

## CHARACTERS

MOON	A timeless being; partners with Sun. Misses the blue sky. Neither alive nor dead.
SUN	A timeless being; partners with Moon. Likes making eclipses. Neither alive nor dead.
MARAMA	An embodiment of the monsters inside Naolin's head; recently died.
NAOLIN	A tired college student – what is sleep? In the closet and navigating mental health with a very overbearing mother who doesn't understand a queer, mentally unsound person, even if the person in question is her own child.

## SETTING

Here in the space of what comes after

## TIME

For Moon and Sun, timeless

For Marama and Naolin, the 7 seconds or so when the brain is still active despite the body having shut down.

## NOTES

CASTING: open to any genders, bodies, and abilities. There must be some form of identity parallels between the Naolin-Marama and Sun-Moon.

LANGUAGE: Naolin and Marama's world is our world but the words kill myself / suicide, self-harm, and crazy will never be said aloud except through the world's language:

“Send me to January”

“Send me to December”

“reduce”

“lunar”

*(An open space – possibly an abandoned bus stop)  
(Moon stands alone in the moments before dawn)*

MOON

Another day. Another walk.

*(A line of souls gathers and begin their march. Sun  
leads them) (Sun and Moon switch places. Moon  
and the line of souls walk away) (A day passes)*

SUN

Another night. Another walk.

*(A new line of souls form with Moon leading them.  
They begin walking. Moon and Sun switch places)  
(Sun and the line of souls leaves) (Night begins)*

MOON

Sun

*(An eclipse)*

Tell me about the sky

SUN

Blue...as always

A few fluffy clouds this time Like smoke puffs

MOON

A lovely day it was then

A good day for a walk

*(A new line begins to form)*

Do you suppose they know what they're missing

SUN

They never do

MOON

They just walk on by with a missing heart

SUN

a lung

MOON

a stable brain

SUN

blood

MOON  
and they never stick around long enough to chat

*(Marama joins the line)*

SUN  
I'll stick around more.

*(They move to switch positions)*

MOON  
... You must walk, as do I  
You are my other half  
I promise: you are enough, and I am whole

MARAMA  
I thought January would be less walking.

*(Marama carries nothing, except for a medication bottle and a handful of battered pages. Marama cannot see Sun and Moon, yet.)*

MOON  
This one is different A little soul -

SUN  
- not yet whole -

*(Sun and Moon reveal themselves to Marama).*

MOON  
Welcome to December, little monster

MARAMA  
December?

SUN  
Who did you leave behind

MARAMA  
my creator.  
She sent me to January.

MOON  
The monster-

SUN  
-and the creator separated by-

MOON  
December

SUN  
It's coming

MOON  
Yes  
And she will too

MARAMA  
What's coming –

*(Time reverses. Moon and Sun remain untouched.)*

*(Marama slumps to the ground alone surrounded by scattered pages of writing. It's as though the pages were her blood; she is bleeding out).*

MARAMA  
I was an empty thing with paper lungs crafted with pages marked from January to December,  
by perfectly drawn horizontal lines and a metal spine with a recycled cardboard heart.

An empty whole thing  
until she, my creator, poured her little monsters onto the page and into me.  
*(Marama picks up a page and holds it in their hands.)*

Turned me into the Hudson River.  
*(Marama picks up another page.)*

Littering. Litter-er. And she  
gets away with it, breathing in the sun-soaked air, while  
*(another page)*

I rot on the page, and I don't even know the smell of the woman who hurt her,  
or the weak light of the sun in October.

*(She gathers all the pages. Marama holds the pages close and then carefully smooths the crumbled pages flat. They organize the pages as though they were still in the book)*

When she writes in graphite, she's okay.  
When she created me, she inked the monsters onto the page to keep them immortal  
*(Naolin enters. Naolin starts tearing out each paper covered in writing. With each pull, Marama fades.)*

Go ahead. Reduce me.  
*(Naolin collects each paper and puts it in a garbage bin)*