

1930s - 1940s

A private stretch of golden Malibu Beach named “*The Colony*” earns celebrity status as an exclusive enclave for studio bosses, stars, agents, lawyers, and the super-rich. It was a moderately civil time that dramatically changed its celebrity face a few decades later.

1960s

A new dawn arises in Hollywood as old-style studio days crumble like the Berlin wall into the rapacious hands of newbies armed to conquer and rule during a tumult of changing times.

Coined “*Hollywood’s Playground*,” the storied beachfront paints a more decadent picture where almost anything goes, and once-honored rules are forgotten. Free love, drug-filled parties, and narcissistic egos create a utopian secret underworld for those able to earn a place inside the enshrined gates.

Our players, a studio mogul fighting to keep a throne, a snarky female agent who exercises chops in a man's world, a psychiatrist's reputation stained by a client affair and a draft dodger son, a Hollywood heartthrob fears his closet will soon open, a famous star, our Norma Desmond, grasps to remain alive, burdened a miscreant daughter scheming for her fortune.

Our attention to the sixties serves as a sobering reminder of the darkness that has existed since our cave-dwelling days, yet we hold onto a forever light that shines. The Colonists portrays a Hollywood meme of Mad Men in a “*meta*” swirl of revolution between old and new, greed and desperation sprinkled with pixie dust of gauzy hopes and dreams.

The Colonists and gaggle of rebellious offspring spiral the past in nanoseconds towards a new dramatic third dimension. A confused world of new normalcy for the strong that survive while the weak fade into oblivious distance.
