

WISHING MOON

By Shawn Deal

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SYNOPSIS: On a clear spring night, an awkward teenage boy, Trent, tries to ask a teenage girl, Amy, an important question. Combining mythology with magical realism, this unique drama discusses the passing down of oral traditions and stories. And just what if some of these stories were true? Be careful what you wish for.

CAST OF CHARACTERS

(1 female, 1 male)

TRENT DOMAN (m)..... High schooler. (80 lines)

AMY STONEBURNER (f)..... High schooler. (78 lines)

DURATION: 30-35 minutes

PRODUCTION NOTES

This play can be performed very minimally on stage. Basically, all that is needed is a bench or two to act as bed and car. Anything more, feel free to add. This was originally written for competition thus, it was necessary to keep the set as simple as possible. In the premiere production, a small bench was used as the car and a longer bench (with pillows and blankets) was used as the bed.

PREMIERE PRODUCTION

Wishing Moon premiered at the High School One Act Play Festival sponsored by Stageworks Northwest Theatre in Longview, Washington in 2018.

SCENE 1

AT START: *TRENT'S bedroom. TRENT lays on his bed with a blanket and pillow. TRENT is severely depressed. Lights up.*

TRENT: I do not want to open my eyes. I do not want to face the day. In fact, I don't want to face any day, ever again.

I have been awake for hours. But I just lay here with my eyes closed. Not wanting to move. Unwilling to move. I lay here and listen.

It's amazing how many different sounds are made by an average family trying to get off to work and school in the morning. I just laid here and listened. My sister mumbled something about a gross lunch. The house squeaked and shifted with everyone moving about giving off groans of mild protest. My dad shouted: 'Has anyone seen my keys?' There was more franticness then and sudden running outside, front door slamming and finally the car starting and pulling away.

My bedroom door opened, I'm guessing 45 minutes ago. It emitted the tiniest squeak. And I heard no real footsteps in the hall. Probably my mother. My father is a big guy, he would make noise in spite of himself.

My mother watched me—probably for a couple of minutes. She didn't say anything. She closed the door and went to work. Now all is quiet.

My body feels so heavy, like I can barely move it. I feel like I've gained 200 pounds. My arms do no more than flop here to there. My legs let gravity do the work as they fall to the floor. (*Flops his arms. His legs fall to either side of the bench. He tries to get out of bed but doesn't have the will to do so.*)

An elephant sits on my chest, pressing its weight into me, making it a struggle to breathe. But I get up anyway. This day most importantly, I have to get up and face it. *(Slowly, with effort, pulls himself up. Sits up in bed.)*

For the first time in a month, this day brings one slight glimmer of hope, to a month full of blackness—blackness as thick as tar. *(With effort stands up.)*

My name is Trent Doman and I lost my love in a car accident a month ago, and it was completely my fault. *(Stares down at the floor. Pause.)*

I stare at the floor more than I look forward. I don't want to look forward. Looking forward implies the future and for me the future is bleak and dark—at its absolute best moment. At its worst moments, and there seems to be a lot of them, I plunge into the deepest depths of a black hole, and get crushed by all the forces surrounding me.

It is easier if I stare at the floor. Easier for everyone. No one wants to make eye contact with me. They all blame me for Amy's death. I understand that—it was my fault—so that's only logical. My friends don't talk to me. They don't know what to say. I don't talk to them either. It's easier.

I've been called every name in the book. My life has been threatened multiple times. I have been called a murderer, killer and much worse. I have gotten even a few descriptive mutilation threats as well. I've heard the words: 'it should have been you Trent' more times than I can count. I understand the reason they say all these vile things to me and more. It makes them feel just a little bit better, makes them believe they have given the slightest vindication to their lost friend, sister, cousin, daughter. And at the same moment make me feel worse. It is effective, I do feel worse with every word said to me, with every look gazed upon me. My world has turned ugly. And so has everyone around me.

Most people ignore me altogether. Some leer daggerous looks at me. Almost everyone stops talking when I come by or enter a room. Some point at me, and then talk when my back is turned. I still hear them. I think people imagine that if my back is turned, I have become deaf. I wish that was the case.

When someone does look at me, I know the three words they are thinking: *(Pause.)*

Amy deserved better.

I would have loudly disagreed a month ago but now there is no argument I can give. Amy did indeed deserve better. No truth could be louder spoken. Amy deserved to be alive, well and happy at this very moment.

I think I have one slight chance to save her. If the stories her grandmother told her were true. I have one last chance tonight with the full moon. A wishing moon.

Blackout.

SCENE 2

AT START: *Bedroom scene changes to open stage. One month ago. The scene rotates through several locations but the actors don't ever leave the stage. A bench can be used as the car, and moved to the side for the rest of the scene until needed again at the end of the scene. The actor's words set the location changes. TRENT poses on stage. Lights up.*

TRENT: It all started when I surprised Amy at her job a month ago.

AMY enters.

TRENT: Hi Amy.

AMY: (*Surprised.*) Hi Trent, what are you doing here? I'm just getting off from the ice cream shop.

TRENT: Yeah I know. (*Awkward.*) Is it a good job?

AMY: Oh it's not bad. It gives me some spending money.

TRENT: (*Awkward and nervous.*) How do you have time to get all of your homework done?

AMY: It's not too bad. I do lack some sleep sometimes but you know... Job experience does look good on the college applications.

TRENT: Right.

AMY: So Trent what are you doing here? (*Looks up at the sky and smiles.*)

TRENT: (*Nervous.*) Well... I guess... I was hoping that maybe...

AMY: Trent, what's wrong?

TRENT: Nothing, actually, nothing at all.

AMY: You seem nervous.

TRENT: Do I?

AMY: (*Laughs.*) Yes.

TRENT: I don't want to be nervous. I am a bit nervous. I was hoping to be all suave and cool at this moment.

AMY: What moment?

TRENT: (*Collects courage.*) Amy, I want to ask you...

AMY lets out a bit of a squeal interrupting TRENT.

AMY: Stop! Don't ask me.

TRENT: (*Surprised, mixed with the fear of rejection.*) What?

AMY: You can't ask me here.

TRENT: (*Looks around.*) Why not?

AMY: (*Absolutely beaming and happy.*) Because you have to ask me someplace else.

TRENT: But I was just going to ask...

AMY: Shhhhhh. I want it to be just perfect.

TRENT: (*Smiles.*) OK. Where can I ask you? (*A sense of relief as this does not seem to be a rejection.*)

AMY: At my favorite place, of course.

TRENT: (*Hesitantly.*) OK, yes, of course, why didn't I think of that. Your favorite place. (*Pause.*) Where's that?

AMY: You drive and I'll navigate.

TRENT: OK. You drive and I'll navigate.

AMY: No. You drive and I'll navigate.

TRENT: Exactly. (*Gets car ready.*) You're chariot awaits. (*Motioning to car.*)

TRENT and AMY get into the car. TRENT holds door open. TRENT and AMY both seatbelt themselves into their seats. Note: This is an important little bit, do not overlook or leave out. They start the drive. Pause.

TRENT: So where are we going?

AMY: My favorite place. My secret place.

TRENT: Secret place?

AMY: This was my grandmother's secret place, actually, and she shared it with me. And now it's my favorite place.

TRENT: Does this favorite place have an address?

AMY: Head up to Keme Ridge.

TRENT drives.

TRENT: Why was this your grandmother's secret place?

AMY: It's where she fell in love with my grandfather.

TRENT: Really?

AMY: They used to go there when they were dating and stargaze.

TRENT: I love to stargaze.

AMY: This is a great location to stargaze. And to see the moon. It's far enough away from everything and so dark, you can see the Milky Way.

TRENT: Really? That's great. Will it be too dark for us to see?

AMY: Oh no. (*Looks out the window of car.*) It's just getting dusk and we'll be there soon. Turn left here. (*Points.*) See that gravel road?

TRENT: The one that looks like an overgrown sasquatch.

AMY: Yes, take that. And go slow, it's bumpy.

TRENT drives. AMY and TRENT bounce around a little in the car. AMY points.

AMY: Park over there. We will have to walk from here.

TRENT and AMY get out of the car, making a show of unfastening their seat belts.

TRENT: So where to from here?

AMY: See that grove of trees there.

TRENT scans in the direction AMY points.

TRENT: Yeah.

AMY: There's a trail that leads up to the spot.

TRENT: Really?

AMY: You can't see it from here. Trust me.

TRENT: I do.

AMY and TRENT walk across the stage. AMY reaches out to grab TRENT'S hand. TRENT grins big as this happens. Lights go down to moonlight setting as dusk goes to night.

TRENT: Is it far?

AMY: Not much further.

TRENT: So what is the place exactly?

AMY: Besides my favorite place in all the world.

TRENT: *(Smiles.)* Yes, besides that.

AMY: It's the place I've come to ever since I was little, maybe three or four. It's the place where I've told my secrets to the trees, the place where I've confessed my dreams to the heavens, the place I have come to when I felt lost in the world, the place I come to to be alone and think, or day dream. Sometimes I just come here to sit and stare at the stars or just do my homework. It's my everything place.

TRENT: It is all that. Wow! I want an everything place.

AMY: Do you believe in things?

TRENT: Yeah, I guess. What kind of things? *(Concerned.)*

AMY: I believe in magical things.

TRENT: You mean supernatural things like trolls and leprechauns?
(Worried.)

AMY: No, more like natural Earth-based magical things. That nature itself provides its own magic. And some humans understand it and others don't.

TRENT: So you understand?

AMY: I try. My grandmother was the one who could really understand. Part of why this is my secret place—my special place—is that my grandmother told me this was one of the most magical spots she had ever found.

TRENT: More magical than Disney World?

AMY: (*Worried.*) I know, it seems silly.

TRENT: No, I honestly, I want to know. It's fascinating.

AMY: Really?

TRENT: (*Reassuringly.*) Really, really.

AMY: (*Relieved and happy.*) OK then.... This place is secluded. As far as I know, only me and my grandmother know of this spot. So the fewer humans that are here spoiling it, the stronger the magic. Here is a nice circular, clear spot with trees around us. A great place to listen to their whispers. The trees talk to you.

AMY puts her hands up to her ears. TRENT copies her.

TRENT: (*Surprised.*) That's weird! I hear them. They sound like they're whispering.

AMY: Plus you can see the stars and the moon so clearly here. You can see the whole Milky Way. According to my grandmother, it's the star light and the moon light that energize this spot to make it so magical and special.

TRENT: (*Looks up at the sky.*) I have to admit that is a gorgeous full moon. It looks so bright, so big.

AMY: This is a very special moon. This is a wishing moon.

TRENT: Really? How so? No offense, it looks about the same to me.

AMY: Don't let looks fool you. The wishing moon is a beguiling piece of magic. My grandmother always warned me that the wishing moon had great power but your wish had to be pure of heart, and honestly felt. It is the emotion as much as the wish itself that the moon hears.

TRENT: What makes it a wishing moon?

AMY: The three full moons of spring can be wishing moons. We often don't see them or can't use them because they are covered by clouds. You have to be able to stand in the moonlight of the full moon to make a wish and in a special place like this. (*Stands in the moonlight.*)

TRENT: Have you ever wished?

AMY: I've made little wishes. Like getting an A on a test and that sort of thing and well... maybe... one medium-sized wish last month. (*TRENT makes a motion to ask about the "medium" wish but AMY quickly hurries on.*) It's my grandmother who made big ones.

TRENT: Like?

AMY: She asked the moon to have my grandfather fall in love with her.

TRENT: (*A bit skeptically.*) Really?

AMY: She swears it's true. The day before she made that wish, my grandfather had never spoken to her. The day after she made the wish, he asked her out on their first date. Coincidence, maybe, but my grandmother fully believes it was the magic of the moon.

TRENT: And you?

AMY: I want to believe... well... yes. I kind of believe. I know it's silly.

TRENT: No, not any more than anything else. It's nice.

AMY: All my grandmother's favorite moments happened here. My grandmother can tell you story after story about this place. I want to be able to do the same thing. Of course, with my own stories. (*Twirls in circles on the stage soaking in the moon and star light.*)

TRENT: I totally understand now.

AMY: (*Continues twirling.*) You do.

TRENT: I do.

TRENT twirls with AMY. Pause. TRENT stops twirling, grabs AMY'S hands to stop her from twirling.

TRENT: I can totally feel the magic. It's perfect. Now, may I ask my question?

AMY: (*All smiles.*) Please do.

TRENT: Amy, will you go with me to the prom?

AMY: (*Very excited.*) Yes!

TRENT: Fantastic.

AMY: I've never gone and always wanted to.

TRENT: Really, neither have I.

AMY: I am so glad you asked me.

They hug.

AMY: I can't wait. I can't wait. I can't wait. Let's dance.

TRENT: What? Now? Here?

AMY: Of course, now, and of course, here. This is too beautiful of a spot.

TRENT bows and extends his hand. AMY curtsies back and takes hand. One of them hums and they dance across the stage. The dance ends.

AMY: Best night of my life. I wish it would never end.

TRENT: I hate to say it. It's really late.

AMY: Thank you for asking me and giving me a night I will never forget. I wish it would never end. But I know it has to and we have to go.

They hold hands and walk back to the car.

AMY: It was a magical night.

TRENT: Amy, something's been bothering me?

AMY: What's that?

TRENT: What was your medium wish?

AMY: *(Shyly, confessing.)* That you would ask me to prom.

TRENT gives a surprised and happy reaction. They both get into the car. TRENT and AMY both put seat belts on. AMY looks out the window.

AMY: The night is so beautiful. You're probably tired of hearing it but my grandmother used to say one more thing when we came from our secret place.

TRENT: What's that? *(Small yawn.)*

AMY: That the moon would chase us home.

Pause. TRENT focuses on driving. AMY unbuckles her seatbelt and slides over to sit next to TRENT. TRENT takes a hand off the wheel and puts it around AMY. Pause. AMY rests her head on TRENT'S shoulder. She closes her eyes and falls asleep.

TRENT: Best night ever.

TRENT rests his head on AMY's head as he continues to drive, with only one hand on the wheel and the other draped over AMY. TRENT'S eyes close. Pause. TRENT'S arm swerves. He steps on the brakes and simulates a car crash but he is stopped by his seatbelt. AMY is not stopped and goes straight off the bench and onto the stage. Pause. TRENT is unconscious in the car.

AMY: *(As she lays sprawled on the stage, weak voice.)* Trent...

TRENT, in a daze, shakes his head. Realizes that AMY is not next to him. He unbuckles his seatbelt, and tries to open the car door but it is stuck. He kicks open car door and races out next to AMY.

TRENT: No Amy. No Amy. *(Sits on the stage carefully placing AMY'S head in his lap. He looks over her wounds.)*

AMY: We're still going to prom right?

AMY hums the song they hummed as they danced in the moonlight. The humming gets quieter and quieter and AMY passes away. Pause.

TRENT: Amy, of course we're going to prom.

Pause. TRENT breaks down into tears. Lights go to blackout.

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