

SCENE ONE

TRIPP'S APARTMENT

At Rise: Loud music. A self-conscious urban, world-tinged mix. A party as documented by Facebook. Lots of pictures of people dancing, snacking, getting wasted. It's a good party.

A lovely woman you'd want to know, Miriam, sways on the fringe of the crowd. She is laughing with a girlfriend who is doing her special dance move.

A man, likely foreign, perhaps Arab, and gorgeous, Zameer, is across the room from her. He looks, perhaps, momentarily bored.

And then he sees Miriam.

She sees him.

A tinkerbelle magical gliss.

They both look away. Zameer looks back first. Then Miriam. He smiles. She laughs. Zameer disappears into the party. Miriam sways.

Zameer appears at her side with two glasses. Offers her one. She takes it.

ZAMEER

Are you having fun?

It's impossible to hear each other.

MIRIAM

What?

ZAMEER

Are you having a good time?

MIRIAM

What is this?

ZAMEER

Pomegranate juice.

MIRIAM

Tripp bought pomegranate juice?

ZAMEER

What? Who?

MIRIAM

Tripp. You know Tripp?

ZAMEER

Sorry.

MIRIAM

This is his place.

ZAMEER

Great party.

MIRIAM

Yea.

ZAMEER

I bought the juice.

MIRIAM

What?

ZAMEER

I bought the pomegranate juice.

MIRIAM

Oh. It's good. I like it.

ZAMEER

You would prefer beer, maybe.

MIRIAM

No.

ZAMEER

Wine?

MIRIAM

This is fine.

ZAMEER

Mojito?

MIRIAM

I definitely don't want another of Tripp's mojitos.

ZAMEER

Oh, Tripp.

MIRIAM

Yea, Tripp.

She points. Tripp is at the center of the dance floor, mojito in hand, gyrating a blonde.

ZAMEER

I know Tripp.

MIRIAM

Do you always bring pomegranate juice to parties?

ZAMEER

Sometimes cranberry.

Pineapple.

I get thirsty at parties. All the excitement.

But I don't drink. Alas.

MIRIAM

That's good. I guess.

Smart.

ZAMEER

It is just my faith.

I'm a Muslim.

MIRIAM

I'm a Jew.

ZAMEER

Ah. So we are cousins.

MIRIAM

...

ZAMEER

Zameer. Is my name. Zameer.

MIRIAM

Miriam.

ZAMEER

Miriam.

Oh, man say that again.

MIRIAM

Zameer.

Oh, man say that again.

Magical gliss.

They disappear.

The party booms, booms, booms. Snapshot. Snapshot. Snapshot. Bangs to an end.

SCENE TWO

MIRIAM'S PLACE

A small one bedroom. We're in the living room. The bedroom/bath is off one side. The foyer leading to the door and galley kitchen is off the other.

We're on her couch making out. Clothes ruffled, but still on. Miriam comes up for air.

MIRIAM

Wait.

ZAMEER

Okay. What?

MIRIAM

I don't know.

ZAMEER

It's okay.

MIRIAM

Is it?

ZAMEER

Yes.

Zameer puts his hand on her heart. Sure, over her breast, but it is to touch her heart.

MIRIAM

Why am I so scared?

ZAMEER

You're scared? I'm terrified.

Miriam puts her hand on his chest.

MIRIAM

Why?

ZAMEER

Love is death.

MIRIAM

Death? It is.

ZAMEER

Love is the bottom of the world. The end of time.

MIRIAM

Love is the end.

ZAMEER

It erases every thing we know.

MIRIAM

We just met.

ZAMEER

Four thousand years ago.

Miriam's up.

MIRIAM

I have no juice. Seltzer. I'm addicted to seltzer. I have seltzer.

Flavored. Lime.

Maybe lemon.

There may not be any my lips haven't.

Single habit drinking right from the.

I guess that's.

Would you like?

ZAMEER

Sure. Lemon. If you have it.

MIRIAM

I do.

Likely I do.

I like them both equally.

Except for with cranberry juice and then only lime.

but I love lemonade.

I'll-

There's a stereo.

With my old ipod.

But there's a thing.

If you want to put your phone.

A cable.

Just unplug mine.

If you have music.

You can put.

Or I can.

If you want.

Miriam goes to get seltzer. Zameer looks around her apartment. There are books. Lots and lots of books on shelves, on the coffee table, on the floor. Books. He picks up Moby Dick. Miriam is back with seltzer. She hands to Zameer. Zing at the touch of his hand.

MIRIAM

I'll get the.

Music.

If you want.

ZAMEER

Lime. Nice.

MIRIAM

Or yours?

I don't mind.

Zameer doesn't have a smart phone. She goes to put on music. It's a mixed, fairly hip bag: Neutral Milk Hotel, Bright eyes, Decemberists, Sigur Ros, Yo la Tengo...

MIRIAM

Old ipod.

Like high school.

I still listen.

ZAMEER

This is the one about the whale.

MIRIAM

Melville. Yes. Have you read it?

Zameer hasn't.

MIRIAM

Most people.

In the States.

Read it in senior year of high school,

but I left.

I graduated in my junior year.

To get out of my house, my town.

Away from my mother.

And then she moved to the City after my father divorced her.

So I'm reading it now.

It's kind of amazing.

Surprising the range of where he,

for 1850,

it's rather modern.

Foreshadows, I would argue, Ulysses.

ZAMEER

The Greek king?

MIRIAM

Joyce. The novel.

She points. Ulysses is also nearby.

MIRIAM

I read alot.

ZAMEER

I see.

MIRIAM

Do you? Like to read?

ZAMEER

It is not so much a habit of mine.

MIRIAM

What do you do?

It fills so many of my hours.

My free hours.

Too many, maybe, but I love it.

ZAMEER

I play soccer.

I walk.

I imagine.

I think.

I used to ride my bike, but it was stolen.

I observe.

I look.

I smell.

MIRIAM

You smell?

ZAMEER

I am a professional smeller.

MIRIAM

Professional?!

ZAMEER

My nose is acclaimed.

It was the main reason my father didn't want me to leave home.

My nose, you see, is very valuable in our trade.

MIRIAM

?

ZAMEER

Honey.

MIRIAM

Like beekeeping?

ZAMEER

No, no, we are honey sellers.

Though when I was a boy I dreamed of the mountains.

I longed to climb Toubkal to the highest peak.

We are city dwellers, you see.

I grew up with the smell of sewage and feet, kerosene and tar.

The honey my father procured from Atlas growers.

That was the only sweet smell of my youth.

With my nose, I could smell the flowers from which the bees sucked.

Lavender and thyme.

Carob and cedar.

I longed to walk among such flowers.

To crush the leaves with my fingers.

To drink with my nose like the bees.

Instead, I ventured across the sea to this city of garbage and exhaust, shit

ZAMEER AND MIRIAM

and piss.

MIRIAM

Why?

ZAMEER

Ah. Well.

America.

Someone has to go. All that promise. Someone has to go.

My sister, Asra, begged and begged my father.

But she is the youngest.

MIRIAM

Would he let a girl go?

ZAMEER

No. No.

But there was no choice.

I am the oldest.

I am the only male.

It was for me to go.

MIRIAM

But the mountains. You still?

ZAMEER

I haven't thought of the mountains in years

I don't know, a long time.

I don't know why tonight.

With you.

MIRIAM

Every year on my birthday I climb a mountain.

Not as high maybe as your mountain.

ZAMEER

When is your birthday?

MIRIAM

Not till October. In the middle of foliage.

(She sees he doesn't know this word)

The leaves when they change color.

I was born in the peak of color.

My Dad used to say.

The reds and golds.

Do leaves change color in Morocco?

ZAMEER

Some turn yellow.

MIRIAM

New England it's like the hills are on fire.

ZAMEER

I would like to see this.

MIRIAM

I went to college in Maine. Lots of mountains.

That's when I started this birthday climb.

But Maine mountains are like 1000 feet.

Well, some are bigger, but not like 10,000 feet.

ZAMEER

Fourteen thousand.

MIRIAM

Wow.

14,000 feet.

My little mountains you can climb in a day.

ZAMEER

A birthday.

MIRIAM

Yes.

ZAMEER

I would like to go.

MIRIAM

Okay.

October.

Okay.

ZAMEER

Okay.

October.

Okay.

Means you don't believe we will know each other in October.

MIRIAM

We'll know each other.

We know each other now.

ZAMEER

You want me to leave?

MIRIAM

No.

ZAMEER

But October is...

MIRIAM

Far away.

Isn't it?

We just met.

I have been single for a long time.

I mean.

I would like to know you.

I would like to know you in October.

ZAMEER

I would like to know you.

I would like to know you in November.

Miriam jumps his bones.