

GREEN CARD

New York, 1980's, Bronte's NYC Penthouse/Garden Apartment

=====

GEORGES

Hello, for your pond

BRONTE

Wait and I'll show you around. Not that there's much to see. You do know where the bathroom is.

GEORGES

(whistling... begins to light a cigarette)

BRONTE

Do you mind not smoking inside?

(COFFEE IS SERVED)

GEORGES

(Takes a sip of coffee)

What's this?

BRONTE

Coffee.

GEORGES

No It's not.

BRONTE

Yes it is; it's decaf.

GEORGES

Don't you have any real coffe?

BRONTE

I'm afraid not.

GEORGES

I'll make you the best coffee you ever had.

BRONTE

I only drink decaf.

GEORGES

You'll change when you taste this.

BRONTE

Look, I don't want anyone to know about this.

So we have to make up a story in case we run into any of my friends. Something simple. You're an old friend. I admire your ballet music. You're visiting from Paris. You're staying with me for a couple of nights.

You're gay.

GEORGES

Gay? I don't want to be gay.

BRONTE

Okay, you're not gay. You're just an old friend and hotels are all booked up so here you are.

GEORGES
Not a very good story.

BRONTE
Well you come up with a better one then

GEORGES
I don't know. Something political? Terrorist maybe?

BRONTE
Not a terrorist, but political sounds good. A refugee, that'll work. Yes!

GEORGES
No, we don't say anything, just a friend staying for a couple of nights. This is New York.

BRONTE
You're right.
Okay you'll sleep on the couch and we split expenses.

GEORGES
I'll cook, hmmm?

BRONTE
Fine.

(exit to get bed makings for sofa)

GEORGES
(Whistling and taking in apartment)

BRONTE
I hope it's okay

GEORGES
What?

BRONTE
The sofa.

GEORGES
Oh, sure. Sure.

BRONTE
Thank you.

GEORGES
For what?

BRONTE
Tonight. The song, the poem.

GEORGES
I didn't do it for you. I just did it for me. You were mad when I came with Lauren.

BRONTE
Yes, I was.

GEORGES
And if you're mad, we don't study. And if we don't study, I don't get a green card. (humms)

BRONTE

I don't dislike you GEORGES. I have No opinion of you, I want all this to be over, and my life to continue as it was before.

GEORGES

And I am here waiting for my life to begin.

BRONTE

Okay, let's get to work.

(she pulls out photo albums)

That's at the beach, This is kindergarten, these are my brothers and sister. My dad's a writer, they live in Connecticut. He named us all after famous writers. Kind of puts a curse on your whole life.

GEORGES

Mmm-hmm

BRONTE

I think he wanted me to be something artistic. It was okay when I was a dancer, but he doesn't really care for gardening.

GEORGES

Mmm-hmm

BRONTE

That's Collette, Austin, Lawrence, Elliot. This is my dad. He is a better picture.

GEORGES

Strong face.

BRONTE

He's a strong man. With very strong opinions. Yeah, you would hate each other. In fact, you and my father... you couldn't get two people who are so different.

GEORGES

Why?

BRONTE

Well you're so right-wing about everything.

GEORGES

I'm not wing. You are the one with the wing. All your ideas are from the same place.

BRONTE

That's not true.

GEORGES

Huh?

BRONTE

These are from college. Different demonstrations.

GEORGES

What for?

BRONTE

Oh everything.

GEORGES

Everything.

BRONTE

This is Lauren...

GEORGES

Ah yes, yes... Phil...?

BRONTE

Yes, that's Phil.

GEORGES

You are in love with him... hmm?

BRONTE

Yes, I am. He's kind and sensitive.

GEORGES

Vegetarian.

BRONTE

Yes, he cares about what he puts in his body.

GEORGES

Not like me, huh? Big Pig!

(sees star tattoo on his arm)

I was 12 years old when I made that.

BRONTE

Didn't the kids at school tease you?

GEORGES

School? I left school at 10 years. This is the same as my father's. He was a macanic but he always dreamed of the gypsies. He would like to be a gypsy, traveling. (Shows another tattoo) This one was given to me by a putain. You know "putain"? Prostitute. Two girls in our town, Irene and Michelle. Michelle had lovely red hair, long red hair. And this is how the heart is. Love and hate. If some people say they love everything, it's not true. And this one is when I was a bad boy living in the street. This is a knife for revenge. When someone makes something bad to you, you make this tattoo until you find him...and kill him, and then you make another one here with the knife put away.

BRONTE

But you don't have that one...

GEORGES

No, I don't find him yet.

BRONTE

Were you ever in jail?

GEORGES

Yeah.

BRONTE

What for?

GEORGES

Just kids stuff, stealing cars, nothing serious.

BRONTE

Oh.

GEORGES

Uh, and when is your menstruation?... *(overlapping)* Menstruation

BRONTE

My...

GEORGES

Beginning of the month? Or, the end of the month? When?

BRONTE

It's at the... beginning of the month.

GEORGES

Beginning of the month... okay.

BRONTE

I didn't really believe you were a composer. We told so many lies, it's hard to know what the truth is.

GEORGES

You just have to trust your instinct.

BRONTE

Yeah. This was my first boyfriend from college. He was a musician too. He played the slide trombone.

GEORGES

And it was he who first kissed those lips?

BRONTE

I don't think they are going to ask you that. Good night *(heads for bed)*.

GEORGES

(knocking)

Bronte, what side of the bed do you sleep on?

BRONTE

Right side.

GEORGES

Okay, I'll take the left side.