

IN EVENT OF MOON DISASTER EXCERPT

JESSIE alone on stage. She has a pill in her hand. She holds it up to the moon. She studies both.

JESSIE

A tiny planet. They unmasked the whole wide world – every last river and meadow and archipelago and lake and ocean and sea and beach and outcropping, every island and forest and cave and crevice – naked. They bared us, too, every kneecap and finger and eyeball and ear canal and stomach and elbow and nostril and bone and tendon. Mankind’s search for truth and understanding. See the words and you assume adjectives in front of them – noble, good, admirable, just. But on their own they’re just words: truth. Understanding. Just nouns.

The Rooster enters. He stares at the moon

ROOSTER

What’s it look like to you?

JESSIE

You again.

ROOSTER

I was thinking it looks like a big white eye socket. And that everything around it is a face.

JESSIE

It’s the moon.

ROOSTER

Those dark spots, that’s like when eyes get dark spots. The whole sky is a face, the face of –

JESSIE

It’s the moon. It’s a planet.

ROOSTER

That’s not what I see.

JESSIE

Fuck what you see! It doesn’t fucking matter what you see – it’s the moon! It’s a satellite planet orbiting ours, it’s the fucking moon. It’s a giant hunk of rock with two dead astronauts on it. It’s not made of cheese or paper or foam or wood. It’s not jealous of the

Sun. It's not a man it's not a woman.

It doesn't fucking matter what you think it is, all the stupid fucking ancient stories are just bullshit; they're not true because they know what it is and it's the moon and that's all it fucking is. We know all that for sure now.