

Hoboken

By
Laura Rohrman

HOBOKEN

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HOBOKEN

For those with secrets

HOBOKEN

Hoboken was originally produced in March of 2018 at Shetler Studios in New York City by Double Down Productions;

Director Tony White

Cast:

Erica.....Morgan V. Canham

Jack.....Samuel Van Wyk*

Sam.....Liz Lord*

Niko.....Byron Clohessy

Hoboken was produced in Los Angeles, CA in June of 2019 by The Waverly Writers at the Complex Theatre as part of The Hollywood Fringe Festival. Director: Fritz Brekeller

Cast:

Erica.....Mikkailia McMuster

Jack.....Patrick Cronen/Austin Talmage (understudy)

Sam.....Mary Ellen Everett

Niko.....Christopher Valente

HOBOKEN

CAST: (4)

2M, 2W

Erica - 28, pretty, trying to be an actress; has a need to be someone else, hot tempered at times, damaged.

Sam - 28, pretty - gutsy, smart, a temptress.

Jack - 32, a sexy Irishman. Jack works in data management at a New York City bank. He is a troublemaker with enough money to do some damage. He also has a need to push boundaries and is very intelligent.

Niko – 33, Russian - Must play with a Russian accent. Niko is an undercover cop with some secrets.

HOBOKEN

HOBOKEN

ACT 1
SCENE 1

The first four scenes are split between a Hoboken apartment and a club in Manhattan. It's a split screen. Erica and Jack will freeze when the lights go up on Niko and Erika.

SCENE 1

Lights up on an apartment in Hoboken, New Jersey. It's obviously a rich man's apartment, one newly acquainted with money, but also someone who doesn't know anything about decorating or style. There are few books on the bookshelf and an expensive-looking red leather couch in the middle of the room. There's a 65" flatscreen TV. It's late, maybe 1 or 2am. The screeching of a cat fight outside the window can be heard. A key is heard in the lock. Laughter. The sound of a man and woman, possibly drunk. The laughing continues, sound of keys falling. ERICA has a New Jersey accent she's trying to cover, and JACK has an Irish accent he's trying to cover.

ERICA. *(Offstage)* Oh, no... noo... I'm good at this. *(Sounds like someone is thrown up against the door).*

JACK. *(Offstage)* I bet ya are... *(Both moan, then laugh hysterically).*

JACK. Did you bite me?

ERICA. I was trying to find your keys.

JACK. That's how you look for keys?

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ERICA. No. *(Laughs)* I'm sorry. Oh my god. Hold on a second. *(JACK enters in a Halloween costume that has partially fallen off. He looks like he was once a Dracula, but the makeup is worn off and his cape is torn. ERICA is still outside. He looks around, then grabs some DVDs and hides them behind the books on the bookshelf. He cleans up hurriedly, then slicks his hair back and looks in the mirror. He goes in the other room offstage, comes back with a clean t-shirt in his hand but decides not to put it on. Erica is still offstage.)* Hello there! I hope you didn't *(hiccups)* forget about me. *(Erica enters. She's dressed up like a Catholic school girl. Her hair is in pigtails and she's wearing a short dress with knee-highs.)* You took your... *(hiccups again)*. I'm sorry, I still have the hiccups. *(Jack takes his cape off and puts on a fresh T-shirt. Erica is checking him out. He lights a cigarette.)*

JACK. Want one?

ERICA. Oh no. Wow — this is great, Jack. *(Beat. They look at each other unsteadily, both are wasted.)* I'm so rolling *(she laughs, hiccups)*. I would be embarrassed...

JACK. *(Laughs)* My face is gonna fall off.

ERICA. *(Laughs)* Rolling face. Totally. What are we doing here – this is so weird, right? I'm at your apartment. Oh my god. I'm so confused right now.

JACK. I know. Erica is at my apartment. *(He moves to the kitchen to get a drink. He opens the cupboard and pulls out a bottle of Johnnie Walker Blue and pours himself a drink.)*

ERICA. Can I get some water? I'm so thirsty.

JACK. And yer got the hiccups. Here. *(He pours her a water, hands it to her, she sips it)*. So, are ye tired?

ERICA. No.

JACK. Okay. Me neither. *(Erica is surveying his apartment. Jack goes to the bedroom again.)*

ERICA. Wow, Jack. Did I tell you that I used to live in Hoboken? *(She hiccups.)*

HOBOKEN

JACK. *(Offstage) You did. (Jack re-enters the room wearing a black mask and sneaks up on her.)*

ERICA. When did you get this place? I would die to have a place like this. *(She takes a sip of the water and turns to face him. Seeing the mask she screams. Her phone rings in her purse. Blackout. The phone ringing brings us to the next scene.)*

SCENE 2

SAM, a pretty young woman dressed up as a witch, is standing at the club bar. She's wearing a large witch hat with sexy gloves and a black dress. Throbbing music is playing in the background. Sam is holding a drink, dancing to herself. She is looking around, then makes a call on her phone.

SAM. *(Into her phone) Erie. Where the fuck are you? After the blackout you were just gone. I've been waiting. Vamping. I'm by the bar. Did you leave with that Irish Vamp guy? (she looks around). Anyway...I'm waiting. (Niko is observing her. He's dressed as Batman and looks sexy. He moves closer and closer and suddenly speaks with a Russian accent.)*

NIKO. Hello.

SAM. *(looking away, as if she is looking for someone.)* Uh, hi.

NIKO. Nice party, yes?*(Beat. Sam rolls her eyes.)*

NIKO. Looking for your friends?

SAM. *(Turns around and faces Niko.)* Look, freak. Don't talk to me.

NIKO. Uh, sorry, sorry. *(He walks away. Sam makes another call on her cellphone.)*

HOBOKEN

SCENE 3

Back to the apartment in Hoboken.

JACK. Sorry, I didn't mean to scare yer. *(He puts his cigarette in her mouth, she takes a drag, laughs.)*

ERICA. Yes. What are you doing?

JACK. I'm just trying to scare the hiccups out of yer. Are they gone? *(She looks up at him, softly, but she's wasted.)*

ERICA. I think so.

JACK. I didn't want you to be hiccupping or taste my cigarette breath when I did this. *(He grabs her and kisses her passionately. Pull apart. Both start laughing.)*

ERICA. Hiccups gone. That was awesome. Oh my god. Do it again.

JACK. Ye-ha! Righty. *(They kiss again. Pull a part. He stops looks at her.)*

ERICA. What? What is it? *(He just stares at her. Then he does some sort of drug induced dance.)* Jack are you okay?

JACK. Our first kiss. I'm good. I'm good.

ERICA. I know... Jack? Are you okay? *(He pauses. Moves away from her. He's shaking.)*

JACK. It's just that I've never kissed anyone and had it feel like that. Erica, I'm tingling all over. *(She comes closer to him.)*

ERICA. No. You're shaking. Oh my god.

JACK. Am I?

ERICA. I thought it was just me. What was that? It's like a wave of light is hovering around our lips. Ha, ha. Maybe we're just fucked up?

JACK. Maybe. *(Laughs)* Maybe I should kiss you again.

ERICA. Okay. *(They kiss.)*

JACK. Are we dreaming, Erica?

ERICA. *(Laughs)* I'm dreaming of white light.

JACK. Me too. *(We leave on them laughing. Lights down.)*

HOBOKEN

SCENE 4

Hard core music is heard as the scene changes and the lights come up on Sam again at the bar. Niko appears again.

NIKO. You know, you look very familiar. Have I seen you on television or no, I've seen you in the movies? *(Beat.)* You know your friends left. I saw them go out.

SAM. What? They left? Those assholes! You mean a tall Irish guy and that skinny girl?

NIKO. He's Irish?

SAM. Yeah, he's definitely Irish; he was dressed up like a vampire.

NIKO. I saw them go out awhile ago.

SAM. Why didn't you tell me before?

NIKO. Because you yelled at me.

SAM. Sorry. I am an actress, you're right. I'm passionate.

NIKO. I didn't say that, but okay. You seem passionate.

SAM. Whatever.

NIKO. Are they your good friends?

SAM. She is...the guy I just met.

NIKO. I've seen you on TV.

SAM. No *(laughs)*. Where are you from?

NIKO. Russia.

SAM. Oh. Well, I guess you don't get to watch a lot of TV, then?

NIKO. No, no...there are lots of shows, but the American ones are the best. And I've seen you, I'm sure of it. Your acting made me cry. *(Beat.)*

SCENE 5

Back in the apartment with Jack and Erica

HOBOKEN

JACK. Guess what I have?

ERICA. A big fucking TV. I see that.

JACK. NO. Better. A video camera.

ERICA. Oh my god. We can video. I can do some of my monologues for you. Did I tell you that I'm an actress?

JACK. Yeah, you told me. I knew you were --

ERICA. You knew I was an actress? How'd you know?

JACK. Cus you're pretty. Aren't actresses pretty?

ERICA. No --

JACK. No?

ERICA. Not necessarily. There's some ugly-ass bitches in my acting class.

JACK. *(Laughs.)* I think you're beautiful.

ERICA. You're sexy.

JACK. Yer so natural, like a little innocent girl coming out of the water.

ERICA. *(Laughs.)* You know this is the craziest Halloween ever. I don't usually...

JACK. What? Fuck strangers? *(Beat. They both laugh.)*

SCENE 6

Sam and Niko back at the bar.

SAM. How long have you lived in New York?

NIKO. For two years now.

SAM. Oh. What are you doing here?

NIKO. Work.

SAM. What kind of work?

NIKO. I'm a writer.

SAM. What kind of writer? A poet, a blogger...no, a copywriter for an ad agency, a novelist?

NIKO. I'm a Screenwriter.

SAM. A screenwriter?

HOBOKEN

NIKO. Oh, c'mon, who isn't writing a screenplay? Niko is my name. And you?

SAM. I'm not writing a screenplay, but I should be. I'm Samantha, like the show *Bewitched*. I think I was named after her, but I'm not a witch, not really. How do you go about writing a screenplay?

NIKO. You do look really familiar...

SAM. Yeah, that's the line you just used.

NIKO. Could I have seen you on stage? On Broadway? You made me cry. It was a beautiful performance. I'm sure it was you.

SAM. What? Well, I haven't been in anything on stage that you would have seen, not on Broadway...not yet.

NIKO. No?

SAM. Unless you make a habit of seeing shows in hole-in-the-wall basements that aren't advertised to the public...No you don't do that? I didn't think so. I've been in one-acts that are like so far off Broadway that it should be in Jersey, but the show was like actually in Manhattan. I'm kidding. *(He doesn't seem to understand her.)*

NIKO. Are you sure it wasn't you...because I could swear...

SAM. Yes.

NIKO. Why do I think such things...sorry, sorry. No! I know...I saw you in a play.

SAM. It's been a long time since I was --

NIKO. It was a play. You were on stage.

SAM. Uh *(she thinks)*...There was a play where I was the wife, but it was a while ago and it was an acting showcase for my school. You couldn't have. I go to the New School. It's on Bank Street.

NIKO. That's where I saw you. I had just gotten into town. Yes, I remember now. You played the wife, stricken. I told you, you made...tears.

SAM. You saw me in that showcase?

NIKO. Yes.

HOBOKEN

SAM. Why do you go to acting showcases -- wait, this is so weird. You saw me in my acting showcase for school? That's crazy. And you recognize me now?

NIKO. Yes.

SAM. Why though?

NIKO. My friend lives around the corner, and he had a flyer to check out up and coming actors. Remember, I'm a screenwriter. So is he...

SAM. Whoa. I'm so...what? So I was memorable?

NIKO. Very. *(Sam is stunned. Lights fade. Lights back up on the apartment in Hoboken.)*

SCENE 7

Back to Jack and Erica. They laugh, then dance around to the music but to the camera in their own worlds. They come together for a move; they dance well together. They stop, flop down on the sofa. Laughing.

JACK. I can't remember the last time I laughed so hard. You're hilarious.

ERICA. Yeah, I know *(she laughs. Jack laughs, watches her for a beat.)*

JACK. I was married. *(Beat.)*

ERICA. Oh my god. Me too. I was married. How is that possible...that we were both married already? What made you want to tell me that? It's like we're in sync.

JACK. Fucking mistake. I don't know.

ERICA. You don't know why you told me...or it was a mistake you told me?

JACK. No, the marriage was a fucking mistake. I'm not sure why I told yer -- yer make me want to tell yer things.

ERICA. I do? That's sweet. Mine was a mistake. I was young and stupid.

JACK. Yer still young. What are you, like 25?

HOBOKEN

ERICA. *(She likes this)*...Uh, something like that. I just wanted to run away from my fucked up family. What's your excuse? I was in love. But I...don't know why I even brought it up.

JACK. I like you, Erica. *(She leans in and kisses him.)*

ERICA. You're rich, huh?

JACK. Yeah, I am, I guess.

ERICA. This is an expensive couch, fuck.

JACK. Yeah? You know when I bought this apartment?

ERICA. Oh yeah..?

JACK. After I made a million dollars.

ERICA. Wow. So you're a millionaire? No way. I've always wanted to meet a millionaire.

JACK. Uh, Erica....yer not supposed to say stuff like that....if yer actually want to meet the millionaire...and I wouldn't say that I'm a millionaire. Not like what yer thinking of anyway.

(They kiss again.)

ERICA. Tell me what it's like to be rich...I mean, even kind of rich. I'll take anything. *(Jack laughs at this.)*

JACK. It's fun. I can do what I like when I like. Sometimes, I don't even know what to do with all my money. I like your lips, so thick and full.

ERICA. Collagen lip injections. I'm just kidding. I could never afford lip injections. *(She reaches for his shirt.)* What about this? Can I take this off? *(She takes his shirt off. He leans in to kiss her, gently. Then she attacks him, kissing him harder and harder, lights begin to flicker like a blue movie. They rip each other's clothes off. Lights down. Lights up on...)*

HOBOKEN

SCENE 8

Back at the club.

SAM. So you're a screenwriter?

NIKO. Yes.

SAM. And I'm an actress. (*Now she's really flirting*). That's pretty funny.

NIKO. Is it? (*His cell phone beeps.*) Hold on. You know, I'm sorry, I have to get going. Another time perhaps?

SAM. Really? Oh...I was thinking we could talk some more. I wanted to hear about your writing.

NIKO. Well, I need to take care of some things - would you like to come to my place for a drink? I can tell you about my script - you'd be perfect for one of the parts.

SAM. Really? Uh...Where do you live?

NIKO. I am staying at my friend's on 12th street - 2 blocks away. C'mon. I won't bite (*he laughs*).

SAM. Well (*she looks around, considers*). Sure.

NIKO. Really?

SAM. What? You don't look like a killer or anything...

NIKO. It's just kind of sudden. I'm surprised.

SAM. Okay, then no. I won't go.

NIKO. No, no..I want you to come over.

SAM. Do you have a business card or something?

NIKO. Oh now I've done it.

SAM. Well....

NIKO. Here. (*He produces a card. She reads it and looks up at him.*)

SAM. Hmm. The Washington Post? Sounds good to me. Except for one thing.

NIKO. What's that?

SAM. This card says John Raymond.

NIKO. Oh...oh, that is my colleague's card. I have one (*He looks in his pockets*).

HOBOKEN

SAM. What about your I.D? One with a photo. *(He produces his Russian Passport.)*

SAM. Okay. Now we're talking. *(She looks at it with one hand, with the other he takes her hand, she likes this.)*

SAM. What are you going to do with it?

NIKO. With what your hand *(he goes to kiss it)*

SAM. Your screenplay?

NIKO. Make a movie, what else? *(Sam leaves with Niko. Lights lower, Blackout.)*

SCENE 9

Back to the apartment in Hoboken Erica is sleeping on the red sofa, half undressed. Jack is mid getting dressed for work. He's got a suit on and he's just fixing his hair/tie. He looks good. The cats are still hissing outside.

JACK. Damn Cats!

ERICA. Owwee. *(Erica starts to rouse. Jack comes over with some orange juice.)*

JACK. This should help. Headache?

ERICA. This is insane, what time is it? I've never stayed up so late

JACK. It's four.

ERICA. In the afternoon? Really?*(laughs)* You look so good.

JACK. *(Laughs)* Work.

ERICA. You go to work at 4? Wait, isn't it Saturday?

JACK. Millionaires never get a break. It's an afternoon meeting for work.

ERICA. I should get going, speaking of that awful subject.

JACK. An acting job?

ERICA. No..um. I'm...I work at a shoe store, Jack.

JACK. Well, at least you're not a hooker.

ERICA. A what?

JACK. Ah, so yer working today?

HOBOKEN

ERICA. Tomorrow - but shesh (*hiccup*s). Fucking bullshit hiccups. I've gotta eat and take a bath and you know, change my clothes.

JACK. There's lots to think about fer the shoe store?

ERICA. Excuse me?

JACK. You don't work till tomorrow - stay here. You can take a bath. Order food if you want. You like Chinese? Here all just leave some cash.

ERICA. Jack, you are so sweet, but really..

JACK. Stay. I'd love it if you were here when I got back.

ERICA. Well...what time will you be back? Maybe I'll just lay right here and sleep.

JACK. Good. And when yer wake you can cook dinner.

ERICA. Um...

JACK. Just kidding you. (*pause*) But you're a good cook?

ERICA. I am, actually. Learned it from my mamma. (*Jack goes into the other room. She lays back down, relaxes. Stretches out. Takes a sip of her orange juice, then hiccups loudly. Yelling into the other room.*) Hey Jack, do you have an ice pack or anything like that? A bag of ...or aspirin. Yeah, aspirin. (*No response from Jack.*) Jack? You okay? (*He appears carrying a gun, pointed at her.*)

JACK. Hold it right there. Got ya! (*Erica screams.*)

ERICA. What are you doing?

JACK. It's a Walther.

ERICA. It's a Walter. What? Oh my god.

JACK. (*Laughing*) Erica, I was trying to scare the hiccups out of yer. I said Walther. It's the kind of gun 007 used. (*Erica is obviously so scared she can barely move. She is bent over. She starts to get dressed in a hurry. All the while still hiccuping.*)

What's wrong? Yer aren't mad are yer?

ERICA. I still have the hiccups.

JACK. Well, hang on then. I'll really scare ya.

HOBOKEN

ERICA. Oh Jesus. *(He walks into the other room as if to get another gun. She's totally freaking out now, ready to run out the door.)*

JACK. I just wanted to show you me pride and joy. I got this at a gun show and I can't wait to use it. *(Jack has arrived with yet another gun. Erica has her bag on her arm, and her shoes in her hand, she's undoing the locks. He's behind her with the gun. He points it at her back.)*

ERICA. Is it loaded?

JACK. Where do you think yer going?

ERICA. I was just going to...

JACK. I hope you weren't thinking of leaving.

ERICA. No, I...

JACK. It's not loaded. Of course not. It's Halloween. Boo!
(Beat. She just stares at him.)

ERICA. Halloween was yesterday. There's something wrong with you.

JACK. Oh c'mon now. I was just playing. *(Erica is at the door. The cats are fighting outside again.)*

ERICA. I should go. It was nice meeting you, Jack.

JACK. Jack puts the gun in his pants. Comes to her. So that's it? Nice to meet you? Yer not going to call me?

ERICA. No. Probably not.

JACK. Well, you'd need my number. *(He writes it down on a piece of paper hands it to her.)*

ERICA. Uh, Thank-- *(He comes to her, kisses her. She kisses back, hard.)*

JACK. Good. I'm glad you aren't like any of them.

ERICA. Who?

JACK. The other girls. They aren't a thing like you. You're different.

ERICA. I should hope so. Goodbye. *(She slams the door. The cat fight escalates. Jack wipes his mouth, his hair. He pulls his gun out of his pants. Points it out the window, considers, puts it in a drawer in the kitchen. Lights lower. End scene.)*

HOBOKEN

SCENE 10

November - a week later. Erica and Sam are having lunch in the West Village.

SAM. Okay, so tell me about this guy - what's his name?

ERICA. Jack.

SAM. Yeah, Jack.

ERICA. What happened to you? I turned around and you were gone. *(Beat. Sam ignores her, rolls her eyes. Looks at her menu.)* Oh c'mon, don't be like that. After that black out things got so crazy in there. Rocking crazy.

SAM. So looks like my make up-job worked. You got yourself a rich boyfriend. Good. You can pay for lunch.

ERICA. Oh my god. He has a big screen tv. *(Sam just looks at her.)* He has a lot of channels. We watched a special on Whales --He likes you.

SAM. We barely said hello to each other, c'mon.

ERICA. No, but he said that he thought you were cool.

SAM. I love his accent. Is he good in bed?

ERICA. Sam!

SAM. I read somewhere that those Irish are hot lovers.

ERICA. You think all foreigners are hot lovers. You just hate American guys...Where'd you read that?

SAM. In this magazine called "Ass" I used to read it when I lived in Paris.

ERICA. You are an ass.

SAM. It was actually called "Le Cou" -That's French.

ERICA. He's romantic.

SAM. Does he have a big dick?

ERICA. Yeah, oh yeah. I mean, I don't know It's medium I guess. I can't believe you asked that. Is that really important?

SAM. No...not at all. It's all about personality.

ERICA. Yes.

HOBOKEN

SAM. Okay, sure. Whatever. *(They both laugh.)* So..it's big then...?

ERICA. Big enough. He bought me this watch. *(She shows it to Sam.)*

SAM. I was noticing...that's a Rolex isn't it? When did he give you that?

ERICA. After our first -

SAM. Fuck...so he was probably apologizing for the small...

ERICA. C'mon. After our first night. He sent it to the shoe store.

SAM. Are you for real?

ERICA. I didn't even tell him where I worked. I just said that I worked at a Shoe store on 54th...and he found me.

SAM. Well...he understands the Internet. Good for him. I'm just saying...

ERICA. So then I called him back to thank him and then -

SAM. So you weren't going to call him back at first...he had to send you a Rolex to get a call-back?

ERICA. No, no...I was...

SAM. He must be really fucked up or he has a really small dick. Does he like to butt fuck or something?

ERICA. Sam, I really like him.

SAM. So what happened?

ERICA. Well, I was just about to call him. I pulled out my cell phone, and then...out of the blue - he walked in.

SAM. Well, it wasn't out of the blue exactly.

ERICA. And he just appeared in the doorway of my shop. He was holding flowers.

SAM. Of course. Was there romantic music blasting from behind him?

ERICA. He...uh. Well, it was romantic. He came to apologize.

SAM. For what? He just gave you a watch.

ERICA. Oh...I mean not apologize, but just to ask me out again, so I said okay and he said "great."

HOBOKEN

SAM. Well...that's a good story. But still, what's his poison? Must be something. He was apologizing for something... whatever ... Remember that guy who used to poop in your bed? You thought he was great too, until whoops there was shit in your bed -- that he said was chocolate. That, I couldn't believe. Chocolate!

ERICA. Sam, I'm eating. Would you shut up. I'm trying to -

SAM. I'm just trying to put this in perspective is all.

ERICA. Look, I'm trying to tell you something important. Shut the fuck up for 2 seconds. *(Beat.)* I've decided to move. I'm moving. I'm going to move in with Jack in Hoboken.

SAM. You what?! Why would you move back to Hoboken? With Jack? Eerie - You just met him.

ERICA. You're the one who said I should find a sugar daddy --

SAM. Not in Hoboken!

ERICA. Hoboken will be great. Second time's the charm.

SAM. Oh c'mon....you've already been married and that didn't work out. So what....I guess this is serious, then?

ERICA. Kinda.

SAM. So, I guess you'll be living it up in Hoboken? *(Sam laughs about this to herself).* I tell you to get a boyfriend so you can you know...get to eat and get some things paid for -- and only you would take it 10 steps ahead like this. That's what lesbians do. Only lesbians move in after the first date...

ERICA. I think it's the second date. On the second date they get the uhaul...

SAM. So why are you moving so fast?

ERICA. Well, I needed a place to stay and someone to..I don't know. I want to be taken care of and he offered. *(Beat.)*

SAM. Okay.

ERICA. Okay.

SAM. I've had a pretty exciting weekend too.

ERICA. Really, that's so unexpected.

SAM. Can you keep a secret?

ERICA. Sam!?

HOBOKEN

SAM. I'm serious.

ERICA. How long have we been friends?

SAM. That doesn't matter.

ERICA. You've been my friend since the third grade. Have I ever told any of your secrets?

SAM. Yes, but I can forgive that.

ERICA. When?

SAM. Let's not get into it.

ERICA. That was...

SAM. I don't even remember her name...what was her name?

ERICA. I didn't.

SAM. You told her when I didn't tell anyone, not a soul, not even my mom.

ERICA. I didn't mean...

SAM. Yeah, whatever.

ERICA. Are you pregnant? *(Beat.)*

SAM. You said you wouldn't say anything. Would you keep it down?

ERICA. You're keeping it this time, right? Sam, you're 28 years old - you're not getting any younger.

SAM. I'm not pregnant.

ERICA. Oh.

SAM. The good thing is that I don't tell your secrets.

ERICA. Sam! You're so fucking dramatic.

SAM. I met someone, okay? And I've been having wild and crazy sex.

ERICA. With who?

SAM. NIKO - there I said it.

ERICA. Who is Niko?

SAM. He's amazing, Erie. Finally, I met a guy who is my intellectual match. It's such a relief. I can actually learn things from him. He's a screenwriter, but he's Russian, like from Moscow...and and he's a journalist too. A genius. I read his new movie -- it's so fucking good. He's brilliant. Did I tell you that?

HOBOKEN

ERICA. What?! When did you meet this guy?

SAM. At the club when you left me. Just follow me here
(*Beat*). He's written a screenplay and there are parts for us in it.

ERICA. As actresses?

SAM. No, as donkeys. (*Beat*). He's Russian, from Moscow

ERICA. You said that.

SAM. And the script is like an International spy story.

ERICA. I don't have any money.

SAM. You could get it from Jack. He's rich, right? We need investors and I know he'll totally invest in this if he knew it was for you, for your career.

ERICA. You want money?

SAM. It's for the screenplay -- for you!

ERICA. This is totally stupid. I just met Jack. Why would you think he'd want to give you money for your movie?

SAM. No it's not stupid. You said he's a rich banker. You never know if you don't ask. Get some balls.

ERICA. Get some what? Shut up! So did Niko set you up to this or did you really just come up with this whole scheme right now?

SAM. It's not a scheme. He didn't say anything. I just know he needs money.

ERICA. If he is such a great writer, why can't he get the money from someone else, like real producers?

SAM. Don't you get it, if we produce it, if we have the money, we're guaranteed to get in the movie. We'll be producers. You haven't read this script is all I'm saying. Can I just give you the script to read? Please? (*She hands the script to her. Erica reluctantly takes it.*) You can play the Russian spy. She's not really Russian, but she lived in a Russian prison. We can probably go to Russia to film this. Can you imagine us in Moscow?

ERICA. No, not really. People don't really want to go to Russia right now.

HOBOKEN

SAM. That's bullshit. Russia's amazing. And people are making movies there. (Beat). You just find some stealthy way to hand it to John -

ERICA. Jack.

SAM. Jack, yes. You just say...well, you'll say something.

ERICA. Russian spy-huh? (*Erica starts flipping through the script. Thinks for a moment. Then says in her best Russian accent.*) Da! (*She smiles. Blackout.*)

SCENE 11

December. It's Evening. Jack comes through the door of the Hoboken apartment. He's wearing a fancy business suit. He's got a suitcase in one hand some hangers with women's clothes hanging on them on the other arm. He's quite dapper. He throws the dresses on the couch, and he notices that the bookshelf has been moved. From the other room Erica calls out.

ERICA. Honey, you home?

JACK. Yeah. (*He sits down, opens his computer.*)

ERICA. Have I got a surprise for you! Wait right there.

JACK. Really, I'm not in the mood. I've had a rough day. I got yer dresses there. There's more in the car. Yer shouldn't be moving the bookshelf by yerself. (*She enters wearing a dominatrix costume, with a whip. Beat. Jack is stumped and goes to the kitchen and makes himself a drink (Jameson) and downs it in one gulp.*)

ERICA. You like?

JACK. No, I don't like. Please just take that off.

ERICA. The whip is a little weird. I found it...

JACK. I know where yer found it. Take it off. Now. (*Beat. Erica just looks at him strangely.*) Yer shouldn't be messing with my stuff.

HOBOKEN

ERICA. I was moving my stuff in, remember? Where's Muggly? *(Erica storms off into the other room. He makes himself another drink and brings it to his computer.)*

JACK. Look, Erica, I'm sorry but I've got a big problem at work and I need to focus. I don't want to think about yer rabbit right now. *(Jack sits down at his computer, now he's got the bottle of Jack with him. He turns on his computer, goes to his briefcase, gets out some papers. He reacts to something he sees on the screen.)* That's just great. *(Beat.)*

Did you make me some dinner? I'm starved.

ERICA. So you just left Muggly at the old apartment? I haven't been there in two days.

JACK. He'll be fine. What about dinner? *(He is still mesmerized by his computer. Erica appears in the doorway, she's changed into jeans and a t-shirt.)*

ERICA. Did you ever see Flashdance?

JACK. Erica I'm fecking starving already.

ERICA. Did you know Sam is dating a screenwriter now?

JACK. Yeah. Who is Sam?

ERICA. My friend from the club. The pretty one.

JACK. I still have to bring yer dresser up here.

ERICA. *(Erica starts to sing)* "First When There's Nothing but a slow wave of dreams....but this feeling inside..."

JACK. Are you singing?

ERICA. I found my old CD's in the move.

JACK. I hate singing. Sorry. In Ireland everyone is singing. It's depressing.

ERICA. Flashdance isn't depressing. It's a movie about love and big dreams. Did you ever see it?

JACK. Yeah, I guess.

ERICA. It's romantic.

JACK. Dinner --anything? I'll take pizza. There's some menu's there.

ERICA. Did you read the screenplay that I gave you?

JACK. That piece of junk?

HOBOKEN

ERICA. Did you read it? You said you would read it. I think there may be a good part for me in it.

JACK. Jesus Fecking A-Christ. So what if there was? What am I, supposed to care? As fer as I'm concerned you've got one role and that's here at the house...making my dinner - which you can't seem to do and fucking me.

ERICA. And you forgot working at the shoe store. There's that too.

JACK. Yeah, that. Shoes, Food, fucking.

ERICA. That's three jobs! I gave up a lot to move in with you....did you know that?

JACK. You gave up an expensive apartment you couldn't afford. What der you think this is? I think I'm getting laid and your like a a ballerina whose living the good life. You are thinking about movies. We can watch one on TV.

ERICA. You know what?

JACK. What?

ERICA. Forget this! Just forget this. Moving in, was the wrong thing to do. You're just an Asshole, Jack. A dumb Irish Asshole who doesn't know the first thing about decorating --

JACK. Don't you ever call me dumb.

ERICA. You're ignorant.

JACK. Do yer know how smart I am?

ERICA. No, I --

JACK. I'm a mathematical genius who manages hundreds of ignoramuses at a bank, Erica. And every one of them there's got an IQ higher than yours. I manage data systems. You sell shoes for a living. You're lucky you found me -- isn't that what this is about?

ERICA. *(She's crying)* ...I can't believe you said that. IQ, is that what this is about? Is that why your ex-wife left you? Cause she wasn't smart enough? Or maybe she was too smart --

JACK. I told yer, not to bring that up, ever. *(Erica runs into the other room.)* Erica!

HOBOKEN

ERICA. You know, you big ape - there's something called emotional intelligence. It's about people who know a thing or two about art and culture --who can talk about directors and musical scores -- and art movements. *(She goes to leave.)*

JACK. What are you doing? *(He goes to grab her.)*

ERICA. Get your fucking hands off of me. You ape. You philistine. You DUMB pig. *(He hangs on to her, gripping passionately.)* You're hurting me. Stop it. You're -- *(She pushes him off.)* Would you let me go. *(He lets go.)* You know what you are, Jack?

JACK. No, why don't yer tell me.

ERICA. You..you -- you're a big overgrown baby --you, think because you're from Ireland and you had it rough and you made something out of yourself that you're better than everyone? You think just because you make a lot of money you're better than me, that you're smarter?

JACK. Now come on - of course I am.

ERICA. You really think that you're smarter?

JACK. Well, yeah.

ERICA. Fuck you!

JACK. You have no idea what I do, where I came from.

ERICA. And thanks to this whole big display I don't want to know you. You may know about data systems, but you don't know a thing about *(she looks around)* home design, for an example. That red leather couch screams loser. *(She slams the door. Jack is alone in the apartment. He's upset. He goes to the kitchen pours himself a drink, then gets on his computer - starts looking at some pictures he's downloaded. Looks like he's buying them, he pulls out a credit card. Then he looks at them, gets excited begins to play with himself, touching himself, getting more and more excited. All of a sudden, Erica re-enters. Sees him. They both scream.)*

ERICA. Jack?

JACK. Auh *(he coves himself)* Yer scared me. I thought you left.

HOBOKEN

ERICA. What, uh - were you doing?

JACK. Nothing.

ERICA. Nothing, huh? I leave and the porn show starts.

JACK. No, no...

ERICA. Okay, whatever. I just realized that I should get my things, since I won't be staying here.

JACK. Okay. *(She goes into the other room. Comes out with a bag.)*

ERICA. I'll just get the rest of it, maybe tomorrow.

JACK. Okay. *(Beat.)*

ERICA. Okay, then.

JACK. Okay.

ERICA. Whatever. *(She goes to the door.)*

JACK. Wait.

ERICA. What?

JACK. I'm sorry, I mean where will you stay?

ERICA. Sam's I guess. I'll go get Muggly and go to Sam's. I'll take the ferry if I didn't miss the last one. What do you care?

JACK. What der yer mean? Of course I care. You don't have to do that. You can stay here tonight. I'll sleep on the couch. It is ugly. I'll go get yer rabbit.

ERICA. I don't need your help.

JACK. No, no, it's true. It's ugly, isn't it?

ERICA. Yeah, kinda. It's kind of overly opulent to the point of grossness.

JACK. Yeah? See, I wouldn't know.

ERICA. I know. *(He gets up, comes nearer to her.)*

JACK. Stay.

ERICA. Oh Jack, I'm...I don't know. It seems like we come from different worlds, I'm very cultured you know. And you're-

JACK. I'm an ape.

ERICA. That's a start.

JACK. I'm a big Irish ape and I'm lucky to be with a gorgeous woman like you, just look at yer -- you're beautiful.

HOBOKEN

ERICA. You think you can win me over with that? Why don't you buy me a watch? Oh you already did that. Why don't you pull out a gun? Oh you did that.

JACK. I'm so sorry. I don't know what came over me. I'm hungry. I need to eat. I get crazy when I haven't eaten. *(He goes over to the menus. Pulls one out. Starts to dial.)* Stay for dinner. Pizza.

ERICA. You really think that I'm stupid? Why would I stay?

JACK. I didn't say that.

ERICA. Yes, yes you did.

JACK. *(Into the phone)* I'll get a large Pepperoni *(listens)*. You have my address. It should have come up with the number. You have my damn credit card on file already. Alrighty. Great. *(Erica goes to leave again. He chases after her. Grabs her.)* No you don't. Yer staying here with me.

ERICA. Why? I didn't cook for you.

JACK. That's not what I want.

ERICA. What do you want, some dumb chick?

JACK. You're not dumb.

ERICA. I know I'm not dumb.

JACK. Yer smart.

ERICA. I'm a lot of things, Jack. And I thought you wanted to see those things.

JACK. I do. Whatever you want...I want to support you.

ERICA. I want to be a great actress...and I gave you a screenplay to read.

JACK. Oh yeah.

ERICA. What do you think that was for? It's for me.

JACK. Why didn't you say so. I'll read it.

ERICA. So you didn't even read it?

JACK. No.

ERICA. There's a good part for me in it.

JACK. Please stay? Ah, baby. *(He kisses her softly.)* Erica, I love you.

ERICA. You do?

HOBOKEN

JACK. This is my life and I want you in it. *(She relents. They kiss some more.)* Oh I'm so hot. Oh baby - you, you do it for me. *(They both laugh.)*

ERICA. I thought you were going to say something corny like you complete me.

JACK. You do. Oh baby, tell me you love me too. *(They kiss some more. She wraps her legs around him and leans back on the desk.)*

ERICA. I do love you. But I want you to believe in me, Jack. I need you to believe in my talent. You do think I'm talented, don't you?

JACK. Well sure.

ERICA. No, you have to see me to know. Really you have to see me. Do you see me?

JACK. I see you baby.

ERICA. No, you need to see me act, like in a movie act...

JACK. Can't I see yer in some of the other stuff yer doing....

ERICA. Dumb ass commercial work where I am selling hemorrhoid medicine? No, that's not how to see me act. I need to be seen in a really good part. That's what every actor needs, don't you get it?

JACK. Okay then.

ERICA. Okay, what?

JACK. I'll do it.

ERICA. You'll do what - me? *(she laughs).*

JACK. Of course I'll do yer. I'll do yer up and down. *(She stops and looks at him, and kisses him hard and pushes him back toward the desk - she turns the swivel chair so he is sitting in it, and she straddles him on the chair. Something suddenly pops up and she sees it just as she's pulling down his pants to go down on him. She looks back at it, confused at first, but it's unmistakable and horrifying whatever it is.)*

JACK. Of course, I believe in you. I'll do anything fer you, fer yer career. We both need to be successful. She gives it a second look. She's seen it. She stops abruptly.

HOBOKEN

ERICA. Jack? *(She's pulled away and is starrng at it. He's still got his eyes shut.)*

JACK. Oh Erica. Yes, you can do that.

ERICA. What that fuck is this? Is that the porn you were looking at? Tell me that's not what you were getting off to? *(Suddenly realizing he's in big trouble.)*

JACK. No - it's nothing. A friend from work and I went to the wrong website - it was just sitting there. Now come on...

ERICA. I don't believe this... *(She's backing away from him, she turns and goes to the door.)*

JACK. Erica!? No, you don't -- you come back right now. *(She bolts for the door and runs out. He chases her. You can hear her screaming offstage.)*

ERICA. *(from offstage screaming)* No, no, no. *(Lights fade. End Scene.)*

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