

ABSTRACT

A Real Bitch: Developing a New Original Play

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The road to completion for an original full-length play is long, hard, and well worth the wild ride. Great plays, both on the page and presented in front of an audience, create a compelling story that encourages reflection, discussion, and even change, all while allowing an audience to collectively experience a group of characters. My first original full-length play follows the story of an unconventional, twenty-something bridal party who have come together to celebrate their friend, the bride, even as she struggles with an increasing illness that threatens her life. In preparation for writing, I looked to contemporary playwright including Donald Margulies, Aziza Barnes, and Sarah DeLappe, as well as masters of form and style such as Anton Chekhov. Furthermore, I researched both native historical aspects and contemporary entertainment representations of Hawaiian culture, as well as interviewed a Native Hawaiian resident, so as to most accurately depict the play's setting of Oahu. After two years of writing, I worked with a creative team within Baylor University Theatre Department to workshop a staged reading of the play, allowing me to both observe an audience's reaction to my work and realize how the script could evolve further to wholly reveal the story I wanted to tell.

A REAL BITCH: Developing a New Original Play

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Chapter One: Developing the Play	1
Chapter Two: The Workshop, Staged Reading, and Revision Process	25
Chapter Three: The Play	33
Appendix A: Interview with Hawaiian Resident.....	165
Bibliography.....	169

CHAPTER ONE

Developing the Play

Introduction

For my creative honors thesis project, I wrote the original, full-length play, *A Real Bitch*. I conceptualized and began writing the play in 2016 and my project culminated in a staged reading performance for an invited audience hosted at Baylor's Department of Theatre Arts in November 2017. Chapter 1 of this thesis analyzes my initial inspiration for the play, the creation of early drafts, and the development of the script used for the staged reading. Chapter 2 describes the process of workshopping the play and analyzes the results of the staged reading. This chapter also describes how public performance and the play's reception guided my further writing. Chapter 3 presents the most recent draft of the full play, completed in January 2018.

A Real Bitch is a two-act play that follows a group of twenty-something young women—Kuzzy, Geany, Peytie, Annalise, Soma, and Rose—during a few days spent in Hawaii preparing for a wedding. Peytie is getting married and has invited the girls to Annalise's historic estate on Hawaii to celebrate plans for her big day; the bachelorette gathering is earlier than originally intended because Peytie struggles with an increasing illness which threatens to end her life. On the back porch of the estate, the girls are all prepared to put aside their personal problems to celebrate, distract, and pamper their friend. To their surprise and discomfort, however, Peytie requests that the group use their time together to assist her in choosing a spot on the island to spread her cremated body

when she dies. The girls agree to help, though they take offense to the timing of this request and the casual manner in which Peytie presents it. Before the girls can process it all, Cory, Peytie's fiancé, joins the group, bringing along his three groomsmen: Leo, Abel, and Daniel.

In the midst of conflicting personalities, painful histories, and poor decision-making, the girls become unexpectedly close as they sunbathe, swim, and look for cremation sites during the day. At night, they drink, smoke, dance, and party all the while taking care of Peytie, who occasionally cannot catch her breath. When they need to be distracted further, the girls engage with the groomsmen. Kuzzy and Abel, both bold and crass, bond over looking for ancient Hawaiian warrior ghosts, or Night Marchers. Leo and Geany, polar opposite personalities, become close as they consistently taunt each other. Rose and Daniel—childhood crushes—rediscover past feelings of attraction to each other. Even Annalise and Cory, the two who know Peytie most intimately, become confidantes to each other.

However, it all becomes too much for them when the night before her family hosts a wedding feast for the group, Peytie reveals she will not be returning to the mainland where she had been living for most of her adult life. She will instead be living her final months near her family on the island. The girls protest and confront Peytie, refuting her rash decision-making and lack of awareness of the effect her decisions are having on them. Peytie, however, believes this will be easier for everyone as her illness worsens. The girls are unsatisfied with this excuse, but again, they agree to appease her, reverting back to focusing on vacationing, partying, and their respective companions.

The next day, as the group gets ready to go to the wedding feast, Peytie's nasal cannula tube malfunctions causing her to almost suffocate. Daniel alerts the group and Cory, who was smoking with Annalise, replaces her tube just in time. Peytie regains her strength and the group reluctantly agrees to go on to the wedding feast. Act II begins with their return to the estate post-wedding feast, where the entire group, girls and guys, are determined to party throughout the night. As the music plays on, the group becomes bolder, the drinks are drunk faster, and the tension builds until Daniel drunkenly vomits on Rose and angrily confronts Cory about whether he truly intends to stay with Peytie till the end. This not only reveals a side of Cory the others did not expect, but also tears down the girls' ability to distract themselves any further from the painful situation. As they cope with what to do next, Peytie and Cory confess their fears of a short, painful marriage. At the same time, the girls attempt to forgive each other for past wrongdoings, confess their vulnerabilities to each other, and actually confide in each other, each wondering what will happen next. Some of the girls try to revert back to interacting with their male comrades—Kuzzy comes on to Abel while looking for Night Marchers and Geany asks Leo kiss her—but they find they now are unable to find comfort in such distractions. The next morning, Daniel apologizes to Annalise for his behavior, asks her to take care of Rose, and leaves as Cory joins Annalise to smoke, but after admitting he does not see much value in a short marriage to Peytie, Annalise takes away his cigarette. The play ends with the words of Peytie's last gracious love letter she left for the girls, as we see them all standing together around the fire pit on the porch where they have just spread her ashes.

I knew as I wrote the play it was for my peers, my generation, and my friends. I realized when I heard the play aloud for the first time that this was also a play for myself. *A Real Bitch* reveals the normally overlooked complexities of the female experience and

speaks to the relatable complexities of humanity, and is appropriately finished with an ironic double-entendre for the title. In the midst of every plot detail, every research element, every literary choice, and every character I have assembled to create this piece, my goal has been to create something universally relatable, and also deeply personal.

Initial Inspiration

At the beginning of June 2016, after many rejection letters, I received an invitation to intern with the Ojai Playwrights Conference in California. I had never heard of Ojai, nor could I pronounce it correctly. It would be an expensive internship, costing me \$1000 plus airfare, and I had no idea what my job would truly entail. Yet with the referral of playwright Robert Askins, a Baylor alum and the 2015 Tony-nominee playwright of *Hand to God*, I figured the gig would be worth the price. After months of babysitting, a local director's assistant job, and birthday money, I boarded a plane to LAX on August 1, 2016, for a two-week adventure into the world of professional theatre in California. Upon my arrival, I immediately felt I was not prepared for the magnitude of this opportunity. Not only was this conference hosting far bigger names than I had anticipated, including the Pulitzer Prize-nominee of *Other Desert Cities* Jon Robins Baitz, Leonard Cohen's collaborator Perla Batalla, NBC's *This Is Us* writer-producer Bekah Brunstetter, and Robert Askins himself, but also Ojai intentionally sought out stories with points of view, setting, language, and, most importantly, characters, that were usually ignored within the seemingly "high art" medium of theatre. The prestige of the artists, the professionalism of Ojai's process, the generosity of the Conference, and the importance of the piece's subjects intimidated, surprised, and excited me.

The festival showcased points of view including a middle-aged single mother who never wanted a partner but always wanted a child and a conservative Southern baker grappling with her best friend's daughter coming out¹. It featured settings such as a racist, xenophobic neighborhood in Long Island, and a crumbling mining town in Iowa that used to have a Japanese wartime camp nearby.² It included language such as quick, choppy, street slang with a splash of poetry, and entanglements of cuss words, innuendos, and short statements that create its own screaming urban rhythm.³ It presented characters such as a middle-aged, mixed-race married couple struggling with unemployment in a small desert town, and a group of educated black queer girls still facing racism and sexism in Brooklyn, NY.⁴ I could never have imagined hearing all these stories in a medium I had usually known for its universal appeal. And I could never have imagined hearing stories where I not only felt myself relating to the characters, but I actually saw myself in the characters. I saw myself in the outcast Southern boy dealing with the death of his father, the young white woman trying, yet unable to, connect with these fascinating POC girls. I even related to the older brother wrestling with needing love when he would rather just provide love to

¹ Zimmerman, Martin, *On The Exhale*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2016).

Brunstetter, Bekah, *The Cake*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2016).

² Jacobi, David, *Ready Steady Yeti Go!*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2016).

Hunter, Samuel D., *Greater Clements*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2017).

³ Tuttle, Korde Arrington, *Graveyard Shift*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2017).

Santiago, Ren D., *The Siblings Play*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2017).

⁴ Lee, JC, *What You Are*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2017).

Barnes, Aziza, *Blks*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2016).

his younger siblings. I saw who I was, who I used to be, and who I wanted to be. And I saw my friends, my loved ones, and my fellow artists who usually go unseen in these stories. I realized then that not only was it my calling, but my responsibility, to write stories for myself and for my friends in this medium I love so much. I wanted them to see themselves just as I saw myself.

And because this kind of writing is such a large responsibility, I decided to get to work and dedicate my thesis to telling the story of a group of young people, primarily young women, reminiscent of both my friends and myself. As I was brainstorming what I would write about, one of my childhood friends became engaged and asked me to be a bridesmaid. Although the engagement was dissolved before a wedding, I remember laughing with the group of other lifelong friends who would have been in the bridal party about how we were “not girly enough” and, therefore, how “ill-equipped” to be a good bridal party. We were a group of misfits in the bodies of women- girls who liked to drink a lot, who preferred ripped jeans over dresses, who asked questions and made statements that would be considered taboo. At the time, every one of us was attempting to navigate career goals, relationships, loneliness, and identity. Regardless, we loved each other through all of it, including through the ending of our friend’s engagement. From this, an idea emerged in my head of an unconventional, yet not unfeminine, bridal party who would be completely diverse, and, ideally, hysterically relatable to anyone who has ever felt like a young misfit.

The Characters

I have realized within my process of writing that I am drawn primarily to characters. This usually means I will focus on dialogue first, and if I can set a ground plan of who exactly I am writing about, the plot eventually emerges. I worked to assemble an honest,

funny, relatable group of characters. The idea of filling the stage with young women was already exciting, and I decided to push that idea as far as it could potentially go to showcase as much diversity as possible. I was particularly inspired by both my childhood female friends in suburban Dallas and by a few young female artists I met while working in California, all of whom did not talk, joke, look, or live like most women characters showcased onstage. I wanted to showcase women who would be considered unconventional on the stage.

The characters developed into a group of young women who are proud to be educated and single, and who, while anxious of the future, do not worry too much about finding a career or a partner. They became young women who scoff at trying to be pretty, yet find themselves and each other extremely beautiful. I saw them as young women motivated by things as frivolous as alcohol and as serious as faithfulness.⁵ They became not only young women of different races and sexualities, but also young women whose normal conversations included discussing their sex drives, cussing quite frequently, interrupting each other, and refusing to be seen as anything less than themselves. All in all, they became young women who did not mind being alone but avoided feeling lonely, and therefore, were unapologetically loyal to each other.

The first character I wrote was the primary protagonist: McKenzie, or the nickname she prefers, Kuzzy. Kuzzy became the most crass, blunt girl in the group, yet the most respectable and loyal friend one could have. She was originally based on two friends of mine: one from childhood who played every sport and confronted anyone in her way with

⁵ Barnes, Aziza, *Blks*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2016). Within this piece, the main characters decide to spend the night drinking and going out to clubs when one girl is told she has to have a mole surgically removed. Most of the main characters struggle with fidelity within their various relationships.

witty insults, and one from university, who was an actress-director and would say the most sarcastic statements with staggering intelligence. The latter ended up coming out to me as bisexual, and this caused me to reexamine Kuzzy's sexuality. How would her being bisexual perhaps inform her point of view, decisions, witty comebacks, and desire to be understood? I concluded it would emphasize those desires and decisions and would contribute to a complex character arc. However, I was conscious not to make her a dishonest stereotype of her sexuality.

The second character I discovered was Geany, a secondary protagonist character with the intention of creating a character I would want to perform, I began writing Geany by my own point of view and thought processes into. However, she is not a true reflection of myself. Geany started as a softer, sweeter presence to balance out the forward, spicier Kuzzy, and then she became the character arguably in most need of redemption from others and from herself. I now realize that Kuzzy reflects my louder, more assertive self, and Geany reflects my reserved, introspective self, which explains why both together are constantly at odds. Yet despite her grounded demeanor and seemingly naïve optimism, Geany is the one who people turn to as the source of comfort and hope, not because she always speaks her mind but because she listens far more than she speaks. I wholeheartedly admit I did not base this quality on myself, but it reflects someone I long to be.

Peytie, the primary antagonist of the piece, was based on two more of my best friends: 1) a saxophone-playing friend from high school who was within the top of our class, the sweetest of homecoming queens, and extremely proud of her Armenian heritage, and 2) a pink-haired friend from university who fought through seemingly never-ending medical appointments and checkups with infectious energy and bite. I wanted to create a character the other characters would find to be likewise as smart, sweet, unique, hopeful,

and proud, despite any insinuating circumstances. Peytie's strength allows the young women to tolerate her strange desires and rash decisions, even if they lack logic. The same strength became reminiscent of her heritage and home, the island of Oahu, Hawaii, and her circumstances became a battle with ALS, a disease that is not only life-altering, but also unpredictable and devastating; there is only a 20% chance the patient will live longer than five years post diagnosis.⁶ Above all else, Peytie does not want to be considered sick or broken, but whole and vibrant- no matter what the cost. As much as she wants love, a marriage, and to be surrounded by her friends, she will sacrifice this desire to lessen any pain she could cause others.

Annalise was based on one of my fellow interns in California, also one of the funniest young women I have ever known, whose classy intelligence and dirty sense of humor were completely intertwined. However, I did not want to create a character whose power simply came from her role as "comic relief." Annalise became the person with the superpower of making others laugh, no matter what. Annalise even plays off her own internal struggle, having true royal Native Hawaiian heritage despite her lighter external appearance, as a joke. Thus she is representative of the power in those who utilize comedy is in their ability to not only lighten heavy situations, but to understand others far more than perhaps they understand themselves.

Rose, originally the easiest character to write, was based upon a number of actress friends of mine from both university and California who, despite being sharp and sensual young women, were regularly pigeonholed into flirty, ditzzy roles, and therefore acted as such in their day-to-day interactions. However, Rose became the most difficult character to

⁶ "ALS Facts," *ALS Foundation for Life*, 7 November 2017, Web.

understand as I cut the play down and realized most of her scenes were not driving the plot forward. I struggled with finding how to showcase Rose's character as not just a series of positions, but as an intelligent young woman whose reliance on her instincts makes her appear shallow. Eventually, I found who Rose truly was when I saw her as Cory's sister. She knows his pain throughout the play, sees it escalate, and hates that she can see where his mind will eventually go and, therefore, what he will eventually do.

Soma was the most challenging character to write. Soma is based on my conversations with the brilliant writer Aziza Barnes in California. Barnes is a young queer African-American playwright, whose passion for not only representation, but more so about exposing the beautiful messiness of humanity, is contagious and inspirational.⁷ Also a character who was more of a position in earlier drafts, Soma became the character that I ended up fully discovering after allowing her to share some of my pain. She is revealed through a monologue about her male role model having an affair. However, within the group of friends, she hides this pain underneath an armored role as the voice of reason. Such demeanor builds up her confidence, which enhances her natural beauty, and everyone is aware of it. Kuzzy and Soma's relationship history is intentionally kept vague and nuanced, but as revealed in their many awkward interactions, Kuzzy has been left with a "hangover" of pain from their split, and as revealed in her monologue, Soma knows she would not be the woman she is without Kuzzy.

Kuzzy, Geany, Peytie, Annalise, Rose, and Soma: six girls I was excited to see fill a stage. Yet, I found myself asking, if there were young men in the picture, what kind of

⁷ Barnes, Aziza, *Blks*, (unpublished play, Ojai Playwrights Conference, 2016). Barnes addressed how she did not believe young women in Brooklyn were represented as black or queer enough and wanted to break the urban stereotype usually associated with being black in the city at the workshop reading of this piece.

unconventional guys would join those girls on the stage? The idea made me curious but also nervous that my mission to represent women onstage would be distracted by a male presence. I began to grow frustrated at such a state of mind because I realized I was being unfair, and even sexist, by looking my ladies and said, “Are you able to remain strong enough if there are boys?” Of course they would, and so I decided to add the most interesting, unusual groomsmen to join the bridal party. I drew inspiration from many young men in my life including my brother, my childhood male friends, my previous relationships, and the male writers I met in California. The most difficult to write, but my jumping off point, was Cory.

Cory began as a stock character of a good guy doing the right thing. He was the infatuated fiancé of Peytie, the loyal twin brother of Rose, and a version of an ideal, well-rounded 2010s man. Yet as I discovered who he was, I realized Cory was struggling with whether to marry Peytie, knowing they are destined for a miserable marriage experience, or whether to call off the wedding, knowing he would break her heart. Yet even as he wrestled with his choices, I knew Cory had to have the best intentions for the story to be most effective and honest. I realized that Cory, a good person in a bad situation, would truly desire to commit to Peytie as long as he could see the commitment paying off in time, for better or worse. This way, when Peytie lets him know she would not have him stay if she knew the extent of her illness, he is assured a commitment to her will not pay off and decides to leave.

Leo was derivative of many young men I attended private school with who may not have been the largest physical presence, but whose verbal presence made them extremely attractive. Not only did the young men all know this to be true, but they used it to their advantages. Although this was distasteful to me in school, writing the character of Leo

became the most fun dialogue to uncover. I was able to experiment with tone, rhythm, and subtext, all the while attempting to understand how an individual can acrobatically balance being a larger-than-life crowd pleaser and a charming individualist. I unexpectedly found a moment of vulnerability for Leo in his interaction with Geany, which evolved greatly over time. I began with a confession of adultery on Geany's part and an offering of grace from Leo that read sweet and romantic, but lacked an opportunity for tragic honesty and gut-wrenching reaction. I later discovered a moment where, after a confession of sexual frustration from Geany, Leo expects to not only charm her but to earn her admiration. And when his expectations fail when their kiss fails to arouse her, he reveals an unexpected moment of vulnerability.

Abel was loosely based on a sound designer at my California internship. The many strange and poetic conversations we would have while he was designing and smoking made me more and more hungry to include him in the story. For the longest time, I felt I could not capture the many wonderful quirks and characteristics of my friend. However, I found the more I allowed my perception to influence him, the more Abel reflected my friend. I decided Abel would be funny but forward, rude but charming, strange but attractive, selfish but generous. I always knew the sexual encounter between him and Kuzzy would occur, and it is my favorite scene within the piece because it allows for an audience to not only experience uncomfortable nuance, but to interpret it for themselves.

The character that has undergone the most change is Daniel, who was originally patterned after someone who I was trying to forgive. I found out really quickly that you cannot base a character on someone you are currently angry with because he/she will become one-dimensional. Therefore, in striving to forgive while distancing myself, I ended up putting the most of myself— it be my darkness, my introversion, or my frustrations— into

Daniel. I want to keep exploring who Daniel is, but his actions have greatly evolved. The reading draft contains Daniel being involved in an unintentional, unclear make-out session-turned-potential assault with Rose during a giant group party, which was unfortunately based on true events I witnessed. This allowed the characters to be unable to distract themselves any further, in the form of partying or sex or anything else, from their pain and their circumstances. However, this not only introduced many new ideas, but also made Daniel nearly irredeemable, and I ended up having to discover a new position to define Daniel as the best friend to Cory. As Chapter 3 will explain, this choice has proven to be far more effective.

All in all, these young men characters are each an interruption, a distraction, and in some ways, an escape and a helping hand for the girls as they endure their struggles within the piece. However, it had to be clear that this play was about the girls, their relationships with each other, and, most importantly, their devotion to each other. Therefore, the Peytie's Epilogue is "alone, but not," because all the girls prove themselves loyal to her beyond her death and fulfill her wish.

The Plot

The plot of the piece developed as I found a desirable theme and tone to which the play could return throughout. A common theme in most of my writing is how to make the most of the time we are given. I have dealt with this theme primarily through uplifting, humorous means, with the characters accomplishing something creative, making discoveries, or falling in love (not necessarily with a person) throughout the storyline. However, while I knew the tone of the piece would be highly humorous and sarcastic, I wanted a continuously emotional depth within the primary conflict of the piece: Peytie's

diagnosis with ALS, her decision and excitement to be cremated in her own wedding dress, and, at the climax of the piece, her decision to live the rest of her short life back to the islands, at an intentional distance from the others. Thus, a complexly simple plot structure was formed.

I was loosely inspired by how Donald Margulies models major conflicts in his plays such as *Time Stands Still* and *Dinner With Friends* to attack the energy, tone, and mood of his characters. The first major conflict of *A Real Bitch*, Peytie's diagnosis of ALS, is also the villain of the story. It is an upfront, physical presence, unable to be ignored, and in this way is similar to Sarah's major injury from Iraq in *Time Stands Still*.⁸ The second major conflict, Peytie's decision to distance herself from the others, is a more difficult villain to write upfront, for it silently take its tolls on each of the characters and causes damage by the eventual crumbling of trust. In this way it is reminiscent of Tom revealing to Gabe how happy he is in his new distanced, unmarried life in *Dinner With Friends*.⁹ But while such softer conflicts run the risk of presenting little action, as the reputation of Anton Chekhov demonstrates, skillful application of properly placed moments of realization can lead to the revealing of "covert, repressed feelings underlying the bad jokes and banal conversation" in the midst of various interesting, specific distractions.¹⁰ When executed well, this produces a quieter, while still forward-driving, action.

What the conflicts then become are "ghosts in the room" who, even as they are ignored or mocked, are ever-present and constantly haunting both the atmosphere and each

⁸ Donald Margulies, *Time Stands Still* (New York: Tuna on Rye Productions, Inc., 2011).

⁹ Donald Margulies, *Dinner With Friends* (New York: theatre Communications Group, Inc., 2000).

¹⁰ Senelick, Laurence. *Anton Chekhov's Selected Plays*. United States of America: W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 2005.

individual. Some of my favorite examples of this in contemporary drama are Annie Baker's *The Flick*, where the dismay of the only movie theatre that still uses 35 mm is going to transition to digital weighs upon the characters as they confess their personal failures to each other, Brandon Jacob-Jenkins' *Appropriate*, where the anger towards the deceased father impacts the oldest sister's inability to forgive her brothers, and Bruce Norris's *Clybourne Park*, where the fear of gentrification erasing history turns two families against each other.¹¹ Allowing the "ghost" to be manipulative throughout distracting subplots in *A Real Bitch* allows for more and more pressure to enter the atmosphere until the built-up pressure wins over the constant attempts to distract. The ghost moves through moments including Kuzzy's feelings for Soma, Geany's struggle with her sexuality, Annalise's wrestling with her own losses, the boys' intrusion into their worlds, and, in its most interactive form, Peytie's occasional inability to catch her breath. It all builds and builds until it bursts in scene one of the second act.

As I developed the play for the first reading, I knew I wanted the climax to call out the characters' distractions, as well as the audience. My reasoning for this was if the characters feel responsible to discover the truth of a climactic event, they then would feel responsible to reveal their true opinions of Peytie's plans. The group can then begin to fall apart, with conversations becoming far more vulnerable, actions becoming far more drastic, and consequences becoming less and less considered. Finally, the girls can do nothing more than mourn, prepare for, and accept the changes that are coming.

¹¹ Baker, Annie, *The Flick* (New York: New Playwrights Horizons, 2014).

Jacobs-Jenkins, Brandon, *Appropriate* (N.p.. 2014 draft).

Norris, Bruce, *Clybourne Park* (Great Britain: Nick Hem Books Limited, 2010).

The Setting

I wanted to set these scenes in a back yard, resembling the great American porch dramas, such as Arthur Miller's *All My Sons* or William Inge's *Picnic*, but with a twist. I wanted strange characters to meet in a strange place where they could all feel comfort. But drawing inspiration from such works as Annie Bakers' *The Aliens*, where the alley behind a coffee shop is the unexpected creative space for two musicians to write their songs, I also wanted to set a specific energy in the atmosphere that would encourage creation or assembly, all the while containing an energy that echoed something sacred and larger-than-life the characters could not find anywhere else.¹² When I decided to set the back yard on the coast of Oahu, Hawaii, I was met with concerns that staging story in a relaxed, casual setting would not be taken seriously by audiences. George Clooney has a brilliant opening monologue in his film *The Descendants* that answers this concern: "My friends on the mainland think just because I live in Hawai'i, I live in paradise... How can they possibly think our families are less screwed up, our heart attacks and cancers less fatal, our grief less devastating?... Paradise can go fuck itself."¹³ Hawaii is not only a messy reality to those who call it home, but it is also far too often seen as a "paradise", an escape from the drudgery, everyday problems the rest of the United States endures, when, in reality, it is as imbalanced and worldly as any other place.

Hawaii's character, underneath the colonialism, appropriation, and tourism, remains incredibly strong in heritage and deeply rooted in tradition. I have been fortunate to have spent much of my childhood traveling semi-annually to Hawaii with my family, developing

¹² Baker, Annie, *The Aliens*, (Faber and Faber Ltd, 2010).

¹³ *The Descendants*, film, directed/performed by Alexander Payne (Original 2011; Los Angeles: Fox Searchlight, 16 November 2011), Web.

the utmost respect for not only the fun-loving locals and the natural landscapes, but also the history of their relationships to each other. While embarking on an ATV excursion through Kipu Ranch on Kauai, I learned that over a hundred years ago this land belonged to the royal Kamehameha family, specifically Princess Ruth Ke'elikolani. I dove into researching Princess Ruth as a potential fictional ancestor to Annalise, as she was the largest landowner in Hawaii at the time of her death and devoted her entire life to “support[ing] the perpetuation of Hawaiian traditions, culture, and language.”¹⁴ However, the last fully royal descendant of the Kamehameha line was, in fact, Princess Ruth's cousin Bernice Pauahi Bishop, great-granddaughter of Kamehameha the Great, who not only inherited close to nine percent of the entire island chain, but also dedicated the land to the Kamehameha schools she founded. She was responsible for preserving the Hawaiian language, culture, and traditions in the midst of rapid native population decline in the latter half of the nineteenth century.¹⁵ Although Pauahi had no children of her own with her American businessman husband Charles Reed Bishop, they were godparents to William Bishop Kahe'ekai, whose mother was closely related to Pauahi and who studied at Kamehameha's Preparatory Department, all the while having a noticeably lighter outward appearance.¹⁶ I found myself so inspired by Pauahi's story that I longed for an opportunity to connect her to the world I was creating. I found by connecting Pauahi, the one responsible for the preservation of native Hawaiian culture, to Annalise, who struggles with her native heritage being recognized as legitimate, a greater depth and symbolism was added within the choice of the play's setting.

¹⁴ Ho'oakhua cultural Vibrancy Group, “Honoring Princess Ruth Ke'elikolani on the day of her birth,” *Kamehameha Schools*, last modified February 9, 2017.

¹⁵ “About Pauahi,” *Kamehameha Schools*, accessed 12 September 2017.

¹⁶ Janet Zisk, “Bishop (The) Memorial Chapel, 1897,” *Kamehameha Schools (Trustees of Estate of Bernice Pauahi Bishop)*, last modified 2016.

I furthermore conducted research on modern Hawaii and what it meant to grow up on the island in the twenty-first century, as well as what it means to identify one's self and one's family as Native Hawaiian. This included watching modern films with Hawaii as the setting, which proved to be enlightening and informative regarding how the world perceives Hawaii. The two films I studied, Cameron Crowe's *Aloha* (2015) and Alexander Payne's *The Descendants* (2011), were completely different in tone, approach, and critical reception. Although *Aloha* became infamous for its controversial casting choice of Caucasian actress Emma Stone as a part-Asian, part-Native Hawaiian fighter pilot, I found that this casting choice is not nearly as offensive as this romantic comedy's overall presentation of the islands. *Aloha* focuses on characters within the setting of a military base in Oahu, which is immediately distasteful because it is focusing on temporary guests to the islands as opposed to the locales themselves and their native lifestyle. The characters do occasionally discuss Hawaiian mythology such as the goddess Pele and engage in Hawaiian customs such as hula dancing, but always with a mystified tone of privileged observation.¹⁷ The one theme the movie gets right, and only somewhat right, is its presentation of the Hawaiian people's relationship, adoration, and true respect to their land— a land they take care of as it, in return, takes care of them.¹⁸ *The Descendants*, in contrast, possesses the same theme and gets it absolutely right, not only in the way the film focuses on the circumstances of a local, native islander family, but in the way it showcases the family's relationship to the land they own in an intimate, subtle way that simply showcases the land's natural beauty. The film, therefore, enthusiastically reveals the worth of the land and the peoples' responsibility to it, especially when George Clooney's

¹⁷ *Aloha*, film, directed/performed by Cameron Crowe (Original 2015; Los Angeles: Sony Pictures, 27 May 2015), Web.

¹⁸ Williams, Ashley. Interview by Halley Platz. Personal interview. Dallas, 26 May 2017.

character decides to refrain from signing his inherited acres over to be commoditized by the tourism industry.¹⁹ George Clooney's character can then have a peace of mind that no matter what tragedy his family continues to face, as long as they care for their little corner of the islands, they will somehow make it through.

In addition to media research, I connected with a young woman who is half-Native Hawaiian and grew up on the island of Oahu. She generously agreed to be interviewed for my project. I consulted her on minor details of Native Hawaiian lifestyle traits, based only on her personal experience. I learned about her closeness to her family, various wedding and funeral customs, colloquialisms and vernacular on the island, and growing up in the Hawaiian schooling system the Kamehameha family revolutionized.²⁰ My hope was that capturing the spirit of her reality as a local would read as universally representative of the islands within the overall piece.

In order to reveal the essence of Hawaii and its heritage, it was necessary to look into the legends prominent throughout the land. While Hawaii has the image of for being sunny, happy, and relaxed among those who visit the islands, it also has a reputation for being eerie, haunting, and mysterious among the locals. One of the most infamous legends, not to be taken lightly, is the legend of the Night Marchers, or the Huaka'i po. The Night Marchers, first documented sighting was around the time of Captain Cook's arrival, are, for lack of a better term, "warrior ghosts." The Night Marchers' intentions include protecting "the most sacred, high-ranking chiefs," or escorting family members on their death journey across the Rainbow Bridge to the spirit world. Recovered archives from 1883 describe an

¹⁹ *The Descendants*, film, directed/performed by Alexander Payne (Original 2011; Los Angeles: Fox Searchlight, 16 November 2011), Web.

²⁰ Williams, Ashley. Interview by Halley Platz. Personal interview. Dallas, 26 May 2017.

army led by the spirit of King Kamehameha, and other legends tell of “tall and muscular... bronzed and beautiful to behold” warriors marching together alongside torchbearers, led by a god.²¹ According to the legends, there is no way to hide from the warriors, and when one hears chanting and/or the beat of drums, “fall flat on the earth with your face buried in the soil,” and the warriors will pass peacefully.²² The Night Marchers became a nightly activity to connect over, an opportunity to share a vulnerable physical position between characters (face-to-the-floor), and, most importantly, a literary device for me to use to both as symbolism representative of an impending doom that looms over the characters.

The Style

I wanted the style of the piece to arise from the dialogue of the characters, and this was no easy task. I was loosely inspired by how twentieth-century lyricists such as Oscar Hammerstein II would incorporate the world of the story by writing dialectical lyrics to fit a pattern of score, such as “June Is Bustin’ Out All Over” to reflect a coastal Maine dialect, and how contemporary composers such as Lin-Manuel Miranda incorporates the world of the story by creating a rhythm to showcase the natural flow of regional dialects, such as “96,000” to reflect a Latino-New York dialect.²³ In an attempt to reflect native Hawaii, I incorporated Pidgin into the dialogue. This quick, witty, and musical way of speaking

²¹ “Legends of Hawaii’s Night Marchers.” *OluKai* (2016). Web.

²² “Legends of Hawaii’s Night Marchers.” *OluKai* (2016). Web.

“7 Hawaiian Legends Not To Be Ignored,” *Huffington Post* (Travel), September 11, 2013, 05:36 am ET.

²³ Richard Rogers and Oscar Hammerstein II, *Carousel*, (New York: Majestic theatre, 1945).

Lin-Manuel Miranda and Quiara Alegria Hudes, *In The Heights*, (New York: Eugene O’Neill Theater Center, 2005).

which originally was spoken by natives trying to understand foreigners from Asia, now is embraced as a uniquely form of English specific to Hawaiian locales.²⁴

Although I did reference *Da Hawaiian Pidgin Bible* for initial research, because the language was originally completely oral, I consulted my Native Hawaiian friend who grew up on Oahu to ensure every line in Pidgin was articulated accurately, as well as the few native Hawaiian words and phrases used in the play. In an attempt to create a tone adjacent to the setting, I wanted the beauty of some characters' Pidgin to be balanced out by the dirtiness of other characters' cuss words. I wanted cussing to be widespread throughout the dialogue in hopes of creating the most honest, earthy atmosphere to reflect exactly who these characters, and specifically the girls, truly were: relatively irresponsible, conflicted, somewhat lusty youths trying to figure themselves out.

A sporadic yet poetic rhythm was created within the dialogue, as the characters would add onto a statement or cut off a phrase or, on some occasions, completely talk over one another to the point where perhaps only a few words could be taken from the conversation, creating at some times a chaotic cacophony and at other times a harmonious symphony prevalent in recent contemporary naturalism pieces of.²⁵ Both the cussing and the rhythm were full of trial and error, as some times the cussing was over-the-top in quantity and, therefore, dishonest. I decided to cut back on the stronger word choices and replace them only where it was comedically and dramatically appropriate, which I then planned to review after the reading. Likewise, the rhythm, accomplished literarily by the

²⁴ Williams, Ashley. Interview by Halley Platz. Personal interview. Dallas, 26 May 2017.

²⁵ Sarah DeLappe, *The Wolves*, (ICM Partners, 2016). DeLappe's Pulitzer-Prize nominated naturalism piece tells the story of a female high school soccer team and uses overlapping dialogue, interruptions, and unfinished thoughts heavily within the dialogue.

use of columns and punctuations including the dash (/) and the ellipses (...) had to flow in such a way that the pacing was quick, the information was receivable, the thoughts were finished or unfinished actively, and the comedy of lacking self-awareness was accomplished. The original read-through was key to figuring out what worked and what did not.

As my exploration and research continued, themes of identity, gender relations, and generation naturally arose from the text. While identity is not a new theme covered within theatre, a transition from primarily external desires to more internal desires has become more prevalent. Tom's feeling as an outsider and dreams of being far away from his fire escape in Williams's classic play *The Glass Menagerie* is an example of a clear, external desire of the character to escape his current environment to redefine his identity. In contrast, Musa's distancing himself from his Muslim background now that he is in America in Yussef El Guindi's contemporary play *Pilgrims Musa and Sheri in the New World* is a far more internal struggle to separate who he is now from who he was in his past environment. Yet both examples demonstrate how interesting it is to see characters constantly trying to either escape or redefine themselves in hopes of discovering their true identity.²⁶ For some of the characters in *A Real Bitch*, their search for their identity is far more external. Annalise is constantly embracing her family and her heritage, and inherently her house, but also trying to escape both due to her feeling not only grief, but also due to her feeling "other." Peytie is constant attempting to be considered "normal" and "healthy" despite her obvious illness. For others, their search for their identity is far more internal. Kuzzy's constant joking about her bisexuality resembles her internal confusion. Geany's outward

²⁶ Williams, Tennessee, *The Glass Menagerie*. Samuel French, 1944.

El Guindi, Yussef. *Pilgrims Musa and Sheri in the New World*. American Theatre, 2014.

modesty attempts to hide her inner shame. And when characters with such identity crises are forced to interact with each other, opportunities for hysteria and heartbreak are far more easily accessed.

Such interactions began to manifest in themes of gender relationships. I wanted to explore not only how different genders interact with the same gender or a different gender, mostly through the lens of watching the young women, but further dive into how they attempt to influence each other, not so much to lead them to change, but instead to inspire them to reveal themselves.²⁷ In Lisa D'Amour's suburban drama, *Detroit*, the women and men feel more open to expressing vulnerability when they are conversing with their same gender, whether it is the men talking about their exhaustion or the women talking about their vices.²⁸ They cuss, cry, yell, and laugh easier because for an hour or so, they do not have to be a husband or wife. Similarly in *A Real Bitch*, the women and men feel more open to expressing vulnerability when they are with the opposite sexes and for an hour or so do not have to be a devoted bridesmaid or groomsman.

And yet in the midst of all this, how they succeed and fail to express and communicate with each other is a microcosmic insight into Millennials and Generation Zs. I originally wanted to write for my own generation, which has coined itself Generation Z, but I found the ages I was actually writing would be considered Millennials. Those born in 1995 or later are a part of Generation Z, a far more technically-savvy, entrepreneurial, optimistic, and independent group of young people, contrasts with the far more focused,

²⁷ Karima Merchant, "How Men And Women Differ: Gender Differences in Communication Styles, Influence Tactics, and Leadership Styles" (Claremont Scholarship Thesis, Claremont McKenna College, 2012), 23.

²⁸ Lisa D'Amour, *Detroit*, (New York: Faber and Faber, Inc., 2011).

cynical, pessimistic, and dependent Millennials.²⁹ None of the characters are intended to directly reflect these qualities associated with the Millennials, nor do I think they should be, but I found I began to better understand the modern twenty-something cynicism as they inherit a very chaotic society, country, and time. And I came to realize that the piece ended up displaying a balance of cynicism and joy, independence and dependence, optimism and pessimism, transcending not only the characters' generational traits and speaking to the complexities of the human perception.

²⁹ George Beall, "8 Key Differences between Gen Z and Millennials," *Huffington Post* (blog), November 5, 2016, 11:59 am ET.

CHAPTER TWO

The Workshop, Staged Reading, and Revision Process

My mentor and I assembled a creative team to put together a staged reading for an invited audience. This reading ended up being invaluable not only because it helped me observe an audience's reactions to my work, but also because it allowed me to realize how the script could evolve further to wholly reveal the story I wanted to tell.

On November 5, 2016, *A Real Bitch* was performed as a staged reading for an invited audience at Baylor University. The team included a graduate directing student, an undergraduate assistant dramaturg, and a cast of six undergraduate women and four undergraduate men, with my thesis mentor acting as the head dramaturg. The team “workshopped” the script in advance over a total of four rehearsals prior to the reading: 1) a playwright's read-through, 2) a working of Act One, 3) a working of Act II, and 4) a technical rehearsal.

The Process

After the play was cast by the director and my mentor, the actors were given scripts to read privately in advance of the first rehearsal. I attended this initial rehearsal which was a playwright's read-through in order to listen and take notes for myself. I was looking primarily at the piece's pacing, the comedy, the tone, and the “columning” technique I implemented. This is a layout device of writing various characters' simultaneous dialogue in parallel columns with the intention that they completely overlap. The comedy landed surprisingly consistently, thanks in large part to the work and skill of

the actors. The tone fell as I hoped it would: in between dark and light, uncomfortable and comfortable, reality and surrealism. Having had many issues in earlier drafts keeping the length manageable and the action consistent, I was elated and relieved to find the pacing flowed smoothly and rhythmically. However, there were issues with the actors' being able to interpret the columns as they were originally formatted. Originally formatted in direct parallel alignment to each other, the lines were intended to either compliment each other comically or to create a cacophony of sound. However, they were either too confusing to time correctly for the actors', or they were lost in the midst of unintentional cacophony.

To correct this issue, I realized I needed to reformat the columns similar to how one formats lyrics in musical books: parallel to each other, yet occasionally spaced between each other, to indicate the characters are jumping off each others' thoughts, to reveal a shocking comment in the middle of conversation, or to create white noise. I took time to prepare a reformatted script for the team. When I attended the tech, I found most of the previous issues and confusion resolved with the new formatting.

The reading was a success, with great attendance and audience response. I was extraordinarily grateful and proud not only of the result, but of the process of discovery I experienced watching my piece interpreted live in front of others. As my head dramaturg pointed out to me, "You should feel encouraged by how a creative team was able to manifest and understand your world and characters simply off the page." I finally felt like the piece was a play, and the play could be performed with an audience.

Script Revisions

The staged reading also revealed to me those aspects of the play which I desired to revisit. Consulting with my mentor/head dramaturg, I processed my own reactions and engaged in some play revisions. What follows is a summary of the changes made after the staged reading.

The Prologue and Act One, Scene 1 were two of the hardest scenes to write because they had to not only set up the plot, but also establish the characters. I refined the beginning scene between Kuzzy and Geany, which previously was focused on dialogue. I realized the scene should be more focused on the silences and beats between the characters, and that Kuzzy and Geany speaking one-to-two lines while staring at each other, trying to figure each other out, was far more dynamic than the interrupting dialogue I had previously written. Similarly, Peytie's Prologue was originally far more sporadic and heavy on words, and I refined it to be far more poetically paced, with pauses interrupting only a few words. I felt these changes not only heightened the disjointed tone I was trying to create, but also revealed how the story was about trying to understand others and their choices. In addition to this, Peytie's entrance into Scene 1 revealed her illness only by showing she was in a wheelchair. In an attempt for nuance, her diagnosis of ALS was not specified within the reading draft, although various moments of the play showcased symptoms specific to ALS (Peytie's inability to catch her breath, outbursts of laughter, and need of others to move). However, my mentor and I decided the audience needed clarification in order to immediately understand the primary conflict of the piece. Therefore, I added Geany's gift of the Lou Gehrig jersey to Peytie within the first minutes of the play. This addition not only specified the disease was ALS non-verbally, but also created an atmosphere of discomfort surrounding the exchanging of the gift.

Previously, Annalise’s “man with the backpack” story only appeared in Act One, Scene 2. I wanted to include this story to add to the idea of the figurative and, in some cases, literal “ghosts” haunting the area where the girls were. I ended up focusing most of my time on the night marchers as the literal ghosts, mainly because of their native history and their relationship to Annalise’s house. Yet I later realized as I watched the reading that while the night marchers were less scary to Annalise and Peytie than to the others, the “man with the backpack” was far more haunting to them, having witnessed his suicide together when they were children. After a failed attempt at including him within Peytie’s Epilogue speech in the reading draft, I realized the power and mystery in reincarnating the “man with the backpack” into his own literal ghost, sighted by Abel and Kuzzy in their intimate setting in Act Two, Scene 3. The idea became a simple exchange of lines:

They look out at the sea.

ABEL

Do you see that?

KUZZY

See what?

ABEL

There’s a boat... Right?

They squint.

Yet in the midst of these rewrites, there was an existing problem my mentor and I agreed was both most pressing and most interruptive to the flow of the piece: the Dan-Rose “assault” moment (Act II, Scene 1). This scene was conceived around the idea that everyone on the back porch, and in the theatre, has the ability to see Rose and Daniel’s escalation from kissing to touching to hesitation to thoughtless action, but not everyone understands each little moment until everyone sees the final large moment. However, every

character, and audience member, is then faced with the choice on how to interpret what they have seen, what has happened, what damage has actually been done. Calling the audience to pose questions is a device that has been utilized all throughout theatre, especially in modern and contemporary drama; Did the good, devoted wife really just say she was going to leave her husband and children?³⁰ Was the joke really racist, or was it in good humor but badly timed?³¹ Is the puppet truly possessed, or is the boy lying to scare his mother?³² The characters, and thus the audience, are now witnesses, and they must meditate on such questions. I knew this moment would be disjointed and unbalanced, but in an attempt to create a moment of destruction and chaos, I continued forward with the idea. The moment was successful in being chaotic and destructive, and intentionally uncomfortable to watch, but instead of destroying the distractions of the play, itself became a distraction from the primary conflict of the story, Peytie's illness. Somehow, I had to redirect the moment, yet keep it destructive so as to help with a climax. I jotted down various ideas, from Rose becoming sad-drunk to Abel causing a fight, but nothing seemed to land quite the same way. Finally, I stumbled upon the idea of Daniel projectile vomiting on Rose, which I was excited to maneuver into both a sympathetic moment for Daniel's character and a hilarious moment of humiliation for Rose's character. As I wrote the dialogue, it was possible to naturally segue into a confrontation scene between Daniel and Cory. Daniel becomes the unexpected realist in the room, calls out the "undercover bullshit" of his childhood friend and— as poorly as he does— predicts Cory's leaving and inability to go through with the wedding. This change not only evolved, but completely transformed Daniel's character from simply awkward and apologetic to arguably the most

³⁰ Ibsen, Henrik. *A Doll's House*. Gylendal Publishers, 1879.

³¹ Norris, Bruce, *Clybourne Park* (Great Britain: Nick Hem Books Limited, 2010).

³² Robert Askins, *Hand to God*, (New York: Dramatists Play Services, Inc., 2016).

straightforward, honest character in the piece, as well as provided him an opportunity to display his history with and knowledge of Cory.

This moment on paper felt so right that it influenced the dialogue between Rose and Annalise in the following scene. I was not sure how to approach this moment, but I instinctually knew a moment between the two girls who knew Cory best needed to happen. For the reading, I tried to pour into Rose's character deeper, giving her a monologue about how she and Cory grew up as the "smart" and "cool" twins, respectively, and how she wished she could be more courageous. Annalise then reassures her, and the two strikingly different girls form a bond. However, my goal for the scene was to showcase the girls' roles as sister and best friend to Cory and their knowledge of his dissatisfaction and sadness, both over which they then form a bond. Therefore, in the rewrites, Annalise actually confesses a deeper knowledge of, and an intimacy with, her best friend's fiancé, but also Rose is actually able to inhabit the role of a loving sister to Cory, even at the expense of a potential relationship with Daniel. Even though they both admit to the mutual understanding that Cory is hurting and not the "good fiancé" he is trying to be, together they are actually able to process the pain and attempt to figure out what to do next.

Thereafter, I wanted Daniel to have a moment with Annalise of vulnerability, trust, and honesty. He deserved an opportunity to apologize for his drunken and poorly-timed berating of Cory. In agreeing to ensure Rose is okay, Annalise accepts his apology, and in an attempt to commend the girls' steadfastness throughout the painful process, Daniel actually reveals his true feelings about both Rose and the rest of the girls. In fact, he is the only male character to straightforwardly call the girls "incredible."

Next Steps

I am now in the process of submitting the current draft of *A Real Bitch* to new works festivals, writers' groups, and theatre companies. I have submitted the play to various companies in the New York and Los Angeles areas, planning to also hit the theatre communities in the Bay Area, the Dallas-Fort Worth area, the Austin area, and perhaps the Atlanta areas. I also plan to send the play to a few trusted contacts I have received, including people within Rattlestick Theatre Company in LA, the Cape Cod Theatre Company in NYC, the Dallas Theatre Center, and Queens College in NYC, among others.

Over the Christmas holiday, I submitted the piece to About Face Theatre to be a part of the Babes On Stage showcase of new work for LGBTQ/women-identified playwrights, the Horse Trade Theatre Group which focuses on emerging new writers, the New Georges Theatre which specifically seeks out women who write "weird plays," and Secret Theatre's New Voices Project. Finally, I submitted the piece to the Ojai Playwrights Conference, in hopes the experience of working as an intern can come full circle and I can attend the conference as a playwright.

I am also in the process of applying to various writers' groups, primarily based in New York City, submitting the piece as part of the application process. These groups include Ars Nova, P73, The Women's Project, and the Playwrights Realm Fellowship Year of Support. Likewise, I have mentioned the play as I both apply for acting internships at various new works theatres, including the Actors' Theatre of Louisville which hosts the nationally-recognized Humana Festival, and as I meet with casting directors interested in multi-faceted performers.

This process of continuously submitting and waiting can be unnerving and daunting, but I would not have it any other way. This life of creating, discovering, processing, and

giving is, in and of itself, the most fulfilling of gifts. This is a gift not only for one to enjoy, but also for one to be the most responsible with so others can reap its benefits and be inspired to live a similarly fulfilling life.

CHAPTER THREE

The Play

A REAL BITCH

By Halley Elizabeth Platz

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Setting: The home estate of Annalise's family¹, on the coastline of the island of Oahu, Hawaii.

The back porch, where there is a large couch and a firepit in the focal point of the room. The porch is right on the ocean. OR Various rooms in the estate.

Early summer, present day.

Note on Language/Dialects: Both Peytie and Annalise, having grown up on the island, so they both partly speak Pidgin. However, both of them have spent enough time on the mainland to not speak it constantly. The lines that are **bolded** are to be spoken in Pidgin with a slight dialect.

Notes:

The dialogue is intended to be primarily fast-paced.

A "..." is an indication that the character has more to say, but either doesn't finish the thought, is at a loss for words, or is searching for the words.

A "-" occurs when the following line interrupts the character's statement.

A "/" indicates when the following line should begin being said.

Lines in columns are meant to be spoken somewhat simultaneously, with characters finishing each other's thoughts or interjecting their own. Listening is key, as not every piece of dialogue specifies who the character may be talking to.

¹ Annalise is a descendant of Bernice Pauahi Paki, cousin to Her Royal Highness Ruth Ke'elikolani, who entrusted Bernice with the Keoua Hale mansion in Honolulu, including 353,000 acres of land. Annalise's plantation home would hypothetically be on this land near the coast.

NOTE: Although Paki did not have any children of her own, she was godparent along with her husband, American businessman Charles Reed Bishop, to her distant cousin's orphaned son William Taylor. He is therefore the closest individual to being a descendant of the Kamehameha family and could be considered to be royal, even at a distance.

CHARACTERS THE

BITCHES:

Kuzzy- 20-something, Caucasian, pronounced "koo-zee". Wanted to be an artist, but now does taxes, bisexual. That girl who doesn't mind saying "fuck" in normal conversation, a smartass extraordinaire. Talks a lot.

Peytie- 20-something, Native Hawaiian². She has been recently diagnosed with ALS, fiancé to Cory, that girl who is a best friend to all. She is in a wheelchair and wears an oxygen nasal cannula, speaks Pidgin occasionally. Honesty is her best policy.

Geany- 20-something, Caucasian. That girl who read Harry Potter while downing red wine, ex-cheerleader, has more confrontations with herself than others. Has a great laugh.

Annalise- 20-something, Native Hawaiian but looks otherwise, that girl you see dancing on tables at the bar then kicking someone in the face five seconds later. She is of royal lineage, a childhood friend to Peytie, speaks Pidgin occasionally. On-call for a good time.

Soma- 20-something, African-American, that girl who you don't know why she wears no bra and baggy pants but she does it better than anyone. She identifies as queer. Peytie's voice of reason, has romantic past with Kuzzy. Girls want to be her, and also want her.

Rose- 20-something, Caucasian, that girl who knows every element of the Periodic Table of Elements and every Nikki Minaj song. Cory's twin sister and acts like it. Loves hugging and off-brand champagne.

THE BOYS:

Cory- 20-something, Caucasian, that guy who wore skinny jeans before it was cool. Peytie's fiancé and so in love with her that he stopped smoking for her.

²May be portrayed by someone of Filipino, Asian, Polynesian, or Native Hawaiian descent, because the Hawaiian islands are populated with such descendants. However, a Native Hawaiian is preferred.

Leo- 20-something, Caucasian, that guy who preached in church in high school to get laid and it only worked a few times, too charming to be completely annoying. Cory's high school bro

Abel- 29, any ethnicity, that guy who wears a bandana like a pirate and just doesn't give a shit but does, will say anything. Knew Cory in college.

Daniel- 20-something, Native American, that guy who has a lot of wise things to say that almost always come out inconsiderate and rude. Cory's childhood best friend.

“Da Boss Above, he take care me, J alike da sheep farma take care his sheeps. He goin give me everyting I need.

He let me lie down wea da sweet an soft grass stay. He lead me by da water wea I can rest.

He give me new kine life. He lead me in da road dat stay right, Cuz I his guy.”

-From *Da Hawaii Pidgin Bible*

“Truth is like poetry. And most people fucking hate poetry.”

- overheard at a Washington, D.C. bar

PROLOGUE: Peytie alone, in dim light

PEYTIE

I hear the drums, and then that's it.

I don't know, I can't imagine it hurting. I mean, what would I feel anyway?

I know now that- A normal life was never for me.

For God's sake, I can't ask for more than paradise so, why do I need normal?

But I guess you could say Normal is paradise, for me.

And, Normal is a paradise I never felt was mine.

But that's okay, because you are mine.

You are my ride or dies.

You are all the people I will ever need.

You are all I have left.

And you are all I ever wanted, honestly.

I'm not a poet, but... I don't need any more normals or paradises.

I don't need apologies.

I don't really even need to be remembered that much,

just as long as you are out there and killin' the game and living and being weird and changing your mind and doing stuff, that's all.

So just leave me here. And come visit every once and a while. Okay?

Anna and I will get bored together, or she'll get annoyed with me, or maybe she'll just get lonely and need some company.

Wow. I love you.

Aloha. That means hello and goodbye, and I mean both.

P. S. For the love of God, please still burn that fucking dress.

ACT ONE

SCENE 1

Lights up on the back porch of Annalise's estate. The sea is right outside the back door, but there is a comfortable outdoor patio with a small refrigerator, a bar area, an HDMI speaker, a couch, chairs, and a firepit.

Kuzzy lights a cigarette with the fire pit lighter. Geany watches her, intrigued. It finally lights.

KUZZY

So... How do you know Peytie?

GEANY

High school, I'm from-

KUZZY

Kuzzy. I can't keep up with who's gotten here and who hasn't yet-

GEANY

I totally understand. You don't have to remember me.

KUZZY

Roger that.

Kuzzy goes over to the bar, gets some pretzels. She starts to eat them, eyeing Geany.

KUZZY

I don't usually eat Gluten or salt- but today's extra special.

GEANY
Extra extra special.

Pause.

GEANY
I have Celiac, so I can't eat Gluten anyway. I don't mind salt.

KUZZY
Oh.

GEANY
Do you have Celiac? Or are you Vegetarian?

KUZZY
No, I'm just from Portland.

They stare into each other's souls, trying to understand how someone can be the way they are.

KUZZY
Do you know anything?

GEANY
Yes?

KUZZY
Like, what's exactly going on, like, / what we're gonna do or...?

GEANY
Ohhhh. Okay, yeah, like a Bachelorette-ish get-together. That's all I know, that's all I've been told...

KUZZY
So you don't know.

GEANY
So I don't know.

KUZZY

Great... I'll ask her when she gets back, I guess,
or-

GEANY

She wasn't gonna say anything till everyone got
here.

KUZZY

Right, which I thought meant till *you* got here. /
So. Yeah.

GEANY

Ohhhh. Ok.

Pause.

GEANY

So... Kuzzy. Peytie's told me about you, I always,
like, wanted to meet you.

KUZZY

Yeah. I get that a lot.

GEANY

So, is Kuzzy a real name? Or, I mean, is it a
nickname?

KUZZY

It's from the Q-Tang Clan name generator.

Pause

KUZZY

The Queer WuTang Clan generator.

GEANY

Oh. OH. How *cool*.

KUZZY

I did it to come out to my fam. I was really
theatrical when I was sixteen.

Kuzzy lights another cigarette with the fire pit lighter,
offers it to Geany.

GEANY

Oh, thanks...? / I don't smoke...

KUZZY

So what do you do? With your life, or work, or free time?

I'm actually in grad school for, uh, poetry in New York, so that's-

KUZZY

Yeah, my life's boring, too.

GEANY

Yeah, it's boring, it's really boring. And I'm gonna be poor.

KUZZY

SO poor. Do you like New York, though?

GEANY

I LOVE it.

KUZZY

Of course you do.

GEANY

Have you ever been?

KUZZY

Nope. I'd only really go for MoMA.

GEANY

Wait, you like art?!

KUZZY

(begrudgingly) Yeah, I like art.

GEANY

I love art, like Frida Kahlo and Mary Cassatt and the KAWS guy... Ugh, it's the best. Do you do art?

KUZZY

LOL. No. I mean, I "tried" art. I don't know why, I like nice things too much. And I sucked.

GEANY

That's probably not true, a lot of great artists think they suck. So you probably don't suck as much as you think you do.

KUZZY

No, I sucked. But now I am a mature adult and I do taxes, and financials, and life is stable and blissful and full of peace.
(towards the ocean)
OH MY GOD!!!

KUZZY hits the ground and lays down, face to the floor. She peeks out, then stands back up. Geany yelps in shock.

GEANY

WHAT THE HELL-?!

KUZZY

(looking up) Shit damn, false alarm! Or not- did you see the nightmarchers?

GEANY

I don't... What?!

KUZZY

Oh, right, you're new here- okay listen up cuz they're the coolest things ever. They're these ancient Hawaiian warrior spirits, and they march around at sunset and at sunrise to go to, like, sacred places around the islands-

GEANY

What? / Are you kidding me?

KUZZY

Dude, come on, keep up, warrior spirits on the beach. Did you see any?

GEANY

NO. I did not see- hold on, what do they look like?

KUZZY

Like, wispy shapes and movement / in the wind-

GEANY

How do you see a wisp?!

KUZZY

Well, you can't actually look directly at the wisp or you'll die! / That's why you, like, stop and drop. Ohhhh... Sorry... I mean, it all happened so fast- give me a break, dude-

GEANY

Wait- what? What?! I could've died?! You weren't gonna tell me, and hold up- shit, what are the chances I'm gonna die?!

Suddenly, Peytie enters from the house. She is in a loose dress with hair wind-blown. She now uses a wheelchair and she wears a nasal cannula.

She has a large wedding dress box on her lap. She is being pushed by ANNALISE like a kid pushing another kid in a shopping cart. She almost hits Kuzzy.

KUZZY

WHAAAAT / the actual fuck?!

ANNALISE

INCOMING!!!!

Peytie squeals with excitement.

PEYTIE

WAAHHHH!! OMIGODDDD!! WAIT- wait wait wait... Slow down!!!

Annalise slows down. Peytie then notices Geany.

PEYTIE

G!!!!

Geany runs and hugs Peytie.

PEYTIE

You should've texted me when you landed!

GEANY

I'm sorry, I forgot, after all the delays, I'm just so glad to finally be on the ground.

ANNALISE

(at Kuzzy smoking)
Those are mine, gimme.

KUZZY

Noooo, I'm a guest. / I'm a guest here, you treat me with respect. Too bad.

ANNALISE

You're a guest, my ass, I didn't invite you, I don't want you here-

ANNALISE runs to a wine cabinet and gets out a Chardonnay and pours glasses.

GEANY

Okay, wait... I have something for you.

PEYTIE

You do NOT!

GEANY

I do! It's from the city...

PEYTIE

The New York City!!

GEANY

Close your eyes...

Peytie closes her eyes, and Geany pulls out an old fashioned Yankees baseball jersey from her suitcase. She puts it on the wedding dress box.

GEANY

Okay. Open!!!

Peytie opens her eyes.

PEYTIE

OHhhh MY GOSH... NOOOOOOO!!

Peytie squeals in delight, and Geany smiles lovingly, not laughing.

KUZZY

Why are you pretending to like the Yankees?

PEYTIE

Because!

Geany picks up the jersey, turns it around- it's a Lou Gehrig jersey.

PEYTIE

(squealing) Hug me again!!

Geany hugs her intensely.

Kuzzy and Annalise look at each other. Annalise shrugs, gives Kuzzy a glass of chardonnay.

GEANY

You don't actually have to wear it.

PEYTIE

Oh, you know I will, though.

GEANY

I know.

(as Anna gives her a drink) Oh, thank you, uh-

ANNALISE

Annalise, or Anna- **drink, cuz I no be the only one's sleeping when da boys get in tomorrow.**

GEANY

Wait- boys?

ANNALISE lights a blunt out of nowhere.

ANNALISE

Want some?

KUZZY

Hell to the yes! / Bitch, please, come on- who sold you Grandmaster?

ANNALISE

Not you, back off. Back. Off. **Nahhh- This shit homemade.**

KUZZY

Oh. My. God. / Gimme Gimme!

GEANY

Wait, you mean literally homemade?

ANNALISE

From da garden.

PEYTIE

You have a problem. (to Geany) This isn't a normal Hawaii thing, / this is a rich Hawaiian royalty privilege.

ANNALISE

WHOA, so no true- colonization, appropriation, tourism, da fam needed *somethin'* to get through it all-

PEYTIE

You killin' me, bruh.

ANNALISE

Look at you actin' like you don't want none.

PEYTIE

Ya know would if I *could*.

KUZZY

Hey, why are you pretending like you like baseball?

GEANY

This is so weird I've literally never heard you speak, like, "Hawaiian" before.

PEYTIE

Oh, girl, it's just Pidgin.

ANNALISE

Then you never seen her drunk.

KUZZY

Me! I have!

GEANY

Aren't you super lightweight?

ANNALISE

YES, girl... Okay. She can't hold *shit*, like, one time we went out to, was it a frat party or, I don't remember, but, like, we all had the exact same amount, and we danced, and then she literally puked / the entire night-

PEYTIE

Okay, look, I wasn't used to dancing and drinking, like, simultaneously, that wasn't something I considered / when I, like, prepared myself for-whatever, ya'll.

KUZZY

Literally, I cleaned up so much puke, and she also was, like, mumbling about how sexy Cory was, how sexy his face and his hair and his fingernails were, *his fingernails* were soooo sexy-

PEYTIE

I did NOT. / What? I mean, he is! He's sexy, right? / He *is*, he's sexy!

ANNALISE

...we were all like, girl, no he's not, but you go for it if you're into that.

Cory enters from the house.

CORY

Hello, ladies!

The girls respond with various "Hey, Cory! Oh my god! What are you even doing here?" ect.

CORY

(going to her and kissing her cheek)
G! Oh my god-

GEANY
I haven't seen you in forever, how are you?!

CORY
So great! Thank god, we needed a voice of reason-

ANNALISE
Okay, Mom, this is why we don't invite you to things.

She smokes.

CORY
Oh my god... Is that what I think it is?

PEYTIE
What do you think it is? It could be a really big box of food.

ANNALISE
Or alcohol. Or chocolate.

KUZZY
Or toys, like, the grown up kind. Of all sizes. And shapes.

CORY
Wow. I don't know if I can deal with all of you at once.

PEYTIE
Well, good, because we're having a girls night, and you are NOT a girl!

CORY
Well, I can check on MY girl, can't I?

He kisses Peytie. It's pure, but gross.

ANNALISE
Jesus... / God, really?

KUZZY
Can you, like, leave?

They keep kissing.

KUZZY

Like, I mean, like, now?

PEYTIE

Wait, Cory, come back in a little bit?

KUZZY

Like, now?

CORY

Sure thing.

KUZZY

Like, now? GOOOOO.

Cory hurriedly leaves as Kuzzy takes her shirt off and throws it towards him. He exits. They laugh.

KUZZY

Alas, ladies, we've been replaced by a real boy penis.

PEYTIE

Sorry not sorry.

Rose suddenly enters with sandwiches, and the girls run and grab them.

ROSE

"Thank you, Rose."

PEYTIE

Thank you, Rose.

Thank you, Rose, yeah,
whatever, thanks, okay,
don't care...

ANNA AND KUZZY

They eat.

ROSE

(at the dress box)
Oh my god, is this it?!

PEYTIE

It is!

ROSE

I wanna see, I wanna see! (to Geany) Hi, I'm sorry I didn't get you anything, / but I also don't know you- Hi.

GEANY

Oh, it's fine, I'm Geany. Okay, weirdly, you look a lot like Cor-

ROSE

Rose, I'm Cory's twin sister, I'm definitely the favorite-

ANNALISE

You'd like to think.

ROSE

I hate you.

Peytie starts coughing, it gets worse. The girls crowd around her.

ROSE

Peytie? / Peytie?

GEANY

Oh my god.

ANNALISE

Hey, hey- You okay girl? You need-

KUZZY

Shit- I'm gonna go grab water-

Kuzzy runs into the house.

Peytie finally catches her breath.

PEYTIE

I'm... fine... Please.

GEANY

Just breathe, girl, breathe.

Peytie takes a few deep breaths, regains herself.

PEYTIE

Okay, okay, I'm good now.

Rose kisses Peytie's forehead gently, maybe making a mwah sound. Peytie brushes it off jokingly.

Kuzzy reenters with water in a cup with a straw. She puts it to Peytie's lips and holds it for her to drink. Peytie is obviously frustrated because she shuts herself down, also trying to regain herself.

KUZZY

Girl, just try to relax and also try not give too much of a shit about anything. So, why are we bacheloretting so early?

PEYTIE

Oh, yeah... Oh, of course, yeah. I was gonna wait till everyone got here, but-

GEANY

I'm here now!

PEYTIE

Yeah, yeah...

We're gonna have
have male
strippers, right?
Male hula
dancers? Male
hula-dancing
strippers? .

ANNALISE

ROSE

Can you really order male hula dancing strippers?

ANNALISE

It's actually easier than ordering pizza here.

KUZZY

Can we order one
female please? /

I'd appreciate options, and I have specific needs to be accommodated.

ANNALISE
Female pizza?

PEYTIE

It's both, and shut up. I am SO special.

okay look-
bisexuality is not a "need," it's a "type."
You're not special.

SO- I was gonna say... It's kinda bacheloretty, and kinda not.

Pause

ROSE

Ok...?

PEYTIE

Well... Ok. I had a less-than-ideal doctor's appointment last week.

KUZZY

Okay?

ANNALISE

So what's the deal?

PEYTIE

Well. When Mom and Dad and Tutu³ said they wanted to do a Aha'aina male⁴-

GEANY

A what?

ANNALISE

A wedding feast, lots of poi.

PEYTIE

³ Pronounced "ku-ku"

⁴ Wedding feast

Exactly, and so because they wanted to do that, I did some thinking and I... I guess I realized I don't know exactly when I'll be back, you know? Or if I could even get back, financially let alone... literally.

ANNALISE

Just have the wedding here, girl. Fuck Connecticut.

KUZZY

Yeah, fuck Connecticut! Are you serious, this is paradise!

ROSE

Honestly, our fam could use a tan, / we could figure something out.

PEYTIE

I agree, I agree. I really miss everything so much here, but we can't have the wedding, it's too much to fly people down-

KUZZY

So what?

PEYTIE

Well, it's not too much if I come back and that's it. So I've decided I want to "rest" here, at least.

Pause.

GEANY

When would that happen, the "coming back?"

PEYTIE

When the speech goes. That's usually a good sign that... You know.

Short pause

KUZZY

Isn't it a little soon to be thinking of that?

PEYTIE

As of last week, the answer is no, it's not. (to Annalise)
And... I want to kinda take your approach-ish, actually.

ANNALISE

My approach? What's *my* approach?

PEYTIE

Being buried at home.

GEANY

You've can bury people here?

ROSE

No way- / that's kinda badass, no offense, or...

ANNALISE

Kinda. It's not the real site technically⁵. My parents just wanted it to be here... / I don't know why.

PEYTIE

Well, that's the other thing, actually... I don't want to be buried, either.

Long ass Pause.

PEYTIE

I've thought very long and hard, and... I want to be cremated, like your folks, Anna, and my ashes spread somewhere on the island. Wearing this.

She taps the wedding dress box.

PEYTIE

And, well, I was hoping you guys could help me figure out exactly "where." I haven't broken the news to Mom or Dad or Tutu or any of the family yet, and... That's gonna be a doozy, so that's why I really wanted all of you here to help me figure

⁵The Kamehameha Dynasty and the Kalakaua Dynasty are buried at the Royal Mausoleum of Hawaii, also known as Mauna 'Ala, in Honolulu.

this whole thing out. You guys mean *that* much to me.

Nobody can say anything to that.

PEYTIE

And it's going be fun, I promise! I want this to be as much of a vacation for everyone as possible, I mean, we're in paradise, right, Hawaii, yay! Seriously, we'll forget what we're even here for!

Pause.

PEYTIE

And there'll be a good crowd! Because- some of the groomsmen are coming, if that's okay... Cory wanted his friends here too.

Shorter pause.

PEYTIE

Please? Can you guys at least *try* to, like, I don't know, "celebrate" with me?

Pause

GEANY
(sincerely)- Of course.

KUZZY- Sure.

ROSE- Yeah, of course, girl.

Pause

PEYTIE

Anna? Please.

ANNALISE

(smiling, as much of a joke as possible) We gonna need more fuckin' weed.

PEYTIE

I really love you guys.

ROSE

Can we see the dress now damnit?

PEYTIE

Oh! Yes! Can someone open it for me?

The girls all squeal with excitement as Rose slowly opens the box. They look at the dress in the box. It's gorgeous. It's got a flower crown, too, and this glorious accessory distracts their attention.

ROSE

Oh my god- can I put it on you?! / Please God!

PEYTIE

(kinda shy)

Oh, I don't know...

Rose places it on Peytie's head. It's absolutely stunning. All the girls freak out a little bit. Maybe it's verbal, maybe it's not.

KUZZY- Holy shit,
you're gorgeous.

GEANY- You've
never been so
beautiful, girl.

I can't believe
you, girl.

PEYTIE- It's
good enough for
a wedding?

ANNALISE- Better.
Way better. You an angel.

ROSE- I'm
literally dying,

Pause.

PEYTIE

Rose, would you mind taking it off for now?

ROSE

What? / Why?

PEYTIE

It's okay. I don't have to wear it now.

Rose takes the crown off, puts it gently in the box with the dress.

They close the box.

PEYTIE

(not teary, but emotional) I hate feeling shit,
oh my god...

KUZZY

I'll go get a beer on that note. Anyone else?

GEANY

Yeah, / why not?

ANNALISE

Here.

Soma enters with a suitcase.

SOMA

Who said beer?

PEYTIE

Soma! Oh my god!

SOMA

What's up ba-by?! Ohhhh my god!

They hug and kiss on the cheeks. Kuzzy drops her beer,
frozen. The girls don't notice, except Annalise.

PEYTIE

You're here finally!

SOMA

Tell me about it. I can't tell if I'm jetlagged
or exhausted, or maybe I'm hungover, I don't know
at this point- Hello, everyone! Ladies. / All
ladies.

ANNALISE

Welcome to my shack. Soma? Annalise. Call me Anna,
but not Lise.

SOMA

Nice. Ho-ly shit, this house is gorgeous- not to
be rude or anything, but was it mad expensive?!

ANNALISE

Well, not bragging, but I'm, like, real deal
Native Hawaiian royalty, so, uh, nope!

SOMA

Wait. Native Hawaiian royalty? Really? / You
sure?

ANNALISE

Surprise! I get it all the time. But, I mean,
either I'm *royal* or I'm *white*, so I can't exactly
"lose". You know?

SOMA

(laughing) Nope, I do not know.

Soma goes over to the other girls.

SOMA

Hey...? Geany.
Dope, awesome,
you are so
adorable with
your glasses-
and?

so good to meet...
YOU?

GEANY

Hey, Geany- oh,
wow, thanks.
That means a lot,
actually, I
don't feel it
all the time,
you know?

ROSE

Rose, or Rosy,
whichever you
want! I'm the
future sister-
in-law!

Rose?
I'm sorry, Rose.
Oh, that's
awesome, Rosy,
that's cute,
dope, fantastic,

She looks at Kuzzy, and at the beer she spilt on the floor.

SOMA

Hey! Whoa! I haven't seen you in forever!

KUZZY

Who, me?

SOMA

Yep. You. When did... oh my god, it was that horrible-ass summer session, / it's seriously been, like, years!

KUZZY

Yeah! I mean, I don't really remember! You weren't in the email.

PEYTIE

That was my fault, I'm sorry, obviously I'm not great with typing. I'm sorry about that.

KUZZY

No, it's fine, it's fine,
I just... It's so cool
to...
Wow.

SOMA

Oh, girl don't worry about
it. Yeah, it's so cool to...
see you, too, like... Wow.

PEYTIE

WOW. Wow. Yeah. It's so badass to have everyone
back together.

Pause

ANNALISE

(milking the awkward) Sure is!

KUZZY

For sure.

SOMA

For sure. Sherry wanted me to tell you she sends
her love, and she's so sorry she can't make the
wedding—

PEYTIE

Oh, god, tell her not to worry—

ANNALISE

Who's Sherry?

SOMA

My fiancé.

PEYTIE

What?! ... You're engaged?

KUZZY

What? ...

SOMA

Yeah, yeah. *She* proposed, of course-

ROSE

Oh wow! How awesome, two bride-to-bes!

ANNALISE

(milking the awkwardness)

No. Whay!

KUZZY

Really?

SOMA

Yeah, yeah. Yeah, ring and everything, so I guess it's official? Do rings make it official?

She shows the ring.

ROSE

Holy shit, that's a Tiffany!

GEANY

Whoaaaaa no way- that's my dream ring.

ANNALISE

(to Geany) It would be.

KUZZY

Congrats on... being official.

SOMA

Thank you. BUT it's not about me it's about *this* one! Let's focus on this princess bride here-

She motions to Peytie.

really all here.
Wow. This is
getting real.

PEYTIE

Oh, shucks, no...

Oh, whatever.

Now everyone's

GEANY

Not too real,
don't worry!
SOMA
Holy god is this
your dress? What

the actual hell,
girl, were you
gonna keep this
from me? So
GORGEOUS, it'll

be even more
beautiful with
you in it though.

Small pause

SOMA
So... sorry, where do I sleep?

ROSE
Wait, you're
going to bed
already? You
missed dinner,
do you-

KUZZY
Goodnight!

ANNALISE
Girl, do you
know how many
people have
passed out on
this floor?

I'm fine, I'm
okay, I'm
literally about
to pass out on
this fancy
bamboo floor-

PEYTIE
Actually, you
have the solo
room! The one
with the
dolphins on it!

SOMA

Soma's phone rings.

SOMA
God, Sherry... I gotta take this, night ladies.

Soma exits. Pause. Rose stares at Kuzzy, who's staring off
into space.

ROSE
Well shit damn, I'm tired, too. What time is it?

PEYTIE

It's eight.

ROSE

For real? The sun sets *fast* here.

ANNALISE

This isn't even the best view.

PEYTIE

Bullshit—

ANNALISE

I promise. It's not.

PEYTIE

It's pretty damn close.

Pause.

The sun is gone in about a sphere of ten-to-twelve seconds.

SCENE 2

The main porch area. Annalise and Geany are smoking weed together. Geany obviously feels more comfortable smoking not in front of everyone.

GEANY

How'd I get myself into this?

ANNALISE

You're a victim of circumstance, I'm usually up this late smoking. It's normally cigs, though. Tonight's... extra special.

GEANY

Extra extra special. I promise I used to be really good at this—

ANNALISE

You've never done this in your life.

GEANY

I've done it *twice*, / two times— one, two.

ANNALISE

Okayyy, girl, well....

GEANY

You really grow it out here? I kinda don't believe you.

ANNALISE

Oh, girl, you haven't seen all my gardens- I got pineapple, coconut, sugar cane- and the most beautiful, like, hibiscuses, a few banana trees- I used to climb those as a kid, Peytie and I would play hide and seek, we'd hide and all the boys would seek. I peaked in kindergarten.

GEANY

And you have chickens, right?

ANNALISE

So many chickens. And a rooster. Cocky.

Beat. Does Geany get it?

GEANY

Oh, haha, I get it... Was it hard to leave?

ANNALISE

Well, yeah, of course. Kinda. It felt good at the time, kinda freeing, 'cause it was right after my folks passed.

GEANY

Oh, I didn't know-

ANNALISE

But the minute I left, oh man. Homesickness screwed my pooch UP, but Boston had its own perks. It's got... fish. And water.

GEANY

But now, this place is just... yours now? And you're just gonna stay here, work here, whatever?

ANNALISE

Yeah. It's hard to believe still. It's all mine. Until someone else comes along, I'm really kind of the... "Queen". I mean, I've always been a queen, but you know, technicalities-

GEANY

Are you really royal?

ANNALISE

Well, yeah, but no, it's interesting 'cause the last Queen⁶, who's technically my great great great aunt, lived in the mansion right down the road, and then she decided "Fuck that shit I'm an island bitch," and she literally left it all and went and lived in a shack on the Big Island.

GEANY

Oh my god, that's crazy.

ANNALISE

I know. So this land, this place, just kinda stuck here. Everyone wanted it, 'cause land is where the money is, so... We just kinda staged it as a "plantation" or whatever, but we never depended on it, and it's under the radar obviously 'cause of da weed...But it's all royal, so I, still get to fuck around about being royal... And yeah.

GEANY

So... I don't mean this offensively, but why do you... why are you-

ANNALISE

Missionary marriages equal light skin. Scandalous! The fam and this place, we've just

⁶ Her Royal Highness Ruth Ke'elikolani

got a shit ton of crazy stories. Like, oh my god, wait- Do you see that spot of water?

GEANY

It's pitch black, I see nothing-

ANNALISE

Where the moon hits, dude, you see that spot right?

GEANY

(unsure) Oh, of course. Duh.

ANNALISE

That is my favorite boating spot, also swimming spot. It's the deepest trench between us and Kauai. Creepy story- Peytie and I were hanging out here one day, we were maybe twelve, so we were running and going out in the shallows and whatever, and there was this boat out there with a guy in it. He's just looking down into the water and he's got this backpack on, right? And he jumps. We thought maybe he's some kind of scuba diver or naturalist or something. But he just jumps in, and we watch him. And- He never came back up.

GEANY

Nooooo.

ANNALISE

And sometimes you'll see the wind, like, wisp?

GEANY

Night marchers!

Pause

ANNALISE

(laughing) What? No...

GEANY

No?

ANNALISE

NO. NO. Wait- How do you know-

GEANY

Kuzzy was out here and she was, like, looking for night marchers, she said they're warrior ghosts?

Annalise starts laughing.

GEANY

Right?

ANNALISE

I mean, yeah, they're warrior ghosts who will *kill you if you look at them.*

GEANY

Okay, she said that, too, and I was like, "why the hell would you want to"- Wait, what?

ANNALISE

I mean, they're around, but you'd be able to see them, so no, it's more like-

ANNALISE

You'll see them if they're there. And then you have to lay down, face to the ground. And here at the house, they're not gonna do anything.

GEANY

Are you saying they're real? / What? So, wait, you've got to lay down, like this? (she lays down on her stomach on the ground)
And then how do you know they're gone? Or do you just-

ANNALISE

I'm not saying anything, I'm just... Look. You believe what you wanna believe, okay?

Oh my god, get up-

GEANY

Yeah. Okay. Well, this whole thing's confusing.

ANNALISE

Yeah. Well, we should get used to everything being confusing, I guess.

GEANY

Okay, it's so inconsiderate / and just... what? Right?

I want to, like, visit her
and give flowers and- now...

...

Yeah, exactly. I mean, I
won't. You won't. Cory
definitely won't, he loves
her so much. But,
seriously! How long has he
known about this?!

I mean, I guess enough to
invite his friends.
But it's not like we don't
all know this sucks for
him-

literally everything, but
it's just so not *her*.
And she doesn't know.
And nobody's gonna say shit
to her. Nobody! Cory
definitely won't- but *Cory*
never even mentioned
anything since they've been
here.

And he'd at least tell me,
I'd think, but... he seems
fine-ish.

ANNALISE
It's *fucking* inconsiderate,

He doesn't care what we
know.

it's so far away from

GEANY

Yeah. God. You know, I'm honestly just here to be
here. You know? Is that enabling?

ANNALISE

I mean... We can't slow anything down, you know?

SCENE 3

It's the next day.

We hear something like "Sugar We're Goin' Down" by Fall Out Boy on the speaker.

Kuzzy, Geany, Peytie, and Annalise are all sunbathing on the main porch area in their bathing suits, moving the furniture and spreading out towels to tan.

PEYTIE

Now, you guys have to be really careful because the UV rays are closer here so even if you're not sweating the light's getting you super hard.

KUZZY

I'm sweating I don't know what the hell you're talking about.

ANNALISE

It's true, I can literally smell her from here.

it rains, like,
every day? I
don't want SPF
30, I want
rain!
Where is this
magical rain?!
What? No.
Night marchers
don't take- do
they control
the rain?!
(to Annalise)

KUZZY

When is it	Fuck you, dude.
gonna rain?	I'm going in
Didn't you say	the ocean. How

is the ocean
freezing- that

makes no
sense!
I'm gonna do
it! I'm gonna
do it!

(starts
laughing at
Annalise) Oh
my god... It's
freezing, and
it's salt
water! And
it's salt
water! And
it's salt
water!

GEANY

It's really
not that hot.
Girl, did you
put sunscreen
on? If you put
on, like, SPF
30, you should
be good- or
not, okay...

PEYTIE
Girl, this is
totally normal.
It doesn't
rain until,
like, 3:00 or
something,
just come in
the shade if

you- the
ocean's
freezing, girl,... It ran off
it's really
misleading,
but it's
totally
freezing-

ANNALISE

girl,... It ran off
with the night
marchers.

They took all
the rain
'cause you
cock fought
them! Yep.
They control
the sun, too,
they're trying
to burn you,
no they don't
control the
rain-

Just jump in
the ocean,
then,
if you're
gonna jump in
the ocean,
just fuckin'
do it already!

KUZZY

Alright, fuck this, bye!

Kuzzy starts a straight sprint to the water, still yelling
about how everything is hot and sucks.

PEYTIE

Wait! Wait!

GEANY

AND IT'S SALT WATER!

KUZZY

(from ocean) AW FUCK!

She runs back, wet, shivering and burning. The girls are laughing. The rooster crows.

Annalise hands her a towel to dry off.

ANNALISE

Here, haole⁷.

KUZZY

I hate you, I hate Hawaii, and what the hell does haole mean?

PEYTIE

You don't wanna know.

KUZZY

I'm gonna look this shit up if you don't tell me.

ANNALISE

Psh, I'm not gonna stop you.

Kuzzy pulls out her phone.

KUZZY

Siri, what is haole? Damnit- How do you spell it?

ANNALISE

H A L E O. / Or, wait, that's wrong, hold on-

KUZZY

Haleo?! *Oh my god-*

Soma enters. She's in baggy shorts and a sports bra, and yet she is completely glamorous.

⁷“White person” or “foreigner,” literally “no breath”

SOMA
Hello, ladies,
looking good,
looking good. Thank
you, babe, oh damn
really? I think
GAP? I don't know.

GEANY
Hey, Soma! Yeah,
come on. Oh my god,
you look so cute,
where'd you get
your, like, shorts?
(laughs at Soma
moving legs)

PEYTIE
Hey, gal, come by
me there's some
room!

(to Peytie, as she
moves her legs)
Gal, I don't want
to- that's so weird
Aaah! Okay, and
you're comfortable?
Okay...

You can just move
my legs, if you
want, seriously
just pick 'em up
and- yep! I'm
comfy!

ANNALISE

H. A. O. L. E. Yeah
that's it. Haole.
H-A-O-L-E. Hey, I
know what it means
so I don't care
about spelling it!

I suck? Do I suck?
Do I? Do I really?

KUZZY

What are you, 6? Is
that it? H-A-O-L-E,
okay Google got it,
so whatever-
Whatever. You suck.
God, you suck. You
suck. You suck.

Kuzzy notices SOMA.

KUZZY

HEY.

SOMA

HEY. Got something on you?

KUZZY

What? What? What do I have
on me? I wanna know, if
it's a bug, I swear to God-
Oh... Oh, yeah.

SOMA

Nothing, nothing.
Water, girl.
WATER. WATER... You've got
water on you.

ANNALISE

(milk that awkward) Yeah, you're really wet, Kuz.

Rose enters. She's in a beautiful, but very showy, bikini, and she's got her phone.

ROSE

Hey, I need help.

The girls stare at her, judging her only slightly.

ANNALISE

Yeah, you do.

ROSE

(holding up her phone) Anyone good with Square pics? Please?

GEANY

I am.

I got you. I mean, does it really matter? Why don't we do both? First beach- okay... Do whatever... Okay... One, two, three! I'm taking a shit ton, just FYI... Kuz, get out. Get out, dude. Holy shit, okay, okay, okay, one-two-three, I got it! I got it!
(gets in final selfie)

PEYTIE

You look so cute, gal! Oh my god, beach, duh- are you kidding? No, just beach! Just do beach, G.

OH MY GOD, NO!
You are so haole right now. So haole. I can't. Wait- What professional? What are you even talking about?
(laughing)
(at final selfie)
We aren't classy! Wait, am

I in it okay?

Okay!

KUZZY

Wait- can I get in? I'm dead. I'm getting in, after this one. Okay! Catch me!
(she jumps on Rose's back)
Yasss!! BASIC BITCHES OF HAWAII!! Did you get it G?!(gets off back, laughs on the floor for a few seconds)
(at the final awkward selfie)
Okay, okay, I'm coming! Hold up!

SOMA

Oh, come on, dude, don't "pose" it. NO. just, like, "awkward selfie" it- that's my favorite thing ever! What? Why not?! Oh, girl, bullshit, just awkward selfie, like, half-smile, half-frown it, too! Here, come on, take one.

Just one.

(taking phone from G) Whatever, gimme, I'm posting it, it's fucking funny! Your'e in it fine, baby girl, don't move. Nobody move! Okay, every one get in!

ROSE

Thank you, gal! Okay, should we do with beach or with, like, couch and pretty lighting? Okay!
(she poses in the sand) Why not? Are you serious? (she catches Kuz) Get off, get off, oh my god!

(she poses, glamor personified... right? Right.)

(to Soma) NO. I am NOT doing awkward selfies. This is supposed to be professional. Just, I mean, kinda classy. But I'm not famous! Yet! Fine, fine, take

one. Literally
just one. I'm
not posting it,
though... Everyone
in!!

ANNALISE
(sarcastically,
backing away)-
Yeah. Always.
Lighting.
Totally. Beach.

Good. God.... I
need some Cuervo.
Everyone here
needs some
Cuervo. And some
help.

Annalise pours some Cuervo for everyone, out of the pic, as they snap the selfie of them half-smiling awkwardly.

PEYTIE

Anna, you weren't in it! / Now? Really?

ANNALISE

I told you I want Cuervo! Yep, and we should all
have some!

Annalise passes out glasses.

PEYTIE

Why didn't you do that
after, / gal? I mean-

ANNALISE

Chill, girl, let's just
toast already, come on!

Peytie holds up her glass. The girls toast.

PEYTIE

Huli pau!⁸

ANNALISE

Okole maluna⁹!

KUZZY

To what the hell all of that means!

GIRLS

Cheers! Clink! Here, here! Ect.

The girls finish clinking and then go back to laying out.
But this time it all settles where it's quiet.

The ocean waves crash. There's a little wind. There's a
little chickens clucking. Repeat.

⁸Cheers! Good health!

⁹“Bottoms up,” could be considered vulgar

This is the life.

Suddenly, the door to the house opens. Cory enters with the guys: Leo, Abel, and Daniel. They drag in luggage and look around. The girls suddenly squirm.

LEO
Where's the
Sweet P? Ohhh,
sorry, hey
ladies! (to
Rose)

CORY
Shut up, man.
Hello again
ladies! Hey, sis,
okay, okay... Okay,
okay, no, G, I
got her! Here we
go!

ROSE
Bro!! What's
up?! (kisses
Cory on the
cheek, then
pushes Leo's
face away
playfully)

Me, too? Okay,
okay, not right
now-

GEANY
Hey, Cory! And...
everyone. Oh
god... Here, I got
you- Or not!

(he picks Peytie
up)

Nope. Nope. Not
at all.

PEYTIE
Oh my goodness,
pick me up, pick
me up so I can
see everyone!
Ah! Thanks, babe,
you're the best,
thank you anyway
G! (kisses Cory
on the cheek)

SOMA
The peace went
away *real* quick!
God damn!

Cory lovingly sets her into her wheelchair. The boys go to her.

PEYTIE
Oh my god, you're all here!
I'm so happy! Leo, oh my
god, I haven't seen you in
forever-
Yep, obviously. (at the
kiss) Awww, you're making
me blush!

LEO
Hello lovely! Don't you
just look stunning, have
you been working out?
Obviously. (he kisses her
on the cheek)

Yep. Not the first time

I've done that.

Abel goes over to the other side of Peytie's chair so as to kind of sneak up on her, then gives her a kiss on the cheek.

Eh, wouldn't have missed it,
or... yeah...

PEYTIE

Wait a second- no way!
Aaah! I had no idea you
were coming! I thought you
had that job at the
Hollywood Bowl! You're the
sweetest!

ABEL

Now that's not very nice.
What's good, girl? Finished
yesterday, jumped right on
the plane.

Hey! Dan! You gonna come
give me a hug or you gonna
make someone bring me to
you?

Dan, who's been shying away, smiles softly and goes to
Peytie. He gives her a hug.

DANIEL

How are you, Peytie? I mean... Not, "how", but,
like-

PEYTIE

I'm great. Never been better, except when I could
walk.

Pause.

PEYTIE

I'm joking. / Man, I thought I could make you
laugh.

DANIEL

Oh! Ha! Look at that- you just made me laugh. I'm
sorry, I don't-

PEYTIE

(laughing, but not meanly)
Oh my god, you're so okay.

ROSE
No. Freakin'. Way.

Daniel looks at Rose, and suddenly he's blushing.

DANIEL
(slight horror)- HI.

ROSE
(excitedly) HEY THERE YOU! I had no idea you were coming!

DANIEL
Uh, yeah, me either.

ROSE
Oh my god, you're so old! I'm so old!

DANIEL
Yeah.

Rose goes and hugs Daniel.

ROSE
Wow. It's been... what? Ten years?

DANIEL
At least, yeah.

CORY
I thought I told you Rose'd be here.

DANIEL
Nope. You definitely didn't.

CORY
Oh, my bad, man... Well, she's here for the whole time!

ROSE
This is too crazy and... coincidental? Is that the word? / Ironic?

DANIEL

You look nice. I don't know. You look nice. Um...
Hi, everyone else...

ANNALISE
Aloha, muchacho. Anna. Dan, right?

DANIEL
Right.

Anna and Dan shake hands. Dan makes it way more serious than it should be. Then, he wipes his hand on his pants.

ANNALISE
Great doing business with you, too.

KUZZY
Kuzzy, like the drink holder but not.

DANIEL
(trying)- Oh. Weird.

KUZZY
Thanks.

Kuzzy and Daniel shake hands. He wipes his hand on his pants. Geany's nice enough to not shake Dan's hand.

GEANY
Geany. Like in the bottle. Or just G.

SOMA
Soma, there's nothing really I can relate that to.

Daniel says nothing, just kinda smiles at both of them.

Leo holds his hand out to Geany and Soma.

LEO
Leo!

Geany shakes his hand, then wipes her hand on her leg. Soma laughs. She doesn't shake his hand.

SOMA
Hey, man, what's up? You want a beer or something?

LEO
Sure, yeah, of course!

KUZZY
I forget, it's not weird to have a drink at eleven here.

ABEL
I forget it's weird to have a drink at eleven.

LEO
God, this is beautiful, it's... people, like, live here and shit -

ABEL
Yeah. Bonkers. Or... Yeah. Hey, uh... girl with red hair or whatever¹⁰, you want one?

KUZZY
(alluding to bandana) Sure, matey.

LEO
Shit, I've got pit stains and everything. Welp-...

Leo takes off his shirt.

ANNALISE
I thought you had cool friends.

CORY
Me, too.

Annalise goes and takes the cigarette out of Abel's hand.

ABEL
Whoa, if you don't want me to, then-

Annalise smokes the cigarette, then gives it back to him.

¹⁰ change hair color based on actress

ANNALISE
Clean up your ashes, uh...
I'm not gonna remember that,
but / clean your ashes.

ABEL
HI. YEAH. I'm Abel.
I will... clean my ashes, you
got it dude.

ANNALISE
OKAY- look, hoes, I wasn't gonna bring this up,
or maybe I was, but I'm the queen of this joint-

LEO
The queen of *what*?

I told them, I swear to God,
it's- I forgot to tell
them...

ANNALISE
You had *one job. One.*

All da islands, bruh, so
I'll impale you with my
many a tiki torch if you
insult me or- okay. Okay.
You're forgiven. (to Abel)
Thank you, I'll take that.

LEO
What? No you did NOT, bro,
like, wait, Anna-something,
are you saying queen like,
bitch in charge, or, like,
queen- Wait, like Hawaii? I
don't believe you, like,
which island? Shut the
front door... I'm sorry. I'm
sorry. I'm SO sorry. Okay.

PEYTIE
All the islands, every
island, it's true...

ABEL (giving cig to Anna)
Your majesty, take my cig.
(He then lights another
one.)

CORY

DANIEL
... I'm gonna unpack, so, bye.

ROSE
Wait, don't just yet- how are you?

DANIEL
Um... fine? I don't-

CORY

You're doing better than fine, dude- they moved
on a reservation!

LEO

BADASS. That is bad-ASS.
(to Abel) Hey man, can you
light? me up?

SOMA

Where's the reservation? No
way, I have family there.

ROSE

Oh my god, no way, are
there, like, cows and
horses? Oh, that's cute.

KUZZY

Wait. Wait. Wait. What kind
of reservation? No freakin'
way.

ABEL

Lucky bastard, free opium...

I can, but I won't.

DANIEL

Oklahoma, actually.
Really?!

Um... Yeah, no, no, it's real
chill, just chickens.

Uh, Apache, why-

KUZZY

They're the ones that scalp people right?

DANIEL

Uh...

DANIEL

I mean, not anymore, we
don't...

KUZZY

When I was at school, there
was, like, charcoal art
that showed scalping and it
was totally bonkers. Hey,
Siri, did Apaches scalp
people?

Okay...

Wait...

KUZZY

Oh my god she found pictures!! Look at this crazy
shit!!!
Kuzzy starts showing anyone who'll look.

CORY

Dude, come on-

DANIEL

Okay, I'm gonna go unpack.

ROSE

I'm gonna go unpack. Thanks,
guys.

Wait, wait, just... I wanna
talk some more or...

Just wait.

(Rose follows him out)

PEYTIE

Whatever you want to do,
you're just down the hall
with the turtle on the
door...

I'll... Okay. (Daniel exits)

Kuzzy tries to show Soma:

SOMA

Hey. Shut up.

Pause

ABEL

Damn, I forgot how fun drinking with people not
about to turn thirty was. Way more shit goes down.

Beat

GEANY

I think it's time to, like... go look at sites, right?

PEYTIE

Yes. Yes it absolutely is. Everyone go grab jackets, 'cause we're going to the volcanos today. I'm gonna go get Rose-

CORY

I've got it, ko`u aloha¹¹, let me do it!

KUZZY

Whoa, wait a minute- what was that, Cory?

Cory stares at her.

CORY

What's what?

KUZZY

(to Peytie) You teach *him* Hawaiian and you won't teach *me*?

ANNALISE

Is that really that surprising?

KUZZY

I wanna know Hawaiian words!

SOMA

Ask Siri.

ANNALISE

K, that it, I gone! (to boys) Shoots den bruddahs, till we meet again.

Annalise pets Leo's face, then pushes it.
She shakes Abel's hand too formally.

ABEL

Bye, your highness.

¹¹ "Beloved"

LEO
We'll be... here. By the warm glow of the fire.

GEANY
It's daytime...

The girls start to leave, and Abel catches Kuzzy before she does.

He offers her another cigarette. She takes it almost immediately, and he lights it for her.

ABEL
For the road. You're gonna need it.

The girls exit. The boys stay.

Abel gives Cory a cigarette.

CORY
You know I quit, man.

LEO
She's not here. You deserve
a break. Ok. Ok. Ok.

ABEL
It's Marlboro, get off your
pedestal. Ok... Ok.

CORY
I know, but no- I said NO.
NO. Thanks.

Abel shrugs it off, then lights it for himself so he's smoking two cigarettes at the same time.

SCENE 4

Later that evening.

We hear ocean waves and the sun is making its 10-12 second descent.

Geany quickly enters, as if she's been speed walking. She grabs a lighter and tries to light the firepit.

Kuzzy enters as if she'd been following Geany.

KUZZY

Well, you're weird.

GEANY

I'm weird?

KUZZY

You practically ran back here.

GEANY

I'm cold! Aren't you freezing?!

KUZZY

Well, sure. But why would you run, doesn't that make you more cold?

GEANY

Have you ever run before?

KUZZY

Once. Twice.

GEANY

What's *your* deal? You said five words the whole time.

Pause.

When Kuzzy doesn't respond, the lighter finally lights the fire.

They sit back, trying to warm up.

GEANY

FINALLY.

KUZZY

Jesus, calm down, you're not dying.

GEANY

Look, we all have shit going on, okay? / You don't have to be, like, like that.

KUZZY

What do *you* have going on? And like *what*?

GEANY

Just, stuff, whatever, it doesn't matter. I know, I'm *that person*, just deal with it.

KUZZY

Ohhhh, *now* it doesn't matter, for *you* it doesn't matter, and if you wanna call me a bitch just call me one, don't pretend you're better than that-

GEANY

Okay. I'm sorry. Don't be a bitch.

KUZZY

Thank you.

Pause.

GEANY

Can you at least give me a hint on what's bothering you?

KUZZY

God damn, you're a fixer.

I like talking stuff out, and I'm a good listener, plus I think I know what's up.

GEANY

KUZZY

What do you know?

GEANY

I know that Burial Site-seeing sucks.

KUZZY

Yeah, can I take a fucking rain check on this whole thing?
What the hell is she thinking? What the *hell* was she- She's not *thinking*! Her head's in her ass, or under her chair, or something- I'm sorry, ok, sorry. I'm just pissed. I'm pissed! This is so, like, some kind of "it's not you it's me" bullshit, isn't it?
It's both! She should, but I... (sighs).

GEANY

Okay, right?!
I just don't get why she didn't tell us before, or give us some kind of a warning-

Ok, too far. Um...

Or some kind of "I'm distancing myself" bullshit. It's both. Honestly. But she knows us, doesn't she? I mean, we're here. We're *still* here, after all the shit that's happened so far, we're still here-

Leo enters.

LEO

(enthusiastically)
What're you guys up to?

GIRLS
(in an attempt to cover)
Fine.

KUZZY
We're great.

LEO
How was burial site-seeing?

GEANY
Lots of mountains.

KUZZY
Very mountainous.

Pause. Leo pours some Jack in a staged awkward spectacle.
The girls stare. Kuzzy's slightly amused, Geany is not.

KUZZY
Are we really just gonna drink every time we see
each other?

GEANY
Yeah, no thanks, I'm good.

LEO
Suit yourselves.

Leo gets one glass and the Jack.

KUZZY
(hint, hint) Are we really just gonna drink every
time we see each other?

Leo gets another glass, goes to the girls. He starts to
pour the whiskey. Geany pulls out her poetry book, her
glasses, and she starts reading. Leo comes over and gives
the glass to Kuzzy, then sets Geany's in front of her.

LEO
What are you reading?

GEANY
Me? Nothing.

Leo grabs the book from her suddenly, flipping pages.

GEANY
Whoa, what the hell-

LEO
Drink your whiskey / or whatever.

GEANY
I don't have any!

LEO
Oh, yeah.

GEANY
Now. Please. Please. / I
just... Don't read it!
I'm not fancy, what the
hell-

LEO
Are these poems?
Oh my god, "I guess I have
to take a rain check on-
" okay, jeez...

Okay, okay, okay.

That's fine, let me be poor
and give it-

KUZZY
She writes poetry. She's
fancy. She's gonna be poor,
though.

Yeah, sooo poor... So...
Poor... Here, I'm done.

Abel enters. Leo gives Geany back the book.

ABEL
You bitches are in luck! Look what I found...

Abel gets out a Ziploc bag of weed.

ABEL
SATIVA! The Hawaiian kind.

Abel goes to the firepit and gets out a pipe, lights it.

KUZZY	WAIT- HOW'D YOU	(to Leo) Dude...
My god, you guys	FIND IT?	Shut up. Go home,
are amateurs,	You totally	just-
that's not the	stole it...	
homemade stuff.		

(Abel gives her the pipe) thank you!

(to Leo) Once again, leave and go home.

LEO

Shoooooot, cuz, lemme see- You steal this shit?

Nah... You snuck into someone's room, didn't

you? You sucked Anna's dick, didn't you?

Touché, touché. Just gimme already.

G the P, want one? Get it? P, like, poet.

ABEL

O contraire, it is, in fact, the homemade stuff. I have my ways to not steal shit.

Nope, didn't do that...

(dryly) Yeah, I sucked all one *hundred* of Anna's dicks, shut up, dude.

(to Geany) You want some? No peer pressure?

Geany laughs. She shakes her head, "No," politely. Suddenly—

KUZZY

WAIT! Everyone shut up!

LEO

Whoa, what the hell?!

KUZZY

G!! I definitely saw something!!!

ABEL

Wait a minute- I think I did, too. Like a wispy thingy?

GEANY

You can't see wisps! It's the sangria.

ABEL

No, wait, there's something / rustling in the trees, right?

LEO

(laughing) Sangria? *Santiva*.

KUZZY

Fucking night marchers, I'm telling ya! / G, get over here, you're not missing them *again*!

GEANY

Whatever... It's not night marchers!

LEO

What marchers?

ABEL

What the hell are night marchers?

KUZZY

They're Hawaiian warrior ghosts, Anna told me / they're always coming around 'cause she's royal and shit!

GEANY

Anna was fucking with you -

KUZZY

Just come and look, and you'll believe!

LEO

Okay, now you're making this creepy.

KUZZY

They're just dead warriors, don't be a pussy-

Annalise enters in pajamas.

ANNALISE

Hey, what's everybody doin' out here?

ABEL

(hiding the pipe) OH MY GOD hi.

KUZZY

Anna! I just saw some!

ANNALISE

What? Oh, I mean- Right, you sure did.

LEO

Highness, or whatever, please explain this bullshit.

ABEL

Wait, do we hear a drum or do we just see wind?
Do we have to be dead to hear a drum? / 'Cause I
think I heard a drum. And I'm not dead.

GEANY

They're not night marchers! Anna?

ANNALISE

Look, if you saw the wind, you're good and you've
got more time to live. If you saw the warriors,
don't fuck up my floor when you drop dead.

GEANY

What?!

ANNALISE

I want to end this shindig with a good, clean
floor, people.

KUZZY

Damnit! Nothing's, like, happening! / Again!

ANNALISE

You saw the wind.

KUZZY

I'm staying up, I'm gonna see one, shit damn, I'm
gonna see one!

ANNALISE

Okay, well, get on the ground then. Like, on your
stomach, / naptime style.

Kuzzy gets on her stomach.

KUZZY

Like this?

ANNALISE

Good job. And if you catch a glimpse, hide your
face. Like... Hide your face completely. They're
not gonna hurt me, / I'll tell you when to get up.

ABEL

Wait- no way, really? They're not gonna hurt us
if you're here?

ANNALISE

Nope. It's a Native privilege thing. / Or so I've
heard, maybe I'll die, sorry!

ABEL

Oh hell yeah, I'm in, too, then.

Abel gets on his stomach beside Kuzzy. They look out.

LEO

This *is* bullshit, right?

GEANY

Are you scared?

LEO
HA, NOT AT ALL!
I mean, not to
insult your
culture,
highness, or...
Soft spot, what?
You are
definitely
judging me on
your... pedestal
of sangria.

KUZZY
Are you
committed to
this mission,
Abraham?
Oh- really? I
swear to God I
thought your
name's Abe.
Right, ok, Abel.

Abel. You are
Abel.
So, let's die
together. WHAT?!

GEANY

Whaaaat?
You have a soft
spot? Like...
Just go to bed
if you want,
nobody's judging
you.

ANNALISE

Okay, okay, keep
looking out!
Keep looking,
nothing yet,
keep looking,

nothing yet,
there's some
wind and it's
gonna rain and-
I think I see
something!!!
I think I-

ABEL

Uh... kinda?

My name's Abel.

I mean, kinda,
just add an L.
At the end.

Okay. Don't wear
it out.
I'll think about
that. WHAT?

ANNALISE
(grabbing the pipe) THIS IS MINE, YOU BITCHES,
MINE, GOODBYE!

Annalise exits.

ABEL
She was fucking with us..
Beat

LEO
I want to be her when I grow up.

SCENE 5

The next night. Everything's dimmer, the firepit is ablaze.
It's a Bachelorette Home Party. The best kind of party.

The beginning of The Proclaimers' *I'm Gonna Be* is heard out
of the speaker.

*When I wake up, well I know I'm gonna be,
I'm gonna be the man who wakes up next you
When I go out, yeah I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you

When I get drunk, well I know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who gets drunk next to you
And if I haver, well you know I'm gonna be

I'm gonna be the man who's havoring to you*

The girls jam to the song. They jam all over the porch,
probably drinks in hand, empty pizza boxes in sight,

dodging the fire pit, jumping on the couches, picking up

Peytie, jumping on each other's backs, kicking shoes off, dancing and shouting and singing.

*But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*

*When I'm working, yes I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's working hard for you
And when the money, comes in for the work I do
I'll pass almost every penny on to you*

*When I come home (when I come home) well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who comes back home to you*

*And if I grow-old (when I grow-old) well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's growing old with you*

*But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more*

*Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*

*Da da da (da da da)
Da da da (da da da)*

*Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da
Da da da (da da da)*

Da da da (da da da)

Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da

The beat slows, the girls all crouch to the ground, then gradually they build their way up bigger and bigger. Geany puts Peytie on her back.

Kuzzy runs around with a can of whipped cream throughout the song. She goes around to each of the girls and sprays the whipped cream in their mouths. And suddenly all the girls got whipped cream in their mouths. Kuzzy gets to Annalise and sprays it on her nose, to which Annalise swipes the can and sprays it back at her. They chase each other. Rose grabs a Hawaiian flag, which hangs on the wall, and shakes it.

*When I'm lonely, well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who's lonely without you*

*And when I'm dreaming, well I know I'm gonna dream
I'm gonna dream about the time when I'm with you
When I go out (when I go out) well I know I'm gonna be
I'm gonna be the man who goes along with you*

And when I come home (when I come home) yes I know I'm gonna be

*I'm gonna be the man who comes back home with you
I'm gonna be the man who's coming home with you*

And then it explodes.

*But I would walk 500 miles
And I would walk 500 more
Just to be the man who walks a thousand miles
To fall down at your door*

*Da da da (da da da)
Da da da (da da da)*

*Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da
Da da da (da da da)*

Da da da (da da da)

*Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da
Da da da (da da da)*

Da da da (da da da)

*Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da
Da da da (da da da)*

Da da da (da da da)

*Da da da dun diddle un diddle un diddle uh da
And I would walk 500 miles*

And I would walk 500 more

*Just to be the man who walked a thousand miles
To fall down at your door¹²*

¹²Songwriters: Charles S. Reid / Craig M. Reid
I'm Gonna Be lyrics © Warner/Chappell Music, Inc

ROSE
I'm not going back to
Americaaa!

PEYTIE
Fucking retweet!

Annalise grabs back the flag.

ANNALISE
This *is* Americaaa!! / We didn't want it to be,
but it is!

KUZZY
What?

SOMA
We're in America, / Hawaii is the fiftieth state,
girl!

KUZZY
No, no shit, I know- what do you mean fucking
retweet?

GEANY
(to Peytie) Yeah, fucking retweet what?

ROSE
Fucking retweet me?

Beat

PEYTIE
Um... Yeah! I mean-

KUZZY
I'm confused...

PEYTIE
I was gonna tell you guys tomorrow with the fam,
but-

ANNALISE
What's the deal with your fam?

Pause.

Whatever music is playing is turned down, if not off.

PEYTIE

Well... Okay. So Tutu found some old baby pictures of me on the beach, and they texted them to me, and it was so sweet and Tutu can't text and so... I caved and called them and I told them all about the really bad doctor's appointment.

GEANY

How'd that go?

PEYTIE

Weird. Mom was, like, "I figured." And then Dad said, "Okay, we need to tell her, it's now or never"-

KUZZY

Tell you what?

PEYTIE

Well... they apparently all had this collective "feeling"-

GEANY

Like what?

ROSE

Yeah, like what?

PEYTIE

Like... this feeling that we were too far away for how intense everything is getting-

ANNALISE

But you didn't tell them until yesterday?

PEYTIE

I guess that's what Mom meant about, "I figured."

The music is turned off.

SOMA

Ok, that makes sense.

GEANY

So what was the news? What'd they say?

PEYTIE

Um... They bought me a house.

Long pause.

ROSE

What?

ANNALISE

Where? Here?

PEYTIE

Honolulu, yeah.

KUZZY

This is a done deal-?

PEYTIE

Yep.

SOMA

You're not serious-

PEYTIE

I'm dead serious. / It's actually crazy.

GEANY

Are you gonna do it? Are you gonna move?

PEYTIE

Yeah.

ROSE

When?

PEYTIE

Now. I'm just gonna stay.

Long pause.

ROSE

What about Cory?

PEYTIE

It's for both of us. He'll be able to take a break here, like, no work, no stress, nothing. Just us, and...

Pause.

ANNALISE

And what? Just waiting it out?

PEYTIE

Well, yeah. And then everything's, like, in one place, and prepared.

Long ass pause

PEYTIE

What? Guys. Talk to me. I really think it'll be easier this way, for everyone-

KUZZY

Question. How are we gonna be prepared?

PEYTIE

What?

KUZZY

I don't know, tickets are expensive from Portland.

GEANY

And from New York.

ROSE

And to Hawaii in general.

PEYTIE

I know. / I know.

SOMA

Okay, but do you really know?

KUZZY

You don't want us to come visit you. Or to see you... what, after the wedding? / Are you serious?

PEYTIE

Of course I want to see you, I'd love you to visit me-

KUZZY

Then stay in America. / Like, come on, stay in "America."

PEYTIE

This is America, okay- How would that work?

KUZZY

Talk to your folks *again*, they're not gonna say no to you-

PEYTIE-

But you don't have to visit me, that's all I'm saying-

GEANY

Are you embarrassed?

Beat.

PEYTIE

Why would I be embarrassed?

GEANY

You never have to be embarrassed with us-

PEYTIE

I know that, and I'm not!

ROSE

Okay, how about this: What does Cory think about the house?

Pause.

ROSE

Are you serious? You really haven't told him?

SOMA

Peytie, no...
That's not-

PEYTIE

I'm getting
around to it,
okay? This is

for him, too,
it's more for
him and for you
all than for me,
honestly. I'm
sorry- what?

ANNALISE

Bullshit.

ANNALISE

I. Said. *Bullshit.*

KUZZY

You're scared. Admit it.

PEYTIE

Of what?! / Getting *more* useless than I am? Do you see me crying a fucking river?

ANNALISE

You're afraid of something! / You are crying yourself-

SOMA

Are you afraid of us-

PEYTIE

NO! I just want this to be easy!

Pause

ANNALISE

What do you want from us, dude?!

SOMA

Like, okay, who
said we can't
live our lives
with you? Right?
Okay, Rose, he
can figure-

It doesn't
matter how much
the tickets are!
It's not about
you, how about
that?

fucking *Connecticut*
in *October*!!

It *does* matter,
I spent two
months paycheck
on all these-!

(to Geany)
ARE YOU GONNA
SAY SOMETHING?!

ROSE

What the hell
does "healthy"
even mean!
And what's Cory
gonna do, quit
his job?!
Quit his entire
life?

KUZZY

I can't afford
that, I'm not a,
you know, queen!
I don't have any
money!

PEYTIE

That's not the
point, this is
just better,
it's *healthier*-

I want you guys
to just be able
to live your
lives, I don't
need you-

And to get money,
I gotta work,
and I already
got tickets to
go out to

ANNALISE

(to Peytie) I
live here,

so what are you
trying to do
here?
What is your
point then,
okay?
Just say
something that
makes sense!

SOMA
HEY! CALM DOWN!

Pause

Annalise grabs the pizza boxes and exits into the house.
Kuzzy and Rose follow her. Soma looks at Peytie, sighs.

SOMA
They need to get over themselves, and just-
I'm just... I'll go talk... Or... Love you, goodnight.

Soma exits. Peytie and Geany are together.

PEYTIE
You gonna yell at me now that everyone's gone?

GEANY
Yep. (dryly) You bitch, fuck you...

Peytie laughs, suddenly laughing super hard, which makes
Geany start laughing. Peytie calms down her laughing.

PEYTIE
I think I need you guys too much. Especially you.
That's why I have to-

GEANY
Stop. Stop. Shhhhh

Geany picks up the can of whipped cream. Peytie laughs,
opens up, and Geany sprays it into her mouth, laughing.

SCENE 6

The next day.

Abel lays on his stomach on the ground, staring at the ocean. He's wearing a strange, but sharp dressy outfit, with an outrageously colored/patterned Hawaiian shirt. He has even pulled his hair back, no bandana.

Peytie enters, frantically rolling, wearing a robe but still her oxygen.

PEYTIE

Damnit, damnit-

ABEL

You need help there?

Whoa there, hey... I think he's showering?

K. Right. No, I don't know where he is.

Is everything okay?

Peytie starts coughing.

PEYTIE

(coughing the more she speaks) Uh, kinda? Not really. Dad said Tutu wants to start serving everything in an hour, and literally no one's ready,

PEYTIE

Oh!

Hey, Abel, didn't see you- uh, no, I'm fine, sorry, have you seen Cory? Nope, I checked.

which is totally my fault because I didn't know, and we've all gotta drive an hour and I've just- It just sucks, you know? Just-

I promise, dude, I promise,
I'll go look for him now.
You just... go do whatever.
Okay? Whoa, whoa,
hey hold on, slow down,
square breathing, four
seconds just-

ABEL
Hey, hey, slow down, it'll
be fine. I'll find him,
okay?

Are you good?

She has to catch her breath. Abel goes over to her.

PEYTIE
No, no, don't come over here. I'm fine, just...

She finally looks at him, and realizes how he's dressed.

PEYTIE
When I said aloha attire, I didn't know you'd go
for it.

ABEL
You *always* gotta go for it.

Peytie smiles, then exits into the house. Abel goes to
follow her into the house, but then decides not to. Then he
decides to and-

Kuzzy enters in a dress. She looks like a fish out of water.
She trips as she runs into Abel.

ABEL
Whoa, hey there!
Steady, steady,
Careful-
you'll wrinkle the shirt.
Whoa. I think you mean,
"It's so bad it's good."
You look really pretty... By
the way.

KUZZY
Damnit, sorry.
I thought you were Geany,
then I thought you were
Soma, and then I tripped.
I'm glad, that shit's ugly.
Nope, not what I-

KUZZY
What?

ABEL

What?

I just complimented you.
Well, then you must look
okay in b- nevermind.
Nope.
That didn't come out right.
KUZZY

Thanks?
Honestly, I was going for
the "I just rolled out of
the bed" look.
So. Yeah.

ABEL
Okay.

KUZZY
Okay. Why are you out here, though?

ABEL
I'm just waiting. For...

KUZZY
For?

ABEL
For everyone else to come out before we go.

KUZZY
We've got, like, hours.

ABEL
Oh, no we do not, not anymore, Peytie just came
out and said they want to get started now.

KUZZY
Shit! / Seriously?

ABEL
Have you seen Cory?

KUZZY
Not in a bit. Why?

ABEL
I don't know, Peytie was asking.

Kuzzy rushes and almost exits, then Abel lays down on the
ground staring at the ocean.

Pause.

KUZZY
You're looking for night
marchers... In the *daytime*.
Because I don't know if you
really considered the name
night marcher.

You're dumb.

You also talk a lot.

No. NO. I'm not doing that,
that's-

I did consider that. That
was considered in my
consideration, and you can
just leave me alone. Maybe
I just like laying down,
you know? Maybe I just like
it.

Well, thanks, you too?

ABEL

Short pause

KUZZY
Have you seen anything?

ABEL
You're confusing.

KUZZY
Have you seen anything?

ABEL
Maybe I did, maybe you missed it.

Kuzzy rushes and lays down beside Abel.

ABEL
I mean, the sun sets early
here, right? Nothing yet,
calm yourself. Nope, nope,
I'm not dead, so...
Just, shhh, and watch, and
then go get ready.

KUZZY

Pause. They look together.

No way, are you for real?
What'd you see?!
Or did you hear drums,
that's a thing, too-
but I guess you're not dead.
I *am* ready. I was *born*
ready.

ABEL

Cory said you draw?

KUZZY

Why'd he say that?

ABEL

Beats me.

KUZZY

I don't now, I *did*.

ABEL

Like, fancy painting or, like-

KUZZY

Not at all.

ABEL

Huh. Can you draw me?

KUZZY

What? No.

Abel hands her his phone, pulls up Digital Touch on texting.

ABEL

Here. Draw me, I'll send it to my mom.
Paint me like a French girl, or, yeah... What's that from?

Oh, never seen it,
I know the ending why would I see it?
Just, oh okay. Better angle? Better lighting? Oh, okay, okay.
(whispering) Okay. Okay.

KUZZY

I'm not good at, like, "finger" drawing, and literally it's been so many years...

"Paint me like one of your French girls," actually. *Titanic*, dude.

You've never- my god.

Okay, here, look up a little bit. Just a little. Just... better.
Shhh I need a second.

After a few seconds, Kuzzy finishes drawing. She shows him. Rose enters. She is dressed to impress, and she's been drinking.

ABEL

Huh.

KUZZY

I know it's bad. / Still wanna send it to your mom?

ABEL

No, it's- just... It's good, but- What's this slice in my head?

KUZZY

Your bandana! / Duh, was that not obvious?

ABEL

My god... Not at all-

Rose stumbles over to the couch, and sees them laying on the ground.

ROSE

Oh, hey there!!

KUZZY

Oh, shit, roomy-

ROSE

What are you doing all the way down there?!

KUZZY

Wait, what's-
Oh god, girl...

ABEL

I can smell her breath from here...

ROSE

I had shots. / Of Tito's!

KUZZY

How many? SHIT- how many?

ROSE

Just, like... threeee.

KUZZY
What? Really?
Just... I'm gonna
go get some
water.
I know.

Okay, Rose,
come. Come with
me, come with-
Oh my god...

ABEL
What? Dude,
Peytie said-
Okay, okay.

I'm really tall,
so it, like,
doesn't take too
long to flood my
system, like,
throughout, you
know?

ROSE

Kuzzy tries to lead Rose inside, but Rose just lays face
down on the couch. Kuzzy tries to get her-

KUZZY
I'm not kidding, come on! Come on! / Damnit, girl,
are you shitting me? Not now! You are NOT allowed
to be tired!

ROSE
(muffled) nooooooooo.... I'm tired....

Peytie exits. Daniel enters, watching her, trying not to
laugh.

DANIEL
You okay there?

Kuzzy looks at him, like, "Are you kidding?" Then she exits,
fed up.

ROSE
Dan! Oh, hi there, *bruh!!*
So I watched this video of
an otter doing backflips,
and I took a shot for every
backflip he did, just
because I wanted to, and-

DANIEL
Have you been drinking?
That's a stupid question, I
know you have.
Come here, let me help you
up. Just come here-

Daniel helps her to sit up. Their faces are suddenly close.

ROSE
Don't we have to go soon?

Peytie said something, and
Anna said something...

DANIEL

Everyone's either getting dressed or looking for Cory, and we're dressed so I think we better go help out.

Whyyy? I don't want to...

DANIEL

Come on, you'll probably find him first.
You're observant! You're smart! What? That's not-you are.
Of course.
I've known you for a while, dude.

ROSE

Why me?

Nobody thinks that.
Literally. Yeah? Really?

Of course I just didn't know you knew I know things-

Rose starts to get up, then stumbles slightly.

DANIEL

Whoa, whoa, slow down. You good, *bruh*. That was me trying to be funny.

ROSE

You. Are. Funny.

DANIEL

Yeah, right.

ROSE

I know you are! (gasp) "Know" sounds like "Rose"! / "Nose" sounds like Rose, too.

DANIEL

"Go" sounds like "Rose", so let's go...

She suddenly kisses his nose. It's kinda cute. A little weird.

Peytie runs into them from rolling fast out of the house.
Rose playfully exits into the house.

PEYTIE

(coughing) Cory??

DANIEL

We were... looking- are you okay?

PEYTIE

**I'm fine, I'm fine, I
just... Dad tryin'a
call me, Geany's
tryin'a get me ready,**

Are you okay?
Are you okay?

**and Cory's gone some
place, and it's just all
so much- pilikia¹³, or
whatever, it's shitty-**

I need help and I no like
help and- it's just all--

DANIEL

Whoa, whoa, it's
okay-

Hey, hey, I don't
know exactly what
you're-
Wait, wait, hey
just stop talking,
breathe, take a
few deep breaths,
if you can?

¹³ Problems

Peytie keeps coughing.

DANIEL (getting alarmed)
You're not okay...

PEYTIE
I'm- fine- I'm- fine-

Peytie starts gasping for breath.

DANIEL
SHIT! Shit!

Daniel rushes, takes off her oxygen mask to test it, and then Peytie starts gasping even more.

DANIEL
(yelling) HELP! SOMEONE HELP! RIGHT NOW! HELP!
GUYS! ANYONE!

Geany runs in.

GEANY
What's going on, what's
"help"? Oh my god!!
What the hell- you took it
off?! Peytie, talk to me!
Fuck fuck! Okay, hold on-
DANIEL

I don't know what's-
It's her oxygen tank, it's
jammed or some shit,
I don't know! It was
jammed!! What else was I-

Peytie tries to talk. Geany looks at the tube and starts bending the tube.
Then, Leo runs in the room.

LEO
What's happening?!
Holy shit! Well, don't do
that, you'll fuck up the
tube!
She needs a new tube! Where
are they?
Keep her talking, and I'll-
She's trying to say
something, keep her-

What is it? What's-
PEYTIE gasps, trying to say
something, but it's
inaudible.

GEANY
She can't breathe!

Then what do I do?! Uh... In
her room somewhere?!
Shit I don't know, this has
never happened before and-!

Oh my god! Peytie, keep
talking-
what is it? What is it?
Suddenly, Cory and Annalise run in.

CORY
PEYTIE!

Annalise is frozen,
lost for words, tries to
speak, can't.

Peytie's gasping for air.

PEYTIE
(barely audible) Tube...

GEANY
TUBE- she said Tube!
Does she have a new tube?

LEO
Go get her a tube, Cory!
She's gotta have extras
somewhere!

Cory stands, shocked. Annalise is frozen too.

DANIEL
DUDE, NOW!

CORY runs into the house.

Soma, Kuzzy, and Abel suddenly rush in. Abel runs to Peytie.

GEANY
Breathe with me!
Try to breathe
with me!
Just... (starts to
cry) I just need
you to...

(to Geany)-
Keep it together,
you've gotta
keep it together,
Peytie, Peytie,
I need you to
just... (inhales,
exhales, inhales,
exhales).

What's going on-
Peytie? Sweet P,
oh my god, keep
what-

she's turning
blue!

Peytie... Come on,
come on, keep
your eyes open-

KUZZY

ABEL

Peytie is about to pass out.

KUZZY
What the fuck
happened?!

DOES ANYONE KNOW
CPR?!?!?

Stop?! What do
you- Then you do
something!

SOMA
Just... stop. Stop.
I just mean,
stop panicking!
I'm gonna call
911! How about
that? You ever
thought of that?

LEO
Not yet, she's
not unconscious
yet! Don't call-

ABEL
Shut up, you're
freaking her
out!

GEANY

Cory runs back in with a new nasal cannula.

CORY
MOVE!

Cory unplugs the old nasal cannula and attaches the new one.
He puts it in Peytie's nose, and she gasps for air, coughs,
then finally breaths normally again.

Cory chokes up, wants to hold Peytie, but he can't.

PEYTIE
I'm fine... I'm fine...

CORY
I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry...

PEYTIE
It's okay, stop, it's fine...
I'm fine...
Oh, hey there, found ya!

Everyone collapses into seats, breathing, wiping away tears,
taking deep breaths, trying to calm down.

PEYTIE

I... need a nap...

Annalise, overcome with emotion, exits into the house, as Rose enters.

ROSE looks around

ROSE

Is there not gonna be a party? / 'Cause I'm tired...

DANIEL

No, there's not.

PEYTIE

Yes, there is.

Long pause.

SOMA

Yeah, there is. And we need to go get ready, right?

KUZZY

No.

PEYTIE

Yes.

SOMA

Yes. (to Rose) You are NOT allowed to be tired.

END OF ACT

ACT TWO

SCENE 1

Later that night, after the wedding feast.

Everyone enters singing something like "Mr. Brightside" by the Killers, something v middle school and angsty.

The song is playing on Leo's iPhone, and he plugs it into a speaker in the room.

At some point in doing all of this, everyone is singing and dancing to the song.

Kuzzy passes beers out to everyone, starting with Daniel and Abel, who both make themselves comfortable not dancing.

Cory carries Peytie in and sits on the couch, putting Peytie in his lap. They are romantic, but not too sappy.

Soma turns on something more dansy, a la "Can't Feel My Face" by The Weekend.

Annalise and Soma light the firepit and they start to dance, and they start leading the dance moves. It would work if Leo interrupted the dance moves with bad ones of his own.

Rose has obviously had lots to drink at this point, and she starts dancing, too.

Kuzzy joins, too, but then notices Geany in the corner. Kuzzy makes her way over to Geany.

KUZZY

I know you can dance, / you lame ho.

GEANY

I don't want to. I do *not* want to.

ROSE

G, ba-by, come dance!

GEANY

I'm good! / I'm gonna drink!

KUZZY

You know what your problem is? You have no problems.

GEANY

What?

GEANY

Ok, what? That makes no sense,

KUZZY

You don't have problems!
You don't do shit,
so you don't even make
problems and it's annoying!
Oh, please, ho-ney..
What's one problem you got?

I have fun! Please!

I don't know, I'm addicted
to... That ice breaker gum.
It's...
Addicting...

Girl...

KUZZY

Like, look, my ex is on the dancefloor, but I'm still gonna dance! That's a real-ass problem!

Kuzzy raises her glass to toast Geany, then runs to dance some more. Geany toasts her back quietly. Leo then goes over to Geany.

LEO

Hey.

GEANY

Hey?

LEO

She's in a good mood.

GEANY

She's shwasted.

LEO

Yeah. I'm right behind her. You gonna catch up?

GEANY

I don't know... / Yeah, I am, so?

LEO

You're so boring, oh my god-

Meanwhile, Cory and Peytie watch the dancing and laugh.

PEYTIE

I told you this wouldn't be bad.

CORY

How do you say "not bad" in Hawaiian?

PEYTIE

No bad.

CORY

No bad.

He kisses her.

PEYTIE

(joking) Okay, okay.

Cory kinda awkwardly shys away.

Kuzzy dances her way over to Abel. She starts intentionally awkward-sexy-dancing, and he just stares analytically.

ABEL

Interesting,
I'd give it a hard 8.5.
Out of *ten*.

KUZZY

8.5? Are you kidding me?
Fuck you, ya ho.

Kuzzy leaves him to go back and dance. She lets her frustration drive her dancing, and suddenly she's the best dancer in the room. Everyone notices.

ANNALISE

Okay, girl! Okay!!

(to Rose, who bumps into
her)
Girl,

you gotta stop that now.

SOMA
Damn, girl!

Oh, okay, I got you, my
bad!!

ROSE
Whoops, not sorry!

They keep dancing, then Soma and Kuzzy dance nearer and nearer to each other. They make eye contact, confused and full of adrenaline.

Then Annalise, realizing something's up, saves the day by dancing in between them.

Kuzzy goes to dance with Rose.

Leo goes and changes the song to something along the lines of "Humble" by Kendrick Lamar.

Soma and Annalise start rapping along while dancing.

Daniel starts laughing.

Rose notices and goes over to him and sits by him.

ROSE
LOOK.

DANIEL
What?

ROSE
(whisper-speaking) They're rapping...

DANIEL
That's correct.

ROSE
I can't rap...

DANIEL
Have you ever tried? I bet you could if you tried.

ROSE
Nooooo... but I *will* try!

Rose tries to rap the song, but it's slurry and slow. Daniel continues to laugh. Rose then lays her head on Daniel's shoulder. He lets her.

DANIEL
Can I get another beer,
Geany?

GEANY
Oh, yeah, sure.

She gets him a beer. He opens it and starts drinking it fast.
Meanwhile, in the midst of all this:

CORY
I can rap too!

Cory tries to rap the song, but he doesn't know the words, so he half mumbles and half shouts lyrics he can pinpoint. We all know *that* guy.

SOMA
Shuttt uuup!

ANNALISE
Shut up, haole!

LEO
What is that? Is that an insult?!

PEYTIE
That means you white!

KUZZY
Wait- that
means... You
called *me*
white?!
You've been
calling me *white*
this whole
time?! Peytie I
thought you were
better at
insults than
that! How? How
am I white,

besides actually
being white?
Drake isn't... not
hot, so... Okay,
bye forever.

You are white.
Like, the
whitest of
people.

Like, girl, are
you kidding me?
You love Drake,
that's, like,
the most basic

SOMA

thing-! Pshhh,
go home then!

ANNALISE

Hey, Kuz, if
it's any
consolation, you
at least know
you're actually
white, that's
better than most
white people!
(to Cory)
What was that? I
thought you like
a lot.

CORY
Oh my god...
You're just... a
lot. You're a
lot.

And you're just
entitled as hell.
So there's that,
too. You're
basic and
entitled!

I definitely
like a lot.

PEYTIE

Cory kisses Peytie again, long and sweet.
This is the best kiss they have had, and the best kiss in
the play.

They keep dancing, then Annalise poops out as the song ends,
and another song, probably something by Logic, comes on.

ANNALISE

AUWE¹⁴! I'm done!

ABEL

You need a pick me up?

ANNALISE

Whoa, look at you there, making conversation!

ABEL

Yeah, sorry, I forgot to be social.

ANNALISE

Okay, wait, that reminds me- there was this one
time I made out with a guy at a bar, you know how
it is-

ABEL

I make out with *so many* guys at bars—

LEO

¹⁴ "No good", "Shake my head"

SAME! / Make me.

GEANY

Shut uppp... / Whatever.

ANNALISE

So- I made out with this guy and I was like,
'hey! I need a ride home, would you give me one?'
And he was like, 'sure... if that's what you're
into,'-

Rose puts Daniel's chest and starts rubbing circles on it.
Daniel puts his arm around her.

LEO

Wait... What?!
Like, what does
that even mean?

Did he think you
got off on
walking home?...

Did you kill the
asshole?

ANNALISE

Well,

I assumed that
was an
invitation back
to his place,
but, like-

Yeah,
yeah...

(to Abel)
What am I,
fifteen?

Well, obviously
this guy was a
dumbass, and
basically things
got weird in the
car, like...
You know.
Weird.

OH. OH.

I literally
smack him in the
cheekbone, swipe
his keys, and
full-on Ricky
Bobby to a few
blocks away from
my street, and
then I haul ass
out.

ABEL

OR he just
thought you were
into car
intercourse.

I mean,
I'd buy someone
dinner first,
but I'm also not
a douche, so...

Wait. What kind
of weird?

Okay, I...

Dude, oh my god

Okay.

ANNALISE

Yeah. But, you know, shit happens and then you die.

Short pause.

KUZZY

I stole a car once, and I had a way less good reason for it.

SOMA

She's not wrong.

LEO
No way!

I believe it.

I'm not at all surprised,
'cause you're an idiot.

ABEL

ANNALISE

SOMA

Fun times.

KUZZY

Fun time.

Super awkward beat.

SOMA

Okay.

ABEL

Cory cock blocked me big time at a party one time.
Brother saved my life.

LEO
What?! I'm sorry,
how, and what?!
(bursts out
laughing)

PEYTIE
Wait- do I know
this story?
What is this?

I'm sorry,
what?!

CORY
Oh. My. God,

I don't know,
but I had a good
reason!

She was a, like,
diagnosable
psychopath,

I swear to God!

Annalise and Leo bust out laughing.

LEO
Wait- dude, the
frizzy hair
bitch?

ABEL

Yeppp, that was
it... Oh my *god*,

ANNALISE

What?!

IT?!

JE-ZUS... The
frizzy hair
didn't give away
this girl's not
standard?!

Okay, hold up-
she was hot at
first, though.
She, like, bit
my ear and-

Okay
You don't
understand...

(pouty) It was
hottt...

KUZZY
(grossed out)
Bit your ear?

Who has such low
standards for
their teeth?

CORY
Look, I think Abel was her sixth that night. /
Sixth or seventh? *Ninth...*

ABEL
I think ninth. Actually.

Kuzzy busts out laughing.

ABEL
And I was, like,
hmmm... Am I a
pussy if I do,
or if I don't?

her. Like, she
wasn't, like-

ANNALISE
Girl, Soma,
are you one of
"those girls"?

Like, you hate
the word cunt-
try?

PEYTIE
I don't remember
any frizzy hair
diagnosably
psycho bitches-

CORY
Exactly- and I was, like, I
don't mean to think you
pussy, but *you're ninth*.

SOMA
Okay,
we can stop now,
this isn't funny.

(at Annalise)
One of *what*
girls?

And, no, no, I
mean, this was a
normal thing for

(slightly
laughing) No, I
just hate you.

Rose whispers something to Daniel, and he kisses her fiercely. Geany puts the beer beside him.

Something like "Henehene Kou 'Aka" by Bruddah IZ suddenly comes on over the speaker. Peytie and Annalise basically scream.

LEO
Whaaaat the hell?!

ABEL
*I don't understand, what's
going on?!*

Annalise starts singing the song, and Peytie joins in.

KUZZY
Wait- wait- words! WORDS?
What do words mean?!

ABEL
They are not gonna tell you.

Kuzzy sits down by Abel, who discreetly starts scratching her back in a friendly way.

Annalise goes over to Soma singing, slightly teasing her, and then pulls her up to dance with her. Soma catches onto hula pretty quick, and then she goes over to Peytie, who begins hula dance with her upper-body. Soma copies her movements, then Annalise copies both of their movements.

Finally, Daniel and Rose are making out. It's sweet, hot, sloppy, and victorious all at the same time. Geany notices, and smiles. Leo notices shortly after. He almost starts to applaud, but Geany stops him.

Soma, Annalise, and Peytie continue to dance, singing, or trying to. Leo does that thing where he makes up gibberish to try to sing. Abel might throw in a, "You're racist."
Kuzzy can definitely throw in a "Shut up, ya ho."

But then, out of the blue, Daniel projectile vomits on Rose. All over her and everything, but not the floor.

ROSE
I'M wet!

What. The. FUCK.

SHIT. I'm... wet.

DANIEL

Leo proceeds to laugh.

me... Oh my god,
it's...

GEANY

Shut up.

ROSE

I didn't do anything to you!

DANIEL

Actually-

ROSE

What did I do?!

DANIEL

(snake-like) *You kissed me.*

CORY

Okay, hold on!

DANIEL

No, no, I'm done.

CORY

Now you're not, you don't get to talk to her like that.

DANIEL

That's just the truth, okay? That's a factual element of what happened, that was the cause to this effect, and here-

He chunks some of his vomit off of him at Cory.

ANNALISE

KUZZY

ABEL

(grossed out)

DUDE. FLOOR- THE
FLOOR!

(disgusted) OH
my god!

(slightly
impressed,
shocked) Ohhh...
That's
incredible...

CORY

What the fuck?!

DANIEL

Nevermind.

CORY

No, what the hell are you talking about?

DANIEL

When are you gonna say it?

CORY

What?!

DANIEL

Say it.

PEYTE

GEANY

Say what? (to Cory) Say
what?

Dan, let's go.

CORY

Say what?

DANIEL

When are you leaving?

PAUSE.

DANIEL

When is it gonna be enough? When are you gonna be
finished?

KUZZY

ABEL

Finished...?

Sit down, man.

DANIEL

When are you gonna be finished playing house?

CORY

Fuck you.

DANIEL

Actually, when are you gonna finish playing husband?

ANNALISE

Fuck off right now-

DANIEL

You know you couldn't do this if you wanted to.

PEYTIE

(to Cory) Do what?

DANIEL

(to Peytie) Do you.

SOMA

OKAY, that's enough-

DANIEL

Just hurry up, man. Hurry the fuck up and rip it off like a band-aid for her. Preferably while she's not coughing-

LEO

Okay, that's-

DANIEL

Or while she's choking, or while / she can still talk-

CORY

Stop, STOP- or you're dead.

DANIEL

OR before she's dead?!

Cory suddenly lunges at Daniel, but Leo grabs him just in time. Daniel stands his ground, and he spits some mouth vomit at Leo, but Rose gets in front of him, and he spits mouth vomit on her.

Dead silence.

Geany walks up beside Daniel.

GEANY

Come with me, let's go to bed. And clean you-

DANIEL

Don't fucking touch me.

ROSE

Go to bed. Now.

Rose wipes her face.

ROSE

Let G clean you up, then let her buy you a plane ticket, and then go home. Tomorrow. In the morning.

They stare at each other. They might as well be the only people in the room. And it'll be the last time they're looking this long at each other.

Silence

SCENE 2

Hours later, same night. Kuzzy and Soma sit in Soma's room.
Pause

SOMA

You're looping.

KUZZY

(smirking) Don't tell me what I already know.

SOMA

What are you thinking about?

KUZZY

Stuff.

SOMA

What kind of stuff? / You sound like a kindergartener.

KUZZY

Just stuff... This wedding's not till October...

SOMA

Was that a question?

KUZZY

Retweet.
It could be worse.

That's too fucking long to deal with... Everything.

KUZZY

It got worse. You were there.

Pause

SOMA

I'm sorry.

KUZZY

For what? (surprised) Really?

Rose's room. Annalise is petting Rose, who is laying with her head in Annalise's lap. Rose is smoking a blunt Annalise obviously gave her and examining her hand extremely.

ANNALISE

That was pretty badass.

ROSE

No it wasn't.

ANNALISE

You're stressed, we're all stressed, we really should go to bed, but...

ROSE

I was so close.

ANNALISE

To what?

ROSE

To him. To getting him.

ANNALISE

You didn't *really* want him, did you?

ROSE

Yeah. I did. And I still do, but... I don't. I can wait this one out.

ANNALISE

(impressed, "go girl") Yeah, you can.

Pause

ROSE

He's not completely wrong, either. Cory is sad.

ANNALISE

Yeah. I know.

ROSE

You do?

ANNALISE

I've known for a while, actually.

ROSE

Talk to me.

Beat.

Lights up on Peytie and Cory in their room. They are laying in bed together. Cory's wide awake, and Peytie's got her hand on his chest.

PEYTIE

Talk to me.

CORY

I'm fine, please. I'm trying to sleep.

PEYTIE

No you're not. Your eyes are wide open, I can see them.

Pause

PEYTIE

You know what's weird, G
puts her hand on my back
like that all the time,
it's really soothing- Does
that work for you, like,
move my-

CORY

I shouldn't be here...
Why do you want me to be
here?

Pause.

PEYTIE

What are you talking about?

CORY

You've got your friends, your family -

PEYTIE

And my fiancée with all them.

CORY

Right.

Pause

No, you've been acting
weird, I asked you what was
going on, and I can't read
your mind, and- What?

PEYTIE

What the hell's *that*
supposed to mean?

CORY

Nevermind.

I said nevermind.

I don't think you did-

You never asked what was going on.

No, you didn't.

Pause

PEYTIE

I'm sorry, but I still don't know what I did. Can you please tell me? If I did something, I want to apologize, but I don't really know what I did.

CORY

Why am I always the last person to know your plans?

Beat

CORY

When were you gonna tell me you weren't coming back? When my lone ass showed up to the airport?

PEYTIE

Look.
NO, of course not...
LOOK. wherever we are,
you're with me-

CORY

At the wedding?! When?
Ever?!

I'm with you when you want
me to be with you, but...

PEYTIE

But what?

And... I want to be okay with
it.

No. No, I did not.

Yes, I did.

And that's- *I want to marry you, and I want to have a marriage* and a life with you.

CORY

I know you're just dragging
me along at this point.

PEYTIE

You asked *me* to marry you.
You *wanted* to be dragged along.

CORY

I don't want to... run, like, / we're scared of something. That's not funny!

PEYTIE

(a joke) I wouldn't mind running, or moving-
Okay, get over yourself.

Beat.

PEYTIE

I won't talk in a year. Less than a year... I'm not gonna let *them* see that, I'm not gonna let *anyone* see that, so maybe I am embarrassed, but... I don't know, you signed up for this before I could stop you, and I'm just not letting anyone else sign up.

Pause.

CORY

Would you really have stopped me? For signing up for this? If you knew?

PEYTIE

1000%.

Back to Rose and Annalise.

ANNALISE

When Peytie was choking, we were smoking. That fruit cake hasn't smoked since Christmas... Since fucking Christmas. I can't even get past two days, but he's been a golden ponyboy about it. And he broke, or, like, "cracked."

I shouldn't have done this, but I offered him the cig. It was just a Marlboro, it wasn't anything special. I wasn't gonna pretend it was a good thing, either, like... I wasn't, like, "Yay, you're smoking and you promised your fiancé who's also my best friend you wouldn't, let's do it."

And he was, like, no... No way... I mean- he didn't say "no," but his eyes said, "Please, no. No way." And I just stared into his soul and was, like, "Hell, yes, yes way." And it wasn't, like, a "hell, yes, yes way," because I... I wasn't trying to trip him up, but... he needed it. He really needed it.
And I wanted to be the one to give it to him.

ROSE

Did he need it, or did he want it?
There's a difference.

Beat

ANNALISE

You're smarter than I thought. No offense.

ROSE

I get that a lot, actually.

Beat.

Rose hugs Annalise. Annalise gags slightly, but eventually gives into the hug.

ANNALISE

(giving into the hug) Okay...

Back to Kuzzy and Soma. They're laughing.

KUZZY

Okay...
There was... Kacey and Joan,
Shonda and Annie, Bryce and
Jim,

oh my god it makes me wanna
throw up, that's exactly
why I didn't wanna come
out! It was, like, *popular*
by the time I figured it
all out, and that's...

That's right, Kace and Joan,
oh my-
Jesus Christ, how many
queer people is someone
allowed to know?

Wait, really?

Is that why you shit on all
the gay weddings?!

No, I know exactly what you
mean! I'm with you!

SOMA

Oh, completely, 1000%!

SOMA

Like, I couldn't stand people pretending marriage
was even on their "life spectrum" of plans, you
know? I mean, come on, it was never real for any
of us. None of us grew up thinking, "Yeah, me,
I'm gonna do *that*!"

KUZZY

And now you're gonna *do that*.

SOMA

It's shittily ironic. But... what is love?

KUZZY

(not sung) Baby, don't hurt me.

Beat.

SOMA

Do you think Peytie's gonna be okay? After...?

KUZZY

No. I think tonight broke any hope of "okay."

SOMA

Me, too.

Beat.

SOMA

Can I tell you something?

KUZZY

Sure.

SOMA

My dad cheated on my mom. I don't think I told you that, and... I didn't know how to forgive him. I was so angry, but it was, like, I became... Bitter. And hard. And sexist. I literally hated this woman I didn't know, and I when I looked her up... she was beautiful. She was this white Southern belle, brown hair, blue eyes... Great cheekbones. And I hated her even more. But it was more than just for the cheating, she was also everything I, like, *wasn't*- and my dad was... Everything to me. I modeled my "person," boy or girl, whatever, off of *him*. And he ended up wanting a... pretty little cunt. A "not me." You have no idea how scared I was that, literally, I just wasn't meant for... To have anyone. And then you showed up. Your awkward, clumsy ass showed up, and... Wow. And I got terrified you'd leave, so I left, and... Wow, I regret it so much, and so... For what it's worth- You made romance real. To me. You made it possible. You made *this* possible. (she motions to her ring) Wow, that went just like I rehearsed it.

Kuzzy smiles, kinda laughs. SOMA gracefully kisses Kuzzy on the hand.

Pause

SOMA

See you tomorrow.

KUZZY

Bye.

Soma exits. Kuzzy sits on her bed, angry and confused.

SCENE 3

Geany and Leo enter onto the porch. Geany crashes on the couch.

Leo crashes into a chair.

LEO

I can honestly said I've never tucked a dude into bed before.

GEANY

You're kidding. You've never put a drunk friend of yours to bed?

LEO

I've walked in on a friend asleep while taking a shit. That was enlightening.

GEANY

And you didn't put him to bed?

Leo gets up to get a bottle of wine. He pours two plastic cups and gives one to Geany.

LEO

No, I just put his pants back on him. He wanted to lay down on the bathroom floor. So I let him.

GEANY

God... Well, way to go. Good for you.

LEO

Hey. Sorry... / I've been a prick to you, kinda sorta, and... Just sorry, okay?

GEANY

What? Oh. Okay.

Beat.

LEO

For what it's worth... That was the coolest thing I've ever seen someone do.

GEANY

What are you talking-?

LEO

Just... making sure he was okay. Making sure he was in a bed, that he was on his side. / And then all the rest just so he wouldn't choke or dehydrate or—

GEANY

Well, that was just common sense, honestly, I mean, we've all been there—

LEO

But, like... Who does that?

But nobody would, you know what I'm saying?

GEANY

I don't know.

I'd want someone to do it for me, I guess—

Pause.

GEANY

It was just... the right thing. / To do.

LEO

Yeah. Exactly, and I'm not sure I would've done it, you know what I mean?

GEANY

I mean, you didn't have to help me, so give yourself some sidekick credit.

LEO

I'm cool with being Robin.

GEANY

I'm cool with being Batman.

GEANY

LEO
If you're Batman, though,
you can't say you're Batman.

That's Fight Club.

It's also Batman. Which you
should know, since you are
Batman.

(Batman voice) I'm Batman.

That was the worst batman
impression ever.

(normal voice) Oh, god...
That sounded so bad.

GEANY

I think I would've hated you, like, in high
school.

LEO

You probably would've.

GEANY

And I *liked* people. I liked everyone.

LEO

And everyone liked you?

GEANY

LOL. I don't know...

Yeah.

Yeah.

But I was sarcastic and,
like, I drank wine
sometimes, so...

Shut up.

LEO

Were you a cheerleader?
Did you go to church?

Oh my god, you were a

badass... (laughs)

Were you one of those, "I'm
gonna wear a baseball cap
today and put on all my
makeup" elitist-type
bitches?

Nope, just a hair-down, no-
contacts, AP English lit-
loving type bitch.

Nooo. (laughs)

Thank *God*...(laughs)

LEO

Did you go to every school dance ever?

GEANY

NO- actually, I never went to one.

LEO

Are you serious?

GEANY

Yeah, totally. I didn't want to go.

LEO

What?! / No... Are you serious?

GEANY

Don't tell me you liked dances.

LEO

I fucking hated dances, but that doesn't mean you didn't go and make fun of literally everyone there.

You missed an essential part of life- the first true opportunity to openly mock people you hate in public.

GEANY

Okay, well...

Freedom of Speech?

Right...

Well. I'm not an antihero.

I'm Batman.

LEO

They laugh.

Pause.

They make eye contact, and Leo brushes the hair out of her eyes.

Beat

It's entirely legal and
strangely also very
American.

The most noble of concepts.
Like, an antihero type
thing.

Okay, what are you then, a
"hero"?

LEO
Sorry.

GEANY
Why?

I don't know, that was
awkward. You have someone.
Right?

LEO
You had hair in your face,
and...

GEANY
I know, and you didn't...
I mean, I'm not *offended*...

GEANY
Who told you that?

LEO
Nobody. Peytie. / I don't' know, she just- no?

GEANY
Why'd Peytie tell you? Or... Did you ask?

GEANY
You asked?
Really?
Shit... That's...
Look, just no, okay?
Just... No.
I'm sorry.

LEO

I didn't ask directly.
It just kinda slipped out,
and it was awkward, and I'm
not good at feeling awkward
obviously, and-

LEO
Oh. Okay?

GEANY
I don't have anyone. But no. I'm sorry.

Beat.

LEO
Okay?

GEANY
I don't know.

Pause

GEANY

It was my fault. He was good, too.
He was really funny, like, annoyingly funny, and...
Such a smartass.
And crazy smart, like...
He worked all the time, but he was *good* at it-
And...

Pause.

LEO

Can I ask... What happened? / Because I have a bet
with myself.

GEANY

Why do you care? What's the bet?

LEO

Just... I don't want to tell you.

GEANY

Um... Okay. Weird. Um... Don't laugh.

LEO

I won't, promise.

GEANY

The... sex... Like, it was just-

LEO

Bad? Weird?

GEANY

Nothing. I don't
think... it works
for me.

I don't know why
you're laughing.

Or I don't work,
or-

It just really
sucked, it's
always sucked,
and it's really
not funny,

(starting to
laugh at his
inability to
process bad sex)

LEO

What? Really?
(trying to hold
back laughter)

possible problem
to have, like...
That does suck.
Wow.
Sorry, just
processing...

I'm sorry, I
just... I didn't
know that was a

Can I ask... if you
felt nothing, or
if there was
nothing?

GEANY
(trying not to laugh) Both?
They both start to laugh.

GEANY
So yeah... One day I looked at him and just...
Geany shrugs.

LEO
Okay... Well, shit. Did you tell him?

GEANY
No, I just... No.
And he was so
good. And I'm a
horrible fucking
person...
I know it.

LEO
Never? Jesus...

Will you kiss me?
Sorry.
No, I'm not,
will you kiss me?

Well, look, I'm
sorry, I didn't
know that was a
possible problem,
I mean, I'm kinda
all over whatever,
but you're
definitely not
horrible, you're-
What?

Uh... why?

GEANY
I have a bet with myself. / Thank you.

LEO
Yeah. I will... kiss you. No problem.

Leo kisses Geany. They break.

GEANY

Sorry, can you do it again? Maybe slower?

LEO

Oh, uh, sure?

He kisses her again, slower. This time, he puts his hand on her face.

They break.

He kisses her again instantly, this time more passionate, both hands on her face. It lingers.

They break, but he doesn't let go of her face.

LEO

I just won my bet.

GEANY

(broken) I didn't...

LEO

What? Really?

Geany suddenly gets up, holding back tears, and exits. Leo just sits there, shocked, for a minute.

Beat.

Leo exits.

Silence for a few seconds. The sound of soft drums. They fade away.

Kuzzy enters the living area. She lays down on her stomach to watch. The drums are back, slightly louder this time. Frightened, she hides her face. She starts to cry silently. The drums fade away.

Abel enters.

He obviously couldn't sleep. And something's been eating at him. He sees Kuzzy on the ground, and lays beside her. He taps her, and she jolts up.

KUZZY

Shit... / Dude...

ABEL

Sorry. Sorry.

He puts his hand on her shoulder, and she shakes less. They look at each other.

ABEL

Couldn't sleep? Or-

Kuzzy kisses him suddenly. It's random. It's not wrong. But it's so vulnerable, it could snap in half.

Beat.

ABEL

(shrugging)- Ok.

They kiss again. And then it's intense. And then it's hot. And then Kuzzy starts to kiss his neck. And then-

ABEL

Stop.

I mean...

Just kiss me on the mouth.

KUZZY

Huh?

Oh...

Ok?

They kiss again. Then they start to undress.

As they start to have sex, soft drums play distantly, unnoticed to them.

After they finish, they sit up, perhaps a little too formally. But they don't care to rebutton, to redress, or whatever.

They breathe, maybe in synch.

ABEL

So... There was this girl...

I was in love with every inch of her body and mind.

I got to watch her just blossom.

Right in front of me.

Right under my watch.

Nobody else got to see it, just me, and it was
fucking breathtaking.
It was the best thing I've ever... watched.
Seen.
Done.

Beat

KUZZY

The fuck?

ABEL

What?

I don't know what I said
that's funny.

I wasn't trying to...

KUZZY

(chuckling)

You're just...

I like you so much, then
you just say something...

And I don't know what
you're... You make no sense.

ABEL

Why do I have to make sense? I'm figuring it all
out, too.

KUZZY

Yeah, well, I don't want to
figure shit out.

Can't we just enjoy-

I think I did.

ABEL

Wait...

Did you enjoy that?

ABEL

Me, too. I mean, I'm hella confused. And a little
bitter.

KUZZY

Bitter?

ABEL

Not because of you-

No, that's not what I
meant... Just...

KUZZY
Why?

'Cause I didn't blossom for
you? Wanna try again, maybe
it'll work this time—

Kuzzy kisses him maliciously.

ABEL
Don't do that. You're ugly when you're like that.

Pause.

KUZZY (softly)
Fuck you...

ABEL
I'm sorry.
You're right, fuck me.
Fuck me.
Fuck me- I've been in love
three fucking times...

Beat

KUZZY
Blossom girl?

ABEL
Blossom girl. My intern last year—

KUZZY
What?
Oh, god, no- Ew...
You were *that* boss.

You were *that* boss,

that's... Too much.

ABEL

Yeah.
She was... So smart.
It was hot.
She just could dig into
things, she could rearrange
and mesh and distance
herself and I just could
think of so many ways to
surprise her.

KUZZY
I don't know what any of that means.

Kuzzy suddenly pushes her hair in front of her face, then
behind her ear, then back in front of her face. She's
crying.
Abel almost scratches her back, then awkwardly doesn't.

KUZZY

I just wanna be funny, right now... I wanna make you laugh... Or insult you... Or fuck with you.

ABEL

(a joke) You just did.

He starts to laugh, but she just glares at him.
So he tries again-

ABEL

Here. Hold on.

No, no, it's...
it's just, just wait-

KUZZY

What now?

Noooo. I don't wanna draw
shit, just...

He pulls out his phone, and he looks up something.

ABEL

Just hold on- This is great stuff.

He plugs in his earphones. He puts on a song, pushes Kuzzy's hair back from behind her ear gently, puts one of the earbuds in her ear, puts the other in his own.

They sit and listen to the song.

When Kuzzy surprisingly moves closer to Abel, he puts his arm around her.

KUZZY

Isn't this a musical?

ABEL

It was a movie first. The movie's better.

They listen. She looks at him, smiles, they kinda laugh.
They look out at the sea.

ABEL

Do you see that?

KUZZY

See what?

ABEL

There's a boat... Right?

They squint.

SCENE 4

Early morning, before anyone should be up.

Daniel enters with a suitcase, stares out at the ocean.

The wisp in the wind turns into the ocean waves.

Annalise enters in pajamas. She looks at Daniel.

Annalise holds out a cigarette.

DANIEL

I don't smoke.

ANNALISE

Oh... Really?

DANIEL

I get that a lot. Not all of us smoke. Or scalp people.

ANNALISE

Touchè. I'm sorry-

DANIEL

No, no- That was me trying to be funny.

ANNALISE

Ahhhh. Ha ha ha, you're... That was good.

They laugh gently and smile at each other.

DANIEL

Can you tell her I'm sorry?

ANNALISE

Sure.

DANIEL

And, I'm sorry.

ANNALISE

I know.

DANIEL

And will you make sure Rose is okay?

ANNALISE

Oh, absolutely.

DANIEL

My sister was the bridesmaid for this girl she really hated. She told me it's easier to say no to getting married than it is to be a bridesmaid.

ANNALISE

Yeah, you can't say no to bridesmaid unless you're the biggest dick the world has ever known.

DANIEL

Right.

ANNALISE

And she wants to be here. She loves Peytie, in her own way. Nothing could phase that.

DANIEL

Nothing?

ANNALISE

Nope. She's more than just a sister.

DANIEL

Oh, I know that. And... That's pretty incredible. For her, and for all of you girls, too.

ANNALISE

It's really not. It's just... it's what you do. For friends.

DANIEL

I just never pegged you as one to play hostess.

ANNALISE

I'm not playing anything.

Daniel nods.

DANIEL

Touchè. Sorry, again.

ANNALISE

You don't have to go, you know, we can let everyone wake up, feed them pineapple or mimosas and—

Cory enters, staring at the two of them.

Daniel refuses to meet his eyes, looks at Annalise one more time, nods, and exits.

Cory and Annalise sit on the couch.

She gives him a cigarette, lights another one for herself.

They look out at the ocean.

CORY

How many people just... stare at all this when they stay here?

ANNALISE

Not many, bruh. Not da best view.

Pause

CORY

Pretty damn good to me.

Pause

ANNALISE

We're worried about you.

CORY

Who's we?

ANNALISE

Oh... the girls.

CORY

Oh. Really? Thanks.

ANNALISE

I'm serious. I know I'm not normally serious, but right now I'm serious.

CORY

I know, I know.
I've honestly been worried about you guys, too.
How are you? Like, the girls?

ANNALISE

We're making it.

CORY

Yeah.

Beat

CORY

That's a lot of girls worrying about me. That's new...
If we're being real-

ANNALISE

We bein' real.

CORY

That feels good. To have girls, like, "worrying" about me.
One day... It might lead to something... Or someone, I don't know. And I'll want it to, you know?

ANNALISE

Um... Yeah... / I guess I get that.

CORY

And.. Like, I'll forget how I feel now when that happens. I'll forget... everything.

ANNALISE

No, you won't.

CORY

Eventually.

ANNALISE

I know you won't- is *that* what Daniel was talking about? You don't have to worry about *that*.

Pause. Cory looks at his cigarette.

CORY

One day, I'll stop talking about her. About this chunk of my life.

ANNALISE

That's not a thing people do...

...Play with blocks?

You won't *forget* forget...

Maybe it'll be like kindergarden, like, you play with blocks and it's beautiful and you're happy, and then you move up... Not in a bad way. And I'll have kids. And I'll have a house, but they won't be hers, and... I won't want them to be. So...?

Pause.

ANNALISE

So?

Cory says nothing.

Annalise takes the cigarette out of his hand. He looks to her, she doesn't look back.

After a second, he exits.

Kuzzy enters, in boxers and sports bra, sits on the couch by Annalise. Annalise smokes the cigarette she took from Cory, offers hers to Kuzzy. Kuzzy takes it, smokes.

ANNALISE

Rough night?

KUZZY

Maybe.

Geany enters, sits beside them.
She looks at both of them, tries not to laugh.

KUZZY

ANNALISE

I heard you. Last night.
I said I wanted a good
clean floor, that's
literally all I asked for.
It better have been good,
that's all I'm sayin'...

For the love of God.
Bye.
Just, bye.

Look, I'm sorry, truly,
I promise-
Honestly, never again. I'm
done with... All of the male
everything, every single
bit of male,
I'm done...
I'm sorry, k, bye.

Annalise exits. Geany finally lets herself laugh.

KUZZY

I'm just... done with... all this shit.

GEANY

(settling down) Me, too. I can't... today, I just
can't. / Oh. Really? I like Mackenzie.

KUZZY

I'm Mackenzie, by the way. Don't ware it out.

Pause.

KUZZY

Here.

Kuzzy hands her the cigarette. Geany takes it and smokes.

KUZZY

Hey. The way you handle her, you just listen and,
like, dress her, you're, like, her hands.
And just the way you... You're there.
I don't know how you do it.
'Cause I don't know... if I can.

Kuzzy starts to tear up, and Geany pulls her in and holds her.

GEANY

Shhhh, come on...
You're gonna make me...
it's too early for this. Come on...
Breathe, just breathe, it's too early.

EPILOGUE: PEYTIE ALONE, but not, wearing her Lou Gehrig jersey

Sunrise. Later.

PEYTIE

It's too early for this.
But it's not.
This is my attempt at poetry, even though I'm not
a poet like you, G, but- I'm gonna try and speak
poetically, and you try and hear my voice when
you read it, okay?
I'm leaving really soon. I know it.
I know it because last night, while everyone was
asleep, I made the lamest of suicide attempts.
Don't worry, I just went out and looked for night
marchers. And I saw them. And I wanted them to
just get it over with for me, just throw a ghost
spear at me or something, I don't know.
And I saw them. And they looked through me.
And I caught a quick glimpse that spot on the sea
where the man with the backpack dove down and
never came back up.

And I'm pretty sure I felt exactly what he felt when he jumped. He figured out a way to die, and he was proud of himself.

For the first time in so long, I was proud of myself. I figured it out.

But then... They just walked by. Or... "Marched" by, I guess, boo.

I should've known they wouldn't hurt me. And I screamed. For the first time in so long, I actually screamed. It was terrifying.

And I prayed. For the first time in so long, I actually prayed.

I think it went something like, **"What else you**

want from me, Boss?"

I don't know. **Either God just bein' a real bitch,**

or He graciously meetin' me halfway.

I don't get it yet, and I probably won't. I don't get why Cory left, or how quick. I don't get that I still love him, but don't. I *really* don't get how I didn't see how bad you were hurting.

I'm sorry. For a lot of things, but especially cuz I didn't mean to ruin paradise for you.

Now you're never gonna be able to come back to Hawaii without feeling sad.

Anna, it was ruined for you already, but I wish you wouldn't be so hard on it. We don't have it that bad. Also, you're wrong. Your view is the best view.

Kuzzy, Geany, Annalise, Soma, and Rose all stand around the fire pit, dressed in Aloha attire.

Annalise empties an urn into the fire pit.

They stare into the lit fire pit, the flames dance.

PEYTIE

So put me where I can see it.

And when you do, drink that god awful off-brand Connecticut champagne and drink it all. I don't want it in my house anymore. You can share it, but Rose, you're the only one who's gonna like it.

The girls pass around a bottle of champagne, and kinda gag on it when they drink it, except Rose who loves it.

The girls start throwing various items into the fire pit: Annalise throws in leis and cigarettes, Geany throws in a

book, Soma throws in some printed out photos, Rose throws in the flower crown, Kuzzy throws in money.

PEYTIE

I keep wanting to know what it'll feel like. But at the same time, I don't want to know.

I just pretend that... I hear the drums, and then that's it.

I hear the drums, and then that's it.

I don't know, I can't imagine it hurting. I mean, what would I feel anyway?

I know now that- A normal life was never for me.

For God's sake, I can't ask for more than paradise so, why do I need normal?

But I guess you could say Normal is paradise, for me.

And, Normal is a paradise I never felt was mine.

But that's okay, because you are mine.

You are my ride or dies.

You are all the people I will ever need.

You are all I have left.

And you are all I ever wanted, honestly.

I'm not a poet, but... I don't need any more normals or paradises.

I don't need apologies.

I don't really even need to be remembered that much,

just as long as you are out there and killin' the game and living and being weird and changing your mind and doing stuff, that's all.

So just leave me here. And come visit every once and a while. Okay?

Anna and I will get bored together, or she'll get annoyed with me, or maybe she'll just get lonely and need some company.

Wow. I love you.

Aloha. That means hello and goodbye, and I mean both.

P. S.

Finally, the girls throw the wedding dress into the fire. They watch it burn.

END OF PLAY

APPENEDIX

APPENDIX

Interview with Hawaiian Resident

Purpose: To Best Understand The Experience, Lifestyle, and Culture of Today's Native Hawaiian Community

Interviewer: Halley Platz, playwright

Interviewed: Anonymous, Half-Native Hawaiian, Grew Up on Oahu, Hawaii

1. What is your family life like?

- On island
- Immediate, but also cousins and grandparents
- Oldest usually takes care of younger siblings
- No babysitters because there's always family
- Hang out with family ALL THE TIME, tribe, ect.
- "where did you go to school?" categorize on high school, to connect with family on island everyone knows everyone, small town

2. If you could, please walk me through a family event- birthday, wedding, funeral, ect.

- Celebrated: first birthday for babies, luau
- Parties include family and talking and food, families usually cook the food, use pu'a, invite all extended family
- Weddings: tradition of dancing hula, give money, Somalia culture puts oil, OR war cry dances Maori haka
- Funerals: no black, aloha attire,

- NOTE: aloha attire, bring money to funeral, not usually flowers they bring money, big party; aloha attire: Hawaiian shirt, dresses, special occasion,
- Names: depends on family, English middle names, different

3. What is your vernacular like when you're surrounded by family? Did you grow up speaking Hawaiian as well as English?

- Pidgeon, broken English, Asians needed a way to communicate, hows it brah?; common Hawaiian words,

4. What was grade school like growing up in the islands?

- Kings and queens, Hawaii bishop, land for school,
- college prep but now native, learned traditional Hawaiian,
- Hawaiian history/language classes, not normally vernacular, 70s people banned it but then in 80s it reuprooted

5. What are/were your favorite pasttimes when you're at home? What were your hobbies/pasttimes growing up at home?

- Hula as a kid, halau (group), young age,
- May Day, May 1, parades, hula competition called Mary Monarch,
- surf but its not super prevalent because money,
- cliff jumping and hanging on beaches

6. When someone not from the island is visiting, is there any culture/language barriers that occur?

- Respect is huge, "take care of the land," "haole," take time to learn is exciting, especially now, history is interesting

7. What is the biggest difference between life on the islands versus life on the mainland?

- People not holding door open,
- long talks, with family and friends and neighbors and most everyone
- “hows it,” (Pidgin)

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