

C H A R A C T E R S

JULIO (55) – Male, Cuban, Montana’s father.

MONTANA (24) – Male, Cuban-American. Converted city boy with accent.

MARIA (48) – Female, Cuban, Julio’s wife.

DAN (50) – Male. Jewish.

P L A C E

Miami, Florida. A fancy apartment. A boat on the water. Other places.

T I M E

Now.

Scene One – Dan’s Apartment

MONTANA wearing a leather dog’s hood, a doggy tail, fitted gloves that resemble paws. He’s a cute pup on his knees, as leather-clad DAN feeds him rice pudding with a wooden spoon. A PHONE is ringing. They seem to be ignoring it. For now, it’s easier.

MONTANA

Mouthful.

...And so after he’d pick me outta day care we’d hit up Perimeter Road – by the airport – ‘long the highway, watch airplanes land, sip out of coconuts. Can I have some more of that rice pudding, Mr. Jewish Leather Dentist Sir?

DAN

Only if you up for me!

MONTANA

Gaping mouth.

AHHHHHHHHHHH.

He stuffs MONTANA’S mouth full.

Thbbnnnk yutbb...

DAN

You’re an angsty little boy is what you are.

MONTANA

Still full.

...Mmm?

DAN

Got lots to say?

MONTANA

Swallows. Coughing.

I haven’t been back to Miami in six years! *Of course* I’m anxious! Anxious to be home!

DAN

Well, you aren’t home, now are you, pup? In Miami, sure, but *home*? This is your Sir’s beautiful three bedroom, two ‘B’, master suite with the paradise view so good this whole building named itself after it – *that’s* what *this* place is. *Your* home’s back in Utah.

MONTANA

California.

DAN
Never correct your trainer, *boy*.

MONTANA
Even when he's wrong?

DAN
Teasing. With a point.

MONTANA
Boing being?

DAN
'Boing being?'

MONTANA
POINT being?

DAN
Miami isn't your home anymore, either.

MONTANA
...Woof!

DAN
Know, last time I saw you, *neé* -- *heard* from you, was also the last time you were here.

MONTANA
You're an integral part of one of my worlds.

DAN
You said you wanted to be kept on a leash.

MONTANA
Yeah, but, okay, I mean, like, really? No, come on, what are we talking about? It's only been one *year*.

DAN
Yeah - a *year*. I know I'm a distraction, *the* distraction, the one you keep, the one you have in your pocket –

MONTANA
'Have in my pocket', you came *up* with that –

DAN
Watch the tone, boy.

MONTANA

...I ... no, that's *stupid* –

DAN

I am talking. *Nod.* Caring for somebody doesn't mean resourcing them only when you need to. Or when you figure you'll probably forget the whole night anyways, --

MONTANA

Pffffff.

DAN

...Take off that hood.

MONTANA

...What?

DAN

I can't take you seriously with it on –

MONTANA

You told me you wanted –

DAN

And now I'm telling you that I don't.

Beat. MONTANA does as told. Takes it off.

MONTANA

I wasn't sexy enough for you?

DAN

In your emails, talking about getting a dog, nonstop, I figured, *Hell*, kay, maybe he's leading me on with something, but as I can now attest –

MONTANA

I really just meant that I'd want a dog some day.

DAN

You're no pup. That's for sure.

MONTANA

I mean, if you want to try again -- I'll go along with *whatever you want*, I'm an improviser baby, gimme a quarter and I'll show you both sides!

DAN

It's okay.

MONTANA

Everyone has a dog out in California, that's all I was ever getting at.

DAN

You want to be like the others?

MONTANA

Just the Others everyone else can openly acknowledge.

DAN

You keeping on track out there?

MONTANA

Got a job at Amoeba, so who knows -- maybe next year Stevie Nicks will be purchasing an album from *me* and I'll be all like... 'Ey... Sup, Witch!?'

DAN

That's how it happens out there.

MONTANA

She used to work at the Denny's by my place when she was saving up for her first record.

DAN

Times have changed.

MONTANA

Yeah, sure, but like, I've got this great guy, man, like, what he can do with footage of the 405.

DAN

Visuals.

The phone rings again.

MONTANA

Like, speeds them up – the cars – makes the lights look like... *veins*. Fuck. Like. Yeah, man – there's gotta be integrity in an integral component to your *sound*. And those components gotta know that they're only there to serve *you*. Turn my sound into an *experience*.

DAN

You've only lived out West for a *year*.

MONTANA

I'm a hard-ass. Makes sense that I wanna be a little bitch.

DAN

Or maybe the bitch just wants to embrace what it is.

MONTANA

...*Dude.*

DAN

Would you like some more tequila?

MONTANA

Woof!

DAN fetches more liquor.

DAN

You can stop that noise.

MONTANA goes to a suitcase by the door. It's HIS. Manages to open it. Fetches jeans. Puts them on as DAN returns.

Getting dressed?

MONTANA

First night back in town in over a year – figured after ricey pudding play time we'd Uber it over to Twist.

DAN

To find a way away from me?

MONTANA

To show you what I think of the locals.

DAN

Uh-huh.

MONTANA

Distance *creates* vantage points, impressive ones even, I wanna show you what I got.

DAN

You always seem to know what you're talking about.

MONTANA

Let's you pick up on the roles everybody's playing.

DAN

How Jungian.

Archetypes, baby.

MONTANA

You still blazing out West?

DAN

Blazing *and* I've been in touch with a Shaman.

MONTANA

Huh.

DAN

Guidance of the vine.

MONTANA

And tranquility of the spirit. Here.

DAN

Clink.

MONTANA

Clink.

DAN

They sip.

How was all that?

MONTANA

Hm?

DAN

Everything up until the rice pudding and the words out of your mouth.

MONTANA

Oh. Great. I told you I hate having my nipples pinched, though.

DAN

I forgot that.

MONTANA

Like, according to my body, clothespins are for linens *only*.

DAN

Understood. Your mouth, though...

MONTANA

I am *sorry* for the profanity that followed the jubilant *slapping off* of the *archaic devices* creepily slicing off my nipples like scoops of ice cream –

DAN

Big fucking nips.

MONTANA

Dollops, then.

DAN

You think it's still cute to be a little shit.

MONTANA

It got me into your elevator.

DAN

You shift in shapes, it's hard to tell sometimes what brand of honesty you're serving me.

MONTANA

Depends on the world.

The phone rings yet AGAIN. Beat.

MONTANA gets up, finally silencing the phone.

DAN

That's the ninth time your father's called you.

MONTANA

He's wondering where I am. I'll tell him tomorrow I was on a later flight.

DAN

He was expecting you at the airport?

MONTANA

Pick me up, take me home, catch up and have him finally ask me what I'm *doing*. With everything. How I'm *feeling*.

DAN

How you're feeling.

MONTANA

Yeah, how I'm fucking feeling, 'Just fine, DAD!'

DAN

You were afraid to tell him.

MONTANA

He wants to go on the boat tomorrow. Put me on the boat with him and his Johnny Walker Black Label.

DAN

Sounds like a trap.

MONTANA

Without the conversation of my seroconversion, sure, sounds pretty fucking dandy.

DAN

Still.

MONTANA

It never starts off as bad.

DAN

You had a goal coming down here. Call him back.

MONTANA

I've silenced my phone.

DAN

I've reached capacity and no longer have the room for unnecessary disruptions. Call him back and let him know that I can drop you off tomorrow morning. You can say it'll be the Super Shuttle.

MONTANA

And then we can go out?

DAN

I am too *tired* to go out, Montana!

MONTANA

Then I'll go out a little on my own and you can leave me the key, I'm restless, six hours on a flight next to a Peruvian grandmother and her Chihuahua!?

DAN

That sounds adorable.

MONTANA

I'm ALLERGIC!

DAN

Why keep ignoring his calls if the reason you've come down here is to be with him?

MONTANA

Because to be with him is to fucking tell him.

DAN

It's like a band-aid.

MONTANA

Nah. It's hard to catch-up when neither one of you've spoken. In like. Forever. I shut him out. Omission denies the welcoming of love, especially when it's your parents. He gave up after a while. Granted, his wife's tried -- 17 times! Love her to bits sure, but no way in hell was I going to provide her intel for something he could've asked me himself.

DAN

Montana the Punisher.

MONTANA

You were the one who told me to stand my ground.

DAN

Assuming you had ground to *stand* on.

MONTANA

Maybe that's what I've been running from, I dunno.

DAN

Lack of grounding?

MONTANA

Grounding, discipline, knocking over his wedding cake the day after Christmas.

DAN

The fuck.

MONTANA

Shamed what's left of my side of the family that night. Didn't want to deal with another family to love, care and think about. Too much work, especially after the others. Wrecked the ceremony, ran into the street, tried to cause a commotion, a distraction of needed attention – a bashed skull, a scornful eulogy. It was the day after the news. Two days after Christmas.

DAN

Out West was the farthest you could go.

MONTANA

The thing about distance.

Vantage points.

DAN

Right.

MONTANA

Anything you've come to realize with me?

DAN

That I take advantage, sure, but. I've figured that was always a part of what this was supposed to be about.

MONTANA

I need to take from you too.

DAN

You *rapture* my ass, dude.

MONTANA

I mean –

DAN

A trophy boy?

MONTANA

Someone who shows a little consideration, for starters.

DAN

Consideration of *what*?

MONTANA

Of what I need.

DAN

Which is what?

MONTANA

A sense of devotion.

DAN

I'm a fucking zombie.

MONTANA

I'm not asking for your hand, not asking for children to come out of you--

DAN

MONTANA

WHAT! --

DAN

Just a bit of decency, Montana! You write to me when you need me, speak only of yourself! You drop news like flies and leave for me to scoop it up without a broom. You write and think of me in regards towards what can I give you, what stress can I alleviate of you, what can I *get* out of you without having to give you *anything*.

MONTANA

Wait, 'you' as in me or 'you' as in *YOU*?

DAN

I let you back because I imagined at some point you'll finally want to tend to *my* needs. That, given your revelations – given your new world – you'd have finally learned a thing or two, and want to appease the concerns of those who love you. You figure your ass is enough for everything you throw my way? You figure it's all I'm after? I'm no simpleton! If you only looked at yourself the way I see you, you'd see how being a youngin' is the last thing I peg of you. The only thing you peg me as is convenient. And I'm sick of it. I am sympathetic. But boy, am I sick of it.

MONTANA

I don't. Don't *mean* to, at least. It's been a long year for me and you know that, the distance and the destination the side effects of such a thing, the conversion. The conversion. If it's felt as though I've been pulling most of the attention for myself, I swear to you it's only ever been because I've figured I was in the right to. I'm not a selfish person. Not with the people I care for. Trust. I'm under the impression that nobody wants to keep me. That I'm a coward, and I don't know what's good for me. But he's gotten old. And I'm still afraid. I'm afraid that I'll hurt him to his grave. I'm afraid of the disappointment. He'll think of me already dead, at the very least, a failure, in the eyes of my father. But he's my family. He's all that's left of it.

DAN

So you'll call him? Tell him you'll be ready for him tomorrow?

MONTANA

I...

DAN

You aren't a failure.

MONTANA

You aren't the eyes of my father. He's my family. He's all that's left of it, at least.

DAN

But he isn't all who cares for you.

I know. MONTANA

Loves you. DAN

Yeah. MONTANA

In their ways. DAN

Right. MONTANA

DAN

Beat.

If you've come back here to tell him. To be with him when you do. Then you ought to go on the boat tomorrow. You'll be stuck. You'll be trapped. But you'll eventually get off. And then you'll come back here.

I'll come back here. MONTANA

You'll come back here, and you'll let me hold you. DAN

Beat.

Yeah, maybe. MONTANA

BLACKOUT.