

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 wall.

Downstage: a polished shortboard – eye-catching, beloved. Christmas lights glow on the tiki bar. A neon sign: PAU HANA. Music, laughter, 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

(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 on the uke.

Burnzie enters from the patio doors – fresh off the mainland. Linen sport coat, fedora, leather satchel. He takes in the scene before speaking.

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.
Somebody's gotta represent civilization.

DANNY

The Big Apple?

BURNZIE

D.C., Danny.
The belly of the beast.

Blue jumps up and goes in for a hug. Burnzie hesitates only a fraction, then hugs him back.

BLUE

Uncle Burnzie! I'm Blue.

DANNY

Blue, this is Burnzie. Old friend.
From way back. Journalism school days.

BURNZIE

Back when your uncle still looked innocent.
Or at least knew how to fake it.

DANNY

Speak for yourself.

BLUE

Yeah, I know who you are.

BURNZIE

You do?

BLUE

You're in the book, Uncle.

BURNZIE

I am?

Burnzie reaches into his satchel and pulls out a weathered copy of Big Surf.

BURNZIE (CONT'D)

Brought the most coveted coffee table book in D.C.
Big Surf.
Thought I'd get the great man to sign it before he forgets
the little people.

BLUE

Not that one. The new one. *Surf Chronicles*.
You and Uncle Danny surfing around the world.

BURNZIE

Funny.
News to me.

BLUE

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

BURNZIE

What's that?

BLUE

You remember my mom, Jazz?

Burnzie pauses – a flicker of recognition – then smooths it over.

BURNZIE

Jazz... sure.
Of course I remember Jazz.

BLUE

Jazzy says if you didn't chase her so hard back then,
her regular boyfriend might not have stepped up.
(grinning)

Then no me.

Burnzie laughs – just a shade late.

BLUE (CONT'D)

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

DANNY

No can, Blue.
Burnzie and I get some catching up to do.
We'll watch from here.

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 a beat too long.

BURNZIE (CONT'D)

Handsome kid.

(smiling)

Guess I can take some credit for that, huh?

He strolls to the railing and looks out toward Po'ipū Bay. Soft drumming and festival sound float up from below. 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?
At a time like this?

(taking it in)

I've been whirling and swirling in D.C.
Hadn't heard a thing.

DANNY

Here.

Danny hands him a monocular.

Look.

Burnzie lifts it. His expression softens despite himself.

DANNY (CONT'D)

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

BURNZIE

(through monocular)

Beauties.

(quietly)

What a friggin' view.
That's Shipwrecks.

DANNY

I kept in touch with plenty people from the old days.

BURNZIE

You always did.
 You were the journaler.
 Me? I was chasing... scenery.

DANNY

Somebody had to keep the tribe together.

BURNZIE

So they came when you called.

DANNY

Enough of them.
 Surfers, seekers, healers, lost souls.
 Seemed like the right time for aloha.

BURNZIE

(smiling)

You brought the whole world to your doorstep.

LOKELANI

(O.S.)

Yoohoo, boys!

BURNZIE

(grinning; low)

Oh, Danny...
 I've got a surprise for you.

Lokelani enters, Auntie warmth in full bloom, leading Frankie in by the hand.

Frankie is radiant in white linen and silk. Sunglasses. Composed. Burnzie hangs back a half-step, watching Danny.

Danny turns casually – then stops cold.

A small silence.

LOKELANI

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

Frankie releases Lokelani's hand and removes her sunglasses.

(beat)

FRANKIE

Aloha, Danny.
 It's been a while.

Danny stares at her. The sight of her seems to take the ground out from under him.

DANNY

Frankie?

FRANKIE

You look like you've seen a ghost.

Danny lets out a breath. Almost a laugh, almost not.

DANNY

I thought—

He stops. Too much, too soon.

(beat)

DANNY (CONT'D)

Wow.

You're really here.

He takes one small step toward her, then checks himself.

No one moves. The silence holds.

From below, the faint sound of the festival drifts up again — music, voices, distant life continuing.

HAWAIIAN MUSIC RISES SLOWLY.

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

A SPECIAL *isolates the MUSICIAN(S).*

SLACK KEY GUITAR *takes over and plays out the moment — 30 seconds (or to the end of the musical phrase).*

END SCENE ONE.