

A little scene of purest fantasy, a commentfic of sorts, inspired by ewinfic's post on her LJ (at <http://ewinfic.livejournal.com/191089.html>) about her trip to NY to see *Angels in America*, where she and her friends briefly met Zachary Quinto.

Her reflections about RPF, about RL pairings in fandom, and about what's come to be called Groffgate 2011, are imo among the most honest, respectful, and sane on the topic.

So, e, how does it feel when \*you\* become a character in a RPF?  
Thank you. You made me feel like I was there too.

English is not my native language, so I have not tried to reproduce any idiosyncratic patterns of speech. My third (and probably last) attempt at RPF, after some short stuff I wrote back in '93. Unbetaed.

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### **Fanmail**

by mazaher  
February 8th, 2011

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The theatre is empty at this time on a Sunday morning. Last day.

Zach is standing in front of the dark stage, arms crossed, staring in silence, when Jon walks in and joins him.

-- Hey.

-- Hey to you.

-- There was a girl outside. The one whom you talked to. She looked at me. She may have recognized me.

Zach snakes a hand down to pick up Jon's, threads his fingers with his.

-- Erin? She's harmless. Actually, she's nice. She told me to break a leg.

-- But you won't.

-- I won't.

He kisses Jon's knuckles lightly.

-- We met the other day, she and her friends. One came all the way from Australia, can you believe it? With floods and all. I like them. They didn't throw themselves at me like people do sometimes. Erin seemed... you know, interested in all the right things. And she didn't even ask for a picture.

-- You're good at sorting them out. I never know what to do at close range.

Zach smiles a small smile.

-- Takes practice. Lots of practice. She gave me a letter.

-- A letter? As in fanmail?

-- Hm-mm. I even read it. Maybe I shouldn't have.

-- Why?

-- It took me an added half hour of chakra meditation before I managed to stop floating and to sit down on the ground again.

-- Should I be jealous? Or should I begin writing you letters?

-- No... and yes. But I'll make do with texting. Unless you're here, in which case...

-- Quite.

-- Indeed.

Then there were no more words.

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