

SCENE 3

CAROLE AND GERRY'S OFFICE.

CAROLE is alone at her desk, checks her watch. She picks up the phone, dials.

CAROLE

Hi, Ma— have you heard from Gerry? He was supposed to meet me here hours ago and he hasn't shown up. Ma, stop. How many times do I have to tell you? Gerry isn't Daddy. If he shows up, will you call me? Ok, bye.

SHE hangs up. BARRY and CYNTHIA knock and come in.

CYNTHIA

Hi, did you have your talk?

CAROLE

Not yet. But did you guys—?

THEY raise their clasped hands and smile.

BARRY

We're moving in together as part of my continuing audition for marriage.

CAROLE

That's great! It's good to have you back, Bar! I always feel so much healthier next to you.

BARRY

We're going to go grab some dinner. You want to come?

CAROLE

No, thanks, I'm waiting for Gerry.

CYNTHIA

Ok, see you later.

CAROLE

Bye, guys.

THEY leave. CAROLE goes to the piano and sits. She looks at some music, makes some notes. Her back is to the door so she doesn't notice it when GERRY appears in the doorway. He seems to be in a dark mood, not entirely himself, haunted.

GERRY

We're getting left behind, Carole.

SHE flinches and turns.

CAROLE

Oh, my God, you scared me, I didn't hear you come in. Where have you been? I thought you were going to—

But HE doesn't seem to hear her.

GERRY

We found the sound for awhile but now we— they're leaving us behind—

CAROLE

Who is? What're you talking about?

GERRY

It's everyone, it's not just— I mean, God, if I could have half of what Dylan has. I've been trying, I've tried so hard, to find something more, something big— but I can't hear it, I can't hear it—

CAROLE

Ger, are you all right? You don't—

GERRY

It's always 3 minutes or less. What can you say in 3 minutes? I wanted to be a playwright! My dad's a playwright, but he never— he couldn't—

CAROLE

Wait, slow down, you're not making sense.

GERRY

I don't get it. Sometimes I'm OK, I feel good, and all of a sudden— boom, I'm in a hole and I can't, I can't, I can't see light in any direction. Two nights ago, I know I saw Louise two nights ago.

CAROLE

Here, sweetie, come sit down for a minute.

GERRY

No! I want to go to the roof.

CAROLE

The roof? No, Gerry, no—

GERRY

I love the roof. I can breathe and when I'm, when I'm there I feel— I don't feel something pushing down on me—

*HE goes out the door. SHE follows. Halfway down the hall, HE stops. Turns to her.
Desperate.*

(GERRY)

I can't hear it, Carole. I can't hear it.