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*Samuel French Acting Edition*

# All Hail Hurricane Gordo

*by* Carly Mensch

|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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World premiere in the  
2008 Humana Festival of New American Plays  
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The Cleveland Play House

## **CHARACTERS**

**CHAZ** – late 20s

**GORDO** – mid 20s

**INDIA** – 18

**OSCAR** – late 50s

## **SETTING**

A ranch-style house in a waning suburb of New York. The living room has been converted into a makeshift office.

*For my brother*

1.

*(A living room turned makeshift office. Two desks, one neat and organized with a typewriter and carefully arranged stacks of paper and the other a total wreck, purgatory-like, where things half-eaten and half-assed take up residence – opened bags of chips, abandoned Tinker Toy projects, wrinkled Wrestlemania magazines, parts of an old Bingo set, a bug collection in a recycled yogurt container, swimming goggles, etc. There is a worn-out couch dead center covered with piles and piles of phone books and a lone wooden chair in the corner.)*

*(CHAZ, late 20s, sits at the neat desk. Shirt and tie. Typing. Enter GORDO, mid 20s. In boxers and a little boys pajama top. CHAZ continues typing. GORDO watches for a moment.)*

**GORDO.** Hey.

*(Type type. Type type.)*

Hey Chaz.

*(CHAZ doesn't respond. GORDO patiently repeats himself.)*

Chaz. Chaz. Chaz.

**CHAZ.** I hear you.

**GORDO.** You want breakfast?

**CHAZ.** Already ate.

**GORDO.** Alright.

*(GORDO exits. CHAZ pulls out the sheet of paper from the typewriter and puts it into an envelope. He finds the appropriate address in one of the phone books open on his desk.)*

*(GORDO returns with some old mush in Tupperware. He loiters around CHAZ's desk while he eats.)*

**GORDO.** Mmm.

**CHAZ.** What is that?

**GORDO.** Stir-fry.

**CHAZ.** From last week?

**GORDO.** I guess.

**CHAZ.** You didn't see any cereal?

(**GORDO** shrugs.)

I bought some yesterday.

**GORDO.** You bought the bad kind.

**CHAZ.** I bought Cheerios.

**GORDO.** You bought Shit-e-os. The kind in the plastic bag. The kind you have to crawl on the floor of the supermarket to get. They look like Cheerios but surprise – they're really Shit-e-os. Simple mistake. How long you been working?

**CHAZ.** Little over an hour.

**GORDO.** Jeez. That's discipline.

**CHAZ.** Just finished the fourth one this morning. Oh. And we need to pick up more stamps. We're running low.

**GORDO.** Look at you. You're like this self-guided missile. Like your brain is on autopilot.

**CHAZ.** It's after ten by the way.

**GORDO.** See? You've even got an internal clock.

**CHAZ.** We start at nine thirty.

**GORDO.** *We?*

**CHAZ.** The household.

**GORDO.** Yeah...I can't get up then. Sorry.

**CHAZ.** Why not?

**GORDO.** Because. You got rid of the TV. That's how I used to tell time – the channel guide. I used to watch the channel guide every morning until breakfast. Do you know you can basically schedule your entire life just by watching the channel guide? It tells you what's on and when and how long, and there's even a little ticking clock in the upper hand corner. But now it's

just...nothing. I'm a little ship, lost at sea, all floating around. Where's my compass? Where's my best friend? Oh yeah, Chaz sold it on eBay.

**CHAZ.** I didn't sell it on eBay. I sold it to Kip Bearman.

**GORDO.** The guy from the Y?

**CHAZ.** Yeah.

**GORDO.** Now what's he gonna do with a TV? Smoke it?

**CHAZ.** (*amused*) Please tell me how you smoke a television set.

**GORDO.** Oh he'll figure out a way. He'll probably pull out all the wires and try to snort the electricity out of them.

**CHAZ.** What makes you think he does drugs? We see him at the pool, that's it.

**GORDO.** And on the bench outside, waiting for the bus. Smoking Lucky Strikes. Every Wednesday, just sitting on the bench. Smoking.

**CHAZ.** Cigarettes.

**GORDO.** Cigarettes are a drug, man. They've got nicotine. You smoke one and Bang! your brain is a plate of scrambled eggs. Haven't you seen the commercials? Don't ever smoke, Chaz. Promise me you'll never smoke.

**CHAZ.** It's a little late for me to take up smoking, don't you think?

**GORDO.** *Promise* me, Chaz.

**CHAZ.** Fine. I promise.

**GORDO.** Promise.

**CHAZ.** I said I promise.

**GORDO.** You can't die on me.

**CHAZ.** I'm not dying.

**GORDO.** I'm just saying, you better not.

(*a moment*)

I'm thinking of writing a letter. To Child Protective Services. With a note that says, "Dear Protective Services.

Question: Do you really protect every child in America? Answer: No. You don't. Love, Gordon. P.S. Can you please get me a new TV?"

(CHAZ just stares at him.)

CHAZ. Why don't you go get dressed. Your leg hair – it's blinding me.

GORDO. You don't think that's funny? Writing a letter to Child Protective Services?

CHAZ. It's not that funny anymore.

GORDO. You write letters.

CHAZ. That's different.

GORDO. You write like ten a day.

CHAZ. I write inquiries. It's a different thing.

GORDO. I can sign both our names. They might like that – a two for one deal.

(noticing)

GORDO. What's up with the tie?

CHAZ. Oh. Right.

GORDO. You look good. You look like you're going to court.

CHAZ. I've...got a meeting today. We both do, actually.

GORDO. Ah...we're auctioning off the couch. First the TV, now the couch. Everything must go!

CHAZ. We're not selling anything. It's – an interview.

GORDO. What kind of interview?

CHAZ. You know, an interview.

GORDO. Okay. But what kind?

CHAZ. You can't get upset.

GORDO. What? Are you getting another job?

CHAZ. Not me. Someone else. Coming here.

GORDO. Someone who?

CHAZ. Someone who's coming here to interview with us.

GORDO. Why would they do that?

**CHAZ.** Go get dressed and we'll talk all about it. And put on a nice shirt – you can borrow one of mine if you want. With a collar.

**GORDO.** No. Tell me now, Chaz.

**CHAZ.** It's no big deal. It's just a meeting.

**GORDO.** Tell me what's going on.

**CHAZ.** Not if you're going to freak out.

**GORDO.** I'M NOT GOING TO FREAK OUT. Just tell me already.

*(CHAZ composes himself.)*

**CHAZ.** A potential tenant. She's coming in at eleven.

**GORDO.** Today?

**CHAZ.** Yeah.

*(GORDO processes all this.)*

**GORDO.** Okay.

**CHAZ.** Yeah?

**GORDO.** Uh huh.

*(Beat. GORDO exits to his room. CHAZ watches the door warily. A few seconds later, GORDO re-enters wearing a football helmet. CHAZ stares at him for a moment.)*

**CHAZ.** Gordon.

*(GORDO stares back.)*

Gordo.

*(GORDO lowers his head like a bull.)*

Don't do this.

*(GORDO kicks invisible dirt as if preparing to charge.)*

I said don't.

*(GORDO charges. Rams CHAZ in the stomach. CHAZ falls down.)*

OFF! Off. Get OFF!

**GORDO.** AAGGHHH!!!!

**CHAZ.** Jesus.

*(CHAZ tries to wiggle out from beneath GORDO.)*

**CHAZ.** I said off.

**GORDO.** I'M GOING TO BREAK YOUR ARM.

**CHAZ.** I need my arm.

**GORDO.** NO YOU DON'T.

**CHAZ.** Please. I do.

**GORDO.** NO. NO MORE ARM.

**CHAZ.** You know what time it is? I think you know what time it is.

**GORDO.** TIME TO DIE?

**CHAZ.** What?

**GORDO.** TIME TO EAT MY FACE!

*(CHAZ manages to break free. Stands up.)*

**CHAZ.** I think it's time for a time out.

**GORDO.** No.

**CHAZ.** Yes. Time out. Go sit in the chair.

**GORDO.** I don't want to sit in the chair.

**CHAZ.** You just head butt me in the goddamn stomach. I've probably got internal bleeding. Go have time out.

**GORDO.** Fine.

*(GORDO goes to the lone wooden chair and takes a seat.)*

**GORDO.** How long?

**CHAZ.** Two minutes.

**GORDO.** One.

**CHAZ.** Fine.

*(GORDO sits in the chair. Counts quietly to himself.*

*CHAZ brings GORDO's empty container into the kitchen.)*

**CHAZ.** *(as he goes)* I think you actually ruptured my spleen this time.

*(When he returns, CHAZ looks at his watch.)*

58...59...60.

*(GORDO stands up.)*

Are you ready to talk about this like a grown-up?

**GORDO.** Uh huh.

**CHAZ.** Are you sure?

**GORDO.** I'm calm now. See?

**CHAZ.** Why don't you take off the helmet?

**GORDO.** It's the San Diego Chargers.

**CHAZ.** I know.

**GORDO.** Okay.

*(GORDO takes off the helmet.)*

I don't know why I get so angry.

**CHAZ.** You've got stuff you're dealing with.

**GORDO.** But we've both got the same stuff.

**CHAZ.** I think you've also got some kind of anger management problem, maybe.

**GORDO.** Like elephants?

**CHAZ.** Yeah. Like elephants.

**GORDO.** Goring people in Asia, trampling entire villages in Africa. It's a worldwide epidemic you know. The whole animal kingdom's striking out.

*(beat)*

You're not angry?

**CHAZ.** Not really.

**GORDO.** I don't want to be so angry all the time.

**CHAZ.** I know.

**GORDO.** It just comes out.

**CHAZ.** Well you've got to work on that. People aren't going to just accept that kind of behavior out in the real world. That's what got you into trouble, remember?

**GORDO.** Yeah.

**CHAZ.** You can't just do whatever you feel like. You're a human being. There are certain boundaries.

**GORDO.** You told me to always be myself.

**CHAZ.** Well. Not when your self is fiery ball of rage – okay? That's when you make an exception.

*(beat)*

**GORDO.** Can we talk about this person now?

**CHAZ.** Sure.

**GORDO.** You're sick of talking to me, is that it?

**CHAZ.** Yeah. I'm sick of talking to you. That's it.

**GORDO.** You think I'm boring?

**CHAZ.** That's not even a possibility.

**GORDO.** You want me to fade into the darkness like some kind of phantasm.

**CHAZ.** I want you to be just a little more understanding, that's what I want.

**GORDO.** I'm very understanding. Trust me, I understand stuff.

**CHAZ.** I mean more understanding of me. Of what I need. I have needs too you know. I'm not just your babysitter.

*(GORDO chuckles.)*

I'm glad you find that so entertaining. Besides – It's not just that. It's also – money stuff.

**GORDO.** Why? What happened?

**CHAZ.** Nothing happened.

**GORDO.** Are we in the red, Chaz?

**CHAZ.** We could use the extra income, that's all.

**GORDO.** You're supposed to tell me when we're in the red, Chaz.

**CHAZ.** We're not in the red.

**GORDO.** What about all the money I made at the airport?

**CHAZ.** You worked there for maybe three weeks.

**GORDO.** And not just that. I've had a lot of jobs, man.

**CHAZ.** Oh I know.

**GORDO.** The library –

**CHAZ.** Two libraries – you've worked at two of them.

**GORDO.** Sal's.

**CHAZ.** I forgot about Sal's.

**GORDO.** They gave me free meatball subs at Sal's.

**CHAZ.** Yeah, and it made you fat.

**GORDO.** What about when I gave people tours of the neighborhood and pretended that Amelia Earhart grew up here? I taught them all how to make paper airplanes so they'd have souvenirs to take back with them.

**CHAZ.** That doesn't count because you didn't charge them anything. In fact, you actually spent money because of all the paper.

**GORDO.** That was pretty funny though, right?

**CHAZ.** It was a little funny.

**GORDO.** What about you?

**CHAZ.** Oh – cause two jobs isn't bad enough.

**GORDO.** Do three.

**CHAZ.** Don't you think I'm pulling enough weight here already?

**GORDO.** You wake up at the crack of dawn. You're up anyway.

**CHAZ.** I get up early to do my personal business.

**GORDO.** So I'll do that stuff. What – it's just writing letters and stuffing them into envelopes, right? I can do that.

**CHAZ.** You can't. It's my personal – it's something I do for myself, okay? It's mine. Besides – we wouldn't be in this situation if someone hadn't gotten himself fired from maybe the easiest job on the entire planet and probably blacklisted from the entire global job market.

**GORDO.** Hey –

**CHAZ.** It's true. I don't think anyone's going to hire you now. They've probably tagged you in the system.

**GORDO.** What system?

**CHAZ.** The internet...job system.

*(beat)*

**GORDO.** So this person. It's a girl?

**CHAZ.** Her name is India.

**GORDO.** What? Like the country?

**CHAZ.** Yeah.

**GORDO.** That's messed up.

CHAZ. She sounds nice.

GORDO. She's probably a gypsy.

CHAZ. Probably not.

GORDO. So what. Are you going to marry her?

CHAZ. I've never even met her.

GORDO. You said she was nice.

CHAZ. I talked to her on the phone.

GORDO. You can't marry her.

CHAZ. Who said I was? She'd be our *tenant*.

GORDO. Can't.

CHAZ. And who are you to tell me who I can and cannot  
marry?

GORDO. Can't. Can't do it.

CHAZ. Yeah, you've said that. But why not?

GORDO. Because.

CHAZ. Because...?

GORDO. Because. *(beat)* I'm disabled.

CHAZ. You are NOT disabled.

GORDO. I am. I have a social disorder.

CHAZ. You do not. It's all in your head.

GORDO. I have Asperger's. I looked it up.

CHAZ. How many fingers am I holding up right now?

*(He holds up two fingers.)*

GORDO. Four?

CHAZ. You do not have Asperger's.

GORDO. You can't just go off with some girl and leave me  
alone.

CHAZ. I'm not going anywhere.

GORDO. Promise?

CHAZ. How can I go anywhere? I've got to fucking watch  
you like a hawk.

GORDO. You don't have to watch me.

CHAZ. Are you kidding? What if you pull another stunt like  
you just did? What if you grab onto some stranger's

ankles at the supermarket? What if you run away and hide out in a tool shed for the next five years eating nothing but paint chips and throwing pebbles at baby animals? Watch you? You might as well be made of cement and glued to the bottom of all my shoes the way things are.

*(Pause. Feels bad.)*

Now how bout you go change.

**GORDO.** I should shower first. If I'm going to put on clean clothes.

**CHAZ.** Great idea. Why don't you go take a shower.

**GORDO.** I'm not going to use any soap. You got the liquid kind. There's no lather.

**CHAZ.** That's fine. Even if you just rinse yourself. That's fine.

**GORDO.** Okay.

*(GORDO starts to exit.)*

**GORDO.** Hey Chaz.

**CHAZ.** Yeah?

**GORDO.** You're a good brother. You take good care of me.

*(pause)*

**CHAZ.** Don't forget the pants. Maybe your corduroys. Something nice.

**GORDO.** Yeah. Okay.

*(GORDO starts to exit. CHAZ holds up the envelope.)*

**CHAZ.** Wait. Mail.

*(GORDO goes over to his desk and picks up a plastic bin from the floor that says US MAIL. He carries it over to CHAZ who places the envelope inside.)*

**GORDO.** I'm on it, bro.

*(GORDO exits with the bin. Blackout.)*

## 2.

*(CHAZ sits at his desk. Across from him is INDIA, a self-styled rebel with a blue streak in her hair, in GORDO's time out chair. There is a backpack and an instrument case – a French horn case – on the floor at her feet.)*

CHAZ. Can I get you something to drink?

INDIA. Is it appropriate to make drink requests during an interview?

CHAZ. If you're thirsty.

INDIA. I'm not really, but if you have Orangina, I guess I would have that.

CHAZ. I don't think we have any Orangina.

INDIA. Then no. I'm not thirsty.

CHAZ. Alright. How about hobbies?

INDIA. Hobbies?

CHAZ. Yeah.

INDIA. Tough question.

CHAZ. I mean, aside from music obviously.

INDIA. What, because all young people like music?

CHAZ. I just meant, your instrument. *(gestures to her instrument case)*

INDIA. Oh. The horn. Right. I play the horn. Duh. Not all the time though, don't worry. I won't just randomly break out playing the horn.

*(a slight pause)*

CHAZ. How about movies? That might be easier.

INDIA. Favorite movies?

CHAZ. Sure.

INDIA. Like top ten or just a few?

CHAZ. Just name anything.

INDIA. I like this movie called The Devils, how's that?

CHAZ. I've never heard of it.

INDIA. It stars Vanessa Redgrave as a sex-crazed hunchback

nun. I guess you'd call it a gothic porno. But there's also this whole historical backdrop too. It's pretty insane.

CHAZ. I'll have to ask my brother – he's really into movies.

INDIA. (*looking around*) I thought this place would be dirtier for some reason. Or even just a little seedy.

CHAZ. The house?

INDIA. From the ad. I had this picture in my head – with broken beer bottles everywhere and dial-up that takes thirty minutes just to get on to the internet. Because it's *so* cheap.

CHAZ. Is it?

INDIA. Five hundred bucks? That would probably get you like a broom closet in Manhattan.

CHAZ. Should I have asked for more?

INDIA. Are you kidding? That's your whole selling point. Besides, I'm like *so* poor right now.

(*beat*)

INDIA. Is this even normal? Being interviewed to rent a room?

CHAZ. I've never rented a room before.

INDIA. It's just that, these questions are getting kind of personal. You're not interviewing me as a person, right? You're interviewing me as a kind of a potential...financial arrangement.

CHAZ. Woah.

INDIA. I'm just saying.

CHAZ. You want to get a sense of what a person's like – if you're going to live with them.

INDIA. Isn't that weird? That we might live together.

CHAZ. Not together. Next to one another. Across the hall actually.

INDIA. (*smiling*) Right.

(*a small pause*)

INDIA. What about you? Do I get to ask you any questions?

**CHAZ.** (*trying to make a joke*) Who's conducting the interview, am I right?

(**INDIA** *doesn't laugh. Just stares at him.*)

I'm kidding. Of course.

**INDIA.** Okay. Let me think. Okay. How about...Are you from here originally?

**CHAZ.** Yes.

**INDIA.** Do you always wear a tie?

**CHAZ.** No.

**INDIA.** What about...how do you feel about the service sector in general?

**CHAZ.** The service sector?

**INDIA.** Of the economy.

**CHAZ.** It's – I guess it's a major part of our economy? Why – how do you feel about it?

**INDIA.** I hate it.

**CHAZ.** The whole thing?

**INDIA.** People groveling on the ground, scrubbing other people's shoes and whatnot. It's just seems so demeaning.

**CHAZ.** That's a very...interesting point of view.

**INDIA.** No, it's not. You don't have to lie.

**CHAZ.** I'm not. I'm sorry – I don't know what else to say.

**INDIA.** You don't have to say anything. You can just roll your eyes if you want. When I talk. I won't be offended.

**CHAZ.** Why would I roll my eyes?

**INDIA.** I don't know. But if you want to.

(*beat*)

**INDIA.** Look. Can I level with you, Mr –

**CHAZ.** Chaz.

**INDIA.** This place, Chaz. It's pretty much exactly what I'm looking for.

**CHAZ.** Well that's great –

**INDIA.** But the whole set-up – let's just both admit – a little

on the creepy side. Two guys working at home. Alone. Asking for someone to come live with them in their weirdo home office slash bachelor pad in bumblefuck, New York. But I'm fine with that. In fact, I kind of like it. The ambiguity. The sense that anything could happen. It's so...exciting. Like there could be dead bodies hidden in the walls, like in that Edgar Alan Poe story with the heart, the one that keeps beating even after the guy is dead, keeps haunting him, haunting his thoughts, his ability to function. And that's totally fine with me. I'm willing to take that risk. But maybe not everyone is, right? Maybe not everyone is as openly adventurous and liberal-minded as I am.

*(pause)*

How'd I do? Did I get it?

*(CHAZ just stares at her for a moment.)*

**CHAZ.** How...old...are you?

*(a slight pause)*

**INDIA.** Twenty-four. But I didn't go to college.

*(Enter GORDO. Showered, but still wearing his boxers and pajama top, except with a tie and dress shoes.)*

**INDIA.** Hi. I'm India.

**GORDO.** You're in my chair.

**CHAZ.** Come on. We're in the middle of something.

**GORDO.** She can do it somewhere else. That's my chair.

**CHAZ.** We don't have any other chairs.

**GORDO.** She can sit on the couch. It's a perfectly sit-table piece of furniture.

**CHAZ.** *(to INDIA)* I'm sorry.

**INDIA.** It's fine. I didn't mean to take his seat.

**CHAZ.** You didn't –

*(She gets up.)*

**GORDO.** *(taking the chair)* Thanks.

*(He returns the chair to its usual corner. Doesn't sit it in.)*

*Just leaves it there.)*

**INDIA.** So you're the other brother?

**GORDO.** I'm Gordo.

**INDIA.** And you're his brother?

**GORDO.** I'm not some kind of side-show. I'm the idea man.  
I come up with the ideas.

**INDIA.** The ideas for what?

**GORDO.** I'm like an electric guitar. Thoughts shoot out of my head like amps and bounce off the walls and hit random people in the audience. And they're like *Help, oh my God, that guy's brilliant idea just zapped me!* And I'm like *Sorry babe, I can't help it for being so electrifyingly brilliant.*

**CHAZ.** He doesn't actually play the guitar.

**GORDO.** I used to work at Blockbuster, stocking shelves. I even had my own shelf, "Gordon recommends," which I changed every week so people could follow along. But Chaz thought it was a waste of my talent. That's why I don't work there any more. Oh, and I did something kind of bad. Well, not really bad...But. So now Chaz kind of takes care of me. We're this amazing us-against-the-world dynamic duo. We defy all of Western Civilization's accepted patterns of behavior.

**CHAZ.** (*To GORDO*) Why don't you go change so you can join us for the rest of the interview?

**GORDO.** I already changed.

**CHAZ.** No. You added a tie.

**GORDO.** And shoes.

**CHAZ.** I told you to borrow one of my shirts.

**GORDO.** None of them went with the tie.

**INDIA.** I don't care if he wears pajamas.

**GORDO.** See?

**CHAZ.** You shouldn't encourage him.

**INDIA.** I'm just saying – I don't believe in dress codes in general.

**CHAZ.** It's not a code – it's about getting in the habit of being semi-presentable.

**GORDO.** I don't believe in dress codes, either.

**CHAZ.** What a surprise. Here, India, why don't we move our conversation over to the couch.

**INDIA.** Okay.

*(CHAZ and INDIA make their way over to the couch.)*

**GORDO.** Watch out. There's anthrax.

**INDIA.** Where?

**GORDO.** In the couch.

**CHAZ.** He's lying.

**GORDO.** Bacteria overload – we haven't cleaned it in years.

**CHAZ.** Just ignore him – really, he's harmless.

**GORDO.** I'm an elephant. I trample entire villages.

**CHAZ.** Well then. I guess I stand corrected.

**GORDO.** I kill civilians with my massive tusks.

**CHAZ.** That's right. You're an animal, Gordo. You're a big fat hairy animal. I'm so glad that you've chosen to tell India about that. You should be really proud of yourself. Really. Bravo.

**GORDO.** *(a little hurt)* Yeah, whatever.

*(GORDO takes a seat at his desk. He grinds the ball cage slowly while the others talk.)*

*(CHAZ clears off some phone books from the couch.)*

**INDIA.** Lot of phone books.

**CHAZ.** Something I'm working on. You can just throw them on the floor.

*(She does. They take a seat on the couch.)*

**CHAZ.** So...you were saying you didn't go to college?

**INDIA.** Nope.

**CHAZ.** Neither did I. Or rather, I didn't graduate.

**INDIA.** College is for suckers. It's just a big coming out party for rich kids and conformists.

**CHAZ.** I made it through most of my first year, but there were extenuating circumstances.

*(GORDO grinds the cage really loudly.)*

*(He stops.)*

**GORDO.** How come she has bags with her?

*(GORDO gets up and goes over to INDIA.)*

**GORDO.** Why did you bring bags to an interview?

**INDIA.** I thought...you had a spare room.

**GORDO.** Yeah...but did Chaz already tell you can have it?  
He did. Didn't he. Of course he did.

**CHAZ.** I didn't say anything.

**GORDO.** Chazenstein, that's what I'm gonna start calling you – Dr. Chazenstein. Cooking up all these schemes like some sort of Mad Scientist.

**CHAZ.** Fine. Call me whatever.

**GORDO.** I will.

**CHAZ.** Good.

**GORDO.** Yeah, we'll see about that.

*(GORDO exits to his room.)*

*(CHAZ and INDIA sit in silence for a moment.)*

**INDIA.** So you *do* have a spare room, right?

**CHAZ.** We do. I'm sorry. He's not always like this.

**INDIA.** I don't mind if it smells like old person or whatever.

**CHAZ.** It's been empty for about twelve years now.

**INDIA.** Oh. Okay. Wow.

*(CHAZ stands up and goes over to his desk.)*

**CHAZ.** I don't really have a contract for you. But I typed up a list of terms...

**INDIA.** So I got it!?

**CHAZ.** If you're still comfortable. Given what you've witnessed.

**INDIA.** Don't worry. I can totally take care of myself. I'm a yellow belt in tae kwon doe and I once cursed off this

homeless guy who had been following me for like ten blocks.

**CHAZ.** And you said you can pay by cash, right?

**INDIA.** I've got it with me now. In my backpack. I can give it to you right now if you want.

*(A moment while he decides.)*

**CHAZ.** Okay.

*(INDIA pulls out a wad of cash from her backpack.)*

**INDIA.** Here's the first month. I'll have more later, obviously.

*(CHAZ takes the money.)*

**CHAZ.** Great.

*(She extends her hand. CHAZ shakes it.)*

**INDIA.** That was easy.

*(beat)*

**INDIA.** I'm going to go brush my teeth now.

**CHAZ.** Okay...

**INDIA.** I'm not compulsive or anything. I just didn't brush them this morning.

**CHAZ.** Sure. I understand.

**INDIA.** I don't know where the bathroom is.

**CHAZ.** The lock's broken. There's a book propping it shut.

**INDIA.** Thanks.

*(She picks up the instrument case and heads towards the bathroom.)*

**INDIA.** And thanks for taking a chance on me. I'll be really good. I promise.

**CHAZ.** I'm excited to have you here. Both of us. We've never had a roommate before. I mean we've thought about it. I've thought about it. It's been a long time since we've had company of any sort. But. So yeah. It's really exciting. I'm, we're, very excited.

*(INDIA smiles. Exits. CHAZ walks around. Excited.)*

*(Beat.)*

*(A loud crashing noise, like a bull running into a wall.)*

*(Lights fade.)*

## 3.

*(The next day.)*

*(GORDO sits at his desk, playing Bingo by himself. This is a difficult maneuver, however, because one of his arms is now in a sling. Something crudely improvised. A bed sheet maybe. Or a tablecloth.)*

*(Enter INDIA. She stands in the doorway and watches him. GORDO seems not to notice. He spins the metal cage. Spin spin. Spin spin.)*

**GORDO.** B5.

*(Puts a plastic marker on one of his cards. Spins the cage.)*

N36

*(Puts plastic markers on two of his cards. Spins.)*

G52

*(Consults his cards. Doesn't have it.)*

Hmmm. What about...G...53? Oh. Will you look at that?

*(Puts a marker on G53 without looking up)*

I see you standing there.

**INDIA.** Oh. I – Is Chaz here?

**GORDO.** He's gone.

**INDIA.** Gone?

**GORDO.** Out.

**INDIA.** Out where?

**GORDO.** He's stocking up on nuts for winter. Want in?

**INDIA.** On Bingo?

**GORDO.** Here. I'll give you a head start.

*(GORDO passes her one of the cards he's been playing with. They play.)*

**GORDO.** G47

*(Neither one has it. GORDO spins again.)*

O75

INDIA. Can you please pass me a chip?

GORDO. You don't have it.

INDIA. Uh. Yes I do.

GORDO. No. I said G 75.

INDIA. You said O.

GORDO. No. I said G. As in Guantanamo. Or Gypsy.

*(GORDO puts a marker on his board)*

Which gives me...Oh look. Bingo.

*(GORDO clears off his board so that she can't contest it.)*

GORDO. It's not your fault. I'm really good at this.

INDIA. I thought Bingo was one of those luck games.

GORDO. Lies. I beat Chaz every time.

INDIA. Oh. Does he usually play with you?

GORDO. Sometimes. Not lately. But.

You know.

INDIA. I'm an only child.

GORDO. Okay.

INDIA. I used to pretend I had an older brother. You know how kids create imaginary friends for themselves? I named him Macintosh because we had just gotten this computer – an Apple IIGS – and I spent *hours* playing this game called Number Munchers where this little green monster eats away at really basic math problems. My parents were really worried for a while – they thought naming a make-believe person after a computer operating systems wasn't "imaginative" enough. But then I was really good at painting so that made them happy.

GORDO. Me and Chaz. This one time – We painted a dog.

INDIA. You what?

GORDO. We took this dog and we painted it.

INDIA. Oh my god.

**GORDO.** We found all this yellow paint in the garage so we just covered it all over our neighbor's Rottweiler, Einstein. He looked like a giant egg McMuffin.

**INDIA.** That's pretty intense.

**GORDO.** We used to get into a lot of mischief. Like for example, this other time, we stapled bologna to all the trees in the neighborhood. Oscar Meyer All-American Beef. Because we were so sick of having to eat the same crappy bologna and Kraft sandwiches every day for lunch. See, our mom didn't know how to cook. Or didn't believe in it. It wasn't like a feminist thing. It was like a nurturing thing. She was anti-nurturing in general.

**INDIA.** Well... At least you had Chaz as some sort of partner in crime. Not everyone has that sort of thing.

**GORDO.** Yeah. But then one day he just stopped doing all that stuff. Like it was cut out of him. Now he's so serious all the time. Daddy Chaz. I don't know if you've noticed.

**INDIA.** He's a little uptight. I was secretly hoping to show up here and find some guy all covered in tattoos and maybe even like moderately illiterate, instead of just some nice normal person wearing a tie. But Chaz seems cool. In his own semi-nerdy way.

**GORDO.** He's the best. He basically raised me by himself.

**INDIA.** What about your parents?

**GORDO.** You mean "Those of which we never speak?" They might be dead. We don't know. It's one of those "where-are-they-now?" situations. Like on VH1.

*(beat)*

**INDIA.** What happened to your arm?

**GORDO.** I hurt it.

**INDIA.** How?

**GORDO.** Wrestling my demons. They were hiding under the bed so I just, grr, you know.

*(INDIA looks at him – really?)*

I ran into a wall. Busted my shoulder.

INDIA. For fun?

GORDO. It's just something I do.

INDIA. You just run into things?

GORDO. I have trouble controlling my emotions sometimes. That's why I keep getting fired.

INDIA. Do you have...

GORDO. A helmet?

INDIA. No. I mean...have you seen anyone about this?

GORDO. No thank you. Me and Chaz, we don't need anyone else. We operate outside the social order. Plus, we figure they might take me away. If we tell somebody.

INDIA. Who would take you away?

GORDO. ...The authorities.

*(beat)*

GORDO. I don't know where Chaz is.

INDIA. Do you usually keep tabs on his whereabouts?

GORDO. You said you were looking for him.

INDIA. Not *looking* for him.

GORDO. Everyone thinks it's The Chaz Show – All Chaz, All the Time. But I'm the brains of the operation. I'm the guy hiding behind the velvet curtain. *(beat)* Boo!

*(INDIA jumps.)*

That was me, coming out from behind the curtain.

INDIA. You got me.

GORDO. We're like one of those famous teams. Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. Mick Jagger and Keith Richards. Beethoven and Beethoven's brother.

INDIA. I didn't know Beethoven had a brother.

GORDO. See? He had two. Caspar and Nikolaus. I forgot Caspar's story, but Nikolaus was an apothecary who collected people's brains in glass jars.

*(beat)*

Do I scare you?

INDIA. Not really.

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