Apart Together

A 10-minute Podcast Musical

Book by
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Music by
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Lyrics by
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&
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Character Breakdown
MARIA GONZALEZ - 30’s, of Mexican descent. An anesthesiologist at the local hospital. When home, she self-isolates in the garage to make sure she doesn’t transmit anything to her family.

DEVON LEYDEN - 30’s, Maria’s husband. A musician when he has the time, he’s happily taken on the role of stay-at-home dad for Veronica. Supportive of Maria; tries to find little ways to brighten her day.

VERONICA LEYDEN-GONZALEZ - 4 months old. Maria and Devon’s daughter.

Setting
The garage of Maria and Devon’s house.

Authors' Note
A forward-slash - "/" - indicates that the rest of the line is to be spoken over by the following line. The line should be read in its entirety, in order to convey the sense of people speaking over each other.
Interior of an SUV, with its engine running. It sits parked inside a two-car garage. Behind the SUV, the automatic garage-door finishes closing. MARIA GONZALEZ, 30’s, of Mexican descent, sitting in the driver’s seat, turns off the engine, takes the keys out of the ignition. Pause as she sighs with relief. Un buckles her seat belt. From the passenger seat, she picks up a paper bag of take-out food. She opens the car door, gets out holding the bag, closes the door behind her. She takes a few steps (sneakers on a concrete garage floor) as she presses buttons on her smartphone. Sound of ringing through her speaker-phone, then-

–DEVON LEYDEN, 30’s, Maria’s husband, picks up. He’s heard through her speaker-phone:

DEVON
Maria, hey! What’s your ETA?

MARIA
Just parked.

DEVON
In the garage?

MARIA
(giving him sass)
No, Devon, on the roof.

DEVON
Oh good, we’ve been talking about installing a skylight.

Through the speaker-phone, the sound of him opening an oven door, pulling out a metal tray.

DEVON
I didn’t hear the garage door, so just, uh, gimme a moment to finish cooking.

MARIA
I need a minute to set up, anyway – I want to reposition the cot so I have a clearer view of you in the hallway. See you soon, mi amor?
Through the speaker-phone, sound of the oven door closing.

DEVON
Can’t wait, mi vida.

MARIA
Just please knock before opening /the door-

DEVON
(quickly cuz Maria says this every time)
The door to make sure you’re a safe distance away, yep, yep, love you!

The call ends. Maria hums (cue Music 1) as she sets the paper bag on a twin-size mattress on the garage floor (sitting where a second car would normally sit), then swivels the mattress into a new position. Fluffs the pillow. She sits on the cot, sets the bag of food down.

A knock on the wooden door between the garage and the rest of the house (about six feet from Maria’s cot).

MARIA
It’s safe, go ahead.

The door opens. Devon stands there, in the hallway (hardwood floors) of the main part of the house.

DEVON
Sorry for the delay, had to finish my latest culinary masterpiece.

MARIA
I’m scared to ask.

Devon sits on the floor, setting the plate of food, a fork, a paper napkin, and a baby-monitor down in front of him.

DEVON
It’s a combination of leftover stroganoff and nachos. I call them - stroganachos.

MARIA
Makes me glad I can’t eat your cooking.
DEVON
Ah, you’re just jealous. What did you pick up?

The sound of Maria taking a paper-wrapped taco out of her paper bag.

MARIA
Just one of these.

DEVON
I can’t see that from here, you know that, right?

MARIA
(teasing)
Your eyesight’s terrible if you can’t see a veggie taco from six feet away, you know that, right?

DEVON
Veggie? You – veggie?

MARIA
Yeah, I know, but with the meat shortage and-

DEVON
Oh, right, right, yeah. Makes sense.

MARIA
Is Veronica–?

DEVON
Napping.

MARIA
(a bit disappointed)
Oh, okay.

DEVON
(apologetic)
This is her usual nap-time.

MARIA
Of course, it was just, before I started driving, I saw through the “Momitor” app that she was still up, so I thought maybe...

DEVON
I can wake her, if you–

MARIA
No, no, it’s okay, I’m gonna need to crash as soon as we eat, anyway. Thanks again for eating at such random times.
"APART TOGETHER"

DEVON
Always.

MARIA
Let's dig in.

Maria unwraps her taco as Devon picks up his plate of stroganachos, takes one stroganoff-covered chip, bites into it - then immediately tries to stifle a gag.

MARIA
How are the stroganachos?

DEVON
Mm, mm-hm, mm.

Devon sets the plate of stroganachos back down.

During the below, Maria eats her taco.

DEVON
So, fun fact - turns out a handy alternative to the house-hold vacuum-cleaner is a lint-roller. Your lint-roller, to be exact.

MARIA
Oh? And what led to that exciting discovery?

DEVON
Well, when your baby knocks an entire box of uncooked macaroni onto the rug and you can't go get the vacuum from the garage, you suddenly become a very creative problem-solver.

MARIA
(realizing)
Right, I should've taken the vacuum out before quarantining myself in here. Sorry-

DEVON
No, no worries. Honestly, the only one who deserves an apology is your lint-roller.
(then)
I'm gonna play you some music.

Devon stands, walks down the hallway, further into the house:

MARIA
Dev.
"APART TOGETHER"

DEVON
Yeah?

MARIA
Your sudden desire to serenade me wouldn’t have anything to do with your stroganachos, would it?

DEVON
(from far down the hallway)
What, uh, what do you mean?

Devon picks up his guitar.

MARIA
Just that I noticed you only had one bite.

During the below, he walks down the hallway back toward the garage, tuning his guitar. He stops at the door to the garage.

DEVON
Maria, I am shocked. Shocked. You think I would use serenading my beautiful wife as an excuse to not eat my delicious...delectable...de-
(then, losing the act)
No, you’re right, they’re terrible. God-awful.

Maria laughs.

DEVON
(re: the music)
Any requests?

MARIA
Surprise me.

Devon thinks, then plays in the style of Mexican Bolero (cue Music 2).

MARIA
Bolero? That’s new.

DEVON
Yeah, since you haven’t been able to spend time with Veronica, I wanted to make sure she’s still experiencing your culture. At this rate, she’ll respond to “mi cielo” before “Veronica.”

Beat as Devon plays.

Then he stops mid-strum.
DEVON
You’re staring at me – do I have stroganachos on my face?

M aria
I was just thinking I really wish I could kiss you right now.

A charged beat.

Devon goes back to playing the guitar, diffusing the tension.

DEVON
Should I ask how work was, or...?

M aria
(sighs)
There was this woman today. Bad. Needed a ventilator right away. But just before I put her under, she looked at me with this, this wonder in her eyes and said, “Oh – an angel.” I don’t know if she’ll ever wake, but I do know that the last thing she thought she saw was an angel...and I’m glad I could give her that.

DEVON
You give way more than that, Maria. You’re the best anesthesiologist I know.

M aria
I’m the only anesthesiologist you know.

DEVON
And therefore the best – my statement holds.

M aria
And how was Veronica? Anything noteworthy besides the macaroni fiasco?

DEVON
Ohhhh, was there ever. But to do it justice, I have memorialized the event – in song.

Cue Music 3.

DEVON
THERE’S A RUMBLE IN MY TUM TUM
AND I DON’T FEEL WELL
WHAT’S THE BROWN STUFF ON MY BUM BUM?
AND OOH WHEE WHAT’S THAT SMELL?
THIS GOOP IS FUN TO PLAY WITH
SURE BEATS THAT TUMMY MAT
HEY DAD I’M GLAD TO SEE YOU!
YOU GOTTA TRY THIS – CATCH!
I THREW MY POO AT YOU
I THREW MY POO AT YOU

OH DAD WHATCHA GONNA DO?
YOUR BABY GIRL HAS MADE HER PITCHING DEBUT
MAYBE I’LL PLAY
FOR MLB ONE DAY
BUT FOR NOW WHATCHA GONNA DO?

I THREW MY POO AT YOU

Maria laughs - quite a lot.

MARIA
That is horrifying.

DEVON
Right? And I wonder if I’m just asking for even more horror by introducing her to solid foods-

MARIA
Solid-?

DEVON
-like, is it just gonna give her heftier projectiles to throw at me?

MARIA
Did you - sorry, did you say solid foods?

DEVON
I gave her a little cereal today.

MARIA
(a bit tense)
She’s - Devon, she’s a little young for that, don’t you think?

Devon, surprised by this response, gets slightly defensive.

DEVON
I mean, I’m following the advice we were given - to start trying solid foods at four months.

MARIA
...Four-?

Suddenly, Maria, thoroughly exhausted - both emotionally and physically - begins to cry.

DEVON
Hey, hey, I’m - crap, I’m sorry, I didn’t mean to - I can hold off on the solids, if you think-
MARIA
No. No, it’s just – four months. The whole world’s turned upside-down, but that’s not gonna stop her from growing, is it? And I’m missing it. I’m missing it.

Beat.

DEVON
If you need to take some time off, or, or even quit…You wouldn’t have to quarantine yourself in the garage anymore. Or sleep on that little cot. And you could hold Veronica again. I could hold you.

MARIA
Yeah?

DEVON
No one would think any less of you.

Beat.

MARIA
But I would.

DEVON
(sighs, with love)
Yeah. I know.

The sound of VERONICA LEYDEN-GONZALEZ crying through the baby-monitor on the hallway floor.

DEVON
Hey, sounds like you’ll get to see her after all. Be right back.

Devon sets down the guitar, gets up, walks further into the house, opens a door on the left-hand side of the hallway. Veronica’s crying gets louder. A moment later, Devon comes back into the hallway holding Veronica and walks back to the garage door.

DEVON
Hey, hey, look, Veronica – see Mamá over there?
Can you say “Hola, Mamá?”

Maria calls to them from the garage:

MARIA
Hola, cariño.
Veronica continues to cry.

DEVON
What do you need, mi cielo, what do you need?
You have more poo to throw at me? Some fresh rounds hiding in your diaper?
(sniffs her diaper)
No, still smell clean. You hungry? Hungry?
Let’s go get your bottle.

Devon, holding the wailing Veronica, crosses back up the hallway, takes a right into the kitchen.

After a moment:

MARIA
(calling out)
Dev? Devon, can you come back into the hall, please? I can’t see you from there.

DEVON
Yep! Yep, one sec!

Devon, still holding Veronica, crosses back into the hallway, towards the garage door, as he tries to give her a bottle.

DEVON
Here, want your bottle? Bottle?

She doesn’t take it, keeps crying.

DEVON (CONT’D)
No? Then what’s wrong, mi cielo, what’s wrong?

After another moment of Veronica crying, Maria begins to sing (cue Music 4):

MARIA
LA LUNA SE ENAMORÓ DEL SOL.
EL SOL SE ENAMORÓ DE LA LUNA.

Veronica starts to quiet down.

MARIA
Y AUNQUE ESTÁN MUY SEPARADOS,
AÚN ESTÁN ENAMORADOS.
DOS MITADES QUE BRILLAN COMO UNO.

Veronica falls back to sleep.
"APART TOGETHER"

DEVON
(quietly, to Maria)
I’ll just put her back in-

MARIA
Could you, could you just hold her - right
there? So I can see you both as I fall asleep.

DEVON
Of course.

Sound of Maria lying down on the
cot, wrapping a blanket around
her.

MARIA
Can get a whole five hours before heading back
to the hospital. Goodnight, mi amor.

Devon, still holding Veronica,
quietly begins to sing the same
song Maria sang, but in English
(cue Music 5):

DEVON
THE SUN FELL IN LOVE WITH THE MOON.
THE MOON FELL IN LOVE WITH THE SUN.
AND THOUGH THEY ARE FAR APART,
THE LOVE GROWS IN THEIR HEART.
TWO HALVES THAT GLOW AS ONE.

THE SUN BURNS BRIGHT FOR THE MOON.
THE MOON IS WARMED BY THE SUN.
AND WHILE THEY ARE WORLDS AWAY,
THEIR LOVE SHINES EVERY DAY,
AND BURNS WHEN THE DAY IS DONE.

Sound of Maria lightly snoring.

DEVON
Goodnight, mi vida.

Devon closes the door between the
garage and the house.

The End.