

At The Apartment

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Best Day of Your Life

Lilith storms through the audience, carrying an overnight bag, upset. Seconds later, Adam - wearing nothing but a bedsheet wrapped around his torso chases after her.

"Can't we just come back inside and talk about this?"

No response. The Adam ambles towards a bed, slides in underneath the covers, and pulls them over his head. Two snare hits. Light shines on Adam in bed. Clock radio is on nightstand next to him. He looks dejected. Line about "you just won the lottery" goes by. Adam twirls his finger - "Big deal." Picks up phone, hangs it up on receiver.

He pulls on his pants and a jacket, crosses the stage. Two women make eyes at him and wave as he blows by, disinterested. He sits down, the boss shakes his hand, stuffs a cigar in his mouth, slaps him on the back.

Adam crosses back over the stage, where his parents are waiting. His mom brings out food to the table. His father offers him a seat. They eat and converse. Mom touches his shoulder to say something and the Adam just stares off into space.

Adam returns to bed. Sits down dejected. Flops down. Pulls pillow over head. Sleeps. Lights out.

You could wake up to your favorite song
Right before they call your name
You just won the lottery
On the only number you've ever played.
But you're crying on the phone
Because she left you all alone
And every joy just seems so lame.

Everyone might smile and wave
As you walk your way to work
You could get that promised raise
The boss might admit that she's a jerk
Tells you that your future's bright
But somehow this just isn't right
Inside your heart where feelings lurk.

This could be the best day of your life
This could be the best day, but you don't care
This should be the best day of your life
This could be the best day, but she's not there.

Your mother makes your favorite meal
And feeds you all that you can eat
Your dad might offer you his chair
Tell you to sit and rest your feet
But the topic drifts to her
The evening all becomes a blur

And your homecoming's in defeat.

This could be the best day of your life
This could be the best day, but you don't care
This should be the best day of your life
This could be the best day, but she's not there.

And the pillows are so soft
And you love those flannel sheets
You can still make out her smell
If you lie and inhale so deep
And you wish that you were dead
Because she isn't in your bed
You might as well wander the streets.

This could be the best day of your life
This could be the best day, but you don't care
This should be the best day of your life
This could be the best day, but she's not there.

Indie Cred:

Robert flips on lights, comes running in while Adam is still in bed. Shakes Adam. Has 7" record behind his back, hidden from audience.

"Fuck off."

"Dude!"

"What? Fuck off."

"Dude! I got the best seven inch! You gotta see it! It's beautiful"

"You're talking to the wrong guy. I don't want to see your goddamn seven inches, if you even had seven inches. Get the fuck out."

"Not seven inches. A seven-inch!" (Whips out record.)

Music begins. Robert dances rapturously with 7" record, gazing at it lovingly. Puts the record on the turntable, shovels Ramen into his mouth, chugs milk from the carton. Sits down at the edge of the bed, confesses his past as a high school outcast during the bridge. Adam beneath the covers continues to not move while Robert continues prattling on, lights a cigarette, which Adam grabs and puts out. Room goes dark on Adam.

I got the vinyl in the mail today!
I can't believe it's finally here
I sent away for it last year
Signed and numbered 45
I'm the hippest snob alive
I am one of the few
To track down all the clues
No one's heard of them but me
That's how I like my bands to be.

Put the plastic on the spinner
While I ate my Ramen dinner
Drinking milk from the carton
Wearing flannel and Doc Martens
I'm in the red
But you can't buy my indie cred

I am the foremost authority
On self-conscious obscurity.

I may or may not have been socially inept in high school
You made fun of my weight, now you'll regret it
Now I'll exclude you all so I can feel cool
So now you can, like whatever, just forget it.

Sold out of velour and corduroy!
I wish these trenders all were dead
Raised the price of thriftstore threads
Maybe I should finish school
Get a job just being cool
Smoke cigarettes, write for zines
About the hippest scenes
Just as long as I get paid
And someday maybe I'll get laid.

Robert crosses stage, flops down near to Mike, who's going through the mail.

Utility Blues:

"What the fuck! We already paid these assholes. Can't they get it right?"

"What's wrong?"

"Well, I just wrote them a check - on time - a week ago, and already they're hitting us up for another \$100 for the gas bill. This has to include last month. There's no way this is just another month's bill. The electric company wants us to put down an extra \$15 every month because we were late with our payments this spring."

"Anything else in the mail?"

"No."

"No magazines?"

"Nope. Oh wait - you got a parking ticket."

Music begins. Robert rants about mail and sanitation. During the instrumental bridge, the hippie roommate shreds the bills and dances around, then rants about ComEd and Peoples Gas.

I want to trash Sanitation's ass
For all the tickets they wrote
I want answers from my alderman
Or she'll never get my vote
Those union slackers don't post the signs
But the ticket writers still hand out fines
The whole thing's just a scam.

I'm going postal on the U.S. Mail
My subscription never came
I haven't seen my Playboys yet
And the mailman is to blame
The CDs and cookies my baby sent
Lord only knows where that stuff went
But they always bring the bills.

Let's firebomb Ameritech

I've been put on hold too long
It took forever to hook me up
And then they did it wrong
My girlfriends think that I've defected
But it's just because I'm disconnected
Those bastards gotta go.

It's time to blow up People's Gas
For cutting off the heat
They wait until the winter came
And then jacked up the rates
My apartment's too cold and I desire
To warm my hands at their funeral pyre
The thought just warms my heart.

Slumlord:

Adam gets out of bed. Goes to bathroom, lifts lid, looks disgusted, ambles into living room where Mike is watching TV.

"Toilet's backed up again."

"It was never fixed."

"What?"

"I can't get ahold of [Slumlord]. His machine doesn't work, and he's never around. Just as well. I owe him last month's rent."

"Fuck."

"Hey man. It's not my fault. My loan check's late."

There's a hole in my floor
Where the sewer pipe goes down
I tried to get the problem fixed
But the handyman's not around
I tell my landlord about this mess
He says that it will take another week
He should come right away
My apartment has begun to reek.

The heat comes on for just one hour
Sometime around 6am
Then you nearly freeze to death
Until sometime around quarter to ten
He heats the place just long enough
To keep the water pipes from freezing up
You wouldn't think, this day and age,
That a landlord could be so corrupt.

The lock is broken on the front door
It's been that way about two weeks
The lights went out, the fuse has blown
And the bathroom sink has sprung a leak
These things are all an easy fix
But it seems the man is never home

But if the rent's a minute late
You bet my landlord's on my phone.

When the songt ends, the doorbell rings. Mike uses the opportunity to duck out of the confrontation. Tanya's at the door.

Apartment

Adam looks around at shredded bills, empty milk jug and Ramen containers, and other various assorted messes around the apartment. Starts picking stuff up. Mike skulks behind Man with Mushroom. They lay down together and pull the covers over themselves. A little while later, Tanya crawls out, takes some money out of Mike's wallet, and exits. Lights out.

Mushmouth

Lights up. Adam, Robert, and Hippie are standing around.

"So you're missing money, he's missing records, and I'm missing a VCR.
Who else was here last night besides us?"

All look towards Mike. The door buzzer rings three times. Music begins. Adam begins pacing around angrily. Robert frantically reviews record collection to determine other missing items. Lights out.

Close the door
Don't let her back inside
Split-lip mushroom
What was on your mind?

Coffeeshop poet
Couldn't find a rhyme
Didn't notice when
She asked you for a dime

Mushmouth

An open mind
Stoned or just naive
Paid her cab fare
So she'd have you believe

She took the bus
Spent the rest on crack
Hey sugar-daddy
She's rollin' in the rack

Mushmouth, c'mon honey
Mushmouth, gimme some money
Mushmouth, c'mon honey
Mushmouth, gimme some money

Moral high ground
Was never the point
She was making you
And casing our joint

Did you get wise
Or did your wallet just get bare
She rings the bell
We tell her you're not there

Barbecued Tofu

Mike exits. Adam and Robert leave the house. During the fast part of the instrumental, Tanya walks by – Adam and Robert see her. Chase ensues. Mike runs into Tanya just before Robert and Adam. Tanya kisses Mike. Mike tells her to hide and gives Adam and Robert the “she went that-a-way.” Tanya emerges from hiding, offers Mike a joint, and the two go offstage.

Special Sauce

Adam and Robert order fried chicken at Harold's, return home, and crack open a couple beers and talk. Lilith “haunts” Adam, stage left. During the instrumental breakdown, Tanya leads Mike across the stage behind Adam and Robert. As the song “Special Sauce” ends, the phone rings.

Maybe I'll get me some Harold's fried chicken
White meat hot sauce to make it finger-lickin'
Wash it all down with a bottle of Ne-Hi
White bread, ripple fries, slaw on the side

Some people swear Ribs and Bibs is the source
For down-home barbecue - you could do far worse
Ask them to explain - they'll be at a loss
You just gotta have that special hot sauce

I want a woman with that special sauce
To kiss me so hard my lips fall off
I want a woman with slaw on the side
Whose heart's as deep as her mind is wide.

I need a soul woman who's got the knack
Lookin' for dinner - not a late-night snack
Part-time short-term girls ain't too deep
Tiny chicken nuggets give me tryptophan sleep

I want a woman with that special sauce
To kiss me so hard my lips fall off
I want a woman with slaw on the side
Whose heart's as deep as her mind is wide.

She's gotta have soul
She's gotta have taste
I'm getting hungry
But I'm willing to wait, because

I want a woman with that special sauce
To kiss me so hard my lips fall off
I want a woman with slaw on the side
Whose heart's as deep as her mind is wide.

I want a woman with that special sauce
I want a woman with that special sauce

Snow

"Hello? Oh... hey. Uh. Sure. Things are kinda weird here right now, but I guess you can come over. Yeah. Okay. We can make some dinner, too. Sure. Seeya in a few."

Doorbell rings. Adam looks out cautiously, sees that it's okay, peers through eyehole. Sees Lilith. Lets her in. Music begins. He takes her coat, brushes the snow off. They go into the kitchen, where a pot is on the stove. He pours them both a glass of wine. They look out the window, and it's snowing hard. He pours another glass of wine. They make more frequent bodily contact. The lights dim. The lights come up on the two in bed. They put on their clothes awkwardly. He walks her home, kisses her gently but not with the same conviction, and trudges home.

Chicago snow fell suddenly upon the waiting frozen ground
Blanketing the city streets and deadening the traffic sound
She came to me to break the silence and made her way through drifting
snow
Her cheeks were flushed when she arrived and we had to warm her toes
Why don't you come in? Did you come alone?
I'll turn the heat up, and we'll warm your bones.

She came to talk but had to stay - the night was growing far too cold
The night went on and she grew warm and sauvignon soon made us bold
Red sauce with red wine had simmered slowly on the flame
We covered up the naked pasta now entangled without shame
Why don't you stay here? It's too cold to walk home.
We'll be so much warmer than if sleeping alone.

Alone

Snow brings out the colors in the grayest of stones,
And brings out the lover in a friend barely known.

Morning light shone through the windows upon the clothing-covered floor
I kissed her dryly on the lips when we reached her apartment door
Walking home through graying slush, dull drones replaced silence
When next we met, we called that night a pleasant case of circumstance.
Straining for comfort with now-formal tones
Lovers in darkness estranged when the light shone.

Our Estrangement

Music begins. In a flashback, we see Adam and Lilith in warmer days, climate-wise and emotionally. They are drawn to each other magnetically. They smile. They finish each other's sentences. Distance slowly grows between them. They make contact less often. Adam attempts reconciliation. He makes a phone call. Lilith is "too busy." Mike and Robert try to distract him and keep him entertained, drinking. Adam's gaze wanders over in Lilith's direction. Meanwhile, Lilith makes new friends - including a new boyfriend. Adam decides to come over and visit and try to "get some answers." He knocks on her door. Lilith answers. Her new boyfriend comes from behind her. Adam stands in shock. Lilith closes the door. Adam turns away, and slowly walks down the aisle. Lights out.

Summer days give new lovers all the time in the world
In the shade, on the grass, midst the trees and the squirrels,
In the stars, in between lines, in reflections in our eyes.

Passion can be a fickle mistress who leaves mystery unfurled
As shivering naked honesty in a corner, cowering, curled
Up tight, while sweat dries, and summer's heat subsides.

We used to be so bold
Now we're just growing cold

Fall's first brush of cool air seemed a welcome relief
Leaves fell on hardening ground and rot in airless heat
Screens were taken out and storm windows take their place.

We scurried to save the daylight soon stolen by time's thief
Acquaintances turned to obstacles on gnawing chilly streets
So we layered on the clothing and our feet picked up the pace.

Eyes to the ground
Don't break your stride
Don't hear a sound
Keep the world outside.

We used to be so bold
Now we're just growing cold

Dead of winter and what warmth we shared is kept to ourselves
In the insulated confines, tucked away on shelves
Hidden from view like old photos from your past.

We pretend not to remember, lest memories overwhelm
The boundaries we've constructed, lest honesty dispel
The belief that only our estrangement could ever last.

Eyes to the ground
Don't break your stride
Don't hear a sound
Keep the world outside.