

**Act 2**  
**Scene 1**

*The Seawall. Laura and Trey sit with their legs dangling off the edge. Behind them, two headlights of a truck shine. The waves break beneath them.*

LAURA

The year before I left was the year they dumped all that sand. Remember?

TREY

Hell yeah. I remember that.

LAURA

The city spent five million dollars on sand.

TREY

Was it that much?

LAURA

Yep.

TREY

Shit.

LAURA

I remember all those trucks filled with sand rolling down the road. I don't know how they got them down on the beach. And on a windy day that year—sand just danced down the street—and it'd get in your eye. And everyone was so excited. We're going to have a real beach—not just rock. My Dad said that this place was going to take off—become this huge resort. People were investing in hotels and shops. That year was filled with that buzz in the air you know? And they started in the fall—to make sure the entire island was surrounded by white sand before summer. When I was a kid, walking on the beach always hurt. Nothing but shell and rock—because this rock wasn't meant to be lived on—just to protect the mainland from a storm—but the water between your toes made up for it—made you forget. But this—was something special. I went down there one night—and walked on the sand. Sand. It was nice. *(Beat)* But then of course, we had one of those May storms—nothing even too big. And all that sand was swept out to sea. Gone. In one night. Before the summer even came. My dad didn't speak for a month. He'd bought five new properties that year. He had to sell them at a loss. I don't know. It was nice they tried to change it. But some things can't change. And somehow you always come back to where you started—no matter how much you hope or dream about getting away.

TREY

Any dumb-ass would tell you, you couldn't turn a barrier island into a resort.

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I guess. LAURA

I like the rock better anyhow. TREY

My Dad always said people willing to live on nothin' but a jagged rock in the sea were people ready for a fight. LAURA

Maybe that used to be right. TREY

Well, he just lies there now. LAURA

Yeah. TREY

*Beat.*

What was Iraq like? LAURA

Hot. TREY

That's it? Hot. LAURA

Yeah. TREY

Hot. LAURA

Yeah. It was fuckin' hot! TREY

It gets hot here. LAURA

Not the same. Here it's muggy hot. There it's dry. Here, you get so hot and wet, you boil. There, you just dry up—everything gets sucked in. TREY

Well that's something.

LAURA

Bitch.

TREY

Watch it. My eleven year old will beat you up again.

LAURA

You got me scared now.

TREY

Just tryin' to get you to talk.

LAURA

I'm talkin'.

TREY

You got me out here on this wall. Thought maybe you had a reason.

LAURA

Actually, you asked me.

TREY

I'm determined. But I saw that you wanted to ask me.

LAURA

*Trey laughs.*

You know I loved you?

TREY

Shut up.

LAURA

Don't do that.

TREY

What?

LAURA

Don't be—

TREY

I mean—

LAURA

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I did. TREY

What? LAURA

I loved you. All that time we were at school. TREY

Come on. LAURA

It's a fact. TREY

We never spoke. LAURA

Yeah we did. TREY

When? Name one time! LAURA

Come on. TREY

One. LAURA

We spoke. TREY

When? LAURA

Well if you don't remember. TREY

You're such a piece of shit. LAURA

*Beat.*

Well...there was that one time. TREY

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Oh. Okay. That one time. When? LAURA

We went out to eat at that diner. TREY

Which diner? LAURA

The one down the island— TREY

Jo-Jo's? LAURA

Yeah—that's it. TREY

When did we go there? LAURA

Well—it was a bunch of us. After a school trip or somethin'. TREY

Oh...okay. LAURA

Yeah. And you didn't have a car then. TREY

Okay. LAURA

And I drove you home. TREY

Oh. LAURA

And I loved you. TREY *playfully*

Oh—okay! LAURA

TREY *sheepishly*

Well...I loved you about as much as any fifteen year old could love a girl. (Beat) But be careful—because there's been plenty of books filled about fifteen year-olds in love.

LAURA

I guess I thought you were cute too.

TREY

You did?

LAURA

I guess I did.

TREY

Of course right after that's when I fucked everything up.

LAURA

Don't say that.

TREY

I did. Been runnin' from it ever since. That summer. That kid.

LAURA

I guess anyone would...run...after that.

TREY

I hadn't been able to come back to this old wall since. It was right here.

LAURA

Was it?

TREY

It was. I was fifteen. And it was a Saturday—on my way to work at that souvenir shop on twenty-third. I was goin' the speed limit. No one denies that. And this little kid just ran up off the seawall. Just got away from his mom's arm. I know she was tryin' to hold on to him. And then he somehow got away. I always thought...it must have been his first time on the beach. He was just havin' fun. No one was there to protect him.

LAURA

That's the thing about protection. You have to build a wall to do it, Trey. And you're safe with that wall up—nothing can get to you. But then...nothing gets to you.

TREY

Well, no one in this town forgot me after that. That's for sure. No matter how hard you try, you can't forget my name.

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*Beat. They kiss. It starts as a single kiss—slow and gentle. It evolves into a deep kiss of escape. Laura pulls away—embarrassed. They look at each other in silence.*

LAURA  
Surf's rough tonight.

*Beat.*

TREY  
Hold on.

LAURA  
What?

*Trey runs behind the lights and we hear a door open. Trey returns with beer.*

TREY  
I had a six-pack in my truck.

*Trey sits next to Laura, pops a beer and hands it to her. He then opens one for himself. Laura looks at the beer in her hands and begins laughing uncontrollably.*

TREY  
What?

LAURA  
Jesus fucking Christ.

TREY  
What?

LAURA  
Shit. I mean—

TREY  
What!

LAURA  
I mean Christ!

TREY  
Hey!

LAURA  
This was always my nightmare.

*Beat.*

TREY

What was?

LAURA *laughing*

This. This. Sitting here with a fucking beer in my hand. On the Seawall. With a guy who keeps a six-pack in his truck.

TREY

Well—

LAURA

It's even cold.

TREY

I have a cooler.

LAURA

Holy crap!

TREY

You want warm beer—fine—I mean...I'll go—

LAURA

No! No. Please stay.

*Laura sips her beer. She tries to not laugh but cannot take herself seriously. She breaks into laughter again.*

LAURA

I'm sorry.

TREY

It's fine.

LAURA

No-no, I'm really....

*Trey smiles at her. Beat.*

LAURA

It's not so bad.

TREY

Naw. It's not.

LAURA

I've been avoiding this my whole life. Loosing sleep over not being right here. And now here I am.

TREY

How's it feel?

LAURA

Beer's cold.

TREY

Yeah.

LAURA

Why'd you leave?

TREY

I left because ...

LAURA

Everyone knew it was an accident.

TREY

I left because everyone treated me the same. I had done somethin' awful. I kept waitin' on the police to come and arrest me. But everyone treated me nicer than they ever have. It was forced...but it was still nice.

LAURA

So you left to find a way to punish yourself.

TREY

Too easy. It's too easy to say—I left because of this or that—it's always a fuckin' cop out. Why does anyone leave a place? They leave because they're pushed out. I just couldn't stand this fuckin' wall anymore. That boy dead—everyone actin' like it's fine. Everyone actin' the same when—when a tragedy happened here. No one sees.

LAURA

You see.

TREY

I see all of it. I try to see through all of it anyways.

LAURA

I came back. So did you. I don't have to fight it anymore. I wound up here—like everyone else from this town. And it's not so bad.

TREY

We could always go.

LAURA

No.

TREY

We could. We could leave here any time.

*Beat.*

LAURA

No. Here's just fine.

TREY

You know...when I was in New York City that time...I went to this museum. The Museum of Modern Art.

LAURA

Get the fuck out.

TREY

I did.

LAURA

All right. And I think I just saw a pig fly over the Gulf. Trey Dobbs went to the Museum of Modern Art.

TREY

I wanted to see some art. So that's where I went. And they had all types of shit in there—planes to furniture—to weird lights. I guess sayin' that anything can have art in it...I guess. And now...you hear jokes about this... but it's true. There on the wall was this blue canvas—one color. Just blue. And it made me mad—and it took me until now to figure out why. The blue was a beautiful color. And I guess that's what made it special—the artist saw blue in a new way—painted blue differently. But I swear it's the blue of the water out on the Gulf right now. See that blue. I've grown up with that blue. My life has been that color blue. And goddamn if some man didn't make a fortune by puttin' that color on a canvas. Here...here's Galveston blue. What makes it so fuckin' special—even if it's the most beautiful shade of blue there is...it's still only one color. What kind of a life is that?

*Laura kisses him.*

**BLACKOUT.**