

PLAY #2

by

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## CHARACTERS

BRENT	mid 20's, café barrista and occasional drug dealer
SONG	mid 20's, professional harpist, lives with his mother
SONG 'S MOTHER	

SCENE 1

(At rise: SONG approaches a café counter.)

BRENT

What can I get started for you?

SONG

Tall latté.

BRENT

Coming right up.

SONG

Hey... I heard you had access to the good stuff.

BRENT

Is that what you heard?

SONG

You know.

BRENT

You know what? Number one, I already have a boyfriend.  
Number two, I'm leaving town.

SONG

So... You can't get the good stuff.

BRENT

Number three...

(He leans over and whispers.)

I'm at work... And you think I haven't seen you coming  
in here day after day... Making eye contact. I'm no  
fool.

SONG

I'm Song.

BRENT

Song?

SONG

It's good to meet you. What time do you get off?  
Brent, right?

BRENT

In an hour... But... Don't say I never told you.  
(Lights fade.)

END OF SCENE

## SCENE 2

(At Rise: A mostly empty room with a harp in the middle of it. A key turns into a lock and opens the door. SONG and BRENT enter.)

SONG

So this is it.

BRENT

Are you into Zen or something?

SONG

Buddhist.

BRENT

Vietnam you said?

SONG

My parents. I was born here.

(BRENT goes to the harp.)

BRENT

You play this thing?

SONG

Yeah... Hey... Did you bring any...?

BRENT

Of course. Always.

(He pops out a bag of marijuana and a pipe.)

Are you buying?

SONG

It depends.

BRENT

Hmmnnn... I thought that's why you came into the café.

SONG

Ha-ha. That's what my friend told me to do.

BRENT

Who?

SONG

Someone you know.

BRENT

A mutual friend? A customer.

SONG

Both. I think.

BRENT

I don't usually mix the two. Except... It isn't  
Ivan... Tell me it's not.

(Pause)

That son of a bitch.

(He lights the pipe.)

So you already knew... Points one and two.

(He passes the pipe.)

What's going on here?

(SONG takes a hit.)

This is a plot.

(SONG's MOTHER enters. BRENT stands up.  
She starts talking to SONG in  
Vietnamese.)

SONG

This is my mother.

BRENT

Oh shit.

SONG

She said it smells like good shit.

BRENT

No kidding.

SONG

And she thinks you're good looking.

BRENT

Maybe I'd better leave.

SONG

No. Don't go.

(SONG has some words with his mother  
and she exits.)

BRENT

So, Ivan sent you. (Pause.) Have you guys been fucking?

SONG

No.

BRENT

He's trying to trick me to stay in Nashville.

SONG

Well, he didn't send me. I saw the two of you together. Out dancing. I asked him about you.

BRENT

And he said the way to my heart was through my weed. You know he's wrong...

SONG

Is he? It's decent.

BRENT

Why don't you play that thing? On second thought, maybe you shouldn't.

SONG

Why?

BRENT

I don't know. Music... Musicians... Dangerous liaisons.

(SONG plays a little ditty on the harp.  
BRENT is impressed.)

Oh god. You see?

SONG

What?

(They kiss.)

BRENT

I really have to leave.

SONG

No.

BRENT

I mean I'm leaving Nashville. I'm going to New Mexico.  
(They kiss again.)

SONG

Of course you are. I'll help you.

BRENT

You'll help me? I don't think this is going to help.

(Another deeper kiss.)

Your mother...

SONG

That's not a problem.

(They continue kissing. Lights fade.)

END OF PLAY