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 tinkerbell 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.

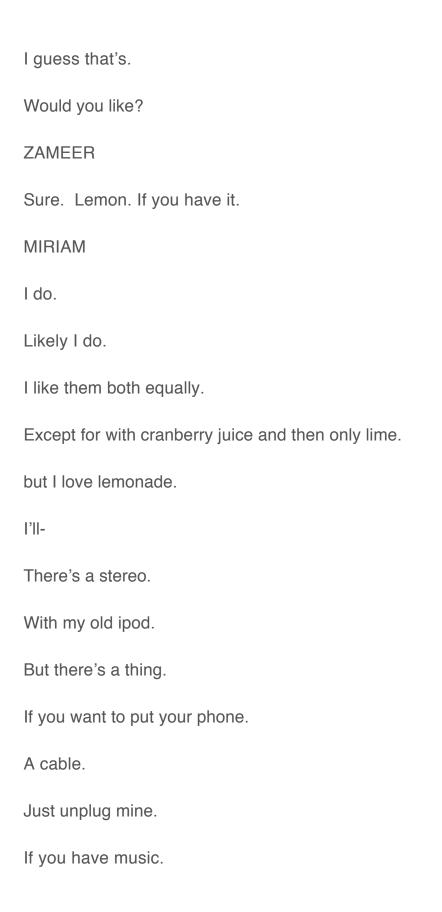
MIRIAM
That's good. I guess.
Smart.
ZAMEER
It is just my faith.
I'm a Muslim.
MIRIAM
I'm a Jew.
ZAMEER
Ah. So we are cousins.
MIRIAM
ZAMEER
Zameer. Is my name. Zameer.
MIRIAM
Miriam.
ZAMEER

Miriam.

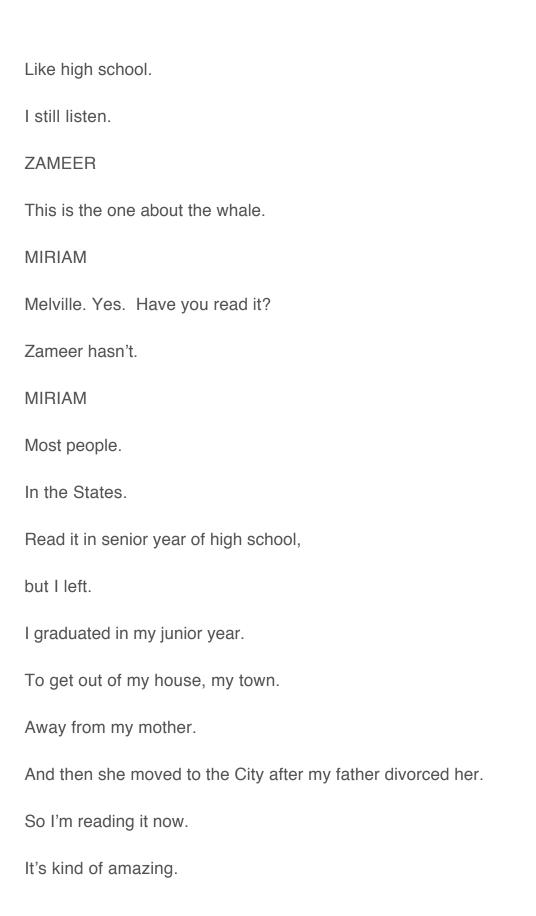
Oh, man say that again.
MIRIAM
Zameer.
Oh, man say that again.
Magical gliss.
They disappear.
The party booms, booms. Snapshot. Snapshot. Snapshot. Bangs to an end.
SCENE TWO
MIRIAM'S PLACE
A small one bedroom. We're in the living room. The bedroom/bath is off side. The foyer leading to the door and galley kitchen is off the other.
We're on her couch making out. Clothes rumpled, but still on. Miriam comes up for air.
MIRIAM
Wait.
ZAMEER
Okay. What?
MIRIAM
I don't know.

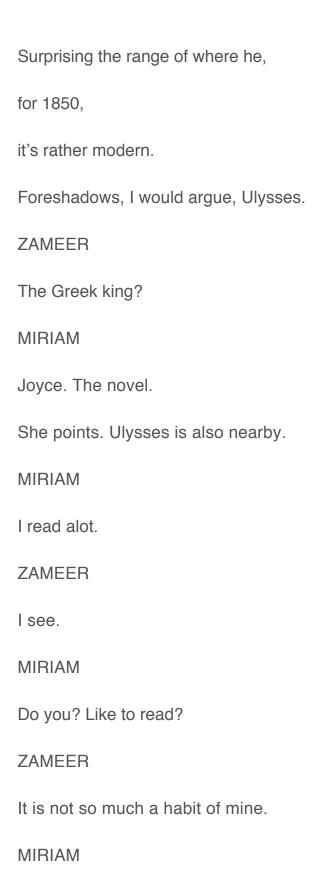
ZAMEER
It's okay.
MIRIAM
Is it?
ZAMEER
Yes.
Zameer puts his hand on her heart. Sure, over her breast, but it is to touch her heart.
MIRIAM
Why am I so scared?
ZAMEER
You're scared? I'm terrified.
Miriam puts her hand on his chest.
MIRIAM
Why?
ZAMEER
Love is death.
MIRIAM

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.



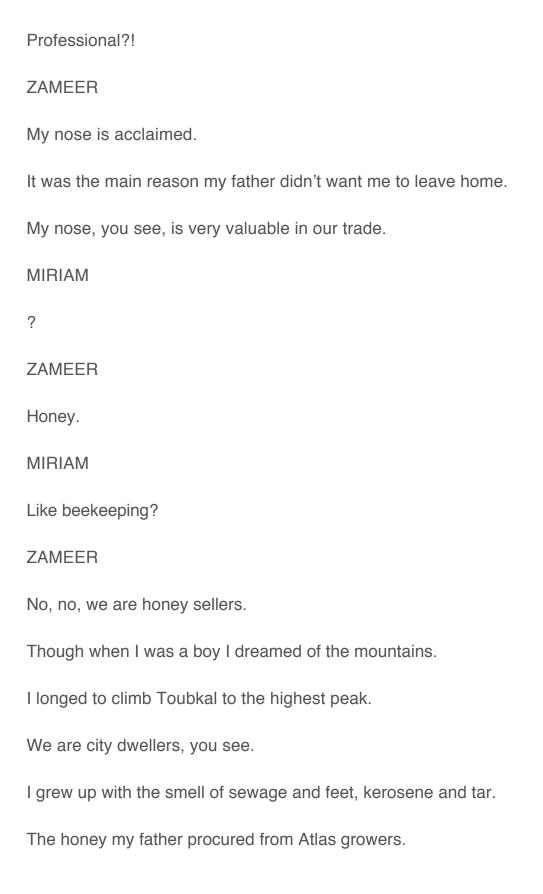
You can put.
Or I can.
If you want.
Miriam goes to get seltzer. Zameer looks around her apartment. There are books. Lots and lots of books on shelves, on the coffee table, on the floor. Books. He picks up Moby Dick. Miriam is back with seltzer. She hands to Zameer. Zing at the touch of his hand.
MIRIAM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

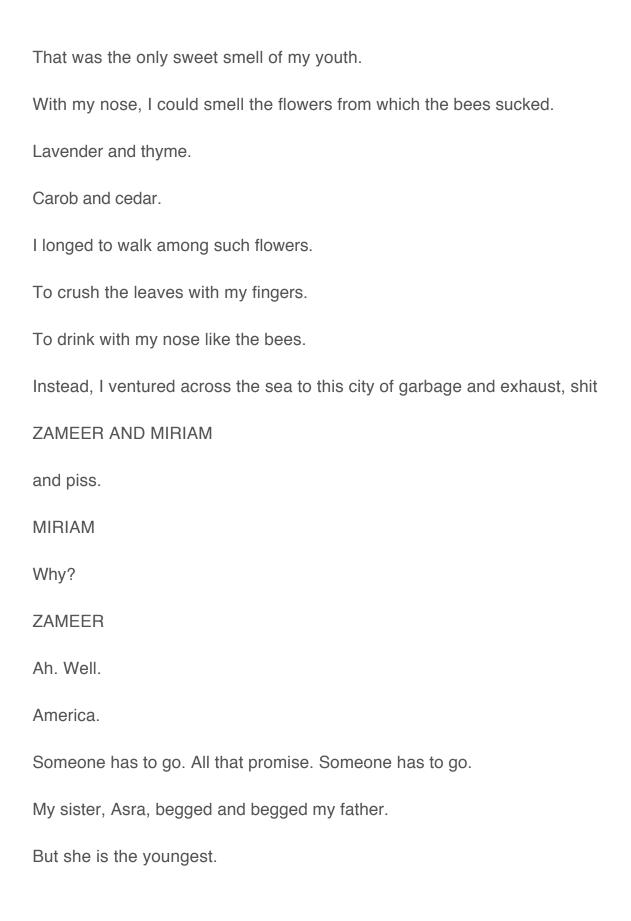




What do you do?
It fills so many of my hours.
My free hours.
Too many, maybe, but I love it.
ZAMEER
I play soccer.
I walk.
I imagine.
I think.
I used to ride my bike, but it was stolen.
I observe.
I look.
I smell.
MIRIAM
You smell?
ZAMEER
I am a professional smeller.

MIRIAM





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.