

SCENE 9

Volcano--Tully and Rachel

(TULLY and RACHEL enter...she still has the guitar strapped around her shoulder...she's enjoying herself in a way she wouldn't have expected)

RACHEL

I think I'm ready to go on the road. And you're quite the singer. You ever think about recording some demos, shopping it around to record labels...

(TULLY laughs, scoffing)

TULLY

Yeah, right.

RACHEL

What's so funny?

TULLY

Everybody who picks up a guitar dreams of being famous but chasing that kind of thing is like playing the lottery. Way more losers than winners.

RACHEL

Huh. I didn't peg you for a scaredy cat.

TULLY

I'm not scared.

RACHEL

Hey, it's fine. We all got fears. I'm afraid my grandkids won't have a planet. You're afraid to get your feelings hurt.

TULLY

Look, I love what I do and if I'm lucky, who knows?

RACHEL

That's it? You're willing to just leave everything up to luck?

TULLY

And love. You're not the only one who loves what you do.

RACHEL

Fair enough. So, how's a guy like you end up here?

TULLY

You didn't want to go to bed so we went for a hike.

RACHEL

I meant the island. From what I understand about islands in the middle of nowhere, you were either born here or you were running from something. So...what were you trying to escape from?

TULLY

Oh, I don't know, crowds, traffic, pollution, crime. The constant paving over of farmland for strip malls. The incessant accumulation of things. The delusional mindset that's reduced all of childhood into nothing more than a ramp-up to get into a college that'll cost at least a hundred grand, which'll be impossible to pay back before you die. Banks. Smart phones that make people stupid, telemarketers, cable news...all news. Every single channel with so-called experts in boxes yelling at each other. But most of all, if I'm being honest...the cold. I came here to escape the cold.

(RACHEL smiles)

RACHEL

The weather is nice. But what else? Where did you escape from? What was your family like?

(uncomfortable, TULLY hesitates)

TULLY

Trust me, the deeper you go, the less interesting it gets. I'm better enjoyed on the surface. Like the ocean. Beautiful sunsets, clear blue water...

RACHEL

Yeah, yeah, yeah...I've been sailing. I'd like to know more about you.

TULLY

I grew up in North Carolina. My mom cleaned houses and my dad had a fishing boat just like his father. He'd fish and I'd sit on deck reading books about cowboys, bank robbers, pirates... I became a little obsessed with pirates. They got to use their boats for adventures instead of work. The best summer of my life is when I had to wear a patch because I got pink eye.

(RACHEL laughs)

RACHEL

So that's how you got here? You were part of a band of merry pirates that washed ashore? Captain Conjunctivitis and his crew?

TULLY

Actually, my guitar brought me here. I wanted to tell stories like the ones I read, but with music. So I started looking for a place that'd let me get on stage. I got a lot of no's, but then finally, right here, in the middle of the ocean, I got a yes.

#8 SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR

TULLY (CONT'D)

AS THE SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR
I WENT OUT ON THE SEA FOR ADVENTURE
EXPANDING THE VIEW OF THE CAPTAIN AND CREW
LIKE A MAN JUST RELEASED FROM INDENTURE

AS A DREAMER OF DREAMS AND A TRAVELIN' MAN
I HAVE CHALKED UP MANY A MILE
READ DOZENS OF BOOKS ABOUT HEROES AND CROOKS
AND I'VE LEARNED MUCH FROM BOTH OF THEIR STYLES

SON OF A SON, SON OF A SON
SON OF A SON OF A SAILOR
SON OF A GUN, LOAD THE LAST TON
ONE STEP AHEAD OF THE JAILER

(the music vamps as RACHEL extends a hand to TULLY...he takes it without hesitation...the dancing starts friendly, but evolves)

TULLY (CONT'D)

WHERE IT ALL ENDS
I CAN'T FATHOM, MY FRIENDS

RACHEL

IF YOU KNEW
YOU MIGHT TOSS OUT YOUR ANCHOR
SO YOU'LL CRUISE ALONG
ALWAYS SEARCHIN' FOR SONGS
NOT A LAWYER, A THIEF OR A BANKER