

# **Pale, Purple Moon**

By Kamau Nosakhere

## **Characters**

Grey- Male any age from 12 onward. Steven's brother. Person of color (probably Black). Steven- Male, any age from 16 onward. Grey's brother. Person of color (probably Black).

## **Time**

Night time.

## **Place**

A very small town in the middle of nowhere. Think wild west. Very few people and houses, and those houses and people are a little journey away. If there are houses nearby they are abandoned.

## **Content Disclosures**

References to murder. Death. Violence. Blood.

## **Notes**

When you see "...", both characters are taking a pause.

/ Indicate overlapping text.

The moon is big and bright in the sky. Steven and Grey sit on their porch in two rocking chairs. Grey is looking at the moon. Steven is very much not doing that.

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## **Grey**

The moon is nice tonight.

## **Steven**

Yeah.

## **Grey**

A bit purple.

## **Steven**

Is it?.

*Steven looks, and then quickly turns away from the moon, maybe a bit shaken.*

## **Grey**

Right?

## **Steven**

Yeah..

**Grey**

Happens every now and then.

**Steven**

I guess so.

**Grey**

Grandma used to talk about colorful moons. Right here in this rocking chair, rocking me to sleep.

**Steven**

Hmm.

**Grey**

Looking out over the horizon, telling stories of her youth.

**Steven**

Hm.

**Grey**

Her galavanting days. You remember?

**Steven**

Mmmhmm.

**Grey**

I miss her man. Every day walking around this house just brings back those warm memories of/ when we were younger

**Steven**

*(mumbled)* One eyed bitch and her moon.

**Grey**

Huh?

**Steven**

Nothing. I'm going to bed.

**Grey**

Oh, ok.

**Steven**

You gonna stay out?

**Grey**

Yeah. Sun should be out soon. Grandma always liked waiting up for it.

**Steven**

Alright man. G'night

**Grey**

G'night big bro.

*Steven walks inside. Grey continues to rock in the rocking chair. Time passes. Grey gets up, goes inside, gets a beer, comes back outside, and sits back down in the rocking chair. He yawns and drinks. Time passes. Steven comes back onto the porch, beer in hand. He stays standing up.*

**Steven**

Couldn't sleep.

**Grey**

Something on the mind?

**Steven**

Nah.

**Grey**

Oh, ok.

**Steven**

The breeze is nice.

**Grey**

Yeah.

**Steven**

It is so silent out here. The wind really helps this place not be a void.

**Grey**

It's always been like that, so void like. A void of hills and trees and grass and dust, and old poles.

**Steven**

Not always. Before you got here.

**Grey**

Yeah before I got here. When the people were still here.

**Steven**

There was a whole community. It was alive. Before you were born.

**Grey**

And then everyone left.

**Steven**

I remember walking around with mom and dad. Going to the market. Climbing on trees while they caught up with the Figueroas. Singing songs on walks with mom. Coming back home on dad's shoulders. I remember shaking on his back while raising my hands as though I could grab the moon. Mom would tell me I could. I feel like I can still hear them in the wind. Singing a song or laughing in my ears/ just a little

**Grey**

Ok what the fuck is going on?

**Steven**

What?

**Grey**

Why are you talking about mom and dad?

**Steven**

What do you mean I'm just reminiscing.

**Grey**

Reminiscing about the people who left us here in the first place!

**Steven**

Windy night, “purple” moon; I’m gonna start reminiscing!

**Grey**

But we don't have to talk about those people!

**Steven**

Those people! You mean our parents!?

**Grey**

Maybe they were your parents, but they didn't do shit for me! Grandma was the only one—

**Steven**

There you go talking about that old witch again.

**Grey**

Excuse me?

**Steven**

Yeah! Excuse you is right!

**Grey**

What did you just call grandma?

**Steven**

A witch! She was a manipulative cow!

**Grey**

What the fuck!?

**Steven**

Oh come on!

**Grey**

What do you mean “oh come on”?

**Steven**

She just turned you against mom and dad.

**Grey**

Mom and dad left us. They did not give a shit what happened to us.

**Steven**

Mom and dad loved us!

**Grey**

Then where are they!?

**Steven**

They had to go!

**Grey**

Go where? Where? Where did they HAVE to go?

**Steven**

EVERYTHING WAS DYING! They had to move on.

**Grey**

Then why are we here?!

**Steven**

Because of that witch.

**Grey**

Call grandma a witch one more time—

**Steven**

SHE WAS A FUCKING WITCH!

*They stare at each other. Then Grey gets up and lunges at Steven. They wrestle for a while. The beers roll around on the ground. The chairs get moved around. It's violent. Eventually Steven has the upper hand.*

**Steven**

GIVE UP!

**Grey**

NO!

**Steven**

FUCKING TAP!

**Grey**

NO!

**Steven**

I'M GONNA HURT YOU IF YOU DON'T TAP!

*Neither of them respond. They simply continue to struggle. Steven wipes his hand in some of the spilled beer and splashes it into Grey's eye. He hollers in pain, and they let go of each other.*

**Grey**

WHAT THE FUCK MAN!?

**Steven**

Told you I'd hurt you.

*Grey walks off the porch. Backing Steven. They stay like that for a while.*

**Steven**

Stop being such a bitch!

**Grey**

You're the one who splashed beer in my eye!

**Steven**

(sing-songy)Winey winey bitch bitch!

**Grey**

Fuck you! That's why you couldn't beat me fair and square!

**Steven**

It was either splash beer in your eye or break your fucking arm dumbass.

**Grey**

THEN BREAK IT NEXT TIME PUSSY!

**Steven**

MAYBE I WILL LIL BITCH!

**Grey**

DON'T CALL ME A BITCH!!

**Steven**

THEN STOP BEING A BITCH! BITCH!

*Grey grabs one of the beer bottles and throws it at Steven. Steven Ducks before grabbing the other bottle and throwing it at Grey. Grey dodges and then charges at Steven. They lock arms again. Steven pushes him back and then throws him to the ground. Grey falls onto a shard of the glass and howls in pain.*

**Steven**

FUCK MAN! THIS IS WHY YOU SHOULD STOP BEFORE YOU'RE AHEAD!

**Grey**

SHUT THE FUCK UP MAN. ARGGHHHHHHHH.

*Steven walks into the house. For a while Grey is writhing on the floor. It's a pretty big gash. He stares up at the moon to take his mind off of the pain. Time passes. Steven comes out with a tweezer, gauze, alcohol, water, a needle, and thread.*

**Grey**

Does the moon look weird to you?

**Steven**

Shut up and get up before you roll over on some more glass.



*Steven helps Grey up and they sit down on the steps of the porch. He uses the tweezer to take glass and bits out of the wound. He washes the cut with water. Grey howls again as Steven washes the cut with alcohol. He then lays on Steven's lap while Steven begins stitching the wound. Throughout the next part there are grunts of pain from Grey.*

**Steven**

You gotta stop doing stupid shit.

**Grey**

You're the one who pushed me into the glass.

**Steven**

You charged at me.

**Grey**

Whatever man.

**Steven**

Uh huh.

...

...

*(At this point the grunts of pain go away. The action of stitching and wrapping continue)*

**Grey**

Why did you talk bad about grandma?

**Steven**

She wouldn't let mom and dad take us.

**Grey**

Take us where?

**Steven**

Wherever they went.

**Grey**

You think they should have taken us?

**Steven**

Well we are their kids.

**Grey**

But you don't even know where they are!

**Steven**

But at least we would be with them. Like we're supposed to be.

**Grey**

Maybe it was safer.

**Steven**

Why does she get to decide what's safer?

**Grey**

Again, you don't even know where they are.

**Steven**

We don't even know where *we* are now!

**Grey**

We're home.

**Steven**

And where is home?

**Grey**

Where grandma raised us.

**Steven**

Home could have been anywhere. Home could have been with our parents. But no. Home had to be here with you, me, and ...grandma.

**Grey**

And was that so bad?

...

**Grey**

Was that so bad?

**Steven**

Yes!

**Grey**

Why?

**Steven**

Because something was wrong. Something was always wrong.

**Grey**

What was wrong?

**Steven**

I don't know.

**Grey**

What?

**Steven**

I don't know!

**Grey**

So you call grandma a bitch, and why you don't know?

**Steven**

It was just something in her eye.

**Grey**

In her eye?

**Steven**

In her eye.

**Grey**

What about her eye?

**Steven**

I don't know!! Just forget about it. Forget I said anything.

*He continues stitching his brother's back. Grey stares up at the moon. Time passes.*

**Grey**

That moon is absolutely gorgeous.

**Steven**

Hmm.

**Grey**

Look at the moon Steven.

**Steven**

Leave me alone about the moon, man

**Grey**

Now what's wrong with you and the moon?

**Steven**

Nothing, it's just scary.

**Grey**

What? The fuck is scary about the moon?

**Steven**

Just leave it alone, man.

**Grey**

Whatever man. It makes me feel all warm and cozy.

**Steven**

Hmm.

**Grey**

Wait, shouldn't the sun be out by now?

**Steven**

I don't know.

**Grey**

We have been sitting here for a while. The sun should be here by now.

**Steven**

Maybe it wasn't as late as you thought it was.

*(During this monologue, Steven takes in the moon.)*

**Grey**

Maybe.

But I don't mind.

I look up at that moon and it just makes me so happy. It makes me wanna rock the night away in that chair up there, whistling along with the wind. It almost looks like the smell of freshly baked goods in the morning, and old music playing on the radio when I wake up. It sounds like an old story I have heard many times before, but still want to hear again. It smells fresh. Fresh like laundry. It tastes like hot chocolate. With marshmallows. And cinnamon. It feels like a hug that doesn't let go. Just warm, holding you close and tight forever.

*Steven has began to cry onto Grey's back*

**Grey**

Steven?

*Steven holds Grey close, shivering and almost shaking. He doesn't stop crying.*

**Grey**

Steven, are you crying? What's wrong?

**Steven**

Nothing.

**Grey**

No! Not nothing! Why are you crying?

**Steven**

Just leave it alone ok!?

**Grey**

No, I won't leave it alone! Tell me what the fuck is going on!

**Steven**

Nothing is going on! I'm fine!

**Grey**

No you're not fine, you're crying!

**Steven**

I'M NOT CRYING!

**Grey**

YES YOU ARE!

**Steven**

FINE I'M CRYING BUT FORGET ABOUT IT!

**Grey**

NO!!! WHY THE FUCK ARE YOU CRYING!?

**Steven**

*(Really shouting)* I DON'T KNOW...*(quiet)* the moon.

**Grey**

*(in a daze)* The lovely purple moon.

**Steven**

It's not purple, it's just pale.

**Grey**

What are you talking about, it's totally purple.

**Steven**

No. It's pale and cold. Like her eye. Like her eye when she turned to me after your body went limp. Like her eye, colorless in the sea of your blood. Her eye, piercing through me along with the deranged smile as she crept towards me, knife in hand. I HATE HER. I HATE HOW SCARED SHE MADE ME! I HATE HOW SHE MADE YOU LOOK...how you looked in her eye where I saw you in a ball of blood, your own blood, on the floor of the porch and all you did was smile. And I hate...I Hate...I HATE. I HATE THAT EVERY TIME I LOOK UP I SEE HER!!! HER EYE!!!! HER FUCKING EYE IN THE FUCKING MOON!!!

**Grey**

*(still in a daze)* The lovely purple moon.

...

...

**Steven**

Alright lil bro, I'm gonna go lay down.

**Grey**

Ok, I'm gonna wait for the sun to come up, like grandma used to. It should be out soon.

**Steven**

Alright man.

*Steven walks inside. Grey continues to rock in the rocking chair, smiling softly at the moon. Time passes. A lot of time passes. Maybe Steven comes back out and sits in his rocking chair. Maybe the play restarts (if it restarts, try to do it differently. Do they remember anything?). Maybe we just see Grey rocking and smiling for a long time.*