



## Sample Pages

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**Reg. WGAe I36089**  
Draft: January 10, 2024

*Mike and Tristan are on their honeymoon in Las Vegas. So are Adam and Frederick. Both couples are mismatched — unsuitable for each other in many ways. Things get complicated when Mike and Adam bump into each other and it turns out they were once a couple, too, unsuitable and mismatched in their own way.*

**WHERE:** Las Vegas and Aspen, Colo.

**WHEN:** The Present

**Dramatis Personae**

**MIKE**, 45, good-looking, 6 feet or taller, solid build, a former baseball and soccer player and wrestler, cynical, witty, literate. Newly married to Tristan.

**LINCOLN**, 27, masculine, the bartender at the dance club, long and lean, with dark shoulder-length hair, a sharp wit and high moral standards. Also plays:

**TRUMAN**, 38, Mike's housekeeper and cook. Effeminate, short-cropped bleached hair, maybe a goatee, always "on."

**TRISTAN**, 23, tall, lean dancer's body, immature, a bit spoiled. Newly married to Mike.

**FREDERICK**, 33, an actor who has found his niche doing cartoon voices. Emotional and mercurial. Wears his heart on his sleeve. Newly married to Adam.

**ADAM**, 59, good-hearted, attractive, blue-collar, not well-educated or well-read, both feet on the ground. Newly married to Frederick.

*(Sample pages begin on p. 56 of full script.)*

MIKE. So, A., tell me. Just between us — before all the reporters show up: who did *you* have sex with when we were together?

ADAM. No one.

MIKE. You mean to tell me you didn't sleep with that stud who worked for you? Holden whatchamacallit?

ADAM. Hayden. Hayden Bornstein. No. He was an employee.

MIKE. He was hot.

ADAM. Was he? I never even noticed. To me he was just the guy who handed me an Allen wrench when I needed it.

MIKE. O.K., fine. You're as pure as the driven snow, and I'm Mephistopheles.

ADAM. What are you?

MIKE. Mephistopheles. *[A beat.]* Beelzebub. *[A beat.]* Oh, for fuck's sake, Adam: the devil! Don't you know words?

ADAM. I'm sorry. I'm sorry I didn't sleep around when we were together. Forgive me.

MIKE. And what about the last five years?

ADAM. *[Laughs.]* Mmmmm!

MIKE. I see.

ADAM. Oh. So, it's O.K. for you when we're a couple, but not for me after we split up.

MIKE. Something like that.

ADAM. I was trying to block out the pain. It was a very hard time for me, those first couple of years.

MIKE. It was?

ADAM. Yes! Besides, add up every man I've ever slept with in my *entire life*, and it would amount to a slow *month* for you. And a slow month of *February* at that.

MIKE. It's not the same thing. I'm me, you're you.

ADAM. Oh, for God's sake! I met a few men online, a couple of guys at the bars, maybe a flight attendant or two ... this one guy who kept staring at me on the subway ... but no more than I can count on my fingers.

MIKE. Fine.

ADAM. And toes.

MIKE. Uh-huh.

ADAM. And then maybe back to a few fingers again.

MIKE. You're right. That *is* a slow month for me.

ADAM. And how about you, Mr. Rightfielder? Meet anyone you couldn't live without? Besides Tiny Dancer, of course.

MIKE. Well actually, there was someone.

ADAM. Oh, really! And who might that be?

MIKE. This chef I met in Sicily.

ADAM. Mmm! And what was *he* like? Besides hot, of course.

MIKE. Tall.

ADAM. What else!

MIKE. Dark.

ADAM. Uh-huh.

MIKE. Strong Italian nose.

ADAM. The better to smell you with.

MIKE. Incredible puttanesca.

ADAM. Mmm. Yummy. And what was this Greek god's name?

MIKE. Roman god. I'm not telling you — you're gonna laugh.

ADAM. Oh, come on. I'm not gonna laugh at the guy's friggin' *name*.

MIKE. *[A beat.]* Fabio.

ADAM. Oh, for fuck's sake.

MIKE. It so happens he was extremely sexy.

ADAM. Well, I hope so, with a name like "Fabio."

MIKE. And was he *bello!* *Dio mio!*

ADAM. So why didn't you and this Eye-talian dreamboat get married?

MIKE. We talked about it. He even came to stay with me in L.A. for a while.

ADAM. Oh, really! And?

MIKE. And — he met some rich Italian stockbroker at Pride, fell in love, and moved in with him on a hill near Palermo. Where they've been happily ensconced for the past two-and-a-half years. *[A beat.]* I've been cyber stalking him.

ADAM. Good. Now you know how it feels.

MIKE. *[Pointedly.]* Adam, I've always known how it feels.

*THEY each take another hit.*

ADAM. Why do we do this, Mike?

MIKE. Do what?

ADAM. Why do we torment each other?

MIKE. We're in love.

ADAM. That's what love is to you? Torment? I guess I'm not smart enough to understand that.

MIKE. Well, let's try to make you feel better, shall we? You know what we need? We need some romantic music. Siri, play something ... play something with "love" in the title.

*MUSIC: "Do You Love Me?," Fiddler on the Roof cast album.*

MIKE [cont'd]. Ha-ha. Very funny. Siri, let's try another song with "love" in the title. Please?

*MUSIC: "Love Is All Around," The Troggs.*

ADAM. Hey! I remember this song! I used to like this one!

MIKE. *Signore Brahvoermahn*: would there, by any chance, be room on your dance card for a big ol' dork like me?

ADAM. I think I can squeeze you in. What's with you, anyway? You *never* like to dance.

MIKE. I guess I'm feeling especially adventurous tonight.

ADAM. I should warn you, I haven't gotten any better.

MIKE. Good. Neither have I. So, what'll it be? Minuet? Merengue?

ADAM. Let's just stick with a simple box step.

*THEY dance.*

ADAM [cont'd]. I know this song from somewhere. Who sings this?

MIKE. The Troggs.

ADAM. The *whats*?

MIKE. The Troggs. Short for troglodytes. British Invasion band from the '60's. Way before *my* time.

ADAM. Way before mine too, wise guy. What *is* a troglodyte anyway?

MIKE. Let's see. A troglodyte would be ... a person who's ignorant and is proud of it.

ADAM. Uh *huh*. And young? And adorable? And loves to dance?

MIKE. Adam!

ADAM. Oh, Mike — I'm just kidding. I would never say anything bad about anyone's soon-to-be ex-partner. Besides, I've never even met the boy.

*THEY dance a bit more, then ADAM pulls away.*

MIKE. What is it?

ADAM. Nothing.

MIKE. Nothing?

ADAM. No. I just don't feel like dancing anymore.

MIKE. I know when something's bothering you, Adam. [*A beat.*] Come on — spill it.

ADAM. O.K. What if he really and truly loves you? You could be breaking the poor kid's heart. You could be damaging him for life.

MIKE. Not possible. First of all, he's barely out of kindergarten. He's too young to know what true love is. Second of all, we haven't known each other long enough for it to be the real thing.

ADAM. So, why'd you marry him?

MIKE. It was the right thing to do.

ADAM. Huh?

MIKE. He was with child.

ADAM. Can I get a straight answer from you?

MIKE. You want a straight answer, ask a straight guy.

ADAM. *Michael!*

MIKE. *I don't know!* O.K.? It's a question I ask myself every hour on the half hour.

ADAM. [*A beat.*] Oh, God. Maybe we're just kidding ourselves.

MIKE. No! No, we're not! I knew it that first minute at "The Pink Çock."

ADAM. Knew what?

MIKE. That our little "love is lovelier the second time around" charade with the boys was just that: a sham, a fake. You and I tried to act as if nothing was happening between us, but we knew better.

ADAM. And what if me and Frederick had decided to honeymoon in Cabo instead?

MIKE. Then you would have continued on your merry way and none of us would be the wiser. You would have made a nice little life for yourselves: free concerts in Central Park, Katz's Deli, maybe a Mets game now and then ...

ADAM. ... maybe not ...

MIKE. ... and then ... one day ...

ADAM. This'll probably hand you a laugh, but I thought Frederick had saved my life. Before I met him, I felt like I was turning into one of those invisible old gay guys, you know? I'd go to bars and the young dudes would look right past me. And then I met Frederick, and I felt seen again. I loved the way he'd dote on me. It was so romantic.

MIKE. Oh. You like doting? I can dote. I can dote with the best of them. Want me to fluff up your pillows at night?

ADAM. Come on, Mike. I'm trying to tell you how I feel.

MIKE. Or I could buy you a tubful of M&M's and toss out the brown ones.

ADAM. Wow. Do you plan to be an asshole for the rest of your life?



MIKE. Can't promise anything, I can only try.

ADAM. I'm making an effort to be open and honest. Why do you have to be such a huge prick about it?

MIKE. Make up your mind. Which am I: a huge prick or a regular-sized asshole?

ADAM. Why can't you be both — *Prickhole!* [*A beat.*] Uh-oh! Time out!

MIKE. Time out! [*Hands a joint to ADAM.*] Here. Suck on this.

ADAM. [*Holds in the smoke.*] You know, we're standing on some very unstable ground here.

MIKE. [*Same.*] Are you kidding? It's the goddamn La Brea Tar Pits!

ADAM. [*Same.*] So, what're we gonna do?

MIKE. Just keep on going. We've been through this before. But now we know where the pitfalls are.

ADAM. Maybe *you* know where the pratfalls are. I don't.

MIKE. And, we've got our special friend to see us through.

ADAM. What special friend? You mean this? [*Holds up the joint.*]

MIKE. No, not the weed.

ADAM. Well, what then? Oh, come on, Mike! You know I'm not into that sort of thing.

MIKE. What are you talking about?

ADAM. *Truman? Really?*

MIKE. Oh, for God's sake, Adam! Mrs. Krohnheimer! You know ... [*HE makes the time out "T" sign.*]

ADAM. Oh yeah. Huh. Some friend.

MIKE. It's working so far.

ADAM. Just a question of time.

MIKE. Now who's being cynical? *[THEY both take another hit.]* So, what do you want to do with the rest of our evening?

ADAM. What's wrong with what we're doing? Cuddle, talk, a few kisses now and then. No more dancing, though. Please.

MIKE. Don't worry. Hey! I've got a closetful of board games.

ADAM. Oh my God! Mike and his board games!

MIKE. What's wrong with that?

ADAM. I'm not really in the mood for a wholesome round of Chutes 'n Ladders right now, thank you.

MIKE. O.K. How's this? Put your feet up in my lap and let me give you a foot massage.

ADAM. Ahh! Now we're talkin'!

MIKE. This would always send you to nirvana, remember?

ADAM. Oh, God! Oh, yes! Right there! Yes! Yes! Ahh. *[Ad libs sounds of pleasure.]* Don't stop!

MIKE. Adam Samuel?

ADAM. Yes, Declan Michael?

MIKE. What was that song you used to sing to me? You know, that real old one?

ADAM. Oh, yeah, you mean, uh — "Somebody Loves Me"?

MIKE. That's the one!

ADAM. You probably don't remember — in fact I'm sure you don't — but I sang it to you the night you proposed.

MIKE. I remember. How does it go again?

ADAM. You mean you want me to sing it for you.

MIKE. Yes, please.

ADAM. O.K. [*Sings.*] *Somebody loves me.*

*I wonder who.*

*I wonder who he can be.*

*Somebody loves me.*

*I wish I knew.*

*Who can he be worries me.*

*For every guy who passes by I shout, "Hey, maybe,  
you were meant to be my loving baby."*

*Somebody loves me.*

*I wonder who.*

*Maybe it's you.<sup>1</sup>*

MIKE. [*Applauds quietly.*] You still have a beautiful alto voice.

ADAM. Tenor. Alto is a woman's voice. Don't you know words?

MIKE. I know one word.

ADAM. [*THEY smile. A beat.*] You know what I wish?

MIKE. What do you wish?

ADAM. I wish we could get along like this forever.

MIKE. Poof! Wish granted!

ADAM. No, I'm serious. It's all so confusing. Part of me feels like we were idiots to have ever split up, and another part of me feels like this is going to end worse than it did the first time.

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<sup>1</sup> "Somebody Loves Me" (Gershwin/MacDonald/DeSylva, 1924)

MIKE. A., you gotta stop worrying about what's gonna be. You've probably been doing that your whole life. It's not healthy. Just relax and let it all unfold in front of you.

ADAM. Easy for you to say. *[A beat.]* Twelve years.

MIKE. Twelve years what?

ADAM. That's how long we've loved each other. Twelve long, sometimes lonely, years.

MIKE. It doesn't have to be lonely, you know. *[MIKE leans in to kiss ADAM, but ADAM pulls back.]* Now what?

ADAM. I like the massage thing. Keep doing that.

MIKE. Oh, I see. Feet yes, lips no.

ADAM. I still have all that heavy cake on my stomach. Besides, I think I'm starting to get one of those headaches in my neck.

MIKE. Wow. If you aren't the most irritating person on the face of the earth.

ADAM. What did I do that was so irritating? Digest?

MIKE. I'm starting to think maybe it wasn't my fault after all.

ADAM. Oh, really!

MIKE. I've always blamed myself for things not working out.

ADAM. This is the first I've heard of it.

MIKE. But now ... now I'm seeing things differently. It's like you're trying to sabotage any happiness we could have together.

ADAM. That is the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard. Poor little Mikey. He tried so hard to make it work. Too bad he was saddled with such a dumb guy.

MIKE. Dumb? I never said anything about dumb. That's strictly coming from you, baby.

ADAM. You didn't have to say it. You ... you expressed it to me ... just not in so many words.

MIKE. Oh yeah? How?

ADAM. I can't come up with an example right this minute.

MIKE. O.K. Well, send up a flare when you think of something.

ADAM. Goddamn you, Mike. Why do you have to be so ... facetious?  
*[Pushes MIKE.]*

MIKE. Goddamn *you*, Adam. Why do you have to be so self-pitying? *[Pushes ADAM.]*

ADAM. Don't you push me, you fucker. *[Grabs MIKE around the waist.]*

MIKE. *[Laughing.]* What the hell do you think you're doing? You can't even budge me, welterweight. *[Lifts ADAM.]*

ADAM. God dammit! Put me down, you big ape!

MIKE. I'll put you down when I'm good and ready.

ADAM. What are you, cracking up?

MIKE. *[Stops suddenly, still holding up ADAM.]* Oh, shit! What the hell are we doing? *[Puts ADAM down.]*

ADAM. You tell me.

MIKE. I must have gotten so excited I automatically went into wrestler mode.

ADAM. *[Smiling.]* You're nuts, you know that?

MIKE. *[Sweetly.]* Well, you're the one who *makes* me nuts!

ADAM. Aw, you make me nuts, too. Now, can we get back to my massage? Please?