

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.