

HEELS OVER HEAD

By
Susan Goodell

HEELS OVER HEAD

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HEELS OVER HEAD

*for the countless actors, directors, designers, and fellow writers
who worked alongside me to shape this story*

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Heels Over Head was originally produced by Tri-State Actors Theatre in Newton, NJ directed by Patricia Durante featuring the following cast:

Jake.....Jason Szametra
Luna.....Rosemary Glennon
Stan.....Nicholas Wilder
Mari.....Ashley Kowzun
Marvin.....Tom Walker
Blossom.....Tara Henderson

Heels Over Head received its second production by Rover Dramawerks, as winner of its “Seconds Award,” in Plano, TX directed by Frances Chatel Seman and featuring the following cast:

Jake.....Clint Prentice
Luna.....Jeny Siddall
Stan.....Kevin Michael Fuld
Mari.....Rae Harvill
Marvin..... Robert G. Shores
Blossom.....Madeleine Morris

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CAST: 3 Men, 3 Women

- JAKE Late 20s to late 30s, precise, analytical. Luna likely is his first girlfriend. Joyful just looking at her. Goes to anxiety easily.
- LUNA Late 20s to mid 30s, sweet, romantic, but with a little nice “control freak” underneath. Fussy hostess. In love with love. Little dampens her optimism.
- STAN Late 20s to late 30s, Jake’s swaggering, know-it-all, commitment-phobic best friend. Grounded as real, rather than a type. A golden heart under the bluster.
- MARI Late 20s to early 40s, Luna’s slightly older, fragile sister. Improvised “mysticism” is sincere but outside the standard psychic stuff. Matter-of-fact delivery contradicts mania in her speech. Capricious, even mid-sentence. Individual, but not mystical-cliché dress.
- MARVIN Late 20s to early 40s, Luna’s ex-boyfriend. Conservative,

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Wall-Streeter, handsome with great hair. Smooth veneer starts to fall apart.

BLOSSOM

Late 20s to early 40s, Jake's internet friend. Corporate by day, needy, fragile in her internet life.

THE TIME:

The present, though in the time zone that only new love creates.

THE SETTINGS:

A minimal abstract set suggesting many settings: a bungee jump bridge, a honeymoon inn, Luna's apartment, Jake's apartment, a café where the couple convenes, Blossom's apartment and a limbo land where the couple searches for Mari.

Author's note: Though these characters might appear as types, each acts out of fragility, anxiety, wants and needs. Their wacky belief systems put pressure on the romance. Please keep Jake and Luna's anger repressed until their explosion, end of ACT II, Scene 5. I hear this comedy as understated, deadpan—less is more. Reactions are important. I encourage exploration for truth foremost, then adding broader comedy moments as cake icing.

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ACT I
SCENE 1

A bridge, location for the Bungee Jumping for Singles weekend. JAKE and LUNA wait in line as Luna stares ahead, engaged in trance-like mental preparation trying different arm and body motions. Jake does different equally weird, more active preparation motions.

JAKE. So hi. *(Luna, staring ahead, continues arm and body motions, visualizing herself taking a jump. Luna continues motions, concentrating until Jake moves close enough in to make Luna uncomfortable.)*

LUNA. *(Notices someone there.)* Oh. Hi.

JAKE. *(Meaning Luna's motions.)* What's that? *(Luna moves away, but Jake moves in, persisting.)* Are you alright?

LUNA. *(Moves away.)* I'm visualizing.

JAKE. Oh? What do you see?

LUNA. You making fun of me?

JAKE. No, no. I'm, sincerely, asking what you're doing.

LUNA. Watching myself fly.

JAKE. *(Ironic.)* I would never make fun of that.

LUNA. Fine. *(Turns away.)*

JAKE. Trancing is the last thing I'd do. Face this fully awake, fully alert. Fill your lungs.

LUNA. I am fully alert. I'm ready.

JAKE. I'm more than ready.

LUNA. *(New thought.)* This isn't just a jump. It's opening to possibilities. Changing our lives.

JAKE. This is supposed to change our lives?

LUNA. Why else are we here?

JAKE. The adventure.

LUNA. There are easier adventures than this.

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JAKE. OK. I'm here for...things. Fears. I'm here...to lose...to conquer. Fears. Bet you have fears.

LUNA. No.

JAKE. You need to change your life.

LUNA. Which is none of your—

JAKE. Then why mention it?

LUNA. I'm here for something I plan to forget.

JAKE. Something...(In her face.) or someone?

LUNA. Um, someone.

JAKE. Got it. A boyfriend dumped you.

LUNA. I dumped—

JAKE. Oh. Why did you dump him?

LUNA. Stop. I'm here to forget he existed.

JAKE. He's sending you off a bridge. Tell me one thing about him. Then I'll leave you alone.

LUNA. He was a Wall Street twit.

JAKE. (Not really.) Ohhh. That's bad. Good luck forgetting him. (Not ready to let her go.) Looks like we're doing this together.

LUNA. You promised to leave me alone.

JAKE. I can't. Looks like we're partners. I'm Jake. Since we're bungee jumping together shouldn't you tell me your name?

LUNA. I'm Luna.

JAKE. Not that it makes any difference cause we'll never see each other again.

LUNA. Good news.

JAKE. Don't agree. (Pause.) In just a minute, our turn to...(Fear overtaking.) fall. You look down?

LUNA. (Looks down; gets alarmed.) Of course. I'm not afraid. I'm prepared. (Pause.) That's faarr down. (Panicked.) I'm looking straight ahead. (Visualizing.) I will soar.

JAKE. We don't soar. We f-f-fall. And it's almost...our turn!

LUNA. (They hook up rigs. She's intimidated.) What about facing your fears!

JAKE. (Frightened.) You're bravely...changing your life!

LUNA. (Frightened.) No. No turning back!

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JAKE. I wouldn't think of...I'm all set. Good. We will...do this...on the count of three.

LUNA. Count of five.

JAKE. (*Sarcastic.*) Better count to ten.

LUNA. (*Annoyed.*) Just count to five.

JAKE. Do you want to count?

LUNA. You count.

JAKE. Happy to let you count.

LUNA. You're facing your fears.

JAKE. (*Nervously meeting the challenge.*) OK, girl with no fears. I hope you're ready, cause I've never been read-read-readier. Watch. One, two, three, four, five. (*They scream, perhaps sweetened with a falling sound like a slide whistle and/or echoes of their screams. Lighting also conveys Jake and Luna's nonliteral "fall." A design option is pushing a bed from just below the bungee platform.*)

SCENE 2

A hotel room where Jake and Luna are in bed, just waking up. They are very shy with one another, particularly when they touch or kiss.

JAKE. Morning.

LUNA. (*Groggily.*) Hiiii. (*They both roll their heads to look at each other, drinking in their mutual contentment. Luna finally sits up.*) I forgot where I was. The real world and the dream world blurred together tumbling through a wildflower meadow...in the clouds... and...oh...oh. (*Starts to cry.*)

JAKE. (*Alarmed.*) Why are you crying? Do you cry a lot?

LUNA. No. Uhhhhh.

JAKE. (*Panicked.*) What do I do when you cry? You're not crying about me? (*Soothes her awkwardly.*)

LUNA. I'm just...so haaapppeey.

JAKE. (*Panicked.*) That's how you look when you're happy? Good to know. (*Relieved.*) Me too. I'm happy. Elated! Whew. (*With controlled*

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emotion.) Top of the worl-eld. Does it feel like we're floating inside like...a colorful bubble?

LUNA. Like racing down a rainbow slide.

JAKE. Galloping on a flying horse? I've never ridden a flying horse. This is how it must feel.

LUNA. Hold still. Need to hear your blood pulse.

JAKE. I have to feel your eyelashes. (*She flutters eyelashes against him.*) I love them.

LUNA. (*Runs her fingers over Jake's ears.*) I've lost myself in your ears.

JAKE. (*Draws Luna close.*) I feel your breath and the earth stops turning.

LUNA. (*Listens to Jake's breath.*) Your breathing is music! (*They both sigh.*) I feel. I feel. Like we ran away from everything in the world but us.

JAKE. We did run away. Just realized. Wow. How did we—

LUNA. When we returned to ground. Yes! I looked at you and—

JAKE. While we were hanging. When we looked over at—

LUNA. Exactly the same moment. And saw each other. Yes, when it happened...in midair! We were still bouncing. There was...my perfect mirror. My—

JAKE. Other half?

LUNA. Outer worldly—

JAKE. Then on the ground. A still world-other-world.

LUNA. Where we don't talk. Or need to. There's no choice. We have to get in the car together. And just start driving.

JAKE. Just keep driving. Because I knew that you knew it too. Full. Connection.

LUNA. I was going to say joined. Did we even talk to each other? I don't remember.

JAKE and LUNA. Perfect.

LUNA. I feel...I feel...what's so hard to express.

JAKE. I know.

LUNA. I know. I was going to say I know. You don't have to say anything else. Jake? It doesn't matter but—

JAKE. Nothing matters. Everything matters!

LUNA. Yes! So deep. It doesn't matter but...do you know where we are?

JAKE. We are...we are...here. It has a flower name.

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LUNA. We're inside a flower. A rose? A pink tulip?

JAKE. (*Certain now.*) Larkspur. This is the Larkspur Inn. Gracious bed and breakfast. There was a sign.

LUNA. So like you to remember details. Are we in a town?

JAKE. Let's see...a tank and a half of gas, about 21 gallons. The sun on our left side meaning we headed—

LUNA. Will we spoil it knowing where we are?

JAKE. If we need to know, we can ask the innkeeper.

LUNA. There's an innkeeper?

JAKE. A lady who brings the blueberry muffins. (*New thought.*) Because consumers consider them healthy, there's a rising demand for berry fruits in bakery goods.

LUNA. (*Puzzled.*) I wondered how the muffins got here. There's a lady. (*New revelation.*) Does the room feel like it's whirling?

JAKE. Just like a roller coaster—

LUNA. On a carousel. We're so—

JAKE. Remarkably in / synch.

LUNA. (*Overlapping.*) Matched.

JAKE. We're half an hour from the nearest store, and there's nothing to eat but blueberry muffins. (*Doesn't want to complain.*) I've never eaten only blueberry muffins so many days in a row.

LUNA. But wasn't it your dream?

JAKE. Not before. (*Recovers.*) It is now.

LUNA. Shhhh. You don't have to say anything. Somehow I even dreamed...this is wild...we got married.

JAKE. Yes. I had the same dream. Didn't we stop at a courthouse? If we did, we'd have a certificate. (*Rummages. Gets certificate.*) Here it is. Fairview County Courthouse.

LUNA. I remember it. Vaguely. I don't know where we are now.

JAKE. A magic place between sleep and waking. (*They stay still for a few seconds, but eventually each has to shift positions slightly. They readjust.*)

LUNA. Don't add anything. Don't take anything away. Just freeze this moment.

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Lights fade. Time passes. Jake and Luna are in their bed and breakfast room reading the newspaper, glancing lovingly. Luna spots something disturbing in the paper, creating a frenzy. Quickly folds the paper again.

LUNA. Oh no! Don't look in the newspaper!

JAKE. Why? Are we in there? *(He grabs newspaper from her.)* Nothing upsetting. Just the news.

LUNA. You don't see? It says...it's Sunday!

JAKE. Today is Sunday? It has to be a day of the week.

LUNA. But...I thought time had...stopped. Doesn't it feel like...time stopped?

JAKE. *(Analytic mode.)* It does. But how would that work, really?

LUNA. On our special planet there is no time.

JAKE. *(Becoming practical.)* Then we'd always have the same season—either all day or night depending on the hemisphere. We knew, really, time wouldn't stop.

LUNA. If today is Sunday that means tomorrow is Monday. You know what that means?

JAKE. Err. First day of the week?

LUNA. In just 12 hours we have to leave. *(Cries.)* I wanted to stay here forever.

JAKE. We knew we couldn't. We need more varied nutrition than blueberry muffins to sustain life.

LUNA. Then we have to go...off to...off to... Jake, where are we going now?

JAKE. *(Panicked.)* Maybe we can just stay here. Doesn't it feel like time just stopped?

LUNA. Tomorrow is so...blank. *(Panic.)* What do we do? Where do we go?

JAKE. We never talked about the rest of our lives.

LUNA. We didn't have to talk. We have a perfect connection. Should we try talking?

JAKE. We have to. We have to live somewhere. I could move / in with you.

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LUNA. (*Overlapping.*) Wherever you live, I'll be happy. We're completely synchronized and will never lose that.

JAKE. We are. I'll move in with you.

LUNA. That's what I said. I'll move in with you.

JAKE. Except we each agreed to move into the other's place. That's not the same thing. Yours will be better. / Mine is crowded and besides—

LUNA. (*Overlapping.*) I'd offer my place, because of who I... So that's settled? What did you say?

JAKE. Don't be afraid, but this isn't settled.

LUNA. We have no idea where we're going tomorrow. We agreed on that.

JAKE. See. We're still in synch. Oh no. Where's my cell phone?

LUNA. I've never seen you with a cell...oh...eee...I haven't called anyone either.

JAKE. What do we know about each other!

LUNA. We know everything.

JAKE. We do, we do. Though when we leave tomorrow...we'll have to talk more directly than through our mystical plane.

LUNA. What's wrong with our mystical plane?

JAKE. We have to make decisions together.

LUNA. We'll live, we'll live...the fates haven't told us yet. OK. This I do know. (*Pause for a declaration.*) I will promise you, that for the rest of our lives, we'll always be in synch.

JAKE. Oh no. I feel unsynchronized...for just a moment. What?

LUNA. Let's promise that starting tomorrow, "the rest of our lives," we'll keep our perfect connection. Jake?

JAKE. Of course.

LUNA. So magical, that...we'll never have a fight.

JAKE. (*Uncertain.*) We'll never argue? Ever? (*She's happy with that.*) That would be impossible for a lot of people, but—

LUNA. Not for us. Jake? I promise never to fight with you...if you'll promise.

JAKE. (*Capitulates lovingly to Luna.*) I'm sure there are people...I guess...who don't fight. (*Looks at Luna.*) All right, I promise, we'll never argue.

LUNA. This is so perfect.

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JAKE. So. Let's use this Sunday before leaving...to promise to each other.

LUNA. I love it. Yeah.

JAKE. While we're promising.

LUNA. Promising...everything.

JAKE. We can promise, too (*His agenda.*) we'll never keep secrets.

LUNA. Yes! I love that. No secrets!

JAKE. No secrets about, say, about ex-boyfriends.

LUNA. No secrets. Of course.

JAKE. What was he like!

LUNA. He was...he was...he can't begin to compare to you. I forgot about him. Forgot why I even was with him. (*Catches herself.*) He is an ex-ex-ex-boyfriend.

JAKE. A triple X boyfriend?

LUNA. No! (*Teasing.*) What about you? You have to have a past.

JAKE. (*Thinks about what he hasn't told her.*) Everything. I mean, I told you...everything. I mean, everyone has a few strange...not too strange...secrets.

LUNA. I didn't fall in love with a man with a weird life and strange secrets.

JAKE. (*Nervous.*) You didn't. I don't have strange secrets. No. (*Tension.*) I promise...if you promise...we'll accept each other unconditionally. Whoever we used to be...isn't important.

LUNA. Not since we found each other. (*Something comes to mind.*) We'll accept each other, whoever our family members are.

JAKE. Accept imperfections. Even our friends' imperfections.

LUNA. Let's promise, you and I...that we'll always be honest.

JAKE. That's understood. Honesty.

LUNA. We'll always promise to trust and believe in one another and...(*New thought.*) let's always make life surprising.

JAKE. Always? People say I'm kind of a planner.

LUNA. Then we'll plan surprises. Feels like we've known each other forever, doesn't it?

JAKE. But with the excitement of having just met.

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LUNA. *(They sigh.)* Isn't this amazing? How we agree on everything? So where do we go tomorrow?

JAKE. We're still on our honeymoon...another 11 hours...45 minutes.

SCENE 3

Jake and Luna are at the threshold of Jake's apartment. Jake is pacing, and Luna is perplexed how to calm him.

LUNA. Why do you take half an hour to open your apartment door? This can't be about me.

JAKE. *(Nervous.)* Course not! Did you know that in the Northeast, fast food expenditures are the lowest in the United States? *(Luna is puzzled.)* It's an interesting fact.

LUNA. *(Touches him, then almost crying.)* This still is the hap...hap...happiest day of our lives, isn't it?

JAKE. Each day happier than the next. *(Reassures her then resumes pacing. Somewhat alarmed.)* Please don't cry. I don't know what to do. *(He awkwardly soothes her; she stops. Fortifies.)* If I survived the...bungee jump, I can survive the happiest day of our lives. *(They open door and step inside his apartment. It has a few pieces of plastic second-hand furniture, two chairs, a card table and a computer.)* You hate it!

LUNA. *(Perky.)* Not at all. I love it...because...because...I love you, and this is where you live.

JAKE. How can anyone be so optimistic? It's shoddy.

LUNA. No, it isn't. *(Dreamy.)* It's our place. Why are you like this? *(His nervousness.)* Never seen you so—

JAKE. It's cause...cause. Remember the lease I can't afford to break?

LUNA. More proof of our perfect synchrony.

JAKE. There's also a...situation. I have this...have a— *(STAN, slack and unkempt, bursts in. He stares at Jake for awhile until Jake is uncomfortable.)* Roommate. *(Self-conscious about Stan's staring.)*

LUNA. Who's he?

JAKE. *(To Stan.)* What?

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STAN. What? Start with me giving a DNA sample so I don't get arrested in your disappearance. Then the manhunt with those slobbering bloodhounds.

LUNA. How can you have a roommate?

STAN. The days I spent printing those thousands of posters. (*Picks up poster.*) Has anyone seen Jake?

JAKE. Wow, that's a weird drawing of me. (*Shows Luna.*)

STAN. I put posters on every telephone pole. When I dream, I see more telephone poles needing posters, filling the horizon.

LUNA. (*To Jake.*) That's you in the drawing? You look weird. But just in the drawing.

STAN. There are no photos of you, so I did a sketch—

LUNA. Not your mouth at all...or your eyes...or your nose.

STAN. I forgot what your face looked like, all right?

JAKE. I'll explain.

STAN. I thought the happiest day of my life would be seeing you again.

LUNA. This is the happiest day of our lives too. Every day happier than— (*Stan is perplexed.*)

JAKE. You did all that for—

STAN. But now you're here again... I can't stand you.

LUNA. Oh, hello, my name is... Is this how you welcome each other?

JAKE. Great to see you again, man!

STAN. Yeah. (*Sarcastic.*) So, you're back.

LUNA. Wow. You're my dream man. Now my dream man has a roommate. Jake, introduce me.

JAKE. Not yet.

STAN. You know how bad the "no forced entry" looked for *me*?

JAKE. Nothing was forced! I told you where I was going.

LUNA. A bungee jump.

JAKE. That's right.

LUNA. Where we... Jake, introduce me. (*Jake looks at her with disapproval.*)

STAN. You never go on bungee jumps. You're afraid of everything—

LUNA. Not anymore. The jump changed—

JAKE. I told you—

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STAN. You're joking, right? You only leave the house for work or when I drag you.

LUNA. Why's he so upset?

STAN. I even drag you to bars.

LUNA. That's not right! You can't possibly drag—

STAN. You don't go anywhere without me pushing you and suddenly...

(Looks at Luna.) Why is she here? *(To Luna.)* You didn't come with him?

LUNA. I certainly did. Jake, introduce me.

JAKE. See, we kind of—

LUNA. Kind of? I haven't left his side. This wonderful thing happ—

JAKE. I'll try to explain. Stan, you won't believe this—

LUNA. Introduce me! Now!

STAN. Almost two weeks. A phone call at least.

JAKE. We both forgot our cell phones.

LUNA. Though telephones would have broken the spell.

STAN. *(To Luna.)* You're under a spell?

JAKE. No!

LUNA. We are. Sort of a spell.

STAN. What are you doing here?

LUNA. We haven't met...I'm...I'm—

JAKE. Here goes. *(Clears throat.)* Stan, this is Luna.

STAN. OK. Did he say...Luna?

LUNA. You must be his roommate situation.

JAKE. Luna, this is Stan.

LUNA. *(Very polite.)* How do you do? *(To Jake.)* You couldn't possibly have a friend like this.

STAN. Jake and I have been friends since—

JAKE. Best friends. Don't say—

LUNA. You don't look like his friend. Jake's best friend would be a high school math teacher, if not a college professor.

JAKE. Hah. He's no college professor.

STAN. Do we know any college professors—

JAKE. You're kind of a professor. *(Jake and Stan laugh.)*

STAN. We drink at a place across from a college.

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JAKE. *(To Luna.)* Stan is my best friend, and he's very smart. *(To Stan.)* Luna and I just started talking to one another Tuesday.

STAN. *(Puzzles at name.)* Luna?

LUNA. As in moonbeam. Since Jake and I met, we've followed our whims.

STAN. Like under a spell?

LUNA. Sort of. Or riding a rocket ship. It was like—

JAKE. We just ran away—

LUNA. Took the car and fled—

JAKE. We expected time to stand still.

LUNA. Time stood still until it didn't.

JAKE. It did stand still for a while. We don't know how long. Because it was time.

STAN. You know how crazy this sounds?

LUNA. Yeah. *(Affectionate gesture.)*

STAN. Wait. Is she like your... Who is she?

LUNA. I'm his wife.

JAKE. My wife. Yeah.

LUNA. This is the first time we've told anyone that. Doesn't it sound wonderful?

JAKE. I was going to say...say—

STAN. You don't have a... How can she be your wife?

JAKE. We eloped.

STAN. This is upside down.

LUNA. Yes! *(Relying on politeness habit.)* So nice to meet you, I think.

JAKE. Let's sit down. We'll explain everything.

LUNA. Everything that we understand ourselves. All this is like dancing on Saturn's moons. *(There are only two places to sit, leaving Stan standing.)*

JAKE. Or riding a comet's tail.

STAN. Why are you talking like this?

LUNA. Your roommate, whom I didn't know of until this minute, sounds upset.

JAKE. You'd understand better meeting him in person.

STAN. You're sure you're married?

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LUNA. Even we had to check. We can show you the certificate.

STAN. How is this going to work?

LUNA. We haven't decided our living situation, but the answer will come to us. We see everything the same way. (*Cues Jake.*)

JAKE. (*Hesitates.*) Everything.

LUNA. Ohh, I'm so happy.

STAN. Why is she happy?

JAKE. She's happy all the time. She's happy to meet you, right?

LUNA. I'm trying to see you as Jake's best friend, but expected someone entirely different.

STAN. Times like this, I almost wish our apartment had more furniture.

SCENE 4

Jake and Luna stand outside Luna's apartment, nervous.

LUNA. My apartment is the opposite of yours. It's yellow, my favorite color. I buy everything I see with a blossom on it. (*She opens the door to an extremely cheery apartment, decorated in yellow and daisies.*) You won't hate it. We agree on everything.

JAKE. (*Slightly panics.*) It's...so...cheerful.

LUNA. (*Senses trouble.*) How can anyone hate...cheerful?

JAKE. Those blossoms. And more blossoms. Looming above you. (*Looks at party decorations.*) What are these?

LUNA. Party decorations. Waiting for us to have a party. We haven't yet.

JAKE. (*Depressed.*) Never been a more...cheerful... You're not crying? What do I do when you cry?

LUNA. This isn't...I'm not...I'm...fine...(*Calmer.*) I am. All right.

JAKE. (*Closes eyes.*) I'm fine too.

LUNA. Then you love the yellow and the blossoms?

JAKE. Err...uh...I can say...I love you.

LUNA. Ohhhh. There's—one more thing. Someone. Lives with me too.

JAKE. You have a roommate too—

LUNA. See, even more in common.

JAKE. Not a boyfriend?

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LUNA. Boyfriend? My sister! Your sister-in-law. You'll meet—

JAKE. I'm meeting your family?

LUNA. Isn't this more synchrony? (*They connect a moment. Jake looks at vase.*) Don't touch that vase. It's an heirloom from Mother. Don't sit in that chair. You can sit on the couch.

JAKE. I can sit here?

LUNA. Make yourself comfortable. (*Jake swings feet on table.*) Not too comfortable.

JAKE. Who am I meeting?

LUNA. Marimar...it means "sea"...I call her Mari. Expect a free spirit. Whatever happens, act like everything is normal.

JAKE. What happens that isn't normal?

LUNA. Nothing. At all. Just stay calm. Whatever you do...never, ever ask her—

MARI. (*Dressed in individualistic clothes, MARI enters. Luna and Jake rise.*) Lunnnaaa!

LUNA. Maaaari. New outfit.

MARI. (*About the outfit.*) You should dress like this. So, you shopped? What did you buy? What did you eat? What did you do?

LUNA. I told you. Bungee jumping off a bridge. Indescribable.

MARI. A crystal ritual is the ultimate adventure...but good for you. Your vacation took longer than you planned. I knew it would, so I didn't worry. (*To Jake.*) Who are you?

LUNA. This is Jake. We both took the bungee jump together.

MARI. I knew that.

LUNA. You just met.

JAKE. Hi, I'm Jake.

MARI. Why is he here?

LUNA. Jake and I haven't separated since we—

MARI. But you didn't get married? No, you couldn't. We promised our parents the older sister would marry before the younger sister.

JAKE. Really? Why?

LUNA. Yes! I mean. No! Jake and I aren't...

JAKE. Is this like in some sort of folktale?

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. Not at all. Why would you think Jake and I got married? Jake and I are—

JAKE. Friends.

LUNA. We're friends.

JAKE. I'm Luna's friend.

MARI. That sounds like some lie you just made up.

LUNA. Oh no. Not a lie. Anyway.

JAKE. (*Trying to alleviate the awkwardness.*) Should we...sit down?

MARI. You can't sit there!

LUNA. I told him the rule.

MARI. Should we open the party decorations?

LUNA. Not today.

MARI. (*To Jake.*) Do I scare you?

JAKE. Everything is normal.

MARI. I frighten Luna's friends. Except for the guy who was under investigation for securities fraud. You're not psychic, are you? No. I can tell you're not. Cheer up. You can develop your gifts. Anyway, the hedge fund manager called the other—

JAKE. The triple X *boyfriend*?

LUNA. Why didn't I tell you? That's right. I forgot he exists. I broke up with him.

MARI. No need to tell me. I felt it. I'm relieved. Shame he was under investigation. Bad news. Though I never liked him, so was happy to see it.

LUNA. Who? See, he slipped my mind again. Hurray. He's history.

MARI. He acted like everything was normal.

JAKE. (*As coached.*) Everything is normal.

MARI. Except you were mysteriously missing.

JAKE. Why does everyone think we were missing? We told people that we were—

MARI. "Goodbye, I'm going on a bungee jump" is ideal cover for doing something else. I still don't believe it after you both told me.

So...(Pausing.) there's something else you haven't told me.

LUNA. I was just going to tell you.

MARI. (*Mind reading.*) I see everything. You don't have to.

LUNA. I'll tell you. (*Collects herself.*) Here it is. (*Collects herself.*)

HEELS OVER HEAD

Because Jake and I are so happy together, we decided to—

MARI. I feel that.

LUNA. Exactly. So happy we decided...to...move in together.

MARI. I don't feel that. Not at all.

LUNA. Mari, you are happy for me? You OK?

JAKE. (*Looks at sisters, with regret.*) Oh boy.

MARI. Like a new boyfriend? (*Luna nods, Jake is annoyed.*) I was afraid when you announced you wanted to change your life. Next time you change your life we must go over this ahead of time. I don't want to have to save you from dating another bozo hedge fund manager who could end up a felon.

JAKE. I don't know anyone in finance.

MARI. I felt that. But this happened so fast. That's the way it always does after bungee jumps. You always find trouble. I predicted the last disaster, but you went ahead.

LUNA. Jake is a different person—

JAKE. I don't know what an investment fund is.

LUNA. The disaster days are over. He's uncontroversial. Straightforward. Agreeable.

MARI. I won't like that either.

JAKE. Did you know the bottled iced tea category was introduced to the retail industry in 1987?

LUNA. That's something he does. He offers interesting information.

MARI. Just beware. When the time comes to save her from you... (*Gets vibe.*) Hold on. Today is a good day to buy lottery tickets.

LUNA. She predicts \$5 lottery winners.

MARI. But never any higher. Don't exploit my talent.

JAKE. Yes!

LUNA. See how he says yes.

JAKE. Everyone tells me I'm an extremely "nice" guy.

MARI. That's a huge red flag.

LUNA. We will have much less drama.

MARI. I feel so many zuezas I don't know where to start.

JAKE. Should I know what a zueza is?

LUNA. Don't ask.

HEELS OVER HEAD

MARI. You're right. He's not like Marvin. I hated Marvin's hair.

LUNA. Jake has much nicer hair.

JAKE. Your ex's name is Marvin? What was his hair like?

LUNA. I forgot everything about him. I can't tell you.

JAKE. *(After awkward silence.)* Do you use statistical analysis to predict the lottery or—

MARI. *(Jake's.)* Your hair is inoffensive. OK. OK. *(Shakes Jake's hand.)* I'm Luna's sister. I'll regret this, but welcome to our home. Ask before you sit down on a chair.

LUNA. Let's all relax. Have some tea.

JAKE. That's calming.

LUNA. Mari, please give us the "normal" tea.

MARI. *(Disappointed.)* OK. We can sit, but we can't relax. *(Luna and Jake sit, while Mari provides tea.)* There's something else you haven't told me.

LUNA. We told you everything—

MARI. *(Divining.)* About a blossom. *(Divining, puzzled.)* Beware the blossom?

JAKE. Beware...the *(Concerned.)*...blossom?

LUNA. That can't mean anything. Flowers don't menace.

JAKE. *(Reassures himself.)* Only a fool would be afraid *(Fearful.)* of flowers. Unless there are...*(Recovers, as the sisters are puzzled. To Mari.)* So, we're fine. All fine. *(Collects.)* So, what do you do in your spare time?

LUNA. No! That's something not to ask.

JAKE. I can't ask...What did I say—

MARI. I'm having fewer—

LUNA. Moods. Mari has interesting...moods.

JAKE. I'm sorry. If I need to be. So, Mari, what do you do?

LUNA. *(Emphatic.)* Oh no...that's sensitive—

JAKE. *(Covering his concern.)* That's sensitive too?

LUNA. Mari, you OK?

MARI. I'm OK. Particularly since I've settled down with a respectable—

LUNA. Unusual—

MARI. Profession. I run a psychic hotline service.

HEELS OVER HEAD

JAKE. (*Bad news.*) Oh no. I mean...wow. You're...(*Frightened.*) a psychic?

MARI. Oh, too bad he had to ask. Yes. My biggest talent is helping people with problems. Though I'm underappreciated—

JAKE. (*To Luna.*) We haven't talked about our jobs yet.

LUNA. We should...talk about our jobs.

JAKE. (*Coached 'yes.'*) Yes! I agree.

LUNA. Have you ever met a more agreeable man?

MARI. "What do you do for a living" is an earthbound subject. My sister is hopelessly earthbound.

LUNA. (*Sarcastic.*) At least I'm only one person—

MARI. (*Sarcastic.*) You warned me, not to talk about my—

JAKE. Talk about what?

LUNA. (*To Jake.*) Don't read anything weird into—

JAKE. Nothing is weird. We're all very calm. (*They try to relax and take a sip.*)

LUNA. (*Forces smile.*) So, Mari, about Jake.

JAKE. (*Mari closes eyes.*) Mari?

MARI. Mmmmmm. Mmmmmm.

JAKE. Is she all right?

LUNA. Don't interrupt her. (*Mari sways and gestures.*)

JAKE. What does mmmmm mean?

LUNA. She looks into the future.

JAKE. How does she do that?

MARI. (*Suddenly freezes.*) Flotza. Flotza.

JAKE. What does flotza mean?

LUNA. Best not to know.

JAKE. Can she ask the future where we're going to live?

LUNA. She's waiting for an answer to float down. That's how psychics do it.

HEELS OVER HEAD

SCENE 5

Jake and Luna are at a restaurant table outside of the two apartments. Jake has a briefcase. Mari and Stan are dimly lit in their respective corners while Jake and Luna contemplate how to resolve their living situation.

LUNA. Nothing has changed. We're still dancing on clouds—

JAKE. No one in the big world but us. *(They can't continue the lie.)* Why can't you break *your* lease?

LUNA. I can't leave her alone because she...I never thought about it. Why are you stuck there?

JAKE. No one else can live with Stan. I promised—

LUNA. Like me. We can't just throw people we love on the street.

JAKE. This means we're nice people.

LUNA. We promised them. Like we...promised each other.

JAKE. We still need to live somewhere.

LUNA. I love that about you. You're so practical and take charge.

JAKE. Never knew that about myself. All right. I'll take charge. We will figure out what to do.

LUNA. *(Firmly.)* We have to. *(Pause for admiration.)* I'm still floating midair. You feel it?

JAKE. When I close my eyes. Eyes closed or open, we need a place to float. *(Luna is sad.)* This is the first challenge we solve together.

LUNA. I love that. Tackling our...first project together. So where do we live?

JAKE. Here we go. Our place has always been a guy place. Stan and I...we do everything together.

LUNA. The way you materialized I never thought you'd have a past.

JAKE. I didn't think you'd have a sister. What does Mari's "beware the blossom" mean? I have, used to have, a small phobia. Of blossoms. Was stung by bees.

LUNA. Flowers scare you?

JAKE. And psychics.

LUNA. What's wrong with psychics?

HEELS OVER HEAD

JAKE. Just before the bee sting, we passed a psychic's house.

LUNA. I'm sorry.

JAKE. But the bungee jump got me over my phobias.

LUNA. Which led you to me. I love it. (*Loving moment.*)

JAKE. I have...had once...a couple of...scary friends. Online. One might have been named Blossom.

LUNA. I don't understand.

JAKE. Neither do I. (*Rushing.*) So...we told each other all our secrets?

LUNA. The important ones. (*Moment of affection.*)

JAKE. You never told me. Where are your parents?

LUNA. Last I heard, trekking in Greenland.

JAKE. My parents like to fantasize they're in Witness Protection.

LUNA. That's so unusual.

JAKE. Not in our family.

LUNA. We're two perfect halves. Except having nowhere to live.
(*Contented. Then starts to cry.*)

JAKE. I don't know what to do when you cry!

LUNA. I don't either! (*Luna stops.*)

JAKE. You realize slightly over four percent of every food dollar is spent on snack food?

LUNA. Is this about our leases?

JAKE. It's about...never mind. You're psychic like your sister?

LUNA. Being psychic is useful. Mari says it's something we can develop.

JAKE. (*Triggered.*) No psychics! (*Recomposes.*)

LUNA. What's wrong?

JAKE. Nothing. As long as there are no psychics! (*Regroups.*) Though I'm unafraid.

LUNA. Ohhhh. I imagined our love as soaring. I didn't imagine leases with fine print. (*New inspiration.*) Jake...I have the answer. We'll live at your place. I will be extremely nice to Stan.

JAKE. No no no no no. Stan hates anyone who's—extremely nice!

LUNA. Why? All right. I can be not-nice. Or neutral. Whatever you want.

JAKE. You can't be anything. Stan would see you moving in as commitment. Stan is so against commitment, he can't commit to being around anyone who's committed to anything.

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. He should call my sister's hotline. She helps a lot of people.

JAKE. If she likes being helpful, she'll welcome us.

LUNA. The last thing you'd want is my sister welcoming us.

JAKE. I don't understand.

LUNA. You're not supposed to.

JAKE. (*Analytically.*) Did you know that New England is the lowest region for fast food expenditures in the United States?

LUNA. (*Almost cries.*) You realize we only started talking last Tuesday? Why do you spend hours studying dozens of boxes of cornflakes?

JAKE. Why do you come home smelling like green beans? Why do even jellybeans have to be made from scratch? I don't even know what you do.

LUNA. I test recipes.

JAKE. Wow. The synchrony is amazing. I'm a grocery industry analyst. Funny we just discussed this.

LUNA. People ask each other about jobs on a first date. We never had a first date. (*They reflect.*) That's why we're special. (*New thought.*) How about living in the car?

JAKE. There are at minimum eleven reasons we shouldn't live in the car. Number one, you can't cook in the car. Two, cold in winter, hot in summer. Why do you want to live in the car?

LUNA. I'd hate it. I even hate camping.

JAKE. Your creativity has no bounds.

LUNA. You're so logical. I feel this challenge drawing us closer together. (*They hold each other. Suddenly, they each have an inspiration.*)

JAKE. We / could live in both places. That would be two bad situations.

LUNA. (*Overlapping.*) We spend half the time in your apartment, half in mine. (*Not overlapping.*) You didn't say—

JAKE. Something we will not do. Go back and forth between both apartments until our leases run out.

LUNA. Why even *think* what—we know would be insane?

JAKE. Because we're cornered with only one answer? (*Both have an anxiety burst.*)

LUNA. Mari / will go ballistic. I mean, it will upset her.

JAKE. (*Overlapping.*) Oh boy. Oh boy. The first visit went bad enough. Stan will hate setting up housekeeping.

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. We want to keep our special marriage surprising.

JAKE. We're surprising...ourselves.

LUNA. We promised to trust and believe in each other. And never fight.

JAKE. We promised when we were flying through the galaxy. But we've landed.

LUNA. Don't say that. We're still soaring in the clouds. (*Starts to cry.*)

JAKE. Then we haven't landed and we're not fighting. What do I do when you cry!

LUNA. I don't know. (*Slows crying.*) So. Any other ideas?

JAKE. (*Resigned to solution.*) How do we tell them we're half moving in?

LUNA. Direct is best. Unless we can think of an indirect way.

JAKE. We can show up and not say anything.

LUNA. We also promised to be honest.

JAKE. Only to each other. How do you live with her?

LUNA. She's always fun. And interesting.

JAKE. Tell her, adding another person will make life more interesting.

LUNA. You don't want to see Mari when she's *more* interesting. How do you live with him?

JAKE. He's always up for fun.

LUNA. Tell them, that we're the most thoughtful roommates.

JAKE. More roommates reduce expenses.

LUNA. Split chores. I'm a great cook. Stan should like that.

JAKE. He wouldn't like a great cook. Though I'm glad you're—

LUNA. This will go better than we think. (*Luna and Jake get on their respective cell phones, Luna sharing light with Mari and Jake sharing light with Stan.*)

JAKE. Stan, stop saying it's weird. Luna is a wonderful—

STAN. Are you drunk? Though you never get drunk.

JAKE. Man, it's real. Me and my old lady—

LUNA. (*Overhearing.*) Your old lady? Are we beatniks? (*To Mari.*)

Sweetie, we'll have lots of fun. Great dinners. We'll even introduce you to his friends, though none of them are mathematics teachers.

JAKE. (*Overhearing.*) Oh no we won't.

LUNA. Tell me it's all right. Mari. Mari.

MARI. Oomla, koola, zazza.

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. We can't have a serious talk when you chant.

JAKE. It won't change anything. She's pleasant and quiet but won't be "very nice." You won't know she's there.

LUNA. *(To Jake.)* What am I supposed to do at your house? Hide? Don't tell him that.

JAKE. You'll wonder how we managed before Luna moved in.

STAN. I can hear her trying to change me. Girls only try to change you.

JAKE. Luna is very open-minded.

LUNA. What am I open-minded about? *(To Mari.)* Don't drop the telephone, Mari.

MARI. I never should have let you change your life.

LUNA. I know—

MARI. I never thought about what would happen if one of us met someone.

LUNA. We both want love, don't we? Look at it this way. Your affirmations really did work.

MARI. But they were supposed to work for *me*.

JAKE. We did discuss living in the car—

LUNA. Jake has eleven reasons why we can't live in the car.

STAN. Luna doesn't decorate with flowers, does she?

JAKE. If I can learn to love flowers, you might too.

STAN. Are you in outer space?

JAKE. Yes. Sort of.

LUNA. Give it a chance. It will be a happy...surprise.

MARI. *(Concentrating.)* Luna, I'm listening for vibrations about these new vibrations, and so far, there's only static.

SCENE 6

Jake, Luna, and Stan are in the men's apartment around the dinner table. They've added another chair. Jake and Luna stop occasionally to hold hands. Jake is torn between Luna and Stan. The sister's apartment and Mari are visible in dim light.

LUNA. This is what you eat? Baloney sandwiches?

HEELS OVER HEAD

STAN. When we want a balanced diet. Other nights it's jelly out of the jar.

LUNA. Without peanut butter?

STAN. (*Something is wrong.*) Don't say peanut butter!

JAKE. (*Threat is over.*) Just jelly, just jelly.

LUNA. How about a nice salad? (*Stan looks wearily at Jake.*)

STAN. Why do chicks call it a 'nice' salad? How can lettuce be...nice?

JAKE. (*To Luna.*) Salad is not allowed in this home.

LUNA. Dear, what's wrong with salad?

STAN. They cook for you and minutes later start calling you "dear."

LUNA. Is he psychic?

JAKE. (*To Luna.*) No! Luna. Please understand Stan.

STAN. No! Don't "understand" me.

JAKE. Stan has a philosophy—

STAN. First "nice" salad, then here comes the lasagna.

LUNA. I can make that. Would you like... He sounds psychic.

STAN. Just as I predicted.

LUNA. What is wrong?

JAKE. Stan has...his philosophy. Never eat—

STAN. Anything from a casserole dish.

LUNA. You can do so many creative things with—

STAN. We hate "creative things."

JAKE. (*To Luna, sensing coming disaster.*) Wrong thing to say in this house.

LUNA. What can I say? I just want to make you a nice dinner. (*Stan makes face that Luna notices. Jake is uncomfortable.*) It's a habit, I call food "nice."

JAKE. Stan hates when chicks—

LUNA. Did you say...chicks?

STAN. She invites you home, makes a casserole, and what started as a hot date leads to the department store placemat section. Deciding between the stripes and the flowers.

LUNA. But florals are cute.

STAN. (*Makes face that Luna notices.*) I hate the word "cute," I hate the word "cute"!

LUNA. Does he have a phobia?

HEELS OVER HEAD

STAN. *(To Jake.)* You have a phobia. I have a philosophy.

JAKE. Stan's philosophy hates anything domestic.

LUNA. That's why you have so little furniture. That's a philosophy? Like existential—

STAN. Do chicks ever stop criticizing?

LUNA. Look, I'm really very nice, I'm trying. If you can meet me halfway.

STAN. *(Makes faces that Luna notices. Jake is uncomfortable.)* Can she stop with the "nice"?

JAKE. It will keep the peace.

STAN. Stop with the "cuteness." OK?

LUNA. Makes it difficult to get along with women.

STAN. I get along with women fine.

JAKE. He avoids any relationship with a chick lasting more than a few hours.

STAN. For those few hours, though, they're completely in love.

LUNA. *(To Stan.)* Oh. You're one of those extreme males. I imagined your best friend would be a math teacher or a college professor, not an extreme—

JAKE. We don't know any math teachers. Or college professors.

STAN. I don't understand anything she says. *(To Jake.)* I understand everything you say, but—

JAKE. Since second grade.

STAN. Everything, until she came along. Night howlers forever. *(Howls.)*

JAKE. *(Howls.)* Right.

LUNA. Was that a howl?

JAKE. Errr. No.

STAN. Free to prowl. *(Jake and Stan howl.)* Hey, I showed you how to meet girls.

JAKE. He means...he gave me advice—

STAN. Jake's never-fail pick-up technique? Came from me.

LUNA. What pick-up technique? You used a "technique" to meet me!

JAKE. Did you know that shoppers in the Northeast purchased double the national average of iced tea mixes, while consumers in the West bought nearly that amount in pickled peppers?

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. Did you change the subject?

STAN. Spread your goodness around. Keep them begging. (*Howls.*)

JAKE. (*Howls like it's a reflex and turns to Luna.*) I didn't mean to do that in front of you.

LUNA. I thought I knew you. You used a pick-up technique? No you didn't. (*To Jake.*) You're different when you're with your extreme male best friend—

STAN. Jake used to be more extreme than me. (*To Jake.*) She's never seen your computer?

LUNA. What's on his—

JAKE. Stuff about produce.

STAN. And other stuff.

LUNA. We share everything, so I'm sure—

JAKE. Everything important.

STAN. Just don't let her see your computer.

LUNA. What! Why!

JAKE. Just some stuff. Before-I-met-you stuff. You have before-you-met-me stuff.

LUNA. Nothing I can't share—

JAKE. Like your ex-boyfriend—

LUNA. Oh, him. See, I keep forgetting about—

JAKE. Who drives me crazy, though I don't even know him.

STAN. It's healthy to keep secrets.

LUNA. (*To Jake.*) One of our promises was we'd never keep secrets.

STAN. (*Mocking.*) "Our promises"?

JAKE. You can look at anything. Except the stuff before I met you.

LUNA. (*Hesitant.*) We promised—

JAKE. We also promised to trust. That was one of our promises.

LUNA. This isn't a fight. If you don't want me looking at your stuff—

STAN. Trust...but keep secrets.

LUNA. (*Halting, then accepting.*) I will respect you. Completely. (*To Stan.*) You're so different than Jake.

JAKE. No, he's not. He knows me better than anyone else.

LUNA. I know you better than anyone else.

JAKE. I mean, until you, anyone else.

HEELS OVER HEAD

STAN. Does she understand anything?

LUNA. I understand that men want the same thing women do, deep down inside.

STAN. Can't be deep enough.

SCENE 7

Scene changes to Jake and Luna collecting their gear to move to Luna and Mari's apartment. This an ordeal, juggling suitcases, stuff, etc. As Jake and Luna cross to that area, Stan remains in dim light. Now Jake and Luna are at the dining room table with Mari.

JAKE. What am I eating again?

LUNA. Lentil curry, or dal, this is lamb curry, this is Murg Tikka. And of course, basmati rice. (*Anxious.*) How do you like it?

JAKE. A shock after my baloney diet.

LUNA. (*Unenthusiastic.*) I'll look for good baloney recipes—

MARI. What are you talking about?

JAKE. My roommate and I are major baloney consumers.

LUNA. Jake is an extreme diner.

JAKE. I'm curious. Did you buy these food items from a list or were they an impulse purchase?

LUNA. I planned it.

MARI. I never plan anything.

JAKE. Shoppers who purchase impulsively are termed "hedonistic buyers."

MARI. I never know what I'm going to do next or who I'm going to be.

LUNA. Mari meant nothing by that. (*To Mari.*) Please, control—

MARI. I'm settling down. I've been just Mari for how long now?

LUNA. (*Changing subject.*) Do we want tea?

MARI. We have white, green, oolong, pu-erh, roiboos, maté, jasmine, Assam...and of course my special.

LUNA. Anything but your *mystery* tea, Mari.

JAKE. You're talking about tea? What's her mystery tea?

LUNA. (*Quickly.*) You don't want it.

HEELS OVER HEAD

MARI. Technically, some are herbs. (*Continues with list.*) Sencha, Darjeeling first flush. Helps me control—

JAKE. Oh, specialty teas. The market for them is growing at an annual rate of eight to ten percent. (*Wakes up.*) What do you control?

MARI. When I decide to be different—

LUNA. (*To Mari.*) But you're controlling that.

MARI. Identities—

JAKE. Different identities?

LUNA. She didn't mean...different identities.

MARI. When I try on different personalities.

LUNA. Technically, not multiple personality disorder. She controls it when she wants to, don't you, Mari?

MARI. I turn into different people sometimes.

LUNA. Not actual different people. A therapist told her—

MARI. I use it to avoid responsibility. Wrong. I always found employment.

LUNA. A wide range of employment. Mari has many talents.

MARI. I do.

LUNA. (*To Jake.*) If she does come home as someone else she's usually over it the next morning.

MARI. Though one time I was missing for three weeks. I came home in a G-string with a flyer in my hand from the Pleasure Island Club. I come home in great outfits.

JAKE. (*To Luna.*) Pleasure Island? That's not your business?

MARI. Only a few days.

JAKE. (*To Luna.*) You don't have different personalities? This isn't a shared trait?

LUNA. I will never turn into someone else on you.

MARI. But she's saying that I might.

JAKE. Is this dangerous?

LUNA. Oh no! Not at all! It just makes life—

MARI. Interesting.

LUNA. Very...interesting.

MARI. Luna has trouble with my bitchy personality Clementine.

JAKE. Clementine? Last name I'd pick for a bitchy personality.

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. That's what I told her. She hasn't been Clementine recently. In a long, long time.

MARI. Don't be frightened. I'm very gentle people. (*Menacing.*) Usually.

LUNA. Don't look so worried.

JAKE. I won't worry.

LUNA. (*To Mari.*) And now that you're settled down in business—

JAKE. Your psychic business?

LUNA. She counsels people. By telephone.

MARI. That's my business. He can't get visions, can he?

JAKE. Er...no. How do you run a psychic business?

MARI. You just know how to do it when you're psychic.

LUNA. Her service is new and struggling.

MARI. I predicted that when I started it.

JAKE. You need a marketing plan to target your consumer.

LUNA. Jake is very smart, isn't he? (*Mari points finger.*)

JAKE. I meant through advertising.

MARI. Not how I would do it. But love the fontoon in it—

LUNA. She means karma. Mari sometimes has her own—

MARI. Language, you're telling him. No I don't. It's in the lopsa.

LUNA. Universe, she probably means.

MARI. Not exactly. Lopsa.

JAKE. Do we have to chant with you? (*Luna is discouraged.*)

MARI. Course not. Lopsa is never chanted.

SCENE 8

Lights dim on both apartments. Jake and Luna gather cumbersome, awkward suitcases to crisscross to apartments, juggling belongings. Jake heroically takes more of the suitcases. They're determined to make their two dwellings work. They take time out to sit at a café table with calendars, careful not to fight.

JAKE. Thursday we're at Mari's—

LUNA. We're with Stan. Mari says reversing the schedule better tunes the psychic space.

HEELS OVER HEAD

JAKE. I can't do this. I can't tune into something I can't see or hear. (*She reacts.*) I will try.

LUNA. She cooperates with us. Now she wishes she had several homes.

JAKE. Goes with her many personalities. (*Conciliatory.*) And I like them all.

LUNA. (*Regroups.*) I'm trying so hard to get along with Stan. I'm trying so hard not to say the word... "nice."

JAKE. The best way to get along with Stan is *don't* get along.

LUNA. Which I'm doing nicely. Don't say nice; don't say nice. (*Catches herself in forbidden negativity.*) I'm trying to be nice, but not nice. Not to say nice.

JAKE. Your sister confuses me.

LUNA. You're settling in. You will start to read Mari's zimma after a while.

JAKE. How does a zimma appear?

LUNA. It doesn't. You feel it and know it's there.

JAKE. (*Like he's feeling a wall.*) I'll feel for Mari's zimma then. Is it just her zimma, or does everyone have a zimma? (*Jake and Luna gather burdensome suitcases clumsily. They first carry them to Stan's, who feeds Jake a bite of sandwich, then lumber to Mari's, who indicates it's the wrong day. Completely exhausted, they reconvene at the café, always careful not to get angry.*)

LUNA. What happens if you ask Stan to pick something up off the floor? I know. Never mind.

JAKE. I still don't know what chairs I can use.

LUNA. You can sit in most of the chairs. (*Admonishing.*) You're not getting angry?

JAKE. What about you!

JAKE and LUNA. (*Slightly not synchronized.*) You promised—

JAKE. This isn't a fight.

LUNA. We're talking things over. Reasonably.

JAKE. It's just I sometimes feel like...too many shoes in a shoebox—

LUNA. Stuck the wrong way in a turnstile?

JAKE. Lost and found?

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. (*Interrupts.*) Not on Earth or in sky? (*Reflects.*) As long as we understand each other.

JAKE. You're still happy, aren't you? I'm happy.

LUNA. As in love as the day we met. (*They're reassured. Then blurts.*)
Living in an olive jar.

JAKE. On a rush hour subway.

LUNA. We see things the same way. (*They sigh.*)

JAKE. If we only had some privacy.

LUNA. (*Dam breaks.*) This is a nightmare. I don't mean...I'm unhappy.

JAKE. Me neither. Not with you. Living this way is so...so...I'm miserable!

LUNA. I was going to say horrible.

JAKE. Our situation. Not you.

LUNA. We agree!

JAKE. Agree. We both feel terrible.

LUNA. But this is great, because know what this is? We're "being honest with each other." Like couples are supposed to. (*Moment of affection.*)
Jake, being even more honest.

JAKE. Maybe we should stop right here with our honesty.

LUNA. I agree!

JAKE. So do I!

LUNA. But...I have a terrible idea.

JAKE. I have a terrible idea too...I would never say aloud.

LUNA. You say yours, then I'll say mine.

JAKE. You sure?

LUNA. I'm not sure of anything.

JAKE. OK. Here goes. What if Stan and Mari—

LUNA. No. Nothing about Stan and Mari. (*Blurts out.*) What if they moved in with each other? / See what I mean, ridiculous.

JAKE. (*Overlapping.*) I can't believe I said that. Not in a million years would they like—

LUNA. Get along in the same room together, much less like each other.

JAKE. The last two people who'd ever fall in love—

LUNA. Matchmaking Stan and Mari is more dangerous than—

JAKE. A blasting zone.

HEELS OVER HEAD

LUNA. But funny...we have the identical idea. You didn't get a vision, did you?

JAKE. (*Reactive.*) I don't get visions. I don't get visions!

LUNA. There's nothing wrong with... We don't discuss this.

JAKE. It's lighting dynamite.

LUNA. A hurricane and a tornado meeting to create... We will just make do, living with them, being nomads as long as we're...we're... How long will we have to do this?

JAKE. So how do we introduce them?

END OF ACT 1

***THE PLAY IS NOT OVER!! TO FIND OUT HOW IT ENDS –
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