

THE MOON, THE MOON

Unlimited Theatre

(rehearsal script, February 2009)

written by Clare Duffy, Jon Spooner and Chris Thorpe

CHARACTERS:

The MAN

The MOON

The OLDER MAN

The YOUNG WOMAN

Music

Light changes. Stars.

....moonlight as the moon pulls slowly and brightly into focus in the sky. Rising. Full and fat.

The MAN, standing, holding a carrier bag.

We hear but don't yet see The MOON say...

"Here. Look up. Try and touch."

The moon fades as lights pull focus to The MOON. She smiles. The MOON doesn't speak but we hear her say....

"I need you to."

The MOON turns her gaze on the audience

"You need to believe. I want to save you from

the wreckage. And

I love you. And,

Without you, I'll die."

Lights and music fade, pulling focus to.....

The present. The Firth of Forth, Edinburgh, under the bridge. Dusk falling pinkly. Gulls. Waves lapping gently at a shore. February.

The MAN, barefoot and wearing a suit jacket and trousers with a vest underneath. He is holding a plastic carrier bag at his side, heavy with something that steams gently - Christmas dinner for five.

[music: piano – Clare de Lune (or a theme based on)]

The MAN walks to the sea. He stops at The Edge. Putting the carrier bag down, he takes off his jacket, folds it neatly and places it on the ground. He picks up the bag and steps into the water.....

Sunlight reflects off water. The MAN stands looking out at nothing in front of him.

Another man (The OLDER MAN) appears behind him. He is wearing a three quarter length coat buttoned-and-collar-turned-up against the cold. Scarf and gloves. He watches The MAN and then approaches him. Tenderly. Stands at the edge of the sea.

OLDER: Hello.

MAN: ...

OLDER: Smoke?

MAN: ...

OLDER: I need a light.

MAN: ...

OLDER: Where are you going?

MAN: ...

OLDER: There's no boat today.

I checked.

I'll have to come back tomorrow.

How about you? Could you come back tomorrow?

MAN: ...

OLDER: That smells good.

MAN: ...

OLDER: Whatever it is you've got there. Smells like Christmas.

Can I try some?

MAN: ...

OLDER: Water must be cold.

MAN: ...

OLDER: The stones must be sharp against your skin.

MAN: ...

OLDER: Maybe today's just not the day. There's tomorrow. There's later. Tomorrow there'll be a boat.

MAN: ...

OLDER: Look. Fancy a pint? It's freezing out here. Especially with no shoes, I imagine.

MAN: ...

Here.

OLDER: I understand.

MAN: I...

OLDER: Sometimes there's not much between here and a pint.

MAN: ...

OLDER: Good.

That's very good.

One more.

MAN: I've been making it all day, all morning. And they didn't come.

OLDER: Well then. You deserve a drink.

MAN: So I thought. I have to go to them.

OLDER: There's a fire and a pint. Not far. You can still see the water from that pub over there. You can still see the bridge. Glorious bridge, isn't it? In half an hour it'll be dark and you'll be able to see all the lights along the shore, from the comfort of a warm pub. I think you'll like it there. The furniture is dark, polished oak. The bar shines with brass and mirrors. The landlady is friendly. And quite attractive.

The OLDER MAN takes his coat off and puts it round The MAN's shoulders.

OLDER: I do understand. I can help.

Lights and music changes.

MAN: Where am I?

The OLDER MAN gives him a pint.

OLDER: This is my friend.

WOMAN: We were worried about you.

Look. You can see from here.

MAN: ...

Is that.... me?

OLDER: It was.

MAN: Because I'm here now?

OLDER: Yes.

WOMAN: That's good. Isn't it?

MAN: Thank you.

I..... really like it here.

WOMAN: Can I get you anything else?

MAN: Do you have socks?
ALL: ...
MAN: My feet.
OLDER: Get the man some socks, darling.

The YOUNG WOMAN doesn't go.

We've got lots.
MAN: Christmas socks.
OLDER: We can talk about that later.
MAN: ...
OLDER: It's not Christmas. It's February.
MAN: ...
OLDER: But that's not important now.
OLDER: Another?
MAN: I should.... I've got-
Things-
WOMAN: No one will know.

Thunder, heavy rain. Lights fade and pull focus to The MOON. Music follows her as she sings.....

*You have chosen
The loneliest road.
I have chosen
To follow your spark.*

*When it's wandered at night
'Cross dark fields to the water
I've watched from above
And I've marked where you are.*

*It's only a step
This one spell, if you'll let me -
Allow me to choose
The road to your heart.*

*You have chosen
The loneliest road.
I have chosen
To follow your spark.*

Lights fade to reveal The MAN sleeping in an upstairs room of The House. The MOON sings the final verse as a refrain to him softly, unaccompanied finally as the music fades underneath her voice....

Thunder, heavy rain outside.

She strokes the air above his head and he stirs....

MAN: (Asleep) Daisy?

The MOON pulls the blankets off him gently. As she does so he sits up. His eyes are closed. He's now wearing pyjama bottoms with his vest.

MOON: No.

MAN: Where are you?

MOON: Open your eyes.

MAN: Can't.

MOON: Feel then.

MAN: Come back to bed.

MOON: This is not a dream. Wake up. See where you are.

MAN: I like your voice.

MOON: It's a mean place.

MAN: You're sexy.

MOON: Balls of dust and hair collecting under a mean single bed

MAN: (Interrupting) I like your dress.

MOON: Thank you.

MAN: Red suits you.

Her dress isn't red.

MOON: Want to touch?

MAN: It's been a long time since I touched anyone.

MOON: Me too. (I'm so lonely.) But.

We're not ready.

MAN: Ready?

The kitchen of the house that The OLDER MAN and The YOUNG WOMAN share.

MOON: You've got to wake up. Wake up or you'll be just where they want you.

WOMAN: I feel great! Isn't it great! Should? Should take him up a hot water bottle.

MOON: Remember! Where are you?

OLDER: He's alright for now.

MAN: I think I got very drunk.

WOMAN: We saved him. Poor thing.

MAN: With strangers.

WOMAN: Little lonely thing.

MAN: Oh.

OLDER: Hard to tell

MAN: I think

WOMAN: What?

MAN: Maybe I did something embarrassing.

OLDER: Is he alone?

MAN: Maybe I started to cry?

WOMAN: You think someone is missing him?

The YOUNG WOMAN goes to a record player.

MOON: You do go on a bit, when you've had a drink.

OLDER: Would you cook your last meal for a stranger?

MAN: You were there?

The YOUNG WOMAN puts on an original 45 of "Rhythm of the Rain" by The Cascades, quite loud.

MOON: I've been with you a long time now.

MAN: Why?

OLDER: Turn that down!

MOON: Remember our first night together?

MAN: No.

WOMAN: It's so lucky we caught him, when we did.

OLDER: You don't think he might have changed his mind?

MAN: I might have been a bit...

WOMAN: Too late now anyway.

MAN: I am sometimes.

OLDER: Most change their minds.

MAN: Sometimes I think I'm talking to the moon.

The MAN laughs, The MOON laughs too.

WOMAN: That water is icy though.

OLDER: Could've died in seconds.

MOON: Brilliant.

WOMAN: My cousin changed her mind. We found her body on the doorstep one morning.

MAN: I'm shit.

WOMAN: She changed her mind. But it was too late.

MOON: Our first night together was brilliant.

OLDER: Yes. Exactly.

MOON: We slept outside.

WOMAN: God!

MOON: Woke with smoke in our clothes.

WOMAN: Poor thing. So lucky we saved him.

MOON: We looked up at me.

MAN: I don't remember.

OLDER: Only the start. So much to find out.

MOON: You've got to wake up.

WOMAN: Do you think there *are* people looking for him?

MOON: They're down there right now

OLDER: I'll ask.

MOON: in their crummy kitchen,

OLDER: When he wakes up. /If there is anyone

MOON: /deciding what to do with you.

WOMAN: And we'll help him find them, if there is anyone...

MAN: I remember waking next to so many dead fires.

OLDER: But he should just sleep for now.

WOMAN: Oh. Yes.

MAN: Wet from the dew.

WOMAN: And then when he wakes up.

MAN: But also wet because

OLDER: Yes. That's best.

MOON: Last night you pissed yourself....

OLDER: Yes.

MAN: Shit. (*Wakes up*)

WOMAN: If he's there.

MAN: Shit.

OLDER: What?

MAN: I pissed myself.

Shit.

The MAN can't see THE MOON but she is still there....

WOMAN: He wakes up in an unfamiliar room. He doesn't remember our rescue. What happened. He's still suicidal. Desperate. He sees a door, a window. He feels trapped. Then/ bam!

OLDER: But it's a very / nice room

WOMAN: /We hear the window smash, run upstairs, and he's already on the ground outside, bones sticking out of him. That's no good.

OLDER: No. Of course not. But. But.

WOMAN: Yes?

OLDER: Yes. We'll keep checking. We can't just leave him alone.

WOMAN: (*Making a joke*) But we can't tie him to the bed either!

OLDER: (*Laughing*) No. Of course not!

WOMAN: We've got responsibilities.

OLDER: Yes. Yes we have. Finally.

WOMAN: But. Perhaps we could move him downstairs. /For his own safety.

OLDER: I think he's safe/ where he is. For now.

/She moves to him, takes his hand and puts it on her chest. This is a gesture they know well.....

We'll do everything we can. I promise.

WOMAN: Want to go to bed?

OLDER: You go if you want. I'm. I'm not tired.

The MAN enters. MOON walks through the door/wall - as she passes The MAN she moves her hand close to (but not actually touching) his face with a pushing/caressing motion, causing him to move/stumble. The MAN can't see her....

MAN: Shhhittsssh.

ALL: ...!

WOMAN: You're up!

OLDER: How you feeling?

WOMAN: Enough sleep?

MOON: You pissed yourself. / They know you pissed yourself.

MAN: Hmmmugh. This. My. Not mine. (*indicating the pyjamas he's wearing*)

MOON: All damp and cold.

The YOUNG WOMAN changes the record – 'Moonlight Serenade' as performed by Glenn Miller.

WOMAN: These things happen. You want a drink? Like a coffee? Or we've got tea. /Or we've got

MAN: /Must go.

OLDER: /We've got *everything*.

MOON: You want to see me?

MAN: No.

MOON: I'm naked.

MAN: NO!

ALL: ...

WOMAN: Hair of the dog? Then you'll sleep.

MOON: (*in his ear*) How about a nice big plate of pussy on toast?

The MAN laughs. The YOUNG WOMAN laughs. The OLDER MAN tries to laugh...

WOMAN: You're such a funny man.

MAN: I -

MOON: When was the last time you fucked. / Or even just had a wank?
MAN: / Wet myself

MOON: You were too drunk last night.

MAN: (*Whispering*) Drunk?

WOMAN: (*Whispering back*) Drunk?

OLDER: You might have had a little more than was advisable. / But we also...

WOMAN: /You were dead funny. Lovely though. You are a good drunk.

MOON: You laughed for four hours solid. Then fell in the fire.

MAN: Fire?

OLDER: In the pub. Downstairs. You do remember. We fell into conversation by the Firth. Easy to do there, isn't it? Something about the sea on a winter afternoon, the closeness yet remoteness of the other side. Just the *north* of it, really. So we just talked. Just strangers-

WOMAN: Nice new friends. Drinking, relaxing.

OLDER: Think of us as friends. Please. You can talk to us.

MOON: (*Taking the piss.*) "the closeness yet remoteness of the other side. Just the *north* of it really."

The MAN laughs again and then....

ALL: ...

OLDER: Perhaps you've not had enough sleep?

WOMAN: Still drunk?

MOON: What do they want?

MAN: What...?

OLDER: (*Puzzled. But then makes his own sense of The MAN*) Oh. Beer. Mostly. "Heavy". And then whisky. Sat by the fire. Maybe because of the fire, it felt a bit like Christmas.

MOON: (*Singing*) Little donkey.

MAN: Not real Christmas.

MOON: (*Singing*) Little donkey.

MAN: A Christmas like other people have, happy little donkeys

MOON: (*Singing*) On that dusty road

MAN: But they don't really.

MOON: (*Singing*) Your heavy load.

OLDER: You're so right.

WOMAN: You're heavier than you look.

Is a joke. You were no trouble. You were more tired than anything.

MOON: (*Singing*) Ring out the bells tonight.

The YOUNG WOMAN nods at The OLDER MAN.

WOMAN: He did most of the carrying.

MOON: (*Whispers in The MAN's ear.*) He haw. He haw.

MAN: Shit

The MAN flicks at his ear.

OLDER: (*self deprecating*) Only a flight of stairs! /Bloody hell!

MAN: /We're still in the pub?

WOMAN: Anyone looking for you?

MAN: This is the pub?

OLDER: We can call... anyone who might be worrying.

WOMAN: He's a big boy.

MOON: Who are these people?

MAN: I don't know.

OLDER: Well we didn't know. So better to be here. Eh? Than anywhere.

WOMAN: He put you into bed. Not that I would have looked.

The YOUNG WOMAN smiles, perhaps even winks at the MAN.

I was very good.

MOON: I bet she had / a little look though, don't you? I bet she and *he* both had a nice iccle look.

The MAN is increasingly disturbed – trying to block out The MOON.

MAN: /I should. Get going. You've been. Really. Look. I (*To the MOON*) Shhhut up!

MOON: Behind you.

The MAN turns around and weirdly grabs out at nothing. The OLDER MAN goes to him....

OLDER: Why don't you wait until you're feeling better? There's no rush. Stay as/ long as you like....

WOMAN: (*Brightly*) /Oh! I know! Hang on one second, eh?

The YOUNG WOMAN gets a glass of water, drops something in it that fizzes....

OLDER: We could all do with a bit more sleep I think.

The YOUNG WOMAN holds the fizzing liquid out to The MAN.

WOMAN: Knew we had some. Miracle cure. Always works.

Drink it all down. In a very little bit, you'll be feeling as right as rain.

MOON: Dreaming! Even when you're awake.

The MAN takes the glass and starts to drink the liquid, gratefully.

OLDER: (*to The YOUNG WOMAN*) OK.

MOON: I'm sorry.

OLDER: (*to The MAN*) We'll soon get you back on your feet eh?

MOON: I didn't mean to scare you.

WOMAN: (*To OLDER MAN*) It's for the best.

MOON: But you've got to wake up.

OLDER: How you feeling?

MOON: You've got to see me. Talk to me. Touch me.

WOMAN: Gently does it.

Pause. The MAN looks at The OLDER MAN and The YOUNG WOMAN. His legs give way. Music starts.

MOON: I'm really here.

Lights change and pull focus to The MOON who sings....

*These fools might laugh and say
You're talking to me
My silvered face seems
So often turned away.*

*Those drunken nights
Whatever shape I'm in
I'm watching over,
Calling you to me.*

*My jagged edges
Stark against the vacuum*

*You could embrace me -
I would let you live.*

*The cold vast distance
Doesn't feel so lonely,
I'm still beside you
And you must believe.*

During the singing, lights fade and pull focus to The Cellar of The House. The MAN is sleeping in a corner. Same pyjama bottoms but no top now. A blanket? The OLDER MAN enters - goes over to him and tries to gently wake him. The MAN stirs.

OLDER: Hey.

MAN: *(still asleep)* Darling?

OLDER: *(goes to stroke The Man's hair)* Hmm.

MAN: Daisy?

OLDER: *(trying not to wake him)* Yes.

MAN: Baby. Come back to bed.

OLDER: I'm here. I never left.

MAN: I thought... you're... cold.

OLDER: Shhh. You're dreaming.

The MAN seems to settle.

OLDER: What is it you're dreaming about? Darling?

The MAN wakes up.

MAN: *(mumbling)* Fuck.

OLDER: How's the hangover?

MAN: FUCK.

MAN: Not a ... *(unspoken "hangover")*

OLDER: I'm sorry. You needed more rest. I just wanted to make sure you were...
(thinks "breathing" but says) OK.

MAN: What...you *(unspoken "did you give me")?*

OLDER: You were very upset.

MAN: fuck

OLDER: What you needed. Just a sleeping/tablet.

MAN: /fuckfuckfuckfuckfuck

OLDER: It's OK. Calm down. You're safe. Nobody's going to hurt you. God! We're trying to stop you hurting yourself!

MAN: How?

OLDER: Walking into the sea at this time of year. It wasn't going to do you any good, was it? Would have been suicide.

MAN: No.

OLDER: It would. And if you can't see... well... I...we don't think you should be out there, right now. It's not safe.

MAN: W H E R E am I?

OLDER: Safe.

MAN: Where the FUCKSHITFUCK am I?

OLDER: I know this must be really confusing. I know I can't really begin to understand what you must have been through. Not yet. But I just want to.

Your life has changed, and that's... difficult.

MAN: ...

OLDER: How long ago?

MAN: ...

OLDER: (*Very gently. Knows this is risky*) Who's Daisy?

MAN rushes at OLDER MAN.

MAN: I will fucking push my thumbs into your eyes until you're dead. And then I'll walk over your body and out of here.

The MAN has the OLDER MAN pinned to the floor.

OLDER: We're locked in. If you do that, you'll never get out either.

The MAN is tempted to listen. Certainly he doesn't know what to do next. He is still very weak.

Think of it this way. What have you got to lose? I really can help. Don't you want to feel better? You can't enjoy feeling like this. Nobody likes to be ill, whatever's wrong with them.

He relaxes his grip on The OLDER MAN and then moves off him.

You know, I knew someone once who heard a voice that wasn't really there. What about that, eh?

The MAN can't help but give a micro-acknowledgement that he is right.

She thought it was separate from her. Independent. Like a real other person. But it wasn't and eventually she learned how to control it.

You can tell me what it's like, what it's been like. I'm a good listener. I don't interrupt. I will never ever tell anyone. And... I'll always be on your side.

The OLDER MAN makes comfortable eye contact and smiles easily.

MAN: You want to know what it's like?

OLDER: Take your time.

MAN: ...

There's the smell.

OLDER: Yes.

MAN: Me.

OLDER: Go on.

MAN: Me and only me, day after fucking day.

OLDER MAN is kind, he nods and smiles

It's wet clothes drying over a gas heater in a camper van that's too hot in the summer and too cold in the winter. It's opening your mouth in a supermarket queue and only grunting because you haven't talked for eight or twelve or thirty fucking days and you're tongue's gone wooden with fear and stupid dumb hate for some poor cow in front of your face who doesn't deserve it. It's the sound of smashing glass as bottles and jars fall from your grip and you slip and slide towards the exit. It's howling at the sky with the twinkling lights of a village far, far below you until your face and your lips feel like someone else's and when you catch yourself in the inside of the windscreen they *are* someone else's and this stranger with your face grins and you punch him and break your knuckles on his glass jaw. It's being like an empty quarry with all the solid stone gone and the hole it left is choked with a hundred feet of dirty rain that's so cold past the first foot that nothing good can live, and it's waking up here, not knowing if you're dead, alive or a place in between.

OLDER: ...

I know/

The MAN pulls back his fist to punch the OLDER MAN hard in the face.

MAN: /You don't know!

Sudden blackout.

OLDER: Help!

Sound.

MAN: Nobody knows!

Harsh, clinical, specific lights snap up on The Man being pulled off The OLDER MAN by The YOUNG WOMAN. With surprising strength she puts The MAN into a restraining position of the kind used by psychiatric nurses/orderlies.

You don't know! Nobody knows!

The YOUNG WOMAN looks at The OLDER MAN whose nose is bleeding. The OLDER MAN looks at The YOUNG WOMAN. Sound of their breathing. The OLDER MAN takes over the restraining position and then nods at her. She leaves.

Lights return to The Cellar and The YOUNG WOMAN enters with a heavy chain - she secures one end to the floor/wall and shackles the other end to The MAN's leg. The OLDER MAN and The YOUNG WOMAN leave.

The MAN on the floor of The Cellar. The MOON appears (walks through the wall?)

MOON: They are shits, aren't they!

MAN sees The MOON for the first time.

MOON: (**Delighted that he can see her**) Oh! Fantastic! What do you think?

The MAN doesn't want to see her.

MOON: Doesn't it stink down here? Stinks/ of stale beer.

MAN: /Keep away from me!

MOON: /Shh.

MAN: Your voice.

MOON: You remember?

MAN: You're my dream. You're not real.

He can still see her. She's still there. He starts trying to wake himself up.

MAN: Just dreaming... never used to dream... Now... shit...

I'm just dreaming.

MOON: Yeah. No. That's not going to work. I'm really here.

MAN: Then *Fuck* OFF!

MOON: I saw what they did to you.

MAN: What?

MOON: They're bad people.

MAN: Maybe I *am* ill? Maybe... maybe they *can* help?

MOON: Look where you are. A pub cellar; soaking up the stink of old alcohol like a bit of blotting paper. No windows. You can't see the sea, but you can smell it. There's an old heavy lock on the door and they've taken the key. You can hear "them" through floorboards and ceiling. These are the foundations of a very old building. So close to the sea you can taste the iodine.

You can see all of this can't you?

Don't you trust your senses anymore?

The MOON fades as The YOUNG WOMAN appears at the top of the stairs with a glass of effervescing water. The MAN doesn't see her.

MAN: But... but you are, you seem so 'here'.

The YOUNG WOMAN waits, watching...

MAN: Impossible.

...

MAN: You look like... have you always looked like/

...

MAN: You can't be the moon.

...

MAN: I don't believe in... God... gods... goddesses

...

MAN: Why do you look like her?

...

The MAN falls to the floor....

MAN: I made Christmas dinner.

...

MAN: I wanted to make it up to them.

...

MAN: Did I?

...

MAN: What do you want?

...

The MAN is still for a moment and then reaches out towards something.... The YOUNG WOMAN breaks the spell, slamming the door.

WOMAN: Who are you talking to?

The YOUNG WOMAN descends the stairs, leaving the 'drink' on the bottom step. The MAN looks at the YOUNG WOMAN, and then around the cellar. The YOUNG WOMAN follows his gaze, sees nothing out of the ordinary. The YOUNG WOMAN looks thoughtfully at the MAN.

WOMAN: You were talking.

MAN: Was I?

WOMAN: There's nobody here.

...

So who... or *what*, do you think is here?

...

The MAN looks at something/nothing. The YOUNG WOMAN follows his gaze then turns back to The MAN...

WOMAN: There's no need to be scared.

I'm here to help you.

MAN: Think you're helping?

WOMAN: Yes.

MAN: (*laughing*) It's not funny.

The YOUNG WOMAN slaps The MAN.

WOMAN: Who is it?

The YOUNG WOMAN looks round the room briefly

You want to play games, that's fine by me. You want to play imaginary friends like some little boy, you go right ahead.

...

I don't think we're really helping you yet. Perhaps it's time we tried something else.

A moment and then the YOUNG WOMAN stiffens and whirls round, grabbing out at... nothing. Cat falling off a wall.

She goes quickly to the drink and forces the MAN to swallow it. The YOUNG WOMAN forces the last drops of drink down the MAN's throat. She goes to the bottom of the steps, stops, looks at The MAN.

WOMAN:

The YOUNG WOMAN walks back up the steps. Lights fade and The MOON reappears – as before. We see another version of.....

MOON: Don't you trust your senses anymore?

The YOUNG WOMAN at the top of the stairs with a glass of effervescing water. The MAN doesn't see her.

MAN: But... but you are, you seem so 'here'.

The YOUNG WOMAN waits, watching. The MOON is aware of the YOUNG WOMAN but she can't see The MOON.

MOON: So?

MAN: Impossible.

MOON: What do you know about possibility?

MAN: You look like... have you always looked like/

MOON: You know who I am.

MAN: You can't be the moon.

The YOUNG WOMAN's ears prick.

MOON: Ssh. You don't know who might be listening.

MAN: I don't believe in... God... gods... goddesses

MOON: That's hardly my problem, is it?

MAN: Why do you look like her?

MOON: If Daisy were here... she'd tell you. You know she would. She'd say:

The MOON becomes DAISY...

Why were you so rude to my Mum? She was only trying to help. She was only doing her best. Don't you think she was hurting too?

The MAN falls to the floor....

MAN: I made Christmas dinner.

MN/DY: In February!

MAN: I wanted to make it up to them.

MN/DY: You said we were too ordinary.

MAN: Did I?

MN/DY: Yes?

MAN: What do you want?

MN/DY: Touch me.

The MAN is still for a moment and then reaches out towards The MOON, taking a step. The YOUNG WOMAN breaks the spell, slamming the door.

WOMAN: Who are you talking to?

The YOUNG WOMAN descends the stairs, leaving the 'drink' on the bottom step. The MAN looks at the YOUNG WOMAN, and then around the cellar. The YOUNG WOMAN follows his gaze, sees nothing out of the ordinary. The YOUNG WOMAN looks thoughtfully at the MAN.

WOMAN: You were talking.

MAN: Was I?

WOMAN: There's nobody here.

...

So who... or *what*, do you think is here?

The MOON passes directly between the MAN and the YOUNG WOMAN.

MOON: I think she knows.

The MAN looks straight at The MOON, following her arc. The YOUNG WOMAN follows his gaze but sees nothing, then turns back to The MAN...

MOON: There's no need/ to be scared.

WOMAN: /There's no need to be scared.

MOON: I'm here/ to help you.

WOMAN: /I'm here to help you.

MAN: (to The MOON) Think you're helping?

MOON: Yes

WOMAN: Yes.

The MOON laughs

MAN: (laughing) It's not funny.

The YOUNG WOMAN slaps the MAN as if he were hysterical.

WOMAN: Who is it?

The MOON puts a finger to her lips. The YOUNG WOMAN looks round the room briefly

You want to play games, that's fine by me. You want to play imaginary friends like some little boy, you go right ahead.

...

I don't think we're really helping you yet. Perhaps it's time we tried something else.

The MOON has circled them so she's now directly behind the YOUNG WOMAN. She leans in and, looking at The MAN, blows on the back of The YOUNG WOMAN's neck who stiffens then whirls round, grabbing out at... nothing. Cat falling off a wall.

The YOUNG WOMAN goes quickly to the drink and forces the MAN to swallow it. She forces the last drops of drink down the MAN's throat. She goes to the bottom of the steps, stops, looks at The MAN.

WOMAN:

She leaves.

Lights and music fade. The MAN paces, drugged, as the moon rises. The MAN slows down as the drugs start to affect him. The moon fades and lights pull focus to The MOON. The MAN performs a private, personal ritual. And then he's lying in a sleeping position on the floor. The MOON sings during this...

*Fight
You're on the hook
They are waiting
They are waiting for*

*You
To fall asleep
they are coming
Coming closer.*

*I'm
A step away
It's your decision
Who to believe in.*

*Tear
Yourself apart
before they get
Their hands upon you.*

*Fight
With all your strength
You don't deserve
What's coming to you, my*

*Arm
My arm is light*

*And it is out
So choose to take it.*

*Fight
You're on the hook
They are waiting
They are waiting.*

Lights fade and pull focus to.... The OLDER MAN is in the kitchen reading. He has a half eaten biscuit in his hand. The WOMAN comes over and looks at it. Then at him. He lifts it. She opens her mouth and he pops it in.

WOMAN: (Mouth full) How do you think it's going?

OLDER: OK.

WOMAN: Better than with me?

OLDER: Different.

WOMAN: Not better then?

OLDER: (Smiling) I know what you're doing.

WOMAN: What?

OLDER: You were you. He's himself.

WOMAN: I'll always be your first.

OLDER; Well, yes.

WOMAN: Your favourite.

OLDER: My love-

WOMAN: But-

OLDER: You were different. If it wasn't for you, we wouldn't be here.

WOMAN: You have to be very patient don't you?

OLDER: I did tell you.

WOMAN: (Confessing) I find it quite frustrating.

I'll be better next time.

OLDER: I don't think there'll be a

WOMAN: No?

OLDER: No.

WOMAN: Am I doing well though?

OLDER: Of course.

WOMAN: Worth the wait.

OLDER: Of course.

WOMAN: ...

I don't know if it's important.

OLDER: What?

WOMAN: Nothing. Sorry. Nothing.

OLDER: What? Even the smallest thing might help.

The YOUNG WOMAN puts her hand on The OLDER MAN's chest.

WOMAN: Yes.

But this was really just a little, strange, little thing.

OLDER: Tell me.

WOMAN: Before he fell asleep.

OLDER: Yes?

WOMAN: I don't think he knew I was there.

OLDER: And?

WOMAN: I don't think he's such a complicated puzzle.

OLDER: What did he say?

WOMAN: What would you have done if I'd been difficult, like him?

OLDER: But you were so good.

WOMAN: He's not like me.

I think there's only one way for him.

OLDER: For god's sake tell me!

WOMAN: He is talking to the moon.

Not the real moon. Of course. I don't believe in stupid stuff like that. But I bet he thinks she is the real moon.

Or, that she might be his Daisy. The one he lost.

They kiss. But The OLDER MAN ends the kiss first and leaves.

Lights and music complete their fade pulling focus to The OLDER MAN by the door at the top of the stairs, watching The MAN. The OLDER MAN is holding some writing materials in his hand. Silence. OLDER MAN turns on light. Bare bulb? There is no natural light source in the cellar.

OLDER: Morning. Morning. Rise and shine.

The OLDER MAN descends the stairs excitedly as he speaks...

I've had an idea. A real brain wave.

The MAN moves/paces during the following, attempt to ease the grogginess...

MAN: Do you really want to help?

OLDER: Yes. I really do.

MAN: Then why are you hurting me?

OLDER: I'm not. I'm trying to find out why you're hurting yourself.

Listen. If you can't talk to me, perhaps you can write about it?

The OLDER MAN puts the writing materials down.

The MAN coughs once, spits on the floor, close to The OLDER MAN's feet.

MAN: About what exactly?

OLDER: About Daisy.

MAN: No.

OLDER: No. No, you're right. I didn't mean about her. I put that badly, and I'm sorry. I meant write something about your life with her. Anything. Any little trivial thing. About your home, for example...one of your routines perhaps? What... what colour were your carpets? That sort of thing. Really easy stuff. Nothing too close to the pain.

MAN: Don't remember.

OLDER: Not even one simple ordinary thing?

MAN: ...

OLDER: (*sighs?*) Trust me. Please. This will help. I'm sure if you could remember, I don't know... what you walked on everyday... Might bring you back to earth. Eh?

MAN: (*lying*) I'm on earth.

OLDER: What about this Moon then?

MAN: I know... I know she's not real. Right! Moon's just rocks and dust. No God. I know there isn't anything there. Just maths, endless maths rubbing up against itself, pushing and pulling. That's all.

OLDER: Why don't I believe you?

MAN: I'm alone.

OLDER: I'm here.

MAN: I don't believe there's anyone... anything. I believe... the same as you.

OLDER: How do you know that?

MAN: How-

OLDER: If it's all just rocks and dust. Nothing you can't hold in your hand. How can you claim to know what I believe. Sounds a little... spooky to me.

MAN: I just mean. I just mean, we're the same. I agree. There's nothing there and so I'm fine now, and thank you. Really, thank you. And I think it's time to go.

OLDER: Is it?

MAN: Yes.

OLDER: Good. That's... interesting. It's... hopeful. And in that case, I can make a deal with you.

I'm going to go now, and leave those here. I'll come back at the end of the day. If, before then, you can write down just one thing that means something to you, no matter how little or trivial, then tomorrow, we'll leave here. We'll walk down to the water. We'll watch the birds circling and we'll breathe in sea air. Like mates. How's that?

MAN: I can't.

OLDER: No such word.

MAN: Can't

OLDER: Pull yourself together for fuck's sake!

MAN: ...!?

OLDER: I'm... sorry. But it's for your own good.

The OLDER MAN leaves.

The MAN is running at a wall again and again. The notebook the OLDER MAN gave him is clutched in his hand.

MAN: No. No. No. No. No. No.

The MOON walks through the wall The MAN has been running against.

MOON: Doesn't that hurt?

...

Ready?

MAN: (*Leaning tired but not hurt against the wall.*) For what?

MOON: One for you, one for me. Since you're not doing your homework.

The MOON has a diary. The MAN's exercise book becomes his own diary.

MAN: Daisy?

MOON: ...

Here.

MAN: You want me to read it?

MOON: Swap you.

MAN: It's not mine. I never kept a diary

MOON: / Really?

The MOON takes the MAN's book, gently, and hands him DAISY's diary. The room gradually becomes domestic and warm; The MAN sees the MOON as DAISY. Some of their favourite music is playing very faintly in the background – "Tiny Dancer" by Elton John. The MOON/DAISY shows him the pages of his book. They are covered in writing.

MAN: Hello.

MOON: Hello you.

MAN: That *is* my writing.

DAISY: I'd know it anywhere. You used to leave me notes on the kitchen corkboard. Always ended with the exact time you'd be back, and I love you. And your name. I always thought that was so...

Cute. As if you thought someone else might sneak into our house. Or I might not know it was you just from the shape of the words.

The MOON hands him a glass of wine, which he takes...

MAN: Didn't want you to worry.

DAISY: I know.

MOON: Such an intimate thing, isn't it, to read someone's diary?

MAN: I would never

MOON: Even if you were allowed?

MAN: We were better than that.

MN/DY: I know. But it's different now.

MAN: (*Strokes the floor*) Remember choosing this together? All that money.

MOON: Don't be scared. (*She offers him the book again*)

She firmly puts the book in his hand.

MAN: May. 2000. 14th. Sunday. Rain during the night. Tulips all flattened by rain. Least rain kept the cats out. Clouds in sky still. Some a bit grey. Some are quite light and fluffy. Like cotton wool.

[*to her*] "cotton wool?"

[*from diary*] I don't know whether the sun is going to make it out properly today. But I doubt if it'll rain again. So we'll have to have the BBQ. It will be nice. I keep thinking about chicken. Really want roast chicken. And I quite fancy chips as well. But. It's started spitting.

August 17th. 2000. Thursday.

V. Hot today. Humid. All my make up ran on the way to work. My armpits smelt so bad. Really embarrassing. Why do I smell?

Storms forecast for weekend. Typical.

...

That wasn't so bad.

...

'Everyday days are good days'.

MOON: For better or worse.

MAN: Go on then.

MOON: June 2007. There's no date.

[*from diary*] A road. I am. I am an endless road. Never will find the sea. Night travel is better and god... 24 hour supermarkets. Try not to trouble, but they get in the way, all the normal normal people people. They find themselves in need at night for something. I'm a road. I'm a pair of feet. One foot after the next. Tramping tramping one foot after the next. It's round and round. The shape of the sky again and again. It's the moon whispering, whispering and stars spinning round and round my head my head, as I step, one by one

She breaks off suddenly.

Well that's quite enough of that shite.

MAN: I never understood.

MOON: What?
MAN: How it feels.
MOON: When?
MAN: When you can't get up.
When you can't lie down.

He searches through her diary.

(Reading) I can't think. Can't sleep. Can't come. Can't eat. Can't even shit properly. Can't love. Can't hate. Can't even hate you. And believe me I try. Are you reading this I wonder? I hope so. "How are you?" You ask. Like it's a question with an answer. I'm not. I am nothing. I am less than my own bullet shits. I wish I hated you. That would be something. What I feel for you. It's so much worse than hate. You. You. And the rain. And the news. And the nights. And the

The MAN flicks through the next few pages...

MAN: *(quietly)* Fuck you.
MOON: You said you understood. Now.
MAN: Still hurts
MOON: Wasn't always like that though.
MAN: You meant that when you wrote it.
MOON: I didn't always think like that.
MAN: We were happy when we bought this carpet.
MOON: I always needed you.
MAN: Always? You managed without me in the end.
MOON: Well. I want to know what happened to you. Last entry.
February 2009. Christmas Day.

Cooking Christmas dinner. All the trimmings. Going to see your mum and the rest of your clan. I have been neglectful. I'm even putting on a suit, but only after I've done the cooking. Just like you used to when we had friends round. You'd cook in your pyjamas then go and get changed while I uncorked the wine, chose the music and moaned about my boss. So I waited for you and all your family. I was even looking forward to seeing your mum again. I want to apologise to her. I should have been better. Her daughter. I should never have told her to fuck off. Maybe it's just the lilt in her voice. It's like hearing you. But distorted. But it still gets me, maybe. I don't know.

I guess you're not coming. Fuck it. I'm going to come to you. I've come this far. Right on the edge.

I'll pack up dinner and come to you. You'll be so surprised.

... (*She turns the page*)

I'm going for a pint. Isn't it amazing that one kind word from a stranger can be the difference, really the difference between despair and a pint?

MAN: I never wrote that.

MOON: ...

MAN: You're not my wife.

MOON: ...

MAN: Fucking liar.

The MAN drops his glass which smashes on the floor...

MOON: It's not a *lie*. / ... I need you to

MAN: / You just want to fuck with me. Just like them.

MOON: No.

MAN: Why then?

Pause.

MOON: Because I love you.

MAN: How can you be? You're the fucking MOON!

MOON: I've been with you for months. I've been waiting for you to see me. And now you can. You must be ready. Don't you think that maybe you're ready to love... again?

And no. I'm not her. She's gone, and you know that.

But I'm here, and I need you. And I need you to need me.

The MAN throws the diary he's holding at The MOON. She catches it, and puts The MAN's book down on The Cellar floor.

Music from upstairs – Clare de Lune. The MAN is running at the wall again.

MAN: No. No. No. No.

The OLDER MAN appears at the top of the stairs. He watches as The MAN runs at the wall again and again and again....

You're not her...her...her.

The MAN collapses and The OLDER MAN descends and picks up the book.

MOON: No. But I can still be good for you. To you.
OLDER: No. I'm not. (*He flicks through the pages and sees that the MAN hasn't done anything.*)

OLDER: This isn't very good.

MOON: You are ready. If you want

MAN: What do you want from me?

OLDER: We had a deal!
MOON: Touch me.

MAN: I don't know how.

OLDER: Do you want me to help you?
MOON: Reach out to me. Do it.

MAN: Fucking how?

MOON: It's difficult. I know.
OLDER: Concentrate on my voice.

MAN: Make me! Show me!

MOON: I thought you'd never ask.
OLDER: I want you to relax

MOON: Listen to *me*.
OLDER: Become aware of your arms

MAN: Shut up!

MOON: Try to stay calm.
OLDER: Try to stay calm.

MOON: Remember.
OLDER: Let the muscles become/ loose and

MAN: /I can't.....

OLDER: It's difficult, I know.

MOON: I'll help.

OLDER: Just let your muscles become loose and limp and

He enters a trance.

OLDER: Oh.

Good. That's.... good.

You're doing very well. Now, where are you?

MOON: A room.

MAN: A room.

...

What kind of room?

MOON: My birthday. You surprised me.

OLDER: You're going to have to tell me.

MAN: It was a surprise.

MOON: A lovely surprise.

OLDER: A surprise?

MAN: Just lying there.

OLDER: You found her there.

MAN: You wanted me to find you.

OLDER: What did she... look like?

MOON: Yes. And I was wearing....?

MAN: Nothing. Smiling. You were smiling.

MOON: I pulled you onto the bed.

OLDER: Smiling?

MAN: Without even touching. Magnetic. Showing yourself to me. All of you. Smiling.

MOON: What was in the air?

OLDER: What can you hear?

MAN: Music. I can't work out where it's coming from.

MOON: Yes. Yes. You remember the song.

"What Is And What Should Never Be" by Led Zeppelin. The MAN starts to masturbate.

The hotel. We fucked in front of the mirror.

OLDER: *(Touching his shoulder)* I'm not sure that/ that

MAN: Shut up! Keep talking!

MOON: *(Still soft and close.)* But what are you going to give me?

She whispers in his ear as The MAN masturbates more and more vigorously. The distant sound of a gale.....

MOON: *And if I say to you tomorrow*

Take my hand child come with me

It's to a castle I will take you

Where what's to be they say will be

A castle wind sail spin sail away leave the day way up high in the sky

OLDER: *That (looking towards The MAN's moving hand) must seem like a practical solution to your problem.*

MOON: *"But the wind won't blow, We really shouldn't go, It only goes to show."*

OLDER: *But it's a short term solution.*

MOON: *"That you will be mine."*

OLDER: *Believe me... between us men, between, that is, you and me, please*

MOON: *"By taking our time"*

OLDER: *Don't do it in front of my girl. Or*

MOON: *"Oooo-oooooh"*

MN/DY: *You're so close. So close to me. You're almost here. Come up. Come here.... touch me.*

Storm gathering. The MAN begins to reach out to her.

OLDER: *you'll be sorry*

MOON: *Do you remember?*

MAN: *Yes.*

The MAN orgasms.

OLDER: *Dirty fucking... (as he leaves) mongoloid fuck. Fuck!*

The MAN on his own.

The lights go out. BLACK. Eye of the storm.

Segue....

Music, loud – "First Jump" as performed by Ted Heath and His Orchestra (when it runs out next song on the record should be Ted Heath's "The Very Thought of You"). Lights fade and reveal The YOUNG WOMAN in the kitchen of the house. She finishes a cocktail, pours another and dances/sways casually to the music. The OLDER MAN enters.

WOMAN: *How did it go?*

OLDER: *Good.*

The YOUNG WOMAN stumbles slightly. The OLDER MAN and the YOUNG WOMAN look at each other.

OLDER: You're drunk.

WOMAN: You're lying.

OLDER: You don't know what you're talking about.

WOMAN: Did he tell you *anything*?

OLDER: He really loves his wife.

He is complex, fascinating,/ almost beautiful

WOMAN: /Don't.

OLDER: Don't what?!

WOMAN: Leave me.

OLDER: I would never

WOMAN: Remember?

She takes the OLDER MAN's hand and puts it to her chest.

OLDER: Tick Tock.

WOMAN: Remember me?

OLDER: Yes.

WOMAN: I told you all my secrets.

Tick tock

Tell me, tell me my secrets. What can you hear?

OLDER: It's-

WOMAN: Yes?

OLDER: Tick Tock

WOMAN: What is it?

OLDER: The clock.

WOMAN: Where?

OLDER ...at the orphanage.

WOMAN: Yes. Tell me.

OLDER: The bell tower. The only part of the building left undamaged. The tower and the clock. Holes in the rest. In the roof. Let the light in on sunny days and the rain and snow on the other days so that the children are never. They're never

really warm or dry. So they die, sometimes. Of things children usually have a day off school for. Nothing more.

It never stops, day or night, that clock. It haunts your dreams, when it lets you sleep. Or when the younger children let you sleep. You think that even if you went far away, put the sea you've never seen between you and that bell tower, it will have stored itself up in your head. You'll hear it forever.

WOMAN: And?

OLDER: You're on your own.

WOMAN: Where are the others?

OLDER: The nuns, the men, all run away or dead. You think you might smell them in the trees when the weather turns warm. But you survive.

WOMAN: Tick.Tock.

OLDER: You don't curse them for leaving you behind. The only ones you curse are the ones that blew up the building and left that fucking bell tower slicing time in your ears every second of every day. If you could you would tear that clock apart with your fingernails but the steps are gone.

You feed the children on boiled grass and leaves in rainwater and you don't know if that's slow poison. If you're just making them sicker until they all die, and you die too, and sometimes in the clock-ruled horror of the blackest nights you smile at the thought.

WOMAN: Until?

OLDER: Until a four-wheel-drive arrives, one day, with a man, alone, at the wheel and letters and a picture on the side you don't understand. And he gets out, and looks around with an expression of horror on his face. And you, stood in the yard, with all the others hidden, too tired to run. You sit down on the floor as he walks towards you. He's as clean as you're filthy.

And he looks at you. And at the bell tower. And suddenly he understands.

...

Horrified, he looks you up and down, and asks you in your own language

...

What is this place? Are you in charge here? And you say.

...

WOMAN: Yes. Yes I am.

OLDER: And he understands. He understands what he must do. That you have to get out of this place. Together.

The OLDER MAN kisses her. She kisses him back. They start to pull off their clothes, still kissing. But the OLDER MAN changes his mind and pushes her (gently) away.

BOTH: ...

...

WOMAN: You fuck.

Pulling her clothes back on she stumbles out of the room.

Lights out. Black. Storm. Loud.

The MAN is standing in the light of a single, bare electric light bulb, which has snapped on above his head. The storm stops. The MAN collapses. The YOUNG WOMAN is standing in The Cellar with him. "The Very Thought of You" from upstairs....

WOMAN: Hey.

...

Hey you.

MAN: I think. I think I'm not dreaming.

WOMAN: It's been rough, yeah?

I've been here. I know. I didn't want to see you go through this. I told him. There are better ways. Quicker ways. And if not, then

there are other places you could be, eh?

Other places maybe you want to be, eh?

...

OK then.

...

OK.

...

He found me too.

Made me better.

OK?

We'll see.

The YOUNG WOMAN leaves and as she does something falls from her hand. It is a set of keys on a length of chain. The YOUNG WOMAN does not break stride. The MAN watches her. At the top of the stairs, the YOUNG WOMAN turns...

You go to her. Whoever she is.

YOUNG WOMAN points to where a wrist watch might be.

WOMAN: Tick. Tock. Tick Tock.

The YOUNG WOMAN leaves.

The MOON appears and picks up the keys.

MAN: Help me Daisy.

MOON: I'm not/.

MAN: /No time for games.

Darling... sweetheart... just give me the keys. Please. Will you?

MN/DY: If I give you the keys you'll just leave me. I'll be alone with everything. Won't I? You'll be on the other side of the door, laughing.

You'll have escaped from our fucking failure.

MAN: You're not a failure. You're a wonderful / wife

MN/DY: Don't say it. Don't stand there and lie to me. I'm not a wonderful anything. I'm dirt.

MAN: Daisy. That's just not true. If you give me the keys, I'll drive you wherever you want to go. But if you don't give me the keys then we'll both be locked in here forever, won't we? And neither of us want that. Do we? I would like to go to work again one day. I would like to go back to being normal. Don't you want that too?

MN/DY: How the fuck would you know what I want? You don't care. You never cared. I've seen you, smiling when you think I'm not looking. Letting the happiness show through.

MAN: Daisy.

I. We. You-

It's time, don't you think?

...to get over it.

...

MN/DY: Oh.

Fuck you!

She throws the keys at him, violently. He quickly uses them to unlock his manacle. He heads to the foot of the stairs but then hesitates.

Go.

MAN: Come with me.

MN/DY: No

MAN: Come on.

MN/DY: I'm staying here.

MAN: To do what?

She is crying.

MN/DY: Just go. I'll be fine. You go.

MAN: I've got to go Daisy. If I don't... you know what will happen.

MN/DY: I'm not stopping you. I want you to go.

He moves closer to her.

MAN: I understand.

MN/DY: Don't ever fucking say that to me. You understand shit!

MAN: I want to help. We can get help. We can have another.

MN/DY: Replace her!?

MAN: No. How could we ever do that? I'm not saying that. Not for a second. But we can still be normal.

MN/DY: Normal? Is it normal that I go through every day feeling like I've got no skin? Fucking sore and fucking numb at the same time? Is that normal?

Is it normal to be happy that your baby died?

MAN: Happy?

MN/DY: I've seen you. I've seen you smiling. On the phone. To friends. I've seen you.

Pause.

MAN: You're fucking insane. Think what you like. Say what you like. But don't expect me to just take it. I can't. I can't cope with you / and your

MN/DY: / You want me to leave?

MAN: *(In the heat of the moment)* Yes. Go. Fuck off and leave me alone. I'd be alright on my own. I can do that. I can deal with that. I just can't deal with you... I miss her too you know.

MN/DY: Miss!

I yearn. I covet. I desire. I beg. I will. I need.

And you? You miss. What a word.

...

Maybe, I'll die.

She leaves.

The MAN stands with the keys in his hand at the bottom of the steps.

MAN: Don't leave me.

Lights fade to reveal The OLDER MAN at the top of the stairs.

MAN: Oh shit.

Behind the OLDER MAN is the YOUNG WOMAN.

...

MAN: You dropped these.

The YOUNG WOMAN overtakes The OLDER MAN and snatches the keys from The MAN.

OLDER: (To MAN) Back. Please.

The MAN takes a few steps back.

OLDER: (To YOUNG WOMAN) You irresponsible – you / stupid

WOMAN: / He wouldn't go anywhere.

OLDER: What if he went running through the streets in that state? Telling people, who knows what?

WOMAN: He's still here. I knew he would be.

The YOUNG WOMAN rounds on The MAN.

WOMAN: Because he's fucked! He's fucking malfunctioning!

The YOUNG WOMAN hits MAN.

A broken clock and he's fucking stuck!

MAN: What's going to happen?

What are you going to do to me?

OLDER MAN/

WOMAN: (To MAN) Shut up!

MAN: (To the MOON) I want to go with you.

MOON: You hear me. You see me.

MAN: Yes.

WOMAN: There! It's time. He's ready now.

MOON: Now touch me.

OLDER: I need more time

WOMAN: There isn't any more time. Look at him!

MAN: I'm dead, aren't I?

MOON: No

WOMAN: (*Furious, to MOON*) I said shut up!

OLDER: (*to YOUNG WOMAN*) I should never have brought you here.

WOMAN: (*as she leaves*) You're in this up to your fucking neck

The OLDER MAN goes to the foot of the stairs and pulls out an operating table on a gurney.

MAN: I'm scared.

MOON: Don't be.

MAN: Do something!

MOON: I'm here. All you have to do is reach out.

The OLDER MAN looks at The MAN.

OLDER: Don't worry. It will all be over soon.

MAN: What? What are you going to?

OLDER: It's your own fault.

The MAN looks at The MOON. She offers The MAN her outstretched hand.

The YOUNG WOMAN returns with her equipment.

OLDER: I don't want/

WOMAN: (*To OLDER MAN*) /Who are you trying to kid?

MOON: You won't be here, anymore.

WOMAN: (*To OLDER MAN*) This will make you better.

The OLDER MAN has pulled the gurney over to The MAN. The YOUNG WOMAN joins The OLDER MAN at the gurney and opens the box. The OLDER MAN and The YOUNG WOMAN remove surgical robes from the box, pull them on, and begin to line up surgical instruments.

MAN: Is it time?

MOON: It's time.

WOMAN: (To OLDER MAN) You see. He wants to be saved. (To MAN) Get on.

The MAN gets onto the gurney.

MAN: Will it hurt?

WOMAN: You might feel a little tingle. Now-

The YOUNG WOMAN holds out her hand. The MOON passes her a scalpel. The YOUNG WOMAN doesn't notice.

MAN: Fuck it. Let's go.

MOON: Come with me. Now.

MAN: I don't understand... isn't this the only way to be with you?

MOON: I fell in love with you, a mortal.

The gods do, from time to time, you know. Even now.

At least the lucky ones.

I've been waiting for you. My world is waiting for you. But I can't make you join me. You have to choose. Your own way out of this.

The YOUNG WOMAN takes up her scalpel.

MAN: Maybe I'm not meant to be a god.

The YOUNG WOMAN laughs.

MOON: Maybe you won't be. I've not done this before.

MAN: What?!

WOMAN: (to The OLDER MAN) Mask.

MOON: Well, have you?

The OLDER MAN pulls down his mask.

MAN: No.

MOON: Well then. Choose.

WOMAN: Bit late for no now.

Hold him.

Let's see.

MOON: Put your hand into my light.

WOMAN: What's inside.

Pull tight focus to The MOON.

MOON: His teeth chatter. He can smell his last breath of fresh air. He can hear the wind outside. Something attached to the outside of the building knocks. Something nearby, perhaps on the street, swings and the creak echoes, he imagines it is night time, because he can't hear traffic, or footsteps or voices. But he doesn't know, if he could hear them, if they would really be there. His skin itches.

An other-wordly-but-still-beautiful version of "Clare de Lune". Lights fade wide again. The MAN is watching himself on the Operating Table as....

The OLDER MAN and The YOUNG WOMAN open up The MAN's stomach and take out of it: Christmas dinner, an alarm clock, two diaries, a pint of beer, a pub, his own head (a model camper van? A framed photo? A hard-boiled egg? A dead seagull? A lobster pot? Daisy's ashes in a small urn?)

As the 'surgeons' work....

MAN: Grief is a dark room at the bottom of two strangers' house. The cellar of their pub: Always open, never filled. It's this concrete floor. It's the smell of old beer spilt and dried over and over, mingled with the damp and the cold. The rings on the ground where the barrels stood once. The slightly green patch by the door. The blue thread I found caught on the wall yesterday and that I wind around my finger to remind myself that there is blood inside my skin. It is being forced to talk. It is not being able to stop talking. It is not being able to connect the words to their meanings. It's you. *(He points to each of them)* You and you and you.

The YOUNG WOMAN saws through the top of The MAN's head and takes out his brain. She hands it to The OLDER MAN who weighs it.

Finally they peer inside his body and the YOUNG WOMAN gently puts her fingers into him. She brings them out and there is a white moth sitting on her index finger. It flies away.

MOON: It's four o'clock in the morning.

The Operation has finished. The objects are all in stainless steel, surgical trays that sit on the box next to the operating table. The MAN collects them all.

MAN: When it all calmed down I stroked her hair. I held her right ear. Her right ear lobe. Moulded it between my fingers and it was like a...

it was like a
it was like a
...

WOMAN: Done.

MAN: *[to The MOON]* We had to become something else.

OLDER: Wait. Listen. Can you hear... something?

The OLDER MAN holds The MAN's brain to his ear. The YOUNG WOMAN puts her head inside The MAN's body. Music underscores....

MAN: Woke up and you weren't in bed. Reached over to where you should be, but weren't. Remembered that you'd got up in the night. I remember feeling glad you weren't there. I felt... peaceful, for a long moment, that you weren't there. I'm sorry about that. I'm really sorry.

Then I felt....? I got up. To see if you were asleep somewhere else in the house.

I got up. Went to the bathroom. Had a long piss in the dark. I was naked. Long, sad piss. I listened to the sound of it hitting the water. The meeting of every moment jarred. And then, there was terror in that last moment.

Then I turned.

I looked at you for a long time. I couldn't understand what it was I was looking at. It took me a very long moment to understand. I thought about all the other things it could be. It could be a joke. I thought for a very long part of that long moment about how someone might have made a life sized copy of my wife in the bath with all her blood on her, and the wall and the floor, that they had put it in my bathroom to scare me. But it wasn't April. And not many people are that cruel. Eventually I thought, that thought. She is dead. I turned on the light. Blinking.

I never knew you had so much.

I stroked your hair.

I held your ear.

Your right ear lobe. Moulded it between my fingers and it was like a...

It was like a
it was like a

Music. Lights fade. Wind. A lightbulb flickers. The MAN is running at the wall. Trying to get through. Many, many times he tries. Eventually he stops. Collapses. He is very weak....

MAN: I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

The MOON walks through the wall.

The MAN chooses again. He moves towards her.

He touches her for the first time.

MOON: Paul.

Fingertips.

MOON: Paul.

MOON: You're here now.

They move closer, slowly.

Lovers who don't want to rush, savouring the moment. They've both been waiting for this a long time.

MAN: I made it.

Thank you.

They are no longer on Earth.

MOON: Here...

Here all things...

...all things became and continue to become.

Before us...

...is the past and future.

I want to wake all the dead

All the dead who
who smash

who pile so high at our backs.

I want us all to be whole but...

the storm

the storm is

still blowing us on.

PAUL: But...

at least

at least we're here

We're here now.

Music and lights fade. The MOON and The MAN together, embrace. The OLDER MAN and The YOUNG WOMAN with The MAN's dissected body. The jacket of a dark, worn but once expensive suit, neatly folded next to the sea that laps gently at a shore.

Fade to black.

ENDS...