

**JENNY**

Thanks guys.

Starting over.

Introductions.

Flower, this is

**FLOWER**

I've already been introduced to Log.

I've already had the pleasure.

**CARL**

Hi. I'm Log.

And I've been drinking since 5 pm.

**JENNY**

And I'm Ms. Being a Part of an Entire World.

And you, sir,

we haven't yet met?

**DANNY**

I need to think of a name.

I'm not ready to be baptized.

Christened.

Listen.

I've learned a new trick.

Danny howls at the sky.

Nothing.

Alas. Impotent.

It's the memories.

A possible name:

The Impotent Werewolf.

Limp Lupo the Bold.

“It seems the angel of silence has passed over us.”

Thunder.

Not to be outdone by the angel of silence

the angel of Summer Thunder Storms  
comes out of her bedroom, raging, texting,  
just long enough to say  
fuck you, mom!  
Fuck. You.

**FLOWER**

Is it going to rain tonight?  
Is it going to storm?  
I was hoping to go to the beach in the morning.  
Oooo.  
Is THIS a hurricane?

**CARL**

Hurricane Jenny!

**DANNY**

Category  
whadya think?  
Two?  
Three?  
Category Two.

**CARL**

Back in time  
Back long ago  
When Jenny would drink  
When Jenny got drunk  
We would call her  
Hurricane Jenny.

**JENNY**

Lolz.

**DANNY**

Category One.  
Not a big deal.  
Just a few beers  
school cancellations  
and a sandbag or two.  
Some minor winds.  
A felled tree branch.  
Practically a twig.  
Still fun to confront.  
Tells secrets slips on stairs.

**CARL**

Category Two.

Scary for kids.

Now she's had a shot.

Or four.

Unpredictable.

One day she walks through the drive-through at Taco Bell  
and buys five-hundred tacos.

That's not hyperbole.

That's literally.

That's not figuratively literally.

That's like

She literally ordered and proceeded to purchase  
five-hundred tacos.

Soft shelled.

And a medium diet Coke.

Three paychecks. Gone. Like that.

We ate like Kings that night.

Flooding through the streets.

**DANNY**

Category Three.

Windy with a chance of slutty.

Pardon the use of

But

Really.

Stormy with a chance of vomit.

But still 60 percent good spirits.

Sometimes good times.

Declarations from rooftops

Litanies of chaos.

And just like that

CRASH

A tree has fallen on your childhood bedroom.

Crushing the innocence within.

**CARL**

Category Four.

Evacuation drills.

Bridges closing.

Board your windows.

Dogs running for higher ground.

A few calls to 9-1-1.

One time a call to 9-1-1.

Category Four hits J hard.

Category Four is, really,  
massive losses of electricity across the city  
and Jenny?  
Jenny blacked out.

**JENNY**  
Guys?

**DANNY**  
And Category Five

**JENNY**  
Guys?

**DANNY**  
Category Five

**JENNY**  
Guys?

**DANNY**  
Category Five was just mean.

Yep.

**FLOWER**  
Woah.  
But is it going to rain tonight?

**JENNY**  
Call me Hurricane Jenny.

**FLOWER**  
Is it going to pour?

**CARL**  
Is it

**JENNY**  
Make sure you have lots of bottled water.

**FLOWER**

Are the heavens going to open up?

**CARL**

And

**FLOWER**

Is it going to storm?

**JENNY**

I'll hit the coast within the hour.

**CARL**

Only time will tell.

Flower goes to get her guitar.  
The others sit down on the porch.  
A bonfire is lit.  
Shadows.  
The stars come out and float in time.

**FLOWER**

I just wrote this song.  
It's about time.  
It's about travel.  
It's about time travel.  
Kind of.

*Sir Isaac Newton and  
Professor Einstein and  
Mister Henry Ford and  
don't forget Bob Dylan*

*Master inventors four  
Happiest Scientists they  
Working very hard together  
to learn to travel in time.*

*This morning on the car ride  
on my way to the airport  
Miles Davis was playing  
and I was 15 again.*

*Just a little tiny seed  
losing her virginity*

*In a Ski Lodge in Boulder  
to a boy who played the trumpet.*

*On the airplane on my Ipod  
Through the tangled knotted phones  
Oh, Wilco above the Midwest  
and I'm seventeen once more.*

*Getting ready to vote now  
Getting ready to smoke now  
college site clogged history  
and Trumpet Boy is gone.*

*Maybe in twenty twenty five  
this song will be what's playing.  
So in this moment right now  
I took us to the future.*

*Shiny cars and baby bumps  
Trips to mars and labor camps  
Iphone Thirty and from it comes  
Flower's voice singing loud:*

*Don't be deceived--  
Wormholes exist.  
Don't be deceived--  
we're going places.*

Flower stands up and walks over to Carl.  
She kisses him lightly and sits back down.  
She finishes the song.

*Don't be deceived--  
Wormholes exist.  
Don't be deceived--  
we're going places.*

Ta-da.  
It would sound better with bongos.  
I've got them but Jenny has to learn the guitar  
and the harmonies.  
We're gonna make a band.  
In Cleveland.  
When

**JENNY**

I don't sing much anymore.

Flower has a really unique voice though don't you think? I heard her practicing outside of my dorm room one night I was her RA and I originally went out to tell her to keep it down but then I just wanted it to be louder and louder and louder and louder and louder. That was when we became friends. Flower has a pretty voice though I think don't you?

**CARL**

Two thumbs up.

**FLOWER**

I knew I wanted to sing  
from the moment I had roots.  
Water and sunshine  
Only made it worse.

What are you guys good at?

Everyone's good at something.

Change of subject.

Perhaps.

Feet in my mouth.

Both of 'em.

I said

"Both of 'em"

You couldn't understand me  
because I had two feet in my mouth.

**NATIVE AMERICANS.**

My mom Wikipediaed  
this city and she told me  
that apparently there's a  
really rich history of  
Tocabaga?

Toca

Of some Native Americans.  
Burial Mounds.  
Arrow heads.  
Rain dances.  
I loved Pocahontas when I was little.  
Is that racist to say?  
Are there legends?  
I love legends.  
Legends are yet another way to time travel.  
Do you guys know any legends?

**JENNY**

Um there's a legend that says  
The Natives blessed this land  
And that's why Hurricanes don't hit it directly.  
But it's probably wrong. It's probably just good luck.  
And when a hurricane does hit, like next week,  
and kills a bunch of dumbfucks who believed it,  
it'll pretty much be the legend's fault.

**FLOWER**

A sobering thought.  
Any other legends?

**CARL**

Danny and I know one.  
Danny?  
Danny?  
Would you like to tell her  
my personal favorite Native American Legend  
through which we can travel back in time?

**DANNY**

Not sure which you're

**CARL**

The Legend of Swinging Hare.  
The Story of Drinking Bear.  
Chiefling of Broken  
Dreams And Collarbones.

**DANNY**

That's a

**FLOWER**

Ooo.

**JENNY**

Guys?

**DANNY**

I'm not sure if

**CARL**

Dude.

I would like you to tell that story.

Dude.

**DANNY**

K.

The Legend of Swinging Hare.

The Story of Drinking Bear.

Chiefling of Broken  
Dreams And Collarbones.

Little Swinging Hare  
was the fastest boy  
was the strongest boy  
in the little village.

Once upon a time.

And as he got older  
he got faster  
and stronger.

He started playing an ancient Native American game called...  
Baseball.

And he was very good at it.

So fast so strong so good  
that he was going to get a scholarship  
to go to a bigger and better village.

But Swinging Hare was also mad  
about a lot of things.

Peace Pipes.

War Calls.

Every part of the goddamned Buffalo.

And Firewater called his name.

And at night Swinging Hare  
sometimes became Drinking Bear.

And one night in the rain  
Drinking Bear swung too hard  
at the wrong sort of Natives  
and broke his Collarbone.

Tore a ligament in his leg.

Not so fast not so strong anymore.  
Scholarship gone like wind on plain.  
And now.  
And now.  
Drinking Bear fixes cars,  
that travel in feet yards miles  
but never in years for Swinging Hare  
Who is forever frozen in time.

Carl stands up and walks away  
and resumes his game of beerball.  
Facing away from the others.  
Methodical rage.  
Flower walks and sits by him.

**FLOWER**

I'll be your biggest fan.

Flower watches Carl swing.  
Clapping occasionally.  
Jenny and Danny are kind of left  
Alone.