



ARPEGGIO

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2 Act Full-Length (2 Women-3 Men)

Zeb, the personal assistant and best friend to fading pop superstar, Cindy Hall, is consumed by loneliness so he decides to take on a new roommate, Gerry. Zeb and Gerry become fast friends. He confides in her about the uncertainty of his relationship with his new illegal immigrant boyfriend, Ricardo—although they feel greatly for each other, they are wary of a future together. Gerry confides in Zeb that she has a secret - a passionate affair with rock sensation Tobin Grey. The story reveals more secrets, which devastate their illusions and lives, spotlighting America's obsession with celebrity, and its tragic effects.

CHARACTER:

Gerry—Age:Mid 20s-early 30s. Attractive with an obsessive personality.

GERRY

I flew into LA on a Sunday. My old friend from college, Kevin, picks me up. He's the same—still trying to make it in film. I listen to his boring stories and let him eye me for a while until I can make sure he's gonna let me use his car all week. Perfect. Secure the car, then drive out to Laguna, where Tobin is playing his first gig. There are a couple of other girls I've seen around...at all the concerts. That little Asian girl who is always stalking him. I sit by myself. I used to mind it—but not any more. I sit in the back because I don't want him to see me—it might make him nervous. An arpeggio is when you take a chord—like A minor...my favorite chord has always been A minor. You take A minor and break it down into its elements. The three notes that make up the chord. So if a chord is three notes played at the same time...an arpeggio is when you play each note individually to see each element alone—deconstruct it...distill it and see the truth of it. That's how he began the song—the new song. I flew to California to hear a new song. Not just what he thought it was Sunday night—when he first played it. But to hear Wednesday and Thursday—see how it would change. He started the song off in arpeggio. Plucking the notes gently. It's harder to play a song like that—to hear each note on its own. It's easier for a note to survive in a chord—when it is existing with another. The noise of the other chords keeps you from hearing the single note. Arpeggio allows you to hear the note alone and know its sound. I like the solitude of arpeggio. He started out solo—just him and the guitar—but then the others joined in—which I allowed. I allowed it. And then came his words—and I had to wonder if he thought of some of them after seeing me—pretending he had never seen me before. But that's fine. It can be our secret. I knew when he looked at me that we had a connection that did not need to be defined. But I wish I knew...Did I inspire one new phrase or word—just one? I think I did. And then he sang.

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