

LUNACY

By Royce Wood

this play has always been for Makena

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Character Descriptions

DIANA, a young woman, pretty, a dreamer. silver.

BRIAN, a young man, excitable, mostly a child. white.

AMBER, a young woman, short hair, intense. gold.

SPACE Man, youngish, sprightly, a little irreverent, looks like Flash Gordon.

EARTH Woman, ancient, mysterious, warm and caring, from an indistinguishable time.

TIME: The present, but often the past

PLACE: The entire play takes place in Diana's bedroom, regardless of where each individual scene takes place

SETTING: Dark blues. Diana's four-post bed dominates center stage. Closet door stage left. The rest of the details of the room may be left out or merely suggested.

(The play begins in the dark. DIANA is in bed, under the covers. Enter BRIAN, stage right, with a bright source of light in his hand. The actions and mannerisms of these two characters should indicate that they are children. They should walk on their knees.)

BRIAN
(calling a whisper)

Diana. Diana!

DIANA

Is that you, Brian?

BRIAN

Yes.

DIANA

How do I know that it's you for sure?

BRIAN

I have a light.

(pause)

BRIAN

You can come out.

DIANA

Do you promise that you are Brian and not one of the scary closet people?

BRIAN

Promise.

DIANA

Because they sound like you sometimes.

BRIAN

I promise that I am the real Brian.

DIANA

Okay. But if you're a scary closet person, I'm going to scream.

(she pokes her head out)

DIANA

Oh good.

BRIAN

I told you.

DIANA

What are you doing in here?

BRIAN

I came to make sure you were okay.

DIANA

I'm okay.

BRIAN

You were hiding under the covers.

DIANA

I wasn't hiding. I was ... cold.

BRIAN

So you weren't scared?

DIANA

No.

BRIAN

Okay.

DIANA

And I won't be scared if you and stay here.

BRIAN

Okay.

DIANA

What is that light?

(BRIAN holds it out to her)

DIANA

Can I see it closer?

BRIAN
Let me in!

(BRIAN climbs up onto to the bed under the covers next to DIANA. He holds the light in front of them, so we can see their faces.)

DIANA
Where did you get it?

BRIAN
I made it.

DIANA
How?

BRIAN
I made it and looked at it and saw that it was good.

DIANA
Is it real?

BRIAN
I imagined it.

DIANA
So it isn't real.

BRIAN
No, it is.

DIANA
But it has to be either for real or pretend.

BRIAN
It's for real pretend.

DIANA
Oh. Like the scary closet people?

BRIAN
What?

DIANA
My mom says they're pretend, but I know they're for real.
So are they for real pretend?

BRIAN

No, I think they're pretend for real.

DIANA

Oh. *(pause)* Is that the same?

BRIAN

No, it's different.

DIANA

Oh.

BRIAN

You can make a light too, if you want.

DIANA

How?

BRIAN

Put your hands together, like you're holding something inside of them.

(she does)

BRIAN

Now, don't just pretend that you have a light in your hand. Want it more than anything.

(she scrunches up, concentrating hard)

BRIAN

You have to really want it.

(we see a tiny bit of light coming from DIANA's hands)

BRIAN

That's it. A little more.

(the light bursts into full brightness, as bright as BRIAN's)

BRIAN

Open your eyes.

(she does, and gasps)

DIANA

I did it!

BRIAN

If you imagine hard enough, anything can happen.

DIANA

Anything?

BRIAN

What do you want more than anything in the world?

DIANA

I want to—

(the lights go out. DIANA screams, piercing)

DIANA

Brian! Brian! Where did you go?

(DIANA comes forward, in front of the bed. As she repeats the line, she becomes progressively older, until by the end she is standing up, a full young adult.)

DIANA

Where are you? Where are you? Where are you?

(lights come up full. BRIAN, a young adult now as well, is standing in front of the closet door.)

BRIAN

I'm right here, silly.

DIANA

Brian!

(she rushes over to him and embraces him tightly.)

DIANA

I missed you so much.

BRIAN

Did you find anything interesting while I was gone?

DIANA

What do you mean?

BRIAN

I guess not.

DIANA

What do you mean did I find anything?

BRIAN

I made something for you to find.

DIANA

Really? Where is it?

BRIAN

If I told you that would take all the fun out of finding it.

(she looks around, considering possibilities)

DIANA

(suddenly worried)

You didn't hide it in the closet, did you?

BRIAN

You know I wouldn't do that.

(she resumes pondering, then heads to the bed, confident. she bends down and reaches under the bed. after some groping, she retrieves a package.)

DIANA

Ooh! What is it?

BRIAN

Open it.

(DIANA sits on the edge of the bed. She shakes the present.)

DIANA

(playing with him) What could it be?

(BRIAN watches expectantly as she unwraps the present. She gasps. It is a painting.)

DIANA

Oh my god.

BRIAN

Do you like it?

DIANA

Did you paint this?

(BRIAN nods.)

DIANA

I - I don't know what to say. I'm - blown away. No one's ever given me a - painting before.

BRIAN

Do you like it?

DIANA

I love it! This is - wow. This is the nicest present anyone has ever given to me. It's not even my birthday.

BRIAN

It doesn't have to be.

DIANA

It is. I don't know how to thank you.

BRIAN

You already have.

(DIANA rushes over and embraces him.)

DIANA

Thank you.

BRIAN

You're welcome.

DIANA

(turning back to the painting)

Where should I hang it?

BRIAN

Wherever you want.

(she picks up the painting and hangs it above the bed)

DIANA

There. I think it looks good there.

(We see the painting in full for the first time. The canvas is square shaped, or only slightly rectangular. The painting is simple, yet painted with skill. It is a moonlight landscape, shades of blue and dark. The dominant feature is the bright glowing crescent moon in the upper right corner. In the glow of the moon are two silhouettes holding hands and flying towards to the moon.)

DIANA

Actually, it would look good anywhere.

BRIAN

I thought you would like it.

DIANA

Is this you and me?

(she points to the silhouettes)

BRIAN

I guess. We're going to the moon.

DIANA

I wish we could go to the moon.

BRIAN

We can. We could fly there.

DIANA

I wonder what the moon is like.

(there is a knock from the closet door and the lights begin to dim.)

DIANA

I wonder what the moon is like.

(another knock, continued dimming, BRIAN begins to drift off left, DIANA drifts toward her bed, underneath the covers.)

DIANA

I wonder what the moon is like.

(A third knock. It is night now. BRIAN has left the stage. DIANA is in bed, tossing. A final knock. DIANA rises sleepily.)

DIANA

Go away.

(The SPACE man pokes his head in through the closet door.)

SPACE

Hello!

DIANA

Please, not tonight. I had a good day.

(The SPACE man enters. He is not your standard astronaut, rather, he is what the vintage science fiction comics predicted future space men would look like. His garments are thin-looking, he wears a bubble helmet, and various wires and boxes adorn his suit.)

SPACE

And I'm here to make it better.

DIANA
(looking him over)

Are you new?

SPACE
(taking off his helmet)

Hmm?

DIANA
I've never seen you before.

SPACE
(Checking his suit, pushing buttons)

Ah. Well.

DIANA
You're not going to hurt me, are you?

(SPACE draws his ray gun, and fires it repeatedly, making noises with his mouth. DIANA ducks beneath the covers.)

SPACE
Don't worry, it's not real.

DIANA
(she reemerges)
What do you mean, not real?

SPACE
Fake. Plastic.

DIANA
But I can still see it.

SPACE
It's a squirt gun.

DIANA
Can I touch it?

(he tosses it to her. she plays with it.)

DIANA

I thought you said it wasn't real.

SPACE

It isn't.

DIANA

But I'm touching it. Right now. I can feel it.

SPACE

I don't think you understand what I meant when I said it wasn't real.

DIANA

It exists!

SPACE

That doesn't make it real.

DIANA

(fumbles)

... how can ... what?

SPACE

This is going to be fun, I can tell. Okay.

(sits on bed)

SPACE *(con't)*

Ooh! This is nice. Comfortable.

DIANA

Why are you here?

SPACE

To show you the real world.

DIANA

(laughs slightly)

What? It's ... right there.

SPACE

Where?

DIANA

All around us. Everywhere. This is the real world.

SPACE

Nope. I'm afraid not.

DIANA

Okay, then. Where is it, then?

SPACE

(points to audience)

Out there.

DIANA

... that's a wall.

SPACE

Wrong again. There are people watching you.

DIANA

What?

SPACE

Oh, they're there. Watching. Why do they watch? Do they get some sort of twisted pleasure out of it?

DIANA

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

SPACE

Maybe we're moving too fast. Okay. Let me back up. I'm going to tell you a story.

DIANA

A bedtime story?

SPACE

If you prefer.

DIANA

I'm a little old for bedtime stories.

SPACE

Heh!

DIANA

What?

SPACE

Nothing. We'll get there eventually too. Anyway, my story. This is about the time I walked on the moon.

DIANA

Really? What was it like?

SPACE

Well, to be honest, there's not a lot there. It's pretty empty.

DIANA

But, it's—

SPACE

Don't get me wrong, I'm not saying it wasn't incredible. To see the entire earth in the sky above you ... you feel so distant from everything you've ever known. Here you are on this lifeless rock, totally alone. Making footprints that will never vanish on a place no one will ever see ... an accomplishment so important that leaves so little impact.

DIANA

Hmm.

SPACE

And for all I know, it wasn't real. I have nothing to prove that I was there. Sure, I brought back rocks, but they're no different than Earth rocks.

DIANA

But you remember it.

SPACE

Sometimes we remember things differently than they actually happened. (*continuing*) Coming back was a wonder. Our little capsule landed in the ocean. I looked out over the waveless sea, to the horizon, up into the cloudless sky. The sea and the sky were almost indistinguishable, as if they were one entity never separated. It was good. It was good to see that blue. Because it was where I was supposed to be.

DIANA

What does this story have to do with the real world?

SPACE

There is no ocean on the moon. There is no sky. There is nothing there, no meaning, nothing. It is an empty worthless mass. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise. There is nothing there for us.

DIANA

... okay.

SPACE

(getting up, going to the painting)

Nice painting.

DIANA

Brian made it for me.

SPACE

Really? How interesting.

DIANA

Why do you say that?

SPACE

No reason.

(the lights come up abruptly. The SPACE man runs into the closet. DIANA leaps out of bed. AMBER strolls in from right.)

AMBER

Nice painting.

DIANA

Brian made it for me.

AMBER

Really? How interesting.

DIANA

Why do you say that?

AMBER

No reason ... Did he tell you anything about the painting?

DIANA

He said he made it for me.

AMBER

I mean, did he say anything about what was in the painting.

DIANA

Oh. Well, he said that this was me, and this was him, and that we were flying towards the moon.

AMBER

Why the moon?

DIANA

Sometimes we would pretend that we could fly ... all the way to the moon.

AMBER

Did he tell you anything else?

DIANA

Why are you so interesting in the painting?

AMBER

I want to know what it means. And since Brian and I aren't exactly on speaking terms—

DIANA

I still talk to Brian. Don't you?

AMBER

I haven't talked to Brian in a long time.

DIANA

Why?

AMBER

Don't you remember at all?

DIANA

Why can't you two just let bygones be bygones?

AMBER

The thing you need to understand is that some things can't be undone.

DIANA

I don't understand.

AMBER

I know.

DIANA

When we were kids you didn't have any problem with him.

AMBER

That was many m... a long time ago.

DIANA: But have things really changed that much? We're all still friends.

AMBER

Why don't you ask Brian about what the painting means next time you see him.

DIANA

Can't you at least pretend to be friends with him?

AMBER

Pretending can only take you so far, Diana.

*(AMBER exits abruptly, right.
BRIAN enters simultaneously, left.
BRIAN is a child, DIANA is still a
young adult.)*

BRIAN

Pretending can take you anywhere, Diana!

*(Jungle foliage begins to appear
at the foot of DIANA's bed.)*

BRIAN

Today we'll go deep into the jungle. You'll be the princess.

DIANA

I don't want to be the princess.

BRIAN

Okay, you can be the sorceress.

DIANA

I don't want to be anything else then what I am.

BRIAN

Do you want to play a different game?

DIANA

No. I don't want to play any games.

BRIAN

No games? The forest is already here. Look at it. Isn't it good?

(The foliage is now in full bloom.)

DIANA

I don't see anything, Brian.

BRAIN

What are you talking about? It's right here.

(he pulls a leaf on one of the nearby plants and shakes it at her)

DIANA

Let's relate as actual people, and not people pretending to be something else.

BRIAN

That doesn't sound like very much fun.

DIANA

The only game I want to play now is the one called 'Real Life'.

BRIAN

I don't like that game. It takes too long to play.

DIANA

Brian, I want to talk to you.

BRIAN

Okay.

DIANA

Not the prince, or the wizard, or the warrior. I want to talk to you.

BRIAN

This *is* me.

DIANA

No, it's not!

BRIAN

Why are you so weird today?

DIANA

I grew up.

BRIAN

When did that happen?

DIANA

It doesn't just happen. It just ... happens. You grew up too.

BRIAN

Did not.

DIANA

Did too.

BRIAN

Did not!

DIANA

Did too!

BRIAN

Did NOT!

DIANA

Did ... actually, I guess you didn't.

BRIAN

Ha!

(she pulls down the painting and show it to him)

DIANA
What does this mean?

BRIAN
I don't know.

DIANA
You made it!

BRIAN
Why does it have to mean something? What do our games mean?

DIANA
Our games aren't *real*.

BRIAN
Look around you! The forest is everywhere!

DIANA
No it isn't! You're just making things up! There's a difference between real and pretend!

(BRIAN is stunned)

BRIAN
How ... what ... no ...

DIANA
It's time to grow up, Brian!

(the trees shudder)

BRIAN
Stop it! You're killing the forest.

DIANA
There was never any forest!

BRIAN
Yes there was! You were there, and so was I!

DIANA
Grow up!

(BRIAN rushes over to a tree and tends to it.)

BRIAN

They're bleeding. The trees are bleeding. Golden amber dripping like blood.

(BRIAN turns on DIANA.)

BRIAN

You did this! You killed the trees!

DIANA

Brian, I don't see any trees.

BRIAN

I don't know if I can forgive you for this.

DIANA

Brian, have you gone insane? There are no trees!

BRIAN

Of course there are. They're ...

(He looks around. They are almost all gone.)

BRIAN

No! No, come back!

(He searches for them.)

DIANA

Brian, stop it!

BRIAN

They're all gone. All gone.

(He regards DIANA, broken. He shakes his head slowly.)

BRIAN

You did this.

(He exits, somber. DIANA, lost, wanders towards the closet, becomes a child. AMBER, as a child, enters opposite, writing a note)

AMBER
... do you like me too? check a box, yes or no.
*(she folds it up intricately.
DIANA sees her, and approaches)*

DIANA
What are you doing?

AMBER
(ashamed)
Nothing.

DIANA
What's that paper?

AMBER
Nothing, I said.

DIANA
Is it a note?

AMBER
Maybe.

DIANA
Is it a love note?

AMBER
Shut up!

DIANA
It is! It is! For who?

AMBER
I'm not telling.

DIANA
Is it Brian?

AMBER
No! Eww.

DIANA
Who then?

AMBER
I said I'm not telling.

DIANA
Is it someone in our class?

AMBER
... yes.

DIANA
(grabbing for the note)
Lemme see!

AMBER
No!

*(AMBER pushes DIANA down. DIANA
grabs AMBER's leg, AMBER falls.
DIANA crawls closer. In
desperation, AMBER rips up the
note.)*

AMBER
(upset)
There!

DIANA
What's the matter?

AMBER
You!

DIANA
... I'm sorry. I was just having fun.

AMBER
This isn't fun.

DIANA
I said I was sorry.

*(AMBER collects the pieces, faces
DIANA, teary-eyed)*

AMBER
You did this.

(AMBER storms off. DIANA, sullen, drifts to the edge of her bed and sits somberly. it is night again, DIANA is a young adult again. silence. there is a knock at the closet.)

DIANA

Come in.

(the door enters, and the EARTH woman enters. she is ancient, but not specific. dresses in a combination of Mayan, Egyptian, and Native American clothing, perhaps.)

EARTH

Can't sleep?

DIANA

(looks up)

You're not the space man.

EARTH

Oh, no, far from him, my child. I'm the earth woman.

DIANA

Oh.

EARTH

But you say the space man has been here?

DIANA

Yeah.

EARTH

(worried)

He didn't ... take you any place, did he?

DIANA

... no.

EARTH

That's somewhat comforting. But it bothers me that he got to you before I did.

(EARTH notices the painting, goes over to it)

EARTH
(as a statement, as before)

You did this.

DIANA

What?

EARTH
(as if it had been a question before)

I asked if you did this.

DIANA

Oh ... no. A friend.

EARTH
My people have many stories about the moon. Or, I should say, *(including DIANA)* our people.

DIANA

Our people?

EARTH
All people are our people. We are divided only when we divide ourselves.

DIANA

Is it really that simple?

EARTH
Yes. At the beginning of time, there was only one people. There is a story, if you would like to hear it.

DIANA

Will it help me fall asleep?

EARTH

Perhaps.

(DIANA lies on the bed and get under the covers.)

EARTH

May I begin?

DIANA

Yes.

EARTH

I will begin this story the same way that I begin all stories about the old times: I'm not sure if this is exactly how it happened, but I know this story is true.

DIANA

What? How can that—

EARTH

Shh, my child. Let me begin the story. The answers will reveal themselves in time.

(DIANA sits back)

EARTH

As I was saying, I'm not sure if this exactly how it happened, but I know this story is true. Long ago, in time immemorial, the sun and the moon were lovers. But, the sun was fickle, and fell in love with the earth. The earth gave birth to a child, and it was the first man. This is why men are strong, for they have the fiery passion of the sun within them. The sun was proud of his child, but the moon was jealous. She stood in front of the sun so he could not see the first man. This cast the earth in shadow, and was the first eclipse. The sun became angry, and struck the moon, casting her far away from him. You can still see her scars today; they are the darker parts of her face. The moon cried silver tears, and they fell upon the earth and became the first woman. This is why women are caring and tender, for they are made of the moon's tears. The moon, fearing the sun, shies away from him, and that is why you see the sun during the day and the moon at night. And that is how the first people came into being, and why there is night and day.

DIANA

(ponders, then speaks)

That would explain some things.

EARTH

Yes, it does.

DIANA

Can't you sometimes see the moon during the day though?

EARTH

I suppose so.

DIANA

I still don't understand what you said at the beginning.

EARTH

Let me see if I can put it a way that you would understand
... the story may be pretend, but it is still real.

DIANA

That doesn't make any sense. It can only be one or the
other.

EARTH

Is that so? How do you tell the difference?

DIANA

Well, I'm real, for starters.

EARTH

I know you are, but what am I?

DIANA

I ... I don't know.

*(EARTH exits while DIANA ponders,
then begins looking for something
on the floor. AMBER enters, a
young adult)*

AMBER

What are you doing?

DIANA

I'm looking for my necklace.

AMBER

Which one?

DIANA

The only one I ever wear.

AMBER

Oh. That one. Where was it the last time you saw it?

DIANA

Around my neck.

AMBER

Ah.

(she looks under the bed)

AMBER *(con't)*

Here it is!

DIANA

Thank you!

(she puts it on. it is a silver crescent moon necklace. AMBER finds a set of paints underneath the bed)

AMBER

Diana, what are these?

DIANA

Paints.

AMBER

I didn't know you painted.

DIANA

I don't.

AMBER

... then why do you have paints?

DIANA

They're Brian's.

AMBER

What are they doing under your bed?

DIANA

Stop asking so many questions!

AMBER

Did you ask Brian about the painting?

DIANA
Yes.

AMBER
What happened?

DIANA
The forest bled to death.

AMBER
... oh.

DIANA
Why didn't you tell me that was going to happen?

AMBER
I didn't know. I don't even know what you mean.

DIANA
I don't understand why we can't all be friends like we used to.

AMBER
Don't you remember at all?

DIANA
You always ask that! No! No, I don't remember.

AMBER
I don't understand how you can't remember something that important.

DIANA
It was a long time ago!

AMBER
I was there! I still remember!

DIANA
I don't.

AMBER
Look at your necklace!

(DIANA looks at the necklace)

AMBER

Doesn't that remind you?

DIANA

No.

AMBER

Please, please, try to remember. For me.

(AMBER exits. DIANA is transfixed by her necklace, she becomes a child. enter BRIAN and AMBER, as children)

AMBER

I know you are, but what am I?

BRIAN

Shut up!

AMBER

Hi Diana!

BRIAN

Hi Diana.

DIANA

Oh. Hi.

AMBER

What are you looking at?

DIANA

My new necklace.

AMBER

Can I see it?

BRIAN

I wanna see it too!

(DIANA sticks out her neck out so they can touch the necklace.)

AMBER

It's so pretty on you. Silvery shiny.

DIANA

I know.

AMBER

You're so lucky. My mom doesn't let me wear pretty things like this. I don't even have my ears pierced yet.

DIANA

That's okay. I'll still be your friend.

AMBER

Thanks. Where did you get it?

DIANA

My great-grandma gave it to my grandma. My grandma gave it to my mom. My mom gave it to me.

BRIAN

Wow. That's neat. Let's play a game.

DIANA

What should we play?

AMBER

Let's play house.

BRIAN

I don't want to play house.

AMBER

Then don't play.

DIANA

But we can't play house without Brian. Who will be daddy?

AMBER

We don't need a daddy. We can both be mommy.

BRIAN

Let's be animals with magical powers!

DIANA

Okay.

AMBER

I don't want to play that.

BRIAN

Then don't play.

AMBER

She wants to play house with me.

BRIAN

C'mon. I can be a bird and you can be a fish. It'll be good.

AMBER

Who do you want to play with, Diana?

BRIAN

You can have any magical power you want, Diana.

DIANA

(to AMBER)

Let's go play Brian's game.

BRIAN

Yes!

AMBER

I don't want to play his games.

DIANA

Oh. Okay.

BRIAN

Let's go.

DIANA

Bye.

*(as BRIAN and DIANA exit, AMBER
pulls out the ripped up note,
which she has taped back together)*

BRIAN

What's your magical power going to be?

DIANA

I don't know. What's yours?

BRIAN

I'm going to be a bird that can fly all the way to the moon!

DIANA

Neat!

(BRIAN and DIANA exit. AMBER becomes a young adult, still holding the ripped up note. she sits on the edge of the bed. DIANA enters from right, as a young adult.)

AMBER

Did you remember?

DIANA

I ... don't think so.

AMBER

You can't remember, and I can't forget.

DIANA

(noticing the note)

What's that?

AMBER

Do you not remember this either?

(DIANA shakes her head)

AMBER

No reason you should. I wasn't as important to you as it was to me.

DIANA

Is it a note?

AMBER

Yes.

DIANA

Who ripped it up?

AMBER

I did.

DIANA

Why?

AMBER

Because I didn't want you to read it.

DIANA

Oh.

(silence)

AMBER

It's for you.

(she hands the note to her. DIANA sits on the bed next to her.)

DIANA

You wrote this?

(AMBER nods)

DIANA

The handwriting looks so different.

AMBER

We were younger.

DIANA

Ah. *(reads, with a bit of difficulty.)* Diana. I have a crush on you. Do you like me too? Check box for yes. Amber.

(silence)

DIANA

I don't know what to say.

(AMBER moves closer to DIANA)

AMBER

Then don't say anything.

DIANA

Amber—

AMBER

(puts her finger to DIANA's lips)

Shh.

(AMBER puts her face near DIANA's, nuzzling. DIANA begins to speak, but cannot find the words. AMBER caresses DIANA's face with her hand.)

AMBER

(quiet, almost a whisper)

Do you know how long I've wanted to do this?

DIANA

Do what?

(Slowly, tenderly, AMBER moves in and kisses DIANA. DIANA is hesitant, but not unwilling. AMBER pulls back, and looks at DIANA expectantly.)

DIANA

... how ... how long ...

AMBER

Too long.

DIANA

I am so sorry.

AMBER

Don't be.

DIANA

Why didn't you ever tell me?

AMBER

Because I couldn't.

DIANA

But you tell me everything.

AMBER

Not this.

DIANA
Why?

AMBER
Because ... of Brian.

DIANA
What does Brian have to-

AMBER
He has always been everything to you.

DIANA
That's not-

AMBER
Yes, it is. You can't see anything else because you're so deep inside his imaginary worlds. But I want to show you the real world.

DIANA
How?

(AMBER kisses DIANA, this time more passionately and forcefully. She pushes her down on the bed and the lights fade.)
(the lights rise. it is night. DIANA is sitting up in bed, hugging her knees to her chest. AMBER is sleeping peacefully beside her. silence. then, a light knocking at the closet door. DIANA, startled, leaps out of bed and rushes to the door, opening it slightly.)

SPACE
Hey! Can I come in?

DIANA
Shh!

SPACE
(whispering)
Oh, sorry. Can I come in?

DIANA
(whispering)
No!

SPACE
(whispering)

Why?

DIANA
(whispering)

Because.

SPACE
(whispering)

That's not a very good reason. Let me in.

(he pushes on the door. DIANA pushes back.)

SPACE

What are you hiding in there?

DIANA

Shh!

SPACE

Go shush yourself.

DIANA

Please, any night but tonight. Can you come back tomorrow?

SPACE

I'm already here!

(he finally pushes his way in)

SPACE

See? Was that so bad?

DIANA

You're going to wake her up!

SPACE
(glances over)

Oh, her? She can't hear us.

DIANA

She can't?

SPACE

Nope.

DIANA
Why not?

SPACE
She's not listening.

DIANA
(hesitantly)
If you say so.

SPACE
I mean, I should know, right? Okay. Time to show you the real world.

DIANA
Right now?

SPACE
No time like the present. The earth woman's been talking to you, hasn't she?

DIANA
How did you know?

SPACE
I know far too much. We have to move quickly if we want to make any progress at all.

(SPACE moves down and sits on the edge of the stage, or out in the audience. Beyond the normal limits of the stage.)

SPACE
Come sit down.

DIANA
Where?

SPACE
(pats the space next to him.)
Here.

DIANA
Where?

SPACE
Here.

DIANA
Can I do that?

SPACE
Why not? I did.

DIANA
But it's - I can't quite put it into words.

SPACE
Try.

DIANA
It's too far away. Outside. Beyond.

SPACE
Then how did I get here?

DIANA
I don't know.

SPACE
You are limited by the invisible boundaries of your existence. Once you realize that you're seeing something that isn't there, you can overcome those boundaries.

DIANA
I'm seeing something that isn't there? Is that possible?

SPACE
To you, no. To me, yes. What is possible is relative to how far you want to go.

DIANA
Well, I want to sit there. How do I do that?

SPACE
Two steps. First, walk over here. Second, sit down.

DIANA
That simple?

SPACE
That simple.

(DIANA looks around, checking to make sure that her world is still behind her. She puts her hands up to touch what would be the fourth wall. There is nothing to touch, to her surprise. With joy, she puts her leg through. She triumphantly joins SPACE.)

DIANA

Wow. This is weird. But really cool.

SPACE

How apt.

(Suddenly, DIANA sees the audience for the first time.)

DIANA

(shocked)

Who are those people?

SPACE

Don't worry about them. They're not important.

DIANA

(covering herself up)

Have they been watching me this whole time?

SPACE

Diana, focus on me.

DIANA

But those people—

SPACE

(bringing her attention to his face)

Look right here Diana. Don't look away.

DIANA

They're scaring me!

SPACE

Focus, Diana, you need to focus!

DIANA

Get me out of here!

*(she runs back up onto the stage.
SPACE runs after her.)*

SPACE

I'm sorry, Diana. I didn't mean for that to happen.

DIANA

Why did you bring me out there?

SPACE

I wanted to show you what was real.

DIANA

I didn't want to know that.

SPACE

You like this imaginary world better?

*(She nods, somber. He sighs. There
is a knock at the closet door.)*

SPACE

Who could that be?

(EARTH enters)

EARTH

I have returned!

(she sees SPACE)

EARTH and SPACE
(simultaneously)

You!

EARTH

What have you been doing here?

SPACE

Trying to show her the real world.

EARTH

You know she is not yet prepared for that!

(she goes to DIANA)

EARTH

Are you all right, my child?

DIANA

I think I'll be okay.

EARTH

(to SPACE)

How dare you. How dare you!

SPACE

What?

EARTH

Look what you have done to this girl.

SPACE

I have enlightened her.

EARTH

You have killed her soul.

SPACE

I couldn't bear to see her trapped in a fairy tale.

EARTH

The harsh wastelands of the outside are too much to comprehend. We must explain them in a way-

SPACE

All you can give her are lies! Show me the goddess. Show me the moon tears.

EARTH

They exist in the minds of my people. What is in the mind is projected onto the world.

SPACE

It covers up what is actually in the world!

EARTH

Because the world cannot possibly understood.

SPACE

But it can, if we are given the chance.

EARTH

How?

SPACE

Exploration, discovery. I have been to the moon.

EARTH

You have walked on the face of the goddess!

DIANA

Stop. What is this all about?

SPACE

Diana, if your mind was lying to you, wouldn't you want to know?

DIANA

I ... don't know.

EARTH

What if the truth caused you unimaginable pain? Would you still want to know?

DIANA

Stop. Please, stop.

SPACE

You went out there once. Yes, it was frightening. But eventually, you will be able to embrace it.

EARTH

Stay, here, where it's safe. You don't deserve to be hurt anymore.

SPACE

I'm trying to show her the truth!

EARTH

Her truth is all she needs!

SPACE

I am what is real!

EARTH

Real is what I am!

I am human!
SPACE

I am human!
EARTH

I am human!
SPACE and EARTH
(simultaneously)

(an intense white light shines from behind. we see the silhouettes of SPACE and EARTH meld together and melt to the floor.)

DIANA
And God saw that it was good.

(black out. on rise, DIANA and BRIAN, both as children, are at the edge of the bed. they are pretending.)

BRIAN
Okay. We've made it to the top. There's the treasure! Do you still have the key?

DIANA
(handing him the imaginary key)
Here it is.

BRIAN
Good. Now we just unlock it ... there!

DIANA
The treasure is ours!

BRIAN
Hooray! *(pause)* That was fun.

DIANA
Can we go back now?

BRIAN
Why?

DIANA

I don't like being this high up.

BRIAN

Don't worry about it. We're magical animals, aren't we?

DIANA

I guess so.

BRIAN

We are. Look, you can see the moon.

DIANA

That's weird how sometimes the moon comes out during the day.

BRIAN

Yeah. *(pause)* Let's fly there.

DIANA

Okay.

(she puts her arms out and pretends to fly)

BRIAN

You're not going anywhere. I want to fly to the moon.

DIANA

Okay. How?

BRIAN

If you pretend hard enough, anything can happen.

DIANA

Right.

BRIAN

Okay. I need a push.

(BRIAN gets in front, near the edge of the bed. DIANA gets behind)

DIANA

Are you sure about this?

BRIAN

Of course. Have I ever been wrong? Okay, on three push me.
Ready?

DIANA

Yep.

BRIAN

Okay ... one ... two ... three!

*(DIANA pushes him as he jumps.
blackout. we hear BRIAN scream,
and then it is suddenly silent.)*

DIANA

Brian! Where are you? Brian!

*(the lights come up. DIANA and
AMBER are lying in bed. DIANA
awakes violently)*

DIANA

Oh my god! Ohmigod ohmigod.

AMBER

Diana?

DIANA

Ohmigod ohmigod ohmygod.

AMBER

What's wrong? What's wrong?

DIANA

I ... remembered.

AMBER

Diana ...

(she embraces her)

AMBER *(con't)*

It's okay. Breathe. Breathe.

DIANA

Ohmigod.

AMBER
Shh. It's okay.

DIANA
No, no, it's-

AMBER
It was a long time ago.

DIANA
But ... how ...

AMBER
What?

DIANA
If he ... then how ... did I still see him?

AMBER
I don't know. Maybe you imagined him.

DIANA
But he was so real ...

AMBER
Relax. Shh.

DIANA
He was so real ...

AMBER
It's okay.

DIANA
But ... then who made the painting?

AMBER
You must have.

DIANA
No ...

AMBER
Shh.

(AMBER lies DIANA back down.)

You need your rest.

AMBER (*con't*)

(DIANA relaxes. AMBER kisses her on the forehead.)

AMBER: Sweet dreams.

(AMBER lies back down. the lights fade. BRIAN emerges from under the bed, holding a light in his hands.)

THE END