

Characters

- Malloney (M)** - Owner of a small garage in rural Ireland, and a radio ham. He has three grown children. A practical man with imagination.
- Maureen (F)** - Malloney's wife. A kindly woman, whose patience is often stretched by Malloney's habit of taking part exchange in return for payment.
- Kathleen Rose (F)** - A vet's assistant, romantic. Late teens or twenties, or someone who can play that age.
- Dougan (M)** - **(Pronounced Doogan)** Political. Kathleen Rose's boyfriend, he is a similar age to her, or who can play that age.
- Yurov (M)** - **(Voice only part)** A Soviet cosmonaut. His voice comes as if from satellite. An intelligent man. He speaks good English, but with a Russian accent, and imperfect grammar.
- Irena (F)** - Yurov's wife in Russia. A doctor. Age range thirties or forties, or who can play that age. Like Yurov, she has a Russian accent and imperfect grammar.
- Kevin (M)** - An American doctor working in Moscow. Age range thirties to fifties.
- Sean (M)** - **(Animal Welfare Inspector)** Similar age or slightly older than Kathleen Rose.
- Tomasz (M)** - **(Garage Customer)** Only appears at very end of play. An older man.

Act 1

Scene 1 – Hospital Corridor

(In front of curtain, as if in hospital corridor; and then open curtains onto Malloney's lounge.)

Irena: **(Enters. She looks tired; she is wearing stethoscope.)**

Kevin: **(Enters wearing stethoscope)** Irena, I've been trying to catch you all day - you look exhausted.

Irena: I am very tired; one last ward round, then I go home.

Kevin: Give me a minute Irena, I need to talk to you! Have you considered the offer yet?

Irena: I still think on it Kevin.

Kevin: Don't leave it too long. It's a good job, well paid, shorter hours, and freedom!

Irena: And my family Kevin?

Kevin: You know your kids would love it; they're real Americophiles, you told me so yourself

Irena: What about Yurov?

Kevin: Put Yurov out of your mind. The Soviet Union's crumbling Irena. You can't change people like Yurov. He'll go down with the ship; that would be his choice, you know it would

Irena: **(Upset)** I don't know, I so tired, I can't think.

Kevin: **(Persuasive)** Let me take care of you. Think about yourself for a change. Think about your kids, and get out before it's too late Irena! Life doesn't have to be hard you know. We don't live like this in the States; a person can be anything they want, have what they want. Why not? Life's not a punishment. **(Personal)**- --When did Yurov last give you a good time? When did he last tell you – **(interrupted)**

Irena: He's my husband.

Kevin: That's what I mean.

Irena: Not while he's up there Kevin. When he comes down, he and I will discuss future.

Kevin: Irena, haven't you noticed there are tanks on the streets? The hospital's out of antibiotics. The cost of a loaf of bread has risen 500%, if you can get it! - - Where's the money to get him down? Ask yourself, where are the technicians? - - You've got to face it - the Soviet Union is unravelling! If he comes down Irena - if!

(curtains open onto Malloney's lounge. A light smoke is drifting around the stage. SFX. Sound of a jeep chugging up drive; handbrake applied; door slammed. Malloney enters.)

Malloney: **(Coughs. Calls)** Maureen? Are you alright in the kitchen? It's thick smoke in here. **(Coughs)**

(Maureen enters coughing. Wafting smoke with tea towel. Carrying a rather brown

toasted sandwich on plate)

Maureen: You've noticed! It's that ruddy toaster you brought home yesterday.

Malloney: **(Wafts smoke with his hands)** I'll open a window.

(Window in backdrop thumped open.)

Maureen: You'd better eat yer toasted sandwich before the draught gets to it. I've scraped most of the burnt stuff off.

Malloney: **(Looks at sandwich in a disappointed way)** Oh, do we have to have them every day pet?

Maureen: Malloney, to my way of thinking, anyone who brings home eight sandwich toasters - make that seven, must have an urgent desire for toasted sandwiches every day!

Malloney: Oh, it was a good deal Maureen. They're handy enough things for now and then. I'll just go and wash my hands.

(Malloney exits. SFX. Water running. Malloney washing hands.)

Maureen: **(Talking loudly enough for Malloney to hear in the kitchen)** A handy enough thing would be the money, the cash! - You're the only person I know who gets paid in used appliances and, and reproduction artifacts! I can't pay our household bills in spindryers and - deep fat fryers - and those things with the plugs cut off!

Malloney: **(Patiently)** They're all useful things for the home.

Maureen: The home! I feel like I'm living in an obsolete appliances unit Malloney! The next time you fix a car, it's money we're wanting, not folding chairs, not barbecue sets - money. Cash. No part exchange!

Malloney: Don't exaggerate - times are hard. How can I refuse my oldest customers when they can't scrape up all the cash?

Maureen: That's why they're yer oldest customers! You've always been an easy touch. Oh eat yer sandwich.

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(SFX. Front door opening and slamming. Kathleen Rose enters carrying a bundle.)

Kathleen: **(Cheery.)** Hiya you's **(coughs)** I'll put the pup in the other room - it's terrible smoky in here.

Maureen: **(Exasperated)** Kathleen Rose, you've not brought back another stray.

Kathleen: Aw Ma, I couldn't leave him; the people who brought him in have done a bunk. I don't know if he belonged to them anyhow. Mr. Donahoe'll not get paid for the treatment.

Maureen: Kathleen Rose - can I point out to you that we already have 4 dogs, 3 cats, 2 budgerigars, a tortoise and a - a - rat in a cage -

Kathleen: Gerbil Ma. Oh, how could I call myself a vet's assistant - oh his wee eyes are running with the smoke - and not catch God's creatures when they fall through life's social fretwork?

Maureen: Holy Mother, you're as bad as yer Father! Not a grain of practicality between you.

Kathleen: I'll take him through, out of the smoke. **(Exits looking fondly at bundle)**

Malloney: Maybe I can get hold of a basket for the wee fellow -

Maureen: Oh no you don't Malloney! It's strictly cash only from now on. **(Sighs)** You've no more idea of finance than the man in the moon!

Malloney: Maybe I can make something out of the bits and scraps I've got about. I'll take a look in the shed.

(Malloney exits hurriedly. Maureen shakes head and exits)

Scene 2 – ‘The shed’ and Malloney’s lounge

(The shed. Malloney enters from the door in the back wall of the open fronted ‘shed’, which contains a few bits of radio ham equipment. Sits at a rickety chair.)

Malloney: **(Sighs)** Peace perfect peace. **(Inserts plugs, twizzles knobs)**

(SFX. Radio tuning sounds.)

Malloney: **(Musing to self)** Edge of the world; people out there who’ve never heard of Tarree; people at the tips of my fingers, with names I’ve never heard of, living in places I’ve never heard of -

(SFX. Radio tuning sounds)

Malloney: **(Musing to self)** - all bound up in our own backyards, and we meet - fingertip to fingertip, at the edge of the world.

(SFX. More radio buzzing)

Malloney: **(Making his call sign)** Hello, this is yer Green Man calling. 1pm’s the time in Tarree, Saturday lunchtime. I’ve finished work at the garage for the weekend, and I’ve had me toasted sandwich - again. Dull sort of a day; makes the wife think about holidays - it would be nice, don’t get me wrong; it’s just the logistics; well, just the logistics and the cash – **(sighs)** but well now, if we had the cash, the logistics would take care of - -

(SFX. Radio crackles alive.)

Yurov: **(Voice only; as if from far away)** Tam yest kto nibud? Ya edinstrinii chelovek vo vsyeleniyo? - -

Malloney: Hello?

Yurov: **(Voice only)**Hello - who is there?

Malloney: This is yer Green Man. Name your call sign friend, and we’ll have a chinwag.

Yurov: Where are you calling from the er Green Man?

Malloney: Well, I’m sittin’ in me shed at the bottom of the garden in Tarree. If you’ve never heard of it, don’t be embarrassed; it’s but a sultana in the giant fruitcake of the world.

Yurov: You have a strong -er radio, radio set, Green Man. What is chinwag?

Malloney: Well, it’s a er just a talk, a bit of a chat. I suppose it’s because your chin moves around when you natter; mind you, it would do the same when you ate wouldn’t it? We call it the craic over here too. **(Hunts for piece of paper and pen whilst talking)** What’s your call sign friend so I’ll know you?

Yurov: My call sign? **(Laughs)** - Ya khozhu krugomu bez kontsa – call me Man in Moon.

(SFX. Buzzing sound.)

Malloney: Hello - are you still there? Calling the Man in the Moon. **(To self)** Hm, he’s gone – krugomu - **(Scratches head recalling Yurov’s call sign; writes)** - bez - kontsa – kontsa. Sounds like

Polish? Romanian maybe? Or **(interrupted)**

(SFX. Knock at shed door. Kathleen enters with pup in box. Dougan enters)

Kathleen: Can we come in Da? I'm looking for something for the wee pup - he's shivering and shaking. This box is alright, but it swamps the mite. Dougan's come for me, but I can't leave him.

(Dougan starts fiddling with radio knobs)

Malloney: I'll put me mind to it Kathleen Rose. Please don't interfere with the equipment Dougan! I don't want to lose track. I was just having a wee bit of a conversation.

Dougan: **(Intrigued)** You've got quite a set up out here Malloney. It's just like a communication centre from one of those old black and white war films.

Malloney: **(Proudly)** Well, it's not the latest stuff. It's a deal bulkier than yer'd get these days, but it's the uncle.

Dougan: **(Looking round)** This lot must have cost a small fortune. What do you need all this radio equipment for?

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Malloney: Oh aye, it cost me a car engine; bits of work here and there as I've gone along, but don't be tellin' the missus! It's just a bit of a hobby; I can travel the world in me old chair.

Kathleen: **(Persists, looking at pup)** Could you look Da? Something with a bit of a lid, so he feels secure.

Malloney: **(To Kathleen Rose. Stands up and moves away from where he was writing.)** We'll look now. I'll lock up.

Dougan: **(Looks at piece of paper Malloney has written Yurov's call sign on. Reads the words)** Krugomu ..bez ...kontsa.. **(Suspiciously)** I didn't know you were learning Russian Malloney?

Malloney: Russian? – **(To self)** Ah Russian! **(To Dougan)** – No, I don't speak that Dougan, just a bit of the Gaelic. **(Absently)** Now where did I put that nice shoebox that I had?

Dougan: Greatest union on earth the Soviet Union. Free education, free university, free health care, no unemployment; everyone has money, food and shelter. No-one's better than the next person, and everyone's born equal.

Malloney: Huh, If you're keen on black bread, and doing as you're told. Anyway, it's all breaking up now if you read the newspapers.

Dougan: **(Knowing)** You know Malloney, you could start a counter revolution from here; deep in the sleepy backwoods of backwards. Oh aye, this is the sort of place no-one would suspect.

Malloney: **(Roughly)** What should I be wanting to be start any sort of revolution for? Yer talkin' through yer first teeth Dougan, come along.

(Kathleen exits through door in back wall of 'shed'. Dougan with a final glance around the 'shed' follows Kathleen Rose. Malloney exits, closes door. SFX. Key turning in lock. Fade lights for a few seconds to represent a night passing. Then lights up to represent morning. Malloney's lounge. Kathleen enters on tiptoe and peeks into cardboard box on floor. Malloney enters.)

Malloney: (Talks quietly) How's the wee chap doing?

Kathleen: (Talking quietly) He's still shivering and shaking. He's got a hot water bottle under your pullover.

Malloney: (Looks surprised) My pullover?

Kathleen: (Yawns) I've been up and down to him for hours to give him a wee drop of milk.

Malloney: Go and get some sleep pet. I'm up and greeting the dawn now. I'll keep an eye on him; - take him down to the shed with me for a bit.

Kathleen: Thanks Da. (Yawns)

(Kathleen exits. Malloney picks up cardboard box and exits. The shed. SFX. After a few seconds sound of key turning in lock.)

Malloney: I'll put yer box down here young fella - and that's me second best pullover you've got there, so just buck up a bit will yer - - - (turns on radio apparatus.)

(SFX. Radio tuning noises)

Malloney: (Makes his call sign) This is yer Green Man calling. Here I am 6 a.m. on a Sunday morning Tarree time. I've had me toasted sandwich and I'm ready to talk.

Yurov: Green Man – hello.

Malloney: Ah, yer back; I lost touch with you yesterday friend.

Yurov: I come and er go.

Malloney: Don't we all. Time is finite friend. Now, is it Russia yer calling from? I've got a big map on me wall, (looks at map of the world) so I can attach me pin if you'll tell me the spot.

Yurov: Green Man, I'm too remote from er - civilization for pin.

Malloney: Too remote? I've got the whole world spread out here - but never mind; what do they call you friend? What's yer name?

Yurov: Yurov - Sergeiovitch. Just call me Yurov.

Malloney: Well, I'm just Malloney. I had another name when I was young and tender, but it passed with the years. Tell me are you a family man Yurov? Do you have children? What sort of music are they into?

Yurov: Yes, Natalia and Alexander. They have some western music – maybe you know UB40 an er Def Leppard? But loud, loud Malloney. They like to dance.

Malloney: It's as well to try and keep your spirits up friend. I've read it's a bad business in Moscow at present, and just when things were beginning to look promising. At least you'll be well away from the troubles.

Yurov: **(Laughs faintly)** I couldn't be further. Malloney do you have newspaper?

Malloney: **(Surprised)** There's an Irish Times somewhere about here.

Yurov: Read me what happening in Moscow.

Malloney: Well, it's a funny thing for me to be tellin' you. Just wait while I get it. **(Stands up and looks in box with pup in. To dog)** Move over boy, - there's one beneath me pullover somewhere. **(Gently extracts newspaper and talks again to Yurov)** - Got it, Moscow - **(turns pages)** there must be something; ah aye, there's a bit underneath Pavarotti; he's still in the charts yer know, er **(reading)** 'Queuing has become a full-time occupation in the city. Babuschas knit, and men shave as family members wait in shifts, to pay the ever-rocketing cost of a loaf of bread.' Don't you get the world news Yurov? If you're talkin' to me, can't you pick up the world news on your set?

Yurov: Not from here. Malloney - does it say space station any place in news? Or satellite?

Malloney: A satellite? **(Turns pages of newspaper)** - I don't think so. Have they lost one? We don't want to get into politics friend, but they might not want to advertise that sort of mishap.

(SFX. Crackling and buzzing)

Yurov: You ask where I am Green Man, but you won't believe.

Malloney: Of course, I'll believe you Yurov. Being a radio ham puts you in touch with people in all the wee tucks and corners of the earth, that no-one's ever heard of.

Yurov: Malloney - I'm in satellite. You catch onto radio link with Soviet space programme.

Malloney: **(Roars with laughter).** Yurov, you're pullin' me leg!

(SFX. Crackling and buzzing)

Malloney: **(Makes call sign)** Man in the Moon? - **(To self)** He's gone again. We just share a bit of the craic, and he's off. All the time, he comes and then he goes **(musing)** - the Man in the Moon? B' Jesus, he can't be serious? He's pulling my leg! He can't be in orbit, circling the earth?

(SFX. Knock on shed door.)

Malloney: **(Loudly to self)** Yurov - -Yurov Sergeiovitch!

(Kathleen enters though shed door)

Kathleen: Can I come in Da. How's the mite? **(Peers into box)**

Malloney: He's er pretty quiet.

Kathleen: **(Sighs)** Ay, he looks much the same. I think we should call him something, give him a name. It might give him more of a grip on life. He'd be more, sort of definite then. What do

you think he looks like - Da?

Malloney: (**Absently**) I've just got something in me head pet; hang on - what is it? (**Trying out words**) Soya, Soy, Soyz...Soy Soyuz.....

Kathleen: Soy Soyuz? Like the brown soyuz? No, it's not soyuz, it's soya; soya sauce, isn't it? That's right, soya, I've seen it on telly. You have it with noodles.

Malloney: Hm, I've never had it with noodles pet.

Kathleen: No, we're more a meat and three veg family.

Malloney: And toasted sandwiches.

Kathleen: It's a funny name for a dog, but he's the colour right enough, save that wee patch of white on his eye. Oh, he's opened his eyes – he likes it! Yes, I think that name'll do for him. Who's Yurov Da?

Malloney: Soya? Now that's just given me an idea for his bed. Yurov? – Oh, he's er someone I've been havin' a bit of a chinwag with just now.

Kathleen: Those words match, don't they.

Malloney: What words are they?

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Kathleen: Yurov and Soya; like tea and biscuits, or bread and jam. Only it's not Soya, it's (**struggling for word**) Soy, Soy, Soyuz isn't it?

Malloney: (**Thoughtfully**) Soyuz.

Kathleen: (**Peeps into box**) But Soya suits him right enough.

(Malloney & Kathleen Rose carrying box, exit via back door in shed. Malloney's lounge. Maureen enters with a slow cooker and dumps it on the table. Sighs. Kathleen enters immersed in a novel she is holding. Malloney enters carrying the dog recuperator which resembles a small rocket.)

Maureen: What in heaven's name have you brought home now? Don't you dare tell me you've done another swap! (**Points**) In that slow cooker, which is aptly named - is a stew for tonight.

Malloney: That's nice pet. It makes a change from toasted sandwiches.

Maureen: It's been on for 48 hours. It must be the slowest slow cooker on the planet!

Kathleen: Couldn't you finish it in the big pan Ma?

Maureen: I could – (**indicates**) but I have a convenience appliance here called a slow cooker.

Malloney: Maybe the fuse has gone. I'll take a look in a minute. – (**Puts recuperator down**) This Kathleen Rose is yer dog recuperator. (**Demonstrating**) There's a wee door here at the top, and slats down the sides for ventilation. The top section comes away, like this, and the end

section comes apart so you can slide him out.

Kathleen: And he can look out through the wee plastic window if he wants to – **(peering inside it)** oh it's nice and cosy inside.

Malloney: **(Proudly)** An old electric bingo rumbler I'd up at the garage - ye know - goes round and round tossing the wee balls in the air.

Maureen: Why on earth have you painted Soya 5 on the outside? Oh, let me guess, because of the other four dogs - huh!

Kathleen: Thank you Da, it's wonderful - like a wee incubator.

(SFX. Weird sounding doorbell, with a sound that peters out.)

Kathleen: That'll be Dougan, we're just going out for an hour, in a bit.

(Kathleen exits. Dougan enters)

Dougan: I think your doorbell's just died.

Maureen: Yes, it's an epidemic. **(Points to slow cooker.)**

(Kathleen enters)

Malloney: Good evening Dougan - how's the **(interrupted)**

Dougan: **(Stops abruptly and points)** What the - - what is that?

Kathleen: **(Smiles broadly)** It's me dog recuperator!

Dougan: It resembles a satellite!

Maureen: That shows you can't always go by resemblances Dougan. If you went by resemblances, you might think this house was a second-hand emporium.

Dougan: **(Knowing)** In its own way it is Maureen; an emporium of goods circulated by the bourgeoisie for the masses. The fact that the gadgets don't work – **(interrupted)**

Kathleen: Don't be rude Dougan.

Dougan: Let me finish explaining the system to you! The fact that the gadgets don't work is symbolic of the cyclical nature of work; you know - like painting the Forth Bridge; the absolute control the bourgeoisie have over the proletariat. What do you say Malloney - do you ever think on that? **(Quotes)** 'Eat pineapples, guzzle grouse, Your last day draws near, bourgeois' **(borgeois to rhyme with grouse)**. Vladimir Mayakovsky, he said that – **(Interrupted)**

Maureen: I don't care who said it, don't you dare call us bourgeois Dougan Donnelly! Why the last time we had a holiday was when we went to my sisters in Trelaine three years ago! And I've never eaten a grouse in my life – **(interrupted)**

Malloney: **(Reminds)** You have pet. There was that time when – it was an M.O.T.

Maureen: Oh that thing! Well not many pineapples pass this door, at the price they are.

Dougan: **(Collaboratively)** We're on the same side then Maureen.

Kathleen: Dougan, you're so extreme.

Maureen: **(Curious)** And which side is that Dougan?

Dougan: The workers, the man in the street - the country –

Maureen: **(interrupting)** There's enough sides there to be goin' on with!

Dougan: Sure, but if you wanted a holiday you, you could use your assets better. I mean, just look at all the stuff you've got lying around. Look at all that radio equipment in the shed. You could get hundreds for that – **(interrupted)**

Maureen: **(Amazed)** Hundreds? Hundreds? Is that right Malloney?

Malloney: **(Gruffly)** Didn't you say you were taking yer man out for a long walk Kathleen Rose?

Kathleen: Come on Dougan, I can't leave Soya for long.

Dougan: **(Stares at Kathleen Rose)** What did you say its name is?

Kathleen: **(Puts her arm through his)** He's a he, not an 'it'! We've called him Soya, after Soyuz sauce, because he's the colour, apart from the wee patch of white over his eye. Have you never heard of Soyuz sauce Dougan? Oh, come along slowcoach!

(Pulls Dougan out, who is staring incredulously at satellite shaped dog recuperator. Both exit. Maureen folds arms and looks at Malloney)

Malloney: **(Grabs slow cooker quickly)** I'll go and look through my fuses in the shed.

Maureen: Remember it's your dinner – and it's half cooked!

(Malloney exits hurriedly with slow cooker. Maureen sighs. Exits. Fade lights and lights up to represent time passing.)

Scene 3 - The Shed, Edge of Stage & Malloney's Lounge.

(The shed. SFX. Unlocking of shed. Malloney enters shed via its back door. Sits down, fiddles with radio equipment. SFX. Crackles and whistles of radio.)

Yurov: Calling Green man. This is Man in Moon.

Malloney: Yurov - I'm pleased to hear from you friend. Sorry I laughed at yer the other day. It's just so incredible. Here's me in me hut at the end of the bean rows in Tíree, and there's yourself, orbiting the earth! That's the reason I couldn't fix you with me pin!

Yurov: Beyond earth Malloney, before moon and stars - lone planet.

Malloney: How long are you er – orbiting Yurov? Have you been up there long? **(Almost to self)** This sounds a mighty weird thing for me to be sayin'.

Yurov: There's problem Malloney. My mission is long over-done, but they say to me you can't come down yet Yurov - some difficulty with landing site. When launch one and half year ago, things good, ya know, – Gorbachev, perestroika, glasnost - but now they say, you stay up, we bring you down later.

Malloney: That's tough Yurov; ever decreasing circles.

Yurov: Malloney - - I worry about Irena, and the kids. They quite big - but we in flat in Moscow. Ground control say they ok, but I still worry.

Malloney: Irena. That's your missus? Your wife?

Yurov: Ya - she's doctor, work verr hard, whole time tired. You ask about music Malloney. She like Frankie Sinatra. You know **(sings opening line of 'I Left my Heart in San Francisco')**? She say ogranichyenoí - ona bu khotyela novuyu zhizn v Se. Er how you say, she feel a bit er –

Malloney: Exhausted? Stifled?

Yurov: Ya. There's American doctor on exchange program at hospital always fillin' her head with poppy er...

Malloney: cock?

Yurov: Corn, poppy corn. He tell Irena life so sweet, so good for kids in USA. She say to me, think about opportunity Yurov.

Malloney: Life's always so sweet somewhere else friend. Our pair of older lads are in the US, tryin' their luck. Ay, they've found the streets aren't paved with gold, but concrete like everywhere else.

Yurov: They not work with you in garage?

Malloney: You don't get many young people settling for what their fathers' settled for hereabouts. They want to strike out on their own. Sure, I'd have done the same thing meself, given half a chance. – But you meet the girl, you get married, and then you need the cash. But Tralee's a grand green place for the peace and quiet. Yurov – I've had a thought, maybe I can get through to Irena on the phone for yer; give her a message from yerself?

Yurov: You try Malloney? It Gorkiy Park 32471; I don't know code from Tralee.

Malloney: Oh, I can find the code, that's no problem. I'll try to contact her from me garage; it'll be more private. What message?

(SFX. Crackling and whistling.)

Yurov: Malloney - **(breaks off)**

Malloney: Aye – hello - **(To self)** he's gone again. Right now - code - where can I find the code?

(Dougan sneezes outside shed. Silence for a few seconds.)

Malloney: **(Listens. Puzzled, stands up, and opens shed door quickly.)** What in heaven's name are you loiterin there for Dougan?

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(Dougan enters looking around the shed.)

Dougan: **(Knowing)** Officially, I've come to tell yer - yer tea's ready Malloney.

Malloney: **(Surprised)** Oh, and unofficially?

Dougan: That I'm here Malloney

Malloney: I can see that.

Dougan: No, you don't understand; you see I'm *in*. I know it's every man for himself in the revolution, but you can count me in. We'll keep the red flag flying Malloney! That code you were talking about, I can help you get it. Give me the message and I'll deliver it. **(Taps side of his nose)** You see, I know Malloney.

Malloney: Well, I'm glad you know, because I don't know what you're talkin' about; but I'm glad me tea's ready. Come along out of here!

(Dougan exits in a disgruntled way. Malloney exits looking peeved. Edge of stage as if outside hospital. Irena enters. Kevin enters wearing stethoscope. Hurries to catch her up)

Kevin: Irena, let me walk you home; it's not safe on the streets.

Irena: You finish now?

Kevin: It's my break. I could do with some fresh air. **(Stops & looks above audience)** Look at that beautiful moon.

Irena: **(Stops & looks. Shivers.)** It beautiful, but it make me afraid

Kevin: You're thinking of Yurov?

Irena: Because so bright and cold, so cold. There dark shadows on face - like something on x-ray;

sorry I silly

Kevin: You're not silly; you've good reason to worry. Come on let's walk fast, you're cold. You know if we were in Philly right now, I'd suggest a good hot meal, a ten ounce steak, and all the trimmings.

Irena: **(Surprised)** At this time?

Kevin: Sure, why not? Places stay open all hours. If a man wants to give himself bellyache in the middle of the night, ain't no one to stop him! It's a free country.

Irena: **(Laughs)** If ever we visit States; when Yurov come down, I want see San Francisco. I like Frankie Sinatra singing 'I Left My Heart' in it – it must be special - you know? - I record at home. **(Sings opening line of 'I Left my Heart in San Francisco')**

Kevin: **(Lies)** - --I can't quite place that one. Maybe I can come round, and you'll play it for me sometime?

Irena: It's a good record.

Kevin: Here, take my arm, you're shivering.

(Irena takes Kevin's arm. Both exit. Malloney's lounge. SFX. Rattle of crockery/cutlery. Malloney enters. Taps his stomach)

Malloney: That was grand Maureen, a welcome change.

(Maureen enters)

Maureen: A welcome change from what Malloney?

(Dougan enters. Kathleen enters. Checks inside dog recuperator.)

Kathleen: **(To dog)** You're a good boy, you've eaten all your dinner. **(To Malloney & Maureen)** He's so much better now; soon be ready.

Dougan: **(Suspicious)** Oh, ready for what?

Kathleen: Ready for walks of course , what do you think? Your actin' very peculiar Dougan.

Dougan: These are peculiar times Kathleen Rose. **(Picks up a travel brochure)** Are you all off somewhere? There's a lot of holiday brochures about all of a sudden.

Maureen: Well, I know we haven't had them in the house before Dougan, but I'm just thinking where we could go, if we could go, if you get my meaning. **(To Malloney)** What do you think about Paris in the springtime Malloney? Wouldn't that be nice?

Kathleen: **(Enthusiastic)** Are we thinking of a holiday Da? I'd like to go to Greece. I've heard it's dead cheap if you go in the middle of winter.

Dougan: I'd like to go to Moscow. We'll go to Moscow, eh Malloney?

Malloney: There's enough trouble in the world without everyone joining in. Ye scratch a rash, and before ye know it, it's spread all over. Moscow's in turmoil. I could tell yer a thing or two!

Dougan: (Slyly) Well, tell us then Malloney.

Malloney: What? Well listen to the news boy. Listen to the news!

Dougan: (Looks inside recuperator) This dog looks like he's ready for the off.

Kathleen: Oh well, let's take him for a wee walk then; he's near enough ready.

Dougan: I didn't mean that.

Kathleen: - I'll just go and get my coat. (Exits)

Maureen: Well, who's for helping me wash up?

Dougan: I'll wait outside Kathleen Rose. (Exits)

Malloney: I'll come and lend yer a hand. (Exits)

(Maureen exits. SFX. Crockery & cutlery. A few seconds elapse, to denote a short time passing. Kathleen enters & takes coat off. Dougan enters. Kathleen puts record onto radiogram. SFX. Old romantic song or tune as if coming from radiogram.)

Dougan: I can't dance to that! Don't you have any other music Kathleen Rose?

Kathleen: Why, don't you like this one?

Dougan: I liked it at first.

Kathleen: We've got lots and lots. I'll turn it down a bit if you like.

(SFX. Music turned down to background.)

Kathleen: (Still dancing around) Da brought home a load of records and a radiogram a year or so back. I think it was part exchange for fixing somebody's gearbox. (Hums a bit of tune being played) I expect you've noticed Ma goes in for Jose Carreras. (Trying to make Dougan a bit more responsive) Continental men are so romantic, don't you think Dougan?

Dougan: Have you met many?

Kathleen: Only Kum Sok at the chippie. I wouldn't say he's romantic, but he's very gentlemanly. Our conversations have been limited to mushy peas and chips.

Dougan: What about Russians?

Kathleen: Oh yes!

Dougan: (Pricks up ears) Many?

Kathleen: Omar Sharif in 'Dr Zhivago'. Doesn't he just melt your knees?

Dougan: I can't say I fancy him meself. How about real Russians?

Kathleen: Isn't he Russian?

Dougan: He's Egyptian.

Kathleen: Oh, that doesn't matter a jit.

Dougan: A what?

Kathleen: A jit – just a wee bit; haven't you heard that expression before?

Dougan: Where did you hear that word?

Kathleen: **(Shrugs casually)** I don't know. Maybe I made it up.

Dougan: It's a computer term. Have you got a computer?

Kathleen: Da brought something home once but it blew up.

Dougan: That's a convenient answer.

Kathleen: It's not a convenient answer, it's the truth! Why did you want to borrow it for your coursework?

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Dougan: So you have got one!

Kathleen: No. I told you; it blew up.

Dougan: So says you! - Kathleen Rose why does yer father go in for bartering? It's a bit like the communist system. What communist connections does your father have?

Kathleen: He hasn't got any. When his customers can't raise all the cash, he just does them a bit of a part exchange. There's an old chap called Tomasz, comes now and again to have his car fixed. I think he's Polish. I don't know if he's a communist.

Dougan: Polish eh? Tell me about Tomasz.

Kathleen: He's an old customer.

Dougan: He could be an accomplice.

Kathleen: **(Puzzled)** What sort of accomplice? – Dougan, my father just does the best thing for his customers! He doesn't go in for labels, and he doesn't go in for politics.

Dougan: **(Dismissively)** Oh, everyone goes in for politics; even if they say they don't.

Kathleen: Whatever's the matter with you lately? Anyone would think my Da was a spy! A double agent – like James Bond! **(Hums a bit of theme music from a Bond movie. Laughs.)**

Dougan: There's something goin' on here, I can feel it. It's peculiar.

Kathleen: **(Sighs)** Well we're a peculiar family Dougan then, we can't help it. **(Peers inside recuperator.)** Are you alright in there Soya? You're very quiet. Have we worn you out with your walk? Night night.

Dougan: Why is that dog still in the recuperator? He doesn't need it now surely? He's recuperated, you said so.

Kathleen: Oh well, he's just used to it now. He's conditioned, I guess.

Dougan: **(Accusingly)** Conditioned! Ah, so he's conditioned is he?

Kathleen: Dougan whatever's wrong? You're always tugging at things these days, as if there's something wrong with them.

Dougan: Doing social studies Kathleen Rose has removed the skins from my eyes. I can see how the world works. I can see how the underclasses are suppressed.

Kathleen: **(Lightly)** Look for trouble and you'll find it.

Dougan: I think yer Da leads a double life! Out there in his shed with all that equipment. He can communicate with all the world through that you know.

Kathleen: Well of course he can; that's the whole point.

Dougan: He gave me a proper flea in the ear earlier- and I know why.

Kathleen: **(Laughs)** That sounds more like our Soya.

Dougan: I overheard him talking in his shed about a code and a message. You just let slip about a jit. You know what's going on alright! Why are you all keepin' me in the dark? Why is the dog recuperator shaped like a satellite? Why is it called Soya 5; that sounds like a Soviet space-craft!

Kathleen: **(Exasperated)** Oh Dougan, it's just a wee joke; it's called Soya 5 because of the other four.

Dougan: B'Jesus - the other four!

Kathleen: The other four dogs!

Dougan: **(Grabs hold of Kathleen Rose's arm)** Kathleen Rose tell me what's going on. Trust me, I want to help. I believe Communism is the way forward to a fairer world, without inequality, shoulder to shoulder, brother with brother and – **(interrupted)**

Kathleen: **(Cross)** Oh let go of my arm, and stop being so silly!

Dougan: Tell me, don't keep me on the outside! I don't hide my politics up my overalls, like some people.

Kathleen: **(Struggling to get free)** You've been watching too many films Dougan. You're hurting my arm - let go!

Dougan: Who is he, this man called your father? Where does Soya 5 fit in? You're all in this together aren't you! Oh yes, I see it now!

Kathleen: You do?

Dougan: Oh yes!

Kathleen: Very well Dougan, let go of my arm, and I'll tell you.

(Dougan lets go of her arm)

Kathleen: I'll tell Da you forced it out of me. Good, well, - you've heard the news I presume? **(Making it up as she goes along)**. Yes, of course you have. Good -- well - my father and I are agents, but not my Ma, so don't go sayin' anything to her. Oh Mr. Donahoe's in it as well.

Dougan: **(Incredulous)** What - the vet!

Kathleen: Yes, yes, there's a few of us! Old Tomasz who comes to the garage; he designs the prototype rockets. The gerbil - you think he's just playing on his wheel don't you? Ah that's the beauty of the plan - but really, well - is anyone listenin' **(looks around)**

(Dougan looks around)

Kathleen: It's as you guessed.

Dougan: What is?

Kathleen: It's the dogs - they're the main thing. Mr. Donahoe acquires them at the vet surgery. People bring them in you know, unwanted pets, and strays, and he passes them on to me. My role is to condition them to their satellites. Our briefs, brief, is to send them into orbit; sort of spy satellites, to smash up communist cells!

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Dougan: What!

Kathleen: **(Puts fingers to lips)** The walls have ears Dougan - the walls have ears.

Dougan: **(Disgustedly)** You're winding me up! **(Exits in a sulk)**

(Kathleen sighs. Exits. SFX. Stage goes dark to indicate time passing.)

Scene 4 – The Shed and Malloney’s Lounge

(The shed. SFX. Key turning in lock of shed. Malloney enters and wakes up his radio equipment. SFX. Crackles and whistles from radio.)

Yurov: Calling Green Man - this is Man in Moon.

Malloney: Hello Man in the Moon. How are you farin'? Have you any news about landing yet?

Yurov: Malloney, I like ball - you know, they throw in air, then they go do things else. They say still trouble, stay up Yurov. We don' get facilities to bring you down yet. Did you get through with Irena?

Malloney: I keep trying Yurov. The phone rings and rings, and then I get cut off; but I'm not giving up.

Yurov: I hope she's not gone to USA - whole of Russia going to U.S.A.

Malloney: Irena wouldn't go without you friend, not while yer up there.

Yurov: No, I don' think so, but ya know Malloney, I have freedom up here. Ya I'm confined, but I have what call escapa, excitement. Irena she er don', just same old. She hardly get change ever.

Malloney: Ye've got a point there Yurov. We all need to get out of the old routine once in a while. I come out here to do my roaming, but Maureen doesn't have that. She could do with a holiday really.

Yurov: A few year ago er, Irena and kids went to country for holiday - good change.

Malloney: Not yerself?

Yurov: No, I had to er sell a few things I didn't really need. I wear uniform most of time. I get money for one or two nice things - I not tell Irena though.

Malloney: You sold your clothes? Oh Yurov. - Tell me - ye have plenty left to eat up there don't you?

Yurov: Oh ya - - plenty dry stuff left.

Malloney: **(Sighs)** I know the feeling friend. Yurov I haven't mentioned you to anyone else. Am I doin' right do yer think? I thought it might be wise with things as they are.

Yurov: I think so Malloney; things delicat - but you try Irena for me again?- - if I don' get down I want her to - **(interrupted)**

Malloney: **(Interrupts)** Yurov of course you'll get down. They can't leave you up there forever.

(Yurov faint laugh. SFX. Buzzing, crackling on radio.)

Malloney: Yurov? **(To self)** Can they? **(Closes down radio equipment. Exits through back shed door.)**

(Malloney's lounge. Maureen enters. Malloney enters.)

Maureen: Malloney.

Malloney: Ay?

Maureen: You know what I'm going to say, now I've got you trapped on your own don't you?

Malloney: I've been puttin' me mind to it Maureen. I'd really never thought about raising a bit of cash with the radio equipment.

Maureen: Well, it's not usually the case that what we have is saleable. It was Dougan who pointed out that it was worth hundreds.

Malloney: I never looked at it like that; it was just part exchange stuff, like the rest of the stuff. Useful stuff.

Maureen: And useless stuff. – Anyway, Dougan was round earlier with a phone number - **(hands Malloney a business card)** – a friend of his who deals in specialist electrical goods, sound systems, C.B. and the like. Dougan says his pal knows someone wanting to buy some gear.

Malloney: I didn't realise Dougan had friends among the bourgeoisie!

Maureen: That's the difference between talkin' and doin' I've found. I told him we'd talk it over. He seems mighty keen for you to sell. I don't know what his motivation is, if he gets a commission on sales? Maybe he just likes the idea of Kathleen Rose gettin' a holiday?

Malloney: He's young; everything's black and white – but life's various shades of grey. Maureen, I've got something to tell you, but it's to be between you and me, and Kathleen Rose'll be ok. Dougan mustn't be told or he'll be puttin' his own agenda on it. I can see I've been a bit indulgent, doin' me own travellin' in the shed at the bottom of the garden. It's been like a magic bedstead, takin' me off to strange and faraway lands, that I could never visit, and enjoy a bit of craic with people I'd never meet. But I've made up me mind that it's all got to go; get the family a holiday, but I'm askin' yer Maureen to wait **(takes a deep breath)** - until they've landed the Man in the Moon.

Maureen: Malloney what are you talkin' about?

Malloney: To put it in a nutshell – I've picked up this Russian cosmonaut on me wavelength, his name's Yurov.

Maureen: **(Bursts out laughing)** That's a new one! Are you havin' me on?

Malloney: That's what I said to him! Oh Maureen he's a grand chap, and he's stranded up there - goin' round and round. Can yer imagine how many nights and days he gets through in an afternoon?

Maureen: Why's he stranded? If they got him up, surely they can bring him down again?

Malloney: Not while there's agitation. How can yer bring a spacecraft down in the middle of a load of unrest. He's worried about his family, they're in Moscow, and there's this American doctor trying to get Yurov's wife to the States - 'to a better life'. He's worried to death she'll accept the job offer and take the kids - they're teenagers. If they go, and the authorities start clamping down, he might never see them again.

Maureen: Life's what you make of it in your own backyard. - Other people must know about him Malloney? You can't be the only one?

Malloney: He's in touch with ground control of course. They're tellin' him everything's 'under control' and to sit tight. But his mission was over nine months ago – can yer imagine!

Maureen: What about food - and oxygen? Oxygen's the thing they always run out of in the films.

Malloney: He says he's got plenty of dried food; he hasn't mentioned oxygen.

Maureen: So, his wife hasn't heard from him since he went up? She must be out of her mind with worry.

Malloney: I offered to ring her. I tried from the garage, but it keeps cutting out. What if she's gone? Maureen I couldn't tell him that, not up there on his own. That's why I can't part with the radio gear yet. When he comes down, I'll phone that number Dougan gave you, get us all a break.

Maureen: We'll see. What's her name?

Malloney: Irena.

Maureen: Give me the number. I'll keep trying.

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Malloney: **(Gets a scrap of paper from pocket and hands to Maureen.)** I found the code, I've put it at the top.

(Maureen takes paper, looks at it, and puts in her pocket. Nods to self. Exits. Malloney exits. Edge of stage as if hospital corridor. Irena enters, stethoscope around neck. Looks worried. Kevin enters stethoscope around neck.)

Kevin: **(Looks serious.)** There you are. I've been looking all over for you.

Irena: It very busy on wards.

Kevin: Irena, listen, this is serious! Word is there's going to be a putsch. My people are telling me to get out while I can. I want you and the kids to come with me.

Irena: I tell you before, I can't decide without Yurov. I can't desert him. Life was ok before - you have to make best.

Kevin: Have you heard anything?

Irena: Space program say just delayed?

Kevin: **(interrupting)** Irena, Yurov's mission finished nine months ago. I don't like to say this, but you've got to ask yourself why he's not down? You know the military are responsible for the space program, and they've got their hands full right now. Since Yurov was launched, the Soviet Union's crumbled. You're not even Soviet citizens anymore! And the landing site's in Kazakhstan now. Are they going to co-operate? The truth is that nobody knows what to do anymore. No-one's got the kind of authority needed to bring him down. Who's going to collect him from Mir? How long is the lifespan of his landing craft? **(Beseeching)** Irena, come with me while you can. There's nothing you can do for Yurov. You can't stop a

revolution for one man. He's an unfortunate casualty of the upheaval. Do you know he's even alive?

Irena: (Sobs) Space program just delayed; everything ok.

Kevin: (Gently) Irena, you're fooling yourself. You know they can't get him down.

(Irena hurriedly exits. Kevin follows her)

Scene 5 – The shed, and Malloney’s lounge

(Shed. SFX. Shed door being unlocked. Malloney enters holding cardboard box. Puts box down gently.)

Malloney: **(Talks to dog.)** Make yourself comfortable there Soya. **(Sits down and wakes up radio equipment.)**

(SFX. Whistling and buzzing sounds.)

Malloney: This is yer Green Man calling the Man in the Moon.

Yurov: Green Man – Malloney – thank you.

Malloney: What for?

Yurov: For being friend

Malloney: You’re very welcome; thank you. Are you ok?

Yurov: All crumbling Malloney.

Malloney: **(Alarmed)** Yurov, what’s crumbling!

Yurov: U.S.S.R. **(Laughs)** I one of crumbs Malloney.

Malloney: Nonsense. What have you heard?

Yurov: Nothing. Malloney I not hear; ground control gone. You only voice left.

Malloney: Yurov there must be a fault. Did they say anything before they went? They’ll be working on it right now, you know they will. They can’t just leave you.

Yurov: What happening in Moscow Green Man?

Malloney: **(Tries to be reassuring)** It’s no worse Yurov. It’s just a shambles. They’ll get their act together soon. We’ll laugh about this next year. You’ll have to come and see us - I’ve told the missus and - -

Yurov: **(interrupting)** You’d tell me if you heard?

Malloney: Heard what?

Yurov: They not able to bring down. I like to know.

Malloney: Yurov - of course they’ll be able -

(SFX. Buzzing/crackling noises from radio equipment.)

Malloney: **(Calls)** Yurov, Yurov. Man in the Moon? **(Sighs. Looks concerned. To self)** There must be someone in authority who can do something for yer! Someone I could contact perhaps?

(SFX. Energetic sound of dog scratting newspaper in box.)

Malloney: Soya stop scrattin’ about, I’m trying to think! What’s that you’re shreddin’ in there? Leave,

go now. **(Pulls out a newspaper. Thoughtful.)** The Irish Times? **(Picks up box and exits through back shed door.)**

(SFX. Door being locked. Few seconds elapse to show passing of time. Malloney's lounge. Maureen enters. Takes phone number from her pocket and dials on old fashioned telephone. Malloney enters ready for work)

Maureen: I know you're late but wait about for a minute. **(Concentrating on phone call)** I thought I heard something different. It's ringing at least - have you got your snap? Hello --- is that Irena?

(Malloney stops & listens)

Irena: **(Voice coming over on telephone)** Hello - who is that?

Maureen: Listen Irena, this is going to sound mighty strange. Can you understand me alright?

Irena: Yes, I understand, but go slow.

Maureen: Well Irena - me husband Malloney, er keeps a bit of radio equipment in the shed at the bottom of the garden in Tarree - that's Ireland - and er, well to cut a long story short, he's picked up signals from Yurov's spacecraft.

Irena: Yurov, you hear from Yurov?

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Maureen: Yes. I've been trying to contact you. We've been keepin' it quiet like but –

Irena: **(interrupting)** How is he? What say?

Maureen: Er, well, he's a bit low in spirit, but he's got enough to eat – rotten old dried stuff, but he's eatin' it, and - er you know, that he loves you and is thinking about you. He's been worrying you see and we said - that's Malloney, told Yurov – **(breaks off)**

(Irena soft snuffling and crying)

Maureen: Irena, are you alright?

Irena: He say that? Lyublyu? He not say that for long time.

Maureen: No? Oh, er well, ye know what these men are like, all hard bricks on the outside, soft furnishings on the inside.

Irena: I so glad you give message; things so hard. I being pushed - pulled so many different ways. Oh, I have call you back, somebody thudding at door, sorry.

Maureen: It's Tíree 5000 Irena. Bye for now. **(Replaces phone receiver thoughtfully).** - I didn't get a chance to tell her about the newspaper.

Malloney: Did she send a message for Yurov?

Maureen: Oh, tell him she loves and misses him.

Malloney: Did she say that?

Maureen: No, but she meant to. Did Yurov say it?

Malloney: No – but he meant to. I'll just try Yurov again before I get meself off.

Maureen: Be back in time to see the journalists!

Malloney: Aye. I can see it's goin' to be one of those days! **(Exits with snap box.)**

(Maureen exits. Shed. SFX. Shed door being hurriedly unlocked. Malloney quickly wakes up radio gear SFX. Whistling and buzzing.)

Malloney: **(To self)** I'm never goin' to get to work today, I can see it comin'. **(Makes call sign.)** This is yer Green Man calling the Man in the Moon. Come in Man in the Moon. Yurov? Yer not answerin' friend, and you should be pickin' me up about now. Well, I'll tell yer anyhow in case you can hear me. I've got some grand news for yer Yurov - we've contacted Irena. She was mighty pleased to hear from yer.

(SFX. Radio crackling/buzzing.)

Malloney: Hello?- Anyway as I was sayin', she was real relieved to get a message from yourself. She er **(slightly embarrassed)** sends her love and er all that. Somethin' else Yurov - we've been in touch with the daily newspaper. There's journalists calling round later. I've told them it's delicate, but they can work wonders with words. They'll make sure yer not forgotten -

(SFX. More crackling.)

Malloney: Man in the Moon?

(Malloney sighs. Closes down equipment quickly, and exits) SFX. Shed door locked. Hospital corridor at edge of stage. Kevin enters. He is wearing casual clothes, and a loose coat.) Irena enters. She is in casual clothes and carrying an old song record. Calls.)

Irena: Kevin. Can I speak with you?

Kevin: Irena - darling – you've changed your mind?

(Kevin takes Irena in his arms.)

Irena: I come to say goodbye.

Kevin: Goodbye?

Irena: **(Smiles)** I hear from Yurov - he ok.

Kevin: He's down?

Irena: No, not down, but ok. I hear from people in South Ireland, they pick him up on radio. I so happy and –

Kevin: **(Interrupting. Dismissively)** Oh, I thought for a minute there was hope.

Irena: **(Insistent)** There is hope! – He **(interrupted)**

Kevin: Irena, I'm packed and I'm heading for the airport now. This is your last opportunity for that new life in the States. **(Urgently)** Take it, reach out, grab it with both hands. I'm sorry but nothing has changed with Yurov. He's still up there and they can't bring him down. Even if he gets down, what will have changed?

Irena: Things change; he loves me, we manage.

Kevin: **(Laughs)** That's it? So easy? Listen, I'm in love with you, and I'm offering a better deal than you'll get with him.

Irena: **(Gives him record)** Here, for you – present.

Kevin: **(Looks at it & takes it)** Frank Sinatra - 'I Left my Heart in San Francisco'?

Irena: You not got it. I don't need anymore. Goodbye Kevin. **(Kisses him on cheek and exits.)**

(Kevin stands looking after her for a moment or two, then exits quickly.)

Scene 6 – Malloney’s lounge

(Malloney enters)

Malloney: I knew I wouldn’t get much work done today; two of me best customers are havin’ to walk.

(Kathleen enters. Maureen enters)

Maureen: It was like having a swarm of locusts round the house; the questions those journalists’ asked. They were very interested in Irena.

Malloney: They were scratchin’ around for a bit of the personal angle I suppose.

Maureen: It sells more papers.

Kathleen: **(Dreamily)** The luv triangle.

Maureen: What love triangle?

Kathleen: Love-Lorn cosmonaut in Love Triangle; in the paper.

Malloney: What, the Irish Times! It’s not out yet?

Kathleen: No, the Evening Argos beat them to it. It’s ever so good. Loads of people were buyin it.

Maureen: But it’s not true Kathleen Rose - not in that sense.

Kathleen: It gave Mr. Donahoe quite a turn the journalists turnin’ up at the practice. **(Laughs)** He thought someone had left all their money to one of the dogs.

Maureen: They went to the practice? You spoke to them?

Kathleen: You could tell what they were after. I told them the truth; but they wanted something else, so I embellished the truth. Something comes over me when people fish around like that. They wanted a photo of Irena.

Maureen: I wouldn’t give them it if I had one.

Kathleen: So they made do with one of meself. I got six copies. **(Gets a copy out of her bag.)**

Maureen: **(Picks up paper and stares)** Holy mother - I’ll never be able to lift me head in the street again!

Malloney: **(Looks at another copy)** And there was I sayin’ to the Irish Times, to be careful not to embarrass the Soviets!

(SFX. Doorbell. A strange sound which dies away.)

Malloney: I’ll go; it could be more journalists.

(Malloney exits)

Kathleen: It might be Dougan. If he’s seen the paper, he’ll be hopping mad I didn’t tell him.

(Voices offstage)

Maureen: Who's that he's talking to?

Kathleen: I'll go and take a peek.

Maureen: If it's journalist, no more posing for photographs, or luv triangles!

(Kathleen exits & quickly re-enters.)

Kathleen: **(Urgently)** Quick hide Soya! **(Grabs dog from box and puts it inside radiogram. To dog.)** Ssssh Soya. Quiet, there's a good boy. **(Turns radiogram on.)**

(Sean, Animal Welfare Inspector enters. Malloney enters.)

Malloney: **(To Maureen and Kathleen Rose)** B'Jesus, someone's phoned the Animal Welfare and told them we're experimenting on dogs and sending them into space in satellites! This young man's come to check out the complaint.

Sean: Aye, it concerns a brown sauce coloured dog with a white patch over one eye. The caller said it was being psychologically conditioned. **(Apologetic)** We have to follow up all complaints no matter how er, unlikely. **(Walks around the room looking a bit embarrassed.)**

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Maureen: **(Lifts up one or two cushions inviting him to have a look.)** If you'd like to check in the kitchen, you've arrived just in time. I was just about to launch one out of the window.

Sean: **(Spots Kathleen Rose and looks at her.)** Aren't you the girl on the front page of the Evening Argus?

Kathleen: **(Smiles)** Aye, that me.

Sean: **(Gets copy of paper from his bag. Looks at photo in paper.)** Sure, it's a fine photo.

Kathleen: Would you like me to sign it for yer?

Sean: Would you? That would be grand. **(Hands her his copy)**

(Kathleen signs photo)

Sean: Thank you.

Kathleen: You're welcome.

Malloney: Do you want to take a look upstairs; satisfy yerself we've not got a launch pad up there?

Sean: **(Smiles and waves away idea)** It was obviously a crank call. We get a few of those. Stray werewolves, yetis, and all sorts. I'm sorry to trouble you.

Malloney: Don't worry. You're only performin' yer duty. I'll see you out. Yes, there are a lot of cranks about.

Kathleen: (Smiles) Bye.

Sean: Bye. (So busy looking at Kathleen Rose he bumps into a piece of furniture.)

(Sean Exits. Malloney exits. SFX. Closing of door. Malloney enters)

Malloney: What did you do with young Soya?

Maureen: Kathleen Rose hid him in the radiogram. It's handy you took in a commodious one.

Kathleen: (Lifts lid of radiogram) Oh, he's fast asleep - bless him!

Maureen: Well wouldn't you be with someone crooning in yer ear?

Malloney: It's lucky I took the dog recuperator back to the garage for dismantling.

(SFX. Phone rings in a weird way, as if it doesn't have the energy to ring properly.)

Kathleen: Maybe that's Dougan.

Maureen: (Under breath) I wouldn't count on it.

Kathleen: (Picks up phone) Hello there – oh, that's my da. Shall I get – ? Yes, of course – yes – yes – yes, oh that's wonderful! Pardon? I'm Kathleen Rose; I'm 18. You're welcome. Yes, of course - that's a good idea! Well bye bye. (Replaces receiver. To Maureen & Malloney) That was Yurov's son. He wanted to leave a message with me, in case he got cut off. They're putting pressure on the people in charge of the space program to get Yurov down. He asked if it's alright if he phones again to keep in touch. He's a funny way with words but – (dreamily) he sounds quite nice – continental.

Malloney: (Looking at paper) Kathleen Rose - there's somethin' botherin' me. The Argos here has the headline Lost Love Lorn cosmonaut. You didn't say he was lost did you?

Kathleen: (Puzzled) No - I didn't say that.

(SFX. Lights down to show passing of time.)

Scene 7 – Malloney’s lounge, and shed.

(Malloney’s lounge. Maureen enters)

Malloney: **(Offstage)** It’s meself Maureen.

Maureen: **(Calls)** You’re home nice and early.

Malloney: I thought I’d try to contact Yurov. I was listenin’ to the news in the garage - the Soviets say they can’t tell offhand if there’s a cosmonaut due down; they’ll check their records! Can yer imagine, like mislayin’ a pair of false teeth or somethin’?

Maureen: The paper’s keeping up the campaign at least. Every day there’s something or other about -- mind you – **(Sighs)**

(Malloney sighs)

Maureen: It’s tough on his family. All that time wondering - **(Sighs)**

(SFX. Phone ringing with its weird limping ring. Phone stops ringing.)

Maureen: **(Listening)** That’s probably for Kathleen Rose. Sean - the young man from the Animal Welfare seems to have taken a shine to her.

Malloney: What’s happened to Dougan? I haven’t seen hide nor hair of him lately.

Maureen: Hm! I’m sure it was Dougan behind that business with the Animal Welfare. He’s probably ashamed to show his face. - I think he’s helping his friend in the shop quite a bit these days.

Malloney: The one who sells the C.B. stuff?

Maureen: Yes.

Malloney: Well I’ll try Yurov - you know Maureen, it’s like he was a dream; like when another world comes into view, and yer allowed just a wee squint before the chink closes. - I keep thinkin’ if only I’d acted sooner!

Maureen: **(Gently)** Malloney - no-one could have done more.

(Malloney exits. Maureen exits. Shed. SFX. Shed being unlocked. Malloney enters. SFX. Radio tuning sounds.)

Malloney: This is yer Green Man calling the Man in the Moon. Come in Man in the Moon. Yurov, if yer can hear me, things are settling in Moscow, definitely settling accordin’ to the paper. I’m sure you’ll be hearin’ any day. Irena and the children are well, but missin’ yerself of course - er- **(to self)** what else? oh, I told yer the American chap had gone home didn’t I? The papers are keepin’ your story rollin’, so don’t be thinkin’ yer forgotten - um

(SFX. Crackling and buzzing)

Malloney: Yurov?---Man in the Moon?

Dougan: **(Voice only)** Hello

Malloney: Who’s this?

Dougan: Is that Malloney?

Malloney: Dougan?

Dougan: I found him!

Malloney: Found who Dougan?

Dougan: The Man in the Moon

Malloney: You found the Man in the Moon! Is he alright?

Dougan: Ye, a bit fed up, but ye, his communication equipment was on the blink.

Malloney: Thank goodness for that. Dougan I didn't know yer had a radio?

Dougan: Oh, we've got allsorts at the shop. I was trying out some new gear when I remembered your settings, from when I was up at your shed. I suppose I shall have to give interviews to the world press now I've found him, but it'll be an arena.

Malloney: An arena?

Dougan: Sure, I'm goin' into partnership with me friend. We could do with some free advertising. I'm still keeping on at college but I'm changing over to business studies. I had a bit of a chat with Yurov (**sighs**)- communism's fine in theory, but it's a problem in practice. (**Cheering up**) Anyhow, communication's the new communism.

Malloney: It is?

Dougan: Sure – (**starting to explain**) you see Malloney (**interrupted**)

(**SFX. Buzzing and Crackling**)

Yurov: Green Man!

Malloney: Man in the Moon!

Yurov: Malloney - I'm coming down!

(**Lights fade for a few seconds to show time passing. Then lights up. Malloney's lounge. Maureen & Kathleen seated on settee watching TV, with a few realistic looking toy dogs.**)

Maureen: (**Calls**) Malloney - they're getting to the bit. (**To Kathleen Rose**) He's going to miss it if he's not careful. Kathleen Rose, would you mind putting a dog or two off the sofa and leave room for your father.

(**Kathleen squeezes up. Puts a dog or two on her knee or floor. Malloney enters**)

Malloney: I'm here – (**Squeezes onto settee**)

Maureen: (**Staring at TV**) The reception's poor - it looks like he'll be coming down in a snowstorm. – Oh, just think how many people are going to watch him land Malloney - you should feel proud! If it wasn't for you –

Malloney: (Modestly) Oh you can't say that Maureen - they'd

Maureen: (interrupting) Oh yes I can! If it hadn't been for – (realizes TV is on blink) you know I don't think the faults with the reception it's this blooming telly! The sounds gone now! Oh never mind - sssssh there it is (gasps) - it's coming a bit fast, the chutes are open - (intake of breath) - what a thump! Look at all that dust! (to TV) - Come on, come on, don't leave him stuck there!

Kathleen: There's the jeep!

Maureen: The door's opening - oh Malloney - there he is! He's taking his helmet off - oh he's a handsome fella. He's smiling, he looks tired - oh he's waving! He's waving Malloney! - Oh it brings tears to the eyes!

(Kathleen tears running down face.)

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Maureen: (Snuffling) Don't cry now Kathleen Rose - you're making the dogs wet. Oh, he's that weak they're having to help him down - they're getting him to the jeep. Oh he's turning, he's waving again - oh (Maureen & Kathleen Rose are waving wildly to TV)

Malloney: (Gruffly as if trying to stay unemotional) It's no use wavin' the two of you - he can't see yer!

Maureen: Oh Malloney wave, he's looking straight at you!

Malloney: There they go. They're away with him now.

Maureen: Irena and the children will be waiting for him. Can you imagine the scene!

Malloney: (Gets up) Well I'll go and put the kettle on. (Gets hankie out and blows nose.)

(Malloney Exits)

Kathleen: (Wipes eyes) I'd better get back to work. Mr Donahoe said to come straight back after I'd watched the landing.

(Kathleen exits)

Maureen: (Wipes eyes) Oh, you haven't had your sandwich, I'll wrap it up for you.

(Maureen exits. Lights fade, then go up again to denote time passing. Edge of stage overlooking audience. Malloney enters in work clothes. He is looking at a photo.)

Malloney: And yer wantin her fully restored Tomasz?

(Tomasz enters.)

Tomasz: (Enthusiastic) Well, don't you think she's a beauty Malloney?

Malloney: **(Scrutinizing photo)** In her day she must have been quite the thing, but it'll cost yer. The parts won't be too easy to come by and –

Tomasz: **(Interrupting)** I was thinkin' Malloney - part cash/part exchange? It's a big project.

Malloney: **(Firm)** I've strict instructions from the Missus, no exchanges, cash only, on the nose - but tell me - what were you thinkin' of?

Tomasz: I've got all this home video equipment, sterling stuff, not the latest model of course, but the uncle. **(Persuasive)** It's a bit too complex for me - but fer a man like yerself now. And I was thinkin' yer could take a video of yourselves when you go on yer holiday, and then when Yurov and his family come over here next year?

Malloney: Well - it's a fine idea, but I'll have to be askin the –

Tomasz: **(interrupting)** She'll say no Malloney, but if you present it *fait accompli* - just think how pleased she'll be to see herself on the video - once ye've mastered it?

Malloney: No - I don't think so. I'm in good books at present, and we're saving for the spending money. The newspaper's payin' for the holidays; y'know - our story. Not that we're tellin' them anything new - unless Kathleen Rose gets to speak that is, and then you never know - - **(tempted)** but yer say part cash?

(Malloney & Tomasz begin to stroll offstage.)

Tomasz: **(Enthusing)** Part cash - make movies while yer there?

Malloney: **(Succumbing)** I'm puttin' me head in a noose - but it's an attractive proposition; home movies?

(Both exit. Lights down. The end.)