

# APARTMENT 3B

A pocket musical

*episode two*

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Book, Music, Lyrics

by Sierra Blanco

1/13/2023

## **Character List:**

Lover C

Model

Painter

Delivery Person

The Landlord

## **Song List:**

Someday Someday - Lover C

Muse - Model

Vegas - Painter

Delivery Instructions - Delivery Person

Romance is Totally Dead - The Landlord

5 characters, 5 songs, 5 monologues. Made for Online Theater.

*November 1st, late fall in the city. A brown brick building: ground floor rental is a \$20/reading Psychic shop, currently closed. Second floor is THE LANDLORD's apartment. Third floor is THE LOVER's apartment, 3B. Across the street is a house of worship. In a warehouse building down the block is an art studio. It is once again the middle of the night. Top of episode, LOVER C is in their apartment (3B), taking down birthday party decorations. THE PAINTER is in the art studio. THE MODEL is on the street in front of the studio, on their phone. THE DELIVERY PERSON is at the stoop of the apartment, locking their bike. THE LANDLORD is in the apartment below THE LOVERS, looking out the window.*

## LOVER C

It is exactly seven minutes past midnight, and I am not impressed. Sure “artists get lost in their own world, they can’t keep track of time”, but this? This is just ridiculous. I’m not stupid- you hate when the light shifts even during the midday. You wouldn’t want to paint a stroke in this light. And it’s not like you didn’t know I was waiting. It’s your birthday. I’ve done celebrations for every single one of our friends birthdays, every single one. You know I wouldn’t just forget yours, not when we’re dating, not when we live together. I’m not that forgetful, and you know it, and I know you know it. We know each other, you know me and I know you. Oh, and do I know you. I know when your eyes light up when you talk about that model you’ve found for your latest painting. I know just how you obsess over the exact color of their hair in the light, the exact background you’ll use for your latest masterpiece, the latest... pose you’ll have your muse in. I know you, love. I just hope you know better than to screw up the good thing we have.

Song: Someday Someday  
Sung by LOVER C

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YOU’VE GOT A MILLION DINNER DATES  
STAY OUT WITH THEM LATE AND JUST SKETCHING EACH PUDDLE  
YOU’VE GOT THAT CRAZY SWEET SMILE  
THAT MEANS YOU’VE MADE A MESS OF THINGS  
I JUST TAKE DOWN DECORATIONS  
AND YOU’VE GOT THAT LOOK IN YOUR EYES  
YOU TRY TO MAKE ME LAUGH  
BUT I DON’T UNDERSTAND THE JOKE  
YOU’VE GOT A ZILLION BIG DREAMS THAT I JUST CAN’T IMAGINE

AND SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY  
SUN IS GONNA COME UP AND MAKE YOU SEE  
SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY  
THERE’S NOTHING REALLY THERE KEEPING YOU WITH ME  
BUT UNTIL THAT DAY I’M GONNA LOVE YA LIKE YOU’RE NEVER GONNA LEAVE

YOU'RE INSANE, YOU'RE ALIVE IN A WAY I JUST CAN'T BE  
WHERE'S THAT FOREST THAT YOU PROMISED  
ALL I EVER SEE ARE TREES  
AND I'M TRYING YEAH FOR YOU LOVE, BUT YOUR LOVE'S TOO OUT OF REACH  
I'M STILL TRYING TO KEEP YOU, LOVE, BUT OUR VISIONS NEVER MEET

AND SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY  
SUN IS GONNA COME UP AND MAKE YOU SEE  
SOMEDAY, SOMEDAY  
THERE'S NOTHING REALLY THERE KEEPING YOU WITH ME  
BUT UNTIL THAT DAY I'M GONNA LOVE YOU  
TILL THAT DAY I'M GONNA LOVE YA LIKE YOU'RE NEVER GONNA LEAVE

~

Song: Muse  
Sung by MODEL

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DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR MUSE, LITTLE DARLING?  
THE ONE YOU SAID YOU'D ALWAYS KEEP?  
I'VE BEEN GUIDING YOUR HAND FOR YOU YEARS NOW, DARLING  
BUT IT SEEMS YOU'RE NO LONGER FOLLOWING

SO DON'T YOU REMEMBER THAT PACT WE MADE  
SAYING YOU'D ALWAYS BE THERE FOR ME?  
YEAH I HOPE THAT YOU'RE HAPPY WHEREVER YOU ARE  
BUT I'M NOT WAITING INDEFINITELY

DON'T YOU REMEMBER YOUR MUSE, LITTLE DARLING?  
THE ONE YOU SAID YOU'D KEEP IN YOUR MIND  
I'VE BEEN WAITING A THOUSAND YEARS TO BE USED UP  
AND YOU? NOW YOU'RE TAKING YOUR TIME

BUT I? WELL I'M NOT WASTING MINE  
OOOOH

I'VE BEEN WAITING A THOUSAND YEARS TO BE USED UP  
DARLING DON'T WASTE MY TIME  
DARLING, OR YOU AREN'T WORTH MINE.

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MODEL:

Y'know, I'm surprised I didn't get sick of it sooner. But here we are now, a thousand years later, and I'm sick of it. Sick of you always running off to be with your little side-piece, always commenting about them when you're here with me. Talking about them when you're painting me, when you're looking at me. It's not funny anymore. Not that it was funny in the first place. But you were always so naive and silly about it I felt like you'd get over yourself in a bit. Well it's been a bit. It's been more than a bit, and you're still rambling about them when you should be focusing on me. I know you're an artist and you live in your own world, but darling it's long past time to wake up to reality. Listen, I'm not going to keep being your second choice forever. It's insulting you've kept up this delusion for so long. You have to choose. Them or me. Your "partner" or your "muse." I've been strung along for too long now, so this is it: choose. Flip a coin, read a tarot, whatever, but by tomorrow you better just have yourself sorted out. Call me tonight. Pick me tonight, or find yourself another model. Got it? Cause I am sick of playing second fiddle. Don't waste my time with that anymore, darling, or I'm gone.

PAINTER:

Well dang, this isn't how I thought my night would go. One moment the world's going perfect, I have two incredibly hot partners and a pretty good start to my art career. Next, one of 'em's pressuring me to settle down and choose between the two. Ultimatums and all. I mean how could I possibly choose? They're both so hot! An' sure, my darling muse is all "so flip a coin or whatever" but it can't possibly be that easy. Can it? Is this one of those crossroads, those major life decisions they talk about? I choose between my inspiration and my life partner? My dreams or my reality? No! Or... I mean, I could. It would make things so much simpler ... but no, there has to be a better way to make this decision than just going heads or tails. Or, is there? Shall I? YES! And Happy Birthday to me!

Song: Vegas

Sung by PAINTER

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HEY, BABY GET YOUR SUITCASE PACKED  
IF IT'S NOT A LOT OF TROUBLE, GOT A PLANE TO CATCH  
WE'RE GONNA FLY AWAY

OUR LOVE WAS SHOT BACK ON TRACK  
NOW WE GOTTA SEE IT THROUGH  
'CAUSE WE'RE A PERFECT MATCH  
FOR A VEGAS WEEK VAYCAY

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU  
IF IT HAPPENS WITH ME  
YEAH WE'RE GOING TO VE-E-GAS BABY!

OUR LOVE'S TOTALLY CLEAR  
AND IT'S ALL I CAN SEE  
SO LET'S GO GET MARRIED BY ELVIS PRESLEY!  
I'VE GOT YOU, AND YOU'VE GOT ME  
WHAT MORE COULD WE POSSIBLY NEED?  
WE'RE GOING TO VEGAS...

HEY BABY GRAB A CHAMPAGNE GLASS  
SWIPE MY PLASTIC TO THE MAX SO WE CAN FLY FIRST CLASS  
AND OUR WEDDING BELLS AWAITS

OUR LIVES HAVE BEEN OUT OF WHACK  
BUT I PROMISE THAT TOGETHER WE'RE THE PERFECT ACT  
SO DOESN'T THIS SOUND GREAT?

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU  
IF IT HAPPENS WITH ME  
YEAH WE'RE GOING TO VE-E-GAS BABY!  
OUR LOVE'S TOTALLY CLEAR  
AND IT'S ALL I CAN SEE  
SO LET'S GO GET MARRIED BY ELVIS PRESLEY!  
I'VE GOT YOU, AND YOU'VE GOT ME  
WHAT MORE COULD WE POSSIBLY NEED?  
WE'RE GOING TO VEGAS...

AND I KNOW OUR LOVE IS ONE IN A MILLION  
SO PICTURE ON THE STRIP SIMPLY CHILLIN'  
WE'LL PARTY ALL NIGHT LONG AND FIND SOME SIN  
AND IT KNOW IT SOUNDS LIKE SPUR OF THE MOMENT  
BUT BABE, WE'RE DEALT THIS HAND, WHY NOT HOLD IT  
I'M BETTING ON US, SO COME ON LET'S GO ALL IN!

IT CAN HAPPEN TO YOU  
IF IT HAPPENS WITH ME  
YEAH WE'RE GOING TO VE-E-GAS BABY!  
OUR LOVE'S TOTALLY CLEAR  
AND IT'S ALL I CAN SEE  
SO LET'S GO GET MARRIED BY ELVIS PRESLEY!  
I LOVE YOU, AND YOU LOVE ME  
WHAT MORE COULD WE POSSIBLY NEED?  
WE'RE GOING TO VEGAS  
PLEASE MARRY ME?

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Song: Delivery Instructions  
Sung by DELIVERY PERSON

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DEEP-DISH PIE FOR APARTMENT THREE-B  
PEPPERONI WITH EXTRA CHEESE  
LOCK MY BIKE UP AND CLIMB THE STAIRWAY  
GET ON WITH THE DELIVERY

Lets see, delivery instructions for order number three hundred twenty seven... Another late night snack for Jackson Pollock over here I guess. Dang, what is it with this house ordering things in the middle of the night right before I get off shift? And they never even tip either! Like, c'mon, gimme some basic human decency over here! Anyways, let's see what they want this time. Delivery instructions... dang this orders practically a book with all these instructions. Okay, rang the doorbell, check. Next... shout through doorway, what the hell? Aight, here goes.

DARLING PARTNER, PLEASE DON'T BE ANGRY  
PROMISE YOU THAT I CAN EXPLAIN  
I'VE FOUND MY LOVE IN ANOTHER PERSON  
HOPE THAT THIS DOESN'T SOUND TOO LAME

Breaking up over pizza? That's a new low. Even my worst ex wouldn't stoop to that. Geez, what kind of asshole have I been doing late-night deliveries for? This is like the seventh time... Oh wait. Page two of instructions... continue shouting through door... why is this my life.

HATE TO SAY IT, BUT NEED TO BREAK UP  
GETTING MARRIED IN JUST A DAY  
HERE'S A PIZZA FOR ALL YOUR TROUBLES  
IT'S BEEN FUN, BUT WE'RE DONE, SO YAY?

Oh my god what am I reading...why does it... no. it keeps going? Why does it keep going! Really? Really? And it just... Oh hell no. Hell no I'm not reading this aloud!

HEY THIS IS CRAZY, PLEASE DON'T TAKE IT OUT ON ME  
I'M JUST THE PERSON WHO'S DOING DELIVERIES  
THIS IS THE MESSAGE THEY STUCK IN INSTRUCTIONS  
THEY SAID SHOUT IT OUT, THEY SAID MAKE A PRODUCTION  
THIS WHOLE THING'S MESSED UP AND YOU SO DESERVE BETTER  
THAT'S JUST WHAT I THINK AFTER SEEING THIS LETTER

I DON'T KNOW HOW THIS ALL WENT DOWN  
BUT YOU SHOULD GO OUT AND PAINT THE TOWN  
YOUR EX IS TRASH AND A TOTAL CLOWN  
YOU SHOULDA JUST DUMPED 'EM

HERE'S YOUR PIZZA, IT'S AT THE DOORWAY  
THERE'S NO NEED FOR A TIP, OKAY?  
HAVE A GOOD NIGHT! BUT I NEED TO SAY THAT  
HONEY, YOU SHOULDA JUST DUMPED 'EM

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THE LANDLORD:

You would not believe the week I've had. No, no, it's been a mess. Literally. Real exciting. Let's start with last night. Middle of the night I wake up to someone shrieking, like absolutely fire-alarm screeching. So I go up to see what's going on, see if anybody's hurt or something. I get up there, and it's like a massacre I tell you, a pizza massacre. You remember what the stairwell looked like back when we were kids, right? Well imagine that with a coat of white paint and completely drenched in pizza sauce. Even the ceiling has some red spots. It was frankly impressive, I almost thought it was a murder scene. First off, what the heck! This is the biggest mess I've seen in here since the Hot Dog Incident of '97! It's like a horror movie set, I tell you, and I'm not going to let this kind of thing fly, you know? But, of course, just as I'm starting up to cuss out whoever's made this mess I hear a scream. Three guesses where the screams came from... and the first two don't count. yep, got it in one. Apartment number 3B. Oh boy. But, like the responsible person I am (yes I'm responsible, shut up!), I knock on the door and ask if everything's alright. And there's these twenty awkward seconds before they call out that everything's okay. But then I hear like these SOBS again. The doors still closed, the kids clearly sniffing around distraught so I'm trying not to be too pissed right off the bat about the mess. They're crying too hard for me to make out any of what they're saying, and they aren't opening the door, and it's just too late for this mess. So I grab the pizza box, wish 'em a good night and head downstairs to bed. Yeah, the pepperoni on the ceiling was a morning-me's problem. First thing in the morning, well, first thing after the pepperoni, the kid's left a message saying they want to break the lease early and move out effective immediately. They've already packed their bags apparently, and aside from the pizza debacle they've been a good tenant, so I'm thinking "sorry to see you go" for the most part when I'm not thinking about how I still have to get the damn tomato stains off the light fixture, like really, I'm not sure how they did it. And that's when I learn - it's the curse again! Yes - the curse. So, then, get this, it just gets weirder; the co-signer on that lease showed up, rambling about eloping to Vegas to marry someone else! And how they broke up with the other over pizza! Now I'm not one to condone vandalism but if someone tried to break up with me over pizza, I'd be throwing it at the wall too. That's not how you treat a loved one! Hey, what, I am not just an old romantic. I'm a realist. Absolutely. I realistically believe that love is precious! If I could find a love like these kids had when they moved in I'd be the happiest person alive. I wouldn't throw it all away. Pizza, what are they thinking...

Song: Romance is Totally Dead  
Sung by THE LANDLORD

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO DRIVING 'EM HOME

OR A MOONLIT WALK HOLDING HANDS AND NO PHONES  
NOW THEY BREAK UP THROUGH A PIZZA AND NOTE!  
I'D NEVER DO ANY OF THAT

WHERE ARE THE SOULMATES OF OLD AS OF LATE?  
WITH KISSES ON CHEEKS AT THE END OF FIRST DATES  
NOW ONE-NIGHT-STANDS WILL COHABITATE!  
I'D NEVER DO ANY OF THAT

NOW THEY PROCLAIM THAT CHIVALRY'S DEAD  
AND FALLING IN LOVE IS A PHASE  
WHEN I WAS YOUNG, LOVE WAS A PROMISE AHEAD  
AND NOW PEOPLE THROW IT AWAY!

SO WHATEVER HAPPENED TO FALLING IN LOVE?  
YOUR HEART FLYING HIGH ON THE WINGS OF A DOVE  
THAT'S HOW IT SHOULD BE, BUT WHEN PUSH COMES TO SHOVE  
IT SEEMS ROMANCE IS TOTALLY DEAD!  
AND NOBODY SHOULD DARE TRY TO WED!  
CAUSE YOU'LL LOSE ALL YOUR LOVING INSTEAD!  
AND I'D NEVER! RISK ANY! OF THAT!

~

-END-