

PROLOGUE

The lanai of a ranch-style house on the hillside in Kalaheo, Kaua'i, overlooking Po'ipū Bay. Patio furniture. A fire pit. Surfboards. A tiki bar strung with Christmas lights. No electricity – only torchlight.

Musical instruments scattered around, slippahs by the door. Night insects. Torchlight flickers. Soft ukulele begins.

BLUE sits cross-legged, strumming. Early twenties. Local-born. Easy smile. Boardshorts and a faded T-shirt. Barefoot.

DANNY plays a box drum. Barefoot, loose clothes.

BLUE

(singing)

I SAW IT IN A DREAM
THE LONELY ONES WHO CAN'T FIT IN
THEY SMILED UP AT ME
FOR THE FIRST TIME IN THEIR LIVES
THEY SMILED UP AT ME
AND THEY CRIED WITH ALL THEIR MIGHT
AND THEY SAID

(chorus)

WE'RE FROM OUTER SPACE
AND DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT HERE
TAKE US TO A PLACE WHERE WE BELONG
WE MISS OUR FAMILIES
SITTING ON A DISTANT PLANET
TAKE US HOME TO A PLACE WHERE WE BELONG

BLUE continues to strum softly. DANNY moves downstage center, under a warm spotlight.

DANNY

Aloha, make yourselves at home.

(points to someone)

Ho. Good to see ya. Grab one plate. Find one chair.

We got fish on da grill, pig in da pit, and plenty talk story.

Tonight is first anniversary.
Every year from now on, we gather.
So the young ones know.

One year ago today, I was right here on this lanai—
felt that stillness before the swell—
when Burnzie messaged me out of nowhere.

"I have to see you. Today. Cannot wait."

(glances toward Blue)

Could use one more Mai Tai.

Soft wind chimes tinkle offstage.

LIGHTS: Fade down on the lanai action (no blackout).

SPECIAL on the MUSICIAN(S), who are positioned within sight of the audience.

SLACK KEY GUITAR takes over and plays out the moment.

END PROLOGUE.

ACT ONE**SCENE ONE**

One year earlier – before the collapse.

The lanai of a ranch-style house in Kalaheo, Kaua'i. Patio furniture. High-top bar table and stools. Surfboards against the back wall.

Downstage, a polished shortboard.

Christmas lights glow on the tiki bar. A neon sign: PAU HANA. Music and the ocean's hush beneath it all. A fire pit flickers. Greenery frames the space. BLUE on uke, DANNY on drum.

BLUE

BUT WHAT WAS I TO DO?
I AIN'T GOT NO MONEY
AIN'T GOT NO FOOD
AND ALL MY SPACESHIPS
ARE OUT OF FUEL
AND I'M SO SAD
AND O SO CRUEL
AND THEY SAID

BLUE AND DANNY (CONT'D)

(chorus)
WE'RE FROM OUTER SPACE
AND WE DON'T KNOW HOW WE GOT HERE
TAKE US TO A PLACE WHERE WE BELONG
WE MISS OUR FAMILIES
SITTING ON A DISTANT PLANET
TAKE US HOME TO A PLACE WHERE WE BELONG

BLUE (CONT'D)

YEAH—
WHERE...WE BE-LONG.

Blue finishes with a riff.

Burnzie enters from the patio doors – fresh off the mainland. Linen sport coat, fedora, leather satchel.

BURNZIE

(applauding)

Bravo. O Danny Boy.
You always did know how to set a scene.

DANNY

Burnzie!
You're looking sharp.

BURNZIE

Life in the big city, brah.

DANNY

The Big Apple?

BURNZIE

D.C., Danny.

The belly of the beast.

Blue jumps up and hugs him. Burnzie hugs back – then holds him at arm's length, studying him for a beat longer than he means to.

BLUE

Uncle Burnzie! I'm Blue.

(beat)

I wouldn't even be here if not for you.

BURNZIE

What's that?

BLUE

You remember my mom, Jazz?

BURNZIE

Jazz?... Sure.

Of course. I remember Jazz.

BLUE

Jazzy says if you didn't chase her so hard, her boyfriend might not have stepped up.

(grinning)

Then... no me.

Burnzie laughs.

BURNZIE

(to Danny)

Danny, does he remind you of one of my relatives?

DANNY

Because he's so good looking you think he's gotta be related to you?

BLUE

Like one of those oil paintings in your family mansion?

BURNZIE

What?

BLUE

(smiling)

Your Blue Blood, Boston, Brahmin, Beacon Hill background.
Walls of portraits of all your ancestors.

BURNZIE

(chuckles)

Not all make it to the walls, Blue. Some are hidden in the attic.

BLUE

(smiling)

I think it's cool. We have paintings of our Kings and Queens and Princesses... I have a photograph of my Tutu.

Burnzie looks at Blue for a long moment, studying his face.

BURNZIE

I got it! Your strong jawline — reminds me of our Founding Father, Samuel Adams.

BLUE

Samuel Adams? I love his ale.

(he laughs, then shrugs it off)

I'll take it. Though my mom always said I got my jawline from my father. Whoever that is.

Burnzie goes still for a half-beat. Then recovers quickly.

BURNZIE

(lightly)

Well. Whoever he is... he's got good bones.

BLUE

You coming down to Po'ipū Beach for the Big Luau?

DANNY

No can, Blue.

Burnzie and I get some catching up to do.

BLUE

I'm debuting a couple new tunes tonight at the festival.

BURNZIE

Then break a leg, yeah?

BLUE

I'll bring back plates.

Uncle Burnzie, surf's going off tomorrow at Wreckies.

BURNZIE

Wish I could. I'm on a tight clock. Gone tomorrow.

Blue hugs him again. This time he squeezes harder.

BLUE

See you tonight, Uncle. Aloha.

BURNZIE

Aloha.

Blue exits. Burnzie watches him go.

BURNZIE (CONT'D)

Handsome kid.

(smiling)

Guess I can take some credit for that, huh?

Burnzie strolls to the railing and looks out toward Po'ipū Bay. Danny joins him.

BURNZIE (CONT'D)

Big party, Danny.

Sorry you're missing it.

DANNY

No worries.

Whole island's been celebrating all month.

BURNZIE

A month-long festival?

DANNY

Somebody has to keep the tribe together.

Danny hands him a monocular.

Look. There. Just south of the Hyatt... whales breaching.

BURNZIE

Beauties.

(quietly)

What a friggin' view-Shipwrecks!

Burnzie looks takes in his surroundings.

BURNZIE (CONT'D)

It's so peaceful here.

LOKELANI (O.S.)

Yoo-hoo, boys!

BURNZIE

(grinning; low)

Oh, Danny. I have a surprise for you.

*Lokelani enters, leading Frankie by the hand.
Frankie is in white linen and silk. Sunglasses.
Burnzie hangs back, watching Danny.*

*Danny turns – then stops cold.
Silence.*

LOKELANI

I finally got to meet this elegant creature.
Danny, you left out a few details.

Frankie removes her sunglasses.

FRANKIE

Aloha, Danny... it's been a while.

*Danny takes a step toward her, then stops.
No one moves.*

DANNY

Frankie?

FRANKIE

You look like you're seeing a ghost.

DANNY

I thought—
Wow.
You're really here.

*LIGHTS: Fade down on the lanai action.
A SPECIAL isolates the MUSICIAN(S).
SLACK KEY GUITAR takes over and plays out the moment.*