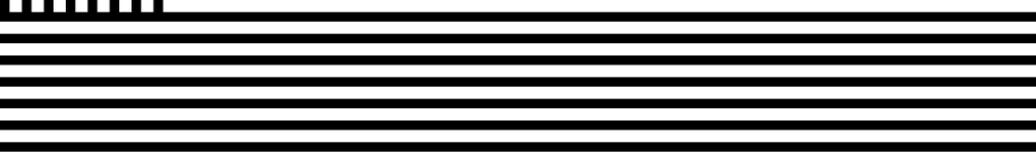
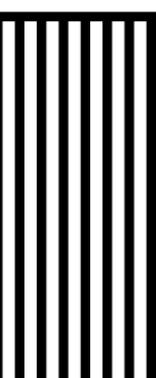


INDIAN SUMMER

BY GREGORY S. MOSS



DRAMATISTS
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The New York City premiere of INDIAN SUMMER was produced by Playwrights Horizons, Inc. (Tim Sanford, Artistic Director; Leslie Marcus, Managing Director), opening on May 13th, 2016. It was directed by Carolyn Cantor; the scenic design was by Dane Laffrey; the costume design was by Kaye Voyce; the lighting design was by Eric Southern; the sound design was by Stowe Nelson; and the production stage manager was Kyle Gates. The cast was as follows:

DANIEL Owen Campbell
GEORGE Jonathan Hadary
IZZY Elise Kibler
JEREMY Joe Tippett

INDIAN SUMMER was developed at the Brown/Trinity Playwrights Repertory Theatre (Kenneth Prestininzi, Artistic Director) 2014 season.

INDIAN SUMMER was developed with support from the Playwrights' Center's Core Writer Program.

INDIAN SUMMER was commissioned by Playwrights Horizons with funds provided by Kate and Samuel Weingarten.

CHARACTERS

DANIEL—16, from somewhere else

GEORGE—70s, resident

IZZY—17, Rhode Island native, lives down the beach, tough, Italian-American

JEREMY—late teens? 20s? Rhode Island native, Irish-American, full-blown bro

PLACE

A bit of seashore in southern Rhode Island

TIME

Present Day

Act One—Mid-July through early August

Act Two—The day after the end of Act One

TEXTUAL AND PRODUCTION NOTES

Line breaks in the text indicate a change in rhythm or thought, not a full stop or pause. The rhythm generally is brisk and propulsive, but the pauses should be full and sustained. A *pause* is active and shared; a *beat* is a moment's hesitation or redirection, owned by a single character; and a *silence* is an emptiness that envelops the whole stage.

Irregularities in punctuation and spelling are intentional and meant to indicate specifics of sound, inflection, and rhythm.

The use of FULL CAPS doesn't indicate a change in volume, necessarily, but rather an immediate emphasis of the word being capitalized.

The convention of the double slash (//) has been employed to indicate that the following line should interrupt or follow immediately after the preceding line at this point.

The scene and props are deliberately spare and minimal—most of the scenery is in the dialogue, and should be supported by light and sound. The stage space should evoke an abstraction of a beach—think of the simple strata of colors in a Rothko. Consider a built set that makes the theater space feel larger, more expansive, and is indicative of a shore and ocean and broad expanse of sky. A regionally specific Rhode Island dialect is crucial for Izzy, George, and Jeremy. Daniel has no discernible accent.

George may speak directly to the audience. None of the other characters can or should.

There are no blackouts. The pace of transitions should be calm, easy, without a hard stop between scenes—a tidal pace, not a human one. Scenes cross-fade at the beginnings and endings—characters enter a new scene before the character from the previous scene is gone. Time can overlap that way. Similarly, the last line of a scene and the first line of the next scene should be connected and paced so as to make the play feel continuous and uninterrupted despite rhythms changing and time passing. This fluidity and permeability should increase as the play progresses, intensifying through the second act.

life is elsewhere

—Rimbaud

INDIAN SUMMER

ACT ONE

Tide in.

Scene 1

Low tide, just after dawn. A clear day on a beach in Rhode Island, the sky dappled with clouds, still pink from the recent sunrise.

Daniel alone on the beach. Short sleeves, shorts, sneakers. He looks left. He looks right.

Nothing.

Crosses the stage, to look down the beach.

Nothing.

He walks glumly back, plopping down beside a bright-green toy bucket half-buried in the sand. Lowers his head, doesn't look up.

Pause.

George enters, wearing a T-shirt that reads "Life's A Beach!" under a terry cloth bathrobe, carrying a cup of coffee.

Pause as George checks his watch, surveys the ocean and the beach and the sky. He inhales happily as he regards the audience. Welcoming them with his smile. Beat.

GEORGE. Rhode Island!

Just past seven A.M. now, the sun's only just risen:

New Day! And Listen: there's the sound of seagulls circling. There's the sound of the waves crashing. They're mellow now. The waves are mellow and they're *whispering*, shhh, shh...you ever listen to

the waves real close?

crazy guy I used to see at this breakfast place up in Providence—placed called *Louie's*—which if you *know* it, then you *know*—this guy who was always there who was kind of a bum guy, he told me he'd gotten the power, after being struck by lightning, to decipher into English the words the waves are speaking.

What do they say then, I ask him.

Buy me a coffee and I'll tell ya.

No dice, I say.

Buy me like one a them glazed cinnamon buns.

So fuck it: I put down the dollar, guy gets his coffee, his pastry, la la, I say Ok?

He says: lemme eat first.

I say, come on man, what're you Alfred Hitchcock? you building up suspense for me?

He says: just lemme eat and then I promise I'll tell you.

Now by this point I am getting annoyed because I thought this was gonna be *funny* and a *lark* and I'm pissed that he's dragging it out and also disrespecting me after I just did him this good turn.

Finally I turn to him, I say:

Look Man, I gotta go to work,

you wanna tell me what the waves say in plain English like we agreed upon?

He dabs the corners of his cracked mouth with the paper napkin, little flecks of sugar frosting in his gray stubbly whiskers, turns,

leans in,

whispers in my ear, he says:

They only ever say one thing.

Oh yeah? I say?

Yeah, he says.

What's that? I say.

He says—
with every wave,
that crashes on the beach,
the ocean is saying,
over and over:

Fuck You, Mortal.

Fuck You, Mortal!

Fuck You.

Beat, then, with a shrug:

Maybe he misheard 'em, the waves, I don't know.

My house is up there. Me and Millie.
That little purple beach shack. Cute porch looking down at the water.
Cold as shit in winter but. Home sweet home, smells like cedar
inside, and I love it.

Rhode Island! The Smallest State in the Union and easily avoided—
But for some the GEM of the Pacific Coast!

Beat.

Daniel looks at George.

I mean Atlantic. Left Atlantic Right Pacific. I mean Left Pacific.
Whatever!

We're on the East Coast and it's Summer, just after the 4th of July.
And some people are still kids, and some people like me are still
fooling themselves that they got a lotta life left to live. But fuck it I
really do feel that way! I feel like I'm 19 at all hours of the day. Except
when I go to pee. Or notice the way in which I am no longer a
sexual object in the eyes of the women around me.
I'm into women that's just the way I'm wired everyone else just do
what you're gonna do though I'm not here to judge.

Except for kiddie diddlers. And the Klan.

There used to be a Klan in Rhode Island, I think.
That's where I'd draw the line on free speech, but that's just me.

I loved animals when I was younger—

DANIEL. George—
GEORGE. —I mean *platonically* not—heh?
DANIEL. Is my mom coming back?
GEORGE. your mom?
DANIEL. my mother your daughter
GEORGE. step
DANIEL. is she coming back
GEORGE. she's—well of course she's coming back Daniel—
DANIEL. I've been here a long time
GEORGE. it's a vacation
DANIEL. is it?
GEORGE. it's Summer
DANIEL. it's the end of summer
GEORGE. it's July
DANIEL. It's Late July
GEORGE. It's Mid-July
DANIEL. She said she'd be back for me two weeks ago.
GEORGE. Look: your mom's finishing some things up
but when she gets here
Boom! off you go!
and in the meanwhile
look at the beautiful midsummer sun
smell the various burgers and dogs getting cooked, the ocean air
and the titillating perfume of sunscreen
feel that sand between your toes
listen to the sound of waves coming in—the voices of kids screaming
as they run into the surf and then flee gleefully up the dunes:
This is *Paradise!*
There are kids, I'm telling you Daniel, kids who would KILL to be
where you are today—
DANIEL. —George—
GEORGE. —kids in HARLEM who's only respite from the oppres-
sive summer heat is an open FIRE HYDRANT—

DANIEL. —George—

GEORGE. —course some of those kids, ethnic types, they THRIVE in hot weather—

DANIEL. —George!—

GEORGE. Just saying!:

Go Swimming!

Ride a Bike!

Have Fun!

you're thirteen for chrissakes!

DANIEL. I'm sixteen.

GEORGE. (*Beat: he is? Forget it.*) ...either way, you're a SPROUT and Summer doesn't last forever

go meet kids from up the beach, there are kids who live up there don't stand around throwing the ball against the garage door all day why do you need to know times and schedules so much?

when your mom comes back?

Boom! you're gone!

but for now

hey, for now?

This is your life!

Silence.

So run n play it'll make the time go faster and I'll make franks n beans for supper

Silence.

No one moves at all.

run n play

Silence.

No one moves at all.

run n play

Silence, stillness.

George shrugs and exits.

Daniel is left alone.

Pause.

INDIAN SUMMER

by Gregory S. Moss

3M, 1W

Abandoned by his wayward mom, Daniel is consigned to spend the summer with his widower granddad in a Rhode Island beach town, where the locals don't look kindly on city kids. But his hapless vacation turns around when he meets Izzy: tough-acting, back-sassing, beguiling, and taken. This feisty romantic comedy follows a passing fling that could last a lifetime—as impossible and charmed as an Indian summer.

"...warm and gently breezy...[with] touchingly tentative coming-of-age dialogue... Although Moss dips his toe into the dark and vast waters of the ocean, he doesn't let it linger there for long. He's more interested in what the tide brings in, however briefly, before washing it away along with who knows what else."
—**Time Out (New York)**

"...delectable... Playwright Moss...mixes his plot strands and sifts his sands in a thoroughly winning manner. INDIAN SUMMER is at once charming and evocative, tender and funny; it even wets its toes in the mystical."
—**The Huffington Post**

"...lovely writing...a sweet bit of romantic nostalgia."
—**BroadwayWorld.com**

"... a complex...meditation on lost opportunities brought about by fear-based decisions. ...Moss has some important insights about the nature of relationships, the injustice of circumstance, and the cruelty of time..."
—**TheaterMania.com**

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