

My Town

Written by: Eliot Hall

Characters:

Daniel: 16, wears glasses, talks to the audience. From Bolinas.

Orin: 16, from Bolinas.

Leah: 17, from the city.

Tula: 16, her hair is not dyed. She is from the city.

Max: 17, Dating Leah, from the city.

Dedicated to the beautiful town of Bolinas, and my Mama.

Act I:

Scene One

(Daniel helps set up the beginning of the show, him and Orin are on the beach. It is the afternoon. Daniel is dressed in a swimsuit. He also has goggles. Orin is not dressed to swim. They are throwing stones, and are clearly waiting for people. Daniel establishes his relationship to the audience. He walks forward.)

DANIEL: "Your task is not to seek for love, but merely to seek and find all the barriers within yourself that you have built against it." Rumi. First, I want to talk about love. Especially that of highschool love. High School can only be understood as a desert. A cold unforgiving Saharan Desert at night. A desert full of people walking in the same direction, toward a star they see in the distance. The people are selfish, only doing things to further their path. They are shells, only capable of talking to themselves. Maybe, these are some of the barriers Rumi is talking about. But, sometimes, somedays you find someone looking around the same confused way you are. You see someone for who they are, and they smile at you. And you feel, for that moment, a warmth in the cold desert. These gems are rare ones you must surround yourself with. If only it was that easy... Now I think every animal on this planet has one purpose: to find happiness. Whether it be: finding a nice pile of grass to nap in, or a juicy deer to tackle. I firmly believe us humans find happiness through community. Through purpose and a strong wall to fall back on. And it is true that Community has many different names: nation, country, state, city, town, family, husband, wife, friend, and World. This is a play about all these things, remember that.

(He goes back into the scene)

DANIEL: So where is she going?

ORIN: Sebastopol.

DANIEL: I don't understand why we still have to deal with this.

ORIN: It's only going to get worse... I wish there was less Ocean mist on the mountains. I can't see them as well.

DANIEL: They say when there's no one to turn too, turn to the Ocean.

ORIN: I've talked to the Ocean, it helps.

DANIEL: Never worked for me, haven't run out of options yet *(laughs)*

ORIN: You're all going into the Ocean aren't you.

DANIEL: What else do you do? Don't worry though. Max is staying in his poplar house for the weekend, with his new girlfriend, as well as Tula. We'll have plenty of time to do other stuff.

(Max, Tula, and Leah enter, all of them except Tula are dressed to go into the Ocean. She is in a sundress no flowers though, im serious)

MAX: Ayo! Dan the man!

DANIEL: Hey Max. *(they embrace)*

MAX: Whats up Orin?

ORIN: Hey.

MAX: Oh, this is Leah. *(he puts his arm around her affectionately)*

LEAH: I know Daniel Maxy, We've had the same math class since freshman year.

DANIEL: Right it's so crazy, I wonder, like what, the probability of that is. Like I don't know why we keep getting the same class.

LEAH: The ridge is so beautiful from here.

DANIEL: Not to blue for you?

TULA: "On the curved seashore a green oak stands, a golden chain round wound that oak", stop focusing on the mountains. Focus on the trees. *(laughs)* The trees have more to say. Much more conscience.

DANIEL: Don't let Orin hear that.

LEAH: What do you mean?

DANIEL: What! It's only what you've been talking about for the past month.

ORIN: That's just a ridiculous over exaggeration.

TULA: C'mon Piney, lay it on me.

(Pause)

DANIEL: Basically, Orin thinks one of the still unsolved questions of science: What is consciousness? Is our souls. It's simply illogical, you're not even arguing in the same subject.

ORIN: Ok yeah well, it's more complex than that... It's, well, it's hard to explain.

MAX: Let's go, people. Can't you see the sunshine! Can't you feel the Moonshine!

(They exit into the water, leaving only Tula and Orin on the Beach)

Scene Two

TULA: *(Calling him like a dog)* c'mere Piney! C'mere my pine needle *(they embrace as old friends)* I have a quest for you.

ORIN: Yes your highness? *(he does a luxurious bow)*

TULA: Find me three shells that don't speak English, two pieces of friendly seaweed, and the key to a woman's heart.

ORIN: That's quite the task Tula.

TULA: Oh that last one's easy. Just a kiss and two roses.

(He starts to look for the things)

TULA: I always thought, the closest you were to the edge of the world is right before you wake up or go to sleep. You can feel the real you. You realize, in that moment, just how heavy you are. How much of a sack of meat you are. How loud your breath is. The hard beat of

your heart. And for that moment you wonder how you could operate such a thing.

ORIN: Yeah well i'm having a hard time finding two shells that aren't screaming at me.

TULA: That won't do, you must listen with your heart. I know that's hard for you. Always running around with your head down, bumping into tables. You must be like a tree, piney. You must also listen.

ORIN: Sorry Tula, all that's here is this dead seagull.

TULA: Oh! You could be my little Treplov. Wouldn't I be a fantastic Nina- Don't I have the eyes for an actress Piney? But I doubt you would kill yourself for me, or I guess... because of me?

ORIN: For you I'll use Chekhov's gun.

TULA: Better hurry up then.

ORIN: I'm glad you're enjoying the book.

TULA: Oh he's wonderful- isn't he? Like he dips his pen in blood. He pours himself into the pages. It's more than real, its ephemeral. But in reality, you're more like Astrov, always thinking about the trees.

ORIN: You notice how he always talks about working? Makes me feel bad. I don't get any euphoria from putting in fences for old Steve.

(Pause)

TULA: I heard about Dessie... I'm sorry. I know you guys were close.
(tentatively she puts her hand on his back while he's is turned around looking for seaweed)

ORIN: It's ok. *(Shrugging her off)*

TULA: Chekhov is talking about bees and rats and ants. He's not talking about the work itself. It's the subservience. The purpose. No bees ever went on strike. They just do, something us humans have a hard time with.

ORIN: Here we are! Three anglo-saxon shells, two funny pieces of seaweed, and half of the last. *(He hugs her unexpectedly, giving her a kiss on the cheek as he steps back)*

TULA: Umm, I can't hear anything from these shells, and you would be crazy to think I would eat this- don't be such a bee.

(Daniel enters cold, wet, and shivering. He speaks to the audience, Orin and Tula exit)

DANIEL: It is freaking cold out there! You would think the times you don't need to wear a wetsuit are on sunny days like this. You would be wrong. It somehow is colder on these days. Now, I want you all to remember what it was like to look at someone the same way for years, to see someone the same everyday, until something snaps in you. And you begin to see them in a whole new light. You can never know when exactly it happens, but it happens. It was the same with Leah. We all know the feeling of loving someone who sees you as nothing more. Still I loved her all the same, and forever stronger. How could anyone not? She burns like a bonfire... Anyway we'll be skipping a few hours.

Scene Three

(It is evening now right before sunset. Orin is biking across the stage. Leah comes out with a big trash can and she is struggling with it. Turing she sees Orin)

LEAH: Oh, hi!

ORIN: Hi, uh let me help you.

LEAH: Thank you... Sorry it's just, apparently, the racoons have been climbing the fence to get into the garbage, trying to get some good girlfriend points. What are you doing?

ORIN: I usually bike to the end at this time.

LEAH: Quite the bike you have, needs a little work-also has got to be from a different century.

ORIN: Ha, yeah it is. Well, I'll see you.

(he begins to get on his bike to leave)

LEAH: I think you're right by the way.

ORIN: What?

LEAH: About our souls being consciousness. I've just been thinking about it today. It reminded me of when I got a bad case of the flu- the fever was so high my Mom didn't even want to tell me what degrees it was. Anyway, I felt myself leave my body. I don't know how to explain it. I just sort of gave in and turned around to see my body. It looked so unfamiliar, so empty, I don't know. I was just high off those painkillers I guess... It's just, there are so many things artists discover before science. I always wondered what else they discovered.

ORIN: I know what you mean. Something like that happened to me. I slipped into a river outside my friends cabin in Tahoe. It was still the middle of winter. The worst part was my clothes. They weren't even mine, but they weighed a ton. Soaked through though, It was like lugging a car out of the river. My friends got to me quickly so I was okay. But, I'll never forget the moment the cold ripped me out of my body. I watched my friends drag me from the edge of the river all the way to the fireplace. I don't even remember it being cold. I was warm, always. You're right, we "discover" all these things about the world years after artists, we don't listen to them enough. Artists have been talking about souls for centuries. Scientists are looking for a definition to something that has already been defined. The difference is they don't like the definition. It doesn't suit them.

LEAH: Are you an artist?

ORIN: No, I just understand their importance.

LEAH: Well, what do you want to do when you graduate?

ORIN: I don't know? I don't really think about it like that.

LEAH: You don't think about your future?

ORIN: No, i'm just not worried about it I guess. What are you going to do?

LEAH: I'm an actor, well going to be, and I write poetry- What! Why are you smiling?

ORIN: Sorry, I've never been one for poems.

LEAH: Your loss.

ORIN: Oh yeah? Why is that?

LEAH: Poems are the rawest art. They are the deconstruction of the construction, the definition to an indefinable word. Every painting, every dance, every play is just a construction from the bedrock of poetry.

ORIN: It's more interesting to think about it like that I guess.

LEAH: If you're interested you should try Rumi or Neruda. Rumi is wonderful, like: "Out beyond ideas of wrongdoing, and right doing there is a field. I'll meet you there. When the soul lies down in that grass". But mainly i'm an actor so don't worry (*laughs*).

ORIN: No that was really good. I shouldn't be so cynical I just never looked hard enough. What makes you more of an actor?

LEAH: I just love it more I guess, mainly it's the community. But it's more than that. Acting is like activating all the parts of your brain. If you allow it, it pushes you into the moment. It's the most sensual feeling. You feel it from your toes to the top of your head. Sorry I'm rambling. How long have you lived here?

ORIN: My whole life.

LEAH: It's such a wonderful place. Something about how the wind moves... it's got to be the most beautiful place in Marin.

ORIN: (*laughs*) No, in the World.

LEAH: You clearly haven't seen the cherry blossoms blooming in Japan, or the canals of venice. I've never seen a place take my breath away like those.

ORIN: I've actually never been out of the country.

LEAH: Really? What about in America?

ORIN: My uncle had a wedding in Illinois, but that's it.

LEAH: Well, when you do you should start with Italy, i'm telling you-you'll be writing poetry in no time.

ORIN: *(laughs)* God I hope not, you make me want to be an actor, where could I go for that?

LEAH: Oh acting is easy.

ORIN: I guess I am a good liar.

LEAH: *(laughing)* you couldn't be more wrong. Acting *is* truth. Acting comes from here *(Points to his chest)* not here *(Points to his head)* there is a difference between faking an emotion and believing it is true. Acting comes from the heart, you know the expression; speaking from the heart? It's true.

ORIN: I think i'm going to need some proof of that.

LEAH: *(She takes a while to think, she then has an idea)* So here I am lying, speaking from my brain, and painting it over with sadness: "Oh what a rogue and peasant slave am I! Is it not monstrous that this player here, but in a fiction, in a dream of passion, could force his soul so to his own conceit that from her working all his visage wann'd tears in his eyes" and so on. Now see the difference, I will become Hamlet *(She hops on the edge of the trashcan and becomes the prince. Orin sits on the ground to listen to her more intently)* "Is it not monstrous that this player here, but in a fiction, in a dream of passion, could force his soul so to his own conceit that from her working all his visage wann'd tears in his eyes distraction in his aspect a broken voice, and his whole function suiting with forms to his conceit? And all for nothing," well you get the point.

(Max enters)

MAX: Leah what are you still- oh Orin, hi.

ORIN: Hey, I should get going. I was just on a bike ride.

MAX: Ok. Leah c'mon we're all waiting for you dinner is on the table.

LEAH: Sorry Maxy, let's go.

*(They both turn to go, Orin gets on his bike, and starts to ride away.
Leah comes out as if she forgot something)*

LEAH: Oh and sorry for making you miss the sunset! See you around!

*(He turns to respond but she is gone before he can; he turns and
exits)*

Act II:

Scene One

*(Tula and Leah are seen at the freebox. Leah is trying out sunglasses
in the mirror, while Tula is rummaging through tons of clothes,
spewing them across the free box, The stage is set in a sort of plaza
area with tables and chairs.)*

TULA: Oh! I need this spice rack! Do you think Max could- *(gasp)* look at this lamp *(She pulls out an objectively ugly lamp)* it's just all so beautiful. I want all of this. *(She starts to cry)*

LEAH: You really shouldn't put on the hats. I'm sure lice are everywhere.

(Tula starts to take her shirt in order to try on the new clothes)

LEAH: Tula what do you think of *(she turns to see Tula)* Tula!

TULA: What?

LEAH: Put your shirt back on!

TULA: How else would I be able to see if they would look good on me?

LEAH: For starters, you're about two sizes smaller, and happen to be a woman.

TULA: Never stopped me from getting in a man's clothes. *(to a person passing)* What you looking at! Wanna mess with me? Put em' up chief!

LEAH: Tula!

TULA: *(laughs)*

LEAH: What do you think about these? *(she puts a pair of dark sunglasses on)*

TULA: Hmm... yes they bring out your eyes quite well.

LEAH: Then they're a keeper... Tula, What do you think about Orin?

TULA: *(she starts to think)* Why?

LEAH: I'm just wondering.

TULA: He's... He's lost but also found. And he's been through a lot. What?

LEAH: I don't know. He's a good listener. I never really saw him around school. I didn't even know he was from Bolinas, I thought he lived in Tiburon or something.

TULA: You definitely don't want him to know you thought that.

LEAH: I've been having this feeling lately. 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 nine of them. It's this feeling of lust, disappointment and cycle that I can't quite catch a hold of. Do you know what I mean? Tula, we are not bringing that ugly thing back to Max's house. His mom would kick us out on the instant. *(Pointing to Tula trying to hide the lamp)*.

TULA: Aww c'mon! I know what you mean though. It's like this lamp. It looks ugly from here, really it looks ugly from all angles. But, it's only ugly because you don't understand it. Something ugly, suddenly becomes beautiful once you understand it, once you are truly able to look at it. It is the same with the future, with the cycle you are

talking about. We have this preconception of what the future will be, what it will feel like, what it'll smell like, but we don't know. We don't understand, and therefore it's ugly to us when we face it. If you really looked at the future, if you really saw it for what it was, you would be amazed at its beauty. That is why you must never worry about it, and also why you should let me take this lamp.

LEAH: I don't know if it's ugly. It's more like when you feel good about being sad. Like if you haven't been sad in a while. It can be comforting, like seeing a good friend after months. You can reacquaint yourself, tell each other new stories.

(Orin and Daniel enter they don't notice the girls)

Scene Two

DANIEL: In conclusion, i'm ready. I know it. I've mastered them, it's quite simple when you think about it... Orin? Orin!

ORIN: Huh?

DANIEL: Unbelievable, have you been listening at all?

ORIN: Yes... no. What? You're done with women after all the failures and are moving on to men- something like that.

DANIEL: Oh that's rich, that is, you're full of them today you piece of *(he notices Leah)* -Leah!

LEAH: Hello you two.

DANIEL: Hey! How are you? How's your day? What are you doing? How are you?

ORIN: *(aside to Daniel)* The master at work.

LEAH: Good, and you?

DANIEL: Great yeah.

(Weird sexual tension filled teenage awkward pause)

TULA: Ok I'm ready *(She enters wearing a goofy set of oversized unmatching clothes)* I just feel pretty you know? I feel like I'm finally a complete woman. *(Noticing the boys)* Oh piney! Don't I look ravishing.

ORIN: Of course your grace.

TULA: Hmph, didn't take you for a liar. Lets go Leah!

(Tula drags Leah away towards off stage)

Scene Three

DANIEL: Bye! See you around.

LEAH: Bye, see you Orin.

ORIN: Bye Leah.

(They Exit, Orin starts pacing around doing a little tap dance. He jumps on the tables and chairs. Humming or singing an undefinable happy song. Daniel watches him perplexed sitting at one of the tables.)

DANIEL: What are you doing?

ORIN: Just listen to this: "Shut out the month's light with your fragrance, close all the doors with your hair. Only do not forget, if I wake up crying it's only because in my dream I'm a lost child hunting through the leaves of the night for your hands, for your caresses like the wheat, the flashing rapture of shadow and energy" isn't it gorgeous?

DANIEL: What? Did you write that?

ORIN: No it's Pablo Neruda.

DANIEL: Wow you even memorized it.

ORIN: Oh yeah, I guess I did. What! I just like it that's all.

(He jumps behind Orin to get him up. He then faces him off like a wrestler. He lunges with vigor and they scuffle then break)

DANIEL: What has gotten into you?

ORIN: Let's do it. Let's finally do it.

DANIEL: Stop doing drugs? Yes.

ORIN: No! Let's break into that abandoned radio station at commonweal. I was there last week, a tree was leaning against one of the walls, if we got some rocks we could break a window and sneak in. Or let's finally clear out that bunker up the hill. Cmon, Lets go!

DANIEL: I think you finally snapped.

(Orin jumps on the table)

DANIEL: Are you going to come down?

ORIN: Into my grave?

DANIEL: *(Laughs)* indeed that is down. *(aside)* Though this be madness, yet there is method in't

(Orin runs into the free box and grabs a book)

ORIN: Ok ask me... c'mon ask me.

DANIEL: What do you read my lord?

ORIN: Words Words Words.

DANIEL: What is the matter, my lord?

ORIN: Between who? *(he laughs gayly)*

DANIEL: I didn't even know you knew who Hamlet was.

ORIN: *(in a thick California girl voice)* you don't know anything about me.

(he struts off laughing then exits. Daniel takes time to think then comes to a decision and approaches the audience)

DANIEL: Before we "claimed" this land as our "own"- the Miwoks lived here. Well, they actually lived a little more North in Dog Town. They refused to live in Bolinas. To them it was too sacred to build on. The wind brought madness. I wonder what they'd think of how we treat the place. Building our gross houses, paving over the beautiful grasslands, tearing up land for genetically modified animals to roam just to be eaten, erecting eyesore telephone poles, and digging up the ground to make room for our shit and piss. They would be appalled... or maybe not, who knows? Before the Miwoks there was another tribe, and before that another. All of them resisting, refusing the change. Just like us. And just like us they hated newcomers. And it all poisoned them, their water. It made them violent, it made them blind, constantly fighting. And now we can't even name a single one of them... But at least we're not as boring as Stinson. I've always thought that violence and cruelty are the basis of culture. Bolinas is not full of only great people. A lot of them are slimy, selfish, hypocritical, and literally never on time to anything ever. Your Dad's funeral could be at noon and they'd show up at three complaining about how their chain fell off on the way here. But, I wouldn't trade them for anything. They are what define our culture. They are the black and white contrast that provide us the beautiful greys we see in this wonderful town.

(He smiles and walks off, while he's been speaking the set has been laid out. It is the end of a road overlooking the Ocean with a bench right before sunset. Orin is seen biking in while Daniel talks, he sits on the bench reading a book of Shakespeare's love sonnets)

Scene Four

ORIN: *(Clears throat)* A woman's face with nature's painted... no no no. Nature's own hand-

(Leah enter)

LEAH: Orin?

ORIN: *(He freezes then throws the book off the cliff and turns to her)*
Leah! Hey, what are you doing here?

LEAH: I thought I'd find you here.

ORIN: So, how are you?

LEAH: I'm good, can I sit?

ORIN: Yeah, yeah of course.

LEAH: I just wanted to thank you for letting me say all that nerdy stuff. It's hard to... to talk about those things.

ORIN: Oh, yeah no I really enjoyed... um everything. I was thinking about what you said about speaking from the heart. Scientists actually discovered a vocal chord that loops around your heart. It's just another thing science figured out years after artists.

LEAH: That's fantastic! See i'm not just one of those usual artsy fartsy girls. I also know the science. *(she points to her head)*

ORIN: You certainly are not usual.

(Pause, they look at the Ocean)

LEAH: I have a question.

ORIN: Yes?

LEAH: Why does Tula call you Piney? Whenever I ask her she just laughs. Or keeps repeating the curved sea shore green oak thing.

ORIN: *(laughs)* Oh yeah I told her a while back that my name meant Pine Tree in Gaelic. She loved it, she's called me that ever since.

LEAH: She really cares about you. She doesn't like people easily... it's sweet really.

ORIN: Yeah her parents have been really good friends with my Mom since I was born.

LEAH: Have you been able to write any poetry?

ORIN: *(laughing)* No not really.

LEAH: What, your mind is still set?

ORIN: No not at all.

LEAH: Then what?

ORIN: After what you said, I read all the poetry you sent me. I read the poetry you wrote online as well. It was wonderful. I wanted to thank you earlier today, there wasn't a time. But here you are so, thank you. I loved when you talked about the "bloody, bleating, beating- wind" you're right about the wind it always seems so alive here-like it's got a heart beat.

LEAH: Thank you, it means a lot to me that you took the time to read it. Just doing my artistic duty I guess.

ORIN: No, really it's more than that... I tried to write something too-like what you recommended. But I couldn't, everytime I tried to write something about nature, my room, even an ode to my shoes... I would always end up writing to you. Everything I wrote was just a letter to you, something I wanted to say to you.

(There is a pause here, about the width of a butterfly wing, she has turned to look down slightly)

(less panic more uncomfortable) I'm sorry that wasn't fair to say, I just I don't know I-

LEAH: No no, that's sweet. I understand. *(Pause she looks at the ocean)* The Ocean always seemed more beautiful with clouds...Sometimes I wish... I wish things were different. Not just my decisions, but I wish time was different, how it moved. Like, I want to just see into the future. I wouldn't do anything bad, and it would be just for like a second.

(Pause)

ORIN: Last week, my friend was forced to move out of Bolinas.

LEAH: What happened?

ORIN: The landlord raised the rent. They couldn't afford it.

LEAH: I'm sorry that's terrible.

ORIN: No, it's ok we all knew about it months before it happened. What I mean to say, is that, you remind me of her. She would say things like "I wish time didn't work the way it does." She loved to write poetry, and sing. During the summer time, when the farmers in the valley moved their orchards, Dessie would take me through the unkept tall grass. She had built an entire labyrinth, it was our secret, and every summer I would have the joy of discovering the new paths she would create. She cared about everyone so much, she wasn't ever scared to tell people how much they meant to her.

LEAH: She sounds wonderful... You think too much of me. I'm not like that.

ORIN: She would say things like that as well. *(a sudden decision is made)* I can take you to a place where time stops. A place that'll take your breath away faster than any cherry tree.

LEAH: What do you mean?

ORIN: C'mon we're going to lose all the light soon! There's this beach down a path here *(he gestures to an unseen area)*. When you stand on a certain part of the cliff. The wind sweeps up the water from the sea and the surrounding little rivers right into your face. It feels like it's raining upwards honestly it's magical- C'mon!

LEAH: *(laughing)* Orin I can't I have to get back to... *(pause seeing his face)* will it take long?

ORIN: No not at all, you'll get back to Maxy so fast he won't have any time to interrupt us.

LEAH: Shut up.

(he's already grabbing her hand taking her away off stage, as if time begins to speed up the lights of the sunset dim to black)

Act III:

Scene One

DANIEL: Real friendship, real hope that someone you care about succeeds- is hard to define. I always thought it wasn't just being

comfortable hanging out with someone. It wasn't just not having those awkward moments, or being comfortable telling someone a secret. For me, it was the silence you have between each other. The ability to have those generous silences. The longer the comfortable silence, the more you feel safe with that person. It shows that you don't have to put your guard up... Some people say Bolinas is dead. Some say it's just a twitching bug under a newspaper. I don't know if that's true, sadly I'm not old enough to understand the change. To see it unfold before my eyes. It makes sense why people have a problem with how time moves. Not to sound too much like the "Stage Manager", but the play is going to get more serious. Time is going to slip, and it's important to wake up at this point.

(It's the next day, Orin is sitting in the plaza. He is clearly nervous. He is waiting for Leah. Looking at his phone more than usual. He gets up and walks around to get the nerves out. Soon Leah enters.)

ORIN: Leah! Hey *(he embraces her, she hugs him back)* we don't have a lot of time, I told Daniel to meet me at three. I was thinking about what you were saying yesterday.

LEAH: Oh yes! Don't you agree?

ORIN: Yes to an extent, Hamlet can be evil. Even though he is objectively not a nice person, he is still idolized, and an enigma in a character. His goal was never to commit revenge, he clearly wasn't close to his father- since he was always at war. He understood he was a tool for his father, this is what destroyed him, but he was not evil. He won kinda. He created a manipulation, and now he's like the anti-hero hero.

LEAH: He did win didn't he.

ORIN: You are the best Hamlet I've seen, the best actor i've seen.

LEAH: Oh now you're just lying to me.

ORIN: You always think i'm lying, or I'm saying something to make you feel better I mean it. I don't lie. I was right about the wind, I was right about the ocean spray. I haven't been able to stop thinking about what you said, how you looked when you laughed at the water.

LEAH: I've been thinking a lot about it as well. It was a lot of fun, but I-

(Daniel enters unannounced, he is watching them without saying anything he waits.)

ORIN: *(Taking her hands)* Listen to me, you are my writer's block. My book of poems. My little apricot. Finding you this weekend is more than I could have hoped for. I could barely sleep last night, I was just thinking about all the things to say to you, and what you'd say back. You mean so much to me, I want you to know that. *(he takes her face and kisses her, but she ends it quickly. Daniel exits. She takes his hand off and begins to move away)*

LEAH: Orin I can't.

ORIN: Why? I know you feel the same... What? Max? C'mon he couldn't even spell Hamlet. I know you. I know you never showed him your poetry. Even if you did you know he wouldn't read it.

LEAH: Hey, you don't know him, I happen to really like him.

ORIN: Oh yeah? I'm sure he knows you're with me right now. The man is full of air.

LEAH: Stop, you don't know him, you can't say that. You also don't know how I feel.

ORIN: Why are you defending him? He's one of the rich pieces of shit that's ruining my town. Every time he spends a weekend to escape "paradise" he's kicking out another one of my friends-

LEAH: Wow, you're acting like he signed the eviction notice.

ORIN: He did. *(Almost rehearsed)* All of them come here to laugh at me to laugh at the poor, to spit on me. They piss in our Oceans, they think they're entitled to us. To you, to them, we're just a cute little hippy town you can brag to your friends about when you bring them here. You don't see the blood in this town, you don't see the poverty, you don't see me breaking my hands building a fence all day so I can fit in when I eat out with my Mill Valley friends. You think the free box is just a cute commodity for your snapchat story. You don't see that everything I'm wearing is from the free box.

LEAH: *(Taken aback)* That's the problem with your town, with your people. You don't realize that it's just a town that's it. You think that it's beauty belongs to you. The hypocrisy is almost laughable, you'll preach about acceptance and love- then scream at tourists all day. You can't seem to realize that you can't have it both ways, either you won't accept tourists at all, and stay in your bubble. Or you all can stop acting like children and realize no one is entitled to Bolinas.

ORIN: It's not just a town.

LEAH: Yes it is!

ORIN: No Listen, I know this is going to be hard for you to understand cause you've never had to deal with real hardship, but It's not just a town to us, to me. Bolinas raised me, the people raised me, I have no family without it, no soul. You have the luxury to follow your dreams. You have the luxury to write poetry all day. You don't have to worry about your best friend being ripped away from you!

LEAH: *(appalled, moving away from him)* Why are you saying this, what are you doing?

ORIN: *(having realized he's been yelling, controlling himself more)* Look you just don't understand.

LEAH: I don't understand you. Who are you? *(She gets up and begins to leave so holding back more tears)*

ORIN: *(He goes after her)* Leah, wait let me just- *(he grabs her arm)*

LEAH: Don't touch me, I have to go.

ORIN: Leah im sorry let me explain- *(He grabs her again)*

LEAH: Get off of me! *(she begins to cry now, she turns and walks off holding her hand in front of her face. She gets to the end of the stage)*

ORIN: Leah! *(She doesn't turn, she exits, passing Daniel and Tula standing there. Daniel tries to say something but she doesn't even*

look at him. Tula asks what's wrong and goes off stage with her. He enters but stays at the entrance) There you are, let's go... what?

Scene Two

DANIEL: Do you really need everything?

ORIN: What do you mean?

DANIEL: You know what I mean.

ORIN: Honestly I can't deal with this right now you have no idea-

DANIEL: No don't do that, don't pretend to be this oppressed high intellectual. The amount of entitlement you have is unbelievable. Every time I think to myself that it's impossible for you to top it you do. You think you were the only one that was friends with her? We all were! You'll complain about it all day, but you won't ask me how I feel, you won't see how I loved her too.

ORIN: Man fuck you.

DANIEL: There you go again attacking my character. And now you've turned your destructive cannon towards Leah. You manipulated her as well. You took her for granted like all the other guys in her life. You don't think about your impact. You don't deserve her.

ORIN: At least I have some values. You float around- you can't make up your mind about anything. You fall in love with every girl you meet. You're empty- that's it and now you're jealous.

DANIEL: Oh I'm empty. You don't realize how lucky you are. Every girl falls for you without thinking, they must be blind. Do you even know how to talk to someone other than yourself? *(Orin gathers his stuff to leave)* Oh see and you can't handle any confrontation.

ORIN: *(as he leaves)* At least I'm not going to die alone. *(exits, soon after Daniel leaves)*

Act IV

Scene One

(The same set as Act II scene three is set up, though it is cloudy. It is evening of the same day. This time there are clearly tourists at the spot, Orin comes in on his bike again but stops to see the people.

They are being very loud. He begins to leave until he sees them throwing beer cans off the edge.)

ORIN: Hey! Stop you fucking retards. *(he grabs a rock and throws it, not necessarily aiming at one in particular but it hits one of the girls.)*

TOURIST: What the fuck! *(They begin to turn to chase him, he gets on his bike to leave but the pedals struggle to move)*

ORIN: C'mon! *(he falls to the side with the heavy bike on top of him. They get to him, and kick the shit out of him, the girl stops the boys and gets them to leave. Orin gets up and tries to get on his bike to leave but the pedals are worse than before he curses and throws the bike to the side, he goes to the bench bloody and beaten, he speaks to the ocean, but his head is down as if to himself as well) Why can't I leave this town. (He begins to go around to all the beer cans throwing them off the cliff. He goes to his bike picks it up and takes it to the edge to throw off, behind him Tula enters)*

TULA: Orin? *(he drops the bike) What's... oh*

ORIN: *(the sound is broken) Why are you here?*

TULA: I was collecting rocks. I heard- *(she goes to him and he starts to back up) Orin what happened to your...*

ORIN: *(almost crying in whisper hardly defiant) Don't. Don't do it. Just leave me alone. (she reaches up to his face and he collapses sobbing into her arms) Tula, Tula, i'm so sorry for everything. Please don't leave me. I'm not a monster I'm sorry I'm so sorry. Please don't leave.*

TULA: *(They both fall to the ground, Orin clutching around her shoulders she is kneeling whispering to him)* Shh it's ok, it's hard sometimes, it's ok I know.

Scene Two

(Daniel enters not noticed by the others, he is talking to the audience. Orin continues to be reassured by Tula)

DANIEL: In this time of crisis. There are things we can find comfort in. There are things that this pain pushes us to realize. It is a time of confusion and hate. Don't add to it. What's important is right next to you, in the room next to you, or on the opposite couch. Give them a hug for me. Look at them for who they really are, and open your heart. Break down the barriers holding you back. I hope this story helped you realize some of them. Thank you for watching.

fin.