

REVOLUTIONS: SUPER MOON

BY ALLISON GREGORY

Wright Now Play Later: November

Stephanie R: The lights. And the smell of lavender. The spinning always starts with them. And when it does, only one thing can make it stop. How did I end up on the floor? Who are you?

Emmaline Adams: The pretty-or-intelligent binary! Sending scents via text!

Night. CHARLALAYNE lies on the ground, looking up at KEITH, who hovers over her.

CHARLALAYNE

How did I end up on the floor? Who are you?

KEITH

My name is Keith. I'm security. You were looking up at the moon. Then you kinda spun around and leaned way back and...

CHARLALAYNE

The lights. And the smell of lavender. The spinning always starts with them. And when it does, only one thing can make it stop.

KEITH

Are you okay?

CHARLALAYNE

What day is it?

KEITH

November (*today's date*).

CHARLALAYNE

It's still so bright.

KEITH

The Super Moon? Yeah, it hasn't gone away. They're saying it's here to stay.

CHARLALAYNE

I was in Provence, I was in love, we stayed in a house surrounded by lavender fields outside of a small charming town. We bought a tablecloth and goat cheese at the outdoor market. One night we stayed out too late, drinking wine with beautiful French people who spoke no English -- and of course we had no French. But somehow we understood each other perfectly. When we got back to the house we were locked out, it was November, so cold. But the lavender needs that, it toughens the stalks. We spent that chilly night wrapped around each other, sleeping on a bed of lavender under the blanket of the full moon.

(beat)

KEITH

Can I help you up?

CHARLALAYNE

No. Where did that smell come from?

KEITH

Smell-?

CHARLALAYNE

The lavender. Didn't you smell it?

KEITH

Uh. I'm not sure. Really, let me help you --

CHARLALAYNE

No.

KEITH

Okay...

(beat)

Look, I've got my phone here, I'm gonna call for some backup.

CHARLALAYNE

Do you even know what lavender smells like? Have you ever in your brief time on this revolving planet smelled fresh lavender?

KEITH

Well --

CHARLALAYNE

No, not that imitation crap they put in laundry detergents and cheap lip balm. I'm talking about the real deal, actual lavender from the actual *shrub*. Grown in this earth, watered by this sky, baked by the sun and soothed by the moon. This moon. *Have you?*

KEITH

Not actually. I don't get out much.

CHARLALAYNE

Too bad. It's nice.

(beat)

Smells like a memory.

KEITH

It's almost five, people are going to be coming through here soon. Lots of people. I don't want you to get, you know, walked on.

CHARLALAYNE

We were supposed to get married. Everything planned, the guests, the food, the flowers. Lavender of course.

(MORE)

CHARLALAYNE (cont'd)

We were in Orlando, dancing. She was a beautiful dancer, you couldn't take your eyes off her. I couldn't. The next thing someone is shooting, people are falling, I'm on the floor. And she's not dancing anymore.

(beat)

KEITH

Hey. I'm...man.

KEITH lays down on the ground near CHARLALAYNE. They spend a quiet moment down there.

KEITH (cont'd)

(in french???)

I'm going to text you right now.

Charlalayne's PHONE DINGS -- text received.

KEITH (cont'd)

I found this app. It's called 'sCents'. You can, send, you know, scents.

CHARLALAYNE looks at her phone; she smells it, taking in a deep breath.

CHARLALAYNE

Oh. It's nice.

They look at the moon.

End of Play