

# DUNE TALK

Written by: Eliot Hall

*Characters:*

*GREG:18*

*MALCOLM:17*

*HUGO:18 has been dating AMY for months.*

*AMY: late 14 plain dressed*

*(Standing on the Dunes in the dead of night watching people  
around a bonfire from afar.)*

GREG

If I ever have blonde dreadlocks like that put a bullet in my head.

MALCOLM

*chuckling*

If I ever see you that happy i'll put a bullet through mine.

GREG

If that's happiness, I want no part of it.

MALCOLM

You should invest in a mask business with this new virus and all these fires. I bet those will be flying off the shelves.

GREG

Yeah, but if you were really smart you'd invest in the airlines right now when the share is so cheap. You'd get a much better return, maybe even 140... I can see why you don't wear the jacket. LA doesn't suit you, I should have gone to REI.

MALCOLM

No... like I said it fits perfectly. It's just, it's always too hot or cold to wear.

GREG

Then just return it. I won't be offended.

MALCOLM

I know, (*hesitantly*) but I took off the tags as soon as I put it on...you always hear about happy people being in the moment. It's like a connection I've made to unlock the key to happiness. But everytime I try I'm too stuck thinking about it to experience it. Like I'm just looking for a *perfect moment* where I'm standing on a cliff with the sunsetting and a beautiful storm in the distance. Where I can finally say-"ah Happiness". That's why you never see me on my phone, and I always try to take these snapshots. Like now, looking at the fire talking to you. I guess I just don't want to end up being old and saying- I never realized all those days... they were life.

GREG

You liar you're always on your phone. Probably more than I am.

*Both pause to look at the fire*

MALCOLM

Don't tell me you have... it on you

GREG

No I left it at home... what?

MALCOLM

It's disgusting they kill art.

GREG

It's my right as a human and an American.

MALCOLM

Well as a human don't I have a right to feel safe around you?

GREG

It's what I have that protects your rights

*A voice is heard coming from somewhere closeby*

HUGO

Well really there are no rights.

GREG

Hugo? What were you doing over there?

HUGO

I think by one of my rights I don't have to tell you. Rights are a fiction. A myth we created in order to keep us from chaos. You have the same amount of "rights" as the town shaman did to every woman in the tribe. Indulge in a little chaos for once. Break from the system so engrained.

MALCOLM

Well clearly were more advanced now.

HUGO

*(laughing)* I'm sure that's exactly what they were saying about the people 300 years before them... What! All I'm saying is that I can draw a picture of Muhammed here and fly around free as a bird. But in Iran they'd have me executed. Are you going to try to claim they're less advanced?

GREG

Yes- no no no I don't want to hear it i'll be in the car. I think I've had enough kongas for a lifetime.

*(GREG Exits)*

MALCOLM

You want to share the last one? Amy's off finding more seaweed to bring home.

HUGO

Watch it. Besides, you know I don't smoke.

MALCOLM

Yet every time you seem to cave. I'm just trying to speed up the process.

HUGO

No I don't. Really, stop, I don't want it.

MALCOLM

Well I'm not smoking alone so i'll see you at the car. The drumming is giving me a headache.

*(MALCOLM Exits, AMY enters carrying her shoes. Her face is hot from the fire)*

HUGO

How was the dancing Amy? I could see you moving from all the way up here.

AMY

Wonderful! Like tea stains on white comforters. Jackson said I was like a rose- "as lovely as a rose" he said, can you believe that?

HUGO

Jackson's an idiot, he doesn't know the difference between the SAT and the maze on the back of his morning cereal. Everything to him is a competition. Every woman a conquest... no, no you're right. I'm sorry. He's nice, and I'm glad. It looked like you guys were enjoying yourselves.

AMY

Oh Hugo! The sand was a perfect texture, I dug my toes deep in, and felt the sun's debris kiss my feet.

*(Pause)*

*Chuckling lightly*

AMY

The stars are out with no moon. Amy likes the sky with no moon. The stars have always been prettier to her than the moon.

HUGO

You are lovely, he's right... Do you see Orion there? And Leo? Those two have always been connected. Almost every civilization in history has seen those two together. Whether as enemies or friends they stay connected through our history. The Sphinx is a perfect example. It's actually supposed to represent a lion. And those three pyramids are Orion's belt. Of course Egyptians called him Osiris, the God of death. Because he would rise in the East during the time the Nile would flood. And Cause all the crops to be destroyed. Then famine would sweep through the plateau.

Amy

Oh no! How did Leo deal with the flooding?

HUGO

He was built lower than the city and had a key hole by his rear legs that would drain away the flooding

*(Pause)*

AMY

Is that love? They say to love someone because of something; wanes in comparison to loving someone in spite of something. *(laughing lightly)* Do you think that's what Jackson wants?

HUGO

Jackson knows nothing of love.

AMY

*laughing harder*

Jackson is my Orion and I am his Leo. He wants to rise in the morning next to me and flood my key hole! Should I ask him for his star sign?

HUGO

That's not funny Amy.

AMY

How would you know? You don't know his name. You don't give me roses. I like what you give me though, *sunflowers*. And when you say it's because I look as beautiful at night as I do in the day.

HUGO

Your laugh is like a field of dry green grass on a sunny day...no, a moon lit night.

AMY

*laughing*

More like starlight. Poetry doesn't suit you. Stick to Edward Gibbon.

HUGO

Poetry is for failed writers, or way too successful historians.

AMY

You talk about history so much you might as well be stuck in it. The three of you make quite the team. You always stuck in the past. Malcolm always clawing at the present, and Greg so stuck in the future you'd think he'd forget his own Birthday.

HUGO

*Psht* I wish I was in the past. People were more happy then. Think of it... no universal clock. I could be as late as I wanted and no one could tell me otherwise.

AMY

I've been having this feeling. It's like the feeling you get when you're excited to go home all day, but when you get home you don't know what the fuss is about. It's like that feeling I had when I was too scared to pull my loose teeth out so the dentist ended up pulling out 9. It's that feeling I get when I do that thing you like cause it's almost sex but not scary enough to keep you up at night-

HUGO

Amy!

AMY

Or when I accidently walk in on you taking a shit and your face gets all pink and hot. And your voice cracks when you yell at me



to leave. It's that feeling Greg has when his .22 is locked up at home, or in the silence before Malcolm caves and puts on his podcast to sleep. It's this feeling of lust, disappointment, and cycle that Amy can't quite catch a hold of. Amy wants to know its name. Names have power, you know? At least that's what all the magic books say. Though, I don't agree cause all those civilizations had different names for Leo and Orion and look what good it did for them.

HUGO

Look they stopped drumming... In fact, where are they? (*gasps, the lights brighten as if the fire is spreading*) Amy. look at the fire, it's growing.

AMY

Yeah it is... maybe we should go, they are probably looking for us.

HUGO

Why does it spread so... it dances, what's feeding it? Look Amy! Look how it moves, like the Holy fire ritual of Jerusalem, or the great fire stacks of Molise.

AMY

It looks like the fires, why is it here? Hugo I want to go.

HUGO

You know those are North. This is different... (A big glow appears) It spreads farther- it spells out the stars, Polaris! Arctoris!

AMY

It's probably just driftwood catching fire, Jackson said they had gasoline tanks-

HUGO

Gasoline doesn't react like this no no no it's burning too long. I have to see it.

AMY

Hugo I don't like this, I... I don't know, I just have a bad feeling.

HUGO

I am a road scholar Amy. This is my calling, my duty to discover. I know you wouldn't understand duty, but I may be the only person to see this phenomenon. I mean, you have weird feelings all the time. I need to see this better.

AMY

Duty? You act as if you're the new Rick Steves. It's nothing but fire happy teenagers. Oh, and what a road scholar you are. Never being more than 40 miles out of town. Give it a break.

HUGO

I knew you were going to say that. At least I'm learning from books. Instead of crystals.

AMY

That's just it, you learn everything from books. If the sky turned green you wouldn't believe it unless one of your nerds listed it in chapter 43 of "Douche things to know".

HUGO

Oh yeah maybe I should take a lesson from Amy. Wandering around aimlessly. Opening my legs to any curly haired fuck with pretty flowers. Amy let me go, it might be gone soon!

AMY

*Laughing*

You've been inside reading so long that I'm stronger than you.  
(laughing harder now) who's the young one now?

HUGO

Get off!

*He jerks his arm back and forth violently until he hits her by accident. She falls to the ground from shock and pain. the light of the fire is extinguished. They are lit only by stars*

HUGO

Amy, im...im so sorry I didn't mean too... I, it was an accident, let me help you.

AMY

Dont... im, im fine just go

HUGO

Fuck! Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!

*He leaves cursing, AMY curls up center, time passes, AMY has managed to a sitting position. From somewhere distant the shouts of HUGO and AMY are heard, soon after Greg enters*

Gerg

Ah, Amy there you are, where's Hugo? Let's go... Amy? What's wrong?

AMY

Nothing I'm fine.

GREG

Who did this to you? Was it Hugo? Where is he?

AMY

What are you going to do, shoot him? Where's Malcolm?

GREG

He felt compelled to climb a nearby tree. So I went to find you guys.

AMY

How wonderful for him, he's so insecure about sitting still isn't he?

GREG

Right... Do you know when he's coming back?

*(AMY turns away from him to face the Ocean)*

GREG

Amy? Do you want to be alone right now?

AMY

I know you don't think much of me. It's because of my age right? Or that you think I'm flirting with you? It's because your friends told you about me, right? *(tearing up)* Or that you think I'm taking advantage of Hugo. I know he's been hurt before but I'm not like her I don't think that way I-

GREG

Amy stop! I don't *(sigh)* I don't think that about you... It just takes me a while to get comfortable with someone. But from the way Hugo goes on about you I should.

AMY

Don't patronize me. I don't need your sympathy.

GREG

No no, I didn't mean it like that. It was a compliment.

*AMY turns back to the Ocean GREG decides to sit next to her*

AMY

You reek of cigarettes.

GREG

Why do you hate the smell so much?

AMY

I don't hate it that much... It's just that my Dad always hated it. So I just wanted to fit in.

GREG

I like it because it always reminded me of Europe... I have a hard time sleeping, so when I was in Amsterdam I would sit out on the windowsill and watch the street. It would rain in sheets for hours. Then turn on a dime. Anyway, my friend used to wait till my parents fell asleep, and throw a pack at me. Then he would climb to the bottom cill. I guess I should blame him for my addiction.

AMY

What did you guys talk about? What was his name?

GREG

Nothing really that interesting. I don't really remember.

AMY

And his name?

GREG

um... Alexander.

AMY

Alexander means defender of man. Did he live up to his name?

GREG

Not really. I think he was just bored. He was always asking about America. It made me feel like I didn't know my own country. He always talked about when he was going to move there. It got very annoying

AMY

How Ironic.

GREG

What?

AMY

Nothing... Greg?

GREG

Yeah?

AMY

What do boys think about? What's going through their heads?

GREG

It's not very interesting. Mostly girls, but not in the way you think. We don't think about sex every 7 ½ seconds or what ever. It's more girly than that. We think about what tree to climb to impress you. What flowers to buy. We think about what instrument to learn-when to play it. We think about each time you look at us. Each time you grab our arm playfully, or look at us funny. We think about what to say to you. What music to dance to. What it would feel like to look into your eyes. It's a wonderful feeling. And it changes more often than you'd think. But, it's not real. It's an illusion that we fight to break out of once our frontal lobe connects... What about girls?

AMY

Oh I couldn't tell you it's a secret.

GREG

Yeah I guess that's like handing over the nuclear codes huh?

AMY

You traveled a lot. You're lucky.

GREG

You're right I am. If you could go anywhere, where would you go?

AMY

Oh I would go to Africa!

GREG

Why Africa?

AMY

I saw this magazine once about a dinosaur that's hidden in the congo rainforest. I would go there and try to find it. I mean it can't be that hard. It's a dinosaur. It's not like it can hide behind the next tree, or under a log. It must be lonely. I like to think that. Or maybe it's proud like King Kong or Godzilla. Maybe it's content knowing it's the last of its kind. And if I found it. There is no way I would tell anyone about it.

GREG

I went to Africa once.

AMY

Really what was it like?

GREG

I did a lot of reading. Wasn't much else to do. No service, no movies, no music. I got in a real habit of singing to myself. It's funny... you have no Idea how much I missed music... Anyway, one time when I was just reading, sitting on this uncomfortable bench- about 15 kids circled around me and started touching my face and hair. Usually I would just move, but it was such a fucking long day I just kinda ignored them- focused on reading my book while the little boys would cling to my legs, and the girls would tie little flowers in my hair. They loved my hair there. No one cares here.

AMY



I like your hair. It always knows what to do.

GREG

What does that mean?

AMY

Like it's got a purpose and knows how it's coffee every morning. Like it orders the same thing every Monday and Tuesday. It's nothing like Hugo's hair. His hair is all over the place. It can't ever make up its mind.

GREG

Did you ever see an old picture of him? When he had his head shaved?

AMY

Yes and I would burn all of them if I could. I love his hair.

*(They both laugh, HUGO enters)*

HUGO

Amy? Oh, hi.

GREG

Hey... we should probably head back now. Can't let Malcolm reach nirvana...ok.

*(He exits)*

HUGO

Amy you know I-

AMY

It's ok I know you didn't mean it i'm sorry too.

HUGO

Let's go sunflower.

AMY

Oh you have such a way with words. Tell me, how do my eyes look from here? Like you imagined?

HUGO

What do you mean?

AMY

Huh, well. Let's go Orian. There are more phenomena to discover.

*(She leads him out by the hand. The stage is left empty only sounds of the Ocean can be heard. They grow louder then fade and with it the lights)*

**(End)**