn in hell. And every
 lingering doubt that we in our... Academic, liberal
 arts trained, shades-of-grey-finding minds come to see
 is a crack in the wall of fortitude, and a crack they
 will use to tear us apart.
 Because they don't have cracks in their cosmology.
 It's simple to them. We're weak, we have to get
 strong. We have to find a way to do that. As someone
 who is a part of the movement, and make no
 mistake, it is a movement, I need to stay convinced
 that we can get strong. And I sit here. And I listen
 to you consider not taking a gig because of a man who
 hasn't spoken to you in almost a month, and I think,
 "we're fucked."
 (Pause)

MIKE

I...

MAURITIUS

How old is this guy?

MIKE

He's... 25 I think.

MAURITIUS

Twenty five. He's had a quarter of a century to figure out who he is, but he's still afraid. He looks at someone like you and sees something he doesn't want to be a part of. On November 4th the whole world changed. My people were given a physical embodiment - living proof that we have come far! That struggle can lead to triumph! I should have had no reason to do anything but celebrate that night. But that wasn't the whole story. Everyone took a giant leap forward. Except us. We lost something we thought we already had. How'd that happen?

MIKE

I don't know.

MAURITIUS

Course you don't, you were busy fretting over your closet case. Baby, I get it. We all want a maaan. And the ones who still claim to fuck pussy make us feel all randy for reasons I don't even feel like exploring at the moment. But this is not the time to be stressing over someone who's on the wrong side of history.

MIKE

He's a person, this isn't about politics, people are still people.

MAURITIUS

But it is about politics. It's all politics now. Every move we make, as a group, is part of our political destiny. They need to see us, they need to know who we are, and then maybe things'll change - there's that word again - change, actually change. It's about three decades too late for any of us to be wasting time on a guy in his mid 20's who's unable to be loud and proud.

MIKE

It's different for everyone -

MAURITIUS

Yea, Some people never come out. How's it looking for him?

MIKE

Not everyone is as strong as you.

MAURITIUS

This isn't a time for weakness. You think I'm just being dramatic? They're taking our rights away.

MIKE

I know.

MAURITIUS

Do you? Cause I look at you and all these little New York queers with their neck bones and their Prada and their swoops and I wonder if half of you even have any idea -

MIKE

Don't - don't put me in that category.

MAURITIUS

No, you're with the others, fretting over whether or not the understudy is going on tonight.

MIKE

You can be concerned and still manage to... live your life... life continues when everything else is shitty...

MAURITIUS

Yes you can be concerned but your concern does nothing... it does, it does, yes, it does.

MAURITIUS

It will go on. Life does. On into what though?

(Pause)

You resent me right now. Nevermind.

(Pause)

Where the fuck is the waitress?

(He signals for the waitress)

MIKE

I'm sorry, I didn't think about how... I didn't realize how trivial this was.

MAURITIUS

No. No, please, listen, I'm not calling it trivial.
 Or at least I know it isn't to you. No one can help
 how they feel. That shit creeps up on you, I
 understand that, I just -
 Here she is.

————— LQ 290.2 CHELSEA enters.

CHELSEA

Oh I'm so sorry! I didn't realize the rest of your
 party had arrived!

MAURITIUS

It's fine.

CHELSEA

No it isn't, I'm new here, I'm still learning the...
 learning the ropes! I've never waitressed before,
 it's very - it's... there's a lot more to it than some
 people think!

(Big laugh)

But God, I have to stop going on like that to my
 tables! What can I get you?

MAURITIUS

You're cute.

CHELSEA

Thank you! So are you!

MAURITIUS

Aren't I? I'll have a Mega Marg.

CHELSEA

One Mega Margarita...

MAURITIUS

Peach.

CHELSEA

Peach! Good choice!

MAURITIUS

Just cause it aint Spring yet don't mean I can't drink
 like it's summertime!

CHELSEA

Yay! Another for you - oh well, you haven't even finished the first so... well that doesn't stop some people, does it?!

MAURITIUS

It does not, and I can go ahead and tell you he'll be wanting a second.

MIKE

No, I'm fine for now.

CHELSEA

Ok! I'll just -

MAURITIUS

I'm in love with your ring, my dear, look at that thing, Mikey!

CHELSEA

Oh! Thank you!

MAURITIUS

When's the big day?

CHELSEA

Oh not till July, we're doing it on his uncles boat in North Carolina! A Southern Wedding!

MAURITIUS

Glooorious!

CHELSEA

I know! At first I said "well we live in New York City - there are so many gorgeous churches, why would we travel? But then he took me down there during the summer and...!

MAURITIUS

Breathtaking?

CHELSEA

Oh! Just...! Oh!

MAURITIUS

That's one thing I'll say for the South, it is scenic.
Some of it.

CHELSEA

Oh it is! We're just so excited!

MAURITIUS

Much congrats.

CHELSEA

Well I'll just go get your drink now -

MAURITIUS

Do. But hold that ring up high while you do it,
honey, remember, it's a privilege not everyone is
afforded.

(Pause)

CHELSEA

(momentarily uncomfortable)

I... oh, I will! I will!

— 12290.5 She exits.
(Pause)

MAURITIUS

Marriage. You know I've never had any interest in it,
myself. I sometimes have to stop and remind myself
that. It's easier to bear the frustration if it isn't
personal, even though of course it is.

MIKE

I want to tell you. That...
I am aware that there is a lot of... that there's a
lot going on in the world. I'm aware of that. And it
does make me mad, it makes me livid. And I voted,
and... and if I was living in California I would have
done more, you know? I would have. But not everyone
can stop their lives when the bigots start...

MAURITIUS

Gaining the lead?

MIKE

Sure. Even then, not everyone can put it all on hold

MIKE ...one's asking y
No, I know you're no
And that sounded like
sound like. I... and
bullshit, but I can't e
respect I have for you -

MAURITIUS

Save your respect.

MIKE

I mean it, Mauri.
(He grins)

RITIUS

See that's why I made I brilliant
re-christened myself; all you have
ame and the tension dissolves a bit
I... I'm sorry. I'm sorry that I
with a lot of bullshit.

I... I just never... thought of
... I know what I'm going to do.
v... strongly for him.

ly am. I just never... thought of
... I know what I'm going to do.
v... strongly for him.
speak to him again?

MIKE

But I don't need you to tell me that. I... I'll figure it out.

(Pause)

Mauritius.

MAURITIUS

Sounds like it should have a follow up... "Mauritius the divine."

MIKE

Mauritius the mighty!

MAURITIUS

Mauritius the fabulitius!

(Pronounced "fabulishious")

————— LQ290.7

CHELSEA re-enters with the drink.

CHELSEA

Here you go!

MAURITIUS

You can actually let him have that one, I need to be on my way...

MIKE

What?

MAURITIUS

I need to be going lovey, I've much to do.

MIKE

Are you serious? You just got here! You haven't had your drink!

MAURITIUS

I told you my time was limited.

MIKE

Mauri, come on. I'm not upset.

MAURITIUS

I'm not worried about you being upset. You have shit to think about and I have shit to do.

CHELSEA

So you don't want the drink?

MAURITIUS

He'll have it. Nothing like a little liquor to get your mind right.
Sorry, baby, I really do have things to do.

MIKE

Call me before you leave?

MAURITIUS

I will. Michael. Please. Don't be a silly bitch.
Let me know how it goes.

MIKE

I will.

MAURITIUS

"His girlfriend." Mmm. You's jest a spider Miss Scarlet.
(to Chelsea)
You really are the cutest thing.
(to everyone)
And now, having said her piece, Mammy makes her exit and
leaves the white folk to their own devices.
He does just that.
(Pause)

CHELSEA

Do you want the drink?

MIKE

Yea I'll take it.

CHELSEA

Kay...
Well, let me know if you need anything!

MIKE

I will.

CHELSEA

Kay!

She exits.

Michael is alone.

Nora, Alex and later, Chelsea

Nora and Alex stare at each other for a long moment, then...

ALEX

I know a lot of Michaels.

NORA

Like who?

ALEX

I don't know! Jesus... my cousin, for one-

NORA

Does Jamie know him?

ALEX

No. I mean, no they've met, we went to a Yankees game Sophomore year but that's about it.

NORA

So there'd be no reason for him to call him?

ALEX

Look, this is weird. You know? It's... why don't you ask him?

NORA

I did. He said it's an old friend from college - you went to college with him. So.

ALEX

Well we didn't... no, we didn't really know any Michaels. I mean we knew them, but...

NORA

Well who could it be then?

ALEX

Yo what is up with you two?

NORA

I don't know.

ALEX

I mean if you're freaking out cause you don't recognize a name on his fucking missed call list...

NORA

Eight times! Eight times this guy called him last week - and never once did Jamie answer or call him back. And he won't... he doesn't tell me anything.

ALEX

Well. What were you doing checking the guys calls?

NORA

That's - I wasn't. I wasn't checking his calls. The phone rang and I was just going to... He had been out all night, the night before. With you. Remember when I called you? He said he was coming to meet me? He wasn't. I didn't see him till the next day.

ALEX

That was a while ago.

NORA

Three weeks. And he's been... almost avoiding me ever since. Ever since I asked him about it. But. And don't give me the "you're a crazy girl" look-

ALEX

I'm not!

NORA

I checked his missed call list last time. Not the first time. Just last time. Last time I saw him. Which was four days ago! I mean we usually see each other at least...

(Pause)

ALEX

You don't think it's... drugs, do you?
(Pause)

NORA

No, Alex, I don't think it's drugs.

ALEX

I don't mean like drugs, I mean like drug drugs, you know?

NORA

I- yes I know, no I don't think that's what it is.

ALEX

Well what could it be? What would he really have to hide, you know?

NORA

I don't know.
I have...
There's one thing.

CHELSEA enters in her work clothes.

CHELSEA

Hey Nora!

NORA

Hey Chelsea.

CHELSEA

Hey baby!

ALEX

Hey.

CHELSEA

He said we had a visitor! I was so excited! We never get visitors! But I'm mad at you honey, you couldn't have waited to have our visitor on a day I had off so I could get this place into shape?

ALEX

She just - she's all in a...

60

NORA

(overlapping)

No, no, no, no I just... I am not...
Chelsea, this place looks... immaculate. It's
gorgeous.

CHELSEA

Oh! Hardly! But thank you, thank you Nora!

ALEX

How was work?

CHELSEA

It was good. It was really good...

ALEX

Did you make the goal?

CHELSEA

I... not quite... but I did better than yesterday.

ALEX

How short?

CHELSEA

Not much... forty or so off I think...

ALEX

Honey, come on.

CHELSEA

It was a slow day!

ALEX

That means you've got to work harder to make the
tables you have count.

NORA

Excuse me, what is this?

ALEX

Nothing, don't-

CHELSEA

(overlapping)

Oh it's nothing, its stupid-

ALEX

It's not stupid!

CHELSEA

No I didn't mean it like that, it's not stupid,
it's...

Alex is helping me be a better waitress, he's-

ALEX

We're setting goals and-

CHELSEA

And he - we find out my "per cap" which is how much I
generally make per person I serve, and I keep their
receipts and we look at the total... the total
percentage and we see what percentage of the total
spent I'm taking home.

ALEX

She went down last week - to 19%

CHELSEA

But I was up the week before!

NORA

Well don't be too hard on yourself, people aren't
spending as much money any more.

ALEX

That's no excuse, that's why you have to be even more
vigilant.

CHELSEA

He used to be a manager at his Uncle's restaurant.

NORA

Uh huh.

ALEX

Got to start thinking about these things before
everything goes to shit.

NORA

Let's not... let's just not.

CHELSEA

Oh I really need to get out of these work clothes!
First I sweat through them then it... freezes when I
go outside! Can sweat freeze, do you think?

ALEX

I don't know.

CHELSEA

Kay, well I'll be right back.

She exits

ALEX

What were you saying?

NORA

I don't remember.

ALEX

Look, I don't know what you want from me. If you have
issues with James then you need to talk to him about
it, leave me out of it.

NORA

Alex, did James ever... were there ever... did
anybody...
Oh Christ.

ALEX

What!? What!? What the fuck are you talking about?
(Beat)

NORA

You know it's fucked up the way you make her report
her earnings back to you like a goddamn employee.

ALEX

Excuse me? What the - who the fuck do you think you
are?

NORA

Just a little observation, and she hates doing it to, it's so fucking clear, but you're too much of a prick to notice.

ALEX

She - I'm a what!? Really, who do you think you are? You come in here, you want my help cause you can't handle your own life and then you want to - what to - to fucking criticize me! Everything's going to shit, ok. It's going to fucking shit and I'm - we're trying to stay... afloat.

NORA

Oh you're really just barley getting by, I can see that, oh yea.

ALEX

Fuck you Nora.
You don't know shit, you know that?

NORA

LQ 303.5
You're right, I don't know shit, I don't know shit anymore, I know fucking nothing! There's only one thing in this world that I'm sure of anymore and that's that you're a money-grubbing Republican pig. Goodbye.

ALEX

No hold on just a fucking second - wait wait wait -

NORA

WHAT?

ALEX

No I don't have shit to say to you - you can go straight to hell, I want to know what you were about to say about Jamison, cause he's still my best fucking friend and I want to know if he's fucking his life up.

NORA

You don't give a fuck about him.

ALEX

Fuck you, you stupid bitch.

(Pause)

Ok. This is getting... out of-

NORA

I'm sorry.

ALEX

No, I'm... well... thanks. You... that's... yea.

NORA

Yea.

For saying you don't give a fuck about him, cause you do, but I *meant* the money grubbing Republican pig part.

ALEX

Yea well.

Yea well what were you gonna say?

(Beat)

NORA

Wow. You're the bigger person right now. Just when I thought it couldn't get worse.

ALEX

Can you just. Please.

NORA

It's... I... I can't... I don't know how to say it. I don't know how to... start

CHELSEA comes back in.

CHELSEA

I met the funniest gay guys today at work!

(Beat)

ALEX

Honey we're...

CHELSEA

Oh, I'm sorry. Is everything ok?

ALEX

Yea.

CHELSEA

Oh, good. Yea, well one of them was funny, the other one wasn't so much. Aren't gay guys funny though? They're always so funny.

NORA

I have to go.

She exits.

CHELSEA

What's wrong?

ALEX

I don't...

No one wants to hear about some fags you met at work, ok?

(Pause)

CHELSEA

Honey. Don't be a silly bitch.

B/D She exits.

LQ304
Nora, Jamie, Mike

LQ306
Nora and Jamie in, or maybe on the bed, undressed, not looking at each other. She is devastated.

(A very, very long pause)

JAMIE

I'm going to take a shower.

NORA

(Does not look at him)

Yea.

LQ308
He sits for a moment, then exits.

She is very still for a bit, then moves quickly to his pants on the floor. She removes his phone and calls.

The Phone Call

She takes a moment, then starts dressing with a great fervor. Once dressed, she pulls a suitcase out from under her bed and begins wildly throwing her belongings into it. JAMIE enters. He takes her in. She stops.

NORA

Get out.

JAMIE

What?

NORA

GET OUT!

JAMIE

Wait wait wait - what? Why are you-

NORA

I said get out of here!
I need you gone now.

JAMIE

Nora what are you - what is this? Why are you...?

NORA

(overlapping)
Don't talk, don't talk to me, don't, don't, don't!
DON'T TALK! Why should you start talking now?

JAMIE

WHAT HAPPENED?

She hurls the phone at him.

NORA

I just had a talk. With your boyfriend.
(Pause)

JAMIE

What did he...?
No.
No, no, no, it's...

NORA

It's what?
It's what?
It's what Jamie?
What is it?

JAMIE

...

NORA

Get out.

JAMIE

Nora.
Please.

NORA

Please? Please?
(Pause)
Oh. Quiet again.
Well you're right, there's really nothing to say, is there?

JAMIE

Nora -

I'm Leaving

She is still packing.

JAMIE

I didn't mean to lie.

NORA

Leave. Right now.

JAMIE

I love you.

NORA

You don't.
(Pause)

JAMIE

Maybe I... maybe... maybe not.

JAMIE

I just never know how I'm supposed to feel Nora.
I don't know if I feel anything.

She stops packing and slowly goes to him. For a moment it looks as if she will kiss or embrace him, but instead she hits him, hard, across the face.

NORA

Feel that?

(Pause)

I'm going home. Get out. I mean it. Now.

*After a moment, he does.
She returns to her packing, stops, throws her head back and screams, then returns again to the packing.*

James, Mike

James has moved to the center of the stage. The lights slowly crossfade and he is with Mike. They stand across the room from each other, staring. MIKE also has a suitcase out, his room in disarray from packing.

MIKE

So.

I'd ask how your day went. But.

Or... I'd ask what you're doing here. But.

James

She called you or you called... me?

MIKE

Does it matter?

JAMES

Yea - no, I ... no, but...

MIKE

She called me.

I thought it was you.

In which case... I shouldn't have answered. Must've been curiosity: What could you have to say?

But it was her.

JAMES

And you told her?

MIKE

I told her *nothing*. I didn't have to, she knew already.

I *hope* you're not here to make me feel guilty-

JAMES

No.

MIKE

Cause I'd be liable to say fuck you.

Matter-of-fact: fuck you. Fuck you, anyway.

JAMES

Please don't.

(Pause)

MIKE

Why are you here, James?

JAMES

I don't know. Cause...

Cause I don't know where else I'm supposed to...

(Beat)

She left... she's going. She's going back.

MIKE

Going where?

JAMES

Home, to Boston - to Massachusetts... or outside of...
little town... little...

Can't remember the name.

She's gone.

MIKE
Good for her.

JAMES
What are you...? What is this?

MIKE
This... these are... the contents of my life in the city,
most of which I'm putting into storage, and the rest I'm
putting into two pieces of luggage that can't exceed...

Checks a piece of paper

50 pounds in total... or there's charges. Air lines, you
know.

JAMES
You're leaving?
You're not.
You're not leaving too?

Mike
Flying to Houston tomorrow. Booked a job. A tour, another
tour. You're timing's just...
Not that timing should have anything to do with it.

James
You're leaving.

Mike
Least we agree on that.

James
Don't go, please.

MIKE
Come on!
I made a fool out of myself for you: no - none - zero self
respect - because of you! - considered - *actually*
considered turning down this contract for your sake! You!
Who the fuck are you?
Well now that I've been given a little... perspective...
I think maybe I know who you are and I don't want anything
to do with that.

James
I don't... I don't know what you're saying but-

Mike
I know you don't.

James
But it doesn't... it's not true... it's not.

Mike
What isn't? What the hell do you know about the truth?

James
Just don't do this please, just don't...

LQ 320
*On the other side of the stage, in the dim light,
Nora has finished packing and stands for a moment
in the bare room. JAMISON watches as she
leaves. He turns back to MIKE.*

I want you to stay with me.

MIKE
Oh Christ.

James
Everyone goes.

MIKE
And I wonder why that would be...

James
Stay with me!

Mike
You want me to stay because
Your girl has gone away
And you're alone
Now there's no Nora, there's no Michael-

James
(to himself)
Only me!
Just me.

MIKE
Sorry James.
Goodbye.

66

JAMES
Please.
I want you to stay with me.
I want you to stay with me!

(pause)

MIKE
Ok.
We stay here tonight. We know how that goes. But when morning comes?
And after that?

LQ 321
They are very close, and it should be noted,
MICHAEL wants very much to kiss him.

Michael's Confrontation Song

LQ 322, follow: 322.5
By now MIKE has moved away from JAMISON and the lights come down on him. Now JAMISON alone is lighted in the middle of the stage.

Jamison's Last Song

LQ 324 → follow spot up
NORA enters, suitcase in hand.

NORA *LQ 324 → spots out*
Hey. It's me. Wow, really glad you didn't pick up.
So. Wanted to tell you that... I'm home... I'm back
in Massachusetts - but not for long! I uh - I'm - I'm
moving, again, I'm ... I'm going to California. San
Francisco. I just sent in about a thousand
applications and so... we'll see. May be a huge
mistake but... I'm young, you know, I'm really fucking
young. Good time for mistakes.
Anyway, I wanted to tell you... that... I don't hate
you. I don't. Not anymore. Not even ever, really, I
just... I don't really know why, I feel... relieved
now, or something, it's fucking... *bizarre!*
Which... I mean, that does not let you off the hook,
you're a real fucking head case, and I think you know
that - oh, right, so yea, I told my mom about you,
sorry, uh, anyway, she gave me the number of a
shrink. So. Yea... it's... hold on...
Uh, you ready? Kay well, he's not there, Nora,
ummm...
Ok, it's 212 920 0806. So. Look it up. Like now.

(laughs)

And... I leave next week.
Don't call me. Ever. I don't see the need. Not to
be mean, I just...
Kay. Well. Good luck Jamie. Good luck James. Bye.

MICHAEL enters, also with a suitcase.

MIKE

(in the middle of talking to someone else)

-That's what I said, you're in a fucking *off stage*
sound booth; *mix*. There's no need for all that
screaming -

(realizing)

Oh shit! Hey. Oh, imagine that; you didn't answer
your phone.
Um. I'm in Houston... Texas, bleh. I uh... I don't
know, I don't know why I'm...
Ummm. Actually yes I do... wanted to say... that... I
went to my , uh, *zen place* and decided to take this
job, even though I'm not sure... I'm not sure if it's
what I want, I don't know. And... I'm telling you
that because... I realized that I get this *whole year*
to figure out if this is right for me or not, I'm
just... I get like a year of... of time to get to know
myself, of introspection or something I guess, and
most people don't get that. So I'm lucky.
And I'm not trying to brag - well, maybe a little, did
I mention my *per diem*? I can't even... it's... talk
about fabulous, oooh lord.
But anyway - I wanted to tell you cause you're
probably gonna have a bit more... *you time now*...
unless of course, you've already moved on to
another... *pair*... uh, heh-heh. Ugh.
So yea, Jamison, this is what I wanted to say: I'll be
back in the city next year and... I don't know if I'm
gonna want to see you or not, that'll really depend on
if you're still a reckless mess of a human being,
really.
So it's on you.
It takes soooooooooo much to change. And it takes
absolutely nothing at all to just... stay the same.
So. Bye.

67

MICHAEL and NORA exit.

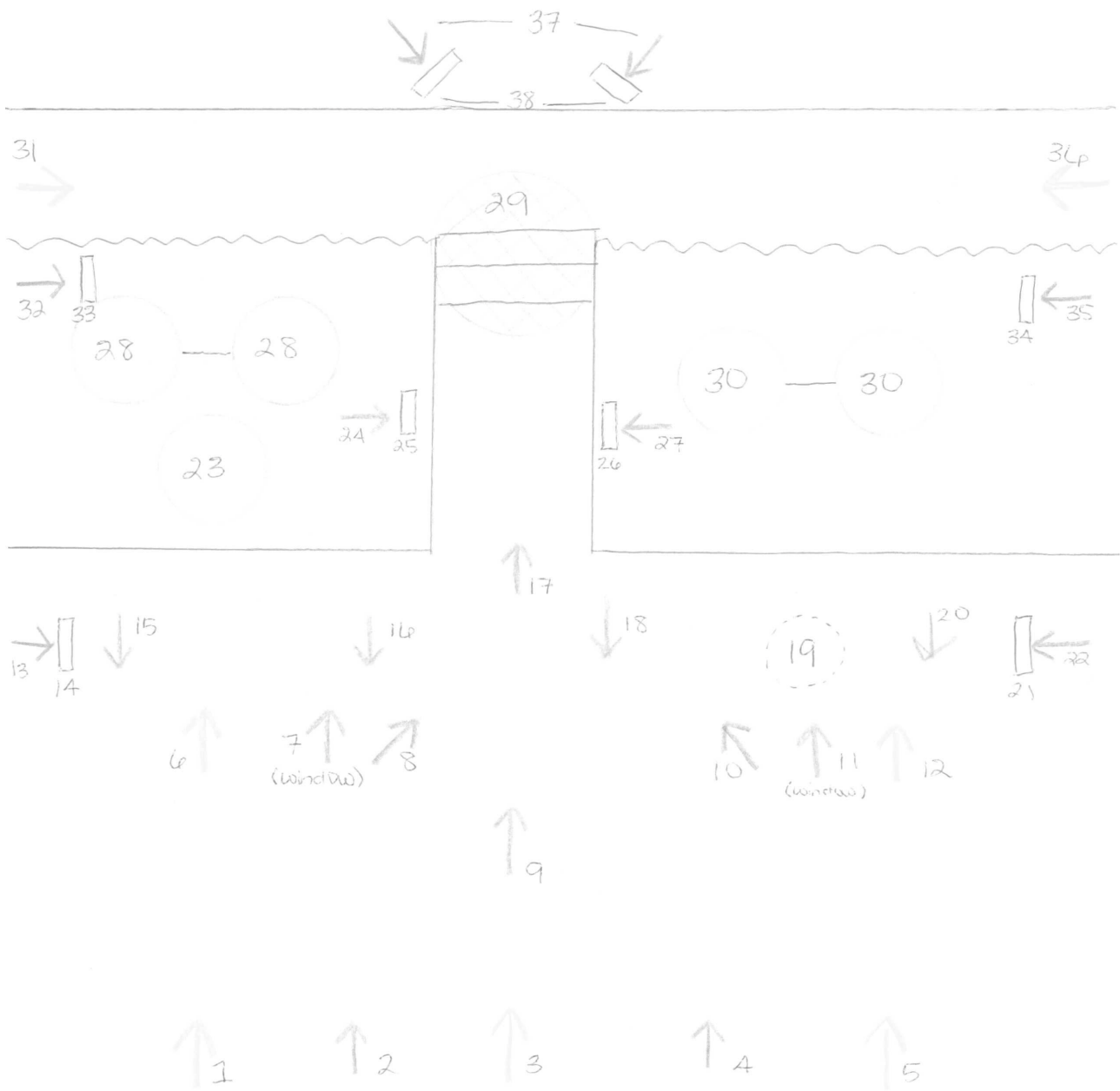
JAMISON sits alone for a moment, then a sudden change comes over his face, he looks out for a moment, then stands.

B/O LQ 328

curtain call LQ 330

post-show LQ 330

APPENDIX D: SUPPORTING PAPERWORK



FS1-39

FS2-40

69

CUE	TIME	Follow	ON	FOR
ACT I				
200	3	3	House Open	Pre-Show
202	3	5	SM's "go"	Blackout
204	5	1	Music begins	"Opening Soliloquy (Mike)"
204.1	1	1	"James..."	Un-freeze
204.2	1	1	"You envelope me..."	Freeze
204.3	1	1	"Why?"	Un-freeze
204.4	1	1	"question of you."	Freeze
204.5	1	2	"find their way."	Un-freeze
205.5	2	3	Passionate embrace	Blackout
206	3	3	Jamison's entrance	Natural bedroom lighting
208	3	5	"Fuck"	Blackout
208.2	5	1	2 Auto-follow	Lights up on Nora's room
210	1	2	Jamison's entrance	Natural bedroom lighting
212	2	3	Kiss, and exit	Blackout
214	3	5	Jamison/Nora's entrance	Bar: O'Malley's
216	5	3	"See? Politics."	DSR Outside lights for Nora
218	3	5	"Where the fuck is Chelsea?"	Blackout, except DSR
218.2	5	3	3 Auto-follow	DSR outside lights for Nora
220	3	3	Music begins	"Aren't Men Funny?" - spots
222	3	5	"Aren't men funny?"	Spots out
224	5	3	Chelsea exits	Dims for Nora smoking
226	3	3	Nora's exit	Blackout
228	3	5	Jamison's entrance	Lights up on Mike's room
230	5	2	"I'm fucking hilarious..."	Dims for "Tell Me"
232	2	4	first "Tell me, tell me..."	Lights up on Nora, too
234	4	1	"Do I love you?"	Build cue
236	1	3	Jamison's entrance	Reality in Nora's room
238	3	3	Nora sits up in bed	Return to "Tell Me" lights
240	3	3	"Tell me, Jamie"	Blackout for Mike
242	3	3	"Just tell me..."	Blackout
244	3	3	Nora, sitting at her armoire	Morning light in Nora's room
246	3	3	Jamison's exit	Blackout
248	3	2	Alex and Jamison at the bar	Bar; dim on Nora & Mike's apts
250	2	2	Jamison reaches UC	UC platform light
252	2	1	Jamison's exit	Blackout on UC and Mike's apt
254	1	3	"Son of a bitch/Motherfucker"	Blackout
256	3	3	Jamison & Mike's laughter	Mike's apartment at night
258	3	6	"Stay. Please."	"I Want You to Stay w/ Me" spot
260	6	5	1st chorus "I want you..."	1st Build
262	5	0	"We'll make our own light..."	2nd Build
264	0	3	Jamison shoves Mike away	Snap to reality of apartment
266	3	2	Jamison's exit	Blackout
268	2	3	Jamison's entrance on platform	UC platform light
268.5	3	5	1 Auto-follow	DC focus for "Time"
270	5	3	Stumble to UC platform	Shift to UC platform and special
272	3	3	Jamison drops his flask	All to black, except special & cyc
272.5	5	3	3 Auto-follow	Blackout

CUE	TIME	Follow	ON	FOR
ACT II				
274	3	▲ 5 ▼	SM's "go"	Intermission lighting
276	5	▲ 3 ▼	SM's "go"	Blackout
278	3	▲ 3 ▼	Nora and Mike entrance	Dream Sequence
279	3	▲ 3 ▼	"Fifteen dollars..."	Blues intensify for "This City"
279.5	3	▲ 3 ▼	Music fades	Back to Dream Sequence
279.6	3	▲ 3 ▼	"Dead to the world."	Blues intensify for "This City"
279.7	3	▲ 3 ▼	Music fades again	Back to Dream Sequence
280	3	▲ 3 ▼	Nora, "Till then."	Blackout
282	3	▲ 5 ▼	Jamison's entrance	Morning light in Nora's room
284	5	▲ 5 ▼	Jamison exits to bathroom	Lights up on Mike's apt, too
286	5	▲ 1 ▼	"you know, whatever..."	Lights out on Mike's apt
288	1	▲ 3 ▼	"Who's Mike?"	Blackout
288.5	3	▲ 3 ▼	Mauritius' entrance "Di-va!"	Lights up @ restaurant & platform
290	5	▲ 2 ▼	3 Auto-follow	Platform fades out
290.2	2	▲ 2 ▼	"Here she is..."	Chelsea's entrance from DSL
290.3	2	▲ 2 ▼	Chelsea exits	Chelsea exits; back to just table
290.7	2	▲ 3 ▼	"Mauritius the fabulitus!"	Chelsea's entrance from DSL
291	3	▲ 3 ▼	"to their own devices"	Platform light for Mauritius' exit
291.2	3	▲ 3 ▼	3 Auto-follow	Platform light out
292	3	▲ 3 ▼	Mike crosses to DC	Expand DS lights
294	3	▲ 3 ▼	Mike crosses to UC	Dim DS light and bring up UC
296	3	▲ 3 ▼	Mike's exit	Blackout
298	3	▲ 3 ▼	Mike enters his apartment	Mike's apartment
300	3	▲ 3 ▼	Chord resolves & music fades	Blackout
302	3	▲ 3 ▼	Nora and Alex @ places	Alex/Chelsea's apartment DSL
303	3	▲ 3 ▼	Chelsea's entrance	Platform lights
303.5	3	▲ 1 ▼	Nora, "You're right" Cross to DC	DC lights intensify
304	1	▲ 3 ▼	"Don't be a silly bitch."	Blackout
306	3	▲ 5 ▼	Nora and Jamison in bed	Nora's apartment
308	5	▲ 3 ▼	Nora, "Yea..."	Fade up on Mike's apartment
310	3	▲ 3 ▼	Nora calls Mike	Mike's room brightens further
312	3	▲ 3 ▼	Jamison, "Nora..."	Followspot up
314	3	▲ 0 ▼	Music fades	Followspot out
316	0	▲ 0 ▼	Nora slaps Jamison	Lonely hallway lights btw apts
318	0	▲ 3 ▼	Jamison steps into Mike's apt	Mike's apartment lights
320	3	▲ 3 ▼	Underscore begins	"Stay with me (Reprise)"
321	3	▲ 3 ▼	"And after that?"	"Mike's Confrontation Song"
322	3	▲ 3 ▼	Mike pushes Jamison	Back to Lonely Hallway light
322.5	3	▲ 3 ▼	3 Jamison walk DC	Dims into "Jamison's Last Song"
324	3	▲ 3 ▼	Nora and Mike's entrance	Followspots up on USL & USR
326	3	▲ 3 ▼	Nora and Mike cross DC, too	Spots fade out
328	3	▲ 3 ▼	Jamison sighs	Blackout
330	3	▲ 3 ▼	SM's "go"	Curtain Call
332	3	▲ 3 ▼	SM's "go"	Post-show

Our Guy: A Musical Play CHANNEL HOOKUP

Page 1
06 May 2009

Lighting Design by Maria Gerhard

Chn	Dim	Position	U	Typ/Acc/Watt	Purpose	Color & Tmp
(1)	1/12	NO. 3 ELEC	5	s4 50ø 575w	DS Frontlight	A-7900
(2)	1/9	NO. 3 ELEC	4	s4 50ø 575w	DS Frontlight	A-2040
(3)	1/8	NO. 3 ELEC	3	s4 50ø 575w	DS Frontlight	A-7900
(4)	1/28	NO. 3 ELEC	2	s4 50ø 575w	DS Frontlight	A-3350
(5)	1/31	NO. 3 ELEC	1	s4 50ø 575w	DS Frontlight	A-7700
(6)	1/7	NO. 5 ELEC	6	s4 50ø 575w	US Frontlight (Nora's Room)	A-7900
(7)	1/10	NO. 5 ELEC	5	s4 36ø+window gobo 575w	Window Special (Nora's Room)	A-4500
(8)	1/11	NO. 5 ELEC	4	s4 50ø 575w	US Frontlight (Mike's Room)	A-3350
(9)	1/26	NO. 4 ELEC	1	s4 26ø 575w	UC Frontlight	n/c
(10)	1/29	NO. 5 ELEC	3	s4 50ø 575w	US Frontlight (Nora's Room)	A-2040
(11)	1/19	NO. 5 ELEC	2	s4 36ø+window gobo 575w	Window Special (Mike's Room)	A-4500
(12)	1/25	NO. 5 ELEC	1	s4 50ø 575w	US Frontlight (Mike's Room)	A-7700
(13)	1/15	NO. F ELEC	1	s4 PARnel 575w	DS Sidelight	Apollo Scroller
(14)	1/105	NO. F ELEC	1a	Apollo Scroller	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
(15)	1/5	NO. 6 ELEC	5	s4 36ø 575w	DS Backlight	R-67
(16)	1/18	NO. 6 ELEC	4	s4 36ø 575w	DS Backlight	R-67
(17)	1/119	NO. 6 ELEC	3	s4 26ø 575w	UC Frontlight	n/c
(18)	1/17	NO. 6 ELEC	2	s4 36ø 575w	DS Backlight	R-67
(19)	1/30	NO. 6 ELEC		Practical 40w	Industrial	n/c
(20)	1/16	NO. 6 ELEC	1	s4 36ø 575w	DS Backlight	R-67
(21)	1/101	NO. AA ELEC	1a	Apollo Scroller	U 21 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
(22)	1/24	NO. AA ELEC	1	s4 PARnel 575w	DS Sidelight	Apollo Scroller
(23)	1/2	NO. 7 ELEC	1	6" Fresnel 575w	Bedroom Downlight	R-67
(24)	1/4	NO. E ELEC	1	s4 PARnel 575w	Mike's Room Sidelight	Apollo Scroller
(25)	1/106	NO. E ELEC	1a	Apollo Scroller	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
(26)	1/102	NO. B ELEC	1a	Apollo Scroller	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
(27)	1/27	NO. B ELEC	1	s4 PARnel 575w	Nora's Room Sidelight	Apollo Scroller
(28)	1/34	NO. 8 ELEC	3	6" Fresnel 575w	Bedroom Downlight	R-67
	"	"	4	"	"	"
(29)	1/35	NO. 9 ELEC.	1	s4 26ø+Pattern gobo 575w	Stairs Special	n/c
(30)	1/36	NO. 8 ELEC	1	6" Fresnel 575w	Bedroom Downlight	R-67
	"	"	2	"	"	"

STUDENTDEMO VERSION / Lightwright 4

(1) thru (30)

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Our Guy: A Musical Play CHANNEL HOOKUP

Page 2
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Chn	Dim	Position	U	Typ/Acc/Watt	Purpose	Color & Tmp
(31)	1/117	NO. F ELEC.	3	s4 36ø 575w	US Platform Sidelight	n/c
(32)	1/3	NO. F ELEC.	2	s4 PARnel 575w	Sculpting	Apollo Scroller
(33)	1/107	NO. F ELEC.	2a	Apollo Scroller	U 2 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
(34)	1/103	NO. A ELEC.	1a	Apollo Scroller	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
(35)	1/22	NO. A ELEC.	1	s4 PARnel 575w	Sculpting	Apollo Scroller
(36)	1/20	NO. A ELEC.	2	s4 36ø 575w	US Platform Sidelight	n/c
(37)	1/1	NO. 10 ELEC.	1	s4 PARnel 575w	CYC light	Apollo Scroller
	"	"	2	"	"	"
(38)	1/110	NO. 10 ELEC.	1a	Apollo Scroller	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller
	"	"	2a	"	U 2 Color Scroller	"
(39)	1/6	NO. 1 ELEC.	2	s4 26ø 575w	Followspot	A-8700
(40)	1/32	NO. 1 ELEC.	1	s4 26ø 575w	Followspot	A-8700

Our Guy: A Musical ... INSTRUMENT SCHEDULE

Page 1
06 May 2009

Lighting Design by Maria Gerhard

NO. 1 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Followspot	s4 26ø	575w	A-8700		1/32	(40)
2	Followspot	s4 26ø	575w	A-8700		1/6	(39)

NO. 3 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	DS Frontlight	s4 50ø	575w	A-7700		1/31	(5)
2	DS Frontlight	s4 50ø	575w	A-3350		1/28	(4)
3	DS Frontlight	s4 50ø	575w	A-7900		1/8	(3)
4	DS Frontlight	s4 50ø	575w	A-2040		1/9	(2)
5	DS Frontlight	s4 50ø	575w	A-7900		1/12	(1)

NO. 5 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	US Frontlight (Mike's Room)	s4 50ø	575w	A-7700		1/25	(12)
2	Window Special (Mike's Room)	s4 36ø+window gobo	575w	A-4500		1/19	(11)
3	US Frontlight (Nora's Room)	s4 50ø	575w	A-2040		1/29	(10)
4	US Frontlight (Mike's Room)	s4 50ø	575w	A-3350		1/11	(8)
5	Window Special (Nora's Room)	s4 36ø+window gobo	575w	A-4500		1/10	(7)
6	US Frontlight (Nora's Room)	s4 50ø	575w	A-7900		1/7	(6)

NO. F ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	DS Sidelight	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/15	(13)
1a	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/105	(14)
3	US Platform Sidelight	s4 36ø	575w	n/c		1/117	(31)

NO. 6 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
	Industrial	Practical	40w	n/c		1/30	(19)
1	DS Backlight	s4 36ø	575w	R-67		1/16	(20)
2	DS Backlight	s4 36ø	575w	R-67		1/17	(18)
3	UC Frontlight	s4 26ø	575w	n/c		1/119	(17)
4	DS Backlight	s4 36ø	575w	R-67		1/18	(16)
5	DS Backlight	s4 36ø	575w	R-67		1/5	(15)

NO. A ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
2	US Platform Sidelight	s4 36ø	575w	n/c		1/20	(36)

STUDENTDEMO VERSION / Lightwright 4

NO. 1 ELEC thru NO. A ELEC

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NO. 10 ELEC.

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	CYC light	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/1	(37)
1a	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/110	(38)
2	CYC light	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/1	(37)
2a	U 2 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/110	(38)

NO. 9 ELEC.

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Stairs Special	s4 26ø+Pattern gobo	575w	n/c		1/35	(29)

NO. 8 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Bedroom Downlight	6" Fresnel	575w	R-67		1/36	(30)
2	Bedroom Downlight	6" Fresnel	575w	R-67		1/36	(30)
3	Bedroom Downlight	6" Fresnel	575w	R-67		1/34	(28)
4	Bedroom Downlight	6" Fresnel	575w	R-67		1/34	(28)

NO. 7 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Bedroom Downlight	6" Fresnel	575w	R-67		1/2	(23)

NO. 4 ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	UC Frontlight	s4 26ø	575w	n/c		1/26	(9)

NO. E ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Mike's Room Sidelight	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/4	(24)
1a	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/106	(25)

NO. B ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Nora's Room Sidelight	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/27	(27)
1a	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/102	(26)

NO. F ELEC.

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
2	Sculpting	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/3	(32)
2a	U 2 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/107	(33)

NO. A ELEC.

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	Sculpting	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/22	(35)
1a	U 1 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/103	(34)

NO. AA ELEC

U	Purpose	Type & Accessories	W	Color	Tmpl	Dim	Ch
1	DS Sidelight	s4 PARnel	575w	Apollo Scroller		1/24	(22)
1a	U 21 Color Scroller	Apollo Scroller		Apollo Scroller		1/101	(21)

APPENDIX E: PRODUCTION PHOTOGRAPHS



Photo 1: Pre-show

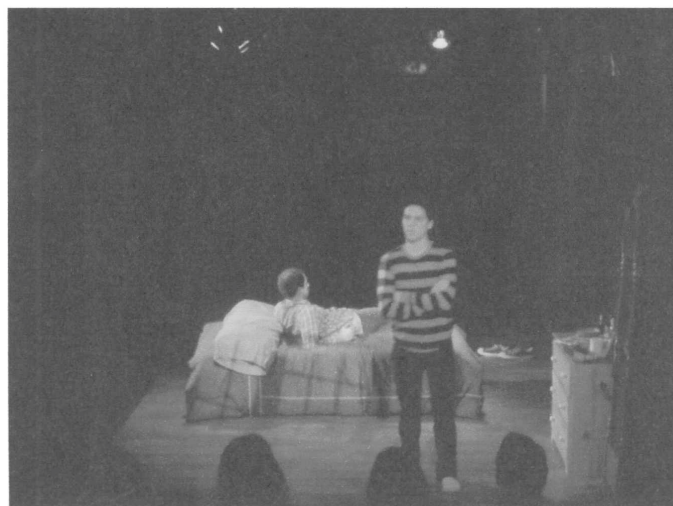


Photo 2: "Michael's Soliloquy"



Photo 3: "Nora's Soliloquy"



Photo 4: "Nora's Soliloquy"



Photo 5: "Tell Me"



Photo 6: Second Bar Scene



Photo 7: Michael's Apartment Late at Night

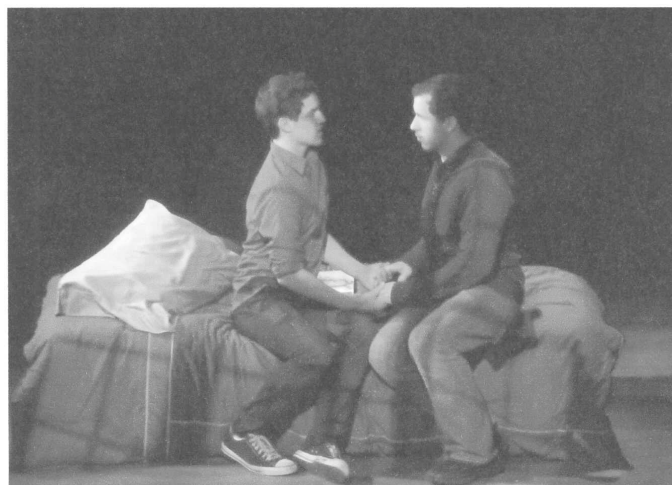


Photo 8: "I Want You to Stay with Me"



Photo 9: Act I finale



Photo 10: Dream Sequence/Top of Act II



Photo 11: Nora's Room in the Morning



Photo 12: Jamison's Loneliness



Photo 13: "I Want You to Stay with Me (Reprise)"

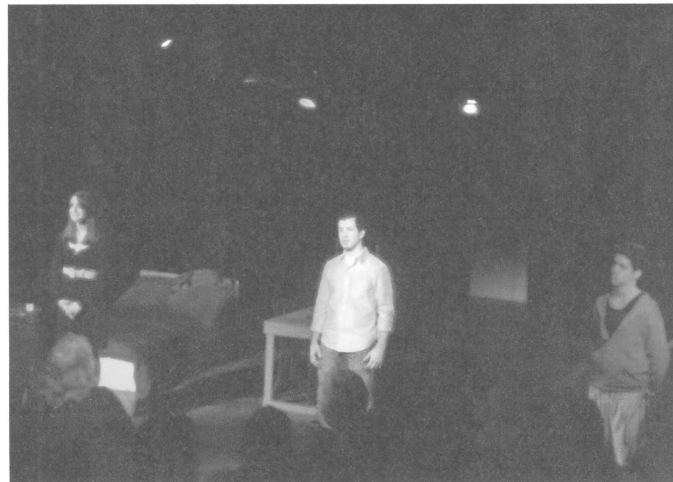


Photo 14: Act II Finale

Analysis and Evaluation of Production

In my second semester of my senior year at Pace University I designed the lights for the world premiere staging of the new work *Our Guy: A Musical Play*, as a practical thesis of the design process utilizing computer aided design (CAD) technology. Having reached the culmination of my thesis project, I am able to properly assess the process and production in its entirety, with respect to the dilemma of designing for a small space, the struggles of designing a new work of theatre, and relevant issues of CAD technology. I will highlight upon the strengths and weaknesses of the production so as to aid in the stronger presentation of future productions by myself or by others. I will address the final production with respect to my original conceptual design statement for the production comparing which ideas were successes and then what could be re-imagined in the future. I will concurrently respond to any technical issues that were encountered and how they were overcome, and in some cases, how they could have been more adequately handled.

To begin, I will first outline the general timeline of the design process, so as to define and establish a basis of reference for my evaluation. When beginning the design process the focus is to discover and solidify the concept and appearance of the design. One would typically begin with an in-depth script analysis, key in grasping the central themes and the arc of the production. After extensive textual analysis and research, it is important to take a period for the cerebral incubation of thoughts and ideas. Thus far, all

work has been pre-meditative and research oriented. At this point the physicality of the designs will come to the surface through selection and implementation – the remainder of the design process in a production. Evaluation – a crucial aspect in any field of design – is the final stage of the development of a production design. Evaluation of one's work should be a continuous exercise throughout the design process. However, upon completion it is invaluable to reflect back on the overall production process, not as a means of self-congratulation but to objectively assess the decisions made, evaluating whether or not they were appropriate and to decipher if they could be utilized in other contexts.

To say that this was an easy process would be grossly misrepresentative, however, I cannot articulate the ways in which this production helped me to grow, not only as a designer, but as a person. If you have never mounted the task of fully designing a musical production then you cannot imagine the strength necessary to properly execute such a task, I surely did not. Yet, to see the show in its full actualization has also been one of the most immensely rewarding experiences of my life. This is not to say that the work was flawless, far from it in fact, but it was nonetheless the culmination of countless hours of discussion, drafting, and conceptualizing, at last in a corporeal form. To analyze the final product with respect to the original concept statement is basis of self-evaluation.

My original concept, derived from my contextual analysis of the script, was to pair a juxtaposition of warm sensuality and cool crispness mirroring the interpersonal relationships explored within the storyline. My aim was to meld these two contrasting techniques into one cohesive style representative of the focal character, Jamison's,

journey into self-realization. Throughout the show I wanted to highlight the reality of the situations by providing highly naturalistic lighting in all scenes (aside from a “dream sequence” scene which was obviously meant to be an alternate reality).

The disjoint of the techniques that I coupled came across well as a means of connecting the audience to the subtleties of emotion that underlie the production’s focal relationships without being an obvious issue of discussion. This is the ultimate goal of lighting design for any medium: to evoke a specific emotion from your audience in a manner so understated that it goes undetected on a conscious level – a subconscious shifting of emotion. The warmth and shadows present in Mike’s apartment induced an atmosphere of sensuality and secrets while the cool, bright openness of Nora’s apartment intensified the harshly platonic state of their relationship. I believe that I was able to stimulate these emotions without compromising my dedication to a sense of heightened reality. It was of utmost importance that this sense of reality was not lost, as this reality is what cements the message and relevancy of the production. This dedication to realism set aside the singular scene occurring in an alternate reality, although I ultimately was not thrilled with this dream sequence. I felt that it came off as bland and a bit contrived; it could have benefitted from the usage of texture or less saturated colors. My original concept of melding Jamison’s two worlds into his own unique lighting ended up meeting a different execution. As his character arc developed, the denouement of the production left Jamison alone both physically and psychologically, and I believe that I captured that using bare, stark lighting. Ultimately, I was pleased with the final production.

While the design aesthetic and concept will obviously evolve and shift slightly throughout the production process, I have learned firsthand that when designing for a new

work of theatre this shift can be exponentially greater. When I first joined the creative team for *Our Guy* only one act was written. A production meeting was held in which the plot was detailed for us by the writer and the composer; all concepts and designs were based off of this breakdown. However, as the piece developed in the hands of the writers, the character and plot arcs shifted as well, straying from the original presentation. To err on the side of caution, I began to develop a lighting plot which could potentially suit whichever course the production ended up taking. In doing so, some elements had to be lost along the way as songs and scenes were inserted or cut, and obviously some changes were made in regard to my original conceptualization. The protagonist, Jamison, never got his happy ending; at the end of the production he was nearly as lost and alone as he began, only now he was physically alone instead of just consumed by the feeling of being just one in a crowd. Therefore, instead of melding his opposing lifestyles visually as he came into his own, I decided to bookend the production, mirroring the isolating light present in the first act at the finale of the production. This is just one example of how a designer is forced to think on their feet throughout the production, as it is their job to meet the demands of the script.

The staging of the production was such that the two supporting leads, Mike and Nora, apartments were on opposite ends of the stage with an exaggerated horizontal playing space. The remainder of the scenes was to be played in a ten foot gap separating the two apartments. My original design was developed around this set and staging with cropped lighting in the apartments, so as not to flood the extraneous spaces, aiding in the creation of two distinct environments. One of the major difficulties in lighting for a small space is that the lights are in close proximity to the actors; this does not provide adequate

distance for the beam of light to spread evenly. As a result, hotspots tend to develop. Additionally, as actors move around the space the audience can detect these hotspots on the actors as they pass from bright to dim space, depending on the light focused to that region of the stage. This problem can be slightly avoided by staging the action on a wide and shallow playing space, such as the original set design for *Our Guy*.

Unfortunately, in theatre things tend to change at a moment's notice. One week prior to the commencement of the technical rehearsals we were informed by the theatre owners that our concept for the set and staging was not to be permitted in this space. We were forced to turn around, regroup, and ultimately re-design the show with a deep and narrow playing space. Conceptually, the lighting did not change; however, by changing the dimension of the space, the angles at which the lights were to be hung needed to be changed. In doing so, the focus of the lights was forced into a steep and harsh angle due to new space constraints, thus drawing further attention to the hotspots present throughout the production. While I obviously could not have changed the dimensions or capacity of the space, I may have been capable of minimizing the issue. There is a technique called diffusion that would have been applicable in this situation. Had I used a diffusion gel in the fixtures that were creating the hotspots the light could have been slightly disseminated, which would have blurred the beam of light minimizing the hotspots.

As *Our Guy* was my first fully-staged musical production there was definitely an enormous learning curve and a great deal of trial and error. I was determined to approach this as a professional piece of theatre, assuming all of the trappings of professionalism, and assembling all paperwork in a coherent manner. To do so, I used the technological

tools so prevalent in modern theatrical design – computer aided design (CAD) software. There are dozens of software programs available, but the two prominent programs that are most relevant in today's lighting design industry are Vectorworks and Lightwright; to enter the professional world of lighting without at least minimal knowledge of these programs would be an attempt in vain, such is their relevance. Vectorworks is a program which offers a full range of two-dimensional, three-dimensional, production management and presentation capabilities for all phases of the design process; I utilized its drafting capabilities to design my lighting plot for *Our Guy*. Lightwright, often used in conjunction with Vectorworks as information is easily transmitted between the two programs, manages lighting design paperwork, storing the information for each instrument in a show as well as general things such as dimmer capacities, color frame dimensions, and stock equipment. I used Lightwright to organize all of my paperwork for *Our Guy* and to keep stock of my inventory of fixtures and dimmers throughout my design process. Entering this production, however, I had minimal experience with Vectorworks and no experience with Lightwright, which was a major obstacle to overcome. This added additional work in my design process, but it was time and knowledge that I now find to be invaluable. I found my experience with CAD to be crucial in the final success of my production as it helped me not only to discover a sense of professionalism but also to organize my thoughts and methods for succinct execution of my design.

While this process has been taxing, to say the least, I feel that I have come out the other side of the production a stronger, more capable person. I have a greater understanding of what is expected from me as a lighting designer; I have learned a

staggering amount of information in a startlingly short period of time. I have gained the ability to objectively view my work and to learn from both my successes and my failures, as well as how to apply that knowledge in the future. To me, this practical thesis has illuminated the process and personal experience of designing the lights for a new piece of musical theatre. Highlighting upon relevancies to modern, professional theatre and my role within that world, it has been an invaluable experience.