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# The Process Of Writing "wind", A Play Inspired By An Actual Event

Matthew J. Hegdahl

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THE PROCESS OF WRITING “WIND”,  
A PLAY INSPIRED BY AN ACTUAL EVENT

by

Matthew James Hegdahl  
Bachelor of Arts, Southwest Minnesota State University, 2007  
A Thesis

Submitted to the Graduate Faculty

of the

University of North Dakota

In partial fulfillment of the requirements

for the degree of

Master of Arts

Grand Forks, North Dakota

May

2012

This thesis, submitted by Matthew James Hegdahl in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the Degree of Master of Arts from the University of North Dakota, has been read by the Faculty Advisory Committee under whom the work has been done and is hereby approved.

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Dr. Kathleen McLennan

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This thesis is being submitted by the appointed advisory committee as having met all of the requirements of the Graduate School at the University of North Dakota and is hereby approved.

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Dr. Wayne Swisher,  
Dean of the Graduate School

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25 April 2012

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Matthew James Hegdahl

26 April 2012

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## ABSTRACT

In August of 2007, the Klondike Wind Farm suffered a catastrophic failure of a wind turbine that killed one man and injured another. This accident was the first of its kind in the United States and is the inspiration for the original play “Wind”. This thesis will describe the aspects of the Klondike Accident, as well as the personal experiences, that aided in the development of the original play.

## CHAPTER I

The life of a traveling wind turbine technician is filled with many obstacles. The hours are long and the work varies from day to day. They have little control over the jobs they are assigned to, and even less say in how long they will be assigned to any specific site. It becomes difficult to form lasting relationship with others, as one is never certain who they will be working with on any given day. Coworkers, as well as job assignments, can change on a nearly daily basis. This atmosphere creates a unique kind of society among the traveling technicians. My play, “Wind”, is inspired by the catastrophic failure of a wind turbine that occurred on the Klondike Wind Farm on August 25<sup>th</sup> of 2007, near The Dalles, Oregon. While the play is inspired by an actual event, I have taken creative liberties with the facts in order to explore my interest in the relationships that traveling wind turbine technicians form with each other.

In Chapter One I will describe what a wind turbine is, how it functions, and the parts of a wind turbine that are crucial to understanding the accident. I will describe my personal experience working in the wind industry, how I became a traveling technician and the numerous jobs that I performed. This Chapter will also concentrate on the aspects of the research that inspired my original story. I will use the official report filed by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, commonly known as OSHA, to describe in detail the circumstances surrounding the incident, as well as the new safety procedures that the Siemens Company implemented immediately following the accident.

Chapter Two will focus on the social aspects of my life as a traveling wind turbine technician, and Chapter Three will consist of the play that was created by combining aspects from Chapter One and Chapter Two. I will describe the people, places, and the experiences that I encountered while traveling. In Chapter Two I will also describe the aspects of my personal experience that influenced the creation of the play, as well as the process of developing the play to its current form.

### Wind Turbine Overview

A wind turbine is a complicated machine with numerous parts that would be considered alien to anyone unfamiliar with them. People have been harnessing power from wind for hundreds of years. Windmills were used to grind grain or pump water, and in relatively recent history used to generate electricity in the form of the wind turbines seen today. A wind turbine uses the force of the wind on its blades to turn a main drive shaft, gearbox, and generator. All of these components are at the top of the tower inside, and connected to, the nacelle. The wind exerts force on the blades that makes the rotor spin like the propeller on an airplane. The rotor is connected to the main drive shaft and both parts turn at the exact same speed. The main drive shaft is attached to a gearbox that transfers the energy of the wind into a generator. The generator creates electricity that is sent through a series of conduit cables and transformers, and then into the electrical grid to be used by consumers.

For the most part wind turbines are completely self-automated. Wind vanes and anemometers detect wind direction and speed. This information is relayed to a computer in the machine, which in turn determines the direction the blades should be facing and how fast the rotor will spin. Many of the newer model wind turbines can be controlled

remotely as well. All newer model Siemens wind turbines are connected to a main office in Denmark where they can be monitored and, if the need arises, controlled. When technicians are working on a wind turbine the machine is taken offline, removing the possibility of someone remotely controlling the machine. A wind turbine that is taken offline by technicians is considered to be in service mode, and the technicians are the only people that have control over the machine. Once the technicians are done performing their work the machine is returned to operational mode and can be operated remotely if needed.

The wind turbine that was involved in the accident is a Siemens 2.3 megawatt wind turbine. The base of the turbine has a door that leads to the main computer terminal, the initial transformers, and a conduit that leads to the main transformer located just outside the wind turbine on the ground. The three tower sections stacked on top of each other have a ladder running up the inside wall that has five decks: one just above the main computer at the base; another where the base tower section and the mid tower section flanges meet; one more where the mid tower section and the top tower section meet; an electrical deck about two thirds up the top tower section; and the yaw deck at the very top just below the nacelle. The nacelle is the box on top of the tower. The nacelle houses the main drive shaft, the gearbox, and the power generator, as well as numerous electrical and computer cabinets, hydraulic motors and hosing, and all of the lubricants needed to keep the machine running. The hub is connected to the nacelle and it is the “nose” of the rotor assembly. The rotor assembly consists of the hub and the three blades that are attached to it. The Siemens 2.3 megawatt wind turbine stands 80 meters tall at the nacelle.

The parts that are critical in understanding the incident are located at the top of the wind turbine in the nacelle and hub. The blades are not in a fixed position once attached to the hub. They are able to adjust the amount of surface area exposed to the wind. This is done to optimize the energy output no matter the wind speed. On a day where the wind speed is low the blades will be pitched fully into the wind. This allows for the rotor to spin as fast as possible, and therefore generate as much electricity as possible. When the wind speed is higher the blades do not need as much surface area exposed to turn the generator. Computers in the nacelle control hydraulic motors that determine the pitch of the blades. Blade pitch can be anywhere between zero and 85 degrees. At zero degrees the blades have the most surface area exposed to the wind, and the only time they are in this position is on days where the wind speed is extremely low. A blade pitched to 85 degrees looks like the wing of an airplane. The wind will move over the blade creating lift and drag, but not enough force to turn the rotor at a high speed of rotation. This position is common on days where the wind speed is too high for a turbine to function safely, or when there are technicians inside performing work. At 85 degrees a wind turbine will not generate electricity because the rotor will not spin fast enough, and many times the brake on the main drive shaft is also engaged completely stopping the rotors ability to spin.

The nacelle also has the ability to adjust the direction it faces. Direction vanes are used to detect the direction the wind is blowing. Wind direction is relayed to the computer, which then adjusts the position of the nacelle as needed. This is referred to as “yaw”, and the nacelle can freely yaw in 360 degrees. Nacelles yaw to ensure that the blades are directly in line with the wind. Technicians are also able to control the yaw of

the nacelle. Depending on where the wind is coming from determines if a technician needs to adjust the yaw. A technician will yaw the nacelle into a position that is convenient for them to raise and lower tool bags using the crane hoist in the nacelle. If they are unable to get under the back corner of the nacelle with a work truck they will yaw the nacelle so the crane is directly over the truck. This reduces the amount of heavy lifting required by the technicians.

As stated earlier the blades are controlled by a hydraulic motor and lines. The motor is located in the nacelle and controls the blade pitch as well as a small crane that is also located in the hub. Each blade has its own set of hoses and valves inside the hub. The valves control the flow of hydraulic fluid from the motor to the blades. The valves can be placed in either the on or off position and are called the blade pitch control valves. These valves are used during service to check the blade pitch calibration. Technicians manually control the flow of hydraulic fluid to the blade to check that the pitch position of the blade is consistent with what the computer displays. There are markings on the inside of the hub that coincide with the pitch of the blade. One marking signifies that the blade is at zero degrees while the other marking coincides with 85 degrees. Before a technician enters the hub they make sure that the blades are pitched to 85 degrees, the hydraulic motor is shut off, the brake is engaged on the main drive shaft, and that the locking pins are also inserted into the main drive shaft. The locking pins are an additional security feature, and act as a back-up to the brake. If the brake were to disengage the locking pins would prevent the rotor from turning with a technician inside. The hydraulic motor is turned off to prevent the blades from pitching without a command from a technician. Hydraulic lines are charged with fluid and then shut off from the hydraulic motor by

closing the blade pitch valve. A technician is then able to use the fluid that remains in the hydraulic lines to pitch the blade by opening the valve inside the hub. There is no need to run the hydraulic motor in this process. The blade pitches from 85 to zero degrees, and when the technician is done inside the hub all of the valves are supposed to be returned to the open position. After the calibration check has been completed, and all of the work in the hub is finished, the hub is closed up and the hydraulic lines are recharged pitching the blades back to 85 degrees. At this point the locking pins can be removed and, if the technicians choose to do so, the brake can be disengaged from the main drive shaft.

Each wind turbine has a computer that controls nearly every function of the machine. The computer can be accessed in the nacelle and base of the tower through a portable controller. The controller has a basic digital display, a direction pad to select the different commands, an enter button, and a number pad. This controller is portable to allow the technicians to access the computer when they are in the nacelle, and to prevent someone from controlling the turbine while technicians are working in the nacelle. Each computer requires a password to be entered before the menu functions can be accessed preventing unauthorized personnel from gaining access to the computer. The controller allows the technicians to operate the hydraulics and lubricating reservoirs, main drive shaft brake and position of the nacelle, and all information in regards to the status of the wind turbine. Once the technicians are done for the day they connect the controller to the computer at the base, check the status of the turbine and any errors that computer may be reporting. It is up to the technician to determine the nature of the error before resetting the computer and starting up the wind turbine. Usually the error is due to the work that

was being performed, and is more of a failsafe than an actual issue that needs to be resolved.

### Personal Experience

I started working in the wind industry in October of 2008. I recently graduated college with a B.A. in Theatre and was in need of a job. I had a personal connection to one of the traveling technician managers at Energy Maintenance Service. My connection made a phone call for me. That phone call landed me an interview and then a job as a traveling technician.

My first week working for Energy Maintenance Service consisted of 40 hours of training at the main office in Gary, South Dakota. We had classroom work and instruction in the 10-hour Occupational Safety and Health Administration course. In this course we learned about safe workplace practices, as well as how to report incidents. We were also instructed in first aid and CPR. Those two courses filled the first two days of training.

The remainder of the week was filled with climb safety and tower rescue training. We were instructed in the proper use of our climbing gear, and given an opportunity to get comfortable using the climbing harness and safety lanyards that we would climb with. We trained on ladders that were constructed to represent the inside of a wind turbine. We practiced using our “Lad-Saf” fall arrest device. The Lad-Saf is attached to the front of the harness, and it follows a safety cable as you climb up. The device is constructed to catch the safety cable if one slips or falls, and prevents one from falling down the tower. The instructors were adamant about being one hundred percent “tied off” at all times. Being “tied off” means that at any given point while climbing you are connected to a

solid structure in the tower. The structure could be a ladder rung, a specific hook for tying off, or any of the numerous ladder brackets that run through the length of the tower.

We were also trained in the appropriate way to rescue someone that has fallen. Tower rescue training was required so that we were able to safely rescue a co-worker that had suffered a fall, and was injured severely enough to inhibit their ability to return to the ground unassisted. The training was only beneficial in rescuing someone that had been using their safety gear appropriately. In most cases a person would not survive a fall if they were not using their fall safety devices by being “tied off” at all times. The scenarios required us to use devices that would assist in lowering a fallen person to the ground safely. We practiced these procedures with each other playing the person that has taken a fall. We also reenacted what it is like to fall over the side of the nacelle. The instructors connected our harnesses to a lanyard, and then had us hang from the lanyard as though we were suspended more than 200 feet off the ground. They let us attempt a “self-rescue”, and after that they had one of the other trainees perform the rescue.

The last day of training was an actual climb up a 60 meter lattice tower wind turbine. We had to prove that we could perform the climb, because a traveling wind turbine technician cannot perform the job if they are unable to physically climb a tower. We were sent up the tower where another instructor was waiting for us. When I made it to the top I had to tie off to a safety point, unhook my Lad-Saf device, and hang in my harness for five minutes. The instructor up tower made small talk with me to make sure that I was clear mentally, and then asked me to relay a message to the instructor on the ground, “Tell Dan I want him to send a Mountain Dew up with one of the next guys”. He did this as a test to see if I could remember a simple request when I made it back to the

ground. After we completed the climb we had several hours of paperwork to go through, and then they gave us our first job assignments. I was fully hired by the company, and would remain an employee of theirs for the next year.

My first job assignment was on a General Electric construction site in Southwestern Minnesota. This is what is referred to as a “projects” site, and we were tasked with erecting 36 of General Electric’s 1.5 megawatt wind turbines. The erection of a wind turbine is done in four stages. They have several crews that are set to perform each specific stage, and then move on to the next wind turbine. There is the “offload crew”, “base-mid crew”, the “rotor crew”, the “top out crew”, the “tool crew”, and finally a crew to complete mechanical inspections and perform quality control duties.

The “offload crew” is responsible for unloading the tower parts from the semi-trucks that bring them on site. They are the first on the site and work in conjunction with truck drivers and crane operators. There are usually several of these crews at the beginning stages. They direct the truck driver where to go, and make sure that all of the components are placed in a way that allows the following crews to do their jobs as easily as possible. They are responsible for making sure the crane rigging is appropriately attached to the pieces they are offloading. They also direct the crane operators with the use of radios or hand signals, and make sure everything is safely unloaded. There is no particular order to unload the trucks, but it is vital that the pieces are not placed too far away, or too close, to the base pad of the tower. This process, as well as almost every process in the erection phase, requires the use of two cranes simultaneously. When unloading a tower section there is a crane attached to the top of the tower, and one to bottom. They work in unison to lift the piece off of the truck, and then the truck drives

out from underneath the suspended tower section. The cranes then lower the section to the ground so rests horizontally on the ground. The pieces that do not require two cranes are the blades, hub, and nacelle.

The “base-mid crew” stacks the first two pieces of the wind turbine on the base pad. After the “offload crew” has performed their job, the “base-mid crew” comes in to stack the base and the mid-section of the tower on a pre-set cement pad. This requires the use of two cranes working together. The crane doing the major lifting, and actually putting the tower section in its place is referred to as the “main crane”. It is a large crane with a capacity to lift more than 90 tons. The other crane is much smaller, and only utilized to assist the main crane. This is referred to as the “tail crane,” and is only attached to the tower section until it is vertical. The tail crane rigging is then removed, and the base tower section is then moved into place and lowered onto the cement pad. Numerous technicians work as quickly as possible to get the base bolted to the ground while three others climb to the top of the section. After the tower is securely in place, the technicians at the top of the tower unhook the crane rigging and wait for the mid-section to be lifted up to them. The same steps are followed for the mid-section as the base. All of the tools and hardware are placed inside the tower sections in bags, and attached to the ladder on the inside, before they are lifted. These two sections will normally sit for a few days before the remainder of the wind turbine is set on top of them. This is to provide the base some time for settling, as well as to make sure everything is built correctly. If the base is faulty it will fail before the last three pieces are set on top. This precaution saves lives and money.

The “rotor crew” is responsible for attaching the blades to the rotor. They work with one crane, and move each blade individually to the hub. There are two technicians inside the hub that control the blade pitch mechanism. They turn the blade pitch mechanism to line up the blade bolts with the pre-fabricated holes. When the bolts are lined up with the holes the crew is then instructed to slide the blade into place, and the two technicians inside connect the blade to the hub with nuts and washers and the assistance of a heavy duty impact wrench. This process is repeated for all three blades.

The “top out crew” picks up where the “base-mid crew” left off, and completes the construction of the wind turbine by stacking the last tower section, nacelle, and rotor. They start with the last tower section, and it is lifted the same way the “base-mid crew” lifts their tower sections. There is, however, one added step in lifting the top section. The vertical tower section is suspended approximately three feet off the ground, several wood blocks are stacked on top of each other under the suspended section, and the crane operator is then instructed to lower the tower until it is touching the stack of wood blocks. This is not meant to hold the tower up, but rather provide some stability for the tower section. After the blocks are in place two or three technicians quickly crawl underneath the suspended tower. They are handed bags of tools required to connect the two sections together, and these bags are attached to the ladder running inside the top section. The hardware is already at the top of the mid-section, and the three technicians up tower are organizing the nuts, washers, and bolts in preparation for the top section. The crane then lifts the last tower piece up. One of the three technicians up tower is in communication with the crane operator, and they instruct the operator on the boom position, the direction they need the tower to swing, and when to lower it on top of the mid-section. Bolts, nuts,

and washers are placed through the flanges and then secured with an impact wrench. As soon as the weight of the tower is on the mid-section a technician climbs to the top to unhook the crane rigging.

The nacelle is then lifted to crew at the top of the tower. They direct the crane operator, line up the flange and the bolt holes in the nacelle, and secure it in place with bolts, nuts, and washers. The rotor is then lifted with the use of the “main crane” and the “tail crane”. The function of the “tail crane” is to keep the bottom blade from striking the ground as the entire rotor is lifted off the ground. They use a sling that can be pulled off of the bottom blade from roughly 40 feet in the air. The rotor assembly is lifted to the crew, and they direct the crane operator as needed to get the rotor in place. This is the most sensitive of all the lifts, the rotor is light compared to the other pieces, and if the wind speeds are above 18 miles per hour the lift cannot be attempted. A light breeze wreaks havoc on the stability of the rotor, and it makes it extremely difficult to get it into place.

The “tool crew” is responsible for keeping the inventory of the tools, calibrating the hydraulic torquing pumps that are essential to the construction of a wind turbine, and to run tools out to any crew that is needed. The “tool crew” also helps out wherever they are needed.

The final stage of a project's site is left to quality control and mechanical inspections. They are tasked with performing a final check of everything, and fixing any problems that they might find before the wind turbine is handed over to the company for their own inspections.

I worked on that site for four months, and the only crew I did not work with was the “tool crew”. My first two weeks on the job was hectic, and everyone wanted to get the wind turbines built as soon as possible. I spent those two weeks filling in where needed, and being moved around the various crews. My first day I was helping the “base-mid crew”, and before I knew what was going on I had my shoulder pressed hard against a base section that was suspended a foot off the ground. We were attempting to push the massive piece of steel into place so the crane operator could lower it into position. Sometimes I wonder how I ever managed to go back to work the next day. Later in the week I would assist in offloading tower sections. The second week I was placed with the “rotor crew”, and spent a couple weeks building rotors, torqueing bolts, and working long hours in order to stay ahead of schedule.

Sometime later I was placed on the “top out crew”, and remained there for the majority of my time on the site. Because of that crew I learned a great deal about crane rigging and how to communicate with crane operators through hand signals. We were constantly busy making sure everything was prepared for technicians up tower, and running the tag lines that aid in stabilizing the suspended pieces as they are lifted through the air.

The last month on the job was spent performing quality control and mechanical inspections. I had come to understand a great deal about the machines we had been building during my first three months, but my understanding was increased twofold in that last month.

The majority of the employees had been sent home since the erection work had been completed. There were five of us left to perform all of the inspections on the 36

wind turbines. Every day we were climbing two or three towers to perform inspections. After we were done with our initial inspection General Electric would send their own inspector up the tower. It was common for him to find something that we had “missed” or that he simply did not approve of. It was then our job to take the list of issues and find a way to fix the problem. Sometimes it required an entire day of work, other times it was as simple as a spot of mud on a wall that needed to be cleaned up.

It was after that job that I was sent to work on White Creek Wind Farm in Washington. White Creek is located on top of the Columbia River Gorge near Roosevelt, WA. At the time the wind farm had 91 Siemens 2.3 megawatt wind turbines. It is in close vicinity to the Klondike Wind Farm, approximately 60 miles, and we were performing the “500 hour” service. It was the exact same service that Mitchell, Trossen, and Ervin were performing when the Klondike wind turbine collapsed. Each sub-contracted employee was assigned a lead technician to work under, and I was assigned to a technician that took the safety protocols seriously. He explained the reason why the company had enacted the regulations, and made sure that they were followed.

We worked 65 to 80 hours a week, and usually had Sunday’s off. On average it took us five days to complete a service, but sometimes it would take longer if there was a problem with a part. Every nut and bolt in the tower had a wrench put to it and was tested to ensure it was still torqued to the specifications. Anything that could be checked was, and at the end of the service the entire tower would be cleaned.

When I was not performing service work I was driving around the site with another technician troubleshooting. It was our job to make sure that the wind turbines not being serviced were producing energy. The computers in the wind turbines are set to shut

down as soon as it detects something wrong. The main shop on the site has a monitoring system that detects when a turbine has shut down, it was my job to figure out what the problem was, and then fix it.

I worked on the White Creek Wind Farm for about four months before being transferred to another site located approximately 80 miles west of White Creek. Siemens was in the construction phase on the Windy Flats Wind Farm, near Goldendale Washington. I worked on the “top out crew” for the majority of my time there performing the same job that I had while working with the “top out crew” in Minnesota.

When I moved sites I had to move out of my apartment in Kennewick, WA. I moved to a dingy motel in The Dalles, OR. It was closer to the site I had been transferred to, and where a large majority of the other technicians were living. We formed our own kind of civilization in the motel parking lot, and in our rooms. We worked together, ate together, drank together, and formed a type of camaraderie. We would infiltrate a bar and take over the place. Everyone knew who we were, and some people were happy to see us in their town. There were other people, however, that were not impressed with the influx of new people. They understood that we were not going to live there permanently, and they also knew that we did not carry the best reputation with us. We had no commitment to the city, our motel rooms were overpriced and underequipped, and the majority of us could not wait for our six weeks to be up. Every six weeks we would get a week off, the company would get us a round trip flight home, and we would leave that world behind us.

My motel room was one of the strangest sights I have ever witnessed in a hotel. I was in the room by myself, but I was provided with two queen size beds, and a full size bed. The motel was old and it needed a lot of repair. Right outside my door, across the

parking lot, there was an outdoor pool. The pool had not been cleaned in some time, and the tarp that was supposed to cover the pool was submerged under the water. There were a few stores, as well as a strip of bars, within walking distance from the motel. We had company trucks that we shared with two or three other employees. They were available for us to use outside of work, but it was impossible to go anywhere by yourself. Someone was bound to hear the truck start, and the monotony of our lives made any excursion something to do.

I was living there during the summer months, and that helped with the boredom. The Dalles is built right on the banks of the Columbia River, and there are plenty of opportunities for outdoor activities. Thankfully I worked with people that enjoyed doing things like fishing, swimming, and kayaking. There was a stretch of time where it was too hot to work, and we would be sent home early. Rather than sit around in our rooms, or go to the bar, we would find places to cliff dive, or just go exploring the area.

We were many hours, if not time zones, from home and loved ones. That distance and loneliness forced us to form relationships with each other. It is likely that we would not have formed that bond if we were in different circumstances. I spent many hours socializing with people that did not share the same interests that I did, and I did not share their interests either. It is a lonely life, and I watched people get burned out because they were unwilling, or unable, to make changes in their social habits. I never would have made it for a year if I had not formed the friendships that I did, friendships that I still maintain more than three years later. The loneliness forces you to find the good in people, and even allows you to see through the rough exterior they use as a shield.

The wind industry is largely dominated by men, and it is a very competitive field. This led to an atmosphere of “manning-up”. A lot of the men carried themselves like they had something to prove, or they were waiting for you to prove yourself to them. It is not a friendly atmosphere for anyone that is easily offended. I felt like there was a battle going on between a pack of dogs, and they were trying to figure out which one is the alpha male. If you did not play into the game they assumed you were one of the weaker ones, and generally left you alone. If you tried to compete it was impossible to make a mistake, or to even ask a question that might be perceived as “stupid”. Those that fought the hardest did not have time for anyone that was trying to learn. They wanted a crew that could do the best job in the fastest time. The combination of the alpha-male and forced friendships made some relationships very hard to maintain off the jobsite. For some of them they did not know anything different. They saw it as a “dog eat dog” world, and just did not want to get eaten.

The competition did not just happen at the job site. They would compete in drinking, in talking about fighting, and most commonly they would fight over and about women. If they were not married to the most gorgeous woman in the world, then they were terribly unhappy but stuck. Those that were unhappy and “stuck” were the ones that fought over picking-up women. They would compete with the single guys, and it was common that they would succeed. Infidelity was a common occurrence among the married men. They would justify it in any way possible at the time, and the next day they would be wholly remorseful. The cycle went on with a lot of the men. The infidelity made me question the sincerity of them as people, and their sincerity towards relationships in general. You do not expect these people to be your best friend. That is not

what the relationship is about. The relationship is purely work-based, and that means no matter what you do your job. The only thing I ever expected from these men was to help me if anything ever happened on the job. We expected that from everyone we worked with. It is an interesting society, but it can also be brutal if a person shows weakness.

### Research

The research I conducted for this play was unknowingly started on my first day of training in October of 2008. I was introduced to the story of the Klondike accident in March of 2009 when I was sent to Washington by my company Energy Maintenance Service to work on as a Siemens sub-contracted employee. I spent nine months working for Siemens, and in that time became acquainted with numerous people that had a direct connection with the Klondike Wind Farm accident. I saw the safety procedures that were put in place because of the accident. I worked with William Trossen for a day, and another technician that was working on that site at the time of the accident. The story fascinated and terrified me, but I knew that I did not know the real story.

In July of 2011, when I decided to write a play that revolved around my experience in the wind industry, I started researching the facts of the accident. It was after searching the Occupational Safety and Health Administration's online record database that I came across the official report. This report provided me with more information than I had ever hoped for. I was able to fully understand what happened that day. The report also provided me with the names of the technicians.

My main source for information in regards to the circumstances of that day is the official report published by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, commonly known as OSHA. The report,

“is an after the fact narrative of the facts and circumstances as they relate to a wind turbine collapse seriously injuring William Trossen and fatally injuring Chadd Mitchell on August 25, 2007 while employed as Wind Technicians, William Trossen was under the employment of Energy Maintenance Service L.L.C. and Chadd Mitchell working for Siemens Power Generation, Inc. at the time of the accident” (Riffe, 1).

The report includes all of the various interviews that were conducted by Compliance Officer Mike Riffe with a tape recorder that were transcribed to the page from those recordings. CO Riffe conducted interviews with Dustin Ervin and William Trossen, the two technicians that were working on the failed wind turbine, and the site lead, site manager, and the lead technician. This paper will utilize the interviews conducted with Dustin Ervin and William Trossen, as well as the interview with site lead Nick Martuscelli. These three men provided the vital information needed to understand how the day ended in tragedy. They were there when it happened, worked on the tower, and aided in the rescue of Trossen, and in removing the body of Mitchell.

On Saturday, August 25<sup>th</sup>, 2007 three men, William Trossen, Chadd Mitchell, and Dustin Ervin, were performing routine maintenance work on a wind turbine at the Klondike Wind Farm in Oregon. They were performing what is referred to as a “500 hour service”. This is the first servicing and maintenance work on a wind turbine after the machine has been constructed and allowed to run for roughly “500 hours”. The work consists of an overall inspection of every moving part. Every nut and bolt is torqued or

tensioned, all calibrated components are checked for accuracy, lubricants are refilled, and all of the filters in the tower are changed. The work covers every area of the tower from the base to the nacelle, and all the computer cabinets and flanges in every section of the tower.

The accident occurred on the last day of the 500 hour service According to the OSHA report, the work that remained consisted of “finishing the torquing of tower section bolts, a retrofit in the hub, a retrofit on one of the control cabinets, paint and clean-up of the nacelle and removal of tools for an upcoming inventory” (Riffe, 5). The day began with “a tailboard meeting at 10 minutes till 7:00” (Riffe, 6), before the three climbed the 80 meters to start work in the nacelle and hub. Chadd and William entered the hub to perform a grounding wire retrofit, but, realizing they had inadequate instructions, decided to wait. According to Trossen,

“Chadd then checked the blade pitch calibration... after Chadd performed the blade pitch calibration they removed their tools, got out of the hub and sealed it back up. He said that he then removed the lockout pins from the transmission” (Riffe, 5).

It was after this action of checking the blade pitch calibration that either Trossen or Mitchell forgot the final step of opening the hydraulic blade pitch valves before exiting the hub that left the blades pitched at zero degrees. The three continued working for the remainder of the day. They were not aware that the blades were locked at zero degrees, nor did they realize the danger of having the blades in such a position. According to the OSHA report, neither Ervin or Trossen questioned if Mitchell had unlocked the hydraulic

blade valves, because Mitchell was the last one out of the hub. Therefore, Trossen and Ervin assumed Mitchell had remembered to unlock the valves.

The majority of the work in the nacelle had been finished. The only jobs that remained were torquing the bolts at the two tower sections, and painting and cleanup in the nacelle. After some time, Mitchell realized that he could not find his cell phone. He was running for a seat on the Klickitat County Hospital Union, and the phone contained some important numbers in relation to the union election. Trossen and Ervin tried calling Mitchell's phone in an attempt to locate it. After Trossen and Ervin completed the torquing of the last section, Trossen made his way back up the tower to help Mitchell look for the cell phone. Ervin packed up the torquing tools, and climbed down from one of the inner sections of the tower to the truck. At the same time Trossen climbed back to the nacelle where Mitchell was searching through tool bags for his phone. The OSHA report recorded Trossen's recollection of events that happened upon returning to the Nacelle:

“he helped Chadd look for his cell phone for a little bit and it was getting late. He said that he told Chadd his cell phone was probably in the bags. He said that Chadd had been looking in the tool bags. William said that he told Chadd that they would pull all the bags out when they got back to the compound and find his phone. He said that if they didn't find them they would come back up again next week to finish painting and they could find it then. He said

that he then repacked the bags and sent them down while he thinks Chadd finished cleaning” (Riffe, 6).

Trossen, after using the crane and chain hoist in the nacelle to lower the tool bags, then started putting everything back into its proper place. He “brought the crane up after the last bag, put it to bed, closed the hatches, turned some of the hydraulic system off, locked the hatches, made sure all the electrical cords were put away then came up to the front and talked to Chadd” (Riffe, 6). They were almost done for the day and about to start their 80 meter climb down the tower. It was at this point that they made the decision that would result in the death of one and the injuring of the other, “that is when they decided they had one more task to do and it was to change the fiber optic cards... there are two up tower and two down tower so they decided that Chadd was going to do the two up tower and he was going to do the two down tower” (Riffe, 6-7). Trossen began his decent to the base where he was going to access the computer cabinet, and once inside he would replace two fiber optic cards. Trossen did not make it very far,

“He said he then went down to the yaw deck and put on his harness and hard hat and headed down... he got down to 15 steps when the shit hit the fan... he thought it sounded like one of the blades struck the tower. He said that before coming to Klondike he worked two weeks down in Minnesota that had two run away turbines that were right next to each other and ran away within two months of each other... he saw them and saw the results of the blades hitting the tower so what he heard he was sure was the

sound of blades striking the tower... he didn't see anything... he heard a huge bang, pop, and boom... he then thinks he saw the tower collapsing and then doesn't remember anything until waking up perched on a bracket 20 feet above the ground" (Riffe, 7).

The blades of the tower were still pitched to zero degrees, and the only thing keeping the blades from spinning was the hydraulic brake on the main drive shaft. Mitchell was in the nacelle cabinet as Trossen began his decent, and the moment he pulled the fiber optic card the hydraulic brake released. The brake released because the removal of the fiber optic card prevents the computer from communicating with the rest of the machine, hydraulics shut down, therefore releasing the brake. The position of the blades and direction of the wind caused everything that could go wrong to go wrong. Before they had a chance to do anything the rotor was spinning fast enough to cause to the rotor to tear itself off of the tower. Dustin Ervin was sitting in a running pick-up truck at the base of the tower when the event unfolded and reported that,

“he heard something crazy and thought why in the hell are they doing a high speed test... he looked out and saw the blades going past his truck, the rotor and blades were detached... he could see the tower section begin to bend and put the truck in gear and floored it... he could see the tower section hit the ground behind the truck in his rear view mirror... he put the truck in park and called 911. He

said that he freaked out until everyone started showing up”  
(Riffe, 7).

One of the people to show up to the accident was site lead Nick Martuscelli. He arrived a short time after emergency respondents had arrived on site. The local volunteer fire department was inexperienced when it came to dealing with wind turbines and, due to their lack of training, refused to enter the damaged machine. Nick was aware that Trossen was stuck in the tower but was unsure as to the condition of Mitchell. He climbed up the fallen tower section to rescue Trossen, and when he got down found out that Mitchell was pinned under a cabinet in the nacelle. Martuscelli reported that

“the fire department didn’t want to do anything so he asked for some cable cutters and then cut the cables to the cabinet he was trapped under while the tool technician went back to the shop and got the forklift... they then used the forklift to get the equipment off from Chadd before fire and police personnel finally removed his body” (Riffe, 11).

All of the blades had been locked out to zero degrees, which means they have the most surface area directly in line to catch the wind. When the brake is released, they can act like a pinwheel in a strong breeze. The normal position for the blades when a wind turbine is in service mode is an 85 degree angle. At 85 degrees the edge of the blade is the only part that catches the wind, and although the rotor will spin freely, it is a slow rotation, and there is no danger of damage due to this.

The locking pins had been removed from the main drive shaft, but the brake was still set. The brakes were set before the three climbed. At the beginning of the day one

technician will enter the wind turbine as it is running and turn a switch inside the base to “service mode”. This mode pitches blades to 85 degrees and engages the brake. It is not uncommon to leave the brake on the rotor while continuing service work. At the end of the day a technician needs to access the wind turbines internal computer to check readings and ready it for operation. There are different ways of disengaging the brake. It can be done from a computer in the nacelle, or the one at the base of the tower. Both of those options require the technician to manually tell the computer what to do. The third way, and what caused the accident, is by shutting off the computer’s ability to communicate with the rest of the machine.

Many factors played a role in this accident. The mistake that these men made were not unheard of, but the combination of the mistake with other circumstances is what led to the catastrophe. The three men each possessed less than two months experience on the job and even less experience performing the tasks involved in a “500 hour service.” Nick Martuscelli, when asked about the experience levels of the three technicians, responded that,

“He was unsure of any specific tech levels but said that Chadd would be considered a beginner. He did say that the company is now establishing various technician levels... Nick was asked if Chadd had any previous experience in turbines and he said that Chadd did not, that he had worked in a hospital before coming to Siemens (Riffe, 9).

Later Martuscelli was asked if he “would consider Chadd, Dustin, and William entry level tech’s and he (Nick) said that he would” (Riffe, 10). Their inexperience played a

major role in causing the catastrophe, but it might have also played a role in preventing the deaths of all the men. Replacing the fiber optic card is something that most experienced technicians would not have forgotten until the end of the day. It is a quick job, and hardly takes any effort. I know this because I spent a week performing updates to the computers, and part of the update was to pull the card and let the computer reset itself, and then re-insert the card into the cabinet. It took longer for me to climb to the nacelle than it did to pull the card. If Chadd had remembered to change the fiber optic card earlier in the day, it is possible that all three men could have ended up dead. The inexperience of the men, and the unfortunate circumstances piled up, led to the death of Mitchell, but it is possible that it was his inexperience that saved Trossen and Ervin. This is just speculation, of course, but also a more optimistic way of viewing the incident. The entirety of the accident cannot be blamed on inexperience alone. The one mistake of leaving the blade pitch valves closed was not a major threat to safety, but when combined with the overall circumstances of the day led to the unfortunate accident.

For example, the mistake of leaving the hydraulic valves closed to the blades pitch control was generally viewed as more of a nuisance than a danger. The nuisance of leaving the valves closed would result in what was jokingly called a “bonus point”, or as we referred to it disparagingly a “bonus climb”. Once the technicians are down tower they switch the machine back into operational mode. If the valves are closed the computer will report an error and shut the entire machine down. The technician responsible for forgetting to re-open the hydraulic valve will have to climb back up to fix the mistake,

“you don’t want to leave it closed because you don’t want to climb back up there... ‘this was never imagined, in a million years, that this could possibly ever happen so, it was always a joke, you get a bonus point if you leave it closed because the turbine would not operate if you left it closed. Essentially if you forgot to open it, you would be the one who would have to go back up and open it.’”(Riffe, 12)

There are multiple valves, emergency stops, and other mechanical devices that need to be returned to the “operating position” in order for the wind turbine to function. Any one of those left in the closed or off position would make the computer shutdown the turbine. Usually a technician would be able to look at the error report while at the base of the turbine, and then be able to determine the cause of the error. After that someone has to climb back up and fix the mistake, and the winner of that prize is usually the one that made the mistake.

The other circumstances that led to the accident had nothing to do with negligence or inexperience. If the nacelle had been yawed 90 degrees either way the force of the wind would not have been directly on the blades. Without the wind blowing directly on the blades it is likely that nothing spectacular would have happened. No one in the crew thought to yaw the nacelle because they were able to drop their tools to the truck without a problem. At the beginning of the day the nacelle was positioned directly in line with the wind, and it remained in that position until Mitchell unknowingly released the brake.

There were new safety procedures implemented immediately. The week following the accident all of the Siemens sites across the world were on a “safety stand down”. A safety stand down happens whenever there is a major accident or death within the company. Depending on the severity of the accident, and the known causes, a stand down can last anywhere from a few hours to several days. Since the cause of the Klondike accident was not apparent immediately, they shut down all of their sites throughout the world. There were no technicians climbing, and if a wind turbine needed work done it was taken offline until they could return to work. The technicians spent that following week in safety meetings, and they were briefed about what they could and could not say to people outside of the company. An employee with Energy Maintenance Service, and one of my co-workers, was working on the Klondike Wind Farm at the time of the accident. He talked about the days following, and how they would go to the site and sit there for however long the safety updates, conference calls, and mandatory paper work took to finish. He also told me that they were provided the option of speaking to a professional counselor. The week was long, and extremely stressful for the technicians due to the lack of information provided about the accident. These technicians had no idea if this accident was an anomaly, or if every turbine on the site was prone to destruction. The investigation was not concluded until February of 2008, but enough information had been gathered in the days following the accident to send the technicians back to work a week after the accident. Compliance Officer Mike Riffe concluded that,

“Chadd Mitchell re-entered the hub, placed all three blades in a minus two position and closed the valves that allowed automatic computer control of the blades at approximately

2:16 PM. At approximately 4:00 PM Chadd released the service brake. With blades pitched and locked in the minus 2 degree position wind energy created an over-speed condition resulting in catastrophic failure and collapse of the turbine.” (Riffe, 14).

By the time I was sent to White Creek Wind Farm it had been almost two years since the accident, but there was not a Siemens technician that did not know something about it. We dealt with the new safety protocols every day, and as a subcontracted employee there were jobs that I was simply not authorized to perform. The sentiment among the technicians was varied. Some did not mind the extra steps that were required, and they followed the guidelines precisely. There were others that felt the regulations only inhibited our ability to finish the job in a timely manner. The Siemens technicians had to go through several weeks of specialty training in order to lead a crew. They had to know how to perform special rescues, and they also had to prove that they understood the dangers involved in the job. Siemens has a large training center in Houston, TX, and this is where the technicians would receive their training. The extra training that I received was on the job. In any construction setting it is common to hear people complain about the safety regulations. There were a lot of rules that needed to be followed, and the majority of them are to make sure that job sites are as safe as possible. White Creek was my first time working on wind turbines that were actually producing energy, and because of the nature of the job I was able to learn more about them than I had ever imagined.

I not only learned a lot about wind energy, but I also discovered a great deal about myself. I had discovered so many stories, and different characters in the people I worked

with, that my mind was exploding with them. I spent many nights writing in journals, and trying to figure out where the story was.

## CHAPTER II

In this Chapter I will describe the circumstances, people, personal experiences, places, and my research that inspired the creation of my play, “Wind”. Hopefully this will provide some useful insight to the characters, as well as the ideas that have become driving forces behind the play. I will explain the process of developing the play from the first draft to the current version by describing the changes that were made in the story line, and I will also explain why I finally decided to concentrate my focus on the current story and characters. I will describe the people that I formed relationships with, and how these relationships influenced the play. I will also explain the aspects of living in The Dalles that were utilized in the creation of the play.

The seeds of a story were planted the moment I set foot on a wind farm. It was not clear to me where the story began, who it was about, or what they were doing, but I knew there were characters developing. The size and construction of the wind turbines was inspiring in itself, and there was a desire within me to set a story inside one of these machines. I had little knowledge of the Klondike Wind Farm accident. I had little knowledge of the renewable wind industry, and had been thrust into a world that was foreign to me, a twenty-four year old with a B.A. in Theatre, and I instantly began observing and absorbing anything that I could about the industry, the people, and the society that formed in the world of traveling wind turbine technicians. I would write down the intriguing, and sometimes horrifying, stories that these people would tell. I made notes on the aspects of their personalities that I thought would aide in the

development of characters. I also gained an immense wealth of knowledge about my own character in the process of working in this profession. Stories would sprout and find a meager beginning on the page, but nothing captured my attention strong enough to take root.

### Play Development

The early versions of the play are drastically different from the current version. I knew that I wanted to set the play in The Dalles, but I could not fully grasp the story that I wanted to tell. I was using the OSHA report from the Klondike accident to expand my knowledge of the incident, but found that I was spending too much time focusing on the specifics of what caused the accident, rather than telling a story that was happening in the moment. I was focusing on the interactions Compliance Officer Riffe had with Dustin Ervin, William Trossen, and Nick Martuscelli, and the technical details of the investigation. I was amazed by the obvious lack of knowledge held by Compliance Officer Riffe, the man in charge of the investigation, and that it appeared to me he was intent on finding one of the technicians at fault. In the early stages of the investigation Compliance Officer Riffe suggested the possibility that tools had been left in the hub by one of the technicians. On multiple occasions, and by each person he asked, the technicians explained that leaving tools in the hub, as Martuscelli stated, “could cause damage by beating around as the turbine turned but could not cause any type of catastrophic failure” (Riffe, 4). I tried to make the story work by including the OSHA officer as one of the characters, but the play was stagnant due to an absence of action. I ran into the same issues with subsequent attempts at revision. The characters were lacking discovery, action, and even a definitive objective.

After spending more time studying the OSHA report I realized that the accident was not the main story, but rather a part of the characters' past that was still playing a major role in their lives. Compliance Officer Riffe's first interview with Martuscelli revealed what I felt was a great "what if?" scenario to explore. Martuscelli told Compliance Officer Riffe,

"Chadd lost his cell phone somewhere up there and had been looking for it. He said that apparently there was some phone # in the phone that Chadd needed before Sunday (The accident took place on Saturday) that was very important to him... William said that Chadd was argumentative when he came up to the Nacelle... Chad had been looking everywhere for his phone and William decided to help him by going through the tool bags again... he thinks Chadd went into the hub again because he knew he had been in there." (Riffe, 3).

It was after making this realization that I took the play back to the drawing board. With the elimination of four male characters and the addition of a female character the story was starting to develop. I changed the setting to a single location, and decided to have it take place within a twenty-four hour period. This configuration for the play had taken shape with two men and one woman in the hotel room and parking lot outside the room. The focus was no longer based as heavily on the details of the accident, but rather the blame that each of these characters place on each other, and in turn take, for their potential involvement in the accident.

Another revision of the play resulted in the elimination of the female character, and a narrowing of the major conflict to create a play that is more succinct. The conflict now revolves around the strain that a friendship will undergo during trying times. The accident is the catalyst for the conflict, even though the play takes place three weeks after the accident. Both men have now experienced stressful circumstances in their past, and these experiences tear them apart and bring them together at the same time.

### Personal Relationships

The OSHA report was an invaluable resource in the development of the play, but the most important resource was my personal experience in the field. The characters of Seth and Mark are a combination of several of the men I worked with. These characters also contain aspects of my own personality and background.

In my first week of training I met Marion and Randy. Marion, in his early forties during training, was forced to drop out of high school by his father, and lived as a homeless hitchhiker his last two years as a teenager. He obtained his G.E.D. at the age of nineteen while calling a baseball field dugout home at night. He worked for a shipping company driving a semi-truck before being hired by Energy Maintenance Services. Marion was determined to excel in the wind industry, and it could be seen through the excitement that he brought to the job. I shared a work truck with him at the job in Minnesota, and three months of driving to and from work seven days a week. We became more than work associates, a friendship formed, and I looked to him for advice and encouragement. He had also lived an extremely trying life, and had a plethora of stories to tell because of it.

Randy, also in his early forties during training, had a background in broadcasting and sales. He, not unlike myself, was a unique addition to the multitudes of traveling technicians working in the field. I was able connect with Randy on topics of art, film, music, and politics, but the work relationship was not as cordial. He also desired to excel in the wind industry, but his awkwardness on the job site consistently hurt his reputation with the site leads and other technicians. I worked with Randy in Minnesota and Washington. During my time working with him in Washington I discovered that his wife had separated from him, and was now living with her new boyfriend in the house that Randy had paid for. It was not uncommon to find people dealing with infidelity, but it was usually the husband or boyfriend that was cheating on their significant other. It was a story that I had become familiar with working as a traveling technician, but it was a twist that I had not anticipated experiencing.

Zach is probably one of the most important personal resources that I utilized for the creation of the play. I met Zach the day I flew into Washington to work on the White Creek Wind Farm. We lived in the same hotel for two or three weeks, and would remain working on the same sites for the next nine months. He and I are the same age, and that was the extent of our common ground upon first meeting. He was married and had two children by the age of twenty-one. Two months after meeting him, at the age of 25, he would go through a divorce. He had been working with Energy Maintenance Services for more than a year when I met him, and was working in the area of the Klondike site at the time of the accident. A short period after the accident he would find himself working on the Klondike Wind Farm. He knew William Trossen personally, and would be the one to introduce me to Trossen later. Zach had experience performing service work. I had never

stepped foot in a commissioned wind turbine, and he proved to be a wealth of information when it came to learning how to do the job. Those roles would reverse the moment we were transferred from a service site to a project site, and the transition, largely due to our bonding over his divorce, was not an uncomfortable one.

There are many aspects of Zach that I have utilized in the construction of Mark's characters. It was not uncommon to find him drunk in the motel parking lot or getting thrown out of the local bars. He would try to start a fight if he felt someone had looked at him the wrong way. We formed a friendship first through working together, and then developed it further outside of work. Our friendship grew even more when we were both transferred from the White Creek site to the Windy Flats project site. We had to move from Kennewick Washington to The Dalles Oregon. We were the only technicians transferred, and neither of us knew many of the people on our new site.

### Living In The Dalles

It was late June when we were transferred. Zach rented a bedroom in a friend's house, and I moved into The Dalles Motor Inn. It is an inexpensive motel that offers extended stay discounts specifically to wind turbine technicians. The rooms were far from luxurious, but served the purpose of providing a bed to sleep in. Living out of The Dalles Motor Inn inspired the setting of the play. I had a room in the back parking lot of the motel. All of our doors opened into the parking lot, and the stagnant pool was located directly across the parking lot from my room. The outlets were outdated and could not receive an electrical plug with a ground prong. To remedy that problem the hotel owner had altered a power strip to fit into the outlets by clipping the ground prong off of it. My room had a television, mini-fridge, and microwave plugged into a power strip that was

missing the ground prong. My shower door fell off the hinges multiple times and only received temporary repairs. The water in the pool had not been drained or treated in several months, if not longer, and the tarp, as well as leaves and other debris, was submerged in the filthy water. Over the course of the summer the pool would end up with more foreign objects in it.

Zach was familiar with the area having lived there while working on the Klondike Wind Farm. He knew how to get around the area. On days off or in the evenings after work we would go fishing, swimming, cliff diving, kayaking, or driving on the mountain and logging trails. We also did a fair amount of drinking with our free time. There were several nights that we would sit in the parking lot of the motel, and after several drinks find things to throw into the pool. It was a way for me for to express the frustration of living in the cheap motel, and for Zach it was something to do.

The project site was operating on a week-to-week basis. They were never sure if they would have funding to continue the project the following week. Because of the uncertainty of the funding our hours were cut back. We had been working ten hour days six days a week, but were suddenly restricted to eight hour days, and only worked the occasional Saturday. That does not seem like much, but it gave us two nights out of the week to do whatever we wanted without having to worry about making it to work the next morning. It was a lot of free time that we were not used to having, and for some it only opened up more opportunities to cause problems. The short weeks and even shorter days gave Zach and I more time to explore the area and take road trips to Portland.

Zach and I formed an odd friendship, one that is very similar to what Seth and Mark have in the play, and something that I do not think is commonly found among

traveling technicians. As with any profession, there was plenty of complaining about work and the people we had to work with. The site leads would try to assemble crews of people that worked well together, but that is not always possible. There were certain technicians that could not handle working well with many of the other technicians. They struggled putting their differences aside in order to complete the job. Some technicians would absolutely refuse to work with someone that they felt was inferior to them. Others would simply refuse to do their job when they got up tower. There were, however, a larger majority of technicians that would grit their teeth through the duration of the day and then unload their frustration when they were home for the evening. From my experience people were usually friendly with each other, but it only lasted as long as it had to. Many of these people would forget about each other the moment they were no longer working on the same site. If they worked together again down the road they would resume the friendly façade. I was constantly hearing technicians talking poorly about others behind their backs. Knowing that is going on puts a person on edge, because no one wants to be butt of the jokes or even worse by being labeled “that guy” on the site. It makes it hard to believe that co-workers are being sincere, and especially difficult to trust anyone in social settings.

It was sometime later in the summer when we went on a road trip with a local resident of The Dalles. He was a drug dealer, and wanted to show us some of the places where they were legally growing medical marijuana. We drove for roughly thirty minutes before he pointed out a farm place to us. There were several large buildings, a barn, and a house on the property. He informed me that every building, except for the house, was being used to grow medical marijuana. He told us that a lot of the people that cook

methamphetamine do it out in the forest. They pull campers or set up tents and do the cooking out there.

It was after this experience that I realized how serious the meth problem is in that part of the country. The Dalles has a lot of homeless traffic moving through it due to the BNSF railroad that runs through it. People ride the trains illegally to and from Portland and other cities located on the rail line. The meth dealers also use it to transport and sell their product. The longer I was in The Dalles the more I became aware of how serious the problem is for that community. The same local that showed us the farms used for growing medicinal marijuana told me that meth was just as easy to acquire as marijuana. When he dropped me off at the hotel he also told me about a suicide that occurred several years earlier. The mother of one of his friends committed suicide in The Motor Inn. He could not recall if it happened in the room I was staying in or the room next to mine, but he was nearly positive it was one of the two rooms.

On July 28, 2011, I contacted Zach and conducted a phone interview with him. As I mentioned earlier, he had worked with William Trossen. Zach was able to explain why the lost cell phone was so important to Chadd. Zach explained to me that Chadd was running for a seat at the local hospital union. Chadd was waiting to find out the primary election results, and had been on his phone a lot more than usual that day. The rest of what Zach was able to tell me was also documented in the OSHA report. Zach had also done some of the final cleanup work on the Klondike Wind Farm. The tower sections and other large pieces had been removed, but there were pieces of fiberglass, steel, plastic, and wood strewn across the area. He spent several days walking the area and picking up as many pieces as he could find.

I have taken many creative liberties in regards to using the factual accident as an inspiration for my play. I fabricated backstory that is more true to life to my own experiences than to the experience that Dustin Ervin and William Trossen had. The accident served as a starting point, and that starting point was the cell phone. I had numerous days where I wanted to rip my co-workers cell phones out of their hands and throw it over the side of the turbine. There were times where the work was dragging because someone would refuse to get off their phone. I put myself in Seth's shoes, and decided that Chris was going to be more trouble than anyone could have imagined. Then I played a game of "what if?" and tried to think of the most interesting scenario I could. Seth, in stealing the cell phone, did everything that I had ever wanted to do, and in linking the stolen cell phone to the death of a coworker he ended up dealing with more than I would ever want to.

Life as a traveling wind turbine technician is unique in many ways. The technicians form bonds with co-workers that would be overlooked in normal conditions. They form a society that is uniquely their own, and yet strikingly similar to what might be viewed in high schools throughout the United States. The confident and head-strong are assigned unofficial leadership roles while the quiet and nervous are left to follow, and sometimes largely ignored. The society that is created from the conditions of living on the road away from family and friends, performing a unique type of manual labor, and having an excess of disposable income on a regular basis played an enormous role in the writing of "Wind". Traveling technicians form relationships with each other out of necessity and convenience. These relationships range from simple acquaintances that only last the length of the job to true friendships based on underlying similarities that

were only discovered by extended periods of time spent with each other. “Wind” is about more than figuring out who is to blame for the death of a man. It is about the commitment that friends have to each other in the most trying of times. As with any play it is about relationships, but this is not the typical relationship. There is no grand love story, even though the characters of Mark and Seth have love for each other. The play is about the struggles that friendships can go through, and it is about redemption and compassion.

CHAPTER III

WIND  
By  
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**CHARACTERS:**

SETH- Mid-late twenties

MARK- Early-mid twenties

**SETTING:**

The stage is split between a motel room and the parking lot just outside of the room.

There is a partial wall with a door between the room and the parking lot. In the room there is a door to the bathroom, a bed, nightstand, mini-fridge, and a large suitcase full of Seth's belongings. The parking lot is empty and in need of repair, there is also a flimsy chain-link fence acting as a barricade for the offstage pool. It is early winter/late fall, there does not have to be snow on the ground, but it is cold outside. In the far distance, on the top of a hill, the silhouettes of wind turbines can be seen.

**TIME:**

October 2007.

ACT ONE  
SCENE ONE

*(Lights up on Mark, he is standing outside of Seth's room drinking a beer and holding a twelve pack of beer under his arm. The wind can be heard blowing in the distance. It is early afternoon. Mark is wearing oil stained jeans, steel toe work boots, and a tattered hooded sweatshirt. He pounds on Seth's door. Seth's hotel room is dark. The furniture can be seen, but barely. The bathroom door of the room is closed, but the light can be seen pouring through the cracks in the door frame.)*

MARK

Seth! Yo, Seth! Clocks ticking and bitches are itchin' for some of this. They ain't gonna wait all night, so let's move it!

*(He pauses. There's no response.)*

Move your ass! I need a wingman tonight, you ain't even gotta take on a grenade if you don't want... might be helpful... I mean... you never know, but I ain't gonna make you do it if you don't wanna.

*(He pounds on the door some more. There's no response. He lights a cigarette and takes a look around the parking lot. He jiggles the handle of the room, it's locked. He takes a few steps back, surveys the situation, pulls a flask out of his jacket pocket and takes a pull. The wind gusts hard.)*

Wind's pickin' up... I bet it's blowin' like a son-of-a-bitch on the site... Must be that storm rolling in, right? I mean, it was bad enough to send us home early... what is that, like sixty miles an hour or something?

*(He shivers as the wind picks up in intensity.)*

You said you was coming out with us. I'm making you keep your word, you hear me? I let you mope around your room all week, doing god-knows what, and that's it. It's Friday, dammit! We ain't gotta work tomorrow.

*(No response from the room. He puts the flask back in his pocket, approaches the door, and starts pounding with even more fury than before.)*

God-dammit! Get your ass out here right now! I know you're in there. Stop being a pussy for one minute and open your door! You said you were coming out, you said that.

Remember? I need a goddamned wingman tonight. I ain't going home empty handed. I've been on a dry streak for almost a month...

*(He calculates the time elapsed since his last sexual encounter.)*

Yeah, that's right, it was like a month ago that the tower came down, and since then it's been like finding water in the fucking Mojave. I ain't ever had this bad of luck getting laid. I didn't think this shit would last this long, all bitches wanna do is talk about the accident. They expect me to know what happened out there, and trust me I got my theories about it, we all do, but I just tell 'em to wait 'til my buddy Seth gets back from all the bullshit he's been dealing with. When I tell 'em I know the guy that survived, that he's like my best friend out here, those bitches get all interested in me, but they ain't putting out! You'd think it'd be easy getting my dick wet, but fuck no, they just wanna

know more about you. Told 'em I'd get you to come out sometime soon, they damn-near creamed themselves at the thought of meeting you.

*(The wind gusts hard, Mark shivers again.)*

Jesus! You should see this. The whole site's shut down! That's some crazy shit! God damn that's gonna be one helluva storm! We ain't had wind like this in a long time... well not that long... but I mean, well... for the whole site to shut down like this...

*(He sits down next to the door, pulls out his flask and takes a long pull.)*

Yep... so.... Uh.... how was work today? You guys do anything other than service? They had me troubleshooting, I was working with Dixon. He ain't so bad, not once you give him chance.

*(The ringing of a phone can be heard coming from inside Seth's room.)*

Way to avoid me! Shoulda turned the ringer off your phone if you really wanted to fool me. You gonna answer it or what? Might as well answer it, I know you didn't leave your phone in your room. You never go anywhere without it, none of us do. Think about when we first get to the bar tonight, all those guys are gonna be on their phones... too damn scared to even try talking to bitches sober... Those guys are sad. They try too hard. I don't know why they gotta try to impress everyone. Ain't fooling no one, bunch of scared posers. They don't get it, I just don't give a fuck. That's how I get through these jobs, just not giving a fuck about it. I do what I want and I don't take shit from no one. Those other guys, they're pussies... you and me though, well me mostly cause sometimes you act like a little bitch, but mostly we don't give a fuck... at least it used to be that way. I guess you hafta be concerned about that stuff now... dealing with that accident and Chris dying... sucks to lose a co-worker, man. I know what that's like, dealt with that shit in Iraq and it sucks. We ain't supposed to be dealing with that shit out here. I expected that when I was deployed, we all did, that's war... and it sucked. I never really told you much about the last one... the one that put me over the edge... I don't like talking about it much, cause it's tough having to remember it. It's too bad too, cause they always told me that I needed to talk about it, but why would I wanna do that? I don't see how talking about it makes it better, not really. I don't like feeling that again, the bomb going off, our Humvee shaking as the one in front of us is blown to shit... then you had the gunfire from behind some buildings... maybe it woulda done me some good to talk about it, but I didn't.

*(He takes another pull from his flask, examines it closely.)*

You still got that flask I gave you back in Minnesota? Remember that job? That was ten times worse than this place. That was some cold ass work, I remember picking these up so we could have a drink up tower. I thought that was a good idea. It's not like I drink up tower anymore, I know you don't. Shit you probably don't even have that flask anymore, do you? I bet you left it at home, or lost it or something. You could at least open your door!

*(He waits for a response, there is only silence.)*

It's getting cold out here, you know, we could be sitting in a warm bar... not standing with a door between us, me 'bout to freeze my ass off.

*(He crosses up to his room door, tries to turn the knob, but it's locked. He digs through his pockets, calmly at first, and then he starts to frantically search.)*

Oh come on!

*(He tries to warm his hands up by rubbing them together. He crosses back to Seth's door.)*

Okay, look man, I locked my keys in my room, let me in... I ain't fooling, I really locked them in my room, and I gotta piss real bad.... Seth? You really gonna leave me out here like this?

*(He starts pounding on the door.)*

You're gonna get sick of this real quick, I fucking promise you! I'm getting cold out here, I gotta piss, and I can't get into my room right now!

*(Seth enters the parking lot. He is still in his dirty work pants, work boots, and jacket. He carries a small paper sack. Mark, still talking to the door, doesn't notice Seth enter. As Mark continues his rant, Seth stands quietly from a distance and listens.)*

You been locking yourself in your room all week, ain't answering my phone calls... shit, I'm lucky to get a text back from you, and now you're gonna make me stand out here like this.

*(He stops himself.)*

You and me, come on, we go back further than all these other guys. I don't mean to sound like I don't care, but you gotta stop being such a pussy about this. How can any of us understand if you just lock yourself in your room? This is kids' stuff, you know that, right? We're men, we can deal with this stuff. You're acting a little girl or something, and it's stupid! We been friends too long to be like this. Don't you value that a little? Don't none of that stuff matter?

*(He pulls out his phone, dials, and then waits.)*

Don't know why I even bother, not like you're gonna ans—

*(Seth's phone vibrates in his pocket, he pulls it out and pushes the "ignore" button. Mark still does not know that Seth is behind him.)*

Really? You're actually ignoring me when I'm right outside your door?

*(Mark calls again.)*

You're gonna talk to me!

SETH

*(He answers his phone.)*

The hell you want, Mark?

MARK

Jesus! What are you doing out here?

SETH

What are you doing, making out with my door?

MARK

How'd you get behind me? I been right here this whole time. Never saw you leave.

SETH

I walked downtown after we got back. I needed to get some things.

MARK

You mean I've been talking to your door this whole time?

SETH  
Ain't no one else in the room. How long you been standing out here?

MARK  
Shit. I don't know. Seems like forever.  
*(Seth pulls out his key to unlock his door, Mark stands there impatiently.)*  
Hurry up, let me in!

SETH  
Why?

MARK  
I gotta piss.

SETH  
Use your own.

MARK  
Can't, just let me in. Come on, I'm cold.

SETH  
No. Use yours.

MARK  
I can't! Just open it up already.

SETH  
I ain't letting you destroy my bathroom. I gotta sleep in there.

MARK  
I just gotta piss.

SETH  
Why can't you use yours?

MARK  
I locked my keys in my room.

SETH  
Again?

MARK  
Shut up and let me in already!

SETH

Why didn't you go to the office?

MARK

What? No, come on, just open the door.

SETH

You know they got a master key, right?

MARK

No shit. How do you think I've gotten back in before?

SETH

So why didn't you just go to the office?

MARK

Dammit, would you just let me use your pisser?

SETH

*(He puts himself in-between Mark and his door. Gives Mark a little shove backwards, and quickly gets into his room, but not before Mark gets his foot between the door and the frame.)*

I'm not letting you in here!

MARK

*(He fights against the door.)*

Come on man, I gotta take a leak!

SETH

I don't care, piss outside.

MARK

You serious?

SETH

I'm seriously not letting you in here. If you had to go that bad you woulda gone to the office. Move your foot, I got shit I need to do.

MARK

Not unless it's changing so you can come have a few beers.

SETH

It's not even five o'clock yet.

MARK

So?

SETH  
So... Why would we go to the bar this early?

MARK  
Why *wouldn't* we go to the bar now?

SETH  
Cause we don't have drinking problems.

MARK  
Speak for yourself!

SETH  
I'll be out later, go ahead without me.  
*(He continues fighting with Mark over the door.)*  
I'm not letting you in here. Move your foot!

MARK  
No!

SETH  
Don't make me break it in the door.

MARK  
Good luck.  
*(Mark lets go of the door, but doesn't move his foot. Seth opens it slightly and then slams the door on Marks foot. Mark lets out a painful scream, and hobbles backwards into the parking lot.)*  
Shit. Shit. You asshole! That fucking hurt!

SETH  
*(Standing with door open.)*  
I warned you. Didn't I tell you I was gonna break it? Dumbass.

MARK  
You didn't have to slam it!

SETH  
The hell you think I meant by that? You think I was gonna kick your toe or something?

MARK  
Well... yeah...

SETH  
You're an idiot.

MARK

You didn't have to slam the door on my foot. God, I bet you bruised the bone. You know how bad that hurts?

SETH

Whatever, I barely put any pressure on it.

MARK

It hurts bad dude, like it really messed something up.

*(Mark hobbles around a little. He attempts to put pressure on it, but the pain is too great. He winces and groans as he caters to his foot.)*

Shit. You might have to take me to the E.R. This don't feel right.

SETH

Seriously? I didn't even lean into it.

*(He leaves the doorway to check on Mark.)*

MARK

I'm serious man, it feels like something... a sharp stabbing... thing. Give me a hand.

*(Seth helps Mark into his room and sits him on the bed. As Seth turns to close the door and turn on the lights Mark jumps up and rushes into the bathroom.)*

SETH

You kidding me? You weren't hurt at all, were you? You better just be taking a leak... I gotta live here.

*(He sits on the bed and pulls a sandwich out of the paper sack.)*

Seriously, why are you going to the bar so early?

MARK

Got nothing else to do, not gonna sit around my room playin' with myself.

SETH

Thought that was your routine.

MARK

No, shit-head, that's my Wednesday night. Get your shit straight.

SETH

Sorry, thought it was a Friday thing for you.

MARK

Not unless we gotta work Saturday, and we ain't working tomorrow. You see the whole site's shut down?

SETH

Yeah, that system looks huge on the radar. They're talking major wind advisory.

MARK

Good thing we ain't working tomorrow. Be a waste of a day.

SETH

Didn't you have things to do?

MARK

Trying to get rid of me already? I ain't seen you in a month.

SETH

So?

MARK

So? I got questions for you.

SETH

Great, questions.

MARK

What, you don't wanna tell me about that shit?

SETH

To be honest, I'm sick of talking about it.

MARK

Well get used it, cause we all want some things cleared up... and with you I'll have no problem getting' laid tonight.

SETH

You're worried about getting laid? I ain't even been back a week and you already expect me to help you pull tail?

MARK

Why not? You're like a local celebrity or something. Everyone knows about you, and all the bitches wanna meet you. You should hear 'em when they find out where we work. The problem is none of us actually know what happened, so they don't stay interested long.

SETH

Not like I really know what happened.

MARK

Yeah right. I'm sure you don't have a clue what happened. Shit, I wasn't even working that day and even I think I know what happened.

*(His phone alerts him of a new text message. He checks it, and then responds.)*

SETH

Well yeah, I got some theories, I guess, but nothing solid. Who you texting?

MARK

None of your business.

SETH

Okay, sorry I asked.

MARK

You fuckin' better be sorry for more than that!

SETH

Oh really?

*(Seth's cell phone rings. He glances at the phone, hits the ignore button, and then puts the phone away.)*

MARK

Who was that?

SETH

None of your business.

MARK

I see how this is. That's fine, I was texting this chick I met last night. She's wondering when we're going out.

SETH

See, you don't need me out tonight. You're meeting someone.

MARK

No, she's was wondering when me and you was going out. She's meeting up with us.

SETH

What? You trying to set me up with someone?

MARK

Well yeah, you told me that you'd be out Friday, and last night this chick... man, she's hot... but she was out and I bought her a drink, you know get a feel for the situation. So I buy her a drink, and we get to talking, the accident comes up. I tell her what I know about Chris... try to play the mourning friend card with her, but it's just too hard to pretend to like that guy...

SETH

You played the "mourning friend card"? That's low, even for you, that's fucking low. The guy's dead for Christ's sake.

MARK

So? Don't change the fact that he was an asshole. I get so sick of these guys talking about him like it was a major loss to the world or something. The guy was a pain in the ass. You know what the real loss was in that accident? The millions of dollars wasted in the destruction of that turbine. That, and the pointless hours lost to new training, new goddamned safety regulations, and... and... the fact that you're acting all weird and shit now.

SETH

I ain't acting weird.

MARK

You ain't acting right! Think I don't know what's going on with you? Think I can't relate to that? I know more about it than you think.

SETH

I don't even know what you're talking about.

MARK

You been impossible to get ahold of for the last month. I didn't bother you for that first week after the accident. I knew you were dealing with a lot of shit from the OSHA people and those safety tools, so I didn't call or nothing, even though I wanted to.

SETH

Aren't you generous...

MARK

Hey, I know what it's like. When my convoy got hit by that I.E.D. those people wouldn't lay off me! I was drilled with questions cause I was the only one that survived. They wanted answers—

SETH

And you were the only one that had any.

MARK

That's right.

SETH

I've heard it before, man.

MARK

I know, but you see the similarity, right?

SETH

Not really.

MARK

We both survived, no one else did.

SETH

Yeah, but you were right there in the middle of it. You were one out of what, ten guys?

MARK

Nine.

SETH

Okay, nine guys. Eight guys die, only one survives, of course they're gonna drill you for answers! For all they knew you had something to do with it.

MARK

I had something to do with it?

SETH

That's not what I was—

MARK

You think I was conspiring with those sand-niggers? Is that what you're saying? That I was working with them? Feeding them intel, putting my life and the lives of my friends at risk? What kind of fucked up thing is that to say? I come over here as a friend, I ain't accusing you of shit, and you go and say something like that! What the hell is wrong with you?

SETH

I didn't mean it like that. I'm sorry.

MARK

Ha! You're sorry... That's good, that's real good. Yeah, I guess I'll just have to accept that, won't I?

SETH

What I meant to say... I mean, it's not the same, your thing in Iraq and my thing here. I wasn't up-tower when it happened. Chris was the only one up-tower, I have no idea what he coulda done, and yeah they asked me questions, but it's not like I could actually tell them what happened.

MARK

You have any idea?

SETH

No.

MARK

You guys were in the hub, weren't you?

SETH

Yeah, so?

MARK

*(His phone rings. He pulls it out, reads the text message, and responds to it while continuing his conversation.)*

You guys check blade calibration?

SETH

Chris did...

MARK

I knew it! I told those guys, I told 'em!

SETH

Told who what?

MARK

I don't see what the big mystery is anymore. Dumbass left the blades locked at zero, and for some reason he pulled the pins and released the brakes. The tower came down, dumbass died, and now you're fucked in the head because of dumbass Chris. Thanks a lot dumbass, the one person in this backwoods, sister fucking, uncle/brother town that ain't a complete tool is now fucked in the head.

SETH

That's not what happened.

MARK

The hell it ain't! I cleaned that shit up, I was out there helping tear down the rest of it. I saw how the rotor was laying on the ground. The blades were still pitched to zero, and I bet everyone twenty bucks that those valves were locked out. Don't need much wind for a turbine to go into over speed, and if it's in service mode the computer ain't gonna set the brakes for you. Am I right?

SETH

I don't know.

MARK

That's what happened. I'm telling ya, when they finish the investigation, you'll see.

*(Seth's phone vibrates. He pulls it out, checks it, and then pushes the "ignore" button.)*

Seriously, who's calling you?

SETH

It's no one.

MARK

Right... no one.

SETH

No one important, how's that?

MARK

Am I supposed to feel honored that you're ignoring calls to hang out with me?

SETH

That's what we're doing?

MARK

Yeah, what did you think this was?

SETH

You forcing your way into my room and refusing to leave me alone.

*(His phone vibrates. He leaves it and lets it continue vibrating in his pocket.)*

MARK

Just answer the fucking thing. I don't mind.

SETH

No, that's alright. I'd really rather not talk to her.

MARK

Her? Is that why you're mad about the chick I'm talking to? You got someone coming over, or what?

SETH

No, it's not like that.

MARK

Then what is it like?

SETH

It's just someone wanting to talk to me about Chris.

MARK

Reporters and shit?

SETH

You really think I'm famous or something, don't you?

MARK

Everyone in town knows who you are now.

SETH

Cause I was working with Chris that day?

MARK

Shit yeah. The whole town was buzzing with that shit. Everyone knew what happened.

*(A phone rings from the nightstand drawer.)*

The hell is that? I heard that phone ring when you were gone.

SETH

*(Seth is suddenly nervous.)*

That ain't a phone, it's uh... it's my... it's my alarm.

MARK

You got an alarm set to go off in the middle of the day?

SETH

Yeah... uh... it's uh, a uh... a reminder.

MARK

Wow, you're using an alarm to remind you about something. That's innovative!

SETH

Shut up.

MARK

You gonna shut it off?

SETH

Oh... uh... yeah.

*(He moves to the nightstand, reaches into the drawer, and shuts it off without pulling it out of the drawer.)*

Happy?

MARK

You're acting real fuckin' weird man.

SETH

What?

MARK

Look at yourself! Don't you see how backwards this is? You're the guy that's got shit to say, you tell people things, and you're like an open fucking book to everybody! I'm supposed to be that guy holding shit in, not you!

SETH

I don't have shit to say. I don't know what else to tell you, that's the truth. I ain't acting weird, I'm not holding anything back. I don't know what you were expecting, but I'm sorry for not living up to it.

MARK

I ain't talked to you in like a month. I wanna hang out, catch up about shit, have a real fucking conversation with someone.

SETH

Oh, I get it. You're upset, is that it?

MARK

No, I ain't upset! You make this sound like some kind of woman problem. Shit dude, you're a good friend and I like hanging out with you. Ain't nothing sentimental about it or nothing. You got things to say, and I got things to say, but none of these guys got shit to offer. I been bored off my ass. You know how many times I've had to explain why my theory is right? It ain't a complicated idea, dumbass made a dumbass mistake, now that dumbass is dead. All they do is stare at me like I'm an idiot.

*(Pause. Seth is staring at him like he's an idiot.)*

Yeah, just like that.

SETH

It's cause it don't make sense. You gotta spell this stuff out for these guys, and I'm sorry, but "dumbass made a dumbass and a dumbass dumbass"... What does that even mean?

MARK

A dumbass, a.k.a. Chris, made a mistake that only a dumbass could make, and now that dumbass, again I'm referring to Chris, is dead. What's so hard to understand about that?

SETH

*(Mockingly.)*

Yeah, that's perfectly clear! I totally understand every aspect of the entire incident now. Thank you so much for clearing that up for me. I think I'll be able to rest easy tonight knowing that I had nothing to do in causing the accident. Thanks for that.

MARK

You mock me, but you know I'm right.

SETH

You are right.

MARK

See! I knew you'd know something. What about? The whole thing, or just parts of it?

*(Mark's phone rings. He pulls it out of his pocket.)*

Hold that thought, I gotta take this.

SETH

So much for conversation.

*(Mark takes a few steps away from Seth and answers the phone. During the conversation Seth grabs his bag, throws it on the bed and starts pulling out clothes, and separating the “clean” from the dirty.)*

MARK

Yo, Sasha, hey how's it going?

SETH

Sasha?

MARK

Yeah, uh, actually hanging out with him right now. No, no, we're not at the bar yet... oh yeah I know, it's way too early to start drinking... what? Oh... uh, I'm not really sure. Let me check... Um, I guess whenever, I mean Seth's just doing laundry or something... Yeah, I was gonna let you know as soon I figured out. Yeah, I can just text you something. No, not at all... No, not at all... yeah, we'll see you later. Alright, yeah, bye.

SETH

That's weird.

MARK

What?

SETH

You're totally using me to try to get laid.

MARK

No I'm not. I could get it without you, but it's just gonna make it that much easier. Why are you doing laundry now?

SETH

I'm just going through it, pulling out what needs to be washed.

MARK

*(Mark crosses over to the bed and digs into the bag. He pulls out a few notebooks, the novel Don Quixote, and a flask. The flask is not the same as his, he holds it up to Seth.)*

What is this?!

SETH

*(Briefly glancing at him and then back to his clothes.)*  
It's called a book. You should try reading one sometime.

MARK

Fuck you, I know what a book is. I'm talking about this!

SETH

It's a flask. You drink out of it.

MARK

I know that, but where the hell's the one I gave you?

SETH

That's it.

MARK

*(Pull his flask out of his jacket and holding the two up to Seth.)*

The hell it is. Look at this, this is my flask. I had two of them, gave you one. Remember that? They were identical! Not some shitty thing like this!

SETH

You sure about that? I don't remember buying that one. That's gotta be the same one.

MARK

I'm telling ya it's not.

SETH

Huh, guess I must've lost it then, sorry.

MARK

You lost it?! How could you lose that? Jesus Christ, man, who does something like that?

SETH

I'm sorry. I don't know what else to tell you.

MARK

Tell me you got it at home or something. Tell me you're full of shit, and you got in the room somewhere. Don't tell me you lost it!

SETH

I didn't realize it was that important to you. I'm sorry. It might be in one of my bags, but I don't know.

MARK

Yeah, whatever.

SETH

Did I hurt your feelings or something?

MARK

No, dammit! Would you stop with that “feelings” shit?

SETH

Okay, but if I didn’t know better I’d say you got your feelings hurt.

MARK

Whatever, I ain’t got any feelings.

*(He throws the flask back in the bag, and then takes a pull out of his. He offers it to Seth.)*

Come on, you know you wanna.

*(Seth looks at him, shakes his head “no”, and then goes back examining his clothes.)*

Stop being such a pussy and have a drink!

SETH

I’m not ready for a drink. It’s early.

MARK

And we ain’t got shit to do! So come on, get started with me. Don’t you have any beer or anything in here?

SETH

Haven’t had a chance to stock the fridge yet. Go get yours.

MARK

Real funny asshole.

SETH

What?... Oh, yeah. Some dumbass locked his key in his room.

MARK

That’s right. I locked myself out of my room. Go ahead, judge away.

SETH

I don’t have anything else to say about it.

MARK

That’s right, you ain’t gotta say nothing, just like you ain’t got nothing to say.

SETH

Hey, I’m not the one locked out of my room. I’m not the one that’s too stupid to go get the master key from Aseem. Go get your beer, I’ll even have one with you.

MARK

Aseem?

SETH

Yeah, the owner, his name is Aseem.

MARK

Screw that Packie! I hate dealing with him.

SETH

Pretty sure he's from India, not Pakistan.

MARK

Same difference, Pakie, Indian, A-rab... kill 'em all!

SETH

Would you shut up and go get into your room already?

MARK

Right, I leave and then you lock me out of here, and then refuse to let me back in. You'll sit around here daydreaming about saving the world from evil or whatever. Being some stupid bitch's knight and fighting shit in your head.

SETH

What are you talking about?

MARK

*(Holding up Don Quixote.)*

Don Quixote. That fucker was nuts!

SETH

You know Don Quixote?

MARK

I ain't a complete retard.

SETH

*(He chuckle's under his breath.)*

No, no... I guess you're not. You just proved that to me.

MARK

Screw off, I know books and shit. Not like I ain't ever read a book.

SETH

I never said that. It just surprises me that you know Don Quixote.

MARK

Yeah, we read in high school or something. I still remember that crazy bastard fighting windmills. Didn't he think they were dragons, or giants, or something?

SETH

He thought they were giants.

MARK

Right, and he just goes around and fucks everything up. He's trying to do good in the world, right? Like he thinks that he's helping people, but in reality he's nothing more than a crazy dude on a horse with an idiot sidekick.

SETH

You've actually read it.

MARK

Well yeah, that shit was hilarious. I mean, what a moron, try so hard to do good in the world and in the end you still die. Just goes to show you how stupid people can be when they believe they're doing good.

SETH

Yeah, I guess you could look at it that way.

MARK

Keep your opinions to yourself on this one. I got my reasons for liking it and I don't need you coming in here with your artsy literature crap. I don't care about something that I missed, or not thinking like you on it.

SETH

Artsy literature crap?

MARK

Yeah, you and your college bullshit. I don't care if you got a degree in writing, or some other lame ass thing... whatever it is. I got my reasons and I like 'em. So stay the hell outta my reasoning.

SETH

Trust me, I don't want anywhere near your reasoning. Go ahead and enjoy it for what it is. And, yeah, it's a degree in creative writing. So what, lotta good it's doing me now.

MARK

Meh, you could be worse off. You could be like Reuben or Marion.

SETH

Don't talk shit about Marion, I like that guy.

MARK

I like both those guys too, but they barely made it to tenth grade. They ain't even got high school diplomas.

SETH

Exactly, and they're doing this job just like me. So that time and money spent in college ain't doing me a bit of good. Shoulda just done like you and gone right into work.

MARK

I went to school.

SETH

The guards.

MARK

Yeah, and I had to go through training and classes. I got an education too.

SETH

I guess I never looked at it like that.

MARK

That's right, don't look at me like I'm some moron. I ain't no dummy, and you know that.

SETH

That's true, you're not stupid, and I never said you were. I don't know why your so worked up about this. I never say anything about it. Hell, I hate bringing up college around these guys. It's always the same thing, it's always me being the dumb one for going to college. "Oh, you got a degree? Why you working out here?" It's like a guy can't have bills to pay. You're more respected than I am just cause you went into the guards. These guys, they don't think I'm smart.

MARK

It's cause you ain't smart. Shit, you're the dumbest mother fucker I know! Passing up on perfectly good puss tonight, I mean she'd probably come back with you if she could, but I was kinda hoping to be there to clean up.

SETH

I knew it! That's the only reason you're bugging me tonight. It has nothing to do with that other stuff you were saying. You just want to get laid, and you can't get it done without me. Am I right?

MARK

I don't need your help. I've been doing just fine without you.

SETH

Really? And that's why you promised this Sasha that she could meet me tonight? That's why you're willing to play with my leftovers?

*(The two look at each other in silence for a moment, finally mark gives in.)*

MARK

I don't know what it is. It's like you're a good luck charm or something. I don't know, for some reason they ain't threatened by you. You can talk to them, and when I go out with you it's like they just come to me. But I've been struggling with you gone, and my only option lately has been talking about how good I know you, and that you're a friend of mine and shit.

SETH

I think you need me in order to get laid.

MARK

I don't *need* you to get me laid, but the bitches I pick up just ain't as hot. It's become a desperate situation out here. That accident is all I got to help me out.

SETH

I can't believe you're using that to your advantage. The mourning friend thing and me? Those are some messed up tactics.

MARK

The only thing that's been working for me lately.

SETH

You ever think about not trying?

MARK

Why should I?

*(Seth's phone vibrates again.)*

Would you just answer the fucking thing already! You want me to get out of here? You want some privacy or something? I can do that, I can take a hint.

SETH

You can, can you?

MARK

I know when I ain't wanted. I know when I'm intruding. I was just trying to get you back to normal. That's what helped me get out of my thing.

SETH

What are you talking about?

MARK

It's just a thing that messes up your head. I remember what it did to me, and remember feeling better when I was drinking. So I drank a lot, but I was with people. I was being a person and talking to people. I didn't want to. I wanted to lock myself up in my apartment, and just drink by myself and play video games. But I didn't cause I had some

friends that wouldn't let me. I hated them for it at first. They'd drag my ass out of bed, make me get cleaned up, and we'd go do things. I still wanna do that sometimes, but I ain't getting back into that shit, and I know how dark that hole can be.

SETH

Right...?

MARK

Maybe you're right, maybe it's not the same. I went through a shit storm that shoulda killed me. You worked with that jackass and he just killed himself... Wait...

*(He pauses as he thinks for a moment. Seth just stares at him, waiting for whatever it is he's going to say.)*

That's it! It wasn't a mistake, Chris wanted to die. He did that on purpose. What an epic way to go... holy shit, talk about telling your boss to fuck-off! It's genius!

SETH

What?

MARK

Think about it... you wanna kill yourself, but you want it to look like an accident, cause who wants to put their family through suicide? That's just a dick move, but if you can cover that shit up, and make your company pay at the same time... That shit's genius!

SETH

I don't think Chris was suicidal.

MARK

Maybe, but I know a few guys who did that, and no one saw it coming. Guys I was deployed with. One of 'em, he did it right outside a hospital so he wouldn't waste his organs.

SETH

Are you serious?

*(Seth's phone vibrates, he ignores it.)*

MARK

Yeah I'm serious, he had a note taped to his shirt and everything. You gonna answer that?

SETH

Why are you so concerned about my phone?

MARK

It's the same shit you've been pulling with me, and that pisses me off that I know you were just ignoring me. Answer your damn phone, take the time to talk to people. Put a little effort into other people once in a while. Do you some good.

SETH

I don't want to talk to them. So you really think it could've been on purpose?

MARK

Who's calling you?

SETH

Just someone that thinks I have answers. I already told them what I know, and I can't help anymore.

MARK

What kind of answers do you got?

SETH

No, answer my question first. You really think it was suicide?

MARK

Maybe, I dunno. He was a miserable asshole to be around. Can't imagine life was too good for him, didn't have any friends around here.

SETH

He was always bitching his wife and kids too.... That guy complained more than anyone I know.

MARK

So yeah, it coulda been intentional. Why's that matter? Even if it was, at least he did you the favor of letting you live.

SETH

I was in the truck down-tower when it happened. I coulda died, I shoulda died... you know how close I was?

MARK

Yeah, I saw your tire tracks. The nacelle came down real close to them. That woulda crushed you for sure.

SETH

I saw hit the ground through the passenger window. If I woulda swerved right I woulda been dead.

MARK

Still, at least he gave you a chance. Maybe it was part of the challenge. Maybe he wanted to kill you.

SETH

God knows I wanted to kill him almost every day.

MARK

There you go. Feels good to get it out, don't it?

SETH

Chris sucked at life, that's for sure. But I didn't actually want to kill him.

*(Seth's phone vibrates.)*

Jesus Christ woman, I don't wanna talk to you.

MARK

Look man, I'm gonna head out. I really think you should come out with me later.

SETH

Yeah, I probably will. I'm still getting settled back in here, but it's early. You heading to the bar right now?

MARK

Yeah, got nothing else to do. I ain't trying to use you or nothing, but I'm almost guaranteed to get laid if you make an appearance.

SETH

I said I'd probably come out.

MARK

It'll be good for you, trust me. I know about this shit. And talk to whoever that is that's calling you. Stop being a douche bag.

*(Mark exits.)*

SETH

Thanks for the advice...

*(He makes sure Mark is gone, and then crosses to the nightstand. He opens the drawer and pulls out a cell phone. He turns it on as he hops onto his bed. The lights slowly fade as he grabs a notebook and starts flipping through the pages.)*

End Scene.

## SCENE TWO

*(It is later that night. Seth is in his room. He's sitting on his bed writing into a notebook. The cell phone is on the bed next to him. As he's writing the phone goes off. He puts down his notebook, checks the phone, and again ignores the call. He returns to his notebook. Mark drunkenly stumbles into the parking. He's laughing, and on his phone with someone. As Mark stumbles around the parking lot, Seth continues writing and responding to text messages.)*

MARK

No shit! Yeah, I'm serious, she was pretty hot. No, I figured I'd go back with someone. I don't know what I'll do... are you kidding me? I'm missing that! Can you sneak me back

in? What do you mean? Wait, bring them over here, we'll party in my room. Oh yeah, never mind... what about yours? So what? He don't care. Yeah, well tell him that's what Jesus would want us to do!

*(He laughs. Seth hears the commotion, puts his things down, and crosses to the door to watch Mark through the peephole.)*

I know... I know. We could throw shit in the pool. Naw, come on, it's a great time... So what? It's just a little cold, I think that system died out or something... no it ain't much more than a little breeze out here... They'll be plenty warm, I'd keep 'em warm! They'd have fun. What about one of their places? Oh yeah? So what? No... dammit, don't leave me out of this! Okay, okay. Fine. Yeah, yeah. Alright you bastard, good luck. Give her a pump or two for me! Alright, alright. Yeah, go.

*(He hangs up his phone, puts it back in his pocket, and pulls out a cigarette. He staggers as he looks around the parking lot. He notices something just offstage, and exits. He reenters with a broken chair, lines himself up with the pool, and hurls it offstage into the water. He laughs, and makes his way offstage again. He reenters with another broken chair, and throws it into the pool as well. He continues grabbing pieces of furniture from offstage, and throwing the pieces into the pool. As he does he gets louder and louder.)*

Think you can leave me locked out of my room and not piss me off? Jesus Christ, who does that? What kind of motel only has one master key? Piece of shit rooms, beds infested with bugs and shit! All my fucking shit is locked in that room, and you won't be back until tomorrow! God damned Packie or A-rab... whatever the fuck you are! Fuck you, this is bullshit! Can't even speak English good! Oh, excuse me? What was that fucking garbage you just spewed? Wait! What? I can't understand you! Me no understand what you say! You crooked fucker! I should burn down this whole place! How'd you like that? Huh?

*(He pulls out his lighter and puts it to the piece of furniture he's holding. Seth exits his room and approaches Mark.)*

I'll do it! I'll burn this place down, think I care? I don't give a fuck!

SETH

Hey. What're you doing?

MARK

Burning this place down. I'm sick of it. Come on, grab something. Help me out here.

SETH

I don't think so. Why don't you go to your room?

MARK

You got beer?

SETH

Don't worry about that. I think you should just go to bed.

MARK

Screw you! I'm having fun.

SETH

Kicked out of the bar again?

MARK

So what if I was pissing in the sink? Not like anyone washes their hands anyway!

SETH

Jesus, really? What's wrong with you?

MARK

Nothing! What's wrong with you? Huh? You keep telling me there's something wrong with me, but there ain't. I'm not the one acting all uppity and shit. Lying to everyone all the time. I know what you're doing.

SETH

You're drunk.

MARK

Maybe, but I know what I'm talking about.

SETH

At least one of us does.

MARK

Don't play me like that. You know damn-well what I'm talking about. You been back, what? All week? I ain't said nothing to you about it, figured no need cause you'd say something. You don't even talk to me anymore. You go to your room and that's it. We don't hear from you. I've given you space, but this is stupid.

SETH

Okay?

*(Mark throws the piece of furniture into the pool.)*

Mark, stop it.

MARK

*(He continues grabbing things to throw into the pool as he talks.)*

We used to hang out, shoot the shit, it was like we were friends. I don't know who you are now. What kind of crap is that? Think I won't have nothing to talk to you about now? You been through some tough shit. So what? So have I! I know what it's like. You got a helluva lot more support than I did. No one cares when they blame you, it's your choice, you put yourself in that position. Why should they feel bad for you? You took the risk, and knew what could happen. No reason to be surprised by that. I don't have a right... I was following orders. What did you do? You had an accident. I was attacked, goddammit I was attacked! You walked away, I nearly died! Those guys were real friends, we had each other's backs over there. I could trust them, I had to trust them, and they trusted me.

Then they go and tell me that I'm not fit to do my job anymore. Did they try to help me? Fuck no! Oh, hey, sit down with this shrink, talk to this priest, get some help from these people, but did they send me home? Not until they decided it wasn't worth helping me! I come back and shit's still messed up, what am I supposed to do? Not like I got many options, but look at me. I'm good now. I fixed myself, can't you see that? I fixed myself, what are you doing? What have you done?

SETH

*(He tries to grab ahold of Mark.)*

Come on, let's get you to your room.

MARK

*(He pushes Seth away.)*

I ain't going to my room. Get your hands off me. I'll end you.

SETH

Right...

MARK

I can't feel nothing, I don't care. You think I care?

*(He takes his jacket off.)*

I'll show you. Just watch.

*(He takes his T-shirt off, and starts undoing his belt to take his pants off.)*

I'm numb to this shit!

SETH

Whoa! Come on, put your clothes back on. Don't do that.

MARK

*(He takes his pants off, gathers up all his clothes, and then throws them into the pool.)*

Ha! Look at that, I showed you! Didn't I? I showed you, I don't care! You still think I care? Come on, bring it!

*(He readies himself to wrestle with Seth.)*

SETH

Why would you do that? You're gonna freeze to death, you moron.

*(Mark lunges at him, but Seth sidesteps and sends Mark past him.)*

Really? You look like a fool.

*(Mark makes another lunge at Seth, but is again sent flying past.)*

Are we gonna do this all night?

MARK

You think I care what I look like? You act like I don't know what I'm doing.

SETH

You're shit-faced.

MARK

No lies. Nothing like a little liquid courage to bring out the truth, huh?

SETH

You've told me all this before.

MARK

You think I've told you everything.

SETH

I'm sure you have. I know what you had to deal with. I know about that stuff.

MARK

No you don't. There's shit I ain't told no one. And you think I'm gonna tell you anything more? You think you deserve that?

SETH

Let's get you into your room. Come one, you're gonna freeze out here.

MARK

*(He lunges at Seth, but is again sent flying past him.)*

I ain't going nowhere!

SETH

This is stupid, I'm not fighting with you out here.

MARK

Why? You afraid you'd lose? Give me a little space to work with and suddenly you're scared I might kick your ass?

SETH

No. You're in your underwear. I'm not fighting you if you're gonna be half naked.

MARK

Why not? I figured you'd like that. You don't get off from this? Don't this turn you on? Or is that the problem?

SETH

What? God, no! What's wrong with you?

MARK

Me? Why is it always that something's wrong with me? What's wrong with you?

SETH

You need to get inside.

MARK

I can't.

SETH

Yeah you can... oh shit... are your keys in your pants?

MARK

Keys, phone, wallet... yeah...

SETH

So I gotta go in there to get your room key?

MARK

What? No, that's still in my room.

SETH

You never got into your room?

MARK

Nope.

SETH

Dammit Mark, what am I supposed to do? It's too late now.

MARK

Don't matter, he aint here anyway. They don't have a key. He's got it, won't be back until tomorrow.

SETH

What the hell were you planning on doing?

MARK

Go home with someone, crash at your place, I don't know.

SETH

Jesus. Really? They don't have any more keys?

MARK

That's what I thought! That's why I was gonna burn it down. This whole town, burn it down. Full of meth-heads and white trash anyway. Who'd miss it?

SETH

When's he gonna be back?

MARK

When they call him and tell him he ain't got a roach infested motel no more! He'll come flying back then! That'll show 'em!

SETH

*(He grabs ahold of Mark, and starts for his room.)*

Let's go.

MARK

*(Pulling away from him.)*

I ain't staying in your room.

SETH

Where else you gonna stay?

MARK

Don't care, I'd rather freeze!

SETH

Look, I don't know what I did to piss you off, but you can't stay out here like this.

*(He tries to grab onto Mark again, but Mark runs to the opposite side of the parking lot.)*

Dammit, this isn't funny! Come on, I'm getting cold!

MARK

No! I ain't taking your pity. I never asked for it before, you can go to hell.

SETH

Are you seriously going to do this right now?

MARK

Do what? I'm not doing anything. You're the one that interrupted me. I was doing just fine out here by myself. Gonna have some good fun, like we used to. Remember that, throwing shit in the pool? You got any beer?

SETH

You're gonna freeze.

MARK

Not once I get the fire started! I'll be fine. Be like we're camping or something, especially if you got beer.

SETH

You're not burning anything down.

*(He tries to grab ahold of Mark, but again Mark runs away from him.)*

Don't make me drag you inside!

MARK

Go ahead and try it! I warned you! You can't touch me, not now!

SETH

I really don't wanna hurt you.

MARK

And I don't wanna hurt you, but don't test me. You don't know what I'm capable of.

SETH

You're right, I don't know what you're capable of. But I do know that you're gonna freeze to death if you stay out here. I can't believe you threw you're clothes into the pool.

MARK

Yeah, well believe it, cause I did. My clothes, my money, my phone, and... Shit! No!

SETH

Yeah, starting to set in now?

MARK

What? My clothes?

SETH

Yeah, you're clothes.

MARK

Fuck that! My flask is in my jacket. I need that!

SETH

What?! You're worried about your flask?

MARK

Well yeah, you ain't got any booze.

SETH

You don't need booze.

MARK

*(He takes off for the fence, and starts climbing over it.)*

I gotta get it.

*(Seth grabs him from behind and pulls him off the fence. Mark holds onto the fence tightly, refusing to let go.)*

Get off me! Let go, dammit. I need that flask.

SETH

No you don't, let go of the fence. Come on, stop it! Jesus, you're freezing already. You need to get inside.

*(The two struggle for a moment, but Seth eventually gets him off the fence. Mark is so exhausted from this that he collapses onto the ground.)*

Get up.

MARK

No.

SETH

Don't make me drag you into my room.

MARK

Just leave me, I'm good. Right here. I'm good. Leave me.

SETH

I'm not leaving you out here on the ground.

MARK

What do you care? Just let me die. You don't give a damn, stop pretending.

SETH

I don't give a damn? If I didn't give a damn I woulda left you out here to get arrested.

MARK

If you cared you woulda let me get my flask.

SETH

You don't need it right now. It's just a stupid flask, get it in the morning.

MARK

"Just a stupid flask"? That's how you treat nice shit that people give you? "Just a stupid flask"? That is not a "stupid flask", and you fucking know that! It's one of a pair, two flasks that were fucking identical, but do you give a shit about that?! No, you don't give a goddamn... "Just a flask"...

SETH

I'm sorry, I didn't mean anything by it, especially didn't mean to piss you off. I didn't realize how important it is to you.

MARK

That's cause it shouldn't matter! Where's the one I gave you? I want that back, you don't appreciate it, I want it back!

SETH

I don't know where it's at.

MARK

*(He comes up in a burst of rage swinging his fists at Seth.)*

You give that back to me right now! I know you got it! Give it back to me, or I will end you!

SETH

*(Doing his best to avoid being hit by Mark's drunken flurry.)*

Hey! Whoa! I swear, I don't know where it's at. I can look for it, I know I got it, I just don't know where.

MARK

*(He has quickly exhausted himself, and is again nothing more than a drunken lump on the pavement.)*

I hate you, you and your bullshit, I hate it! You think you know me? No one knows me like I know me. I'm the only friend I got in this world. Who's there to make sure I get home okay? No one! I'm gonna lay out here and freeze to death. Just have 'em thaw out my heart and shit, whatever they can use... make sure they do that. I wanna be an organ donor.

SETH

You're not donating any organs tonight. Come on, get up.

MARK

Nope... it's no use... I'm done. I can't live anymore...

SETH

I did pick up a twelve pack after you left.

MARK

Well then, maybe I could make an exception and kill my liver some more... Help me up.

SETH

Alright.

*(He grabs ahold of Mark, strands him up, and then throws his body over his shoulder like a fireman. He carries Mark across the parking lot to his room.)*

You could help me out a little.

MARK

You are gonna give me beer right?

SETH

*(Grunting under Mark's weight.)*

Yeah, I'll give a beer.

MARK

You're killing my guts.

SETH

And you're killing my back. Why don't you help me out a little here?

MARK

Bitch, bitch, bitch, you're a little bitch. You know that?

SETH

*(He gets Mark into his room, and flops him down on his bed. He quickly grabs the phone on the bed, and puts it in his pocket.)*

Shut it.

MARK

And now what, you gonna take advantage of me? You gonna try to cuddle with me or something? I'm already drunk enough... not like I can say no.

SETH

What are you talking about?

MARK

I dunno, isn't this how you college guys date rape women?

SETH

What?

MARK

You get 'em too drunk to do anything, and then you just have at 'em. Whatever you wanna do, it's fair game if they're breathing, right?

SETH

I think you've seen a few too many after school specials.

MARK

Yeah, maybe... just gotta make sure to keep an eye on your drink, don't wanna get roofied. That shit can't be fun, I seen people get drugged with that shit. They don't move, it's worse than being drunk.

SETH

I'm sure you've observed all of your sexual victims with kind eyes.

MARK

Shut up, I ain't talking from firsthand experience.

SETH

Okay.

You got my beer? MARK

Can you wait a second? SETH

You wanna give me one now? MARK

Not really. SETH

Come on, I'm losing my buzz. MARK

You need to put on some clothes. I got some you can wear. SETH

Ain't that cute, you're gonna dress me up now. MARK

Would you shut up for two seconds?  
*(He digs through his drawers grabbing clothes for Mark.)*  
Here, put this on.  
*(He throws the clothes next to Mark, on the bed.)* SETH

No. MARK  
*(He looks at the clothes, and then pushes them off the bed.)*

Don't make me dress you. SETH

Where's my beer? MARK

Dammit, you don't need any more. SETH

Beer. MARK

Clothes! SETH

MARK  
BEER!

SETH  
Alright, but put those on first.

MARK  
That's what I thought.  
*(Mark starts getting dressed, Seth grabs a couple beers from his mini-fridge.)*

SETH  
Hurry up.

MARK  
I'm working on it.

SETH  
Here.  
*(He sets a beer down on the nightstand for Mark, and then cracks open the other one for himself.)*  
Good crowd out tonight?

MARK  
It was alright. Nothing special.

SETH  
Shame I missed it. Sasha show up?

MARK  
Yeah, but I don't what happened to her. I got a little crazy. Holy shit did I get a little crazy tonight. Reuben puked over the balcony. Bouncers didn't care about that none, but I piss in the sink and I get thrown out? That's some racist bullshit.

SETH  
You're white.  
*(Mark glares at him.)*  
It's the truth!

MARK  
Don't mean people can't be racists toward me.

SETH  
Makes it kinda hard.

MARK  
They're racists cause I'm sexy. That's the same thing right?

SETH

Just stop. I'm not running around in circles with you about this. Not tonight.

MARK

*(Surveying the room around him.)*

What have you been doing all night? Don't look like much of anything.

*(He picks up Don Quixote. He laughs to himself, and then boldly bellows.)*

Here I come to save the day!!!!!!

*(He busts out laughing, Seth looks at him with confusion.)*

SETH

Mighty Mouse?

MARK

Is that what that's from?

SETH

Yeah, pretty sure.

MARK

I just saw Don Quixote fighting a wind turbine, and that's what came to mind.

SETH

Okay?

MARK

Maybe that was what Chris was doing? Maybe he was hallucinating and that's what happened. He didn't even realize what he was doing. Thought it was a good thing, maybe that's what he thought. Thought he'd be a hero or something. At least that nothing would go bad, just be another day with something done a little differently. Never know.

SETH

You have no idea how accurate that sounds.

MARK

See, I'm always right about things, even when I ain't got the mental capacity to know it, I'm always right! It's hard being me sometimes.

SETH

I believe that.

MARK

Yeah... ahhh....

SETH

So what's your deal with the flask?

MARK  
What deal?

SETH  
That rampage that you went into?

MARK  
Huh? What are you talking about?

SETH  
The flasks, you wanted yours and then got pissed cause I don't know where mine's at.

MARK  
Oh, that. Yeah, don't worry about it. Just drunk. It's just a stupid flask. Not like it's gonna rust or nothing.

SETH  
You sure about that?

MARK  
Yeah, it's nothing special.

SETH  
You just picked them up at store, right?

MARK  
Naw man, I got mine from a guy I was deployed with. He was with me when everything went to shit. I don't know why, but I snagged it outta his footlocker when I got back to base. He was a good guy. We went through basic together, and before we shipped out to Iraq he gave me that flask in pool. The one I snagged form his footlocker, well who knows where you put that thing.

SETH  
Oh.

MARK  
Like I said, it's not a big deal.

SETH  
Okay, that's good. I mean, I'm pretty sure I could find it for you.  
*(He starts digging through his stuff.)*  
I bet it's around here somewhere. I can give it back, that's not a problem.

MARK  
Are you fucking kidding me? I gave that to you, it's yours. Don't let me take that away. I didn't mean nothing by it. You know how I am. I just talk.

SETH

Alright, if you're sure.

MARK

Yeah, so stop digging through shit already!

SETH

I didn't realize.

MARK

I know.

SETH

I mean, I figured you just picked it up at Cabela's or something... What was his name?

MARK

No, I ain't doing this. It's yours, that's all that matters.

SETH

Well yeah, but uh... I don't know, I mean, I feel kinda shitty about that now.

MARK

It's okay.

SETH

But I didn't know. If I woulda known, I mean, I woulda made sure not to...

MARK

Stop your yapping already and get to drinking! The night's young, and we ain't getting any drunker without some work.

SETH

Yeah... Drunker...

MARK

*(Raises his beer in the air.)*

To your return!

SETH

No, come on...

MARK

I insist, and I ain't gonna have another drink until you agree. I'm getting mighty thirsty over here.

SETH

Just drink your beer.

MARK

Raise that damn drink, I command you!

SETH

How about we drink to the wind?

MARK

Fuck the wind, that shit makes us work.

SETH

Not today.

MARK

True, not today, but most days we do.

SETH

*(Raising his drink.)*

To the wind.

*(He takes a drink, but Mark refuses.)*

I guess not...

MARK

Sean Erickson.

SETH

What?

MARK

His name. You wanted to know it.

SETH

Sean, huh? Well okay then, we drink to him.

*(Seth Raises his drink.)*

To Sean Erickson, to friends lost, and friendships gained.

*(The men take a drink. Mark starts laughing.)*

What?

MARK

“To friends lost, and friendships gained.” That’s gay.

SETH

Gayer than you wanting to drink to me?

MARK

Yep, and we're gonna do it now, put it up. We're gonna have a drink to you coming back. You and me, we'll be a team again. Shit I bet with what you been through, you could request whoever you want. You and me out troubleshooting, wouldn't that be sweet.

SETH

Yeah, it wouldn't be too bad.

MARK

Get it up, come on.

*(They both raise their beers.)*

To your return to fighting for the greater good!

*(Both men drink.)*

SETH

The greater good, huh?

MARK

Why not? We're making shit better out here, aren't we? We're bringing money into this place. Stopping "global warming" and "pollution", right? We're doing good work.

SETH

You're so full of shit.

MARK

What, I can't believe in "global warming"?

SETH

I don't believe that you believe in it.

MARK

You're right! But with what they're paying me, I'll believe that Santa Claus is real.

SETH

And you probably do.

MARK

Why not? Nothing wrong with a little faith in the unknown, right?

*(He starts flipping through one of Seth's notebooks.)*

What is this? One of your journals or something?

SETH

*(Quickly snatching it from Mark.)*

Yeah, and it's private.

MARK

Yeah, they made me journal about my feelings too. That lasted about two seconds.

SETH

What'd you do, set it on fire?

MARK

You know what? I think I did.

SETH

I don't know how you've made it through life so far.

MARK

Me either. I don't think I was supposed to. Just some dumb luck. Like God forgot that I was the one he wanted to smite, and after there were eight guys wrongly taken he figured it wouldn't be fair to take me on account of his fuck up. If you think about I'm alive on a technicality. What you think about that?

SETH

I think it sounds pretty familiar.

MARK

Yeah, coulda been the deal with you too, I guess. Never really know, you know?

SETH

You know Chris was married?

MARK

What?! Someone was desperate enough to marry that guy?

SETH

Yeah... uh...

MARK

What?

SETH

Nothing.

*(He finishes his beer.)*

I'm out, you good?

*(Mark motions for another beer. Seth grabs two from the fridge.)*

I feel bad for her, you know.

MARK

I would too, being married to a guy like that. You meet her or something? She ain't hot, is she?

*(Mark picks up the other notebook on the bed. He starts flipping through the pages.)*

SETH

No, I never met her. Just found out about her after everything. What kind of guy doesn't talk about his wife? He never talked about anything except work.

MARK

*(Continuing to flip through the notebook. He occasionally stops to read.)*

He didn't have nothin' to say anyway. He asked if he could take one of the service manuals home.

SETH

What for?

MARK

To study it at night. He wanted to be the best, and dammit he was gonna make that happen.

SETH

He was studying the manual? That's pretty lame.

MARK

Yeah, that's why I think he did it on purpose. If you're studying the manual like that, you ain't gonna forget no blue valves. I forgot them once, had to climb all the way back up to open them. Never forget that again.

SETH

We've all had to make bonus climbs.

MARK

Not the guy that studies the manual, no way he woulda forgot. I'm sure it was suicide. I told Reuben my little theory, he's thinks I'm onto something.

SETH

You really shouldn't be spreading that around. You don't know if it's true.

MARK

Duh, that's why it's a theory.

SETH

Yeah, but why bring him down like that? He's dead, intentional or not, that sucks.

MARK

*(Regarding a passage in the notebook.)*

Ha! This is some queer shit here. What, you becoming a poet now?

SETH

Give me that!

MARK

*(Moving away from Seth with the notebook.)*  
Fuck that. I'm reading about your "feelings".

SETH

*(Seth chases after Mark.)*  
No, seriously, give that to me now!

MARK

I ain't hurting nothing by reading it. Ain't you some kind of writer or something? Don't you want people reading your stuff?

SETH

Not my personal journal!

MARK

Oh come on, you got some nice flowery shit in here. Like this little poem or whatever you wrote about something...

*(He looks at Seth in confusion.)*  
You got a weird mind. I don't even know what this means.

SETH

It probably doesn't mean anything.

MARK

*(He evades Seth as he continues flipping pages and reading random entries.)*  
Just let me get to the good stuff and then you can have it back.

SETH

I don't want you reading that.

MARK

Why not? Is there something in here about you confessing your love for me? If there is, I gotta read it.

SETH

There ain't nothing in there like that.

MARK

Just a few more... I wanna read something.

SETH

God dammit, Mark! Give it to me. I ain't messing around.

MARK

Wait... wait... just give me a...

SETH

*(He finally gets ahold of Mark, but cannot get to the notebook.)*

Stop!

MARK

Cool it, I ain't hurting nothing, just go back to your beer. You got a lot of catching up to do.

SETH

I don't want you...

MARK

*(He manages to get away from Seth, and quickly moves to the opposite side of the room.)*

Sorry man, but I gotta read this one. You're talking about me, and I don't mind a little bit of flattery every now and then.

SETH

*(He realizes what Mark is reading, and his frustration turns to horror. He lunges at Mark and snatches the notebook from him.)*

You don't wanna read that!

MARK

What is that shit?! You really think that about me?

SETH

No, it's not like that...

MARK

It's not like what? You don't really think that shit about me? You just wrote in your diary because you thought it would be fun?

SETH

You're not thinking about it the right way. I haven't been in the best mindset lately, it was just some random thoughts. I didn't mean any of it. You gotta believe me.

MARK

I'm just some idiot you work with, ain't I? That's all you see in me. You know I talk a lot of shit about these other guys, but I don't say nothing about you! You'd never catch me talking about you like that. I used to have a little respect for you. What'd you write about me? That I ain't got three brain cells left in my ignorant head? How am I supposed to take that?

SETH

You're not, you weren't supposed to read it!

MARK

Now that's low! You think I do some things that are low? Fuck you, I'm outta here!

SETH

Where are you gonna go?

MARK

Why do you care where I go? I'm just that stupid guy that you tolerate. You don't give two shits about what happens to me. Surprised you didn't leave me in the parking lot, or let me drown in the pool.

SETH

That's not true.

MARK

It ain't? That's not what it seems like to me.

*(He moves into the parking lot, Seth follows. Mark is in a rage of likes that Seth has never witnessed.)*

I've known a lot of people in my life, and I've put up with a lot from them, but I ain't ever told anyone the shit I've told you, NEVER! I thought you understood where I was coming from, but I was wrong about that. I thought you were a friend, but you ain't even man enough to tell me that I annoy you? Ain't that what friends do? They don't hold that shit back, cause we're supposed to me, and we're supposed to be able to speak our minds.

SETH

I speak my mind.

MARK

You pussy-foot around everything. Why'd you even bother with me tonight? Seems to me like you don't care if I live or die, so why not just speed up the inevitable? I'm gonna die anyway, probably from something stupid, but at least I'll go out having said my piece to everyone! I tell it like it is, whether people wanna hear it or not.

*(Seth grabs mark shoulder.)*

Get your fucking hands off of me! You think I wanna be treated like some kind of charity case? You feel bad for me or something? I don't get it. I don't see why you pretend to be my friend! What, you like it when I tell you about how I fucked up in life? Does it make you feel better about yourself, like you're a bigger person cause you ain't made the mistakes I made? You're a twisted fucker, that's for sure!

SETH

I'm sorry.

MARK

Just like you're sorry for losing that flask? There wasn't an ounce of truth in that, was there? Do you even have a soul?

SETH

I am sorry about that! But I didn't know where you got it, if you'd told me that it belonged to... I never woulda let it out of my sight. I swear to you, none of this was intentional. It was just some stuff I wrote down one night. I don't know what was going on, I don't know why I wrote it. I was drunk, I had to be, I didn't mean any of it.

MARK

Booze only helps the truth come out, you meant every word, and probably worse, but you didn't let me read the rest of it.

SETH

You wanna read the rest of it?

MARK

Fuck no! I don't want nothin' to do with that. You talk to the guys about me like that? What kind of shit do they say about me? What kind of shit do *you* say about me?

SETH

*(Extending the notebook to Mark.)*

Here, all my thoughts. Have at it.

MARK

I said I don't want to read that anymore.

SETH

Just read it! Not like it's gonna make this any worse. I wish I could apologize, I wish I could make it better, but I can't.

MARK

*(He grabs the notebook.)*

You're fucked, you know that?

*(He throws the notebook into the pool.)*

What do you think about that, Mr. writer? That's what I think about your writing, it was waste for you to go to college. You ain't no writer, you ain't inspiring no one. You're just a turbine technician, nothing more. You'll be working these wind farms for the rest of your life, just like the rest of us lowlifes! And you know what? You ain't gonna have me around to hold your hand anymore.

SETH

I never asked you to hold my hand.

MARK

No, but you needed me to. You were nothing more than a timid little shit when I met you. I taught you how to do this job, and I knew what I was doing. I knew I was taking you under my wing, I was helping you, and look what I made you into you. I made you into something, but you don't appreciate that, cause you don't care about people.

SETH

Come on, I care. I do, I swear to you. I know what you've done for me, and I do appreciate it.

MARK

You show your appreciation by treating me like this? By writing shit like that about me? I've thought some shitty things about you before, you've pissed me off, and there've been times where I wanted to knock you on your ass just to teach you a lesson. To show you that you ain't nothing special, take you down a few notches! But I didn't cause I actually thought you were a decent person. I didn't wanna lose you as a friend, and to be honest... it was nice to get that shit about Iraq off my chest. I thought you were being cool about it by just listening, not trying to analyze me... but fuck me I was wrong about that. If I'd known you were taking notes and making judgments about me the entire time... God! I told you shit I ain't told no one else. And what do I get for that?

SETH

Let me make it up... I can make it up to you, I never meant for you to... Fuck. I'm sorry, that's all I know to say. What do you want me to do?

MARK

*(He aggressively approaches Seth, the two are nose to nose. Marks fists are clenched.)*

I want you to learn a lesson about fucking with the wrong people.

*(He grabs Seth by throat. Seth struggles to get free.)*

How you like that, huh? Feel good to be helpless? Feel good to be at the bottom of the totem pole? If I wanted I could crush your windpipe right now. Ain't no one gonna save you, ain't no one gonna do a thing except find your body in the morning.

*(Seth punches him in the stomach. Mark releases his grip as he crumples over, Seth flees for his room, but Mark has quickly recovered and is on Seth's heels. Seth manages to get into the room, and close the door before Mark reaches it.)*

You run like a little bitch. What you think you're gonna do, hide in your room? Like I ain't gonna break the fucking door down to teach you something?

*(Mark starts slamming his shoulder into the door like a man possessed.)*

You better pray this place ain't infested with termites!

SETH

Stop it! Stop it! I'm sorry, I didn't mean for anything like that to happen. I got my own problems, I got my own shit going too! You think I ain't dealing with some problems?

MARK

How am I supposed to know what you're dealing with? You've been too busy making fun of me to even know what's going on!

SETH

Let's just talk this out, come on, I can make this better... I swear! Just calm down, let me talk to you. Please?

MARK

I hear fear in your voice you little pussy! You think you can talk your way outta this?

*(He stops slamming his shoulder into the door.)*

Alright, if you think you can make this better, open your door.

SETH

You cooled down some?

MARK

I'm ready to murder you, but I'll let you talk first. I'm curious to see what you gotta say.

SETH

You're gonna give me a chance... right?

MARK

I ever lie to you before?

SETH

*(He reluctantly opens the door for Mark.)*

No... not that I know of.

MARK

*(He enters the room and punches Seth in stomach. Seth crumples over in pain.)*

We're even... for now.

SETH

*(Coughing and struggling to regain his composure.)*

I'm sorry.

MARK

You better have something better to say than that.

*(He takes a seat on the bed.)*

Talk.

SETH

Oh... okay... uh... first I wanna say that I am sorry, truly sorry. That's not a lie, and it's not like you think. It's not what it seemed.

MARK

I'm gonna gut you with my Gerber if you don't get to the point real quick.

*(He pulls a pocket knife out of his pocket, and opens it to show Seth the blade.)*

SETH

Okay! Okay! Uh... in the nightstand drawer. Open it up, inside the drawer. Just open up the drawer.

MARK

*(He opens the drawer.)*

There ain't nothing but a cell phone and a bible in here.

SETH

The phone, grab the phone.

MARK

What kind of game are you playing here? What do I want with a phone?

SETH

You told me things... alright... I ain't told no one this. That's Chris's cell phone.

MARK

The fuck are you doing with his phone?

SETH

That's what I mean, I ain't told anyone about it. But I stole it from it that day. I mean, I didn't intend to steal it, I was gonna give it back to him at the end of the day. But that never came.

MARK

Big deal, you ended up with his phone. So what? That's supposed to make me feel better? Make me feel like you've fucked up or something?

SETH

But the thing is... I did. It was my fault, at least I'm pretty sure it is.

MARK

You're just trying to prove me wrong again. He committed suicide up there, and you know that!

SETH

No. He'd been on it all day. He was barely making progress and he didn't want me doing anything to help him get the job done. I was sitting there, waiting for him to finish up in the hub. He was doing some retro-fit, and the blade calibration, and it was like every few minutes he was on that phone. I was sitting there. I just wanted to get done for the day and go home. I wanted to move the job along. He'd come out for lunch, and left his phone on the gearbox. I snagged it, put it on silent, and hid it in my gear bag. I was gonna slip it in one of the tool bags once I got down tower. Didn't take but a few minutes before he was freaking out about his "lost phone", so I play along with it. He wanted me to call it, I called it and we didn't find anything. I told him maybe it was buried in one of the tool bags, that we'd go through them when we got back to the shop. We were gonna find it, I knew that much. I just wanted him to finish up in the hub so we could call it day. I convinced to stop worrying about it, I don't know why it was such a big deal, but it was. I think I made him forget the valves. I distracted him... that wasn't my intention...

MARK

Yeah, well seems your intentions ain't been so good lately.

SETH

His wife's been calling me. She's been wanting to talk to me about accident, and I've been avoiding it. What am I gonna say? I might have had something to do with the accident? I can't tell her about that, I can't tell anybody. I'd be so screwed... I was just trying to do good, I was just trying to get the job done. I didn't mean anything by it.

MARK

So you've had his phone, and you've kept it turned on?

SETH

It's been a weird thing... uh... occasionally he gets messages, and that shit fascinates me. So I've been keeping it charged, and reading the messages that come in. I ain't been answering it or anything, just observing. I'm so fucked. I killed him.

MARK

You probably did, if what you're saying is true.

SETH

He was worked up about losing it. I bet we spent an hour "looking" for it. Even then I figured we were still saving time, cause as soon as I'd get him to give up the search he'd get back to work. It wouldn't have been so bad, but he had to be in charge of everything. He wouldn't let me do shit, just basic cleaning and torquing. I ain't above that, but I'm capable of doing more than just that. And I think you're right about the valves, but that just makes it worse. Cause I didn't double-check him. I didn't ask if he remembered to open the valves, and he probably forgot cause he was freaking out about the phone. But it's not like it would matter anyway, even if I asked him, he woulda just brushed it off cause he never forgot shit. I don't know why he released the brake, that's a mystery to me, but I removed the pins cause I thought he was done with the rotor. If that brake hadn't been set both of us would be dead. So you're right, ours is kinda the same.

MARK

Fuck you. Ain't nothing about us the same. I'm dedicated to my principles, you're nothing more than a selfish little bitch. And you know what, I'm glad you're struggling with this, cause from the sounds of it... you killed him. Have a good life.

*(Mark makes his way to the door. Seth steps in front of him.)*

You don't wanna do that son.

SETH

Don't walk out on me.

MARK

You make it sound like I'm your boyfriend and we're breaking up.

SETH

I don't know what to do.

MARK

About what?

SETH

His wife keeps calling me, I can't tell her about this. I ain't said nothing to no one except you. I put myself out there, bare ass naked and more exposed than ever. I'm begging you to help me. You're the only one that can.

MARK

Why would I wanna help you? What the fuck do you have to offer me?

SETH

I'm not a bad person.

MARK

You ain't a good one. You jacked a dead man's phones, and probably should be dead yourself. Maybe you'd better off getting the hell out of here.

SETH

Come on, man. I feel horrible about this, I really do. It was my own personal writings. It was for me only, no one else was ever going to see it. I ain't said shit to anyone about you, cause I've never talked shit about you. I don't know how to handles this, this is beyond anything I know to do. You think like this, you think in a way that makes shit right, but it's still wrong.... If that makes sense?

MARK

You're just scared.

SETH

Well yeah I'm scared! I don't wanna be blamed for this!

MARK

Sounds pretty clear to me. You done fucked up.

SETH

I KNOW I FUCKED UP!! How do I get out of this? What do I tell his wife? What do I do with the phone?

MARK

Why is this my problem? What do I owe you again?

SETH

I know I've been a shitty friend, but come on...

MARK

Shitty friend? That don't even start to describe you.

SETH

You wanna take it out on me? Go ahead, beat the shit outta me. I deserve it! I do!

MARK

You deserve it, but you couldn't take it. You'd crumple into nothing, it would take all the joy outta beating your ass into pulp. If I thought you could handle one of my beatings I woulda gave you one a long time ago.

SETH

I wish you woulda. I'm in pain here.

MARK

*(He laughs at the ridiculousness of the comment.)*

HA! You don't know pain! You want pain? I'll show you pain!

*(He approaches Seth and grabs him by the neck.)*

How's that for pain? You deserve that don't you?

SETH

*(Struggling against Mark's grip.)*

I do! I do!

MARK

That's right, you deserve that! Know what else you deserve?

*(Throughout this speech Mark starts turning over pieces of furniture, the mattress and boxspring, he dumps out all the contents of the drawers and bags in the room, making the place a complete disaster.)*

You need to know what it's like to be at the bottom. You always excel cause you ain't no idiot. But you know what? You are pretty fucking dumb. Most people understand the difference between friends and enemies! Somehow that concept has completely missed you!

*(He goes to the mini-fridge, pulls out the beer that's in there and uses one hand to spray the beer all over the room, the other hand he uses to drink the beer he's not spraying all over the room.)*

You think you had trouble before? Just wait, I'll show you trouble!

SETH

Stop it! Mark! I'm trying here, I'm trying to make it up to you! I swear!

MARK

Make what up to me? You can't do nothing. I've turned a blind eye to your mistakes up until now, but you know what. Sean Erickson was a better friend than anyone I've ever had. I'm alive cause of him, it was the two of us left and the shit was coming down around us. He had my back, and I had his. From his side one of those fucking sand-

niggers had an RPG, and if he hadn't pushed me behind the burning hummer I woulda been blown to shit just like he was. He was a real friend, cause he put me before himself. I woulda done the same for him, if it woulda come from my side, I'd be nothing more but bits and pieces. I wore him for hours afterwards. I laid there for a while, waiting for them to come and finish me off, but they didn't, just left. I walked for miles with bits and pieces of Sean dried to my face. I know what it's like to have a friend, and I know what it's like to lose someone. I know pain, you only know guilt. There's a big difference there.

*(He grabs a backpack, opens it up, and dumps the contents out all over the floor.)*

You ain't got no right. You don't deserve mercy.

*(From the bag drops something wrapped in a bandanna.)*

What's this? Another piece of stolen property?

*(He picks it up.)*

You hiding more shit from everyone?

SETH

That's it, that's what I did with it.

*(Mark unwraps the object. It's a flask, identical his own.)*

See, I didn't really think I lost it. I just didn't know where I put it.

MARK

*(He is suddenly thrust into a more somber mood, almost apologetic.)*

You had it. You even wrapped it up. You hardly use this thing.

SETH

I... I... I'm sorry.

MARK

Shut up. Did you know it was there?

SETH

No, I swear. I thought I had it somewhere, but I didn't know. I didn't forget about it, but I did put it aside. I was keeping it safe.

MARK

Yeah... you were.

SETH

There you go, it's yours again. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry, dude.

MARK

Stop it!

SETH

Like I told you, you can have it back. It's yours.

MARK  
This is yours.  
*(He hands it to Seth.)*  
I know you'll take good care of it.

SETH  
What? What about...?

MARK  
What about what? The phone?

SETH  
Yeah...

MARK  
You ain't told no one else?

SETH  
Who would I tell?

MARK  
Not a soul knows about it? You're sure?

SETH  
Positive. Not a soul.

MARK  
Okay, you deal with the wife tomorrow, I got the phone tonight.

SETH  
What? What are you gonna do with it?

MARK  
*(He walks into the parking lot, approaches the chain link fence barricading the pool.)*  
Ain't no big deal, just keep your mouth shut about it, okay?  
*(Mark throws the phone into the pool.)*  
By the time they get around to cleaning that thing out, ain't no one gonna pay attention to that phone in there. They'll just throw it.

SETH  
But what about his wife?

MARK  
You don't know anything! Ever. You got me?

Yeah... I think so.

SETH

No, do you understand me?

MARK

Yeah, I don't know nothing.

SETH

Alright.

MARK

Wait? Are we cool?

SETH

Yeah, we're cool. Now that you're just a fucked up as I am, I gotta be friends with you. Who else you gonna have?

MARK

Uh....

SETH

You ain't got anybody else, and you drag my ass into this shit again and I will end you.  
*(The two make their way back to Seth's room.)*  
Sorry about your room, man.  
*(The lights fade to black as the two start picking up the pieces of the room.)*

END PLAY.

## APPENDECIES

Appendix A  
Siemens 2.3 Megawatt Wind Turbine



80 meter Siemens 2.3 megawatt wind turbine, White Creek Wind Farm, Roosevelt WA.  
2009. Personal photograph by Author. JPEG.

Appendix B  
View from the Nacelle of a Siemens 2.3 Megawatt Wind Turbine



80 meter Siemens 2.3 megawatt wind turbine, White Creek Wind Farm, Roosevelt WA. 2009. Personal photograph by Author. JPEG.

Appendix C  
The Klondike Wind Turbine after the Accident



KATU Web Staff, *Man Killed when Wind Turbine Collapses*. *KOMOnews.com*. N.p. 26 Aug. 2007. Web. 26 April. 2012.

Appendix D  
Klondike Wind Turbine in the Process of being Dismantled after the Accident



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Appendix E  
What Remained of the Nacelle after the Accident



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