

# ***Over The Moon***

*by*

*Joseph Arnone*

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Cast of Characters

LUCIA :

30

ARNOLD :

30

Place

Central Park

Time

Night

2.

Setting: A bench inside the infamous Central Park in New York City. It is a warm and breezy night with the moonlight shining bright.

At Rise: Lucia and Arnold sit next to one another, overlooking a pond. Lucia is dressed in modern day clothing. Arnold is dressed from the 1700's.

LUCIA: It's self-imposed claustrophobia. I can't get back outside myself. Not sure if I ever was outside myself. You don't follow me at all, do you? That's not to say your dumb, cause you're a really nice fella and all, it's just that the way you look at me is different. Different in the way that you actually care to listen to my problems, but also different in the way that it doesn't seem to register...on your face...what I'm saying. Sure, I'm grateful to even be heard in this great big world of ours. Isn't that amazing? Like, how there are billions of us spread out over the Earth and most of us don't really know one another? I find that scary. I sound like a real tulip, don't I? They do talk, you know...flowers, all we have to do is listen. I pay attention to things like that. I had this mother once who used to try and take care of plants but they would always die on her after a time. Till one day she went on holiday and left me in charge of all the plants and within a week they were all standing straight up, stretching out towards the sun...you know why? I would sing to them softly. In the mornings, after I watered them, I'd sing them sweet nursery rhymes...I felt an instant connection, I would even say bond, you know, like they were friends of mine, even family if you really want to know the truth...great people...in a way you remind me of them cause you listen and don't respond much. It's nice. It's nice cause you have nice eyes and I like looking into your eyes.

*Arnold kisses her.*

Oh, my, what was that for Arnold?

ARNOLD: I love you.

LUCIA: Love me?! You don't even know me, are you a crazy person or something or other?

ARNOLD: When I kisseth thee, did thou blink?

LUCIA: No, I don't think I blinked.

ARNOLD: May I kiss thy tender lips once more?

LUCIA: Sure.

*Arnold kisses her again.*

Anyone ever tell you your quite the lip locker? You make me get all dizzy inside. That hasn't happened since the first grade when Thomas Findleton planted one on me and knocked me out cold. No, really, he really knocked me out cold. We both fell over in the playroom on top of the Witches Doll House and I got knocked out. That was my very first kiss.

ARNOLD: Does thou radiate so well in the sun as thou radiates in the moonlight?

LUCIA: I try not too put on too much make-up. Am I glowing too much?

ARNOLD: Your complexion is perfection.

LUCIA: Really? No shit. Thank you. That's very kind of you to say to me.

ARNOLD: Shall we walk further?

LUCIA: I'm good. (she lifts up her legs revealing her feet) My feet are killing me with those new high heels I bought. Absolute murder to wear on a first date. Should've known better. My footsies are gonna blow up triple the size by morning. Life. So, where ya from?

ARNOLD: Over the hills just yonder.

LUCIA: What's your favorite color?

ARNOLD: Silver.

LUCIA: What do you do for a living?

ARNOLD: I manage the land.

LUCIA: You're a real estate guy. I figured you'd be something like that. I work at a nail salon. I'm really great with nails, always been great with nails. Wanted to be an artist originally like a great painter but settled on doing nails. I get loads of compliments too, cause of the detail. See, that's the thing about it, life is in the details. Most people forget the details, like when Steve Jobs and his team signed their names inside the original Apple computers, that's detail, right? And when I paint tiny stars, or trees or cats and dogs for my clients, that's detail and I get good tips for that kind of level of work.

ARNOLD: You're incredible.

LUCIA: I'm a nail technician.

ARNOLD: And that makes you incredible. Can you paint my nails?

LUCIA: Really? Well, I guess I can if..(she searches her bag) Ah! You're in luck. I usually carry a few colors of nail polish with me wherever I go. It keeps me calm just knowing they're with me. Like a comfort thing. If something goes wrong, I whip them out and I get to painting my nails and I can breathe clearly again. I get anxiety. Do you care what color I use on you?

ARNOLD: Not at all.

LUCIA: Cool.

*Lucia begins painting Arnold's nails.*

ARNOLD: Fascinating.

LUCIA: Yeah, started doing this since I could walk and talk. And since the moon is out, I'm going to place a tiny moon right there on your pinkie as a reminder of our special night.

ARNOLD: You're too kind.

LUCIA: Don't mention it. I mean, I can always go back to painting on canvas. I still have a few of them canvases laying around my apartment. It's not like I can't pick up the brush at any time. My hands still work. (beat) You like that?

*Arnold holds up his hand and stares in awe.*

ARNOLD: Magnificent.

LUCIA: YEAH?

ARNOLD: It's like a work of art.

LUCIA: Told ya.

ARNOLD: Truly fantastic. Thank you.

LUCIA: Glad you like it.

*Lucia puts her nail polish back in her bag.*

ARNOLD: I'll always treasure this moment.

LUCIA: It usually rubs completely off in a few weeks, depending on how active your hands are, so...

ARNOLD: You are a special human being.

LUCIA: Am I?

ARNOLD: Yes, you most definitely are.

LUCIA: You are so full of compliments. Really. I'm, no one ever talks to me the way that you do, Arnold.

ARNOLD: I am most taken by you.

LUCIA: Like that! See? No one has ever said things like that to me before?

ARNOLD: Do you wish for me to stop?

LUCIA: No, it's wonderful, you are wonderful. It's just that, the things you say to me feel like a forgotten age. For a moment or two you actually make me believe you are genuine. I'm not saying that this moment in time with you, under this gorgeous bright moon, isn't magical...but, I also know the cold truth that one day this will all go away and you will speak to me like everyone else, empty, distant, and life will become what it's always been for me. I guess I appreciate this night with you because it serves as a reminder of what life could be, but let's face it Arnold, life is always about trying to make it great, instead of always being great.

ARNOLD: We can always be great.

LUCIA (tapping his cheek): Oh, you're a real romantic, aren't you?

ARNOLD: Do you not take my word as sincerity?

LUCIA: I do. It's nice.

ARNOLD: I mean what I say.

LUCIA: Do you?

ARNOLD: My honor is my word.

LUCIA: You're a strange one, I'll give you that.

*Lucia puts back on her heels.*

So tight, my feet are already swelling up.

ARNOLD: Shall I carry you home?

LUCIA: Home? You ain't seeing my home lover boy. Not yet, anyway.

ARNOLD: I didn't mean to offend you.

LUCIA: No offense taken. Believe me, I've had guys come on to me and say the most horrible things.

ARNOLD: I'm sorry.

LUCIA: Don't be.

*Awkward silence.*

*Lucia painfully stands up.*

ARNOLD: Allow me.

*Arnold gives her a hand.*

It is almost midnight.

LUCIA: Yeah, getting' late.

ARNOLD: I won't see you ever again.

LUCIA: Oh. I didn't...that's okay.

ARNOLD: I wish to see you again, but it's not possible.

LUCIA: You're married! I knew it! Why didn't you just tell me from the get go---

ARNOLD: No, no, that's not it at all.

LUCIA: Are you dying?

ARNOLD: ...This is too hard for me to explain, Lucia...there are things in life that are unexplainable and it's most probably better that way...I wish I didn't have to leave, but I must go back...I never intended to meet you and spend this entire evening with you...you will stay in my heart forever, until my final breath, I will be thinking of you and only you and hope that when I cease to exist, that you will be found once again, amongst the meadow and high hills, amongst the sunsets and moonlit skies, I will forever love you.

*Arnold kisses Lucia passionately.*

LUCIA: Maybe you can come back to my place.

ARNOLD: Lucia, I must go.

LUCIA: Go?

ARNOLD: Remember the words I have spoken. Perhaps in another life, another place, another time we could have been together...promise me this, promise me that you won't forget me.

LUCIA: Okay.

ARNOLD: Please, promise you will always remember me.

LUCIA: I promise.

ARNOLD: Never let me go.

LUCIA: Where are you going?



ARNOLD: If it were so simple.

*Lights begin to fade.*

Please, go now, make it back to the street where there is light so you are safe. I can go no further.

LUCIA: What's wrong with you? Why are you acting so strange?

ARNOLD: I'm sorry. Lucia, my love, go now, it is midnight...go now.

*Arnold runs off into the night.*

*Lucia stands there silently for a moment. She looks up at the moon and then slowly walks her way to the street lights.*

*As Lucia reaches stage right, the lights come down as she exits.*

**END OF PLAY**