

BLUE MOON

by

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ACT ONE

At rise: Pianist plays "cocktail"
medley on *Blue Moon*. Black Out.

Lights Up: Woman standing under the
lamp post light dressed in a raincoat
and hat, a lá Frank Sinatra. She lifts
her head up, removes a pipe from her
raincoat pocket, puts it in her mouth,
sighs, lights it, then takes a few
puffs and begins her monologue.

WOMAN

When I was born, they hadn't even dropped the bomb yet.
People brushed their teeth with tooth powder
and thought that men dressing up like women
was possible only in the theatre.
We had fought the war to end all wars -- twice,
and had the Holocaust once,
referring only to white people, of course.
White bread was good for you.
Coffee was natural.
Death inevitable.
Sex was the result of the union of
two consenting adults of the opposite sex
sanctified by the holiness of God
who had obviously tried all of the positions before -
at least once.

In my early childhood I believed that only God and Einstein
knew the difference between the finite and the infinite-
That was my first mistake.

(Pianist plays a full flourishing first verse of
Blue Moon and TRIO of women singers appears
upstage in a highly stylized pose)

WOMAN

When I was still very young, I found out
that I was the only grown-up in my family.
I was not being watched by aliens,
I was not being watched at all.

TRIO

(rapidly to the tune of the *Blue Moon* verse)
Dooo-D00000...etc.

WOMAN

Some of my friends believed in reincarnation.
That was fine with me - except -
each one of them always believed
they were exactly the same person --

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (cont'd)

which didn't seem to bother them at all. --
but created some confusion for me.
I mean, unless they were all standing
on each others' shoulders
SOMEBODY WAS WRONG!

TRIO

(sighing)

AHHHHH--.....

WOMAN

I tried to draw it out in a time line once but failed
when it kept becoming a circle.
People explained it as being either right brained or
left brained, but I have always leaned toward a third choice.

TRIO

Ohhhhhhhhhhh?

WOMAN

Whatever that is.

TRIO

Mmmmmmmmm.....

WOMAN

Words from the McGuffey Reader of my life. Quote:
(chord)
Love must be forever or it is not love.
(chord)
Pain must be part of pleasure or it is not good.
(chord)
Nothing is free.

TRIO

(Piano riff. Starts to sing)

Blue Moon -

WOMAN

(cuts them off)

Wait! There's more.

(chord)

A bad woman wants sex one more time than a good man.

(chord)

Being an artist in a democracy is a luxury
no sane person can afford.

In a democracy, all sane people want to be rich.

And finally:

(chord)

Nothing is free except poverty
which only costs you your life.

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

TRIO

(singing a la Betty Boop)

Blue Moon.

You knew just what I was there for-

You heard me saying a prayer for-

Someone I really could care for. 0000000000

WOMAN

Daddy loved me best of all.

Parents often do that against their wills.

(passionately and quickly)

Affinity is often mindless, wordless and lonely.

Affinity is often mindless, wordless and ecstatic.

A bad woman feels ecstatic one more time than a good man.

Or was it that a good woman feel ecstatic one more time than
- anyone?

I'll tell you, remembering these things is a bitch!

The short ones are a little easier:

Ecstasy is a quark of human nature.

Or my mother's favorite - "Fortunately we always remember the
good things more than the bad"...

or was that Dad?

(WOMAN does a little Gene Kelly " Singing in the
Rain" dance to a verse of *Blue Moon* with the
TRIO. Dramatic conclusion at finale of dance)

I am no longer amazed that dancing can cure cancer!

(quietly)

The smell of death can be fought off

by kneading the smell of freshly baked bread

next to our sons and daughters.

TRIO

(Hums traditional verse of BLUE MOON)

"Dooo-Ahhhh."

WOMAN

People want a President who makes being rich a virtue.

Everyone wants to win the lottery and never work again.

Reporters love to interview winners.

They make them feel important.

They always ask the same question:

(piano vamp under exchange)

HOW WILL THIS CHANGE YOUR LIVES?

(may improvise within spirit of script and
characters)

"Are we on TV ? Where do I look? Oh, well, me and Henry
would like to remain the same ordinary, everyday people
we've always been...As a matter of fact, we're gonna give
all that hundred million dollars away to charity !

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (cont'd)

-Isn't that right, Henry ?"

(as reporter using umbrella as microphone)

"You're gonna give that money all away?"

"Why yes, every little bit! Except, well- maybe we'll just keep a little -- for a camper, so we can take a little trip across the United States of America spreading glory and joy to every man, woman and child we meet. Just a little camper, honey, you know the kind I mean ?

(losing control as she goes along)

--just a little itty-bitty Winnebayyyyygo! With a washer, and a dryer, color TV, microwave and a blender inside!

(breathless) That's all.

TRIO

Blue Moon.

You knew just what I was there for -

You heard me saying a prayer for -

Someone I really could care for.

WOMAN

Daddy loved Richard Nixon,
but he thought he got a bum rap.

SOLOIST

(w/back-up gospel style)

And then suddenly appeared before me,

The only one my arms could ever hold.

I heard someone whisper,

"Please Adore Me,"

And when I looked,

The moon had turned to gold.

TRIO

(prayer-like)

Ahhhh-Men.

WOMAN

(in the style of a television preacher)

Then the Lord rained down upon Sodom and Gomorrah
brimstone and fire from out of the heavens!

And He over threw those cities and the plains
around those cities

and ALL THE INHABITANTS OF THOSE CITIES and
that which grew upon the ground, too.

And Abraham got up early that morning
and he looked toward Sodom and Gomorrah
and lo and behold, the smoke of the country
went up as the smoke of a furnace.

And it came to pass that when God destroyed the cities of the
plain, He remembered Abraham and his covenant and He sent the
good man, I say, the good man Lot, out of the midst of this,
out of the cities of smoke.

And lo, Lot went out of the cities and he went forward,

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (cont'd)

I repeat that the good man went forward, but lo, Lot's wife,
She did look back from him, back from the cities of smoke,
and lo, she became at once a pillar of salt.
And Lot went into the mountains with his two daughters
and they did dwell in that cave together.

(change voice to intimate gossip)

And the second half of the story is this:
The first born said to her younger sister,
"Our father is old and there is not a man in the earth
to come into us now,
so come, let us make our father drink the wine
and we will lie with him so that we may preserve his seed."
And they made their father drink the wine that night
and the first born went in and lay with him
and he perceived her not when she lay with him
nor when he arose.
And it came to pass that on the morrow the firstborn
said to the younger sister,
"Behold, I lay yesternight with our father.
Let us make him drink the wine also this night
and thou go in and lie with him
that we may preserve his seed."
And they made the father drink the wine that night also
and the younger arose and lay with him too,
and he perceived her not when she lay with him
nor when she arose.

Thus were both the daughters of Lot with child
by their father
and he did not look back.
And none did look back, and the first born bore a son and
called his name Moab, father of the Moabites,
and the younger also bare him a son called Ben Am'me,
the same as the children of Ammon.
And none did look back on that night again.

SOLOIST

(w/ backup in lullaby rhythm)

And then suddenly there before me,
The only one my arms could hold.
I heard someone whisper,
"Adore me,"
But when I looked, the moon
turned to gold.

WOMAN

(tenderly)

I am a Mother.
I like the sound of the word...
the way it rolls off the tongue like honey.
I never read my daughter fairy tales.
I use to sit in her playpen and the mailman would smile
at us playing as he handed me our mail.
I never read her Bible stories either.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (cont'd)

Too violent, I thought.
 Especially the one about Abraham and Isaac.
 When my husband was out of town, I would sleep by her door.
 I was the man of the house then, and on those nights
 I trembled with the knowledge I could kill to save her.
 That is the sacred truth.
 Abraham was wrong.
 (piano chord)

SOLOIST

(tenderly)

I heard someone whisper,
 "Please adore me,"
 But when I looked at you -
 I turned to dust.

WOMAN

When my father was about to die, I was afraid.
 His eyes rolled back in his head and I held his hand.
 He wanted so desperately for me to let him go -
 but I couldn't.
 I wanted one more second -
 as long as time can be -
 to hold him close to me again
 and breath in the sweetness of him --
 one more time.
 Later, after he was dead,
 I returned to the room to find him dancing.
 The energy was everywhere and I was happy,
 chasing after, kissing him good-bye
 as I rushed through his wind.
 In the end, I could not find the lines intact
 and left - smiling.

TRIO

(piano tinkles BLUE MOON while TRIO hums)

Oooooowwww's.

WOMAN

"Sex and Death," they say.
 Sex and Death and the rest is commentary.
 (chord)
 In the beginning there were only the poets.
 I like to think that way
 and then connect the lines here, back to me-
 then out again - there -
 to the woman called mother
 who wanders through the night
 searching through telephone lines for God,
 To the mean mouthed grandfather
 who cursed his young son into an early grave.
 They have kissed my soul,
 and they are me.
 But they have not owned it,
 (MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (cont'd)

and they are not me.

"Sex and death," they say.

Sex and Death and the rest is commentary.

I have reached down between my legs and kissed you,
and for that you have slapped my face.

Too close.

No one told us about all this closeness.

We all get so uncomfortable.

It's better to run through our dust in the wind.

(chord)

My father loved Richard Nixon.

Sometimes I think he was the only man he ever felt close to.

He wanted to save him from his pain - his shame-

I wanted to save my father from the same.

Perhaps I love Richard Nixon, too.

PIANIST

(shouts to TRIO)

"Five, Six, Seven, Eight!

TRIO

(boogie-woogie style)

You knew just what I was there for -

You heard me saying a prayer for -

Someone I really could care for!

WOMAN

In the beginning there was only original sin,
only it wasn't original.

The rest is commentary.

(Pacing as she shouts rapidly)

I don't like TVs, stereos, ghetto blasters, high-speed
planes, electronic games, computers, soft-ware or inter-
continental ballistic missiles!

I mean I don't want to like them.

(chord)

There are three other things I don't want to like.

Or know I could really love.

(music bed under as TRIO pantomimes)

Other women as I do my men.

Soap operas as I do my plays.

And cocaine for the hell of it.

(pause)

I once slept with a spy.(CHORD)

Yes, it's true. I never lie.

I once heard stories from a drunken general

holed up in a Washington hotel near the White House.

The spy said he was a patriot.

The paper called him a defector.

I thought he looked like Lot's wife.

His medals were for fighting the Nazi's

who had no respect for human life

And being an invaluable part of the Communist Party, in a

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)

CONTINUED:

WOMAN (cont'd)

forgotten country given away to Stalin
 at the end of World War Two
 by the Communist Party for whom he had once risked all
 but to whom he was now merely excess baggage.
 I wanted to sleep with the old man.
 To suckle him with the sweet milk of forgetting.
 But I didn't.
 I wanted to carry his seed back to a better time.
 But I didn't.
 I left that room and never looked back.
 He probably never left.
 He probably died there and never danced again.
 The maid probably slipped him under the door
 and into the trash.
 Such are the things our lives are made of
 when no one's there to watch.

TRIO

Now I'm no longer alone.
 Without a dream in my heart.
 Without a love of my own.

WOMAN

I know the difference between the finite and the infinite and
 I'm not God.

(WOMAN return to her lamppost while the TRIO
 sings verses returning to a normal tempo)

TRIO

Blue Moon,
 You saw me standing alone,
 Without a dream in my heart,
 Without a love of my own.
 Blue Moon,
 You knew just what I was there for-
 You heard me saying a prayer for-
 Someone I really could care for.
 And then suddenly appeared before me,
 The only one my arms could ever hold.
 I heard someone whisper , "Please, adore me,"
 But when I looked the moon had turned to gold.
 Blue Moon.
 Now I'm no longer alone,
 Without a dream in my heart,
 Without a love of my own.

TRIO moves to BLACK OUT

WOMAN nods to pianist and returns to
 opening pose as music ends.

BLACK OUT

END OF PLAY