



FULL MOON

by Claire Hughes

A SMITH SCRIPT

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FULL MOON

CHARACTERS

Ivy

Mum

Rhiannon *Goddess of the moon, she is a figment of Ivy's imagination*

NOTES - Annwfn, pronounced 'anoon', is the 'Otherworld' in Welsh mythology.

I

Ivy sits on the floor at the foot of an unmade, single bed. There's a window to the side. A black funeral dress lies on a chair. She's surrounded by books and papers. She searches through them, muttering to herself.

IVY: I'm sure it's here. Why can't I find it? Need it. She'll be here soon. Has to be tonight.

Flash of white light

IVY: Was that her? *(she grabs a piece of paper and stands)* 28th. It's the 28th today.
(She climbs on the bed) She promised she'd be here. On the 28th. Coming from the east. East. But I just don't know what...what do I do where is she? Where's. Fuck, what am I even looking for? *(She screams, scrunches the paper and sits on the bed, head in hands).*

Mum enters

MUM: Ivy, what's going on? It's one o'clock in the morning. What's all this?

IVY: *(Rocks back and forth, crying)* I can't, I just can't.

MUM: Can't what love? *(Sits on the bed next to Ivy, strokes her hair)* Is this about the funeral?

IVY: What? No.

MUM: Because there's nothing to worry about, I'll be there with you, the whole day, I promise I won't...

IVY: I told you I'm not going.

MUM: Sweetheart you have...

IVY: I don't have to do anything. I'm not going. *(She starts searching again)*

MUM: What are you looking for?

IVY: *(She picks up a moon chart and sticks it by the window)* I knew it was the 28th. Should see her from here. Clouds just need to clear.

MUM: What is all this? Moon charts? Ivy you're not...not seeing things again are you? Or hearing anything?

IVY: No. It's just...stuff...have you seen it? The letter?

MUM: Ivy, this happened last time, the moon charts the frantic behaviour. Doctor Micheals said...

IVY: It's nothing. I just have to find the letter.

MUM: Maybe we should give Doctor Micheals a call. Or take you up to the ward.

IVY: I'm not going to the fucking ward Mum. I don't need the ward. I never needed the ward.

MUM: Maybe they can give us some advice about the funeral, how to help you through it.

IVY: I'm not going. I told you.

MUM: His parents are expecting you to be there, they've asked you to speak. Did you prepare anything?

IVY: I had it. I know I did. I had it in my hands, yesterday, I'm sure I did.

MUM: You need to get some rest love.

IVY: Did I put it with the photos?

MUM: Please, just get into bed.

IVY: There isn't time. I have to find it.

MUM: Come here, come here.*(She embraces Ivy)*. I know this is hard. I know it hurts, but...

IVY: I just need to find it. The letter. The one he sent me, before he...

MUM: Look, how about this? You get into bed and I'll go and look downstairs and look for it down there. I can make you some hot chocolate, to help you sleep.

Ivy nods, climbs into bed and lets Mum tuck her in.

Mum exits

Ivy waits a moment, peers from beneath the covers and then gets up. Starts her search again. White light comes through the window.

IVY: Rhiannon.

Rhiannon enters

IVY: You're here. Thank God you're here. I don't know what to do. I can't find it. The letter Nathan gave me. It was all in there. What I needed to do and now I can't...

RHIANNON: He came to me.

IVY: He made it.

RHIANNON: Yes, he made it. Safe and well. He waits for you.

IVY: He does? Mum said it was nonsense. All in my head. That no one could survive...

RHIANNON: They don't know. They don't understand. They have not felt what you have felt. They can not see. They don't believe.

IVY: Where is he? How do I get to him?

RHIANNON: The world beneath the sea.

IVY: How do I...

Sound of a door creaking.

Ivy rushes to shut the curtains, Rhiannon exits.

Mum enters but does not go into the bedroom, she has a mug in her hand.

MUM: Two o'clock in the morning. I can't do this anymore. We can't keep having

nights like this. She hasn't slept since it happened. Nathan was so young, only nineteen. They'd only been together six months. They met in the hospital. She was completely besotted. Kept saying she loved him, but it's not real love at that age is it? Although I suppose I wasn't much older than that when I married her dad. Tragic either way. For such a young life to be lost. His poor mother.

Mum enters the bedroom.

MUM: Who were you talking to love?

IVY: I wasn't talking to anyone. Did you find it?

MUM: I thought you were going to rest. I bought you some hot chocolate.

IVY: Did you find the letter?

MUM: We can look for it in the morning.

IVY: I need it now.

MUM: After a night's rest maybe we can...

IVY: I need it NOW.

MUM: I know this whole thing has been hard on you. I know you think you loved...

IVY: What? We loved each other. You just can't understand that. You always hated him.

MUM: I didn't hate him.

IVY: Yes you did. You would never let him in the house.

MUM: You weren't good for each other.

IVY: That wasn't for you to decide.

MUM: He took you out of St George's, Ivy. You ran away...we found you at the docks...I...

IVY: You locked me up. He set me free, made me believe in myself, made me see all the things I could do...