



**MOON  
MAN  
WALK**

**BY JAMES IJAMES**



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DRAMATISTS  
PLAY SERVICE  
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MOON MAN WALK  
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MOON MAN WALK was developed in the Lark's Playwrights' Week in New York City.

MOON MAN WALK was produced by Orbiter 3 Playwrights Collective (Maura Krause, Artistic Director) at the Prince Theater in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, on June 27, 2015. It was directed by Edward Sobel, the scenic and lighting design was by Thom Weaver, the sound design and original music were by Alex Bechtel, the costume design was by Millie Hiibel, the props design was by Sara Outing, the projection design was by Liz Phillips, and the stage manager was Stephanie Sintef. The cast was as follows:

MONARCH (SPENCER) .....	Lindsay Smiling
ESTHER .....	Jaylene Clark Owens
PETRUSHKA .....	Aimé Donna Kelly
THE ASTRONAUT .....	Carlo Campbell

## CHARACTERS

*Actor 1 (30s) plays*  
SPENCER

*Actor 2 (20s) plays*  
ESTHER  
FLIGHT ATTENDANT  
NURSE

*Actor 3 (30s) plays*  
PETRUSHKA

*Actor 4 (50s) plays*  
THE ASTRONAUT  
FUNERAL GUY  
FLOWER GUY  
KESI

Now and various other moments in time

*We ourselves are made of star stuff*

—Carl Sagan

# MOON MAN WALK

*An empty stage. Could be anywhere. The coast of the cosmos or the coast of the ocean. A lovely place. Esther, Spencer, Astronaut, and Petrushka stand on the edge of this space. They look up to the sky. They are remembering this story. Putting it back together.*

ESTHER. In the beginning.

SPENCER. There was a boy.

PETRUSHKA. Who grew up to be man size.

ESTHER. But still remained a boy.

SPENCER. Which made him...I guess, a man-boy.

ESTHER. Average height.

SPENCER. Uh...Above-average height. Who wrote stories and dreamed in big bold colors.

ESTHER. Right.

PETRUSHKA. His name was Spencer.

ASTRONAUT. Spencer?

ESTHER. His mother named him Spencer.

ASTRONAUT. 'Cause his father wanted her to.

ESTHER. She...hated the name.

SPENCER. When she said his name it was with terrific love and mild contempt.

ESTHER. He was a good child.

PETRUSHKA. Kind in manner and gentle of eye.

SPENCER. Nearsighted and cautious.

ASTRONAUT. His father wasn't around. He was far away. Hard to find.

SPENCER. So he lived his life as a mighty Man-Boy.

ESTHER. Looking at the moon.

*The space opens. Everyone scatters at the sound of some cosmic music enveloping the space. It can be everywhere. It should be big. Sweeping. Orchestral. Spencer lifts a box. The box contains multitudes. Many lives. Many histories. He sets the box on the floor. He surveys the room.*

*Another part of the space, but in a different place in time: Esther stands and looks out of a window that is facing upstage. She should look like one of those “halted traveler” paintings from the Romantic period. As though she has been stopped by a sight either beautiful or terrific.*

This story begins at the end of things. And then...goes back.

SPENCER. He loved books.

PETRUSHKA. You love books.

ESTHER. It's you, now baby.

SPENCER. Right.

*Recognizes the audience. Beat. They are his friends.*

I love books. Always have. This is because of my mother. She is really what my story is about. I wanted to be a writer but I decided to be a librarian. I know. I know. But, I'm very good at it. Anywho... My mother told me the first story. Our creation myth.

*A memory approaches. Esther calls to Spencer. The memory of her is perfect to Spencer. She should feel a bit like a fifties TV mom. June Cleaver. In Spencer's mind his mother is perfect. She is all smiles.*

ESTHER. Come eat, child. Come eat. It's going to get cold.

SPENCER. ZOoooooooooooooooooooooM

*Esther laughs.*

ESTHER. What are you doing, you little rascal?

SPENCER. I'm flying.

ESTHER. Sit. Eat.

SPENCER. ZoooooooooooooooooooooMMMMMM

ESTHER. Alright now. Sit down. It's gonna get cold.

SPENCER. Superman don't need to eat Momma!

ESTHER. Oh no?

SPENCER. Nope he don't need to.

ESTHER. Well my superman needs to eat.

SPENCER. I'm gonna be like Superman when I grow up.

ESTHER. Sure you will! Eat.

SPENCER. I don't like this.

ESTHER. Well it's what we have. Eat.

SPENCER. Couldn't we have McDonald's?

ESTHER. (*Drops the June Cleaver bit.*) You have McDonald's money?

SPENCER. No ma'am.

ESTHER. Welp...you better dig into that cheesy macaroni.

SPENCER. I'm gonna be here alone tonight again?

ESTHER. You know I have work baby. You won't even know I'm gone. Tina will check in on you. And she is right next door. You just knock on the wall and she will come over. When you wake up in the morning, I'll be here.

SPENCER. I pretend like I'm guarding a castle.

ESTHER. That's right little man.

SPENCER. I'm not little.

ESTHER. You more little than me.

SPENCER. But...you've been here longer. That's the only reason.

ESTHER. Yeah maybe.

SPENCER. You'll be back in the morning?

ESTHER. Yes! Of course. I'm not gonna leave you baby.

SPENCER. Yes ma'am.

*Esther recedes. Spencer hears Esther singing.*

ESTHER.

*Bring back bring back*

*Oh bring back my bonnie to me, to me.*

*Bring back bring back*

*Bring back my bonnie to me.*

SPENCER. My cell phone rings. My cell phone never rings.



*It does so.*

Hello?

NURSE. Mr. Taylor?

SPENCER. This is he.

NURSE. Mr. Taylor I'm sorry to have to tell you that your mother passed away last night.

SPENCER. Wha... I'm sorry I didn't quite hear what you—the connection is—

NURSE. —Your mother died last night. She's gone. We are trying to determine what—

SPENCER. —Gone? Gone where?

NURSE. Mr. Taylor.

SPENCER. What...what are you saying?

NURSE. I'm a nurse at Mercy West—

SPENCER. —My mother is in the hospital?

NURSE. She had a—

SPENCER. —Why wasn't I called?

NURSE. We are calling you now.

*Silence...for as long as we can allow... Just before it becomes too long:*

Mr. Taylor?

SPENCER. Yes.

NURSE. Did you hear me?

SPENCER. Yes. Yes I did.

NURSE. So you understand what has happened?

SPENCER. Yes.

NURSE. We wanted to know when you—

SPENCER. —I'll be there tomorrow morning.

*(To us.)* This is the moment when our hero would typically tell us how he feels about the preceding event. I'm opting to forego that tedium. Mostly because I have zero emotional intelligence. Instead...I offer you, something else. Trust me it relates. I hate flying. It makes me... I tend to talk a lot when...well...anyway. This miraculous creature is Petrushka.

*Petrushka enters and sits beside Spencer. Instantly he is on the airplane. Spencer begins reading a book. They should be as compact, on top of each other, as possible. However the rest of the stage should make us remember the vast open possibility of a blue sky in May over New England. If you haven't seen this particular wonder...any old blue sky will do. Petrushka reads a magazine. Sky Mall.*

She was in the seat beside me. I didn't notice her initially. For those of you that don't believe in fate, destiny, kismet...well...I'm here to tell you...it's gloriously real.

PETRUSHKA. HA!! Just what I need!

SPENCER. Excuse me?

PETRUSHKA. Life-size garden gnome. Oooo this one is a zombie crawling out of the ground.

SPENCER. Oh.

PETRUSHKA. Don't mind me. I love these stupid magazines. Full of useless toys.

SPENCER. Right.

PETRUSHKA. I'm Petrushka.

SPENCER. How do you do?

PETRUSHKA. I'm well I guess. What's your name?

SPENCER. Spencer. That's a unique name.

PETRUSHKA. No I actually know several Spencers. They tend to go by Spence.

SPENCER. No, I mean—

PETRUSHKA. —I'm just teasing you. Hey...uh... Were you just talking to yourself?

SPENCER. ...No I was...I was talking to them.

*Spencer indicates the audience. He is happy to share this secret. Petrushka is surprised by how many people are there.*

PETRUSHKA. *(Takes in the audience.)* Ah. Hi. How y'all doing this fine day?

*(Through a smile.)* Take them everywhere you go?

SPENCER. Yes.

# MOON MAN WALK

by James Ijames

2 men, 2 women

Upon hearing about the sudden death of his mother, Spencer returns to his home in Philadelphia to plan her funeral. Along the way Spencer falls in love, discovers the truth about his absent father, and learns that his past is also the making of his present. This magical journey through space and time takes us literally from Philadelphia to the moon and back.

*"Ijames...demonstrate[s] just how hard it can be for humans to overcome the harsh truth of living in the present moment. ...Nothing really appears to be what it is in the play, and that pull between fantasy, fiction, and the raw present is a theme that is beautifully sewn throughout the narrative. ...[a] gorgeous script."*

—**Philadelphia Magazine**

*"...lovely and accomplished... The story is both sweet and sad, which is the characteristic tone of Ijames' writing. ...MOON MAN WALK is ambitious and intriguing."*

—**Philadelphia City Paper**

*"James Ijames' gorgeously written play dwells in the loneliness of being an only child to a working single mother, the barriers we let down when genuine love wants in and the enduring power of the mother-son relationship, one of the most magical things in life."*

—**Philadelphia Weekly**

**Also by James Ijames**

THE MOST SPECTACULARLY  
LAMENTABLE TRIAL OF MIZ  
MARTHA WASHINGTON  
WHITE

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