

Keep It Gay

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by [detafo](#)

Summary

I couldn't think of a better title... my first Producers fic about how I think Roger and Carmen met. May become a fluffy slash later on. Love it? Hate it? Tell me so! [[cross-posted from FF.net]]

1947

New York City

"Roger!" Roger DeBris turned around to see who was calling his name. Not many people called him by his first name... most of his friends – few and far between, though they were – usually called him Lizzy, contracted from his self-proclaimed middle name. His mother had been appalled when he'd told her. Why on earth would her son want to have a middle name like *Elizabeth*? But he didn't think on that now, someone was obviously looking for him.

A young man, no more than two or three years younger than Roger himself, pushed through the crowd toward him. "Oh, my stars, Roger... wonderful show! Really!" The young man shook Roger's hand with enthusiasm, ignoring the astonished stares he was receiving.

"Do... do I know you?" Roger asked, finally rescuing his hand from the insistent shaking.

"Oh, where are my manners?" The young man smiled toothily. "My name is Carmen Ghia." He made a strange popping sound through his closed hands, causing theatre patrons to give him a wide berth. "I'm a, er... friend, of one of your actors."

"Oh..." Roger smiled. "Well, nice to meet you, Carmen. I obviously don't need an introduction, since you already know me."

"Yes, well... that's all I bloody well hear these days, you know. Always 'Roger, this' and 'Roger that' or 'Did you know that Roger is just a fabulous director?'" Carmen smiled again.

"I'm sorry, but which of the actors are you... friends with?" Roger was intrigued by this young man. Scared, sure... but intrigued too. You met a lot of weird ones in New York these days, and Carmen was obviously one of them, but still...

"Drew Dolarhyde." Carmen said with a shrug. "Never shuts up about you, if I didn't know better, you two were probably having it off in the dressing rooms!" He laughed gaily, earning even more stares, which he ignored.

Roger went red at the mere hint that he might have been 'having it off' with one of his actors. Sure, Drew was cute... but definitely not Roger's type. Too buff, for one – and he never did really like men with too many muscles. He shifted uncomfortably.

"Ooohh, I'm sorry... did I hit a raw nerve?" Carmen didn't look sorry at all, in fact, he looked envious. "If it is true... care to share any of the details? Lucky dog!" He winked slightly.

"Tell you what, let's go out for a spot of barely bloody drinkable, and you can spill the beans." He tugged at Roger's arm.

"Err... thank you, Carmen... but, not tonight." Roger felt a bit overwhelmed by this eccentric, crazy-talking (although, quite cute) young man. "I've, err... got to get home."

"Oh..." Carmen deflated. "Well, okay then... maybe another time?"

"Oh, no! I didn't mean to sound rude!" Roger tried to patch up his mistake hurriedly. "It's just that I have a few meetings with my production team tomorrow, and I don't want to be late!"

"Oh..." Carmen still didn't look convinced. He'd admired this startlingly handsome man for weeks – no, *months* – now, every time he came to see Drew rehearse, and despite his easy going, upbeat attitude, he had had to pluck up the confidence to talk to the director. "Well..." He thought for a minute. "I don't mean to sound forward... well, actually, I do... but... I was really hoping to talk to you about a job."

"A job?" Roger raised a skeptical eyebrow. "Doing what? I've already got a costume designer, a choreographer, a lighting designer, a set designer..."

"What about an assistant?" Carmen looked hopeful. Anything... *anything* to be close to this guy!

Roger watched him with a raised eyebrow. "An assistant, eh?" He thought about it for a few minutes. Looking Carmen up and down, he nodded slowly. "Okay, Carmen... you might just be onto something there, you know... I'm always in need of some assistance here and there."

"Ooohh! Goody! Does this mean I get the job?" Carmen bounced. Literally bounced. Roger put a hand on his shoulder to stop him.

"Whoa, Carmen... I'll give you a chance." He let a small smile peak through on his face. "You'll start tomorrow. You can take notes of the meetings and fetch me some of that.... Oh, what did you call it?"

"Barely bloody drinkable?" Carmen giggled. "It's what I call tea."

"Well, yes... how does that sound?"

"Wonderful!" Carmen clapped his hands gleefully. "And what time and place shall I arrive?"

"Oh, I don't know... let's say about ten..." And he gave the address of his Upper East Side town house.

After parting ways, Carmen went back to the pokey little apartment where he lived. Well, at least he had a job now – even if it was only an audition – so to speak. Looking around the small house, he lay down on his bed to contemplate the evening. The play was good... though he couldn't even remember the bloody name of it. *Bloody hell, Carmen... you spend all your time staring at the back of your new employer's head... need to learn how to control that, my boy. You're working for him now. You'll get to see him every day.*

"Damnable." He muttered to himself, before falling asleep.

The next day, at ten on the dot, the doorbell to Roger's town house rang and a young boy – probably only about twenty – answered the door. Carmen blinked when he saw the young man's attire, dressed like an Indian snake charmer... or something of the like. And he was pretty cute, too... no! Carmen shook his head slightly. He was here to do his job.

"Uh... I've got a meeting with renowned theatrical director, Roger DeBris?" He said. The houseboy observed him coolly.

"You're the new personal assistant, he was talking about."

"Yes... Carmen Ghia." Carmen smiled.

"Sabu." The houseboy stepped aside to let him in. "Roger's in the formal lounge. Follow me."

Carmen followed Sabu, a little apprehensive. The décor of the town house was fabulous – Roger was obviously very rich. Oh, how nice it would be to be rich.

"Carmen!" Roger looked up from his paperwork with a smile. "Lovely to see you here! Sit down, sit down!" He patted the space on the lounge next to him. Carmen smiled and walked over to the couch, pulling out his pen and paper as he did so. If he was going to keep up this charade, he'd have to play it straight. Well, not straight... but... straight enough so he wouldn't get fired, first day on the job.

"Sleep alright last night?" Roger chuckled. "Hope you didn't have any butterflies keep you awake."

"No, none at all..." Carmen smiled.

"Right, well... let's introduce you to the rest of the gang, shall we?" Roger smiled. "This here is Kevin, wonderful costume designer." He pointed to an older man with glasses and looked, to Carmen, rather like a mouse. "And that there is Brian. He's the brilliant mind behind out stage sets." The man dressed like a dominatrix smiled and gave him an appreciative stare. Carmen smiled and squirmed a little in his seat. "And there's Scott... no one can choreograph like he can!" The man looked like a walking hard-on... at least that's what Carmen thought. He was okay-looking though. "And finally, Shirley. She's the lighting designer." A cranky looking red headed (and obviously lesbian) woman scowled at him from beneath a monobrow. Carmen managed a nervous smile. "Everyone, this is Carmen Ghia... he's trying out a stint as my personal assistant."

"Ooohh." Kevin smiled. "Good luck, lad. Good luck indeed."

His tone made Carmen wonder what on earth he'd gotten himself into.

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