

“MAL DI LUNA”

Lights up on Beethoven at the piano. He is playing “Revolutionary Etude” by Chopin. CB approaches with a brown paper sack. He starts unpacking lunch on the piano.

CB. I brought you lunch. *(Beethoven stops. He gives CB a look of despair and frustration.)* Hey, we made it halfway through the day and I only got called a queer three times.

BEETHOVEN. That’s because people are scared you’ll beat them up.

CB. Don’t worry. I’ve already started spreading the word that if they mess with my boyfriend, I’ll be kicking some ass. *(He kisses the top of Beethoven’s head.)*

BEETHOVEN. Your boyfriend?

CB. Well, I thought the other night sort of sealed the deal.

BEETHOVEN. Slow down, CB.

CB. Why?

BEETHOVEN. Because I don’t want a boyfriend.

CB. Nonsense!

BEETHOVEN. We shared a moment.

CB. *(Laughing.)* We shared more than that.

BEETHOVEN. This can’t happen.

CB. What can’t?

BEETHOVEN. We can’t just start a relationship. I mean, you’ve gotta be a little more realistic.

CB. Give people time. They’ll get used to the idea.

BEETHOVEN. How can I expect “people” to get used to the idea when I’m not used to the idea!

CB. *(With a goofy grin.)* I’m falling in love with you. *(Beethoven can’t help but blush. He snaps back to reality.)*

BEETHOVEN. This is retarded. *(CB picks up a carton of yogurt from the piano.)*

CB. Do you like yogurt?

BEETHOVEN. No.

CB. Shit. Neither do I. I was hoping you’d want it. *(Holding up two sandwiches.)* Ham or bologna?

BEETHOVEN. CB, I really need to practice.

CB. You really need to eat.

BEETHOVEN. *(To himself.)* I'm in the fucking "Twilight Zone."

CB. Ham it is.

BEETHOVEN. *(Losing it.)* CB! Just stop! Okay? This isn't what I want.

CB. What's the problem?

BEETHOVEN. THIS is the problem! I'm a little stressed out right now and I'm trying to calm my nerves by playing the piano and you're turning into Donna Reed before my very eyes.

CB. Who?

BEETHOVEN. Never mind. Look. The other night was great, but let's just call it one of those things. You go back to being yourself and I'll even let you hit me now and then for old time's sake. This is just too weird.

CB. Remember the other day when I asked you if you were gay and you said you didn't know? You'd never been with a man before? Well, now you have, so what's the verdict?

BEETHOVEN. *(Beaten.)* I don't know. I'm trying not to think about the other night. *(CB sits down next to him and begins kissing his neck.)*

CB. I can't think of anything else. *(Beethoven squirms away. CB gets up. Now he's getting perturbed.)* Fine. I'll leave you alone.

BEETHOVEN. Thank you.

CB. But eat something. You're too skinny.

BEETHOVEN. Fine. *(CB grabs his backpack and starts to exit. He turns around and looks at Beethoven.)* Just give me time.

CB. Yeah. *(He leaves. Once the coast is clear, Beethoven smiles.)*

BEETHOVEN. *(To himself.)* Oh my God. *(He resumes his playing and he can't get the grin off of his face. Several moments pass. Matt enters, unseen by Beethoven.)*

MATT. Hey there, Liberace. *(Beethoven stops playing and turns around. He tries hard to conceal the fact that he's terrified ...)*

BEETHOVEN. You're not supposed to be in here.

MATT. Where's your boyfriend?

BEETHOVEN. He's not my boyfriend. I didn't have anything to do with what happened the other night.

MATT. You sort of did.

BEETHOVEN. Just leave me alone, okay? Please. I didn't do anything.

MATT. Play something. *(Beethoven doesn't move. Matt takes his fin-*