

Roland
by
Timothy Pizza

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(415) 407-5197

CHARACTERS

JACK

DARYL

DOC

ANNA

ROOMMATE

RECEPTIONIST

REALTOR

JESSICA

FRANK

AL

ACT ONE

FADE IN:

JACK (V.O.)

I've never been easy to be around, not since I quit all the crap those Doctors were feeding me. At one point The cocktail they had me on was as Follows; Adderal, Zoloft, Trazadone, Lithium, Seroquel, and a few others. I never went completely bananas or anything, or at least I never went outwardly bananas to anyone else. But that, inward bananas, it happened gradually.

(beat)

I'd had a surgery on my right foot that put me in a wheel chair for six months. During that time a good friend of mine had passed away. Her name was Anna and we'd spent my early 20's attached at the hip. We'd had a falling out. She'd fallen off the roof of a building at a party. We hadn't spoken in a few years. Her death may have been when I'd started to get a little weird.

(beat)

Let's say my friend Daryl made a crack at me on gChat in the morning.

JACK

Hey D, did you listen to that track I recorded last night?

DARYL

Yeah man,

(scoffs)

you sure have A LOT of free time on your hands...

JACK (V.O.)

I'd know in my head that Daryl was just being passive because he hadn't had his coffee yet. I'd tell myself that the comment was dumb, because it was and I shouldn't pay any more attention to it. By lunchtime, I'd be rolling around in my wheel chair

angrily and slamming the kitchen drawers while I cooked fried eggs and got back to marathon-ing episodes of Sifl and Olly. Somewhere in the back of my mind that comment would grow a little.

DARYL

Yeah man, you sure have a lot of free time on your hands and by the way, that track is fucking garbage. Idiot.

JACK (V.O.)

This would slowly escalate in my mind through the course of day. By the end of it all, I'd be pissed at Daryl for stuff he hadn't even done.

(beat)

Luckily I've always been pretty aware. I rarely acted on these weird fantasies but I suffered through them for months until I finally went to psychiatrist.

(beat)

I told the Doc that I'd had A.D.H.D. As a kid and that I needed to go back on Adderal. He was patient and kind.

DOC

You know you've been through a lot Jack. I think you could benefit from just a tiny dose of Zoloft.

JACK

No. Way. I refuse to become some zombie. I'm a musician and I can't afford to lose my creativity.

DOC

Okay, okay. But please, hear me out. Are you taking anything for sleep?

JACK

Yeah I take either a Benadryl or Tylenol P.M.

DOC

That's gonna cause sluggishness and

mental irritation. The Trazadone is great for sleep. Technically, yes, it is an anti-depressant, but it is a very weak one and won't alter your brain chemistry any more than the Tylenol P.M. or Benadryl is. You'll feel better.

JACK (V.O.)

I agreed. I did feel a bit more clear headed a few weeks later but the main problem wasn't getting any better. I was still reliving unpleasant incidents in my head over and over. Each time they'd get a little bit more detailed. I'd always wind up getting my feelings hurt over things my friends would say to me, in my head. I knew that this wasn't the truth but it was still hard to keep in contact with them, my friends. The things they'd say to me in my head were hurtful. I began to distance myself from my friends altogether.

(beat)

I started calling these repetitive fantasies "game loops," a term from the film 'eXistenZ,' that was written by David Cronenberg. The term referred to a character in a virtual reality game that only had one line to get you moving further on your quest. If the player didn't keep moving on with the quest the character would just keep repeating that one line until eventually they'd just stand in place, not blinking, hardly existing.

(beat)

I was beginning to feel like this on the regular so I decided to go back to the Doc.

JACK

Doc, I think I'm ready to try that Zoloft you mentioned before. I do feel better but I'm still having problems socially and I keep winding up pushing my friends away for things they didn't do.

DOC

This is a good decision Jack. You're

gonna feel a lot better. Hey if it gets really intense right away call as soon as possible okay?

JACK

You bet Doc, thanks.

JACK (V.O.)

A few days later I felt fantastic. I had tons of energy and was writing music again for the first time in awhile. I was out of the wheelchair and using a cane. I thought that was pretty cool.

(beat)

Despite the progress in morale, I was still living the "game loops" in my head, they were a bit more defined actually. I began exaggerating the actions of my friends in conversation with them now. I'd pick fights online, nothing too intense, I thought I was sticking up for myself. In reality, I was just insecure with a drug induced imagination. So badly I wanted their respect and admiration. I really didn't think too highly of myself and I projected that on everyone close to me.

(beat)

Now, I had a new troubling symptom. Anna, my friend who had died. Now had a running monologue in my mind. She commented on virtually everything I said and did.

ANNA (V.O.)

You gonna wear that today Jacky?

(giggles)

JACK (V.O.)

I tried everything I could to ignore her. But honestly, I liked hearing her voice. I'd missed her more than I thought.

ANNA (V.O.)

Awe, Jacky you miss me? That's so cute.

JACK (V.O.)

I kept going back to the Doc. I never told him about Anna in fear of being hauled off to the crazy house. The Doc kept adding a new pill onto the pile every visit. Eventually I derailed my social life one friend at a time.

(beat)

It was when I got put in jail for a night that I realized that all I had left were these drugs.

(beat)

I'd been driving late and was pulled over by a patrol cop for swerving. They searched me and found loose pills in my pocket. It was perfectly legal for me to have the pills but I'd just tossed em in my pocket that morning and didn't have the bottle with the script on it to prove that. I had to sit in a cell until morning until they could call the Doc and prove that I wasn't just some junkie.

(sigh)

I was just some junkie. I'd lost all my friends and become reliant on these drugs. Before this I'd been reliant on the approval of my friends.

(beat)

I wasn't a person.

ANNA (V.O.)

Jacky what happened? When did ya become a useless waste of skin?

(giggles)

JACK (V.O.)

This had to stop. I needed a new start. I gave notice on my apartment, packed up and moved home with my mom.

(beat)

Quitting cold turkey was agonizing, but with every cold sweat I felt a little closer to being a person. I had something to be proud of. I'd survived a wheelchair and started to patch things up with my friends. I hadn't been hearing Anna in the back of my mind either. I began to like myself for the first time and I was only reliant on myself for confidence and self esteem. I was finally a person.

(beat)

After a few months I decided to move out of my mom's place and in with an old friend. He had just bought a house. It was great for the first few months but then I noticed things started getting weird over money. He didn't have any income, he'd made a bunch of money off of a record he'd made years ago. He'd started nickel and dime-ing me for petty stuff like groceries. It felt super manipulative. This didn't seem like a healthy situation for me so I started sneaking in and out and avoiding confrontation with him altogether.

(beat)

I didn't need this. I wanted to be happy. Happy people don't sneak around. The times I tried to talk about it he just told me what I wanted to hear and then started some new bullshit a few days later, and so the cycle would repeat. I had no control over his actions and this was a problem.

(beat)

One day he came in my room while I was heading out for a date.

ROOMMATE

Hey Jack, you busy?

JACK

Yeah man I got a date, I'm half way out the door.

ROOMMATE

Well I need to talk.

JACK

Can it wait till later?

ROOMMATE

I'm raising the rent.

JACK (V.O.)

I'd never signed a lease so I figured this was something he could totally

do.

JACK

Dude, this sounds like a whole ordeal, why?

ROOMMATE

Well, you're my only source of income right now, and I need more income. Rooms are going for way more now.

JACK (V.O.)

They weren't.

JACK

How much are you raising it?

ROOMMATE

Five hundred bucks more a month.

JACK

That's insane.

ROOMMATE

Go look on Craig's List. Rooms go for that much.

JACK (V.O.)

Yeah maybe downtown, not in the suburbs.

JACK

Well, consider this my thirty days.

JACK (V.O.)

I smiled at him as I began to collect my wallet, cigarettes and keys. He might have thought I was going to pay up and deal. I didn't care, this was a blessing. I could see the disappointment brewing in his face.

ROOMMATE

Whoa, wait up man, this doesn't need

to happen for like six months.

JACK

No dude it's cool, I don't wanna hold
you back. I get it man. You do you.

ANNA (V.O.)

Nice one Jacky, You told him
(giggles)

JACK (V.O.)

Fuck being reliant. Fuck drugs, fuck
hating myself and fuck people that try
to hold something over my head for
their own gain. This was the last time
I was going to be reliant on anyone,
for anything. I wanted to live alone.
I wanted to rent from a property
management company, faceless and easy.
That's exactly what I was going to do.

END OF ACT ONE

FADE OUT.

ACT TWO

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)

I decided to move to the East Bay, ten miles away. I'd heard it was cheaper and a bit more relaxed. I wanted to be fully on my own.

(beat)

I yelped the biggest property management company and headed over to their office the next day. I told them my budget and played with my phone at the coffee shop next door while they ran a credit report. This was SO exciting!

(beat)

When I got back to their office they handed me a list of three apartments in my budget. I hopped in my car and went to the first address. It was a hamster cage. I might as well get a wheel to run on. Tiny. I politely passed and moved to the next one.

(beat)

This next place was shady and run down. I didn't even get out of my car. Onto the last one on the list.

(beat)

This place was kinda cool. It had kitchen separate from the family room and a decent sized bedroom. It was great! Then I decided to pull up the shades in the bedroom. They opened up to a children's playground. NOPE! I imagined shrieking children in the early morning. Bummer. I was about to panic. I could feel defeat sitting in the back my spine. I was never going to be self sufficient. I would have to rely on idiots and never get to be alone.

(beat)

The hell with it. I was gonna go back to the property management office and demand something better

RECEPTIONIST

Did you find anything you like?

JACK

No, actually. Sorry. Can we do a little better than this? These places

were either tiny, shady or crowded.
Isn't there anything else?

JACK (V.O.)

The receptionist had a sympathetic look on her face. She motioned for me to wait and went into the next office and closed the door. A few minutes later she came back with a new address.

RECEPTIONIST

This place just came up. There's still some work to be done it. If you can give me first and last by tomorrow it's all yours. They're eager to fill it.

JACK

Cool. I'll go check it out. Thanks.

JACK (V.O.)

I hopped back in the car and headed over. A man came to greet me and let me in the gate.

(beat)

It was an L shaped building with several palm trees at the south corner. A parking lot joined the L shape of the building filling the square that was the land's parcel. At the east side there was dried up creek with some trees and Ivy. Gorgeous. The Realtor led me through the gate and parking lot towards the stairway on the east side of the building.

REALTOR

This unit is over the laundry room so your only neighbor is on the right side. Do you smoke?

JACK

Yeah, is that a problem?

REALTOR

No, actually just keep it inside. Maybe smoke in the kitchen with the

window open. If the smoke wafts down into the courtyard unit eight will complain.

JACK

Easy enough.

JACK (V.O.)

He led me into the unit. It was huge. It had a long hallway. There was a full kitchen with a skylight to the left, a huge family room, twice as big as the last apartment actually, and an equally sized bedroom. I thought this was a mistake.

JACK

What's the monthly rent again?

JACK (V.O.)

He quoted a number one hundred fifty dollars less than the receptionist quoted me.

REALTOR

If you get me the deposit today I'll throw in a parking spot and storage unit located next to the laundry room.

JACK

Is there a bank somewhere? I'll go get a cashier's check.

JACK (V.O.)

He gave me some directions and I was off to the bank. This was amazing. It was gonna be all mine. I wouldn't have some weirdo lingering around the place. If something broke I could just call a number and they'd hire a contractor to come and fix it. This it. I'm on my own. I didn't even care that they were so eager to fill the place.

(beat)

I got the check and headed back. The Realtor and I leaned casually on my new kitchen counter and filled out the

lease. He breezed over the unimportant stuff I signed where necessary. A week later I was unpacking.

(beat)

As I was unloading the truck a young woman walked up, she seemed nice but had a slightly confused look on her face.

JESSICA

Movin' into number eleven?

JACK

Yeah. I can't believe this place. So much cheaper than the city. oh, I'm Jack...

JESSICA

I'm Jessica.

JACK (V.O.)

She smiled as she looked up to me apartment over my shoulder.

JESSICA

Wow. They really filled this place fast.

JACK

Did I just miss the last guy?

JACK (V.O.)

She was still looking up at my place.

JESSICA

Yeah I guess you could say that.

JACK (V.O.)

She smiled and looked back at me.

JACK

Well, I'll see ya around Jessica.

JESSICA

Cool, I'll see ya.

JACK (V.O.)

She headed off to the gate and went on her way.

ANNA (V.O.)

Nice place Jacky. Big, parking spot and everything. You're all grown up.

JACK (V.O.)

Even with quitting all those meds I'd figured that Anna's presence would eventually drift away like all the other symptoms of quitting six SSRI's completely. To admit it, I kinda liked having her around sometimes.

(beat)

The move went swimmingly. I ditched all my posters and got framed pieces for the walls. I bought matching furniture. I'd achieved a goal. I was gonna make it. The only annoyance was the the amount of mail that came for the previous tenant, Roland Rigel.

(beat)

Who doesn't do a change of address? I started to toss all of his mail in a box next to the fridge. I figured he may need some of it eventually. There were letters from what looked like friends or family.

(beat)

A few months passed and Roland's personal letters kept showing up. It seemed weird that he wasn't coming to get them. I figured I'd ask Jessica the next time I saw her.

(beat)

Sure enough, I saw her loading up her car on my way out in the morning.

JACK

Hey Jessica, good morning.

JESSICA

Hey, it's Jack right? How ya liking the new place?

JACK

I love it. I can't believe it actually. I'm so much more relaxed. There's parking around town and I can afford to eat regularly. I can't imagine going to the city for anything other than work. But hey, do you know Roland, the tenant before me? I have a bunch of his mail.

JACK (V.O.)

Her eyes got big and some color dropped out of her face.

JESSICA

They didn't tell you? I thought that was law.

JACK

Tell me what
(through curious
laughter)

JESSICA

Jack, Roland died in there.

JACK

Whoa, what happened?

JESSICA

He was quiet, nice enough, I didn't really know him. He was always home watching TV. He'd leave for few hours every night. I think he drank himself to death.

JACK

That's crazy. Does he seem like the type to haunt the place.

JACK (V.O.)

I smirked at her. She awkwardly giggled.

JESSICA

No, he was really sweet actually. Very

nice man. I doubt he'll cause any trouble. I was really sad when I saw all the paramedics. The guy in unit five figured it out when his car hadn't left the parking spot in a few days. To be honest, I kinda miss the sound of his TV sometimes.

JACK

I'll try to be louder. This whole thing is weird. I guess this is why you shouldn't look a gift horse in the mouth, huh?

JESSICA

Guess so. I gotta run, I'll see ya around.

JACK

See ya.

JACK (V.O.)

The next few weeks passed as life does. I'd go to work, get the mail, sort mine from Roland's with intention to sort it out at the post office on my next day off that fell on a weekday. There were close five or six hand written letters to Roland. I was tempted to read them but thought maybe a family member would come around asking for them. There may have been a check or two in there as well. All of this became normal, sorting the mail. If I ever heard a weird noise I'd speak up.

JACK

Hey Roland what are ya doing man?

JACK (V.O.)

This became a fun game for me. Maybe it was way to deal with the weird situation of his death in my apartment. Whatever, I made habit of leaving the television on, Jessica had said he liked that and on the plus side the television's constant sound was way better than dealing with my

own thoughts.

(beat)

It wasn't until a full year later that "things" started happening. At first it was harmless. No matter how hard I cranked up the heater, there was still a spot a long the north wall in the family room that was ice cold. This was a bummer because it was the perfect place for a couch. I tried to tell myself that wasn't the exact place that Roland died in. I just put a table there with a lamp on it and moved the couch to a less convenient spot, the east wall. It made it difficult to access the sliding door to the back porch. If any guests mentioned it I'd make up some bologna about getting the full effect from my sound system. Easy peasy.

(beat)

One day I came home from work and my television was on. I'd figured I'd left it on. Futurama was playing, one of my favorite episodes; "Jurassic Bark." It's a super sad episode about a single guy's dog, his best friend. It explains a tragic story with great jokes. I sat down and watched. The next day I came home and the television was on once again, playing the same episode of Futurama, Jurassic Bark. I sat and watched Seymour, Fry's dog wait in front Panucci's Pizza as the seasons changed around him. Seymour was just a loyal dog who had no idea that his owner Fry was gone. Poor Seymour waits there for years until his death. The episode always rouses a tear or two. But this was getting weird, even for me. I turned the TV off and placed the remote on the coffee table and went into the bathroom.

(beat)

I sat on the edge of the bath tub and lit up a cigarette to calm the nerves. I took a deep drag and put pressure on my temples with both of my palms. I closed my eyes for a bit until I felt the nicotine do its job. I exhaled the smoke slowly and opened my eyes.

(long beat)

Sitting between my feet, right in front of my face was the remote

control to my apple TV. I was pretty damn sure I'd put that on the table. This was the creeps. I needed a drink... or ten...

JACK (V.O.) (cont'd)
Roland! What the hell man?

JACK
I yelled this almost expecting a response.

JACK (V.O.)
After a few moments I brushed it off as me being a space cadet and headed into the kitchen. I grabbed a beer out of the fridge and pulled frozen dinner out of the freezer, trying to go about my normal routine. The more I tried to ignore this, the more it dragged on me mentally. Maybe Roland had some unfinished ghost biz? Maybe my Apple TV went wonky on the new update? I pondered these questions as I watched the macaroni and cheese spin in the microwave. Why did Roland drink himself to death? Do ghosts exist? Am I losing it again?

ANNA
No Jack you're doing so good.
(giggles)

JACK (V.O.)
Great. Anna was back. Between Anna and Roland I might have to go see the Doc.

JACK
No! I'm losing this one! I worked so hard to get here. Roland! Chill man, we'll figure this out.

SFX - MICROWAVE BEEPS

JACK (V.O.)
I grabbed my mac and cheese and headed back for the couch when I almost

tripped over something.

(beat)

Roland's mail was all over the floor. It was sorted in neat piles. The junk mail was in a neat stack on the left. The bills were in the middle. On the right were a stack of four letters. Two of them looked like invitations or Christmas cards. One was was a post card from someone named Al who was apparently fishing in Bodega Bay back in July. The return address was from a Holiday inn. The last one was another post card from the community center down the road.

(beat)

I sat on the couch with the Macaroni, turned on the Futurama episode 'Jurassic Bark' and set the four envelopes next to one another on the coffee table. Fry and Bender find a newspaper article about Panucci's Pizza being discovered in archaeological dig underneath New New York sometime after the year 3000. Fry had worked there before he was cryogenically frozen in the year 1999 and transported into the future, the year 3000. Fry and Bender go to Panucci's and discover the Fossilized corpse of his pet dog Seymour on display.

(beat)

I started in on my macaroni and opened the first envelope. It was a Christmas card from Sea Stream Maritime wishing Roland an automated Happy Holidays. Roland must've worked down at the port.

(beat)

On the TV, in a flashback, Fry had fallen victim to a prank pizza delivery to a man named Seymour Asses. Fry decides to eat the pizza in the alley when a cute scruffy pup sits down next to him. Fry anthropomorphizes a hilarious set of personality traits on the onto the scrawny pup and identifies with him. I eat more macaroni as the montage of their friendship pulls at my heart strings. Fry has named the pup Seymour, after the the prank call and they are best of friends. No matter the circumstance this episode will

always be a great episode, even if the ghost living in MY apartment is obsessed with it.

(beat)

The second envelope is another Christmas card from Texecorp Oil in Houston, probably a subsidiary of Sea Stream Maritime. On the TV, Seymour is pulling on Fry's pant leg, trying to stop him going on his next delivery. It's as if Seymour knows that Fry is going to be lost from his time forever.

(beat)

I pick the post card from the Community Center and look at the schedule. It's pretty locked up throughout the day. I notice that there is a bridge club daily from five to six pm and then a daily book club from eight to ten pm. What happens from six to eight? They wouldn't clean then and then have the book club. Odd.

(beat)

Now, Seymour was desperately going to all the places that Fry would frequent before he was accidentally frozen into the year 3000. It's a sad scene. Seymour goes to Fry's house in 1999, also his barber and work, Panucci's Pizza. Seymour finally picks up Fry's scent and follows it to the cryogenic freezing company. He sneaks inside sees Fry frozen in the machine. The episode then cuts to the year 3000 when Fry is trying to clone Seymour. The elaborate machine displays Seymour's age on the view screen, fifteen. Fry stops the process. He realizes that he got Seymour when he was four. He realizes with heartbreak that Seymour had eleven more years and must've moved on. Then it cuts back to that time lapse scene where Seymour sits for years in front of Panucci's, eagerly waiting for Fry until the adorable cartoon pup finally rest his eyes and dies.

(beat)

I'm holding my macaroni in my left hand and the fork in the right. Hulu rewinds itself to the start of time lapse again... and again... and so on...

(beat)

This is too weird. I grab Roland's post card from Al, my beer, my phone and head down to the car to get away from Roland for a bit. It's a little bit past five and the neighbors are sending odd glances as they head in from work. I pick up the phone and start dialing.

FRANK

Holiday Inn, Bodega Bay. This Frank.

JACK

Frank, are you swamped right now?

FRANK

Nope. It's dead here this time of year. Go on...

JACK

My name is Jack. This is gonna sound weird...

FRANK

Awesome. I've been so bored today. Spill it Jack.

JACK

Well Frank, I moved into a haunted apartment, the previous tenant died in the place.

FRANK

Go on.

JACK

The TV keeps playing the same episode over and over. If I turn it off, the remote shows up around the house wherever I am.

FRANK

What show?

JACK

Futurama.

FRANK

Is it the Dog episode?

JACK

Yeah, how'd you know? It's just one scene, the ghost keeps rewinding it.

FRANK

The part where the dog waits for Fry until it dies?

JACK

Yeah.

FRANK

So. What does this have to do with the Bodega Bay, Holiday Inn?

JACK

I'm not sure. Roland, the previous tenant got a postcard there from a fisherman named Al.

FRANK

When?

JACK

July, this year.

FRANK

Hold please.

JACK (V.O.)

I sat nervously in the car as a muzac version of Elvis Presley's "Fools Rush in" played through my iPhone. Suddenly the muzac stopped and I could hear Frank rummaging about.

FRANK

Let's see here.

JACK (V.O.)

I listened to Frank rustle through paper while scattin nonsense.

FRANK

Boo doo doo doo do do! Da bom boom boom Oh okay here we go. There was an AA meet up in July. AA covered everyone's room. I don't have any last names though. However, I do have an "Al" listed as one of the attendee's.

JACK

AA as in Alcoholics Anonymous? He drank himself to death. Shit. What time is it Frank?

FRANK

Boo do do do Five Forty Five. You on to something.

JACK

Yeah I think so.

FRANK

Don't leave me hanging on this. I'm into it.

JACK

I won't Frank but I gotta move man.

FRANK

Don't make me wait like Fry's dog Jack. Call me back when you figure this out. I'm here Monday, Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

JACK

I won't. But I gotta go. Thanks man.

FRANK

See ya.

JACK (V.O.)

I hopped out of the car, tossed the beer into the trash and headed down the street to the community center. It was ten minutes till six. Seven people loitered outside the community center smoking cigarettes and drinking coffee out of white Styrofoam cups.

(beat)

These people were gonna think I was nuts. There was an older man there with gray hair. He was staring at a bulletin board, but it didn't seem like he was reading anything, maybe just trying to look occupied so nobody would talk to him. I've been there.

JACK

Excuse me, Sir? Did you happen to know someone named Roland?

JACK (V.O.)

The man perked up and quickly turned towards me.

AL

How is he? Where the hell has that old sailor been?

JACK (V.O.)

This had to be Al.

JACK

I'm sorry sir, Roland passed about a year ago.

AL

What? How? What happened?

JACK

I heard that he drank...

JACK (V.O.)

As my voice began to break, Al put a hand up as if to say "you don't need to continue."

AL

Oh... How'd you find me?

JACK

I got your post card.

AL

Ha!. We missed Roland in Bodega Bay this year. Roland always loved that trip. Hey, why are you even here?

JACK (V.O.)

I stuttered and stumbled around my brain to find an excuse that made sense.

JACK

It just seemed like nobody knew Roland had passed I guess.

AL

Well, Roland took it pretty hard when Elvis passed, his dog. That mutt was his best friend.

JACK (V.O.)

In the cold air I could feel warm tears streaming down my cheeks.

AL

We buried Elvis down in the creek bed by his apartment. I never saw him again, I figured he moved away or found another meeting. People come and go all the time.

JACK

I see. Well, anyways I just wanted to let you know what happened man.

AL

Much appreciated.

JACK (V.O.)

We shook hands and hugged. The walk

home seemed to take forever.

END OF ACT TWO

FADE OUT.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

JACK (V.O.)

The sun was setting as I pulled open the gate to the apartment complex. I thought about the past year and how I'd tried so hard to be in control, tried to be on my own, tried to be a person. What is this world? We're on a giant rock orbiting a ball of fire and at the end of the day I'm supposed to make sense of something like this. A ghost, an old sailor, an episode of Futurama and a dog. I'd gone to lengths to distance myself from the needs of others but the needs of others found me.

(beat)

I walked through the parking lot and made my way down into the creek bed. At the south corner where the last bit of the day's sun made it through the trees I saw several stones placed in a cross formation. I walked over to Elvis' grave. On the center stone of the formed cross lay a gold coin with a triangle in the center with Roman Numeral X in the center. "To Thine Own Self Be True" was etched in the coin along the outer edge. The words "Unity," "Service" and "Recovery" were etched along the sides of the triangle.

(beat)

When I made it into the house the television was off.

(beat)

I picked up the phone and called The Holiday Inn, Bodega Bay.

END OF ACT THREE

FADE OUT.