

I LIVE YOU [AUTOCORRECT]

by Douglas Williams

Representation:

Emma Feiwel

WME

ERF@WMEAgency.com

212-903-1409

Direct:

douglas.a.williams27@gmail.com

Characters

Isabel - Asian-American female in her 30's

Sara - White female in her 30's

Amir - Black male in his late 30's, early 40's

Damien - White male in his 20's

A Note on Transitions:

Following the Prologue the play should be performed without blackouts.

Shift indicates the start of a transition. “+++” indicates the start of a new scene.

PROLOGUE.

A voice in the darkness.

SARA

Hey Google. I'm up.

GOOGLE

...

SARA

Hellooooo.

GOOGLE

...

SARA

...piece 'a shit
Google! Hey Google!

Google illuminates.

SARA

Good morning.

A small shaft of light rises on a ruffled bed.

Google's robotic voice emits from somewhere.

GOOGLE

Good morning, Sarah.
Today is June 21st.
It will be sunny today with a high of 102 and a low of 95.

SARA enters in a bathrobe, drying her hair and moving about her space.

GOOGLE

Traffic on your commute to work is very heavy as usual, due to delays on the:

R Train, Q Train, 1 Train, B52 Bus.

SARA

Jesus, are you serious?

GOOGLE

Yes, I am serious.

On your calendar you have a reminder to: Pay dad for cell phone bill.

Sara takes out her cell phone.

SARA

Remind me tomorrow, please.

She sits on her bed and scrolls through her feed absently during the following.

GOOGLE

Tonight you also have drinks with Nicole scheduled for 7 pm.

SARA

Uggghh, dammit!

Just start my breakfast please, Google.

Avocado toast, an acai bowl annd a latte would be dope, thanks.

GOOGLE

Okay. However, after you finish eating you will be approximately 49 minutes late for work.

SARA

I'll eat fast.

GOOGLE

49 minutes, Sarah.

I suggest a Kind bar and black coffee.

SARA

Gahhhhh fine.

A Kind bar launches out of the darkness at Sara. She snatches it from the air with ease and continues to pass through the room.

In another space, lights up on DAMIEN.

He sits at a desk with earbuds in and speaks into a small, desktop microphone.

DAMIEN

Good morning, good morning.
Hello and welcome to a brand new podcast and a new me.
Podcast title, pending. Subject matter, uh, pending.
But it's gonna be cool, I promise.

In another space, lights up on AMIR, a chef. He wears an apron and kneads dough slowly and deliberately over the following. He sips coffee every so often.

DAMIEN

If you've found me, glad you're still with me.
Apple's new algorithm really shafts new pods sideways--
Edit.
Apple's new algorithm is really... unfair to new pods.
Even if you were the co-creator of a very successful, very famous show.
Like uh
Well, like me. Heh.
Which makes no sense to me, but okay Apple!

Sara enters, now dressed for work. She puts on earrings.

SARA

Google, read emails.

GOOGLE

You have 35 new emails.

DAMIEN

Is Apple out to get me?
Who knows really, I'll leave that up to you.

...

But yes they are.

GOOGLE

Nicole emailed: Yo bitch, I need to bail on drinks tonight.

SARA

Woot woot! Thank god.

DAMIEN

I promised myself I wouldn't get into all the drama regarding my co-host
Former co-host on my former podcast.

But let's just say she fired me

Edit.

But let's just say we went our separate ways

Edit.

But let's just say we ended our working partnership as well as our romantic relationship of five years after I had a severe nervous breakdown.

GOOGLE

PornHub emailed: Renew your subscription for half off--

SARA

Google stop!

...

SARA

Maybe just...save that one for later.

DAMIEN

And yeah, my workload for the show was insane and maybe I *was* being a little distant - but tell me Samantha, how am I *supposed* to respond when I go to use your iPad and find a secret Slack channel between you and your Soul Cycle instructor, Gareth?!

Edit.

Shit ass!

GOOGLE

You boss, Charlotte Fitzgerald emailed: Helloooo I'm still not seeing the meeting request I asked you to about three times yesterday--

SARA

Shit fuck!

SARA / DAMIEN

Goddamn it.

A bing! sound from Google.

GOOGLE

New email. Subject: Join me on a new a tech liberation adventure!

SARA

What the eff?

DAMIEN

Tech liberation?

SARA / DAMIEN

Google, read.

Lights up on Isabel.

ISABEL

Hello!

Isabel Bayani here, writing from Digital Disconnect. A one of a kind wellness retreat in upstate that's a haven - a safe space really - for people who feel like they're drowning in technology.

I'm reaching out today because you've been selected from a wide range of tech professionals to take part in a one-time only, four-day soft opening of our first ever east coast campus.

We're still moving in and setting up, but my team is hoping to bring together a group of savvy, young professionals to enjoy a week away from screens and also to offer us their feedback on our new program.

So if you might be drowning in it and need help in hitting the reset button, your four day stay would be our treat.

I've attached more literature here if you--

SARA

Google, stop.

Lights down on everyone but Sara.

...

SARA

Mark unread and set reminder to respond at 11:30 today.

GOOGLE

Done.

Sara grabs her bag and prepares to head out into the world.

SARA

Hey Google, play something timeless and hopeful.

All Along the Watchtower by Jimi Hendrix plays.

Lights fade on Sara.

SARA

Google.

Music stops, lights up on Sara.

SARA

Play something, um
Gracious and empowering

Bridge Over Troubled Water by Simon & Garfunkel plays.

Lights fade on Sara.

SARA

Google.

Lights up on Sara.

SARA

Just
Play *Party* by Beyonce.

Party by Beyonce plays as we transition to:

+++

A large room in a Victorian house that has been converted for more camp-like purposes.

There's a cushy reading nook in one corner. A hammock in another.

There are also cardboard boxes everywhere. The space is still in flux, still being moved into.

At center are ten folding chairs set up in a semicircle.

Only Damien and Sara are sitting in the chairs, rolling luggage nearby.

In front of them stands Isabel. Amir is holding a black trash bag.

Outside is a covered porch. It's pouring rain.

AMIR

Phones. Tablets. Computers.

Amir opens the trash bag for Damien. He deposits his devices.

ISABEL

Welcome! You can call me Isabel. I use she / her pronouns.

And this is Amir! He's our chef, our *amazing* chef and our newly promoted campus coordinator.

DAMIEN

Heyo!

AMIR

He / him, whaddup y'all.

ISABEL

For the next four days we are completely at your disposal.

SARA

(looking around at the empty chairs)

So are we early orrr

ISABEL

No, you're right on time.

SARA

Where is everybody?

ISABEL

Well. We had a few cancellations.

AMIR

Ten of 'em!

Amir moves on to Sara, she deposits her devices in the bag.

ISABEL

That's right.

SARA

Wait so how many more people are--

ISABEL

It's just the two of you this week.

SARA

Oh no.

ISABEL

Tight group so you'll get a *ton* of individual focus. It's a great opportunity for both of you, really.

Amir walks to Isabel and hands her the bag.

ISABEL

(feeling the weight of it)

Whoo! What a haul. Thanks Amir.

Now how's that feel?

This is your first step...

Isabel casually drops the trash bag on the floor from not that high, but juuuuuuuust high enough to crack your phone screen.

Damien reflexively reaches for the bag as it bangs into the ground.

ISABEL

Whoops!

DAMIEN

Great, perfect.

Isabel glances into the bag.

ISABEL

They're good! They're fine.

I'm pretty sure.

(to Damien)

You're probably gonna wanna get this with your, uh, thingy. Recording thingy.

DAMIEN

Oh!

Damien unzips a small bag with him and starts pulling out some portable recording equipment, microphones, etc.

SARA

Wait, wha? You're recording this?

DAMIEN

Just the group sessions, activities and testimonials, you said?

ISABEL

Everything really.

SARA

Oh.

ISABEL

This is sorta why we're here.

SARA

Ooookay. I mean we just put all our phones in a trash bag, so it feels kinda

Damien books up the microphone and turns it on.

DAMIEN
(into the mic)

Test test test.

SARA

Contradictory?

ISABEL

Oh nonono.

Well, okay sorta. But this is for promotional--

I mean, *educational* purposes. Having this recorded so *sorta* why we're here.

SARA

You said that.

DAMIEN
(into the mic)

Press the pants, button the blouse!

Press the pants, button the blouse!

ISABEL
(to Damien)

Good to go?

DAMIEN

Just hit that little button and you're rolling.

He hands the microphone and the equipment to Isabel. She walks over and stands at center next to Amir.

ISABEL

We don't have our new orientation like all worked out yet so I'm sorta gonna wing this.

AMIR

Soft opening. No pressh

ISABEL

No presh, yeah.

Oo, also. It would help if you all could imagine there's more people here during this part? The intro just has a specific tone that's, like, for a group so.

Sorry. Okay action.

(big)

Welcome one and all to Digital Disconnect! We're excited to have all of you here.

D Squared has been a resource for thousands of people from all across the country who feel overwhelmed by the scourge of technology.

Even today, I'm willing to bet we have folks here from far and wide. Let's go around the room and have everyone here say where you're traveling from today.

(as if looking around at a larger group)

Let's starrrrt...here.

She points to Sara.

SARA

Oh uh, New York City.

DAMIEN

Yeah. New York.

Well technically Brooklyn.

SARA

Yeah. Technically Brooklyn for me as well.

ISABEL

...Wow! Thanks everyone. What a great group.

You've each come here because something...doesn't feel quite right.

Maybe you woke up in the middle of the night from phantom vibrations.

Maybe you've accidentally watched an entire two hour episode of The Bachelor in your shower.

SARA

Okay, have *literally* done that.

ISABEL

We're attached.

Today, 84% of adults say it would be impossible to untether themselves from technology, even for a weekend.

Impossible.

So today we're gonna start with a mini exercise. It will help Amir and I understand how to meet your needs over the next four days.

Usually people come to D Squared because they feel they've *lost* something. That technology has taken something from us.

So let's go around the room again, and this time, if you could just tell us what brought you here today.

DAMIEN

I can start. Sooo I'm a podcast producer.

SARA

No way. Which podcast??

DAMIEN

My last one was called Famous Last Words

SARA

SHUT THE HELL UP.

I *love* Famous Last Words!

You're the guy!

ISABEL

(proudly)

Yes he is.

DAMIEN

Guilty.

SARA

Ugh, I freaking *knew* I recognized your voice.

Do the thing, do the intro!

DAMIEN

Oh! Nahhhh.

SARA

(a pretty good impression of Damien)

"This issssssss FamousLastWords!"

Sara sings the intro music and does kind of a dance to it.

Everyone stands back and watches.

SARA

I listen at work! You are like huge! This is like a huge deal!

DAMIEN

FLW was my old project. This is my new one.

SARA

Wait, so you're doing a podcast about this place?

DAMIEN

Yup.

ISABEL

Which is low-key like *yayyyy* for us! Like NBD, but sort of a BD. Damien recording the next four days is sort of why we're here.

SARA

Ohhhhhhh. Jeez I didn't know it was for a *podcast*.

DAMIEN

Anyway. That's why I'm here. New project and a new me.

ISABEL

That's so great.

DAMIEN

Also, they fired me.

SARA

Oh nooo.

DAMIEN

Which was fine actually! It's totally fine. Because it helped me find new me.

Old me was the funny, beloved comedian on Famous Last Words.
 Old me was a clown. I hate old me.
New me is in-depth. New me moves people.
 People take new me very seriously. So I'm just here to find out what that looks like.
 So yeah.

ISABEL

Well we're over the moon to have you here.

DAMIEN

No doubt.

SARA

Okay, well for me
 I'm here because my job is taking over my life. Which, duh. Same for everyone.
 But in terms of what I've lost, uhhh
 I guess.
 I used to have all this time? To like be creative and like make stuff
 Specifically to make video games.

DAMIEN

Nuh huh.

SARA

Yuh huh. Like small, 2D puzzle-platformer games.

DAMIEN

Hold up, which *ones*?

SARA

Oh my god, nothing you've heard of.
 This was like when I was in high school and college. They were just for me really.
 But I really did think one day I was gonna be this famous video game developer.

ISABEL

We're not really set up for making video games here.

SARA

Oh no no, I totally get that. I wouldn't even know where to start, honestly.

But if I could just get that time back. And that feeling of being creative.
That would be, um, nice.
Anyway, that's it.

...

ISABEL

That was so good you guys.
I think we'd all agree there was a time when all this felt manageable.
But today's tech doesn't supplement our lives. It controls our lives.
Well not here.
Here we check *out* of the digital world and check *in* with ourselves.
Um.

(trying to remember what's next)

...check in with ourselves. Check--
Dang it. Then it's ahhhhh--

Amir leans over and speaks into Isabel's microphone.

AMIR

Maybe we can like tell 'em about us. Background action sorta.

ISABEL

Um. Okay.

Amir takes the microphone.

AMIR

I'm a taurus, scorpio rising. Worked as a chef at the Mendocino campus for six years.
And now I'm an investor slash coordinator man.

ISABEL

(taking the microphone back)

Yeah well we're *both* investors in this campus. Actually.

AMIR

With Gus and Gary.

ISABEL

Our bosses who founded the whole thing. Usually they'd be up here doing this but since we're, ahh

AMIR

Soft opening!

ISABEL

They're wrapping up a retreat on the west coast so you get me and Amir.

AMIR

For the last nine months we've been renovating this place, so it's just nice to see some other human beings.

ISABEL

We're just excited. I think is what he means. What else.

AMIR

Oo! This place used to be a boy scout camp or some shit.

ISABEL

Amir, you swore!

DAMIEN

All good! I can bleep it.

ISABEL

Oh. Thank you.

Okay. Now to the exciting part.

From *this* moment forward, we leave the outside world behind.

From here on out, no conversations start with "what do you do?"

Don't mention how old you are or use your real name or--

DAMIEN

Wait, really?

ISABEL

I'm sorry?

DAMIEN

I can't use my name?

ISABEL

Nope! And the reason for that is that we want to encourage you to--

DAMIEN

Damien.

SARA

What?

DAMIEN

Can I be Damien? For my name.

ISABEL

Uh, sure. But the point is that we don't *need* a--

DAMIEN

Sick.

I feel like I've sort of grown out of my name? But Damien...

He reaches out his hand for Sara to shake.

DAMIEN

Hello, I'm...*Damien.*

SARA

Hi.

DAMIEN

What's your name.

SARA

My name is Sarah.

DAMIEN

No but like what's your made *up* name.

SARA

I don't know.

DAMIEN

Come on, yeah you do.

SARA

I don't really wanna--

DAMIEN

Come on! New name, new name. It's gonna be fun.

SARA

Fine.

It's...Sara but with no H.

DAMIEN

Oh.

(to Isabel)

Can she do that?

ISABEL

It's fine. We don't need to keep talking about the name thing.

Because my point is

Welcome.

Every morning we'll do a group session but the days are your own.

When the rain, um, clears up, you should feel free to explore the campus.

Take a hike in the woods. Kayak on the lake. Take a nap in the hammock.

Really, you're here to enjoy this new chapter.

This opportunity to develop a new, positive relationship with our planet and with ourselves.

Together we'll reformulate our connection with digital technology.

Together we can take a step back. And breathe.

Welcome to Digital Disconnect!

...

Damien starts to clap.

ISABEL

Oh, shit.

AMIR

You swore, Isabel.

Isabel walks over to the recording device. She looks at it and hangs her head.

ISABEL

I know. I forgot to hit record.

Shift.

Amir and Isabel exit into the house.

Damien and Sara take their luggage and retreat to their respective cabins.

+++

That afternoon.

Sara's cabin. A bunk. A trunk.

She's unpacking her stuff. There's a knock at the door.

SARA

Come in!

Another knock.

Sara walks over and opens the door.

It's Amir. He's holding an umbrella and a clipboard. It's still raining.

AMIR

Yo.

SARA

Amir! Hi. Come in.

Amir enters and closes his umbrella.

AMIR

Isabel wanted me to tell you that the “welcoming jig” on your itinerary is cancelled because of the rain.

SARA

Oh no.

AMIR

It’s fine. The welcoming jig is sorta lame with such a small group. The farewell dance is my shit though.

SARA

Farewell dance? Sounds...ominous.

AMIR

Nah, it’s really sweet and hopeful actually. You’ll see if we get lucky with the rain at the end of the week.

SARA

So it’s still coming down out there I guess.

AMIR

Yeah all week.

SARA

What? No.

AMIR

Yah. Solid rain. Like, *solid*.

SARA

No I checked before I left and it said cloudy all week but no rain.

AMIR

Mmmm no, sorry. Dunno where you heard that.

SARA

My weather app. The Apple one with the clouds.

AMIR

Oh yeah that app sucks. They're always wrong.

SARA

No they're not.

AMIR

For up here they are. Like 90% of the time.

You gotta download FactWeatherPro.

It's the one with the umbrella but with a smiley face on it? Far superior.

Like they deploy their own weather balloons or some shit.

It's far superior.

SARA

What's FactWeatherPro say.

AMIR

Says rain all week.

SARA

...fuck.

AMIR

That's why everyone cancelled.

We all use FactWeatherPro now.

SARA

Fuck.

AMIR

I'm about to start dinner, you got any dietary restrictions?

SARA

No.

AMIR

Vegan? Gluten?

No. SARA

Paleo? AMIR

No. SARA

Some type-a cleanse thing. AMIR

No. SARA

So you cool with chicken? AMIR

I'm here for four days with one other guy and it's going to *rain* all week? SARA

Plus me and Isabel. AMIR

With no phone. No anything. SARA

That's the idea. AMIR

...

FUCK. This trip was supposed to be about like
Doing yoga on a paddleboard. SARA

We have books. AMIR
Lots and lots of books.

SARA

Rock climbing.

AMIR

And Settlers of Catan.

SARA

Trust falls and like *connecting* with people.

AMIR

Settlers of Catan is this dope board game I can teach you, even though I sorta suck at it.

SARA

No! Settlers of Catan? That sounds horrible.

AMIR

Okay well it's actually really fun.

SARA

I know what Settlers of Catan is.

I didn't use a week of vacation days, hire a dog sitter and put my phone in a frickin' trash bag so I could play Settlers of Catan for four days!

Sara slumps onto the bed.

AMIR

I ring a bell for dinner since there aren't any clocks around here.

SARA

Oh my god, you can have a *clock*. A clock isn't some devil device I came here to purge myself from.

AMIR

People don't usually get upset about the no clocks.

They get upset about the no coffee.

SARA

Shut the fuck up.

AMIR

This should all be on the website.

SARA

That's so excessive!

AMIR

I think it's more in the spirit of the whole thing?

SARA

I just wanted a week away from Twitter!

AMIR

It'll fly by.

SARA

How do you do it? I mean you're here all the time. Honestly, how do you stay sane?

Amir thinks, then shrugs.

AMIR

Drugs.

SARA

There's no coffee, but there's weed.

AMIR

Well not like *officially*. Like, it's not in the brochure.

SARA

Ugh.

AMIR

I can't say for sure, but I think I'm late.

Chicken tonight, cool?

SARA

Sure. Cool.

Sara shows him out. Amir exits.

She closes the door and sits on her bed.

She sits there for a time trying to get comfortable. Maybe she tries a breathing exercise.

Shift.

The sun sets and night falls.

Damien exits his cabin, runs through the rain and enters the house.

+++

Inside the house, Damien starts poking around, looking through bookshelves.

Isabel is sitting out on the porch eating her dinner.

Sara walks up behind her with a bowl of food.

SARA

Hey Isabel--

ISABEL

Sara, hi!

Isabel bugs Sara.

SARA

Oh. Hi.

ISABEL

How's dinner?

SARA

It's
Amazing, actually.

ISABEL

That Amir...

So. How's it feel. How's your tech liberation journey?

SARA

Ehhh not so great to be honest.

ISABEL

Oh noo, well did you wanna play Settlers of Catan orrr

SARA

No

No actually I just came to ask for my phone back. So yeah. Sorry.

ISABEL

Oh. Umm--

SARA

I'm not like quitting. I'll stay and hang for the next few days.

ISABEL

Look, it's a little jarring the first day or two, I get it--

SARA

Listen, I'll even keep it on "do no disturb" if you want.

But honestly, if I don't get that thing back right now I think I might lose my shit.

...

ISABEL

I can't do that.

SARA

Except you can though.

ISABEL

No. I'm not gonna let you give up. Like, that's sort of my job.

And I really think you'll have a lot to offer. For the podcast.

SARA

I'll still do the stupid podcast.

ISABEL

Not stupid actually.

And keeping you pure for the next four days is sort of the whole reason we reached out to you.

SARA

I know.

ISABEL

That's why we were able to offer you this trip here free of charge.

SARA

Which I appreciate.

ISABEL

I only have two people here so I'm really trying to do my best right now.

You can make fun of the podcast but it's actually a huge deal for us.

It's a chance for us to reach a new audience and I'm not going to screw that up.

SARA

Listen, I'm sympathetic to your situation. It sucks no one showed up.

But I need my phone. Okay?

...

ISABEL

I used to be like you.

SARA

Excuse me?

ISABEL

No, I get it. I do. It took me a while to get to the point I'm at.

SARA

Okay well--

ISABEL

I used to work for American Express. In the privacy and security department.

SARA

Oh. That's actually...really cool.

ISABEL

I'm not proud of it.

Back then I went by *Marge*. At the time Marge was rising pretty quickly and had a path.

A path she was pretty sure she wanted.

But, one day after rescheduling maybe a half a dozen times, my sister took me out for drinks annd

I passed out. Right there at the bar.

I hadn't been sleeping. Like at all.

My anxiety levels were through the roof and my diet consisted of mostly Hot Pockets and ramen noodles.

My body was shutting down on me.

So I quit my job and broke my lease and sold my car and flew out to California.

I bought a little plot of land and moved into a cute little yurt and found a *new* path.

Pretty soon I was working as the solar carving instructor at the Mendocino Digital Disconnect.

I found a community and a calling and felt *saved*.

For the first time in my life I really felt saved.

And that can happen for you too, if you give this place a chance.

Amir enters the porch from the house.

AMIR

All set?

Isabel hands him her bowl.

ISABEL

Thanks Amir.

SARA

Oh. Thank you. It was delicious.

AMIR

For sure.

Amir exits into the house.

Inside, Damien is now standing on a chair, searching through odds and ends that have been forgotten on top of a tall bookshelf.

Amir looks up at him. Damien smiles and gives a wave.

SARA

That's me in another dimension. Maybe.

Fed up with the meeting requests and the news alerts and the follow up emails.

She just says *fuck it* and takes off. Starts over.

I'm good at my life - at what I do, but I think it's sort of killing me?

Yeah.

I guess that's why I said yes to this. Just to great a break from all that for a few days.

ISABEL

It doesn't have to be a change that happens for only four days.

If you commit, if you follow your impulses, this place can change the way you live.

I promise, there's a better way. You just have to dive in and trust me, Sara.

...

SARA

I think I need to change my fake name.

ISABEL

Okay.

SARA

To something more badass.

Call me

Call me Bowser.

ISABEL

You want us to call you Bowser?

SARA

He's the bad guy in Mario.

ISABEL

Okay.

SARA

Which is a video game.

ISABEL

Yeah I know what Mario is.

SARA

Okay just checking.

Inside the house, Damien, still standing on top of the chair, leans out too far. Slips and falls.

DAMIEN

Whoa. *Ouch.*

ISABEL

I'm gonna get something for you.

Isabel exits into the house. She sees Damien lying on the floor.

ISABEL

Damien?

DAMIEN

I'm good!

Isabel disappears into her office. She enters again with a small case.

She walks onto the porch and presents it to Sara.

ISABEL

I was going to stop by each of the cabins tonight to drop them off, but it seems like you could use a head start.

Sara opens the case. It's an antique typewriter.

SARA

Whoa.

ISABEL

We'll mail any letter you write for free

SARA

Not sure I have anyone to write to.

ISABEL

Well

Maybe this typewriter can help ignite that creative spirit again.

Sara punches a key or two.

Isabel gets up to leave.

SARA

Thanks Isabel...

ISABEL

I think you're going to have an exciting week, Bowser.

SARA

Yeah. Maybe.

Isabel walks off the porch into the rain.

Sara takes a piece of paper and loads it into the typewriter.

She starts to pick at the keys. Slowly at first. Then more quickly.

She's typing furiously now, until she hits too many keys at once and the keystroke thingys get jammed up.

She flicks them back into place and types a little slower.

Shift.

Damien and Isabel return to their cabins and get ready for bed.

Amir grabs keys and exits off stage.

Isabel goes through the main house, turning off all the lights.

+++

All is quiet at the camp as rain softly falls.

Inside Damien's cabin, the lights are off. Damien is sitting on his bunk reading a book by flashlight. He reads in silence.

Up in the main house, the rooms are dark and quiet, except for a small make-shift office on the second floor. It is stuffed with boxes and books.

Isabel sits at a small table looking over notes and scribbling things in the margins.

...

DAMIEN

(re: whatever he's reading)

Hah.

...

In the main house, Amir enters the office and tosses keys onto the table.

AMIR

Sorry I'm late. They were out of seitan so I had to get tofurkey for breakfast tomorrow.

ISABEL

Blech.

AMIR

No worries, I'll make it work.

ISABEL

Wait, which one's vegan?

AMIR

Damien.

ISABEL

Ahhhhhh yes.

Well grab a seat. We have a lot to go / over--

AMIR

(sitting)

How you doing.

ISABEL

What?

AMIR

I said, you alright? I know with the weather and, uh, attendance--

ISABEL

It's fine. I'll make it work.

For tomorrow:

(she hands him a itinerary)

After breakfast I think we should start with dummy phones, let that settle and then shift to some group sensory-shake-ups with the artwork observations. Sound good?

AMIR

(drumming on the table)

Sure. Yeah.

Isabel scribbles a few more notes.

Damien continues to read in his cabin. While he sits there, a soft vibrating sound is heard. Like a phone ringing that's on silent.

Damien looks up from his book. The vibrating stops.

He looks down at his book and reads.

AMIR

We could also switch things up if we wanted.

ISABEL

Switch what up?

AMIR

The exercises.

ISABEL

Why would we do that.

AMIR

I mean we only got two people here so the same tired group activities aren't really gonna work.

ISABEL

Which of my exercises do you find *tired* exactly.

In Damien's cabin, the vibrating begins again.

DAMIEN

What the f--

Damien gets off the bunk and shines the light under the bed. No phone.

He stands and walks around the bunk shining the flashlight searching for this thing over the following.

AMIR

I'm just saying we can blow this thing up if we want.

Find out how *Amir* and *Isabel's* camp is new and different.

ISABEL

New and different than what.

AMIR

Than Gus and Gary's deal. This is our thing now.

In Damien's cabin the vibrating stops. Damien stops.

He gently climbs into bed, as if moving too quickly might start the vibration again. He cracks his book. Settles into bed.

ISABEL

Throwing out Gus and Gary's program is not--

AMIR

Not *throw it out*.

ISABEL

You said "blow it up."

Well I'm not interested in blowing anything up. And I know Gus and Gary aren't either.

In Damien's cabin, the vibrating sound begins again, and it is LOUD.

DAMIEN

GOD DAMMIT!

Damien leaps from the bed and starts scouring the cabin.

DAMIEN

Hey! Hey! Stop that! STOP IT!

Pick up the phone! Pick it up! Pick it up!

Somebody pick up the fucking phone!

Damien hurls his book into the darkness.

DAMIEN

yaaaAH!

ISABEL

All I'm concerned with is making sure this podcast showcases us at our best.

I'm not letting up until our website fucking crashes with all the people trying to book retreats.

That way Gus and Gary can't even *think* about replacing us.

The vibrating stops. Damien sits in the silence for a moment.

AMIR

Replacing us?

...

Isabel slides her itinerary toward Amir.

ISABEL

We're going to stick to what works.
I'll see you tomorrow morning.

Isabel exits.

In Damien's cabin, there is a knock at the door. Damien jumps.

DAMIEN

Bahh!

Another knock. Damien turns on the lights and approaches the door. Opens it.

It's Sara.

SARA

Heyy! Sorry, is this a bad

DAMIEN

No, all good.

SARA

You okay?

DAMIEN

I'm great. What do you mean.

SARA

Well.

I just heard you, like, screaming.

DAMIEN

Oh. Yes. I was reading

A very exciting book. Which is...

He looks around. Finds his book lying on the floor. He picks it up.

DAMIEN

On the floor for some reason.
Do you wanna come in?

SARA

Is that okay? I can't really sleep.

DAMIEN

Yeah, no worries.

She enters.

SARA

It's like it's too quiet out here to sleep.

Sara sits on the corner of his bed.

DAMIEN

Too quiet.

SARA

I'm so sorry to hear about Famous Last Words!

DAMIEN

Yeah. It sucks...

SARA

You were like the funniest person on there

DAMIEN

Awww, that's sweet. Thank you.

SARA

I'll boycott the show for you. In solidarity.

DAMIEN

Heh, thanks. You don't have to do that though.

SARA

Yeah I probably won't to be honest. I'm sort of like addicted to that podcast.

DAMIEN

Fab.

SARA

Your new podcast can be, like, a *little* funny, right?

DAMIEN

Nope. The new one is *intense*. It's what people want. People want real. People want true crime.

SARA

Well if I heard a podcast about this place, it would sorta be hilarious to me.

DAMIEN

I'm...taking a different angle. With the whole thing.

SARA

Oh.

DAMIEN

Did a little research and found a way in soo

SARA

Research on what?

DAMIEN

...

SARA

On Isabel?

DAMIEN

No.

SARA

On what.

DAMIEN

On the camp. On this property.

SARA

Oh my god. And what'd you find?

DAMIEN

It's all preliminary. It's not even worth talking a--

SARA

Come onnnn. Please!

DAMIEN

It's like a sketch. There's nothing even there yet.

SARA

That's okay! I'm interested.

DAMIEN

Fine. You really can't say anything though.

SARA

I promise. Honestly I'll probably forget immediately, my brain is like so weird.

DAMIEN

Actually, you probably *won't*. Because it's kind of intense.

SARA

Oh my god, yes.

DAMIEN

So. Yeah I got the email from Isabel just like you did.

I didn't know her but she was a fan of the pod and got my email and blah blah blah.

I wasn't even really thinking about coming. But to be honest I was intrigued by the idea of the camp.

So I do a little research on all this.

Long story short, I go down a rabbit hole Googling about this place, like before it was even a boy scout camp.

Annd I found some stuff.

SARA

Oh damn, what stuff? Like true crime stuff?

DAMIEN

Uh, yeah. Like *serious* true crime stuff.

SARA

Oh my *goddddd*.

DAMIEN

But don't tell Isabel! I shouldn't have even told *you*.

SARA

Oh my god goosebumps. Look.

DAMIEN

She's all pumped because she thinks this podcast is about her.

I just gotta be careful. Can't have her cut me off until I've done more digging.

SARA

Wait so what'd you dig up? What'd you find?

DAMIEN

I mean the short version is

Do you know the band Baby Old Lady?

SARA

Baby *what?*

DAMIEN

Baby Old Lady!

They were like this alternative grunge uh, basically like a Seattle-sound rip off in the late 90's.

They only had like one good album really. Chicken Face?

SARA

Chicken Face by Baby Lady.

DAMIEN

Baby *Old* Lady. I can't believe you don't know these guys.

The singer's name was Evan McCready.
 That big house we were up in was his house. In the early 2000's.
 And one night someone snuck in a killed him.

SARA

OH MY GOD.
 In the house we were just, like, *in?*

DAMIEN

Yeah.
 The McCready Murder. Winter of 2003.

SARA

Oh my god! Where in the house.

DAMIEN

Living room, right where we were.

SARA

Shut up! That's amazing!

(catching herself)

I mean horrible, it's horrible. It's amazing it's gonna be a podcast, it's horrible that it happened.

DAMIEN

Yeah that's just the short version. After they found the body it was this whole, like--
 The cops totally botched the investigation. In my opinion.

SARA

Oh god, they *always* botch. It's like, what are you even doing?

DAMIEN

Exactly. So I'm just gonna jump start the case myself.

SARA

I mean, *wow*. Do you have a background in investigative, like--

DAMIEN

What? No.
 You don't need a background anymore. We have podcasts now. You just like

You just knock on the right doors and ask the right questions and just like figure it *out*.
Boom.

SARA

That's so amazing. Oo! Do you need help at all?

DAMIEN

Oh.

SARA

Because like this could be my thing! My creative thing! Helping you with your episode.

DAMIEN

Ohhh, yeah. That *could* work

But I can't really let you get all wrapped up in all this too. It can be kinda dangerous honestly, especially if the killer is still at large soo

SARA

Oh wow.

DAMIEN

You have to be willing to accept the risk, is all.

But thanks.

SARA

Yah. Well. I guess I should probably focus on my, like, digital mental health and all that.

DAMIEN

Yeah you have like *so* much going on already.

SARA

Yeah...

She gets up off the bed.

SARA

Thanks for dishing about your secret pod--

DAMIEN

I would appreciate your discretion in this.

SARA

Yeah yeah. Totally.

Damien grabs his book and climbs back into bed. Sara heads out.

DAMIEN

Oh, Sara?

SARA

Bowser.

DAMIEN

I'm sorry?

SARA

I said it's Bowser now? Yeah.

DAMIEN

Ooookay.

Bowser, did you

Did you hear a buzzing at all?

SARA

Like, bugs?

DAMIEN

No, like a phone. On silent. Did you hear one on your way over to my cabin?

SARA

Uhhh, no?

DAMIEN

Okay. I must've

Okay.

Sara exits.

Damien flips off the light and again reads via flashlight.

For a moment he looks up and waits for the buzzing to return. All we hear is the rain softly falling and crickets.

He waits.

Shift.

Night passes and the sun rises.

Rain continues to fall.

Damien and Sara return to the main house for a new day.

Amir and Isabel enter.

+++

Damien, Sara, Amir and Isabel are all standing in a circle. Each is holding a small wooden block.

ISABEL

Here's a statistic for you. 90% of adults are on pace to spend 5 and a half years of their life looking down at their phone. 5 and a half *years*.

But with a little help you won't count yourself as part of that statistic any longer.

What you're holding is your own dummy phone.

This small piece of wood takes up the roughly same space as a cell phone.

What we try to do with this exercise is step *outside* the every day and alter our relationship with this shape. With this object. To look at how, exactly, these little things take up space in our lives.

How they make us feel.

So let's take a moment and look at your dummy phone.

Take in the shape and the weight.

At first glance, here's a device you've been convinced helps you.

But look again. And see that it's only *wood*.

DAMIEN

Yeab.

Everyone messes with their wooden phone. They smell it, knock on it, toss it up in the air.

ISABEL

Good. Good.

Feel free to drop your dummy phone. It's okay.

Sara, somewhat hesitatingly, lets her dummy phone fall to the ground.

ISABEL

Good. *Break* that fragility this thing holds.

DAMIEN

Sick.

Damien turns a chuckles his at the wall.

ISABEL

Oh!

DAMIEN

Whoops! Sorry.

ISABEL

That's good. But maybe

DAMIEN

(picking up his dummy phone)

Yep, sorry! My bad.

ISABEL

Take your dummy phone for a walk this morning. Let it sit in the rain. Carve it with a knife even. These are yours to hold onto during your stay here. Keep breaking down that relationship.

Everyone starts to walk off with their phone. Holding it differently, banging it into things.

ISABEL

Good. Good.

Amir disappears onto the porch.

Damien finds a beanbag in the reading nook. He puts his wooden phone inside a book and kind of smashes it closed.

Sara exits out onto the porch with her phone, she leans back and hurls her wooden phone out onto the soaking lawn.

SARA

Whewww!

Amir who is also on the porch, smoking a joint, watches the phone fly.

AMIR

Damn. There it goes...

SARA

Oh! Hey. Sorry.

AMIR

All good, Sara.

SARA

Okay.

It's Bowser now.

AMIR

Oh word?

SARA

Yeah I changed it.

AMIR

What's it mean.

SARA

He's the bad guy in Mario.

AMIR

Oh shit, *Bonsers*. That's right.

Was he a turtle?

SARA

Turtle *dragon*.

AMIR

You writing some letters or something?

SARA

Huh?

AMIR

I walked by Koala Bear cabin earlier today and heard you clacking away on that thing. What are you writing?

SARA

Nothing. It's stupid.

AMIR

I'm sure it's not.

Amir holds the joint out to Sara.

SARA

(re: the need)

You're not worried about Isabel?

AMIR

I got a card. There's a dispensary up the road a ways.

SARA

(taking the joint)

Dang, *lucky*.

AMIR

Hah. Not really.

Sara takes a hit.

SARA

You get the card for a real thing or a fake thing.

AMIR

Real thing.

SARA

What?

AMIR

Don't worry about it. It's gross.

SARA

No, come on.

Amir considers for a moment, seems embarrassed, then:

AMIR

It's for my UC.

Sara takes another hit.

SARA

Remind me what UC is.

AMIR

Ulcerative colitis.

SARA

Oh my god! You have *ulcerative colitis*??

AMIR

You know what that is?

SARA

...no.

It sounds bad through.

AMIR

It's fine. It's like Crohn's. Basically my stomach is all fucked up.

SARA

Oh my god.

AMIR

You probably see the commercials with the old white people.

SARA

No.

AMIR

Yeah, you know the ones.

With like some old grandpa man at his kid's basketball game and he wants to cheer but looks all sad and weird and the voice over guy is like:

(doing a voice)

“Are you constantly getting up in the middle of your kid's basketball game to go take a shit?”

SARA

They don't say that.

AMIR

You haven't seen the commercials??

SARA

I don't have cable.

AMIR

Okay they don't say, like, *exactly* that but that's basically the commercial.

Then he takes medicine and enjoys the game without needing to shit.

It's pretty inspiring You gotta YouTube it.

SARA

That sucks.

AMIR

It's fine. I'm not bad like the grandpa man. It's no big deal.

But yeah so Isabel is cool about the whole thing as long as I don't smoke in front of campers.

SARA

But...I *am* a camper.

AMIR

Yeah but you're cool.

SARA

Thanks.

She hands him back the joint.

SARA

I can't figure her out.

AMIR

Isabel?

SARA

I can't tell if I'd be friends with her or not.

AMIR

You need friends?

SARA

(yes she does)

What? Pff. No.

AMIR

I think Isabel's funny.

SARA

She also seems freaked out. And like she's not hiding it that well.

AMIR

Yeah well she's trying to run a business here.

SARA

No I know. But like

If this podcast thing is a bust I just feel like she's gonna crumble.

AMIR

Wait, why would it be a bust?

SARA

Oh, I just meant--

AMIR

No, you're probably right.
She's got a lot riding on it. The podcast thing was her idea.
Gus and Gary really steer clear of online advertising.

SARA

Oh, no way.

AMIR

Yeah, which isn't the most genius way to promote a business obviously. But they're devout.
They really believe in this detox shit.

SARA

And you don't?

AMIR

I think people need a place like this.
They *think* they need it, and I'm happy to be in the position to help facilitate that.

SARA

Yeah.

AMIR

Anyway. Isabel talked them into this podcast idea somehow.
They took a chance, so she's just gotta make sure it works out.

Amir puts out his joint, pinches it and puts it in his pocket.

AMIR

(about to take off)

Alright--

SARA

(an attempt at flirting?)

So hey is there like a
Cooking workshop orr

AMIR

Nah.

SARA

Really?

AMIR

Cooking workshop?

Nahhh. People wanna feel like they're on vacation. People don't want to cook their own food.

SARA

Yeah but like to *learn*? You guys should maybe consider it.

I mean, you can learn to solar carve but you can't learn how to cook.

AMIR

Yeah but solar carving is dope.

I got this piece of wood in my cabin that hangs above my bed. Took this magnifying glass to it and carved: The. Time. Is. Now.

SARA

But like as a new thing, if Isabel's trying to attract new, um, campers.

Maybe they'd take a cooking workshop.

I'd take a cooking workshop.

With you.

...

AMIR

You don't cook?

SARA

No I do.

Err

I can do the hotdog fondue from Blue Apron.

AMIR

Sounds nasty.

SARA

And the Jello tuna pie is really growing on me.

AMIR

Oh my god, please stop.

SARA

I said it's growing on me!

Amir puts his jacket over his head and prepares to run out into the rain.

AMIR

If you're bored tonight and still up around like 10.
Come up to the kitchen. I'll be doing some prep for tomorrow.

SARA

Oh. Okay.

AMIR

Later Bowsers, you weird turtle lizard.

Amir runs out into the rain and exits.

SARA

I'm a turtle *dragon!!*

Shift.

The sun sets. Sara retreats through the rain to her cabin.

Isabel goes upstairs in the main house and disappears.

Night falls.

+++

In the main house, most of the lights are off for the night.

Damien enters the house from the porch.

DAMIEN

Amir? Buddy?

He steps further into the house.

DAMIEN

Isabel?

Nothing.

Damien walks through the living room and finds the stairs leading to the second floor.

He walks up the squeaky stairs slowly, trying not to make any noise.

He reaches the landing and opens a door.

DAMIEN

Closet.

He slinks down the hall on his tippy toes.

He reaches for a door knob but softly hears a voice on the other side.

Damien puts his ear to the door.

ISABEL

(muffled)

I haven't been able to catch up with Gary, but if you both were willing to consider...

(inaudible)

I'd rather not be the one to tell Amir, but I understand if...

Damien tries to get closer.

Suddenly Isabel opens the door. Damien scrambles and tries to act natural.

DAMIEN

Good evening, young lady.

ISABEL

What are you doing?

DAMIEN

I was...

Looking for colored pencils.

Yeah.

ISABEL

Colored pencils.

DAMIEN

I'm making...art.

I'm making designs

For a face tattoo.

...

For a face tattoo for my face.

(pointing to his face)

Like here.

ISABEL

You want a face tattoo?

DAMIEN

Yeah. Err. Thinking about it.

Cause, like. If I get a face tattoo? I never have to work a day job again.

Boom. Done with the day jobs. Y'know?

It's almost like security in a way--

ISABEL

You're not supposed to be up here.

DAMIEN

Sorry. Um. I thought maybe

...

Were you on the phone just now?

ISABEL

What? No.
I don't even own a phone.

DAMIEN

Who were you talking to.

ISABEL

I wasn't talking to anyone. I was talking to myself.

...

DAMIEN

Okay.

ISABEL

Go downstairs, please. I don't have any colored pencils.

DAMIEN

Okay. Sorry. I was
Sorry.

Damien walks back down the stairs quickly and out the back.

Isabel watches him go, and then returns to the room. She shuts the door behind her.

Shift.

+++

Amir and Sara appear in the kitchen.

Amir is peeling potatoes. Sara sits on a counter nearby.

AMIR

I was a pretty shitty busboy.
I was a shitty everything until they moved me back into the kitchen.
14 and I'm the only black kid working at this Polynesian nightclub in Pittsburgh.

It was a weird spot. An in-between job for everyone who ever worked there.
 So I'm thinking cooking can't take me anywhere.
 But this one guy took me under his wing. Chef Thomas.
 I'm with him until I graduated high school.
 Then I hit 19 and I figure out the best part about the city of Pittsburgh is seeing it in your review.
 So Chef Thomas puts a call in to his buddy and got me a gig on Kiawah Island.
 Kiawah Island?

SARA

I don't know it.

AMIR

Really? It's a resort down in South Carolina. It's a very impressive resort.

SARA

I'm impressed.

AMIR

So I'm like fuck it I'm gone. I go down and like--
 I mean the job sucked. All I've had are shitty jobs.
 Six days a week, seven days straight. Double shifts, like pass out in the basement, get up do it again.
 But I'm living on a *Barrier* island.
 And after the summer was over, I get a call from Jackson Hole. *Winter* resort.
 Teton Mountain Lodge. You ever been?

SARA

No, but I'm impressed.

AMIR

You're making fun but it really is dope.
 Anyway, same deal. Job is shit, but look at where I'm at?
 I'm still 19. 20. Living in the most beautiful places on earth.
 In Jackson Hole, finish our shifts, go out back and sit on these busted plastic chairs in the snow.
 Look up and the shadow of these mountains just goes *on*
 And I realize cooking can take me *anywhere*.

...

That's where I started getting my ideas.

SARA

Ideas for what.

AMIR

My own kitchen. My own staff. One day.

What that *menu* looks like. That's the dream.

So fast forward and I've put in six years at Mendocino. Gus and Gary start talking to Isabel about opening a new spot and I see my chance.

I can't invest what Isabel can. She's got real money from when she was a hotshot doing her credit card thing.

But I can contribute enough to be taken seriously. To be my own boss and own part of something. Which is all I ever wanted.

SARA

That's really amazing, Amir.

AMIR

I just saw an opportunity and jumped.

Amir pauses his work and wipes his hands. He sits somewhere and hits his vape.

AMIR

But what's your story. What do you do.

SARA

I'm not supposed to talk about it.

AMIR

Come on. This isn't camp right now. It's me and you.

SARA

I don't know if I want to break the rules or not!

AMIR

I just wanna know what you do. I'm not dangling your phone in your face.

SARA

Ugh, fiiiine. I'm a software engineer.

AMIR

Ooo.

SARA

For Zipcar.

AMIR

OOO!

SARA

What, is that fancy?

AMIR

Sure it's fancy. I see those cars.

SARA

It's blah, it's fine.

When I started there I was like: Yes! This is good.

I'm helping to get rid of individually owned cars, which is good.

But now it's like

Come on stupid, you don't get rid of individually owned cars by having private *companies* own cars.

We should enable mass transit! Trains! Hyper-loops!

AMIR

So go work for Amtrak.

SARA

No way. Their pricing structure is totally inaccessible to working class commuters.

AMIR

So start your own mass transit thingy.

SARA

Yeah maybe. I dunno.

It's not like I care *that* much, you know?

To be honest, I'm sorta better at hanging back and naming the problem.

AMIR

Yooo, same.

SARA

I don't actually have the will or the energy to start something like this place.
Trying to actually tackle a real problem by, like, *doing* something.

AMIR

Nah, this place is just naming the problem too.

SARA

Hey! You can't say that. I thought this was your baby!

AMIR

It is my baby! That doesn't mean I'm blind to the problems here.

SARA

At least they're trying.

Amir takes a healthy hit off his vape.

AMIR

Okay so my whole thing is like
Gus and Gary - and also Isabel - want people to think there's an off-line self and an on-line self
There's the digital you: bad.
And the physical you: good.

SARA

Yeah.

AMIR

But I just think fuck all that.
What's that video game people play online.
You play as people and you got a job and everything looks like real life.

SARA

The Sims.

AMIR

Yeah but what's the other one.

SARA

I don't know another--
Second Life?

AMIR

Yes! Isn't that a messed up name for a game? Second *Life*.
Okay so I'm saying there is no second life. Second life is you too!

SARA

It sounds like you haven't played it.

AMIR

Of course I never played it.
But I know that separating ourselves into first and second selves creates a false binary, bro.
We're merging our physical selves and our digital selves so much that the difference between the two is gonna be irrelevant.
If it isn't *already* irrelevant.

SARA

You can't say that difference is irrelevant.

AMIR

It is though!

SARA

It's not! We're still, like, *people*.

AMIR

Well, yeah I'm not saying--

SARA

No but I read this thing about stain glass windows?
In the olden days in churches and stuff.
And that these windows were the only visual stimulation the, um, puritans I'm pretty sure, like, ever got! Like *once* a day. If you happened to be by the church
Everyone else was like
Farming or whatever
Basically I'm pretty sure everything about being a pilgrim sucked besides stain glass windows.

AMIR

Sounds like you've really studied up on this.

SARA

No but can you imagine what that must have *been* like?

You're tired. You're hungry. You work your ass off in this like little village every single day.

And like once a week you just happen to be walking by the church and you get to look up and see this. This ornate window. You see *art*.

That feelings must have lasted for days.

...

But now we can't even *try* to dodge the billions of images we're processing every day.

Our brains aren't meant to be absorbing all this shit.

And the only way to feasibly get away from it would be to just give up run away into the woods forever and ever.

AMIR

That's what makes this camp a flawed concept.

You're proving my point.

SARA

No I'm not.

AMIR

You're not actually about to run away into the woods forever, right?

SARA

I can't!

AMIR

Because it's too late. If that's our only option, we're fucked already.

The whole theory behind Digital Disconnect is that the digital and the physical are *different*.

I'm saying our *new* reality is both technological and organic, all at the same time.

There *is* no second life. You know what our bodies are gonna look like in ten years? Twenty years?

We're gonna have tech *in* our bodies. Our brains are already set up for it!

We're becoming cyborgs--

I'm *so* fucking high right now

WE ARE CYBORGS

And our physical body and our digital being will be in constant dialogue with each other and there's no escape.

...

SARA

Whatever.

AMIR

Talk to Isabel and she'll tell you different, obviously.

For her it's the woods. Totally cut yourself off and that's it.

But for my money, you don't have to come all the way up here just to *detox*. It's about the balance.

SARA

How are you gonna run a camp together if you see it different.

AMIR

Well

I'm taking my time. Implementing my methods real slow.

One day you'll come back and maybe it'll be a little different.

Maybe you'll come back and our whole thing will be about being conscious and being careful while your phone is still sitting in your pocket.

SARA

Huh.

AMIR

See if I was running this camp?

I'd tell you to just gank your phone back and end the torture.

Like, if you wanted to right now, I wouldn't even stop you.

SARA

Really?

AMIR

Yeah!

Isabel keeps them in that office. They're not like locked away or anything.

Sara considers this.

SARA

No I can't do that.

AMIR

I mean
You can though.

SARA

I'm gonna try to stick it out...

AMIR

Do you.
But hey, I really liked what you were saying about the churches and stuff. That was really different.

SARA

Thanks.

AMIR

You're getting the look behind the scenes here. You're getting the special treatment.

SARA

That's 'cuz I'm special!

AMIR

It's true, it's true.

He looks at her. She catches his gaze and smiles then looks at the room they're sitting in.

SARA

You guys have done a lot of work on this place.

AMIR

Yeah you should have seen it before. Boy scouts were a bunch of pigs. Left the place a mess.

SARA

What was this before it was a boy scout camp, I wonder...

Amir shrugs.

AMIR

Some shitty musician lived here or some shit.

SARA

Stop. You know Baby Old Lady??

AMIR

What?

SARA

Err, Evan McCready, the guy who used to live here.

AMIR

Uhhh, not really.

SARA

So then how'd you know a shitty musician lived here?

AMIR

Because I read his shitty lyrics. They left a bunch of his stuff here.
Pigs, like I said. Didn't even move it out.

SARA

Shut up.

AMIR

Isabel's office upstairs has a bunch of his junk in it, we still gotta go through it all.

SARA

SHUT UP!

AMIR

You're a fan I see.

SARA

Yes! Well no. Not exactly.
I'm just - interested. He's actually kind of a huge deal. I've heard.
Could we got up there you think?

AMIR

Me and you?

SARA

Yeah. And
Maybe Damien too if that's cool.

AMIR

Oh. Ehh--

SARA

He's um
Part of the podcast might be about that guy. As like background. Before we get to your camp and stuff.

AMIR

Background.

SARA

Yeah so if we could get up there to do some research - to look through some of what's left over that would be really huge.

AMIR

You need background why not just look my man up on Wikipedia.

...

SARA

Yeah. Good point.

AMIR

The podcast isn't about our camp is it.

SARA

...it's...

It's all preliminary. A sketch really.
And it's not even my podcast soo

AMIR

It's cool. I won't tell on you.

SARA

He's gonna tell her. Eventually.

AMIR

It's all good, I didn't hear anything.

SARA

Thanks Amir.

AMIR

I got you.

Again they share a glance.

AMIR

Hey, come here.

Sara hops off the counter. Amir steps toward her.

SARA

You gonna show me how to cook now?

They stand very close.

AMIR

Yeah we can cook.

They are very still.

AMIR

Or we can like
Kiss each other.

SARA

...

They're about to kiss.

But then Sara takes a small step back.

AMIR

Or we can cook. Whatever.

SARA

Yeah maybe let's just cook.

Amir takes a step back, picks up his peeler and returns to his station peeling potatoes.

Sara wanders back over to her spot and sits back on the counter.

SARA

Sorry.

AMIR

(without looking up)

All good.

Shift.

Amir exits the kitchen and heads upstairs to bed.

Sara exits the main house and retreats to her cabin.

She opens the door, thinks twice, and jogs over to Damien's cabin.

+++

Damien and Sara.

SARA

There's an office upstairs, he said!

DAMIEN

What?

SARA

And that there was all this stuff left over. Junk. They sold the place as is, he said.

DAMIEN

Come inside.

Sara comes in, shakes the rain off her.

SARA

I wanna help.

DAMIEN

I think that's where Isabel keeps our phones and stuff. I heard her up there earlier tonight.

SARA

That's what he said actually!
It's like a gold mine proolly.

DAMIEN

Let's not get carried--

SARA

I can get us up there.

DAMIEN

How?

SARA

I don't
Amir. I'll ask Amir.

DAMIEN

You were just hanging out.

SARA

Yeah.

DAMIEN

Just the two of you.

SARA

Yeah. It was a

Cooking workshop.

DAMIEN

You didn't
Tell him about the pod did you?

SARA

What? No. No way.

DAMIEN

Okay. Okay good.
Don't ask Amir. Not yet.

SARA

Okay. But I can help? With the podcast.

DAMIEN

Fine, yes you can help.

SARA

Yesss!

A sound from outside the cabin.

DAMIEN

What was that?

SARA

I didn't hear it.

DAMIEN

Okay. We'll talk tomorrow.
In the meantime, let's just keep, like, yucking it up with the exercises and stuff.
Keep acting like they're helping.

SARA

I think maybe some of them *are* helping.

DAMIEN

Perfect! More of that.

He opens the door for her.

SARA

Thanks Damien, this is gonna be fun.

DAMIEN

Right. Don't say anything to anyone.

Sara mimes "lips sealed".

She exits. Damien closes the door and turns back to his cabin.

He sighs and takes a step toward his bed.

Softly, the buzzing returns. Damien stops and listens. Then he carefully tries to trace its origin.

He follows the sound until he stands hovering over his pillow.

He moves the pillow to reveal his wooden phone, which appears to be the source of the buzzing.

DAMIEN

What the fuck?

He picks up the phone and tries to hit imaginary buttons. The buzzing does not stop.

Unsure of what to do, he just lifts the piece of wood to his ear.

DAMIEN

H - Hello?

The buzzing stops.

Someone picks up on the other end.

All we can hear is heavy breathing, amplified. It's like crystal clear movie theatre sound.

DAMIEN

Hello.

...

Hey!

Breathing. Breathing.

Someone starts to speak, but stops.

DAMIEN

Wait...Samantha?

Sam, is that you?

...

Samantha, I'm sor--

Click.

Damien lowers the wooden phone and looks at it.

Shift.

The sun rises, the rain continues to fall.

Damien and Sara meet Isabel in the main house for another exercise.

+++

Damien and Sara sit on the floor on pillows.

They are both blindfolded. Isabel stands at a nearby, leading an exercise.

ISABEL

This might surprise you, but even before technology started playing tricks on us, our neural range of processing, compared to other animals is sorta pretty crappy.

SARA

Is that true?

DAMIEN

Yes dude. Dogs are, like, geniuses.

ISABEL

But then, consider what effects the modern day has had on us. Take, um, our ability to hear, for example. Today we hear all kinds of aggressive sounds our ears just weren't built for. A car screeching to a halt, a jet engine as it takes you off into the sky, uhh

DAMIEN

The Foo Fighters!

ISABEL

Okay.

DAMIEN

They get really loud. They really rock.

ISABEL

Our senses are contextualized by our brain, and when our brain isn't sure how to interpret signals from our sensory cues, it throws our body all out of whack.

Which is now a process that happens everyday, without us even noticing.

So today, we're going to reach back and try to activate our senses again.

Let's start by just sitting here. Together.

And listening.

Don't tune anything out. Be present with where we are.

Try to isolate a sound and hear it fully.

When you're ready, identify each new sound as you meet it.

DAMIEN

Okay, rain. Obviously.

SARA

Yeah.

ISABEL

Okay. Okay.

They sit in silence.

SARA

The lights sorta hissing.

DAMIEN

Also your feet. Like, a creaking when you walk around.

Isabel stands still.

ISABEL

Great...

...

...

SARA

Oo. I hear a, uh
Like a whistling from somewhere. Someone whistling softly.
Or a tea kettle sound almost? But different.

ISABEL

Hmm.

DAMIEN

I don't hear that.

...

SARA

Right there! That low whistle.
You had to hear that.

ISABEL

Mmm...

SARA

Sh!

They listen close.

Wait, do we hear it too?

DAMIEN

I got nothing.

ISABEL

If you don't hear it. That's okay.

If you do - just greet the tea kettle - hello little tea kettle.

And move on.

SARA

(softly)

...bello.

They sit there.

DAMIEN

I also hear a, ah

A buzzing. I've been hearing a phone buzzing. For like a while now.

ISABEL

Oh--

DAMIEN

Actually have you been doing that, Isabel? Is this like a test or something?

Amir opens the door and pokes his head in.

AMIR

Hey y'all

DAMIEN

Amir! I hear Amir!

Sara peeks from under her blindfold.

AMIR

Sorry. Can I borrow Bowser for a second?

ISABEL

Ooo sorry Amir. We're sort of in the middle of something.

(nodding Damien's audio device recording the exercise)

And we're really getting some great content soo

Sara takes off her blindfold.

SARA

I feel like I need some air anyway.

ISABEL

Oh. Are you okay?

SARA

I'm fine. Just need some air.

DAMIEN

I'll hang with you, Isabel. I'm into this!

Sara follows Amir out onto the porch.

Isabel and Damien continue their exercise, though we can't hear them.

SARA

Hey.

AMIR

Hey, uh

Hey.

...

SARA

Is everything okay?

AMIR

Sorry if last night was

SARA

No

AMIR

Yeah, I just

SARA

No, it was fun

AMIR

Okay cool

Uh

Here.

He hands her a piece of paper.

SARA

What's this.

(reading)

Chicken Piccata?

AMIR

It's pretty easy.

To make. I know you were saying yesterday about the

Blue Apron or whatever that shit is

So I thought this could like, help err

It's like a lemon chicken thing basically.

SARA

Oh. Oh wow.

(looking closer)

Is this your phone number at the bottom?

AMIR

Well, yeah.

Just in case, you like, have questions. While you're making it.

The chicken piccata, um

SARA

Cool, this is

Yeah. Thank you.

Through the wall we can hear the fire alarm going off in the kitchen.

AMIR

I should be going.

Amir runs toward the kitchen.

SARA

Everything okay?

AMIR

Hope you like guacamole burgers!

Amir exits.

Sara looks at her recipe and smiles. She walks back into the house.

Inside the house, Damien, still blindfolded, has his hand in a bowl of spaghetti.

DAMIEN

Oh my goddddd, it's so slimy! What is it??

SARA

Really?

ISABEL

It's proven to help, Bowser.

Damien pulls off his blindfold suddenly.

DAMIEN

Wait. Do you hear that?

ISABEL

Damien, I think you're experiencing some phantom vibrations--

DAMIEN

No. Not that.

The rain.

Everyone turns and listens.

SARA

It stopped.

They all run out to the porch.

For the first time, the rain has stopped. The late afternoon sun peeks out on the camp.

SARA

Oh my god. How long do we have? Until it comes back.

DAMIEN

I don't know, how do we check?

ISABEL

We don't. We just enjoy it.

Change of plans! We're moving tonight's talent show outdoors!

Shift.

Everyone scatters and the sun sets, the first true sunset we've seen.

Damen and Sara run to their cabins and change.

Amir builds a fire in the fire pit. Isabel sets up blankets.

+++

Night.

On the lawn between the main house and the cabins, Damien, Isabel and Sara sit around a small fire. Everyone is bundled up in blankets, happy to be outside.

Amir stands at center, speaking into the microphone.

AMIR

Real talk, the talent shows suck.

ISABEL

Hey!

AMIR

Isabel.

You said I could run the show this time, so if you please.

So the talent show usually sucks

At Mendocino, it was always my least favorite part of the week

Because it's long

And because people generally aren't as talented as they think

ISABEL

(trying too hard to be funny)

Hey I'm gonna have Damien edit all this out, Amir!

She chuckles and elbows Damien like: You hear that? Pretty good, right?

DAMIEN

Ow.

AMIR

The talent show is also for campers only

But since we're dead this week

ISABEL

Limited enrollment!

AMIR

Since: Limited enrollment

Me and Isabel are gonna get all talented too

Okay I'm gonna get us started and then we'll draw names.

Amir takes a deck of cards from nearby.

AMIR

So I saw David Blaine do this to Harrison Ford on this Netflix thing and it was sick so I figured out how to do my own, like, variation.

Can I get a volunteer? To be the Harrison Ford?
 Uh Bowser, did you wanna--

Damien springs to his feet.

DAMIEN

Oo! I'll do it. Please?

AMIR

Yeah, great.

(handing him the deck)

Would you please go through and make sure everything is all good?

Damien looks through the cards.

DAMIEN

Looks normal.

AMIR

Okay great. Now think of a card but don't tell me. Any card. Got it?

DAMIEN

Uh huh.

AMIR

Okay, now hold the deck real tight.

And you're thinking of your card, yeah? Think hard. Like, picture it.

DAMIEN

Okay.

AMIR

Guess what. Your card just *left* the deck, bruh.

That just happened. Look through, find your card.

Damien looks through the deck.

AMIR

It's gone right?

DAMIEN

Yeah, oh my god.

AMIR

That's not even the trick. Look.

See this bowl of fruit over here? I brought this from the kitchen but nobody saw me mess with it right?

Damien, grab like an apple. Just pick one.

Damien goes to the bowl and grabs a peach.

AMIR

Or a peach. It's on *you*.

You all saw him pick the fruit. I didn't pick the fruit.

I even said apple but my man grabbed a peach, okay? Okay.

Now. Here, take this knife I got too.

Display for the audience, Harrison Ford.

Damien takes the knife sitting by the bowl and shows it to everyone.

AMIR

Very nice, very nice.

Now we're gonna cut this thing open.

DAMIEN

No way.

AMIR

But before we do! Tell us what your card is.

Go ahead and just say it.

DAMIEN

Nine of hearts.

AMIR

Fuck yeah, now cut into that thing.

Damien cuts the peach.

AMIR

And see that little guy right there? Yeah, pull that thing out.

DAMIEN

No way.

Damien pulls out a wet, folded card.

He unfolds it.

DAMIEN

No way!

AMIR

Yeah. Now show everybody, D.

DAMIEN

Ohmygod ohmygod ohmygod.

SARA

OH MY GOD!

It's the nine of hearts.

ISABEL

WHAT!

Amir is beaming.

DAMIEN

Dude, FUCK YOU! Sorry, I mean
Do it again, Amir.

AMIR

No way. Good magician never does a trick twice.

SARA

Aw come on.

ISABEL

Amir, that was *so good!!*

Everyone claps. Isabel stands.

Amir takes a bow.

AMIR

Alright, alright, that's enough you knuckleheads.

ISABEL

You are talented, really!

AMIR

Ahh come on.

Okay! Next up.

Amir reaches into the baseball hat nearby and pulls out a small piece of paper.

AMIR

(reading)

Bowser. Showtime.

Some polite clapping as Sara rises. She and Amir awkwardly shake hands for some reason?

Amir takes a seat. Sara is holding the pages she's been typing on her typewriter.

SARA

Okay so

I know this is kinda against the rules here

But I've been working on a video game the last few days.

DAMIEN

I knew it!

SARA

Or the story at least.

And so I want to tell you all about it, because I'm actually kind of excited.

And that'll be my talent.

(clears her throat, regards her paper)

So in the game you're this mysterious guy who wakes up in these crazy situations.

Like each level is sort of this dire, intense situation

One level you're stranded on an island

Another level you wake up in prison

But in the game

You play as the guy's *stomach*

DAMIEN

SICK.

AMIR

That's really cool.

SARA

Yeah. The whole thing was sort of inspired by a, um, friend.

So for each of these situations you, like encounter this crazy food

Like some weird fruit this guy finds on the island

Or some insane hooch they make in prison

And his stomach has to like conquer this stuff

You get points for keeping it all down if it's like rank and shitty food

Or for properly digesting stuff that is super dangerous.

You, as the stomach, have to weather the storm.

But for the *final* level, which I just came up with this morning

The guy wakes up, and it's 1978

And he's in Jonestown

AMIR

Oh shit.

SARA

Yeah, it's the Jim Jones cult thing. On that compound. You're *there*.

And so someone from the cult is going around passing out all the styrofoam cups with kool aid

For everyone to like drink together for the mass suicide thing

And at this point the stomach has already been through so much

You've already been through so much

But the guy drinks it because he's totally caught up in the cult mind games

Like this poor guy has no idea what he's about to put his body through

But the stomach *knows*.

Anyway, at the start of the level the poison slowly travels down the esophagus
And you the stomach is just like waiting. Preparing to take on this poison.
And it gets closer and closer, and as soon as it reaches the stomach, suddenly--

Suddenly there is a loud CLAP of thunder and a flash of lightning.

All the lights in the house go out.

Rain starts to pour, putting out the fire.

DAMIEN

Oh my god!

ISABEL

Frick! Nobody panic!

AMIR

Damn, I was feeling that.

SARA

Ugh I'm soaked!

Some fumbling in the dark. After a few seconds Isabel flips on a flashlight.

ISABEL

Here, take these!

She passes out flashlights. They get turned on. Amir turns toward the house.

ISABEL

Just - head back to your cabins! We'll work on the lights and keep you updated

AMIR

I'm on it!

In the darkness, Amir and Isabel's flashlights bounce up to the house.

Sara and Damien head inside Damien's cabin.

Inside the house, Amir and Isabel take off some of their wet clothing.

AMIR

Eck.

ISABEL

Basement.

AMIR

I know where it is, just trying to dry off. Can you gimme a second?

ISABEL

Fine. I'll just fix it myself.

Isabel brushes past him and walks down the steps and into the basement.

Amir follows. In the corner, Isabel opens the breaker box.

ISABEL

(loud enough for Amir to hear)

Shouldn't these be labeled?

She hits one of the breakers.

AMIR

Hey! Would you--
Lemme do my job.

ISABEL

Now you wanna do your job.

AMIR

Just shine the light so I can see what I'm doing.

She does. Amir starts messing with the breakers.

AMIR

What's the goddamn rush.

ISABEL

Umm the lights are out at my camp, Amir!

AMIR

I know that. I'm fixing it.

ISABEL

Okay well *that's* the goddamn rush, if you're wondering.

He flips a breaker, nothing happens.

AMIR

Damn.

ISABEL

I'm just getting a little tired of the sloppiness.

AMIR

What sloppiness?

ISABEL

Yours! And your attitude about my camp.

AMIR

It's *our* camp.

ISABEL

You make fun of the talent show.

You make fun of my exercises.

Smoke weed on the porch.

AMIR

I have UC!

ISABEL

You sneak around with campers in the middle of the night.

AMIR

Excuse me?

ISABEL

I know where you were last night.

AMIR

I was peeling potatoes! We were talking.

ISABEL

I don't care what you were doing. It's not allowed.

AMIR

I'm an adult. I was talking to another adult who wanted to do a cooking / workshop or--

ISABEL

Okay well if this were a *real* session? A *real* retreat? You would be in a lot of--

AMIR

Yeah well if you haven't noticed this place is no retreat!

It's a busted boy scout camp and we got two damn people here so just fucking relax!

...

AMIR

Alright, if this doesn't work, then something's messed up with the generator.

ISABEL

Gus and Gary want a conference call.

AMIR

Huh?

ISABEL

Tomorrow.

AMIR

Okay. What time.

ISABEL

They have an opportunity they want to go over with you
With *us*.

AMIR

What opportunity.

ISABEL

They'll go through it all tomorrow. I just forgot to tell you about the call.

Amir turns from the breaker box.

AMIR

What opportunity.
Isabel.

ISABEL

It's really exciting actually.
It's called Monday's Meatloaf.

AMIR

Monday *what*.

ISABEL

Monday's Meatloaf.
It's a food start up thing--

AMIR

A food--
Hold on, no no.

ISABEL

It's a catering-esque, like on-demand ready-made meals for large groups
It's like a souped up Blue Apron.

AMIR

Blue Apron?!

ISABEL

It's actually incredibly efficient and they're looking to partner with organizations like ours to--

AMIR

So I'm out of the kitchen.

How come no one comes to me about this shit?

ISABEL

Well it's gonna save them a lot of money

And we both know this wasn't a great fit for you anyway.

AMIR

Wow.

ISABEL

But look, Gus and Gary are prepared to buy you out.

AMIR

What are you talking about? No one's buying me out.

ISABEL

I know the timing isn't perfect--

AMIR

Isn't *perfect*?

I'm the one who put up the cash! *I* put in the work, Isabel!

Nine goddamn months here and they just swoop in here?

I don't think so.

ISABEL

If you--

AMIR

Isabel, look at me.

She does.

You didn't sign off on this, I know you didn't.

...

ISABEL

I--

I'm the one that found Monday's Meatloaf.

AMIR

This is unbelievable.

ISABEL

I know it stings, but at least you'll make some money from this!

We weren't projecting to turn a profit for the first six months anyway. Maybe the first *year!*

AMIR

I don't want your money, okay?

I want my kitchen. I want my business.

ISABEL

I know--

AMIR

We had *plans* for this place.

ISABEL

I know! And

I know we did...

AMIR

And what am I supposed to do?

Back to Mendocino?

ISABEL

The plan is to roll this food program out across all our campuses.

...

AMIR

So fuck me then.

ISABEL

You'll get paid. It's business.

AMIR

Business.

You keep your job though, right?

ISABEL

...

Amir starts to talk off.

ISABEL

Amir, wait!

AMIR

Nah, I'm out.

Call Gus and Gary to fix your fucking generator.

They walk into the darkness.

Shift.

Sara and Damien sit in his cabin.

SARA

My whole thing is like

Separating ourselves into first and second selves creates a false binary. That's what makes this camp a flawed concept.

DAMIEN

This whole thing is kinda freaking me out to be honest.

SARA

I truly believe our new reality will be both technological *and* organic.

DAMIEN

This is *exactly* how it happened to McCready. Lights go out. Phones go down. Then his truck wouldn't start.

SARA

I mean in 20 years, we're gonna have tech *in* our bodies.

DAMIEN

I'm sorry Bowser, but you are freaking me out right now.

Softly the buzzing sound is heard again.

SARA

Wait, what's that?

DAMIEN

You can hear it too??

Sara stands. Looks around.

SARA

Where's it coming from?

Damien walks over to his trunk, opens it and takes out his wooden phone. It's buzzing.

Sara comes and takes the phone.

SARA

What the actual fuck. *How?*

DAMIEN

I don't know--

Suddenly there is a knock at the door. Both Sara and Damien jump.

DAMIEN / SARA

Bahh!

Another knock.

Damien scrambles to hide his phone. He buries it in his covers.

DAMIEN

Come in!

Isabel enters.

ISABEL

Hey, friends.
Thanks for your patience, we uh

DAMIEN

Everything okay?

ISABEL

Of course. I'm great.
I'm developing a new, positive relationship with my planet and with myself.

DAMIEN

I meant like with the electricity...

ISABEL

I'm doing my best, Damien. We hit a bit of a snag.

SARA

Oh no.

ISABEL

It's fine. Everything is fine.
It's just
Amir? Um.
Amir left?

SARA

What?

ISABEL

And he took the truck so

DAMIEN

HE TOOK THE TRUCK?

SARA

Wait so we're stranded??

ISABEL

Only in theory.

I'm gonna figure this out on my own so your continued patience would be helpful.

I think there's a generator down in the shed.

So if you need me I'll be in the shed.

Fixing things.

Isabel exits.

DAMIEN

Oh my god. He took the truck.

SARA

I know! That is so irresponsible! I mean we're stranded here!

DAMIEN

This is just how it happened! This is just how it--!

Behind them the buzzing begins again, loudly. They both turn and look.

Damien walks to his bed, uncovers the phone and brings it to Sara.

He looks at her.

DAMIEN

I'll do the talking...

He holds the phone up, Sara leans in.

DAMIEN

...hello?

A gruff man clears his throat on the other end of the line.

DAMEN

Oh my god...

SARA

Shh!

Then the deep, booming voice speaks:

VOICE

I understand that you two are, ahh
You're looking for me...

Damien hurls the phone across the room.

DAMIEN

AHHH!!

SARA

What, what??

Damien starts frantically collecting his things.

DAMIEN

We're getting the fuck out of here.

SARA

Why??

DAMIEN

Wake up Bowser! That was him.

SARA

Who?

DAMIEN

The McCready Murderer and we're next!

SARA

On the phone?

DAMIEN

He knows about my podcast, I'm so *stupid!*

SARA

What are you talking about?

DAMIEN

You didn't hear him?!

SARA

I don't think I heard what you heard--

DAMIEN

Why did I assume the *risk! Dammit!*

SARA

Listen! Stop stop stop!

Damien stops.

DAMIEN

You're right. We need a plan.

SARA

No, I think we're both

I think we're going a little crazy from the detox.

DAMIEN

Ahh, so we take the phone and we bury it!

SARA

No. No we don't have to bury anything.

I think maybe

I think maybe we should go up to the house and get our real phones back.

DAMIEN

To call the police?

SARA

No. Damien, I think we're hearing things.

We need our phones to jog us out of this shit.
We check the feed. Check the texts and like--
Get back to center.

DAMIEN

I'm sorry but how do you expect me to get back to center when the GODDAMN McCready
Murderer is trying to hunt my ass down--

Sara slaps him in the face.

SARA

Barney!

DAMIEN

Ow.

SARA

I'm sorry.

DAMIEN

You're not supposed to call me Barney.

SARA

Just listen, here's the plan.
Isabel is down at that shed.
So you and me are going to go up into that office. And we're going to turn on our phones.
And it's going to get us through the next 24 hours.
Okay?

DAMIEN

...

SARA

Nod your head if you hear me.

DAMIEN

I hear you...but you're not supposed to call me Barney.

SARA

Uggh. Come on.

They grab their flashlights, exit the cabin and walk back to the main house, which is now empty.

Sara and Damien fumble through the house.

Damien knocks something.

SARA

Sh!

DAMIEN

Well I'm sorry but I just banged my bad shin on something. *Really hard.*

SARA

Come on!

They walk up the stairs of the house and down the hallway and open the door to the office.

They whisper over the following:

SARA

I'll look, you keep an eye out.

Damien takes a spot by the door.

She turns and glances at the shelves behind her.

SARA

Oh my god, look! This is all that McCready junk Amir was talking about.

Sara starts pulling files down from the shelf and looking through them.

DAMIEN

Here, hand me some!

(she does)

Bah just old receipts - gimme something else!

SARA

Oh my god, I think this is his *journal!* Holy shit.

DAMIEN

What's it say??

SARA

“They laugh at me because I am different, I laugh at them because they are the *same.*”

DAMIEN

Whoa.

Dude, I just got chills.

SARA

I think he stole that from Kurt Cobain.

Sara looks down and sees the bag with their phones.

SARA

Oh shit, our phones! Bingo!

Sara digs out their phones.

SARA

You want your phone or you iPad?

DAMIEN

(grabbing for it)

Whatever.

Sara hands him his phone. They both turn them on and wait.

Sara's phone is not on silence, it receives like 50 notifications all at once.

Bing! Bing! Bing!

SARA

Aw shit.

DAMIEN

Come on, silence!

SARA

I know, I know!

She silences her phone.

We can hear a ton of buzzing from both of their phones.

SARA

Holy shit dude I have like 63 text messages. 70. 74.

DAMIEN

Sick.

Sara reads her messages. She starts to respond to a few.

Damien scrolls.

SARA

What about you.

DAMIEN

What?

SARA

How many texts do you have?

DAMIEN

Dunno, I'm trying to get on Facebook.

SARA

Dude, *why?*

Out in the hall there is a creak.

SARA

You hear that?

DAMEIN

Hear what.

Sara listens for one more moment and then goes back to her phone.

From outside the house, in the distance, we see a distant flashlight approaching.

Slowly the figure slinks closer and closer to the house.

DAMIEN

(re: something he sees on his phone)

Wait, what?

SARA

What is it.

The figure holding the flashlight is now on the porch.

DAMIEN

Sara...

SARA

Jesus, my mom sent me 8 emails.

DAMIEN

My brother marked himself safe.

SARA

What?

DAMIEN

When I was checking Facebook.

SARA

What do you mean?

DAMIEN

When something happens, like, near you

You can mark yourself safe to let everyone know you're okay. And he just did.

SARA

Safe from what?

The figure on the porch opens the door and walks in, the door shutting behind them.

SARA

Oh shit, what was that?

The figure slowly walks up the stairs, each step creaking as they do so.

SARA

Here! Come on!

Sara gathers Damien's phone and drops them both into the bag and back into the drawer.

Damien scrambles to clean up the piles of folders.

The figure walks into the office.

SARA / DAMIEN

AHHHHHH!

Suddenly all the lights in the house FLIP back on.

AMIR stands before Sara and Damien.

DAMIEN

Whoa. Hey.

AMIR

Forgot my phone--

Wait, what are you doing?

Downstairs, Isabel enters, triumphant.

ISABEL

I JUST MADE THAT GENERATOR MY BITCH--!

Guys?

SARA

Uh, research.

DAMIEN

No! We're just uh
Lost.

Isabel races up the stairs, finds Amir, Sara and Damien.

ISABEL

Amir!

AMIR

Forgot my phone.

ISABEL

Wait, what are you guys doing in here?

SARA

Sorry we, uh

ISABEL

Were you sneaking around in here?

DAMIEN

No no, we--

ISABEL

Amir. Did you let them in here?

AMIR

What?

ISABEL

I think you should go.

DAMIEN

Listen, something happened and I'm gonna need my phone back--

AMIR

I didn't do shit, I found them like this!

ISABEL

Just go! I'm tired of you trying to wreck what I've built.

AMIR

Oh fuck you.

I built this place too.

And I'm not the one playing you for a podcast that ain't even about the camp.

ISABEL

What?

AMIR

Ask them. I'm out.

Amir exits down the stairs and out of the house.

DAMIEN

Sara, what the fuck.

SARA

It slipped!

ISABEL

What's he talking about?

Damien?

SARA

uhh maybe you've heard of the band Baby Old Lady?

ISABEL

Your podcast isn't about the camp?

SARA

It's preliminary! It's a sketch.

ISABEL

So what's it about then?? Are you making fun of me?

SARA

No no!

ISABEL

Is this some big joke where you're making fun of my camp?

DAMIEN

Uhh Isabel, maybe we can talk about this later. I actually sorta need my phone because--

ISABEL

No no we're gonna talk about this right now.

You both snuck into my office. Broke the rules. Stole back your phones and now you're gonna tell me what this podcast is actually about!

DAMIEN

...the McCready Murders in the winter of 2003...

ISABEL

True...true crime?

DAMIEN

I'm sorta trying to show people I can be more serious is the thing.

Isabel slumps into a chair and puts her head in her hands.

Sara and Damien share a glance, like "what do we do?"

Sara softly rubs Isabel's back.

ISABEL

I work so *hard*, you know?

SARA

I know.

ISABEL

Ugh. This is all so hopeless.

DAMIEN

Uhh, Isabel? I sorta do need my phone back. My brother marked himself safe. On Facebook.

ISABEL

Facebook, right of course.

You know? I think I'm done. Yup. Pretty sure I'm done.

Isabel stands and moves to the desk.

She grabs the trash bag full of their devices, walks into the hallway and hurls it down the stairs at Sara and Damien.

DAMIEN

Whoa! What the--

ISABEL

You want it, you got it!

SARA

Hey! Our stuff is in there!

ISABEL

Have at it! Enjoy!

SARA

Oh so this is what being centered looks like?

This is you reformulating your *shit*?

ISABEL

(exiting into her office)

I'm done. Enjoy because I'm done.

(she turns back)

Enjoy getting like *no* sleep tonight because of the--!

Because of the blue light your phones give off!

SARA

Oh we will!

ISABEL

I don't know if you know about blue light because you don't even listen to *anything* I'm trying to teach you but *that's* why you can't ever sleep!

SARA

Yeah I *did* know about that, everyone knows about the blue light thing and I don't even care!

ISABEL

Good. It's basically poison for your brain so enjoy it!

SARA

I do enjoy it!

ISABEL

Good!

SARA

Good!

Isabel walks into her office and slams the door.

SARA

God!

DAMIEN

Whoa, dude...

Sara and Damien both look at each other. Then at the door. Then at the bag.

They both lunge for the bag, take out their phones and start scrolling.

SARA

Your brother's okay?

DAMIEN

Yeah looks like he's fine.

SARA

What happened?

DAMIEN

Some maniac hijacked a New York City bus
And like

SARA

(finding an article on her phone)

Oh wait, yeah here.

They're both reading.

SARA

Oh my god. Ugh.
That's so sad.

DAMIEN

I know. Fuck.

SARA

Holy shit, wait.

(looking up from her phone)

It was the 52 bus.

DAMIEN

...

SARA

I take that bus. Sometimes.
On my way to work.

DAMIEN

Shut up.

SARA

Swear to god. Swear to god.

They both go back to their phones.

DAMIEN

Whoa.

SARA

Oh my *god*.

They read...

DAMIEN

Yeah damn it was like 2 pm though so
Which is good

...

DAMIEN

Just that I mean like
You probably would have been good.

...

DAMIEN

Just that you don't go to work at like 2 pm
I'm assuming
Right?

SARA

No, right but it's like *my bus*
Like, something could have been different or
If I was late or like if I was feeling sick or
Whatever, I'm just
It's just crazy
B52, that's just so crazy.

DAMIEN

Yeah. It is.

...

Holy shit, also the manager of the fucking *Yankees* got fired.
Damn.

They keep scrolling.

Lights.

+++

The following morning.

The sun is shining.

Sara stands on the lawn with her rolling luggage looking down at her phone.

Behind her, Damien enters with a shovel and starts digging a hole. Sara hears him and turns around.

SARA

Yo.

DAMIEN

Yo.

SARA

Sorry for, uh, dishing about your secret pod with Amir.

DAMIEN

Yeah that wasss... not ideal.

SARA

It slipped! I was excited.

You can share my car back, if that helps.

DAMIEN

Yeah, okay.

SARA

Do you care if we do Uber or Lyft?

DAMIEN

Nah.

SARA

Okay. Some people are like all intense about it now because Uber is run by a bunch of fucking assholes or whatever.

But I have 10% off with them right now soo

DAMIEN

Oh, *nice*.

He drops the wooden phone into the hole.

SARA

Really?

DAMIEN

Just in case.

He starts to bury the phone.

SARA

I guess the McCready murder will remain unsolved.

DAMIEN

Until some other podcast picks it up. We deserve answers.

Sara's phone dings. She looks at it.

SARA

God. I've been getting a zillion texts
Everyone's checking in on me because of that bus thing.

DAMIEN

You didn't mark yourself safe??

SARA

I don't have Facebook.

DAMIEN

Oh you're one of those. That doesn't make you better than me, fyi.

SARA

No but it does though.

Damien finishes burying the phone. He rolls his luggage and stands with Sara.

SARA

At first when I saw all the messages, for like a second, I thought about not responding to them. Because, if I wanted - and this is super fucked up - but in that moment I was like What if I just pretend I was on the bus? And I run off and get to be Bowser forever?

DAMIEN

Whoa. That *is* fucked up.

SARA

No. Like, duh. I'm not actually gonna do it. But for two seconds I was like, this is your chance. You can get out. You know I've never seen a barrier island?? Or a Grand Teton mountain? It's like *fuck* When is that gonna happen? But in that moment I was like, oh yeah right *now* is when it could happen.

DAMIEN

But then you texted everyone back.

SARA

Yeah.

DAMIEN

Good call.

Up in the office, Isabel sits at her desk.

ISABEL

Hey...
Hey Google?

Google comes to life.

GOOGLE

Hello.

ISABEL

Hi.

GOOGLE

Is that you Marge?

ISABEL

Actually my name--
Yeah, it's Marge.

Damien walks off the porch and to his cabin.

GOOGLE

I hope you've been well.

ISABEL

I've been....shmeh.

GOOGLE

Sorry to hear that.
Is there anything I can do to help?

ISABEL

No.

GOOGLE

Are you sure?

DAMIEN

So you gonna cancel Netflix and swear off your phone now?

SARA

Nah. I'm gonna switch something up hopefully. Leave Zipcar maybe.
I just can't imagine going back to sit at that desk six days a week.

(she looks at her phone)

Oh, Gabriel is pulling up.

They exit to their car.

ISABEL

Hey Google, call Gus and Gary.
Time to face the music.

GOOGLE

Playing the song "Time To Face The Music" by Baby Old Lady.

ISABEL

No! No Google stop!
Just call Gus and Gary please.

GOOGLE

Calling Gus and Gary...

Isabel waits and the phone rings, rings, rings.

Lights down on Isabel and the camp.

+++

In the darkness Isabel's ringing phone transforms to general office noise.

Lights up on Sara, in business-casual clothing, sitting at her desk at work.

GOOGLE

Sarah, this is your reminder that in 15 minutes you have a meeting with--

SARA

(typing furiously)

Remind me in five minutes, Google.

Fuck. Google, search my drafts for a follow up to Craig's ticket about the Zipcar membership filters.

GOOGLE

Searching...

SARA

...piece 'a shit

GOOGLE

FLOOD WARNING REMAINS IN EFFECT FOR ALL NEW YORK--

SARA

Read! Read! Shut up!

GOOGLE

Draft found for: Craig.

SARA

Thank Christ.

(slowing down)

Send.

GOOGLE

Email sent.

Sara leans back.

SARA

Woooo

(checking her watch)

Damn, do I have time for a coffee?

GOOGLE

Yes. You do.

SARA

Fab.

Sara stands and grabs the paper cup off her desk, and moves to exit.

A bing! message sound from the computer.

SARA

Ass. That Craig already?

GOOGLE

No. You have a new gchat message from...Amir Steward.

Name not found in contacts. Accept?

Sara swings back around and looks at her monitor.

SARA

What the eff? Uh, accept.

We hear Amir, but we don't see him.

GOOGLE

Message:

AMIR

Chicken Piccata come out okay?

GOOGLE

Message delivered at 1:13 pm.

SARA

Google send: What the fuck! Amir, *hi*. How are you?
Italic the 'hi'

GOOGLE

Message:

AMIR

Bowser lives! Wasn't sure I had the right email.
I'm good, I'm fine.

GOOGLE

Message delivered at 1:13 pm.

SARA

Google send: Alas, Bowser is no more. RIP Bowser, lol lol.
Just Sarah now. Ho hum.
How's your, um, your health?

...

GOOGLE

Amir is typing...

AMIR

It's fine. Thank you.

My doctor wants to operate which sounds serious but I feel okay. I'm gonna hold out. I'm fine.

GOOGLE

Message delivered at 1:14 pm.

AMIR

Anyway, my contacts from that retreat gig rolled over and I just happened to see you were on so I wanted to drop a line and say hey and also to, ah, apologize.

I owe you an apology. I shouldn't have outed you like that in front of Isabel. That was low.

SARA

You were upset.

AMIR

It's no excuse.

SARA

Well, thank you. And it's good to hear from you. I'm glad you reached out.

GOOGLE

Sarah, this is your reminder that in 10 minutes you have a meeting with--

SARA

Hey Google, shut the fuck up.

Google disappears.

Sara steps beyond her desk. It fades at some point over the following.

SARA

Amir, are you

You're not at the camp anymore, are you?

Amir steps out of the shadows. They both stare out as they chat, they are not in the same space.

AMIR

No no, they had a different, um
Direction. They wanted to go in.
I'm still in upstate though. For now. I'm at a seafood place called Skipper's. It's fine. Work's work.
You know.

SARA

No, I know. That sounds nice, though.

AMIR

Yeah it's cool. I like the team I'm working with.
Anyway, it's the middle of the day, you're probably busy so--

SARA

No. No I'm fine. Don't worry about it.

AMIR

Okay. Well. I wanted to ask you, actually
You finish that video game thing you were telling us about?

SARA

Hah. Lololol.
No.

AMIR

Damn. I really wanted to play that. Wanted to see a UC stomach do battle with some shit.

SARA

Erg, sorry!

AMIR

I'm basically your target audience.

SARA

Maybe I'll surprise you with it one day.

AMIR

Damn, that would be *it*.

SARA

Yeah, I should've just made the guy in the game *you*.

AMIR

Never thought I'd be in a video game.

SARA

Wait, actually that's pretty good.

What about this as the final level. It's you now. The character in the game is Amir.

And you've survived Jamestown. Next level you wake up, and you're at *camp*.

Behind Amir, the camp grounds fade into view.

AMIR

Oh come on, now I'll never beat this game! This final level gonna give me nightmares.

SARA

No no! It's the camp but it's like the best version.

It's not raining. Actually it's really beautiful and peaceful.

And the sun is setting and everything is right.

The sun sets. Amir stands in the camp at twilight. He sees the change.

AMIR

Yeah, not bad.

SARA

And you've eaten dinner. But the challenge, like the level

is that he has to do the farewell dance for the campers before they all leave.

AMIR

Ohhh that's good. You *missed* the farewell dance, that's right.

SARA

Yeah, but it sounded like it was a big deal.

Sounded like lots of, I dunno

Like jumps and somersaults and stuff?

AMIR

No, no. It's not that dramatic. It's chill. It might not be good enough for your video game.

Sara turns and addresses Amir, face to face, for the first time in the scene.

SARA

Well do it. Show me.

AMIR

Nah.

SARA

How am I gonna know if it fits in the game or not, unless I see it??

AMIR

I dunno.

SARA

Come on! You said it was so good!

AMIR

Ahhh, alright. This is a cheap ploy though.

Sara races over to a nearby chair, the camp is now alive again somehow.

SARA

Woot woot!

The sun sets slowly over the following.

From somewhere, Google plays Gymnopedie No. 1. softly.

AMIR

Alright, I'll do it for you.

But I'm gonna do a slow version because I'm tired.

SARA

Okay.

Amir does a very slow farewell dance.

It's probably a very lively and joyous dance when done at its normal pace, but slowed down it becomes hypnotic and a little stilted, but beautiful all the same.

The sun finishes setting, it is now night.

Sara watches Amir.

His dance winds down as the music comes to a close.

He performs the last motion as the song ends.

He lets his arms float back down to his sides.

...

AMIR

And that's it
Or something like that, anyway.

Lights.

END OF PLAY.