

SHINE DARKLY, ILLYRIA

by
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Developed with Fugitive Kind Theater

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CHARACTERS

THE MOON is a beautiful girl on a pole spinning around and around.

OLIVIA is a powerhouse pirate queen of a sad Countess.

VIOLA once washed up on shore.

SEBASTIAN wasn't dead after all.

ORSINO just wants that music to play on and on and on and on.

FESTE talks to the moon on a tin-can phone.

MARIAH can't help but see the world for what it is.

SIR TOBY BELCH is so terribly lost.

THE ILLYRIANS talk and talk and chatterbox and kiss and dance and show each other their weird, sad little bodies and fight and kill each other and sleep curled up in little piles like puppies. They're on stage all the time eavesdropping or making out or sleeping off their demons or feeding their demons cake.

NOTES

Italicized words

in the stage directions

are dialogue snippets

for the ensemble to play with

[Any text in brackets should not be said aloud, but should instead be felt so intensely that the words can't come out and the idea just turns into sound or gesture.]

ALL CAPS MEANS WHATEVER YOU FEEL LIKE IT MEANS.

Everyone's soaking wet and just getting wetter through the whole show (except for Olivia, who stays dry till the final scene).

LIST OF SCENES

- | | |
|--|--|
| 1. THE FIRST MOONPARTY | Ensemble |
| 2. OLIVIA'S ESTATE (I) | Olivia, Mariah, Sebastian, Viola |
| 3. THE SECOND MOONPARTY | Ensemble (sans Olivia) |
| 4. SEBASTIAN AND THE SEA | Sebastian, Olivia, Mariah, Toby |
| 5. THE ONLY ONES THAT SEE EACH OTHER | Mariah, Toby |
| 6. CHEMICALS IN THE WATER | Orsino, Viola, Sebastian |
| 7. OLIVIA'S ESTATE (II) /
THE BAD MOONPARTY | Olivia, Mariah, Toby, Viola, Sebastian |
| 8. THE RAIN IT RAINETH EVERY DAY | Orsino, Feste, Illyrians, Olivia |
| 9. SEBASTIAN BUILDS A BOAT SHIP | Viola, Sebastian, Orsino, Ensemble |
| 10: OLIVIA'S ESTATE (III) /
THE SHIP SAILS | Olivia, Viola, Ensemble |

ANTONIO

Will you stay no longer? Nor will you not that I go with you?

SEBASTIAN

By your patience, no. My stars shine darkly over me: the malignancy of my fate might perhaps distemper yours; therefore I shall crave of you your leave that I may bear my evils alone: it were a bad recompense for your love, to lay any of them on you.

-William Shakespeare, Twelfth Night

1. THE FIRST MOONPARTY

Illyria.

It's this island that's so beautiful it hurts you
but there's this ugliness to it, too.

Decay.

The grandeur of the past suffocates the present.
The island is sublime and grotesque and perfectly its own.

THE ILLYRIANS gather, expectant.

They're a gorgeous wild rowdy
too big too loud
collection of ids.

It's the beginning of the best party
before everything's all noisy
when it's just
anticipation
that you could
lick up
it's so thick.

It's raining, but not too hard.

the Moon
the Moon
the Moon
we want the Moon

(a building, reoccurring chant)

moon
DANCE
moon
DANCE
moon
DANCE

FESTE steps forward. All man all woman all legs and tits
and hair and lips. The master of ceremonies. The crowd
adores him.

FESTE
WHAT COUNTRY, FRIENDS, IS THIS?

ILLYRIANS
THIS IS ILLYRIA, LADY!

FESTE
(“I can’t heeeeeear you!”)
I SAID: WHAT COUNTRY, FRIENDS, IS THIS?

ILLYRIANS
THIS IS ILLYRIA, LADY!

FESTE
(“Yeeeah, that’s *right*”)
WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE?

ILLYRIANS
ILLYYYYYYYYYYYYYYRIA!

FESTE
My fellow Illyrians!
Without further ado
allow me, Feste,
your humble,
humble fool,
to introduce:

(a drumroll, everyone banging their hands
against the floor)

The Moon.

The clouds part. The Moon rises.
Everyone loses their shit.

The Moon is a beautiful girl on a pole
spinning around and around
putting on quite a show.

Everyone dances beneath her
 and drinks
 and has weird sex with each other
 and eats too much
 and feels free free free
 in the way you can only feel free
 when you're worshipping the cosmos

But then: the Moon stops.

She picks up a tin can attached to a string that goes all the way to the earth. She speaks into it.

Feste listens on the other end.

FESTE

Uh-huh.

Uh-huh.

Uh-huh.

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

K THANK BYE

He slams the can down.

FESTE

The Moon has whispered
 her most secret desire
 into the tin can
 and her desire has traveled by string
 all the way down to the earth
 so that we may do her bidding
 so that we may please the Moon.

What does she want?

What does the Moon want?

FESTE

The Moon desires...
the story.

The story! Yay!
We love the story!
Let's hear it, please!

TOBY, obviously drunk, steps forward. **MARIAH**, mortified, tries to contain him.

Not again!

TOBY

Toby.

MARIAH

FESTE

Sir Toby Belch.

Yes, the Moon does want to hear the story *again*,
 as she does every night,
 because
 it
 is
 a
 fucking
great
story,
 ya drunk.

Bahahaha
Toby's a drunk

You
 are calling
me
 a--

TOBY

Mariah covers his mouth, drags him off.

FESTE

Thank you, Mariah.

(back to business)

Now. The *story*
 of our wild Countess Olivia,
 descendent of the Moon--

ILLYRIANS

Long live Olivia!
 Descendent of the Moon!

FESTE

--and her husband, *Sebastian!*

Cheers from the Illyrians.

SEBASTIAN rises, waving.

FESTE

This is also the story of the marriage of Sebastian's sister, Viola--

Oooh!

VIOLA rises, waving, wearing a big floofy dress. She presents as *extremely* (stereotypically) feminine/girly. A lot of giggling, coy smiles, etc. It's an act, but she executes it flawlessly. Girly girly girly girly girly.

FESTE

--to her husband, our great Duke Orsino!

(singing some strange song in unison)

La la la la la

ORSINO rises, waving.

FESTE

Who's going to play Olivia tonight?

Everyone flips out volunteering.

Me me me me me

Feste makes a big show about how he's gonna pick someone, but then:

FESTE

It's me!
Again!

Boos and cheers split the crowd. Someone throws something.

FESTE

Oh, don't you all be jealous now.

The Moon is unhappy. She tugs on the string, gets Feste's attention. She whispers into the can.

FESTE

Uh-huh

Uh-huh

Uh-huh

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

OK FINE, WHATEVER, SURE.

He slams the tin can down.

FESTE

The Moon requests the Real Deal.

Gasp!

FESTE

(for the Moon's benefit, loud)

I told her that would be VERY difficult,
seeing as how Olivia and the Moon are on the outs
and Olivia does not attend the moonparties,
but the Moon, she doesn't care about what's hard.
She just wants what she wants,
spoiled little bitch.

Ooooooooooh

Uh-oh...

Hmph. The Moon doesn't like that one bit.

FESTE

Just kidding, my beautiful little wheel of cheese.

The Moon squints.

Mariah stands up, respectfully addressing the Moon.

MARIAH

As the Countess' servant,
I respectfully ask the Moon
to excuse her from the moonparty
as she is still in mourning for her brother--

The Moon tugs on the tin can. Feste listens.

FESTE

(stage whispered)

She says that if Olivia doesn't come she's cutting her off.
The Moon says that you know what she's talking about.

Mariah steps back.

MARIAH

(in that case...)

Yup. Got it.

FESTE

If she resists remind her:

ILLYRIANS & FESTE

You cannot go against the wishes of the Moon.

Everyone does some weird, tribal/religious gesture. (Even Toby.) Mariah exits.

FESTE

And now: THE STORY.

Everyone rushes to their places. The story is acted out with MUCH gusto. Bawdy, fun and fast. It's clearly a beloved and well-rehearsed ritual.

FESTE

Viola and Sebastian were twins.

VIOLA AND SEBASTIAN

(hugging and mugging)

Weeeeeeee're twins!

FESTE

They were born somewhere
and were traveling somewhere else
on a biiiiiiiig ship
but then:
there was a STORM!

With a CRACK of thunder/lightning, the world
transforms. The bodies are the storm. Viola gets tossed in
the waves. She's separated from Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

(getting pulled away)

Viola!

VIOLA

Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN

(even further away)

Violaaaaaaaaa!

VIOLA

Sebastiaaaaaan!

They're separated; Sebastian's gone.

FESTE

Viola washed up on shore
thinking that Sebastian,
the great light of her life,
had drowned.

VIOLA

(melodramatic damsel-in-distress)

Sebastian has drowned!

FESTE

Then, she looked around:

VIOLA

What country, friends, is this?

ILLYRIANS

THIS IS ILLYRIA, LADY!

FESTE

And Viola knew she was in a special place
 where she would not be confined by her history
 or her family name
 or her boobs
 or her personality
 or her weird little toes
 or her mortifying sexual proclivities.
 She knew that she was in a place
 where she could be whoever she wanted to be
 and so she took her dead brother's clothes
 and she put them on her cold, sad body--

She does, pulling the clothes over her dress. (Important that she does not look like Cesario here, but rather Viola dressed as Cesario. This is part of the show: Viola as a frilly, silly girl playing a BIG STRONG MAN.)

FESTE

--passing herself off as a young man named:

VIOLA & FESTE

Cesario!

FESTE

She was taken to Duke Orsino--

ORSINO

If music be the food of love--

ORSINO & THE ILLYRIANS

PLAY ON!

FESTE

And she liked what she saw.

VIOLA

Oh, those big, strong, biceps!
 And that *beard*!

FESTE

--but did not tell him who she really was.

VIOLA

(as Cesario, covering)

I, just, uh, wish I had a beard like that too.

Orsino gives her a weird look.

ORSINO

Whatever, I don't care.
I'm in love with Olivia,
so I need you to woo her for me.

VIOLA

Why don't you just do it?

ORSINO

Eh, there's all these
other people wooing her,
so you have to, like, wait in *line*
and... yeah.
Not doin' that!

VIOLA

(bright, to the audience)

I shall go to woo Olivia!

Woo woo woo woo!

Woo woo woo woo!

FESTE

And so she went to Olivia's estate...

Woo woo woo woo!

Woo woo woo woo!

FESTE

And she opened the door, aaaaand...

Somehow, **OLIVIA** is revealed for the first time. She carries an open umbrella.

Ooooooooooooooooooh.

She's a powerhouse pirate queen of a sad Countess. The only dry person on the whole island.

Everyone bows down to Olivia, respectful. They repeat the Moon gesture.

Olivia Olivia descendent of the Moon

Time stops for a second as Olivia and Viola look at each other.

OLIVIA

So?
Aren't you going to woo me?

A beat. Then: The crowd breaks, cheering wildly for Olivia.

OLIVIA

(to Viola, still)
Well? Aren't you?

But Viola's forgotten her line.

FESTE

Help her out, kids!

ILLYRIANS (& VIOLA, JOINING IN)
MAKE ME A WILLOW CABIN AT YOUR GATE!

FESTE

Viola, as Cesario, wooed and wooed Olivia.

Woo woo woo woo!

Woo woo woo woo!

FESTE

Until Olivia fell in love.

They mime shooting arrows at her. She mimes being hit in the heart.

Thwack!

She dies of it, then rises, possessed by beautiful love demons.

OLIVIA

I'm in love!

FESTE

But by then, Viola was in love with Orsino.

VIOLA

(lovesick, pointing, whiny with longing)

That *beeeeeee*ard.

FESTE

Who was still in love with Olivia.

ORSINO

(re: Olivia)

She is literally the prettiest and I'm very fancy whyyy doesn't she liiike me???

VIOLA

(mugging, to the audience)

This has all gotten so unnecessarily complicated!

ILLYRIANS

NO SHIT, VIOLA.

FESTE

But then: Sebastian arrived.

Sebastian pops in, all sweet and normal-like.

SEBASTIAN

Hi, guys!

FESTE

He wasn't dead!

SEBASTIAN

I'm *alive!*

FESTE

Olivia saw him and mistook him for Cesario.

OLIVIA

Cesario!

SEBASTIAN

That's not my...
Eh, whatever.

FESTE

And they "got married."

Sebastian and Olivia mime having sex to jeers from the crowd. They both finish (in a way that is both impressive and kinda gross).

OLIVIA

(to Sebastian, passionate)

I love you, my darling.

Sebastian squeezes Olivia.

SEBASTIAN

People here are so friendly.

FESTE

And then Sebastian and Viola were reunited!

SEBASTIAN

My sister!

VIOLA

My brother!

SEBASTIAN

(to the crowd: "Life is *awesome*")

I am having a *great* day.

OLIVIA

Wait a second...

ORSINO

(to Viola)

Did he say “sister”?

FESTE

And then Viola revealed herself to Orsino...

Viola turns around, flashes Orsino. The Illyrians follow suit, all flashing each other, squealing with the joy of it.

FESTE

(faux offended)

Not like that, you sickos.

ORSINO

(looking directly at Viola’s vagina)

Olivia who?
Cesario, it is!

VIOLA

(a correction)

Viola.

ORSINO

(sure, why not)

Viola, it is!

FESTE

So then *they* “got married”...

More impressive/gross sex. They climax together.

FESTE

And it was a happy ending for all!

Everyone bows!

FESTE

Does this story please the Moon?

Everyone holds his or her breath.

The Moon thinks.

She nods.

The crowd goes wild!
A big wacky wedding dance!
Maybe a song?
Huzzah!

Biiiiig musical theater style finish.
Applause! Joy! Woo-hoo!

Then:

A shift.

As the party continues in slow motion around them,
the Moon gestures for Olivia to step closer. No one else is
watching, except maybe Feste and Mariah.

Olivia does.

They look at each other. A strange moment of connection.

THE MOON

[I'm so glad you're here.
I need to warn you:
Something terrible is coming.]

Olivia is unimpressed. The Moon gears up for the big
reveal:

THE MOON

[The island is sinking.
There's been too much rain.
There's a endless storm coming,
and sometime soon after the storm
there will be a big wave
that will destroy the entire island.]

Olivia shakes her head, rolls her eyes. She's heard this
before. The Moon gets more frantic.

THE MOON

[You need to take everyone and get off the island.
There's no more time left.
You need to tell everyone what I'm telling you,
and GET THEM OFF THE ISLAND NOW.
THIS IS AN EMERGENCY.
NOW NOW NOW NOW NOW.]

Olivia remains unmoved. She holds out her hand.

OLIVIA

Give me what you promised me.

The Moon, incredibly frustrated, deflates.

THE MOON

[Please. Please, Olivia.
Listen to me.
The storm is coming, any day.]

Olivia shakes her head, holds out her hand. The Moon tosses down a package, which Olivia greedily takes.

Olivia, half-mocking, salutes the Moon with the moon gesture, waves goodbye. She exits, with Mariah close behind.

Thunder. The Moon looks up with a sense of dread. The party continues around her, unhearing.

2. OLIVIA'S ESTATE (I)

Olivia and Mariah enter, all keyed up from the party.
Olivia holds up the package. Mariah takes it, prepares
Olivia some moondust as she chants.

OLIVIA

(chant)

Moon
dust
moon
dust
moon
dust

It's ready.

OLIVIA

Oooooooh
yes yes yes yes yes

Olivia does the Moon ritual motion, then greedily grabs
handful after handful, rubbing it into her skin.

An immediate shift. Wild moondust eyes.

Mariah reaches for some--

OLIVIA

Nope.
Mine-all-mine.

MARIAH

Let me just have a little--

OLIVIA

I want stardust next time.

MARIAH

There aren't stars anymore.
How's the Moon supposed to get you stardust?

OLIVIA

There's no way that *all* of the stars burned out.
The Moon's just being lazy.
Tell her the Countess needs it,
that she's a satellite space queen,
that we *know* she'll come through!

MARIAH

How about you tell her.

OLIVIA

I'm not going back there.
This was one-time-only.
You tell that moon THAT.

MARIAH

I saw her talking to you at the end.
It looked pretty serious.

OLIVIA

You know the Moon.
Always freaking out about something.
Best to just ignore her.

MARIAH

Things have been changing lately.
You don't go out there,
you don't know.

OLIVIA

Looked like the same
old
shit
to me.

MARIAH

Either the tides are rising, or the island's sinking.
Water's getting too rough to swim.
The natural order's all messed up.

I saw the Moon tell you that an endless storm was coming.

OLIVIA

She's been saying that for years.

MARIAH

That after the storm there's gonna be a big wave.

OLIVIA

Has a big wave ever come?

MARIAH

I thought maybe you could write to Mal.
In case we need to leave.

OLIVIA

What are you talking about?

MARIAH

Just in *case*--

OLIVIA

No.

MARIAH

He's on an island near here.
He could help us if things keep getting worse.
If we need somewhere to go.

OLIVIA

Somewhere to *go*?
Everything is *fine*.
Plus, that guy was a total asshole.
He abandoned me!
He abandoned all of us!
And over what?
Some hurt feelings?
A little joke?
A silly misunderstanding,
and he *leaves the island*?
You can't just... *leave*!
This is our *home*.
This is our--
It's our *birthright*.
Illyria is not a place that you *leave*.

A sound: Sebastian, singing offstage.

OLIVIA

Quick! Sebastian's coming!
Get out of here!
Come back after tomorrow's moonparty.
See if you can get me that stardust.
There's got to be just a little bit left somewhere.

Irritated, Mariah goes. Olivia hides her moon dust.

Sebastian enters. He's all moonpartied out. Wild and unhinged, maybe in a costume (feathers, body paint, etc.).

He swoops in, grabs her.

SEBASTIAN

My Olivia!

OLIVIA

My Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN

You were at the moonparty!

OLIVIA

moon
DANCE
moon
DANCE

Sebastian joins in.

SEBASTIAN & OLIVIA

moon
DANCE
moon
DANCE

SEBASTIAN

The Moon *called for you.*
All the way from *outer space!*
You can't go against the wishes of the Moon!

Gesture. He's goofy and happy and keyed up and probably pretty wasted. They're all up on each other, rolling around lovedrunk.

SEBASTIAN

I love you so much I want to do weird things to you.

OLIVIA

Like what
what weird things

SEBASTIAN

Like...
I want to put your boobs in my eye sockets.

OLIVIA

What else

SEBASTIAN

I want to chew on the heel of your foot
not like a little nibble
I want to just gnaw on it
like an animal

OLIVIA

What else

SEBASTIAN

I want to rip your chest open
and puke in it.

Olivia scrunches up her nose.

SEBASTIAN

No?

OLIVIA

No.

SEBASTIAN

(an idea: this is gonna be a good one)

I love you so much
I want you to bite off my fingers
and swallow them
so that I can leave my fingerprints
on your esophagus

OLIVIA

blegh

SEBASTIAN

and your stomach
and your small intestine

OLIVIA

ughghghghghgh

SEBASTIAN

and your large intestine
and your colon

OLIVIA

Oh my *god*

SEBASTIAN

and your *rrrrrrrrrectum*

OLIVIA

SE
BAST
IAN.

SEBASTIAN

and

your

anus

OLIVIA

(cackling)

STOP IT.

C'mere.
SEBASTIAN

He holds her, kisses her, he really does love her, you can see it all over his face.

SEBASTIAN
The story was so much better with you in it.

(an appraisal)
You've got nicer tits than Feste.

(he rotates her)
And you look better from behind.

OLIVIA
Ugh.
It was mortifying.
All of it.

SEBASTIAN
Come on.

OLIVIA
I hate that fucking story.

SEBASTIAN
It's romantic.

OLIVIA
I look like an idiot.

SEBASTIAN
No, you don't.

OLIVIA
Yeah, I do.
The tale of Stupid Olivia
and her Big Fat Ego.

SEBASTIAN
Nobody thinks that but you.

OLIVIA

Well.

SEBASTIAN

It all worked out, didn't it?
Viola got Orsino.
We got each other.

OLIVIA

(wasted nonsense, a chant, maybe a dance)

We *got* each other.
We
got
eachother!

Sebastian smells a rat. Amused/suspicious.

SEBASTIAN

Was Mariah here?

OLIVIA

No.

SEBASTIAN

Was Mariah here?

OLIVIA

(cagey)

Stop being so *nosey*.

SEBASTIAN

OK. Yeah. She was here.
Fixing you up your dusty-dust.
I should've known!
You being all squirrely.
Where is it?

He starts going through the cabinets, etc.

OLIVIA

I don't know what you're talking about.

SEBASTIAN

Moon dust makes your eyes get all [googly].

OLIVIA

I told you. She wasn't here.
Stop going through my things--

SEBASTIAN

I told you:
I don't care if you do it.
Do whatever you want
but don't *lie* to me about it.
Don't shut me *out* of it.
You could even *share* some...
Lord knows the Moon won't give it up
for anybody but you.
Aha!

He finds it. Olivia suddenly panics, grabs it from him.

OLIVIA

It's mine.

SEBASTIAN

OK, grabby.
Look--

OLIVIA

(an overreaction)

You look.
You're not from here.
You're a guest here.
And not even an *invited* guest.
You're just some guy
who washed up on shore
looking like someone else.

So don't act like you're in charge.
Like you're allowed to comment on my--
Like you're--
Like what's mine is yours.
I'm the *Countess*.
I am a descendent of the Moon.

You should be grateful I even let you stay here.
 You should thank Moon every night
 that I let you touch me.

A long, cold beat.

SEBASTIAN

I should thank Moon.

OLIVIA

Yeah.

SEBASTIAN

You should thank Moon.

A switch flips.

OLIVIA

You're right.
 I should.
 I do.
 Moon
 sun
 comets
 all the planets
 satellites
 and burnt out stars.
 I'm sorry.

Sebastian's not having it.
 She reaches for him.

SEBASTIAN

No.

OLIVIA

Please?

She touches him. He shakes his head.

OLIVIA

I don't want you to be mad at me.

SEBASTIAN

Then be nicer.

OLIVIA

I'm trying.

(re: the moondust; a real offering)

Here.

Take some.

Sebastian shakes his head.
 Then... he can't help himself.
 He takes a teeny-tiny portion
 of the quantity Olivia's been shoving down her throat.
 WOOOOOOOOSH.
 BOOM. BAM. POW. Etc.
 That feels goooooood.
 He'd forgotten.

Jeez.

Yum.

An exhale.

SEBASTIAN

Gahhh that feels so good.

(he looks to Olivia)

How do get so *mean*
 when you feel *this good*?

OLIVIA

I'm still in mourning for my brother.

SEBASTIAN

(sick of it)

...OK.

OLIVIA

What?

I am.

SEBASTIAN

It's been six years.

OLIVIA

I said I'd wait seven.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah.
Well.
We'll see.

OLIVIA

...What do you mean?

SEBASTIAN

I mean: we'll see what you do after seven years.
We'll see how seven is so different than six.

OLIVIA

(honest)

I'm doing the best I can.

This moves Sebastian. A nonverbal truce, then. He kisses her, holds her. Squeeze squeeze.

SEBASTIAN

I'm going to bed.
Are you coming with me?

OLIVIA

In a minute, OK?

SEBASTIAN

What're you gonna do out here?

She gestures to the moondust, mimes shooting stars, space explosions.

Sebastian looks at her, considers something private. He exits.

Olivia is by herself for a moment. She takes another handful of moondust.

Then: The tin can rings.

Olivia doesn't want to answer it.
But she does.

Her tin can is one of a system of tin cans.
 The whole stage is overrun.
 Maybe it's some big set piece dragged on
 or maybe it's been like this
 the whole time
 and we're just now noticing.

It's Viola. She's different than she was at the moonparty.
 Looks different. Sounds different. Is different. She's
 Cesario, on the tin can. Masculine and confident (but still
 wearing her frilly little dress). Another role.

OLIVIA

I told you to stop calling me.

VIOLA

Come on.

OLIVIA

No.

VIOLA

Why?

OLIVIA

I'm mad.

VIOLA

It's fun.

OLIVIA

For you.

VIOLA

You too.
 It was nice seeing you tonight.

OLIVIA

Right.

VIOLA

You looked good.

OLIVIA

You were like a stranger.
He's got you wearing dresses, now?

VIOLA

You didn't think I looked good
in my little dress?

OLIVIA

No.

VIOLA

That's not what you like.
I know what you like.

OLIVIA

And all that giggling?

VIOLA

Tee-hee.

OLIVIA

It's not funny.
It turns my stomach,
seeing you like that.

VIOLA

My apologies, Countess.

OLIVIA

We've got to stop doing this.

VIOLA

Why?

OLIVIA

I can't [do this] and then...
see you out in the world
and have you be
someone totally different.

It makes me feel shitty.
And it's a fucked up thing to do to your brother.

VIOLA

(sharp, for the first time)

Why are you bringing up my brother?
You didn't tell him anything, did you?

OLIVIA

No, of course I didn't.

VIOLA

(all sweet again)

Good.
This is just for us.

OLIVIA

"Us."

VIOLA

Can you feel it?

OLIVIA

(dry)

Feel what?

VIOLA

My cock
getting hard for you.

OLIVIA

...You don't have one.

VIOLA

One what?

OLIVIA

You
don't
have
a
cock.

VIOLA

Actually, I do.
I have a big, fat cock.
And thinking about you
is making my big, fat cock
hard.

Olivia closes her eyes, puts her hand up her dress.

VIOLA

Can you feel me?
Can you feel how hard I am for you?

OLIVIA

Uh-huh

VIOLA

How much do you want it

OLIVIA

So much

VIOLA

How much

OLIVIA

I need it

VIOLA

Take it
it's yours

OLIVIA

All mine

VIOLA

Take it all the way inside you

OLIVIA

I am
I'm taking you all the way inside

VIOLA

You're so wet for me

OLIVIA

Your huge cock is so fucking hard

VIOLA

Yeah?

OLIVIA

Yeah
Say it

VIOLA

(she knows)

Say what?

OLIVIA

Say it.
I'm so close
please
please
please

VIOLA

Make me a willow cabin at your gate
And call upon my soul within the house.
Write loyal cantons of contemned love
And sing them loud even in the dead of night.
Hallow your name to the reverberate hills
And make the babbling gossip of the air
Cry out "Olivia!"

Olivia does cry out. A moment of breath, rest.

Then: softer, loving:

VIOLA

Oh, you should not rest
Between the elements of air and earth,
But you should pity me.

Whoosh. Olivia breathes and breathes, overwhelmed,
suddenly, trying not to cry.

My turn, now.
Tell me more about my big, fat--

VIOLA

Olivia hangs up the tin can.

Hello?

VIOLA

But Olivia is gone.

3. THE SECOND MOONPARTY

All the Illyrians are gathered for the moonparty. The weather is considerably worse than it was at the first moonparty. Wind, driving rain, etc. Everyone's dripping wet.

Feste takes the stage.

FESTE
WHAT COUNTRY, FRIENDS, IS THIS?

ILLYRIANS
THIS IS ILLYRIA, LADY!

FESTE
("I can't heeereear you!")
I SAID: WHAT COUNTRY, FRIENDS, IS THIS?

ILLYRIANS
THIS IS ILLYRIA, LADY!

FESTE
WHERE THE FUCK ARE WE?

ILLYRIANS
ILLYRIA!

FESTE
And who are we waiting for?

the Moon the Moon the Moon the Moon the Moon.

The Moon rises. She dances, but it's a frantic, sad moondance full of tragedy and despair. The Illyrians look on, enraptured.

Then the dance is over. The Illyrians applaud her.

The Moon goes to the tin can. She whispers in her most secret desires as everyone gets in place for "the story." On the other end, Feste:

FESTE

Uh-huh Uh-huh

Uh-huh Uh-huh Uh-huh Uh-huh Uh-huh Uh-huh Uh-huh

(Feste falters, momentarily)

...What?

Are you...?

...OK.

(his mask back on:)

FINE

WHATEVER

FINE

WHATEVER

FINE

He flings the can to the ground. Above, the Moon acts out her message with increasing urgency.

FESTE

The Moon doesn't want to hear the story tonight.

???? / What? / Why? / No story?

But she always wants the story

FESTE

Tonight, the Moon's most secret desire is that we all *abandon Illyria*.

Abandon Illyria? / What? / What does she mean?

FESTE

Oh, Moon. You crack me up.

*

Relieved, the Illyrians laugh, heartily. *Good one, Moon!*

FESTE

(oh, this is REALLY funny!)

She says that if we stay we're *accepting our inevitable deaths*.

(big)

Bahahaha

FESTE

She says
that the island is sinking lower and lower every day,
that endless storms and big waves are coming to destroy us.

(enormous, a little unhinged)
Bahahahahaha

FESTE

She says
that she can see the future
and unless we shed our Illyrian skin
and become different animals entirely
we'll be extinct!

(joyful, wild)
Ex
Tinct!
Ex
Tinct!

FESTE

Like the Woolly Mammoths!

The Mammoths!

and the Passenger Pigeons!

The Pigeons!

and the Great Auks!

Auk Auk Auk Auk

The chant grows and grows, everyone acting like animals.

The Moon is trying so hard to get everyone off the island.
She's making huge, mad gestures, but no one's listening.

Amidst the chaos, Mariah tries desperately to get the
Moon's attention.

MARIAH

Moon!
Moon!

The Moon sees her. Mariah reaches out her hands.

MARIAH

For the Countess.

The Moon makes a huge X with her arms, mouths “NO MORE.”

MARIAH

Please. Just a little bit.

I can't go back there with nothing--

MOON

(a physical tantrum)

[OH MY GOD WHO CARES
SHUT UP GET OUT OF HERE]

Then:

A terrifying crack of thunder and lightning, sinister, sharp, unlike anything the island has heard or seen before in all its years of rain.

The Illyrians, panicked, look to the sky.
The Moon gulps. Uh-oh.

*

The storm is here.

Blackout.

4. SEBASTIAN AND THE SEA

Elsewhere on the island, Sebastian calls Olivia on the tin can. Olivia picks up. Sometime during this conversation, Olivia tries to lick the last little tidbit of moon dust out of the moon dust container. (Just... one... more... bit.) When the phone rings, she dives.

OLIVIA

(thinking it's Viola)

I told you to stop calling me.

SEBASTIAN

What?

OLIVIA

Sebastian?

SEBASTIAN

Who else would it--?

OLIVIA

Don't tie up the line.

What's going on?

SEBASTIAN

Something just happened.

The Moon was saying all this crazy stuff
and we were all laughing, like it was some big joke,
but I think she was being serious,
and then out of nowhere there was this storm--

OLIVIA

I'm sure it's nothing.

SEBASTIAN

No, it's not! Look outside!

Black clouds out over the water.

OLIVIA

(ugh, FINE)

What did the Moon tell the tin can?

SEBASTIAN
That we were doomed.

OLIVIA
Typical.

SEBASTIAN
We need to get out of here.

OLIVIA
Don't go getting any ideas.

SEBASTIAN
Our ship's at the bottom of the ocean.
Mine and Viola's,
the one that sank.
We could bring it up, maybe--

OLIVIA
No.
No no no no no.
Absolutely not.

SEBASTIAN
Why?

OLIVIA
You're going to get everyone all frantic over nothing.
You need to trust me.

SEBASTIAN
We have to do something.

OLIVIA
You want to do something? Get a hobby.
Take up crocheting, make me a blanket.
Don't throw everyone into a panic resurrecting some ghost ship
so that you can flee a tsunami *that's not actually coming.*

SEBASTIAN
Is that an order?

OLIVIA
Yeah.
It is.

Direct from the Countess.
OK, bye--

SEBASTIAN

Where are you going--?

OLIVIA

byyyyyyye

Click. Sebastian looks out over the water.

Elsewhere, Mariah calls Olivia. Ring ring. Toby's quietly listening in on the party line.

OLIVIA

(thinking it's Viola, again)

I told you to stop calling me.

MARIAH

Well, *excuse me*--

OLIVIA

No! Wait!
Where are you?
You're late.
I need my package,
I'm all out.
It's making me antsy.

MARIAH

There wasn't any tonight.

OLIVIA

...What.

MARIAH

I'm sorry.
She wouldn't give me any.
And there was this huge storm--

OLIVIA

Go back there.

MARIAH

No, it's too late--

OLIVIA

You have to.

MARIAH

I can't.

OLIVIA

I need it, Mariah.

Like... *I really need it.*

If I don't get more soon I'm gonna get--

I'm not asking for some huge thing here.
She just has to shave a little of herself off.
She can do that for me.
Go back and tell her that I *command* her,
that it is an *order* from the *Countess*.

Beat.

MARIAH

Olivia. You can't command the Moon.

OLIVIA

I am a *descendent* of the Moon.

MARIAH

To be *super honest*,
I don't think the Moon is very happy with you right now.
She tried to warn you--

OLIVIA

Don't start this again.

MARIAH

She told you there would be an endless storm,
and I'm looking outside and I am seeing an endless storm.

OLIVIA

She's the Moon, not a psychic. It'll clear up in a few days.

MARIAH

She doesn't have anything left for you.

Beat.

OLIVIA

I have some hidden away.

MARIAH

You do not.

OLIVIA

A week's worth, at least.
In case of emergency.
Go get it.

MARIAH

Where?

OLIVIA

Buried out by the Moon Altar.
I marked it with some rocks.

MARIAH

It's so wet
it's so cold
and tonight has been so bad
please, can I just--

OLIVIA

Thank you for your service, Mariah.

Click. Grrrr.

*

Sebastian looks around. There's no one. He thinks. Hmm.
A decision is made. He rolls up his sleeves, takes off his
shoes, and dives into the water.

5. THE ONLY ONES THAT SEE EACH OTHER

Out by the Moon Altar,
Mariah is looking for Olivia's moondust.

She comes across Toby.
He's singing, smashing bottles, etc. Happy.
She watches him like that for a second,
feeling incredible love.

MARIAH

Toby.

TOBY

Mariah!
You're up early.

MARIAH

Late.

TOBY

You know my whole theory:

MARIAH & TOBY

"After midnight is early!"

MARIAH

Why aren't you asleep?

TOBY

Why aren't *you* asleep?

MARIAH

I'm... looking for something.

TOBY

Ooh, what?

MARIAH

Something meaningless and temporary
to appease a very unhappy woman.

TOBY

Mariah
I have a secret.

I
found
some
moondust

MARIAH

Oh, shit.

TOBY

The Moon's been telling us that it's all gone,
that there's none left,
that we'd taken it all
but then?
I found some.
Buried there!
Underneath those rocks!

MARIAH

(immediately suspicious)

Sir Toby Belch.
You were listening on the tin can.

TOBY

Noooooo.

MARIAH

Toby.

TOBY

Late at night the calls get kinda sexy, you know.
Sometimes it's nice to listen in.

MARIAH

That was supposed to be for the Countess.

TOBY

Why should she get the moondust?
She's already got *everything*.
She's got an estate
fancy clothes
everyone's *respect*.
She's got you wasting your life
running her errands.

You're the smartest one
 out of all of us, Mariah.
 Why is it *your* job
 to run *her* errands?
 She's got everything
 and we've got nothing.
Why?

MARIAH

Toby, this is really important:
 You got here first.
 You took some. Fine.
 What did you do with the rest of it?

TOBY

I took it.

MARIAH

All of it?

TOBY

All of it.

MARIAH

That's... not possible.
 You'd be dead.

TOBY

Maybe I am dead.
 Look:

He overturns a (huge) empty moondust bottle.

TOBY

All gone.

MARIAH

WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?

TOBY

I thought that someone might
 try and take it
 so I took it.

But now I need more
 moon
 DUST
 moon
 DUST
 and there's no more
 there's no more
 because I took it all already
 I fucked everything up again

Mariah you're a good woman.
 I don't know why you put up with me.

MARIAH

You've got to throw it up.

TOBY

No no no no no.

MARIAH

You *have* to.
 It'll kill you.

He's emotional. She moves close. She rubs his back while he pukes. A moment of calm. He tries to kiss her.

MARIAH

No.
 You stink.

TOBY

So do you.

She checks.
 She does.
 It's one indignity too many.
 She deflates.
 Collapses.
 Defeat.
 Crying, maybe.
 Toby panics.

TOBY

Hey! Hey.
 Don't feel bad.
 It's not just you--
 Everybody's gross!
 Think about it!
 It's the whole world.
 Flaking skin and
 boils and pimples.
 Hair in funny places.
 Snot. Pus.

MARIAH

Earwax.

TOBY

Hemorrhoids.

MARIAH

Cold sores.

TOBY

Penis warts.

MARIAH

Mucus gushing from our vaginas.

TOBY

Armpit stink.

MARIAH

Foot stink.

TOBY

Crotch stink.

They're having fun, now.
 He smells her, she squeals, they wrestle.

TOBY

All over stink.
 Stinky stinky stink.

Toby looks at Mariah with real affection,
wraps her in his arms,
holds her the way
we all want to be held.

TOBY

(a declaration)

Mariah,
my good woman:

I love
your
gross
stinky
little body.

MARIAH

(moved)

Why?

TOBY

Because it's yours.
And because you love
my gross
stinky
little body
and my gross
stinky
little heart.

We're the only ones
who see each other.
The only ones.
The rest of them,
they don't know.
And for that I pity them.
With all their *riches!*
With all their *power!*
I pity them,
Mariah.

He's gotten worked up. She rocks him. He's almost in tears.

MARIAH

Shhhhhhhhhhh.

TOBY

There has to be more.
moon
dust
moon
dust

MARIAH

There's not.
That's the end.

TOBY

There has to be.
I can't have...
that can't have been all of it.
There's got to be more.

MARIAH

Toby.
Please.

He's unable to be comforted.
She takes his hands, puts them against her bare skin.
They have sex without kissing
but it is a beautiful and tender
comforting kind loving connected
and intimate thing.

6. CHEMICALS IN THE WATER

The next morning. Viola's in super girly mode (a mask that cracks at some points during the scene). Orsino is listening to a record on a phonograph.

VIOLA

Good morning, handsome.

ORSINO

Afternoon.

VIOLA

Already?

ORSINO

Already.

VIOLA

(“It’s so crazy, isn’t it?”)

Time.

Are you hungry?

ORSINO

No.

VIOLA

I could make you something yummy.

ORSINO

I’m fine.

VIOLA

(looking out)

Storm’s still going.

ORSINO

Boom! Crash! Pow!

VIOLA

Last night was so scary.

ORSINO

(“Eh.”)

The Moon gets moody.

Listen to this.

It’s so good.

VIOLA

You already played it for me--

ORSINO

No but listen though.

So good.

The best.

VIOLA

...Yes.

ORSINO

Except this one.

This one’s better.

He changes the phonograph.

(he sings along)

Bah-dah-dah-dah-dah.

VIOLA

Do you think the Moon is right?

Do you think Illyria’s really sinking?

ORSINO

Duh.

Illyria’s always sinking.

Every year a little lower.

One day it’ll disappear.

But not today!

...I mean, I don’t *think*.

VIOLA

Wait, what?

ORSINO

It's the strings, I think.
 The percussion.
 The guitar and the piano
 and the *voices*.
 It's got so much more *feeling*
 than life has, you know?
 More than words.
 What could words do
 that could possibly compare to this?

VIOLA

You never told me that the island was sinking--

ORSINO

What difference does it make?
 Are you, like, *looking* for a reason to be upset?
 Let's say for a second we *are* going to
descend into the sea sometime in the immediate future,
 or that some BIG WAVE actually comes.
 Not much we can do about it, is there?
 We're eons in.
 It's evolution.
 Nothing lasts forever.
 You won't.
 I won't.
 This island won't.
 It's why no one here has children.

VIOLA

I never even thought about that...

ORSINO

That and all the chemicals in the water...
 everyone's effectively sterile.

VIOLA

(uh...???)

What?

ORSINO

But even if that *wasn't* the case:
 What would be the point?
 Growing babies in our bodies,
 just to shove them out onto a dying planet,
 raising them up and all for what?
 For *nothing!*
 To provide a fruitless distraction.
 To fight against our teeming fear of nothingness.
 The whole thing's pure selfishness.
 No thank you.

VIOLA

That
 is the most depressing thing
 that I have ever heard.

ORSINO

This is *Illyria*.
 We live for *experience*
 we live for feelings
 so big
 that they need music
 and not words.

A little rain?
 Who the fuck cares
 about a little rain
 when we have our
freedom.

There's no place in the world
 that has freedom like this.
 You can be whoever you want to be, here.
 You aren't defined by your--

VIOLA

Right, I get it, I've heard the story.

ORSINO

My recommendation:
 Go find something that makes you happy,
 something that grounds you in complete pleasure.
 Don't think about all this dark stuff.

What's going to happen
is going to happen.
We might as well enjoy our lives.

He leaves, singing. Viola is alone. She thinks about Olivia.
She picks up the tin can, calls Olivia's house.

Sebastian picks up.

SEBASTIAN

Hello?
Hellooooo?

She considers staying silent, then doesn't.

VIOLA

Brother!

SEBASTIAN

Sister!
I miss you.

VIOLA

I miss you.

SEBASTIAN

How come you don't come over?

VIOLA

How come *you* don't come over?

SEBASTIAN

You know how Olivia gets.

VIOLA

"RAWR RAWR RAWR
CRABBY CRABBY
I'M OLIVIA."

SEBASTIAN

She's still "in mourning."

VIOLA

I get it.
Wouldn't you be sad
for seven years
if I died?

SEBASTIAN

(kidding, a little)

Ehhhhh...

Beat.

SEBASTIAN

Do you guys still talk?

VIOLA

Not really.
Why?

SEBASTIAN

I don't know.
It would be nice to have some...
insight.
How's Orsino?

VIOLA

Fine.
Same.

SEBASTIAN

You think he ever sticks his dick in that phonograph?

VIOLA

Sebastian!

SEBASTIAN

No
like
after you're asleep
to you think he just...

Sebastian mimes, making horrific, nasty sex noises.

I wouldn't be surprised.

VIOLA

You two still not...?

SEBASTIAN

What?

VIOLA

[Horrific, nasty sex noises.]

SEBASTIAN

...Not really. Not like you two little fuck bunnies.

VIOLA

Come on.

SEBASTIAN

You two have quite the reputation.
That estate's not soundproof, you know.

VIOLA

I feel like with Olivia it's a compulsion.
Sometimes it feels like I could be anybody.

SEBASTIAN

I'm sure that's not true.

VIOLA

Do you like living here?

SEBASTIAN

Of course.

VIOLA

You don't miss home?

SEBASTIAN

It's more fun here.

VIOLA

It's also really fucking *wet*.
And I'm getting sick of all the moondancing.

SEBASTIAN

VIOLA

The moondancing is the best part.

SEBASTIAN

I feel like we're wasting our lives.

VIOLA

There's no wasting.
Every moment matters.
Teaches us.

SEBASTIAN

Does it?
Like, by definition?

VIOLA

It does.

SEBASTIAN

Yeah, I don't know.
The two of us are smart.
We're strong.
We could actually *do* something.

VIOLA

We are doing things.

SEBASTIAN

Party party party
moondance moondance moondance

VIOLA

moon
DANCE
moon
DANCE

He laughs.

SEBASTIAN

Can I tell you a secret?

VIOLA

Uh-huh uh-huh uh-huh

SEBASTIAN
Last night I found our ship.

VIOLA
What?

SEBASTIAN
At the bottom of the sea.
I'm gonna try and fix it.

VIOLA
Why?

SEBASTIAN
Just in case, you know.

VIOLA
Last night scared you too?

SEBASTIAN
It did.

VIOLA
Nobody else seems to care.
Orsino says it's fine.

SEBASTIAN
So does Olivia.
Don't tell her.

VIOLA
We don't talk.

SEBASTIAN
I know, but...

VIOLA
I won't.

SEBASTIAN
You wanna help me?

VIOLA
Better not.
Orsino wouldn't like it.

SEBASTIAN

I get it.
I've gotta get some help, though.

VIOLA

Be careful who you ask.
Everyone here gets so sensitive.

SEBASTIAN

They really do.
It's good to hear from you.

VIOLA

You too.

SEBASTIAN

Outside the moonparties.
You're different there.

VIOLA

I know.
I'm sorry about that.

SEBASTIAN

It's OK.
This is Illyria, lady.
You can be whoever you want to be, here.

VIOLA

That's what everyone keeps telling me.

SEBASTIAN

You come over soon, OK?

VIOLA

OK.

They hang up.

Time passes: The Illyrians move through. Music or dance
or sound or or or or

We see their joy, their happiness, their love of where and
who they are.

This is the last time we're going to see them this way.

7. OLIVIA'S ESTATE (II)

Later that night.

Olivia is waiting by the tin can, in the throes of moon dust withdrawal. She looks absolutely fucking terrible. These symptoms affect her movement and behavior through the following scene.

She looks at the tin can.

It doesn't ring.

Hmph.

She eyes it again.

Still nothing.

She's disappointed.

Then:

RING RING RING

She leaps, grabs it immediately.

OLIVIA

I told you to stop calling me.

VIOLA

Something happened at the moonparty--

Banging on the door.

MARIAH

Olivia!

Olivia!

OLIVIA

Thank god.

moon

DUST

moon

DUST

(to Mariah)

One second!

(to Viola)

Meet me here.

VIOLA
 What? No.
 Something's *happened*--

OLIVIA
 Mariah's here
 thank Moon
 thank stars
 thank dust.

VIOLA
Listen to me.

MARIAH (OFF)
 OLIVIA.

OLIVIA
 (to Mariah)
 ONE SECOND

(to Viola)
 Just meet me.

VIOLA
 What about Sebastian?

OLIVIA
 (an idea)
 If you don't come right now, I'm telling him everything.

Bang bang bang.
 She hangs up, runs to the door.
 It's Mariah and Toby.

OLIVIA
 Do you have it?
 Where is it?
 You didn't show up last night,
 and I've been--

MARIAH

You need to listen to me:
Something really, really bad has happened.
The Moon is gone.

OLIVIA

What?

MARIAH

(to Toby)

Tell her.

TOBY

Nnnnnnno.

MARIAH

Tell her what you did.

TOBY

I didn't do anything that
that moon
didn't have coming.

OLIVIA

Wait, I'm not following.

MARIAH

We were out at the moondance like we are every night
because GOD FORBID we miss a moonparty!
What would happen, I wonder,
if we ever just STAYED HOME?
Did some crafts.
Made some fancy *popsicles*.
I don't know!

OLIVIA

...?

MARIAH

We were at the moonparty:

Flashback to the Moonparty.

Feste is emceeing.

The Moon is in near hysterics trying to get everyone to go. *

FESTE

The Moon is pleading with us to change our course!

She's saying "Go, go, go!

Get out while there's still time!"

Sebastian steps forward.

SEBASTIAN

Come help me.

Please!

We can all go together!

The Moon nods vigorously.

The Illyrians push back:

Boo

No way

Traitor!

SEBASTIAN

We need to listen to the Moon-

TOBY

I'm so sick of this shit.

You all want to know about the Moon?

The *Moon* has been holding out on us.

She's been telling us lowly Illyrians that all the moondust is gone, while the whole time she's been giving it to the Countess!

What? The Countess gets moondust?

TOBY

I saw it with my own eyes!

Where's my moondust?? / Where's our moondust?? The Illyrians swarm underneath the Moon, grabbing at her. She pulls back. She doesn't have anything for them.

TOBY

(pointing to Sebastian)

And I bet you knew about it the whole time!

Did you did you did you did you?

SEBASTIAN

This isn't important.
We need to focus on--

TOBY

You don't know what we should focus on.
You're not one of us.

Yeah! You don't know. You're not one of us.

The Illyrians are getting violent, out of control. Toby
shoves Sebastian.

TOBY

Get out of here!

Yeah, get out! Get out!

Sebastian exits, unnerved.

MOON

[Please, everyone calm down...]

TOBY

(to the Moon)

And you!
Who are you, anyway?
Up there in the sky?
Thinking you're better than everybody?

MARIAH

Toby.

TOBY

(riling up the Illyrians)

You want to know what I think about the Moon?
I think that the Moon
hasn't done anything for *me*, lately,
and I think that if you really think about it
The Moon hasn't done anything for *you*, either.

He's right / she hasn't / nothing for me

TOBY

We are *Illyrians*.

This island *belongs* to us.

We're not the problem.

The *Moon* is the problem.

You wanna know what I think about the moon?

He steps forwards, spits at the Moon.

It travels through time and space, hits her square in the middle of the forehead.

A moment of silence.

Shock.

And then:

The Illyrians turn on the Moon.

They start throwing things at her.

Yelling.

Chanting.

It's getting scary.

They start grabbing at each other
and it's not like freedom at all
there's no worship of the cosmos
It's just sad weird dirty wrong
all over.

The Moon, enraged, tries to get them to stop.

She pleads with them.

And then she remembers her power.

She releases a huge, cosmos-shattering scream
and then she disappears.

Everyone stops.

The world is dark. It rains and rains.

Back to Olivia's:

OLIVIA

Wait, I don't understand.
What was Sebastian talking about?

MARIAH

(“PRIORITIES. Focus.”)

Olivia. The Moon is *gone*.

TOBY

(suddenly overcome with remorse)

I'm so sorry!
So sorry.
Always fucking up
always ruining everything--

MARIAH

Shut up.

Toby, wasted, weeps on the floor. Mariah looks to Olivia.

MARIAH

This is your fault, by the way.
He got into your stash last night,
he's been messed up ever since.

OLIVIA

(to Toby)

You took my--

MARIAH

(*FOCUS*)

What're we gonna do?
We can't have no moon.

OLIVIA

The Moon... will come back tomorrow.

MARIAH

No Moon means no moondust.

...that lands.

OLIVIA

She'll come back. She has to.

MARIAH

You didn't see her.
The Moon is done with us.

OLIVIA

Because Toby spit at her?
That's nothing.
She's been around for eons.
She probably gets spit on all the time.

Why didn't you tell me--

MARIAH

I have told you.
I've told you over
and over
and over again.

OLIVIA

You're supposed to be my eyes out there--

MARIAH

I've got my hands full.
I can't be your eyes
and his eyes
and my own eyes, too.
You are not my responsibility.

We need to leave Illyria.
Now.
You need to take a stand.
Everyone follows your lead.
They will go where you go.

OLIVIA

Where would we go?

MARIAH

Mal's island.

No. OLIVIA

Mal's island. MARIAH

Are you deaf? OLIVIA

Are you stupid? MARIAH

Don't talk to me like that.
Remember your place.
I am the Countess. OLIVIA

Of what? MARIAH
This shit-pile?
You can have it.

You need to swallow your pride.
Write to Mal.
He'll listen to you.
I'm sure he's still in love with you.
We could all go to his island.

And do what? OLIVIA
What would we do there?

Mariah doesn't respond.

Not a rhetorical question. OLIVIA
What would we *do*?
You really think that Mal's gonna let everybody live the way they do here?
Because he is *not*.
We leave Illyria and this whole culture,
this entire way of life that we have ecstatically, deliberately crafted
will just be *gone*.

MARIAH

Who cares?
 We're sinking into oblivion, here.
 I'd give up anything.
 I just want to stay alive.
 You don't care.
 I know that.
 But *some of us do*
 and it is *your job*
 as the *person in charge*
 to *fix this*.

OLIVIA

(flat)

Thank you for your service, Mariah.

Mariah looks at her, stone cold.

MARIAH

I am *done* helping you.
 All these years
 catering to your
 cowardice
 are *over*.
 Be your own eyes now.
 Good fucking luck.

TOBY

Mariah, I'm sorry.
 Mariah, Mariah, Mariah--

Mariah looks at him. Nope.
 She leaves.
 Surprised, he trails behind her, calling her name.

Viola slips in. She's been waiting.

They stand off, looking at each other.

VIOLA

The Moon's gone.

I heard. OLIVIA

Beat.

Why did you-- VIOLA

I need to talk to you. OLIVIA

Is Sebastian...? VIOLA

He's asleep. OLIVIA
 Or still out at the moonparty.
 I don't know.
 He's not here.
 I can't think straight.
 Everything's so *sharp* and *loud*...

Toby told everyone you've been getting moondust. VIOLA

The Moon and I had a deal. OLIVIA

...which was? VIOLA

We'd watch out for each other. OLIVIA

Well. *That worked out.* VIOLA

Why did you make me come over here?
 Sebastian could show up any minute.

I need to talk to you. OLIVIA
 You call me on the tin can.

Yeah?

VIOLA

You call me on the tin can
and you talk to me
like it was real.

OLIVIA

I guess so.

VIOLA

Was it?
Real?
Any of it?

OLIVIA

Yes.
No.
I don't know.

That moves through Olivia's whole body.

OLIVIA

I love you.

VIOLA

You don't even know me.

OLIVIA

Whose fault is that?

VIOLA

We should be talking about the Moon--

OLIVIA

The Moon will come back.

(beat)

Why did you pretend to be a man?

VIOLA

I was going through something.

OLIVIA

Are you a man?
Inside?

VIOLA

No.
It wasn't... about that.
I thought my brother was dead.

OLIVIA

My brother *is* dead.
You don't see me
putting on his clothes.

VIOLA

It wasn't just putting on clothes.

OLIVIA

When my brother died
I didn't drag anyone else into it.
I cried at home.

VIOLA

Please.

OLIVIA

What?

VIOLA

You didn't drag anyone else into it?
You've dragged this whole island into it.
Mourning is your default mode.
There's always some sad past to cling to.
Your brother.
Cesario.
Some ancient, fake, *idea* of a thing.
Illyria.

OLIVIA

I'm not mourning Illyria.

VIOLA

No, you're right.
You're not mourning Illyria,
you're dying in it.

OLIVIA

What do you mean?

VIOLA

Sebastian understands.
This place is *over*.
He pulled up our sunken ship.
He's fixing it!

OLIVIA

No, he's not.

VIOLA

Yeah, he is.

OLIVIA

I would have heard about that.

VIOLA

From your fancy estate?
From behind your drawn curtains?
You live in a fantasy world.

OLIVIA

(dry)

I live in a fantasy world.

VIOLA

The problem with you?
You don't know it's a fantasy.
I like to play at being someone else.
It's fun. It turns me on
and it makes me feel good
but I'm not stupid enough
to *actually think that it's real*.

Ouch.

OLIVIA

For me it was real.
You don't get to decide that it wasn't.

I wasn't desperate.
I wasn't even lonely.
I had suitors banging down my door.
But I loved *you*.

VIOLA

You loved Cesario.

OLIVIA

You are Cesario.
In there. Somewhere.
I know you are.
I hear him in you, late at night.
We are *connected* to each other
in a way that transcends our bodies.
Our *souls recognize* each other.

VIOLA

Olivia...

OLIVIA

What?

VIOLA

You couldn't even tell the difference between us.
Sebastian and me.

OLIVIA

That's...
You looked the same.

VIOLA

But we weren't the same.

OLIVIA

You were wearing the same clothes.

VIOLA

That doesn't make us the same.

That lands.

VIOLA

So I'm done taking your
your
blame.

You want to live in a world
crafted by your own delusion go right ahead.
But it's YOU who's putting yourself there.
Nobody else.
Who you are is not the result of some *circumstance*.
At a point, you are who you choose to be.

OLIVIA

My brother died.

VIOLA

Stop it. You have to stop it with that.

OLIVIA

My brother died.

VIOLA

So did mine.
But then he came back to life.
And you fucked him ten ways to Sunday.
Made sure everybody knew all about it.
That *I* knew about it.
So forgive me if I'm not feeling
particularly *compassionate* towards you right now.

OLIVIA

Oh, so now you're going to play jealous?
Make up your mind.
You either want me or you don't.

VIOLA

I do and I don't.

OLIVIA

You tricked me into loving you.

VIOLA

That's what everyone does.

OLIVIA

Not like you did.

VIOLA

It's what people do.

You present yourself as... *smart*, or funny, or interesting
when the reality is that you're just as lost and *sad*
as everybody else.

You think you're in love with me.
You were never in love with me.
You just can't stand *that you don't have me*.
It just eats at you
that there's *one person*
who's not at your beck and fucking call.

So, yeah.
Late at night sometimes
I call you on the tin can.
I whisper the same pathetic phrases in your ear till you get off.
It doesn't mean anything.

OLIVIA

Liar
liar
liar
liar .

To have *five minutes* where you get to be the person you want to be?
That means *everything*.
The person you are at the Moonparties, that's not you.
I know that's not you.
In my life?
I'm not me either.
The only time that I am myself
is for those five minutes
when I hear your voice.
And you can't make that nothing.
No matter how hard you want to.

This affects Viola.

She comes up behind Olivia,
whispering in her ear but not touching her.
She sounds like Cesario.

VIOLA

You love me?

OLIVIA

I love you.

VIOLA

You love me.

OLIVIA

I do.
I wish that I didn't
but I do.

VIOLA

What do you love about me?

OLIVIA

I love your big--

*

VIOLA

No.
What do you love
about *me*?

OLIVIA

I love the way your breath
gets ragged on the tin can
right before you--

VIOLA

That's not me.
You love me?
I want to know
what you love
about *me*.

What's going on?

SEBASTIAN

Uh-oh. They turn. Sebastian's been there for awhile.

VIOLA

I'm just
visiting

I came looking for you,
I--

SEBASTIAN

Go.

VIOLA

Sebastian.

SEBASTIAN

You need to go.

She leaves. He turns to Olivia, who's at a loss.

OLIVIA

I thought you were gone.

SEBASTIAN

Have you heard?
What happened tonight?

OLIVIA

I--

SEBASTIAN

This *world*.
I don't understand it.
Any of it, I don't think.

You love her?

OLIVIA

Him.

(a correction, or is it?)

Her.

...Yeah.

I do.

*

SEBASTIAN

What about me?

OLIVIA

You don't understand me.

SEBASTIAN

No one understands you.

OLIVIA

Cesario--

SEBASTIAN

--*is not a real person.*

You and I.

We're... *real.*

OLIVIA

(“I’m sorry”)

I'm seeing everything
really clearly right now
for the first time
in a *long* time.

SEBASTIAN

Because you're off the moondust.

OLIVIA

No.

SEBASTIAN

Yes.

OLIVIA

I thought you were her.
That's the only reason--

SEBASTIAN

No. No no no no no.

OLIVIA

You two looked the same--

SEBASTIAN

We don't look the same.
Stop saying that!
Viola and I? Have *never* looked the same.
You were just too spun out on space dust
to tell two people apart
who were wearing the same jacket.

Cesario didn't understand you.
Viola *doesn't* understand you,
and I don't either.
You know why?
Because there is nothing to understand.
You are a shallow, spoiled, remnant
of a dying breed,
and we have enabled you,
all of us,
because your presence
provides some sense
that life as we know it will continue
in the face of *unimaginable* evidence otherwise.

I thought that there was more to you.
Underneath.
But there isn't.

What a fucking disappointment you are.

He sits down, head in his hands.
A long, terrible beat.

OLIVIA

Viola said you've been fixing up the ship.

Yes.

SEBASTIAN

I told you not to.

OLIVIA

We all have secrets, I guess.

SEBASTIAN

They won't go with you.

OLIVIA

Maybe not.

SEBASTIAN

I won't go with you.

OLIVIA

Goodbye, Olivia.

SEBASTIAN

He leaves.

Olivia looks for the Moon. Still gone.

Thunder. Lightning. Rain.

8. A MOONPARTY WITH NO MOON

A moonparty with no moon.
Things feel quiet, empty.

Someone's got a guitar. A lone singer begins to sing a beautiful old song. One by one, everyone joins, it builds and builds, becomes some beautiful lost ancient thing. Orsino just loves it, he drinks the whole thing up.

In a corner, Mariah frantically writes letters and stuffs them into green glass bottles.

[Note: Feel free to sing as much of the song as feels good. Just a stanza or two is fine.]

LYRICS:

When that I was and a little tiny boy,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
A foolish thing was but a toy,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came to man's estate,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
'Gainst knaves and thieves men shut their gate,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came, alas! to wive,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
By swaggering could I never thrive,
For the rain it raineth every day.

But when I came unto my beds,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
With toss-pots still had drunken heads,
For the rain it raineth every day.

A great while ago the world begun,
With hey, ho, the wind and the rain,
But that's all one, our play is done,
And we'll strive to please you every day.

The song ends. Beautiful. A moment of quiet.

...Let's sing it again.

ORSINO

The Illyrians groan:

Come on

NO

uggggggghhhhhhhh

ORSINO

“When that I was and a little tiny boy--”

FESTE

Nope.

He gets up to leave. The other Illyrians grumble.

ORSINO

You're leaving?

After one song?

What kind of moonparty is this?

FESTE

This isn't a moonparty.

There's no moon.

ORSINO

We can still have a moonparty!

moon

DANCE

moon

DANCE

Ooh, *or*:

We could tell the *story*.

Everyone groans.

Ugh no way gross not that stupid thing again

ORSINO

Come on! We love the story!

“Viola and Sebastian were twins.

They were born somewhere

and were traveling somewhere else”--

FESTE

The story is a lie.

ORSINO

It's the same story it always was.

FESTE

[Exactly.]

Toby approaches Mariah.

TOBY

Mariah. Mariah. *Mariah*.
Pay attention to meeeeeeeeeee.

(nothing)

I'm sorry. I've told you that I'm sorry.
My good woman--

MARIAH

(breaking)

Don't give me that. Do not.
I cannot hear you say that
one more time.

TOBY

We love each other.

MARIAH

Who cares?
Don't you see what you've done?
What you've *cost* us?
All of us?

I'm done with you.
Finished.
Don't talk to me.
Don't look at me.
Don't touch me.
Just stay away from me.

She goes back to her bottles.

TOBY

I'll fix it.
I can fix it.

FESTE

(ears perking up)

How?

ORSINO

Guys, let's try to lighten this party up a little bit...

TOBY

(to everyone, a proclamation)

ILLYRIANS.

I caused this problem,
and now I'm going to fix it.

I

SHALL

BE

THE MOON.

He starts to go towards the Moonpole. Feste pulls him back / blocks him. Orsino stays back, unsure of what to do.

FESTE

Don't you *dare*.
That is a sacred space.
It is not for you.

ORSINO

Yeah, I don't know if you should go up there...

Mariah deliberately ignores Toby as he calls to her, turning her back to him as he's attempting to get around Feste.

TOBY

I can do it, Mariah!
 I'll go up into the sky
 I'll spin around and around
 I'll give you dust from my body
 I'll stop all the rain.
 I'll be the moon for you, Mariah.
 And you'll love me again!
 You'll have to!
 You can't go against the wishes of the--

Feste breaks, pushing Toby. Hard.

FESTE

(a big break)

YOU ARE NOT THE MOON.

Every eye on Feste. Toby, shocked, shuts up (for once).

FESTE

You can't fix this.
 All of you, I just--

Where the fuck are we?
 And what is... the *point*, of any of it?

He waits for an answer. There isn't one. He kicks something or rips off his wig or smears his make-up.

There is a moment where we think he might speak again.
 But there's nothing left to say.

Then: Feste leaves.

A beat. The Illyrians uneasy. Mariah exits first, without look at Toby. He follows, calling after her.

The rest of the Illyrians exit.

ORSINO

(calling off to the departing Illyrians)

Feste! Guys! Guys! Come on!
You can't just...

Then: Olivia is there. Orsino turns to her.

ORSINO

Olivia! You came!
Thank god. This party needs more people.

OLIVIA

I heard an old Illyrian song.

ORSINO

They don't make songs like that anymore.
Everything's terrible now.
When did everyone get so boring?
What happened to the old days?
We'd stay up for *weeks*.

OLIVIA

Not weeks.

ORSINO

It felt like weeks.
Everybody hopped up on Jupiter rings,
singing and dancing
and fucking and screaming
and *living*.
Really *living*!
Not like now.

OLIVIA

We're still alive.

ORSINO

Come on.
We're ghosts, the two of us.
We're the leftovers, you and me.

OLIVIA

I wanted to talk to you about the Moon.

ORSINO

Oof. Right?
What a mess.
And this *storm*?
Apparently there's gonna be, like, a *wave* now?

OLIVIA

Do you really believe that?

ORSINO

Don't you?

Olivia shrugs, unconvinced.

OLIVIA

The Moon doesn't know everything.
We're the ones in charge.

ORSINO

Come on.
It's just you and me.
We can admit it to each other at least:
We've done a pretty shitty job of being "in charge."

OLIVIA

That's unfair.
We were too young.

ORSINO

And now we're too old.

OLIVIA

Where did the middle part go?

ORSINO

[Who knows.]
We have a choice, I suppose.

OLIVIA

What is it?

ORSINO

To adapt, or...?

Not.	OLIVIA	Die.	ORSINO
	OLIVIA		
We'll never die. I am the <i>Countess</i> .			
	ORSINO		
I am the Duke.			
	OLIVIA		
I am the Countess of this <i>shit-pile</i> .			
	ORSINO		
I AM THE DUKE OF THIS SINKING MUD PIT THIS DYING WORLD BELONGS TO ME!			
		They laugh and laugh.	
		ORSINO	
It's really not funny, is it?			
	OLIVIA		
No. But: It'll all be all right. We've gotten through worse before.			
	ORSINO		
	(a strange look)		
You do get that this is, like, happening, right?			
	OLIVIA		
Then why isn't anyone doing anything about it?			
	ORSINO		
Sebastian's got his boat...			
	OLIVIA		
Oh my <i>god</i> if I hear one more word about that boat. ...You don't think anyone would actually go with him, do you?			
	ORSINO		
I don't know. He asked for help and we all just ignored him.			

OLIVIA

It would be so dangerous. Such a risk.
 The seas are... unpredictable.
 That's how most of us got washed up here in the first place.
 And *why* would we go?
 To head to Mal's island,
 where everything we love about the way that we live would get stripped away?
 We would carry that burden forever.
 The ones that let Illyria die.

ORSINO

Illyria might be dying whether we let it or not.

OLIVIA

I haven't seen anything that convinces me this is anything but a storm.

ORSINO

You haven't really been looking.
 I mean... you're in your house a lot.
 And when you come out you're pretty [moondust wasted].

OLIVIA

That's-- true.
 I had a few conversations last night.
 I thought: Maybe I'm wrong?
 Maybe the world is falling apart.
 I thought: I *want* to evolve.
 I want to see the world the way it really is.
 I want to see myself the way that I really am.
 So I got up today and I left my house,
 really *ready* to see.
 And now... here I am!
 Here you are.
 And we're *fine*.
 Look around!
 This world isn't perfect, but... it's here.
 Solid, beneath our feet.
 I can feel it.

(Olivia looks around)

All this fuss and everything looks the same.

ORSINO

But it's not the same.
You really want to see?
You've got to look at everything.

(he points)

Like... over there.
The Ferris Wheel cracked into pieces,
getting sucked into that vortex that killed all the fish a few summers ago.

She sees.

ORSINO

And there: you can't even see the sand of the beach
for all the dead dolphins. They're stacked up three thick.

He points, she sees.

ORSINO

Do you see?
My family's old estate, crushed by the boulders
from the mountain collapse.

OLIVIA

No.

He points, she sees. Something cracks.
Olivia puts her hands over her mouth.

ORSINO

And over there, at the ancient ruins of the Sun altar,
all the birds grounded, their wings rotting off.
And everywhere, rain, rain, rain!

OLIVIA

Stop it.

She breaks away. Looks to him.

OLIVIA

We did this?

ORSINO

Well... yeah, I guess.

Olivia, overcome, gathers her things and runs.

ORSINO

Olivia! Come on! Don't leave me here!

(he sings, alone)

“When I was and a little tiny boy...”

9. SEBASTIAN BUILDS A ~~BOAT~~ SHIP

Sebastian is attempting to build a ship all by himself.

Viola enters. Sebastian stops.

They look at each other.

He shakes his head, resumes his work.

VIOLA

Let me help you.

Nope.

VIOLA

You need help.

SEBASTIAN

You need help.

VIOLA

Come on.

SEBASTIAN

You come on.

A flat look.

VIOLA

I'm sorry.

SEBASTIAN

I don't even know what to say to you.

VIOLA

It was just...
it was this weird thing.
I wouldn't ever
like
purposefully take something from you.

SEBASTIAN

I loved her.

...Did you? VIOLA

Yes! SEBASTIAN

...But really? VIOLA

Yes! SEBASTIAN

VIOLA

Olivia? (a little surprised)

SEBASTIAN

YES!
God.
What--?
I *married* her.

VIOLA

I think you could do better.

SEBASTIAN

[Whatever.]

VIOLA

I'm not happy.

SEBASTIAN

So what?

VIOLA

You do things
when you're unhappy
that you wouldn't do otherwise.
You attempt to find... connection.

SEBASTIAN

That's such bullshit.

VIOLA

Orsino and I don't have *anything*.

SEBASTIAN

NO ONE HERE HAS ANYTHING.

Which means that you have to... respect...
the pretend boundaries...
that we *do* have.
OR SOMETHING.

VIOLA

...That doesn't make any sense.

SEBASTIAN

Who even cares about any of it?
Our tiny, stupid lives.
So what if we all die?
We're ants.
The rain never stops.
We need to get off this island or we're dead.
We're probably dead even if we *do* make it off.
The whole world is so fucking confusing
and useless and stupid and I hate it and
I AM MAD AT YOU.

VIOLA

What can I do?

SEBASTIAN

I DON'T KNOW.

VIOLA

Anything.

SEBASTIAN

(an idea)

You have to tell Orsino.

VIOLA

Come on.

SEBASTIAN

Right now.

Right now? VIOLA

HEY, ORSINO! SEBASTIAN

Orsino shows up.

Hey, guys! ORSINO

Where did you...? VIOLA

Tell him. SEBASTIAN

Viola puts on her girly voice.

No, I don't think he needs to hear about all that. VIOLA

Stop it. SEBASTIAN
Tell him.

Tell me what? ORSINO

Sebastian's just being silly... VIOLA

(a shift, real voice)

Actually: I'm gonna try something different, here.
I'm going to tell you the truth,
which is that I have a strange,
inexplicable sexual and emotional interest in Olivia,
and despite the fact that my feelings for her are weird
and confusing, and, for the most part, unpleasant,
I am unable or unwilling to move past them,
so we stay up most nights having phone sex
that revolves around the fantasy that I'm Cesario
and that she's obsessed with my fat, hard,
nonexistent penis.

*

ORSINO

(“and?”)

OK...?

VIOLA

...?

ORSINO

That’s it?

VIOLA

Yeah.

ORSINO

Oh, that’s *fine*.

Don’t worry about it.

SEBASTIAN

What?

VIOLA

(brave, now)

And! I don’t think we should be married anymore.

ORSINO

Noooooooooo problem.

VIOLA

(REALLY brave, now)

And! *And!* I don’t even think we ever really loved each other.

I think that we were just projecting!

That we got caught up in the romantic *idea* of the thing

but when we began to live with each other, *really live* with each other,
we realized we had absolutely nothing in common!

ORSINO

That is a really good point.

VIOLA

But you know what?

That wasn’t your fault.

How were you supposed to know who I was,
 when the whole time I was just playing some *role*.
 I like myself better when I'm someone else.
 I know what a woman is supposed to be, a man.
 What I don't know is who *I'm* supposed to be.
 I've been without an anchor this whole time,
 just some girl that washed up on shore.
 But I don't want to do that anymore!
 I want to find out who I *actually am*.
 Maybe I *do* like women.
 Maybe I *am* a man inside.
 Maybe I *am* Cesario.
 Maybe Viola's the construct.
 Or maybe not!
 Who knows?
 The world is huge and full of possibilities,
 and I am going to remain open to every last one!

ORSINO

Good for you!

SEBASTIAN

WHAT IS HAPPENING RIGHT NOW

VIOLA

I'm going to go find Olivia!

(to Sebastian)

I don't want to take her from you.
 But I also think that you can find someone who is a better fit,
 who understands you and who *wants* to understand you,
 who feels connected to you in ways raw and inexplicable,
 and who is fundamentally more appreciative of your kindness.
 I don't know if Olivia is the best fit for me, either.
 But I have to give myself a chance to find out.

ORSINO

You go get her!

VIOLA

Yes!

Viola exits.

ORSINO

I've got my fingers crossed for those crazy kids.

SEBASTIAN

(still baffled)

You don't care about any of this?

ORSINO

I mean...

not really?

Is that terrible?

I just figure that there's so much stuff going on
that we know nothing about

God and the cosmos

and music and protons

and *why do men have nipples?*

and *are there ghosts?*

and, like, *what are animals thinking about?*

Y'know?

Really crazy shit is going on here.

So my wife wants to touch your wife, or not touch her?

Touch me or not touch me?

It doesn't matter.

It's just bodies rubbing themselves
up against other bodies.

In the course of the vast universe...

who cares?

Sebastian is at a loss.

ORSINO

Though I have been really thinking lately:

Sometimes, inaction is in and of itself an action.

Sometimes, you just have to keep going.

You're sinking into the earth? Fine.

There are worse things than the Earth.

Give in.

Accept the world as it is.

But.

Sometimes.

Sometimes.

You need to change your course.

SEBASTIAN

(Who ARE you?)

What are you doing here?

ORSINO

I came to help out.

Y'know.

With the boat.

SEBASTIAN

Ship.

ORSINO

What's the difference?

SEBASTIAN

A ship is...

cooler.

ORSINO

Look.

I know I haven't been much help up to this point.

But...

Up until yesterday, it just seemed too hard.

Then I woke up today, and it was too hard not to.

That's... about right.

Feste enters, with the Illyrians behind him.

FESTE

We're ready now.

SEBASTIAN

To...?

FESTE

Survive.

Mariah steps forward with her green glass bottles. [Maybe she's been hurling bottles into the sea in the background throughout the play.]

MARIAH

We can go to Mal's island.
He's expecting us--
I've been sending notes in bottles.
I'm a good forger,
and it's easy to be a liar in letter.
I just sign everything "Love, Olivia."

They all look to Sebastian. He looks to Orsino.

ORSINO

Don't look at me.
You're in charge now.

SEBASTIAN

OK.
Dive in.

He dives. After a moment, the Illyrians follow.

A strange
beautiful
all-night
scuba dive
stormy
swimming
ballet
as the Illyrians and Sebastian
gather materials
to resurrect their ghost ship.

As the Illyrians build in the background:

10. OLIVIA'S ESTATE (III) / THE SHIP SAILS

Viola stands before Olivia, dressed as Cesario.

Olivia's heart skips a beat and stops completely and breaks and grows three sizes.

Cesario.

OLIVIA

Viola.

VIOLA

I don't...

OLIVIA

It's me.
This is me.

VIOLA

What are you doing here?

OLIVIA

I love you.

VIOLA

No, you don't.

OLIVIA

I might.

VIOLA

Is this some trick?
To get me to the ship?

OLIVIA

It's not a trick.

VIOLA

Because I'm not going.
I deserve to die here,
after how stupid I've been.

OLIVIA

VIOLA

Olivia.

OLIVIA

(“I’m not going.”)

I’m sorry.

I’m not...

I have to stay here.

Till the end.

I don’t expect you to understand.

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

Olivia shakes her head. Not kindly, either. This headshake says, “What the fuck is wrong with you?”

OLIVIA

I don’t want Cesario anymore.

I can’t believe in one more thing that’s not real.

VIOLA

That part? That first time we met.

It wasn’t Cesario. It was me.

That’s a memory of us together.

The honourable lady of the house--

Nope. Olivia’s not having it. She turns away.

VIOLA

Olivia.

You need to forgive me

and yourself

and the Moon

and the earth

and the water

and your brother

and *time*.

And then you need to come with me.

OK?

OLIVIA

I don't think I can.

VIOLA

You're going to have to dig deep.
There's courage in there.
I promise.
I found mine.

OLIVIA

I can't face them,
after what I've done.

VIOLA

You can.
You can join them.

OLIVIA

(the real fear)

What if it's too late?
What if no matter what, there's nothing we can do?

VIOLA

Then... at least we tried.
Now:

Viola leads. They breathe together. Inhale, exhale. Maybe a few times, as Olivia lets it all go. Forgiveness.

VIOLA

The honourable lady of the house, which is she?

OLIVIA

Stay:
I prithee, tell me what thou thinkest of me.

VIOLA

That you do think you are not what you are.

OLIVIA

If I think so, I think the same of you.

VIOLA

Then think you right: I am not what I am.

OLIVIA

I would you were as I would have you be!

A strange, tender moment between them. A
(comparatively) chaste kiss.

VIOLA

[It's time to go.]

OLIVIA

[OK.]

Olivia and Viola join the Illyrians.
They acknowledge her presence,
but stay focused on their task.

A moment of forgiveness between Mariah and Olivia.
Sebastian and Olivia acknowledge each other.
Viola and Olivia stay linked, somehow.

A significant moment for Mariah and Toby. He comforts
her. She lets him.

Then, they build a ship together.
Maybe it's clunky, at first.
But by the end: so much grace.

Time passes, slow or fast.
Then: A ship has risen from the nothingness.

The Illyrians are calm, unified in purpose.

The ship sails away into the storm.

Emptiness. The island abandoned.

The sound of the storm intensifies.

Dread and excitement and ecstasy and terror and and and
and and and and

Then: the wave comes
and it's even bigger
even worse
more savage
and devastating
than we'd thought it would be.

Quiet, then.

Maybe it's the first time there's been real silence this whole
time.

*

Maybe by now everything of Illyria that can be stripped
away has been stripped away.

Maybe there's nothing left but the great white light.

Maybe there aren't even tin cans or strings or water or
world or sand.

Maybe everything's gone but it's not even sad it's just the
way things are now.

After a while: Olivia.

She takes the Moon's place, spins. Looks out over her
kingdom. A fresh start.

She's not dancing yet, maybe one long, slow, rotation.
Getting a feel for what it is to be a satellite space queen.
Letting go of all those human things.

The Illyrians return, strangely, slowly. They're up in the
sky, they're stars, they glow.

The new Moon spins and spins and spins.

END OF PLAY