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Summer 2018

# Moon dust

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*University of Iowa*

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## Recommended Citation

Oravetz, Alysha Marie. "Moon dust." MA (Master of Arts) thesis, University of Iowa, 2018.  
<https://doi.org/10.17077/etd.d7wbtie7>.

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MOON DUST

by

ALYSHA MARIE ORAVETZ

A thesis submitted in partial fulfillment  
of the requirements for the Master of Arts degree  
degree in Interdisciplinary Studies in the  
Graduate College of  
The University of Iowa

August 2018

Thesis Supervisor: Associate Professor Art Borreca

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MASTER'S THESIS

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This is to certify that the Master's thesis of

Alysha Marie Oravetz

has been approved by the Examining Committee for  
the thesis requirement for the Master of Arts degree  
in Interdisciplinary Studies at the August 2018 graduation.

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To  
HENRY SCHULTZ and EDGAR MITCHELL

"When old age shall this generation waste, Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," - that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

-JOHN KEATS Ode on a Grecian Urn

Alysha Marie Oravetz  
Moon Dust

## **PUBLIC ABSTRACT**

This is a play about discovery. The American people have developed a space program to discover what lies beyond us. However, the emotions of men and women, and our transcending configuration on Earth is a mystery. The story of Moon Dust, is half-fictional, half- real. It is the playwright's opportunity to express the deep need for science to start looking at quantum physics. This is a story about a man who lived a life, and reflected on it, till he realized he knew nothing at all.

# MOON DUST

By Alysha Marie Oravetz

Rod Serling--the narrator and knower of things. Scientifically handsome, but likes to cross over into his other characters, other realms, (he hates to be considered one-dimensional)

\*The actor playing Jeannie also plays Malvina, the Russian spy.

\*The actor playing Theresa plays Barbara

\*the actor who plays Anna, the Russian spy, also plays Jolene.

HENRY (Hank) Schultz- Age 95. Former Representative of NASA and head of American tracking station Madrid, Spain.

JOLENE- Hank's granddaughter. 30 something. Compassionate and tired.

JEANNIE-a precise woman, to the point of neurosis. Hank's daughter, Jolene's mom. She is an exact chemist in the kitchen.

MARC-- A CNA. Freshman (a Plebe) at the Naval Academy in Annapolis, Maryland.

THERESA (Tree)--An overbearing woman. The younger sister of Jeannie.

EDGAR MITCHELL- an astronaut that saw the moon in the Apollo 14 mission. Founder of the Noetic Institute of Science.

WERNHER VON BRAUN- A German diplomat, a rocket scientist, a lover of women, an ex-employee of Hitler.

MALVINA- A seducer, an intellect, and dabbler in universal espionage, and Reiki master.

ANNA-a poet, a Russian spy. A floral designer.

The setting: a classy apartment owned by Henry Schultz. This is an over-priced living assisted living situation, on the water in Annapolis, Maryland. Henry Schultz, known as

Hank Schultz, lounges on his bed. The home is surrounded by art and gold-dusted sculptures, Lladro, and oil paintings of women looking in pain and beautiful. On the side of Hank's bedroom wall is a kitchen and beautiful dining room/living room.

Beyond the couch and the kitchen window, there is a large central window, with a distant moon, that can creep into the living room and into Hank's bedroom simultaneously. Upstage, and elevated is the area of Hank's mind that goes in and out of flashbacks, memories, etc.

The narrator sits under the moon, in a blue velvet chair, under the ring of a knocker, mounted on the wall...between the kitchen and the bedroom.

## SCENE 1

Virgo Sun, Moon in Gemini

Annapolis, Maryland.

Rod

I would smoke, but your correctness exhausts me into submission.

But what about Submission in the 5th Dimension?

Imagine I am in the living room. Smoking a fag. Why not? I'm in another dimension.  
(he lights up)

Jolene, yes... (he hums it a bit as he watches Jolene) She comes in, she opens the fridge.

She flicks the light.

(Rod--don't say this--She sniffs the air)

Shit.

JOLENE

Shit. Again? Why do you keep doing this? I just fixed you. And who the fuck is smoking in here?

ROD

Jolene lights Palo Santo.

She whispers words. I cannot tell you what they are. That is private information.

(starts sniffing around to find the origin of her disgust)

ROD

Imagine the phone is... (Rod--don't say this, but Jolene just answer the phone, that we will actually have)

JOLENE

Hello? Hello--I can barely hear you? Are you--

(A Silence. Jolene listens., She hangs up slowly.)

ROD

Jolene circles around me like a Raven. She shivers.

She knows. But doesn't. That is often the case with those who are "conflicted"

The Phone rings.

(Jolene points at it.)

JOLENE

No! I'm not doin' this...

(The Phone rings once more. But then abruptly stops. Jolene is still pointing at it, warning it, with all the power she can muster.)

ROD

Imagine Jolene is pristine.

Now contemplate the "power" of expecting someone to be pristine.

JOLENE

(staring at the phone, shaking her finger at it) Fuck. That shit's fucked up. I could just smash it...

(A screeching of a man baby pours into air over an intercom.)

(can make intercom noises, HANK)

HANK

Jo----lene....bring me my poetry book...and the bag...the bag of the good stuff.

(Hank is maniacally laughing like a child high on sugar and perhaps expectation)

(Jolene goes to the intercom)

JOLENE

Say no to drugs.

HANK

Fuck you.

JOLENE

No, fuck you, Granddaddy. And I'm the one holdin'.

HANK

Touche.

ROD

Jolene starts to put the groceries away, and drops the eggs on the floor.

She kneels down and starts to wipe the egg slop and weep.

JOLENE

No. No--hey. Okay. You ARE worthy. You ARE loved. Oh. God. Okay? You ARE enough. This doesn't mean you can't have a kid. A dog. A Winnebago.

She looks out at the audience with the egg carton clenched in one hand.

JOLENE

God grant me the serenity

to accept the things I cannot change;  
courage to change the things I can;  
and wisdom to know the difference.

(Sighs) There is power in hope.

ROD

The Phone rings. Jolene jumps and drops the eggs.

JOLENE

Motherfucker! They were brown eggs too!

ROD

The phone rings once more, a half-sissy ring.

Then silence. Jolene is frozen, holding shell and yoke.

(Beat)

That is a lot of power to think you have...Expecting someone to Be SOMETHING.

Imagine you never heard the word Death. And if you did--it meant Flow.

Imagine you had no agenda.

Imagine you were a kid and wanted to be an astronaut.

No Agenda.

And you heard a spaceship went down.

(This is where Rod Serling gets a farmer like, Roswell twang. He adjusts his belt buckle and loops his fingers around it. Like farmers do.)

Your family had a ranch. No Agenda. Your family's friends are "old timer" ranchers where the ship went down. You were there the day the last 2 babies were born. In their living room and heard the Mama screamin'. Babies cryin'. Things droppin' from the sky. Out of hyperspace and a wo-man. A flyin' saucer is no different than a baby bein' brought into the world.

No Agenda.

(Returns to Rod Serling voice)

That's right. Roswell. July 7th, 1947.

And that same kid grew up to be smart.as.a.whip and made it to the moon, February 5th, 1971. That man was Edgar Mitchell.

The phone rings.

(Jolene looks at it, she is terrified. She stops eating Jiff out of the container with a silver spoon. She starts to choke, grabs her throat, guzzles milk. She spits it out in the sink. It is sour. The phone jingles three times more. Jolene picks it up after a moment's thought-she breathlessly spits out useless sounds. She tries again.)

JOLENE

Hey--hey--I. Are you here? Are--you watching me now? We're all out of our minds-just stop it, please! Please-- Stop calling. I wake up--I feel you. You're trying to get inside me. I know it. I hold my legs closed very tight. My brain. You can't have it. I know you're trying to get to it. They got to it. I-I don't know what you want and I don't even know how to answer you so-- STOP calling--I'll be good in the next life. I didn't really know how--but I can try-- You can have it back. Come get it...the moon dust. Take it all-that's what you want? The Moon Dust?

Jolene listens.

She seems to be paralyzed.

JOLENE

Oh. Oh. Yeah. Umm...

Beat

JOLENE

No, Henry Schultz won't be needing any insurance. No. I think my aunt has that worked out--hahahaha (really high pitch laughter) Whew. I--yes. Sorry I, like geeked out there. I just had like a Bill Hicks moment. The lights keep going out. I guess cause everyone is pulling the plug here.

Beat

JOLENE

That's a joke. Umm.(BEAT)

--Betty? Great. *(more high pitched laughter)*.

(A beat)

JOLENE

Yeah...I'm sure he's got life insurance. I reall--

Beat

JOLENE

I just...yes..I haven't seen any kind of men--like a, like in a black suit?

Beat

JOLENE

Is that your insurance man? I don't know what you're asking me-Is this a scam? Are you in India right now or something cuz I really don't want to deal--

Beat

JOLENE

Yeah. I do know that song. I was named after--

the song "Jolene", song by Dolly Parton, blares over the intercom....

JOLENE

No.

Jolene drops the phone.

Black out.

The Moon undulates and dissolves,

and then rises

Scene 2

It is a Full Pink Moon

It is Dec 10th, 1969. The Eagle doth landed back in July. This is the cat's meow of Madrid, the oldest restaurant in the world, Sobrino de Botin.

Malvina and Barbara are seated right next to each other. Malvina, the Russian Spy, is played by the actor of Jeannie. The women both wear minks, but Malvina is wearing a fur Russian Cossack Hat. Hank is Hank. Wernher is Wernher. There is live Spanish music.

VON BRAUN

They are watching us--

HANK

Yes. Isn't it exciting? Manchego. Ganache. Everything is better with--I'm sorry, I didn't quite catch your name and origin?

VON BRAUN

Malvina. Homo-sapien. They don't have to be like pigs, watching. Pigs eating pigs. This is why it is easy to/cage humanity.

HANK

Can I hear it from you? Your name, Miss?

BARBARA

Hank.

HANK

Barbara.

Malvina

Malvina Oksana Levshin. Origin: extra terrestrial. My parents were both painters and socialists. Hahahaha. Now do we drink? You are expecting I like vodka. I like Wernher's Manhattan. Or is it Cosmo--pol-ton....Cosmos--ah, that's clever...

Wernher Von Braun

We met at a council meeting

Barbara

For which reich?

(Hank looks at Barbara furiously. She laughs. Malvina laughs.)

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Excuse me. I allow your fashion to exist.

BARBARA

--What you allow?-- our fascism to exist--is that it? Oh, no. I heard you. I despise what I'm wearing, and saying, so please, destroy me. Or do you have no rocket for the further destruction of a housewife who feeds your elite? I could poison all of you at one of my dinner parties. Cyanide in ze brie puff pastry. (whispers) Bye bye NASA.

MALVINA

The best spies are women. They are like boars hunting porcini mushrooms. Women look at the shoes of every man, therefore, you know when there is a double agent. Only a sloppy man would not change his shiny shoes to working people shoes. Maybe blue-collar people notice. Only women bother to look down...women bring you into their home, make love to you. And then slice you! Not with their flower, but with a knife. It is so easy. So unpredictable. But predictable. Just look at the shoes. The man thinks nothing could ever happen to him. That is why they die in bed.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Don't give all your secrets away.

HANK

Barbara is supposed to be throwing dishes once or twice a week. Doctor's orders. Nerves.

BARBARA

Nerves? Shut up. I heard you porking Talya. And then I drank. To be an exact German..I drank a lot of bourbon and smoked two joints and if there was heroin, perhaps. This is what happened. Yes. Oh. And then I had children. That happened first. Children that I didn't want. Where are the kids now? With goddamn Talya. She should just move in. Right? Yahh (German yahh)....Guess what--we're not German. We're Americans who's parents suffered on a boat. We're farmers. (points to Wernher) They say meet with

Wernher. 'You are so German and beautiful, he will like you. The Schultz's are the epitome of the American dream'...no one asks me if I want anybody to like me--you just do it, you just impose, invade, build, destroy, fuck--

Barbara holds out a fork to Wernher's throat.

MALVINA

Death by cutlery. I heard that way hurts.

(Malvina smiles)

Hank gently pushes the fork away.

HANK

Well. Barbara likes martini's. With a splash of vermouth. So, that's just straight gin/ really.

BARBARA

Did you know that a woman could harness the energy of the world with her anger?

Malvina turns to Barbara and gets very serious.

MALVINA

I know that and I know how to harness it. Would you like to wear my hat...my coat? Then everyone will think you are a spy and a communist, and we can switch identities for small moment. I will wear your coat, and you will wear mine. We will travel to cosmos another way. I have another way.

Malvina takes off her mink, and helps Barbara remove her mink. She removes her hat.

Malvina and Barbara look deeply into each other's eyes.

HANK

I'm having a drink.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

I will order us Manhattans with a splash of vermouth and Old Fashioned and Cosmopolitans. And Margaritas. I will order 4 packs of Virginia Slims. I will order 2 roasted pigs. Everything is peachy.

BARBARA

I will wear your coat. I will your hat. Show me how to harness the energy. And I will wear your muff. After you remove your fur. Hahah. That's a joke. Stole that from Carson.

Malvina whispers something into her ear, as she dresses Barbara with her mink and Russian cap.

BARBARA

Oh. I will check my pockets.

Barbara pulls out a velvet bag...

BARBARA

Oh. Oh.

Barbara goes under the table...

HANK

Barbara

Malvina goes under the table

BARBARA

Hank

HANK

Barbara

BARBARA

Malvina

MALVINA

Barbara

Malvina's naked arm grabs a bottle of cognac. It retreats. The Moon retreats.

BARBARA

Oh, Malvina

The table bumps a bit

and a bit more

the Moon undulates and then undulates again. And again.

And again.

(Wernher clears throat.)

WERNHER VON BRAUN

We are sending Edgar Mitchell next.

HANK

Barbara. Wernher- not now.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Ah, sheisser. Women are like war...it will always be there.

HANK

Barbara is not an 'it'. She is something you can't reverse engineer.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Hmm. Things are not as classified as I would like them to be.

HANK

Everyone knows you watched people die. Perhaps my question is, how do you know how to build it, how to get there. The joke is, you made a deal with the devil. I did too. War. I would have shot you down if I had the chance in my little plane. And now, you tell me how high we are going to go in the world... they have a good pig roast here.

The table bumps again. The women moan and then laugh and moan again.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Do you know why I pick her?

He points to the table below.

HANK

Yes. No. I don't know. Is she...I mean, she's the enemy-- I mean to make love to one but...

Rod

The Table is bumping. To the left. To the right. One arm comes out. One arm returns.

To the right. They grunt, looking for the porcini.

Some dimensions disapprove. Other dimensions approve. Most dimensions make no comment.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

I can build anything.

HANK

Liar.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Am I?

HANK

I don't know.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Some can manipulate with the heart...I regret to say, I have not mastered that...but she...this woman- she has a way with the most "out of sorts" women. What do they call it--a case of the nerves? She is intoxicating for any human. It is like she is from outer space--

HANK

But---she is--the enemy--

(the table is moaning)

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Things that intoxicate are the enemy. It is good to be the enemy and the hero. It is good to be able to offer something people cannot otherwise get, therefore I am the enemy and the hero. You see?

HANK

No.

(The moans are louder)

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Have you ever heard the story of the egg?

The table is bumping and grinding. The salt and pepper shakers fall to the ground.

HANK

The egg. Uh--umm. There goes the pepper.

The two women sigh. The men sigh.

HANK

They spilt our wine.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

But the moon is out.

The Women come out from under the table.

BARBARA

There. I broke dishes.

HANK

I'm/exhausted.. Order three pigs.

MALVINA

Everything that is destructible is worth breaking.

BARBARA

Oh. Where did you come from?

MALVINA

I told you...extra terrestrial...where we feel everything that has ever happened...

and the moon rises

to a Hank William's song...

Scene 3

A half lit, half dark LAST Quarter Moon Hangs in the Window of Hank's bedroom. It is ominous and majestic.

There are two silhouettes of men slouching. Then they are illuminated, and rise to bring a drink to their lips.

The Moon winks, then contains itself.

It is February 4th, 2016. Annapolis, Maryland.

HANK

How is it?

EDGAR

Haven't had one in a long time. In like 45 years. Maybe with you.

HANK

45 years ago. God. We were madmen. Drinking before we sent you to the moon. No wonder--

EDGAR

Don't really drink much.

(Hank grunts)

HANK

I don't trust really anyone who doesn't drink much...you don't have anyone, do you?

EDGAR

I have people. This is sweet. They don't know where I went. Ah Well. West Palm is where I'm supposed to be. I just walked out...I thought 45 years ago I walked the moon. I can walk out of a place that reeks of shit.

HANK

Everyone smells here these days. I never thought you could smell death. And then I smell myself. (beat) Is it too sweet? (Beat) The drink? Tell me, I'm German. I can take it.

EDGAR

Oh. Ha. Maybe a touch too sweet.

HANK

She can go overboard on the vermouth, but too sweet? Really. Oh. Hmmm. Did you get a cherry? Maybe too many?

EDGAR

Yeah, there's one. Just one in there.

HANK

Do you really see it?

EDGAR

Yeah, it's in there. I see it.

HANK

Let me see.

EDGAR

It's in there.

HANK

Hahaha. I just wanna make sure--

EDGAR

Yes. Here it is.

Edgar pushes the cherry up with a little drink sword and shows Hank the cherry.

EDGAR

What do I smell like then?

HANK

Idealism.

EDGAR

This is quite a place.

HANK

I know.

HANK

Are you still exact now? I mean with your toiletries..your packing? You were a Naval captain--all captains are exact.

EDGAR

Yes, very. Of course. Do you pack your own suitcase still with your collars stiff and your socks rounded?

HANK

Arbitrary. I can't seem to go anywhere anymore. They say I will shit my trousers, and I think they're right. I don't have my boat anymore. Or my car. My car...you know I used to have a Pontiac GTO. 1968. Did you ever see it..it was 15 cents to the gallon, in Spain--no...ha...30 cents to 40 cents a gallon for them..

EDGAR

my ex wife was a playboy cocktail waitress. I never even liked her face. It bothered me. Looked distorted sometimes. Like melted plastic. I could have had a smart woman.

HANK

You grow up on a ranch? Right outside of Roswell. That's a good story. You should write a book. I grew up on a farm...I used to be afraid of our new toilet-1936. I was afraid

it would flush me down the first time I saw one. Illinois. We moved to Flora, population 61.

beat

EDGAR

Heard you got two girlfriends when I walked in.

HANK

They just want to give me Viagra and use me. They won't even listen to my stories. I mean they pretend. I see the glaze.

EDGAR

Cataracts.

HANK

I will never take an easy shit again.

EDGAR

I don't care about impressing anyone. Just telling the truth.

HANK

What's the truth? Don't answer that...(quietly) Everything's a prop.

EDGAR

Until there's nothing to keep the prop up.

The men grumble

HANK

Do you still remember your commands?

EDGAR

Of course.

Hank makes a motion for him to begin.

EDGAR

Abraham.

HANK

No--Alexis after 1970.

EDGAR

Shit. Alexis

HANK

Beta Gamma

EDGAR

Over beta.... crossing latitude over longitude.

HANK

That wasn't Navy. The Spaniards wouldn't say that. They used to say "Dulce de leche" and I never knew why...but I had to assume that we were crossing out of space in a fine orderly fashion. Because they always said it at every missions's descent. Dulche de leche...

EDGAR

I remember--"Dulche de leche--" skies are clear at

HANK AND EDGAR

Dulche de leche!

HANK

What the fuck did that mean? Were you turning the skies caramel. Those Spaniards...I had to learn Spanish for them...all I had on them was cars and women...I loved to see their faces when I pulled up in my little Mercedes. They'd say Schultz: How did you get that car like that and I'd say you have to have a mistress first of all, and then secondly, she has to be beautiful. Huh. Huh. And then they'd say: Senor Schultz, "why does she have to be beautiful?" "because if she wasn't beautiful, she wouldn't be my mistress."

Hank breaks out in a terribly delightful laughter over this.

EDGAR

You had a mistress?

HANK

Europe was my mistress.

Edgar looks out the window at the moon

EDGAR

Don't you hate how they always say in movies 'over and out?' We never say that. I don't know who keeps writing that but they're doing a damn, lazy job.

HANK

They always say that. I don't know why either. You know, they just let the blind in anymore to the Naval Academy. See my pinky. Look at this.

Hank hold his pinky up in the air. He keeps getting closer and closer to Edgar's face. Edgar examines it and nods.

HANK

Used to be afraid they wouldn't let me in. It was just a window, came hammering down. Boom! Nail never grew back. They let me in but now they let in the blind! We will have it all on auto command...people will fly to the moon and be pumped with thorazine. It will all be fine. Don't pack a canary if you know it's sick!

Edgar and Hank look at each other for a good Beat.

EDGAR

So, you like it/ here?

HANK

I'm gonna die/ here

EDGAR

But that's okay. I'm dying/too.

HANK

I didn't say I was dying. I said I was going to die here. They say I'm going to die every year. They've been saying that for a decade.

EDGAR

Wouldn't be a bad place to die--

HANK

I'm not dying. It keeps going on and on--and for what? I remember lots of everything and then nothing.

EDGAR

Do you remember what--I mean, do you know what happened to the pods--the. Do you remember what happened--

HANK

I remember. I remember. We don't need. Jesus. This drink is cr--ap! I remember and really don't think it matters. An illusion. The moon is an illusion. So what. I don't really know what happened. I can't remember, Edgar. Okay. Fuck--is that what you want to here. You go make a whole institute and you can travel and speak---and make Barbara love you--I don't know what happened. It was all--overwhelming. And if I didn't say anything they'd call me crazy--

Edgar looks squarely at Hank. Grabs his bony little shoulders, and lightly squeezes.

EDGAR

You're old. 95 years old-Balls- old. There is nothing to do left in life but to tell the truth! I think you need to remember. Because, I mean--I'm dying---and you just have to-- someone is going to find out, and what if--what if it is Jolene or Jeannie, Theresa--

HANK

I heard. Cancer. Stop touching me. I don't have to do anything. Don't say my girls names with such familiarity. Those are my girls. Not yours. Mine. Mine. Mine. You kook.

there is a beat

EDGAR

I never lied about anything.

HANK

Neither did I.

EDGAR

Silence is lying.

HANK

My words mean nothing.

Edgar winces.

EDGAR

It's incredibly painful. The cancer. Morphine.

(Edgar takes a pill out of his pocket)

They give you about 35 days if you go full throttle. There is nothing shameful about leaving early or going when time. Just up the dose a little a day and I wanted to tell you something before it gets--

HANK

I've had cancer in the prostate twice. That's fine, the ladies just want me for my vocabulary anyway. They shrill at the sight and sound when I say Veuve Clicquot.

EDGAR

I don't think this is an Old fashioned....

HANK

What? Let me smell it. She does this this sometimes...more often than not. It's a constant problem. Nothing is like what it used to be. It's getting embarrassing...not that I have any ladies not in a perm..if you know what I mean--

EDGAR

I don't know what that means--

HANK

Without money...

EDGAR

Oh.

HANK

Yeah, you gotta think big here. VEUVE CLICQUOT/

EDGAR

Clicquot.

HANK

Clicquot. Click it with your tongue. (Beat) THE NASA life. Yes. I never want to see another mink. 500 dollars back in the day for a muff, and the fur was expensive too. Ha. Hmmm. Picked that up from Carson. That was a joke. Back in the day.

EDGAR

I didn't really listen too much to that stuff...I was busy working on communicating with the/ universe

Hank abruptly picks up Edgar's drink and smells it.

HANK

Jolene! She always mixes up Old Fashions and Manhattans. So sorry about this. JO! Can you get in here?

Jolene enters Hank's bedroom.

JOLENE

Yes, my love?

HANK

You made Edgar a Manhattan, not an Old Fashioned. Manhattans have the vermouth.

JOLENE

Sorry. I don't pay much attention to drinks anymore.

HANK

That's respectable. But pay attention for me.

EDGAR

You can screw up anything you'd like.

Edgar discreetly hands Jolena a large brown envelope. He winks at her. She nods.

HANK

That's no way to look at life. Jolene. He needs it right, and muddle. Really muddle it. I keep telling her to muddle but she doesn't seem to get it...

EDGAR

Jolene.

Jolena

Yes, Dr. Mitchell?

EDGAR

Edgar.

JOLENA

Edgar. Okay.

HANK

Go muddle.

EDGAR

Schultz-CAN IT.

HANK

Oh-

Jolene covers her mouth to stop from laughing

EDGAR

You look like your grandmother...Barbara. I made a little hat...for you to try...just to see the resemblance. Just curious. For a crotchety old man...would you please?

Edgar hands Jolene a hat made out of paper, to resemble a Navy nurse's hat.

JOLENE

You want me to? (gestures to head)

EDGAR

If you wouldn't mind.

JOLENE

Okay. It's not going to stay. These are quite impractical.

EDGAR

Shhhh. Let me just look.

Jolene rests the make-shift cap on her head.

HANK

You need bobby pins. About 16 bobby pins. It was exactly 16. It was a very strategic operation. I had the pleasure to take them out, you know what I mean...HAHA.

EDGAR

Shhhhh. Everyone shhhh.

A Beat. Edgar and Hank side eye each other.

Jolene side eyes Edgar and Hank side eyeing each other.

EDGAR

You've got the look of judgement. Like Barbara.

HANK

She was always discerning. Well, go muddle. And leave the hat.

JOLENE

See you soon, Dr. Edgar Mitchell.

EDGAR

I signed my book for you, Jolena. It's on the table by the balcony door.

HANK

You don't have to say his last name. He's not that important.

JOLENA

Oh, thank you. I appreciate it, Dr. Edgar Mitchell.

HANK

That old thing about quantum physics. Edgar had an experience in space. And then everyone laughed at him.

EDGAR

He didn't read it.

HANK

I thought about it.

JOLENA

I read it. I can read it to you.

HANK

Pish-posh you will.

EDGAR

You liked it. Or did it entertain you?

JOLENE

It was beyond what I can/fathom.

HANK

It's pulp. Pulp fiction. Yes.

EDGAR

I was hoping Hank would write a book about our days.

HANK

Wait till everyone dies.

EDGAR

Kill the canary before it tells you the truth. Is that how it goes?

Edgar calmly looks at him Hank looks out the window.

JOLENA

According to Edgar's biography: "The Way of the Explorer," death will only be sublime.

HANK

Ewww....such a treacherous, devilish word for it's sublime definition.

JOLENE

Plus, you've been asking us to kill you every single day, haven't you?

EDGAR

I got a loaded gun in my car. I only demand to be entertained.

JOLENE

Oh. A loaded gun? Why?

EDGAR

Huh. I think ever since--

JOLENE AND HANK

Since the Russians.

EDGAR

You've heard this before? Damn. Why don't you bring me some of that ganache and Manchego. I will tell you a good one.

Jolene nods.

JOLENE

Ganache used to be my wine. I will just smell it.

Jolene exits

Edgar puts a black velvet bag on the table.

HANK

No.

I did everything right...I just...gimme that.

Hank reaches for the velvet bag, and moon dust and a couple rocks, spring out.

EDGAR

You know, it always finds you. The things you don't want to know. Perhaps, we shouldn't go back to the moon. Perhaps you know why...read the letters--I brought letters--

HANK

I don't want to read your letters. I don't want to remember everything. Why did you bring this moon dust? It's gettin' everywhere. This stuff is a curse--

Edgar starts coughing

EDGAR

I need a drink...

Hank gives him a drink of water. Edgar starts to violently cough. He drinks the water. Then closes his eyes for a beat and sits upright and looks at Hank in the eyes very closely.

HANK

Edgar?

EDGAR

Now, Henry Schultz, your dad is fixin' to go up 'er to the store and it takes you 5 minutes to wersh and 3 to brush your teeth. What are you doin' in the bathroom? I can't have you always doing this. It's a toilet, Hankie. Just a toilet.

Hank is stunned

EDGAR

Henry Schultz, do you hear me? I am talkin' to you? I am not playin' around and if you don't get this ball rolling, there's gonna be hell to pay and it won't be coming from me and it won't be from God. Your daddy's wrath I can't even reckon with anymore. Remember that one time he caught me playin' Aces. Huh. A pause You'd want it to be comin' from me... but honey, I don't have any more good sticks to break on you and I hate--no, no--haha, almost did it--I very much dislike using the last things I own on petty actions...but a toilet is just something you're gonna have to get used to. I mean, you lookin' at it like it's from outer space.

HANK

Mamma?

EDGAR

No, it's Santa Clause. Now, Buster Brown, you Get your hiney out here NOW--

HANK

Mamma! It's you! I haven't seen you forever! How are you, Mamma? I have to tell you something--

EDGAR

Tell me quick, you don't have much time. You have always been running late and now look at ya, all drunk and runnin' late some more. Don't you know when the time is now?

HANK

Mamma. I was scared. I was in the bathroom because I was scared. I knew it was out there.

EDGAR

Honey, it was always out there. One corn field...wasn't gonna stop there.

HANK

Why didn't you tell me that you saw it too?

EDGAR

Honey, I'm telling you now, and you're telling me now so now we are two peas and a pod. In a pod? Yeah. that's how it goes. It's tiring to remember these old phrases. I have been waiting for you. Before I was born, I was waitin' for you. Do you know there's no EDGAR (cont'd) such thing as time? Funny thing to know this and be a farmer, always scheduling, watching, trying to grow life--ha. What a crock of shit.

HANK

MAMA! Mama, is that you, really? I miss you...where are you, Mamma?

EDGAR

Remember what I said...every night before you went to sleep?

HANK

I love you to the moon and back.

EDGAR

That's right, sweet boy. Now, you look at those letters and you tell me if you can find me. I will always love you to the moon and back.

Edgar slumps down, and his arms go limp. His eyes are closed.

HANK

Mama? Edgar? No. Goddamnit!

A Beat

The Moon Retracts.

HANK

Jolene! Jolene--come--it's Edgar! Edgar, wake up!

Jolene runs in the room

Jolene sees what's happening, and runs out

JOLENE

Oh, my God--I'm getting help--check his breathing!

HANK

No! Jolena! Please--Oh. You son of a bitch. Please, please...

Hank manages to crawl to Edgar. Hank hold his hands. Edgar's eyes open for a flash. His fingers move. He motions Hank to get close to his ear. Hank moves closer, and Edgar whispers something

HANK

Yes. Yes. I will. I promise.

Hanks listens for a bit longer by Edgar's ear

Hank lets out a cry and a laugh.

HANK

Dulche de leche. Two peas in a pod. Two peas in one pod. I will do my best. I am glad you loved her.

The Moon retracts. Edgar retracts. Hank retracts. The lights dim, but the moon still glows, in a distance.

ROD

What is a Moon, when we don't even know what it's dust is made of? And is its foundation of substance altered when in another dimension--

What is a Man who knows not his worth before, before--he Flows...into the 5th Dimension?

SCENE 4

Waxing and Action Jolene and MARC are clanking about in the kitchen, stopping their clanking periodically to listen to the yelling of Hank Schultz. Hank is talking through the intercom.

HANK

As in the project!

MARC

Manhattan project. Everything's all puns 'round here.

HANK

And tell the kid the ship is gonna capsize! Hopefully--

MARC

and metaphorical

JOLENE

to a fault...

MARC

Why are we making two drinks?

JOLENE

Out of respect for Edgar Mitchell.

MARC

The astronaut? The one that came back from the moon and they said he went you know cuckoo. In space. (points to the moon) This is for him?

JOLENE

Ha. Yes. No. But yes.

MARC

He's dead.

JOLENE

He died here. Two years ago. And my Granddaddy's still dying. We have instructions...there are things being brought in from a vault--there is a process. He drinks for 2. One for Edgar, one for him.

The phone rings.

Jolene looks at it.

Marc looks at the phone. Looks at Jolene.

JOLENE

You can get it.

MARC

What do I say?

JOLENE

Hello.

Marc picks it up on the 5th ring.

MARC

Hello?

Marc listens.

Marc listens some more.

JOLENE

Is--is someone there?

Marc hangs up slowly.

MARC

Umm...that was freaky.

JOLENE

What was it?

MARC

Music.

JOLENE

Like distant music?

JOLENE

Like really far away.

MARC

Yeah. Shit.

Jolene starts to cry. She starts to wave her hands around.

MARC

I'm sorry. What happened? I'm sorry. I let it ring too long? I'm not a good secretary. I'm a nurse. I'll be more assertive.

JOLENE

Did you recognize it--the music?

MARC

Yeah. I guess. Like--like a country song...but I don't--why--why are you crying? It's just a song....

JOLENE

No. No. It's not just a song. You're not even gonna believe this. And I just met you.

Jolene hurries and takes a record out of Jolene and throws it on the record player.

They listen.

MARC

Yeah. Dolly Parton.

JOLENE

Jolene.

MARC

Oh.

JOLENE

It's my song.

MARC

Your song? Could be anyone's song.

JOLENE

No--Plebe, it's my song. It's the song "Jolene". The song I was named after. Okay. People are calling and I hear this music. It's weird man, it's fucking weird. And it's my song. It's my fucking song with my name. My mom named me after this--there was a premonition--a story--a thing, to name me after this song--I--it's weird--

MARC

If the song was called 'Marc' I'd be freaked out too.

JOLENE

It is weird!

beat

MARC

Are you okay?

JOLENE

Ever since Edgar Mitchell died. Weird shit has happened. And he brought some package... and I've been reading the letters--and now we are supposed to kill him. And I get to have you here.

MARC

Thanks.

JOLENE

And then someone is just calling and playing my song. Edgar instructed me to have Granddaddy read these letters. And every day I get more scared--like this weight is coming down on me--like if I don't do it--I'm screwed. But if I do, then, then I might explode and then Edgar had left this moon dust. Like moon rocks.

She goes to the kitchen and takes out a black velvet bag.

MARC

What's this?

JOLENE

Don't open it.

MARC

I just did

JOLENE

Be careful.

MARC

Moon Dust. Moon Rocks. Holy shit. Wow. Wow!

JOLENE

I know! I know. I don't know what to do.

MARC

Sell it.

JOLENE

I can't get rid of it.

MARC

Why?

JOLENE

I like it. Sometimes I look at it...and it seems moments have passed, time has passed. And I don't mind that. That's what I used to do. it feels good to know you went somewhere else but you don't know where. I think that's what happened to Edgar Mitchell in space.

MARC

Okay--Okay--I'm just gonna get the at out of the bag--Do you know anything about what happened? The stuff about Apollo 14. They say that Edgar--umm--he lost track of time, that he almost died, but in the last minutes he figure out what to do. Like--just all these numbers came to him, and he was able to configure his way out. I mean, do you listen to that? Did you hear about that? Just wondering. Not too press. I don't want you to think I'm some uber geek sitting at home on my computer going down a well of CONSPIRACY.

I BELONG TO A SPECIAL SECT OF THEORISTS OF CONSPIRACIES. TOC. NOT CONSPIRACY THEORISTS. NO. NO. THEORISTS OF CONSPIRACY. IT'S A REALM OF REAL SCIENTISTS EXPLORING QUANTUM THEORY. QUANTUM ENTANGLEMENT. I'M A REAL SCIENTIST. YOU KNOW EINSTEIN'S THEORY OF GRAVITY DOESN'T MATCH UP WITH THE LAWS OF QUANTUM MECHANICS. THIS WHOLE UNIVERSE IS JUST ONE OF MANY. EDGAR MITCHELL WROTE A BOOK ON IT CALLED--

JOLENE GRABS A BOOK OFF THE DESK AND PLOPS IT ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER.

JOLENE

It's signed.

MARC

Oh, shit. (he whispers) It's signed

(Beat.)

Wow. My legs feel like jello.

JOLENE

Okay--pish posh. We gotta get back to it-- There's never a drop that goes to waste.

Jolena puts the moon dust away. Marc watches her.

MARC

How many times a day do you look at it--touch it?

JOLENA

I don't know. I can't remember when I do it.

MARC

Isn't that just like drinking?

beat

Jolena slams a tray down.

JOLENA

No. (beat) Let's finish.

MARC

Okay. Sorry. I'm sorry. Your mother. Umm-- Who gets the Manhattan?

JOLENE

Just Ask. He likes the Manhattan when he's feeling literary and feminine. But the old Fashioned when he's feeling masculine and

MARC

Okay. I would say masculine... he is feeling masculine today.

JOLENE

What gave it away?

MARC

His inflection. His gruff tones. You know, go Navy!

JOLENE

Good. Good. You are doing so well.

MARC

Well. I keep telling you. First year. The Academy. The Naval Academy.

JOLENE

Sure. Plebe. He will love to tell you the Academy used to be hard to get into. He will have you examine his pinky. He has a way to rip you a part that is a true ingenious act. I have never seen anyone do it so well...except--well--anyone else who has been raised by that man--

MARC

What about you?

JOLENE

Just know your collection of lyrical poetry- Ode to A Grecian Urn. Write this down.

MARC

So, why the lyrical poems...

JOLENE

Who's the wounded and wanted in old poems?

MARC

Sailors...I thought he was brilliant. Didn't he head NASA in Madrid. He built the tracking station. Kicked out a German King just to get the land for the station? Your mom. She talks--

JOLENE

Yes, she does. However, just because you regurgitate information doesn't make you special or actually informed.

MARC

Regurgitation is what they teach you in the military. Fucking up is not an option.

MARC straightens up, salutes a NASA and NAVY flag that happens to be hanging at 3:00 of the kitchen.

MARC

It's All In the State of Mind by Walter D. Wintle

JOLENE

Oh. You're not gonna do/ that right now. Oh. No.

MARC

If you think you are beaten, you are, If you think that you dare not, you don't, If you'd like to win, but you think you can't...

It's all in the state of mind. Full many a race is lost ere even a step is run, And many a coward falls ere even his work's begun,

(Hank over the intercom connected from his bedroom to the kitchen transmits Hank's voice. He is proudly chiming in)

Think big, and your deeds will grow; Think small, and you'll fall behind; Think that you can, and you will- It's all in the state of mind. If you think you are out-classed, you are;

JOLENE

That's impressive. Where's the metaphor? Anything sexy uses a metaphor for something else.

Jolene holds up her water.

She takes a drink.

JOLENE

This isn't really water...

MARC

You just called yourself sexy.

JOLENE

This little rodeo won't be your first. I'm sure.

MARC

Rodeo?

JOLENE

You ever kill a man before?

MARC

I guess. Slowly. They were already dying.

(BEAT)

JOLENE

Oh. never ever ever and I mean NEVER EVER bring up anyone from his past unless he brings it up-

MARC

Your mother didn't say anything about this in the interview.

JOLENE

She just told you about me? And him. And the fuckin' cat that is bangin' a dog up the street.

MARC

She said nothing about a cat or/a dog

JOLENE

Yep. Okay. Keep writing. This is like an equation but with human emotions.

MARC

That's what serial killers do. Equate emotions so they can succinctly kill you or manipulate you longer before killing.

JOLENE

Sounds like the Manhattan project. All those scientists were already on their way out. Death by Oppenheimer. Oppenheimer. When we say that word in this house everyone rolls their eyes. But when you say Von Braun it's like he invented the vibrator.

MARC

This house makes me uncomfortable.

JOLENE

Wait till water falls out of your belly button when you bend over after a/shower.

MARC

He was just a madman. Oppenheimer. Nobody I know in my field honors him. He wouldn't even have Einstein on his team--said he was a security risk. (Whispers) He was dating a Russian spy.

JOLENE

Huh. Your field?

MARC

Astrophysics. Of course.

JOLENE

Of course.

MARC

I didn't say anything because I didn't want you to be intimidated.

JOLENE

Yeah. What about William S. Burroughs? He shot his wife dead with an apple on her head..in Mexico. He still became a star. A junky star. Hmmm- Just because he didn't have morals didn't make him less brilliant. But then again, less and more don't mean anything when it comes to the ecstasy of unity...if you ever follow Edgar Mitche--

MARC

You know about the ecstasy of unity? You're the first female I've ever heard say that phrase. You read anything on the account.

JOLENE

The first female. Yikes--

MARC

Is it true?

JOLENE

Is what true?

MARC

Did Mitchell have an encounter? Did your grandfather and Mitchell--did they have an encounter.

JOLENE

Nobody talks about it. I mean, granddaddy. Something happened. I don't know what--but I wish I got the truth that mattered. Something I could/ use in my life. I don't care about his women.

MARC

NASA burned the evidence. It's so NASA/CIA ish. It's why they killed JFK too--alien secrets. I bet your grandfather had to swear to never speak of anything ever again.

JOLENE

Oh. And the moon landing never happened. And the moon is hollow. And it is controlling our brains. Right now. Making us do things, right now. Your negative vibes are altering my multi-verse.

There's a long beat. Then MARC starts laughing

MARC

You almost had me. They proved it on Mythbusters--the moon landing I sent everyone links to that episode to disprove all my hysterical Alister Crowley /followers.

JOLENE

You'll pump opiates and read poetry and not mention a damn thing about NASA or lost space time from 1970. Okay, CT. That doesn't stand for cutie either. Okay?

JOLENE

It doesn't fucking matter. Nobody cares anymore about space. The man inside that room doesn't even care and he put the men on the fuckin' moon. So stop caring, and start killing. Jesus.

MARC

Why do you do this--take care of him like this?

JOLENE

I don't know. Sometimes you just do things for so long you don't ask why anymore...

MARC

Cognitive Dissonance

JOLENE

What?

MARC

Cognitive Dissonance

JOLENE

I heard you

MARC

Well, you said 'what'.

JOLENE

Clearly the Naval Academy has gone down hill. Or maybe--  
Jolene stuffs a doughnut in her mouth and fills her mug up.

JOLENE

Don't use the dishwasher. He hates the dishwasher smell.

MARC

Why have it?

JOLENE

you have nipples you aren't using.

She takes another bite of the doughnut and winks at Marc. Marc opens the dishwasher.  
Closes it.

MARC

It's empty. Just checkin'.

JOLENE

Yep. Don't be offended. We're Germans in this house.

MARC

I don't know what that means.

JOLENE

It means we're offended by everything but we try to front like we aren't. It's a total psychological disaster. But at least work gets done. Right?

MARC

Military. You operate military style.

JOLENE

--he likes to have the flowers in the Waterford. My grandmother collected Waterford. The Annapolis paper. Oh, that should be set by 06:00. We set it out flat. Waterford at 12:00. Like this. Always the Paper flat. Perpendicular to napkin. Flat. No bumps. But he has to see the headline. And the magnifying glass at 3:00, Propped up at 3:00.

Jolene grabs the magnifying glass out of a drawer. She puts her eye over it.

JOLENE

I spy...Dr. Korvmarcian Ha. Sorry.

*JOLENE opens the front door of the condo and grabs the paper. She reads it and drops it on the floor. She picks it up.*

JOLENE

What the fuck? Oh, man. Not today.

MARC

What?

Jolene is silent.

MARC

What?

JOLENE

Shh. He can't read that. You shouldn't read that. Things are getting weird for him. And he's paranoid, I mean, Jesus he has gotten mean. Every day he says it's the man on the moon...and I'm kind of thinking he's right--like someone is watching--

they both look out the window at the moon

MARC

First Quarter. I will give him the paper.

JOLENE

No

JOLENE

If you don't know these things then he will cast you aside. Nobody likes to be cast aside. So, if you hate rejection--

MARC

I will be as quiet as I can.

JOLENE

That won't work either. If you are too quiet, he will think you are weak.

MARC

God, I don't think I will survive. I feel like I need to read Operation paperclip and a bunch of conspiracy theory papers to challenge him--

Jolene looks at him and touches his arm.

JOLENE

Whatever you do--do not do that! Do not shovel out conspiracy theories of the moon or any dissertation. It will not be in your best interest. He told me NASA has a swat team.

*Jolene inspects her arms. MARC points to her arms.*

MARC

What's with the numbers.

JOLENE

Numbers. He has nightmares and writes down numbers. I don't know--

Marc looks at the paper

MARC

"NASA SWAT Team Raids Denny's in Bethesda, steals Moondust given to Husband by Armstrong."

Lights Dim. The moon envelops the stage and then releases itself, it slides through the window and just resumes itself again, but a little bit fuller. It is approaching.

## SCENE 5

Hank is tossing and turning. He murmurs, and chokes himself awake. He tries to get out of bed. Edgar is in a corner, reading the newspaper in the dark. MOON DUST Stolen .

HANK sits up abruptly.

EDGAR

Don't! You got a tube--

HANK

Shit. Shit. Shit. Being old is so not flattering.

EDGAR

So are nightmares. I didn't get any nightmares in space. On the moon. Huh. it was all rosaries and sun dances.

HANK

I didn't know those were pleasing.

EDGAR

I'm getting my words and phrases mangled. Please forgive me.

HANK

Why are you always here?

EDGAR

They're on the hunt. And so is They. They and they at it again. Isn't that fascinating. They're on the hunt.

Edgar throws a paper on Hank's bed

HANK

Edgar, no one cares. So What. Please. I gotta piss. Sorry.

EDGAR

Doesn't bother me. Hank pisses. Edgar holds up a delicate finger, as to intervene on the pee stream

EDGAR

Umm--I've pissed in space.

HANK

Goddamnit! I just wanna pee. I don't care!

EDGAR

I've brought things back from space.

HANK

Why? Are we going there? To space. Cuz otherwise I just want you to leave me alone. I'm trying to die here.

EDGAR

Yes. Well. You might be in it now. Space. The Space you asked for.

HANK

Do THEY make martini's?

EDGAR

You don't need alcohol. And plus it's not fun to piss in space.

Yes.

HANK

We shouldn't talk about it.

EDGAR

Why?

HANK

We can talk about it when there will be no punishment

EDGAR

There won't be?

HANK

I don't believe in hell.

EDGAR

Hell is not the only punisher

HANK

Can you go? I need a drink. Or morphine. Something. Just leave. You're just like the old biddies here. You try to make me talk about things I don't care about.

Hank Turns away, takes imaginary lint off of his Kimono navy Blue robe.

EDGAR

Go to your desk.

HANK

I can't. I'm too weak.

EDGAR

Go to your desk.

HANK

Yes. I can. I see that now.

EDGAR

yes.

Hank goes to his desk. It is a troubled walk. Hank reveals a typewriter under a roll a top antique wooden desk.

EDGAR

Why don't you sit down and type something.

HANK

No.

EDGAR

Yes... Hank sits down

HANK

I don't know what to type.

EDGAR

Yes. Yes you do. Hank types. Slow at first then quickly. Hank stops. He slows his breathing.

HANK

Huh. That's disappointing.

EDGAR

What?

HANK

It's just numbers. Things don't just pour out of me like they used to. It doesn't work anymore. I will try.

EDGAR

Don't try, just do.

Hank lets out a spurt of fast typing. He stops.

EDGAR

3-14, 4-21, 10-56, 7-35, 8-22, 11-22, 10-21 09:28:32

Hank nods slowly.

EDGAR

Do you want an Old Fashioned?

HANK

Jolene! I need two Old fashioned! Wait! Uno memento. Two Old Fashioned's?

EDGAR

A Manhattan. Like the project.

HANK

(calls to Jolene)

Manhattan and an Old Fashioned! Remember to muddle!

MARC enters.

MARC

May I enter?

MARC is holding a tray with olives and cheeses and an old Fashioned and Manhattan.

HANK

The plebe.

MARC

that's what they say.

HANK

Do you have the morphine?

MARC

You will have to choose. The morphine or the drinks.

HANK

I want everything.

MARC

Have it your way.

HANK

I am. I will. Thank you.

MARC prepares the morphine in a drip.

HANK

Are you nervous?

MARC

No. Why would I be nervous?

HANK

You are scared of me.

MARC

I was given a lot of rules.

HANK

Forget about those rules.

(BEAT)

HANK

Why don't you come sit next to me--after you finish that--just have a little load off.

MARC

Sure. Okay.

Marc goes to sit.

HANK

NO!. I mean--no. Please not that chair.

A longer silence.

MARC

Edgar Mitchell sits there...doesn't he?

HANK

Maybe.

Marc goes to sit in another chair.

HANK

NO! Not that one either. Please. Just sit on my bed.

Marc sits at the edge of the bed.

HANK

I can't tell you who sits there.

Marc laughs

MARC

What--is it like classified?

HANK

it wouldn't be 'like' classified. It is classified.

MARC clears throat.

MARC

Of course.

HANK

You can have the Manhattan.

MARC

like the project.

HANK

that's an inside joke.

MARC

I know. I'm trying to be inside.

HANK

Stop it. Because you are not inside.

MARC

Well, perhaps I better not. Gotta keep a tight ship.

HANK

Drink the drink or you're fired.

MARC

Ha. Who will give you the morphine...

HANK

I could suffocate myself with a pillow.

MARC

Could you really do that?

HANK

No. I'm still here.

beat

MARC

Right. Okay. I will drink it, Mr. Schultz

HANK

Is that how you drink?

HANK watches MARC dantly drink

MARC

I guess. I mean, I could try a different way...do you have any suggestions?

HANK

My wife. She used to think I was a pansy sometimes. On the way I drank. And the fact I was a sailor.

MARC

Like weak?

HANK

No. A pansy. You know--homosexual. They get mad when you don't touch them anymore. So, Barbara would just throw insults. Turns out, she didn't like me much anyway.

Hank is high now.

He giggles.

MARC

Tell me.

Hank giggles more.

HANK

No.

MARC

Cuz I'm not on the inside.

HANK

Yes.

MARC

What do you think will happen--if you let someone in who is not on the inside?

HANK

They tear you apart.

MARC

but it makes you stronger. You know, like the NAVY. Like why we did everything we did.

HANK

You know something

MARC

I must know something. I have your life in my hands.

HANK

You have ecstasy in your hands.

MARC

Kind of weird. Like the ecstasy of unity--

HANK

Edgar Mitchell.

MARC

He was my hero.

HANK

He was mine too.

Hank lip quivers.

MARC

Don't look at me.

HANK

Will you hold my hand?

MARC

Okay.

HANK

Don't look at me.

MARC

I'm not.

HANK

Don't smell me.

MARC

I'm not.

Beat

HANK

It is Wernher's chair.

MARC

Is he your hero too?

HANK

No. He was my enemy....this is classified.

MARC leans in.

A New PHASE

Scene 6

First Quarter Moon Waxing in Action

Both rooms are lit and the audience has views of the kitchen and Hank's bedroom. Hank is reading from a little red book, periodically, yelling out lines from Rime of the Ancient mariner. The folks, Jeannie, 63, is emptying the dishwasher, sweeping the floor, making a chocolate souffle, and shucking oysters. she moves like an ice skater in the kitchen. Marc folds kitchen towels. Jolene is preparing a tray and lazily singing. They do not move fast.

The Moon is almost full, Is it waxing or waning though? Who knows. Who's paying attention? Summertime by Janis Joplin is on the radio.

HANK

(calls to Jolene)

Manhattan and an Old Fashioned! Remember to muddle!

JOLENE

Yes! Like the Project.

MARC

Let me do the muddling.

JEANNIE

Please! Can you just turn it--is this a radio? God. Just turn it. I've got egg on my hands.

JOLENE

Why--

JEANNIE

I've got egg on my hands!

JEANNIE

Marc--

MARC

I like her wailing.

Mom opens up a glass of wine. She pours herself one. Offers Marc a glass. He accepts. Jolene silently watches.

JEANNIE

It's too much. It's not right.

JOLENE

Right, right...she's/ too much. The doorbell rings. Jolene goes to get it

JEANNIE

Only Ella or Billie. Billie preferably. It's just not right. Ruining a classic. I mean, this is Porgy and Bess. Things must be exact. Must be exact.

JOLENE

Lower the volume, Plebe

Marc lowers the volume.

Jolene opens the door and it's a big woman holding a big package. You can't see her face. Just a big box head. There's muffling.

JOLENE

What?/I can't hear you! The music.

JOLENE

Who are you, Aunt Tree?

Muffling.

AUNT TREE

Help me. Geez. I need wine. Red stat.

MARC

This is a lot.

MARC helps Tree with the box. She looks at him. They look at each other. The others watch them look at each other. Like Wolves sniffing. All Alpha.

TREE

I didn't know we were getting someone new. That's a new thing. I like to be told of new things.

JEANNIE

We know

JOLENE

We don't care.

MARC

Wow. The women. The women.

JEANNIE

He's got the ticket for Dad's paradise.

Tree looks at him longer. She opens her mouth. She closes it.

TREE

Ah. (beat) I'm the accountant. Don't try to get close to me. I don't like anyone I have to pay.

JOLENE

He's Naval Academy. Look at that posture.

TREE

How much are we paying him?

MARC

I'm very skilled. I have an internship at the hospice in Bethesda.

TREE

Ever told a lie to get money?

MARC

No.

JOLENE

He's a conspiracy theorist.

TREE

Shit. You need to sign an NDA

MARC

Jeannie told me everything that would ruin this family. It's too late.

there's a long beat.

MARC

I was joking. I thought--

JEANNIE

that was/ vulgar.

TREE

We need more morphine. He's getting worse. So, did you bring more--

MARC

I just want to know--

TREE

Did you bring the morphine? Yes or NO!? I just want to know. (beat) The man is suffering. We can hear him.

JOLENE

Aunt Theresa. Oh. Revelations abound--you care about his suffering?

MARC

It's okay, Jolene. I did bring it. It's enough to get someone high. And then some--

AUNT THERESA

Good. He wants to be sent away. Not prison. You know what I mean. Tree makes a pointer to the finger to the sky like a rocket going up.

Jeannie hands her a glass of red.

JEANNIE

Like Rocket man. Oh, such a good song.

Jeannie starts to hum the tune.

She takes a drink. A beat. Another.

TREE

Wow. You look well. You look gorgeous. Have you been using Crest White /Strips?

JEANNIE

I'm dying.

TREE

Ugh. Pish-posh. You say that every year. You're just like our father. Or your father.

The moon zooms in on them, glaring, listening. A buzz starts to growl...starting to penetrate the house. It is even and steady. Hank is reading a poem. We can hear him over the Intercom. It's his serenade to the ladies of the kitchen.

HANK

And now gentlemen, gentlewomen, A word I give to remain in your memories and minds, As base and finale too for all metaphysics.

So to the students the old professor, At the close of his crowded course. Having studied the new and antique, the Greek and Germanic systems, Kant having studied and stated, Fichte and Schelling and Hegel, Stated the lore of Plato, and Socrates greater than Plato, And greater than Socrates sought and stated, Christ divine having studied long, I see reminiscent to-day those Greek and Germanic systems,

MARC

The Base for all Metaphysics.

THERESA

This is how he got all his women.

MARC

can he write?

THERESA

Shiiit. Can he write. Like his dick was gonna fall off.

Tree tosses letters to him.

JEANNIE

Vulgar. Again. Dripping with vulgarity.

JOLENE

They're part of it. It has to be elaborate. Those were from his old love, Alex, from Vassar. One of many that got away.

THERESA

He's very elaborate. Very thorough on what he likes. What he doesn't. What collar. What pronunciation. Trousers. Never pants.

JOLENE

'Sedule' not schedule. Shaken not Stirred.

JEANNIE

His genes are the obsessive kind.

JOLENE

Yes, they are.

THERESA

I should be the most concerned...

JEANNIE

Go cry in a corner.

JOLENE

She might be Wernher Von Braun's kid. We don't know. That's a joke. Well, I don't know if that's a joke. Is it?

TREE

I'm losing interest. I still have his nose.

JEANNIE

That could be anybody's nose. Sorry. Not really. My parents mated when they were in their height of love. Anybody in war is fornicating. Newton's law. He died a virgin. Fact. But this was all before Catholicism and madness killed my mother's libido.

Marc leans in.

MARC

Oh, dear.

THERESA

Look how beautiful they are.

Theresa shows Marc. He delicately inspects the black and white picture of Hank and Barbara.

MARC

They're like...supermodels from the 50's. Oh, his Naval Suit. Love that Navy. beat I don't want to kill him. He was too beautiful.

JEANNIE

oh, my God. Stop speaking so vulgar. No, vulgarly. Nobody. I mean nobody say the word kill. Okay? Such a dark dark nasty word. Evil words. No, nobody said kill!

MARC

I--fine. But this is what he wants, correct? For us to kill him... so he dies.

JEANNIE

It's vulgar. Vulgar. Lewd. You get 10,000.

MARC

Yeah, so.

THERESA

That's 10,000. To do what you're into.

JEANNIE

What are you into?

JOLENE

Science and women.

JOLENE

Heard that.

Jeannie snaps her fingers like a beatnik to agree.

THERESA

he will be given an experience.

Theresa starts GENTLY unpacking the box she carried in. She sets out 10 black boxes. Jolene, MARC, and Theresa look at the 10 black boxes. The moon looms. A buzzing is heard. They circle around the black boxes instinctively. Marc gets a glass of water. Jolene holds her ears. She looks in pain. She shuts her eyes tight. Theresa opens up the black pods. The sound is amplified of a strong buzz. The lights go out. Then power on. There are transmission-like voices heard--then a song...a distant song of a woman's lilt.

THERESA

Perhaps. This was a bad idea.

Theresa looks at them.

JEANNIE

I don't like this. it's like the old days. The power is on. The power is off. I don't/ like having her obsession in the house.

JOLENE

Did you hear it. T--the voices...the music? /It was there

Marc, Theresa, and Jeannie stop to listen

MARC

Yeah. Jolene--I heard it.

THERESA

I heard nothing--

JEANNIE

I didn't hear 'anything'./ Heathen.

JOLENE

I don't feel/ well--

HANK

Jeannie! Jolene! Marc! Theresa. Where is my goddamn newspaper. I need to know what's wrong in this God forsaken world! I need to tell God who to punish. Have you all abandoned me?

Hank starts to laugh. And then remembers he's angry.

HANK

I need it...now! And please a Prosecco. My lips are parched. It's very dry, dry in here. I'm not a reptile! I still know things!

Theresa shuts down the intercom and smiles at the others. A faint song is heard...with a country lilt. Jolene watches MARC prepare the morphine. She smiles at him.

MARC

If you want it all the way.

JOLENE

No. We need more time with him.

Marc pats Jolene. They are awkward.

Lights Dim as the Moon pulses, and is awkward for the world.

## Scene 7

Last Quarter Moon Left side lit, Right side Dark Waxing in Full release A gun shot is heard. And another.

And another. Lights on in Hank's bedroom. Hank and Marc are facing each other, standing up, looking each other right in the eye. Hank uses his walker to hold himself up. They are using their full power of their diaphragm.

## HANK AND MARC

If you think you are out-classed, you are; You've got to think high to rise; You've got to be sure of yourself before You ever can win a prize,

Life's battles don't always go To the stronger or faster man; But soon or late the man who wins Is the man who thinks he can. Hank and Marc salute each other. Hank grunts.

Marc grunts. They are both winded. Hank more so than Marc. The salute is a deliberate retreat at a snail's pace, almost a challenge.

## HANK

You did the salute too fast.

## MARC

I thought I was way too slow.

## HANK

Would feel disenchanting to be your lover.

## MARC

Okay.

## HANK

Hahahahahah.

## MARC

So, I did pass, or I didn't?

HANK

I give the Manhattan a 6.5 but I had a buzz going before we started and my tastebuds were altered so you could have deserved more points or less. That experiment will call a scratch. And your annunciation is sub par. STRONGER and FASTER. Sssstter. Power in words, revolution in the sounds, but don't let them slouch--your back being lazy is no different than your words being lazy. Let's start again.

MARC

Fine. Throw the baby out with the bath water...

HANK

Excuse me. Your colloquialisms are crude. Get the rifles and the red poetry book. The lights dim. The moon expands. It gets ugly, thirsty.

SCENE 8

Lights up on Hank and Marc with rifles. Marc is dressed in his plebes Navy attire. Theresa is where the Spanish restaurant is in Hank's flashbacks. Theresa in place of the trumpet has bagpipes. Jeannie is layed out on the bed, her eyes are closed. She's got a lily on her chest. Edgar Mitchel is behind Marc and Hank watching. Marc and Hank look at each other, Marc has his rifle. He does the ceremony, with precision and grace, there is a break, and the bagpipes play.

HANK

We need a trumpet. Oh. It's not right. This is supposed to be a traditional Arlington funeral. I need to know what it's gonna be like--

THERESA

It's fine. The bagpipes sound like a trumpet. You don't need to be Tom Sawyer, coming back to attend your own funeral.

JEANNIE

Right. Everyone just goes back to the earth.

THERESA

Stay dead, Barbara

HANK

Hey. And I wanna be Huck Finn. On a raft--

THERESA

She's getting out of character.

HANK

You're right, everybody needs to stay in character. Let's just deal with the bagpipes.

MARC

Do you want me to start?

HANK

No. Theresa do the bagpipes. And I'll start reading right on the last beat.

THERESA

Heard.

Theresa plays the last bales of the Navy funeral music. Hank begins. He holds his red poetry book in his right hand and uses his left to announce with a drink. Marc stays stiff with his rifle. As Hank speaks the lights shift to the kitchen, where Jolena, is reading the letters. She is devouring them. Hank's poem is an incantation for the Moon and the Moon Dust. The Dust is on its displays now. Each pod displayed in a pyramid facing the window.

HANK

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird! No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick  
for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn; The same that oft-times hath Charm'd magic  
casements, opening on the foam Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn. Forlorn! the very  
word is like a bell To toll me back from thee to my sole self! Adieu! the fancy cannot  
cheat so well As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf. Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem  
fades --

The lights flicker.

Lights rise a little more on Jolene, perhaps looking a bit mad. Her hair is messed up, she's in a yellow terry cloth robe. She's got Ralph slippers on, from the Muppet Babies.

Jolene is completely engrossed in one letter. She stop for a moment, goes back to a previous letter. She starts to search a box under the table. The lights flicker again. They go out now completely.

A mirage of voices 'Boo' and what the?

HANK

Jolene! Stop using all the electricity! Goddamnit. I'm reading Keats in here. Keats!

Jolene walks over to say something to Hank in the intercom. Changes her mind.

THERESA

Just finish. My knees hurt.

JOLENE

It's not me! Stop being so weird and pagan in /there

The lights come on in Hank's room. But flicker in the kitchen.

HANK

Past the near meadows, over the still stream,

Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep In the next valley-glades: Was it a vision, or a waking dream? Fled is that music:-Do I wake or sleep? Jolene looks at all the pods glowing. She tries to turn on the lights, and is shocked. She screams. The pods all vibrate with her scream. The moon vibrates with her scream.

A static is heard from the intercom. A static is heard from the radio. Jolene walks over to the radio and slowly puts her ear to it. A distant music is heard.

JOLENE

H--hello? H-hello?

Jolene looks around She listens to the static, distant music some more.

JOLENE

O--okay.

Jolene goes to the cabinet. She takes out the Moon Dust. She holds it. Talks to it. We don't know what she says. That is classified.

Lights out.

Scene 9

*The moon is getting closer behind the kitchen window. Stronger. More ugly. Needy. Unstable even. It tilts on its side, and leans in. But the moon stays dark in the void.*

Malvina (played by Jeannie), Anna (played by Jolene), and Barbara (played by Theresa) are lined up in a bed. A bed of epic proportions. They are smoking weed out of an apple.

MALVINA

Is this how you do it?

BARBARA

I don't know.

ANNA

I think this is wrong.

MALVINA

We're supposed to be spies.

BARBARA

Do you ever worry--you will die?

MALVINA

We're already dead.

ANNA

But living.

Anna and Malvina take out little bags--

BARBARA

Is that--

MALVINA

Moon Dust. Moon Pods. I call them moon pods--

ANNA

Armstrong brought it back.

MALVINA

I carry them everywhere.

ANNA

Discovered you can know things--be other people when it's around.

BARBARA

it's just moon dust. Moon Dust is--just nothing.

ANNA

I met Malvina in a message. She told me to come here. But I have no phone and no address.

MALVINA

This is why we are advancing. We just know things. particles when taken from somewhere else has the power of transformation.

ANNA

Show her.

Malvina takes out the pods and puts them in a circle, ritualistically.

MALVINA

I need your hands.

ANNA

Who are you going to be--

MALVINA

I will be your husband.

BARBARA

No.

MALVINA

Let me close my eyes.

ANNA

Shhh.

MALVINA

You shush...

ANNA

Sorry kitten.

MALVINA

I will be Wernher Von Braun

She goes into a trance.

ANNA

No. Be JFK.

MALVINA

Okay.

BARBARA

Can you be anyone--channel anyone?

MALVINA

Oh. yes. Now quiet, my pets.

There is silence.

MALVINA

It what I didn't want to do. I didn't want to make compromises. And I made compromises. I listened to men who had no clout. And yes, I was good. I wish I had known why, why we kept everything a secret.

The lights flicker.

BARBARA

Oh. My stars. The lights just flickered.

MALVINA

I lost him.

BARBARA

Oh. How is he?

MALVINA

Sad. He is el Vacio. The void. He circles around till he can pop into someone else. Always trying to explain. I couldn't imagine.

ANNA

He denied us, and now he is us.

The women laugh.

BARBARA

Will I ever be like you. Other worldly.

ANNA

Do you know how to keep secrets.

MALVINA

her rage is what will keep us going. Don't you know--the Russians always knew a little bit more...a little bit more than the others. Being other worldly is being able to harness

pain. And not be angry. To just accept it. Then you can enjoy all the gifts the universe has intended for you...

ANNA

I want to put flowers in your hair. Barbara...do you know how many things can be hidden in the crevice of a flower?

BARBARA

I would look silly with flowers in my hair. Hank would say so.

ANNA

the flowers are not for /him.

MALVINA

I have white lilies.

ANNA

You can circle your men, serve them dinner, and we can listen to all the delights of savagery.

The spies have begun to dress Barbara's hair with bobby pins and white lilies.

SCENE 10

The moon is closer So much closer It is invading your space, it light is starting to blind you. You can start to see its crevices. Its dips and curves is making you want something but you don't know what. The light diminishes slowly. And lights up on the living room. The letters are scattered all over Hank. Edgar is slumped over in the chair. Hank is disturbed, he paces back and forth, and sits. He picks up the phone, but doesn't know who to call. He ties his satin bathrobe.

Jolene is asleep in her own chair in his room, the red poetry book laying on her chest. She is snoring like a typhoon.

Hank gets very close to her nostril. He touches it ever so delicately.

HANK

Jolene.

no response

HANK

Jolene. Hee. You have long nostril/ hairs.

Jolene's eyes open.

HANK

Hey! What is wrong with you?

HANK

You're a woman and you snore.

JOLENE

Ha. One to talk, Captain.

HANK

What's wrong with me?

JOLENE

You're old. And bald. And you snore. It's like a goddamn freight train.

HANK

I'm sorry. And I'm ready.

JOLENE

Me too.

JOLENE

It wasn't your fault, you know...he had cancer...and she loved him. She learned from him...we have to do it.

HANK

I don't wanna die. Of course it wasn't love. I don't make madmen. Madmen made me. Wernher said that. What if I was trying to do so right...I did wrong.

Jolene takes Hank's hand and sits with him.

JOLENE

You never wanted to be a captain did you?

HANK

I wanted to be a poet, a writer. I wrote all the letters in the world...and there she is writing him...get it for me. I can feel myself getting weaker. The moon is getting full.

JOLENE

When old age shall this generation waste, Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st, "Beauty is truth, truth beauty," - that is all Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

JOLENE

Isn't that how it goes, Hank?

The moon is interjecting. Dominating. Full. A transmission sound is heard, a heart beat getting louder... A quiet breeze comes through the window.

JOLENE

Hank. Look at me. Are you awake? I couldn't sleep

HANK

Jolene. You know-it was our poem. She was married to quietness...she never wanted me. She said she never wanted me. But she lied. She loved Mitchell. Jolene?

Jolene takes Hank's face in her hands.

EDGAR

Oh, she's gone. I just told her to get the drinks when we see her at another party. She told me she would wear a traditional geisha dress, and that she'd paint her lips meticulously red for you and that she wouldn't speak. She said you never really wanted her to speak. But I am speaking to you...do you remember how you loved me once in my Naval uniform. I was a good nurse.

HANK

Barbara? Is it you? Such a beautiful nurse, such a beautiful bride. You're in my hallway. I measured you out. Very exact. Very precise. Did you see it? Everything is measured out.

JOLENE

I missed it. I missed you. I missed my childhood.

HANK

You never wanted to be blue-collar.

JOLENE

And we were. I was. I was always blue-collar.

HANK

I tried to get you all the things to get rid of it. To get rid of that blue-collar feeling.

JOLENE

I'm back there now. Where you are going. Or will wonder. I learned out here there's no such thing as hell. Or wrath. Or a wrathful God. I wasted a lot of time believing in punishment.

HANK

We buried you in Arlington. There were guns, all the men came and saluted you. They had the dark blue on, like dark blue linen, and their metal was shining, the sun reflected off their swords. They looked sharp. A spotless glove. A clean shave. Everyone smelled like how you like a man to smell. I made sure of it. You had a flag folded for you. They folded it quickly and precise. They put a white lily on top, like you asked. Like you wanted. You had the letters sent to me. And the Moon Dust.

JOLENE

I bet you liked that. the funeral. A good show for you. You always liked a good show. No creases.

HANK

I did like it. And there were geese and they flew over, 11 of them, flew over your casket when they shot the guns.

JOLENE

Maybe I was a bird. Maybe I was one of those birds that flew home.

HANK

Why didn't you fly home to me...why are you there...and not with me now? I mean, can't this be your home? Can't you be with me now?

Hank begins to weep

JOLENE

Oh, Hank. We can't make our homes in men.

HANK

but you were mine.

JOLENE

You remember when I said you could sleep with whomever you like, just as long as I didn't have to touch you anymore?

HANK

Why did you say that to me?

JOLENE

because you made yourself a home in everyone else but me--

HANK

I didn't mean to--

JOLENE

I am right as rain.

HANK

Right as Rain. You always used to say that.

JOLENE

But this time it's true! There's so many things you can say here that are true! it's amazing. If I would have known I would have never shared my body with you, or anybody. Hahah. Oh, it's a dangerous thing to be so free with yourself...because you really have no idea that someone else can change you with particles. Did you know we came from star dust, moon dust, love lust. We got ash in our bones, and it moves us. I bet you didn't know that. You don't even know...I always wanted to tell you that because, dear, you always said you knew, but you really don't know.

HANK

Barbara?

JOLENE

You'll say all the things when you get there, but this time they'll mean something. It will be like Moon dust coming down on us, sprinkling. That's what you always wanted?

HANK

I did? I did. How did you know, Barbara?

JOLENE

Because I'm not really Barbara, but I do know everything.

HANK

Then who are you?

JOLENE

Because I am water. Fluid. You always knew I was there, in the field, by the creek, in your house, in your brain. In your toilet. I am, was, am you, and everyone. The story of the egg. Find the letters--from Edgar and I...it was June. Jolene--she has them. Or you can be silent. And then just be in the void. Edgar is here, with me. We are watching you...we are waiting for you to shine.

HANK

But I'm scared. Then they will all know...I was too scared to go to the moon

JOLENE eyes open.

The moon leans in.

HANK

Okay. Barbara.

JOLENE

Granddaddy. I'm Jolene. Are you okay?

HANK

I am ready for it.

JOLENE

What...to die?

HANK

The truth. For everyone--

JOLENE

Where did I go? I went somewhere.

HANK

I don't know. But--but-but- I don't want to go into the void--I--hold me Jolene.

Hank starts to cry

Jolene grabs him. She holds him.

She starts to hum Jolene.

HANK

Barbara loved that song. She said it was our song. But it wasn't...

JOLENE

Granddaddy--you are not going to a void. You are going to everything. Everything is going into you, and you will go back to the universe. Have you ever heard the story of the egg? I never heard it before--but

Hank sits up.

HANK

Why? What--why did you say that? The story of the egg--

JOLENE

I read the letters...

HANK

from Edgar to Barbara...

JOLENE

from Malvena to Barbara...

Lights dim.

The Moon Dims.

It rests for a minute.

It is tired of the jealous sun.

SCENE 11

The Ecstasy of Unity

(Rod is reading chapter 1 of the way of the Explorer.)

ROD

Edgar Mitchell writes--I actually felt what has been described as an ecstasy of unity. It occurred to me that the molecules of my body and the molecules of the spacecraft itself were manufactured long ago in the furnace of one of the ancient stars that burned in the heavens about me.

(Jolene picks up the book from Rod and starts to read to Hank.)

JOLENE

...but somehow I couldn't resurrect the feelings I had while there, although my thoughts and actions were easily summoned--

(Jolene picks up a letter inside of the book)

JOLENE

I write this to you, DEAR BARBARA, for I don't know what happened the day I went there. It wasn't till I came back. People told me. Hank told me. Wernher told me, and then I knew. I had the feeling. And I knew it was you up there. It was the women. It was everything. The day of the cocktail party. You wanted me to be comfortable. It is hard to lust after a man's wife, in front of the man himself. Or perhaps, it is too easy, and that is why it is so shameful. I am waiting for you in Florida. I am waiting for you in the stars. I am waiting for you in the horizons and the mountains of Fra Mauro.

Hank grunts

JOLENE

Do you want me to keep going?

HANK

Proceed.

JOLENE

Love and Bad Habits, your devoted Edgar.

HANK

next.

JOLENE

Oh. K. January, 20th, 1998...DEAR HANK.

Hank sits up.

JOLENE straightens up.

HANK

Keep going.

JOLENE

DEAR HANK: You are dying probably soon now. And my letters are revealed. This last one I enclose--is what we can all hope for. I had relished in something good. I wanted something different. I wasn't proud. You had so many secrets. I had more. I could not sit around and watch you be so clumsy. And now that I am dying...enclosed is what you

need to hear. I had to have something. Something to be--something to grab onto--that didn't come from you and your words, your glances, or opinions. I was good and you never knew...but you forget how much power is in the unknown, and that included me, and my lovers, my discerning eye had purpose. I needed to have purpose. I needed to feel something other than being used. It perhaps was shameful I did what I did. I wore them in my hair. Nobody ever knew. I forgot even it was there. If you can forgive me...I just wanted to be apart of something too. But one day, I just knew, that I was listening. We would need to listen to this all again.

JOLENE

Oh. She recorde--

HANK

Keep going.

JOLENE

It just says Love. Oh. Shit.

HANK

It just says Love and Bad Habits, Barbara. And this...

Jolene holds up a little tape recorder. The moon comes in. The moon is curious. The moon is in the house.

The Lights rise on the kitchen. Marc and Jeannie and Theresa are fixing Hank's cocktails.

JOLENE

I am going to press play now.

HANK

Wait! No--can you leave me--with it please?

JOLENE

Of course.

Jolene leaves Hank's bedroom.

Hank gingerly presses play.

The lights shift to Sobrino de Botin. The oldest restaurant in the universe.

Edgar Mitchell, Wernher Von Braun, Hank, Malvina, and Barbara sit around a pig, stuffed with apples and pears.

They are drunk. Some are more drunk than others.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Are you excited--

MALVINA

You must be excited. To finally go to the moon.

HANK

I am!

Edgar Mitchell

I'm nervous--

MALVINA

Well, nothing will go wrong.

HANK

Why would you say that--

EDGAR MITCHELL

Something could go wrong. It's space.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

It won't. But, perhaps, it will. Perhaps something will go wrong. Then what will you do-- in the heat of the moment. What will you do...

EDGAR

I will think of a song.

HANK

What song.

EDGAR

my favorite song.

BARBARA

Edgar.

EDGAR

Barbara.

MALVINA

Now now.

BARBARA

think of the song. Let me guess it--

MALVINA

Barbara

WERNHER VON BRAUN

What he needs is more tools.

MALVINA

You will almost die up there.

HANK

Malvina!

WERNHER VON BRAUN

it is true.

BARBARA

Hank, shut up. Shut up and listen.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Go ahead, Malvina--tell Hank. Tell Edgar.

MALVINA

Have you ever heard the story of the egg.

Edgar shakes his head.

MALVINA

Well, it is a little story, that was passed down a long time ago. They have made movies out of it, twisted it--but it is the story of us. The earth. And how--we are an experiment. And we must trust in the experiment.

HANK

Malvina. Please. You don't need to scare him--he is about to go into space!

WERNHER VON BRAUN

What--like you. Too afraid to go. Too afraid of us. Your toilet--the little voice that has been following you your/ whole life

HANK

How did you /know?

MALVINA

We all know. We follow you. We listen. We listen from everywhere. And when the time is right--we come back in. We wait to hear your beckoning. We wait to hear a song, or a promise. We like to wait.

HANK

I am not scared of space.

MALVINA

Tell me the song you pick--the song, Edgar. The song will save your life.

Hank

Don't say shit to her.

EDGAR

I don't know--I don't know.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

Say it Edgar-!

HANK

Hey!

WERNHER VON BRAUN

say the song--and you will live, but it will be a promise--

HANK

What are you talking about?

MALVINA

If you tell me the song, then I will save you.

BARBARA

Tell her, Edgar.

MALVINA

It is--

EDGAR

It's Jolene. Jolene.

MALVINA

Ah. Yes. Jolene. It will be the name of your 1st granddaughter.

EDGAR

No.

BARBARA

I am sorry, Hank.

Hank turns away.

MALVINA

One day I will come back for her...

BARBARA

How would you save him?

MALVINA

In the moments...when you think he will not survive. I am there. In the moments you think you are alone, we are there. In the moments you think, you know nothing. You will compose yourself, you will know--everything that will get you home--

3-14, 4-21, 10-56, 7-35, 8-22, 11-22, 10-21, and 09:28:32.

Barbara

You want to go to space. This is how you will go.

WERNHER VON BRAUN

It is the only way.

Malvina takes a bag out of moon dust.

MALVINA

The whole time we get so upset about what things seem to be, but, there is no real way of knowing what is electro-magnetically charged and what is flat. We will search out. She will take the bag out over and over. We will find her.

Hank stops the recording. He gets his robe on, can't get it on. He throws it in anger.

Lights shift to the kitchen

The moon sulks. It cowers behind

The Ladies--Barbara, and Malvina, and Jolene are around the Moon dust pods. They are holding hands, like they were in the past, channeling.

Marc is holding the Moon Dust bag.

Hank exits his bedroom door.

The lights flicker.

The moon has been channeled.

The Moon Envelops the House.

It speaks.

It is the narrator.

The Moon shines down on its own self.

ROD

Yes. I have been watching I have been there. I have been coaxing you. I have been trying to make you see. I have been hiding in the corn fields, in your phone, toilet, and IN your Deja Vu.

(Rod/the Moon reads from the Way of the Explorer)

"Believing as I do that the universe is intelligent, and understanding the absurd and tragic fate that may await us, I have wondered whether or not we are prepared for our own survival, whether or not our own collective consciousness is yet highly enough evolved. Our universe seems to learn by the blunt process of trial and error. But I now understand that we have a certain degree of control over the evolutionary process and can influence our our own course--no matter where you are placed in the universe....there was always an agenda."

Black out.

End of play.