

# The Girl and The Moon

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By Rich Chilver

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*A night in April. The Moon in the sky. A wood. In the distance there is a small village and the factory which employs the people. Between the wood and the Moon is a cloud.*

*The cloud is grey and dense as if it might burst from the seams.*

*A ladder rises up. It is impressive for something that was made from branches in the wood. The higher it gets into the sky the more the ladder sways. It passes through the cloud but doesn't make it to the Moon.*

*Claire climbs the ladder until she is beneath the cloud. She is bony, even for a seventeen year old and carries a tightly worn backpack with a sledgehammer poking out of the top. Claire adjusts her backpack, rests and looks up towards the Moon.*

CLAIRE: I can't sleep.

Keep me company.

I'm thinking about someone. I love him too much.

And I can't tell him on my own.

*Claire raises her hands to the next rung. Her body is sluggish. She's stuck on this rung until she gets her breath back.*

CLAIRE:

Ed amazes me. I swear at him. I hit him. Run away into the woods and the next day he's still there. He puts me to bed and calls me brave. Gets me up and makes us breakfast.

He loves all of me. Sees who I really am. Figured out what I have and loves my true self.

He met me like this. Calls me trouble. Gets into bed when I won't get up. He liked nights in at first. Liked them a lot. But Ed also worries. So we went for help. It was at the Doctors near my house. I didn't need to go. We knew it was depression.

That was yesterday.

I have to talk to someone every Thursday. And now I have these pills. They'll make me dull. In all ways. I won't be my true self. I'll love him in fewer words. I won't know his eyes or be excited to see him. I don't need to lose Ed...my new self won't love him.

So I had an idea.

A way for him to know I love him enough, when I don't tell him. Something which will last forever. So he'll always stay with me.

Do you want to come closer? I want to write his name on you.

*Claire passes through the cloud and comes out the other side drenched in rain water. She wipes her brow and then looks up to see the end of the ladder. The gap between the end of the ladder and the Moon is too great for her to cross. She has failed.*

CLAIRE:                      No!

I came this far.

And you don't need a ladder.

Come closer.

I know you. I read poems about you. And I've seen you in paintings. Paintings of you and people kissing. Of you with a couple holding hands. We do that. We do that more than anyone.

You only help with real love. And I really like that about you.

I love him.

I do- I did the first time I saw him.

I first met Ed in the woods. By the bend in the river. His head was down, busy typing into his phone as I walked past. I waited to see him lift his face. Hard lips, grey eyes. But I knew he had more.

I coughed. I broke twigs and walked past him. All to see his face.

Then he tilted back his head and I saw him. I thought he was special, beautiful, overwhelming. I felt better for seeing him.

It was like seeing a new colour.

I knew I had to be with him. It is more like a calling. I know he deserves to be loved.

So you should want to help us to stay together.

We're the greatest couple in the world.

*Claire breaks off a lower rung from the ladder. Then secures it higher up, giving herself another step to climb up.*

CLAIRE: Are you impressed? You didn't think I was this clever. This strong. Did you think I could build a ladder? I used the branches and stole the tools- wasn't that clever? Now you have to help me.

I brought a hammer. When you come closer we can get started. Ed should get to see this before he goes to bed.

It will hurt. But you're meant to help us.

You're a rock. How much pain can bother you anyway?

*Claire has made the ladder unstable.*

CLAIRE: Come on.

Catch me.

I won't turn back. I climbed here. I built this ladder.

I didn't sleep tonight.

I didn't eat dinner.

*She holds her arms out, waiting for the Moon to take hold of her.*

CLAIRE: I have done enough!

I have the pills. I am ready to take them. I am trying to make everyone happy. Just catch me -I've listened to these thoughts all day. I've been shutting up these thoughts all day. Just catch me- I want to look after myself. I don't want to do anything...I don't want to give in.

I want to live.

Just catch me. So Ed can do the rest.

*The ladder sways wildly and she could fall at any moment. Claire's feet slip.*

*She falls.*

*But she lands on the cloud.*

CLAIRE: Fuck you gravity! Wooooo!

I'm ok. This'll happen.

*She tests her surroundings. Learning about the cloud.*

CLAIRE: This isn't like the ordinary days.

This isn't just a nice idea, I'll be ok -I'll get to write on the Moon. I'll get Ed. I can get excited for this.

Claire...nothing will happen. Claire. Get excited for this.

*Claire stands up. Looks up. She removes her sledgehammer from the bag. Lifts it above her head.*

CLAIRE: I brought this. Do you like it?

Not many people use these at night? Have you ever seen one?

Some have round edges. This one doesn't which is better. I picked the heaviest one. I'll get deep craters and clean lines from this one. Everyone will be able to see it.

I'm strong- I can easily lift it above my head.



As long as you don't move, or fidget I can write it quickly.

*Claire lowers the sledgehammer. She rests it on the cloud. Whilst she is distracted, the Moon goes on to make its escape.*

CLAIRE: You don't see much from here. The woods are boring. We should see into people's houses. They should have their lights on.

Everyone would do that.

I bet other people are fascinating. Everyone would look, to see what other people do differently.

I wonder if my life is weird or there's. Or who's really nice in private, or looks after their wife really well but is a prick in public. I wouldn't want to know if a nice person was actually horrible. That's awful.

*She looks up.*

CLAIRE: No, come on. You are just being dramatic.

This isn't like you, you want to help.

*Claire looks down and addresses the cloud she's stood on.*

CLAIRE: Hello. You're very quiet.

Very soft. Very kind.

The Moon's not far for a cloud.

*Claire sits, steers the cloud.*

CLAIRE: I've never flown before. Is it good?

Give me a lift.

I'd be grateful.

*The cloud follows The Moon.*

CLAIRE: More! That's it!

Yes!

You're not fast enough.

Better!

I live there....

*The cloud gradually turns towards the town.*

CLAIRE: That's where Ed and I met. That bit- see that's the bend in the river?

That's the village hall. I take dance lessons there. I'm really weird.

Proper weird dance stuff.

After lessons the teachers lets me have the hall on my own, to get it out of my system. I make up stuff which you won't know how to deal with. Stuff you've never seen.

You'll be so freaked out!

*She thinks about showing the Moon her dancing but chickens out.*

CLAIRE: But it's so good. Ed doesn't like it. He explained that people laugh at me, that's why they indulge me.

It's sad, cos I liked it there.

Ed likes History and we talk about History. I don't want to be an embarrassment.

There's my shop, I sell shoes. To save for university. My colleagues don't try very hard. I had to design the display and I'm the youngest there- And a job looks good for my personal statement. Universities like any job.

*The cloud changes course.*

CLAIRE: That's always been my house. See how close it is to Ed's. Only two roads over. We can see into each other's rooms. Ed faces the back. I needed the room at the front. At night he can see when I'm awake. He checks up on me. Tells me to go to sleep. He gets me feeling better.

*Claire looks around, surveys her surroundings. She spots a second cloud in the sky. Way off into the distance*

CLAIRE: Who's that?

She's pretty.

Is that your girlfriend?

Would you like her to be your girlfriend?

No-one should be alone.

Go to her. Go to her. She's only a little bit higher up.  
That's all it is between you and happiness.

Go to her...

Full steam ahead!

*The cloud glides across to the other cloud.*

CLAIRE: What are you going to say? You have to speak to her.  
You can't cause even a storm on your own.

Say you'd like to take her out.

Tell her you'd do anything to make her happy.

Don't worry. It's nice to be asked. For our first date we went to a party like that one. Ed's twenty one, I'm seventeen but Ed says we were never bored. We talked about University. I've some offers. He thinks studying "isn't everything", Ed prefers TV but doesn't

mind me doing it. Right there and then he told me he was focussed on starting a family. He wanted a wife one day and to have a little girl. Right there and then, like it was no big deal. Incredible. I'd normally be scared- but I felt calm. The calmest ever, Ed reckons.

We stayed for six hours but I never wanted to talk to someone else. I couldn't let him get away. There was music playing. I should've asked him to dance but I was too embarrassed.

I wanted him to like me. And he did. We just spent all night talking. Then lots of nights talking. He cares about me. I'm happy. He loves me. And he keeps me safe. Ed's perfect.

Is that all we've done? It'll be morning soon and we'd miss our chance.

Ed will be asleep soon.

Let's go.

Come on move it!

For Ed, come on!

*Claire pounds her fists against the cloud. A trickle of rain and then they're away. Behind her the ladder creaks, it is sliding away from the cloud. On hearing the ladders movements Claire gets to her feet. She grabs the ladder.*

CLAIRE:                   Wait!

*The ladder snaps in her hands. This snapped segment remains in her hand. The rest falls away.*

CLAIRE:                   It's a good thing I have Ed.

*She takes out her mobile phone. There is no signal. She turns to the Moon.*

CLAIRE:                   He worries about me. He's found me before.

*Claire dangles from the cloud, her mobile phone out stretched.*

CLAIRE:                   I never liked heights.

*She receives multiple messages.*

CLAIRE:                   I miss him. I know I shouldn't.

*Claire pulls herself back up to the top of the cloud. She reads the messages.*

CLAIRE: I just feel safer around him. And he loves me.

*One of the messages upsets Claire. She immediately lowers herself under the cloud, stretches out her arm and calls Ed. He speaks to her on speakerphone.*

ED (phone): You've gone out?

CLAIRE: Yeah.

ED (phone): You can't just ignore me.

CLAIRE: I know.

ED (phone): I was worried.

*The phone loses signal. Claire stretches further. She rings Ed once again.*

ED (phone): What was that for?

CLAIRE: The phone, it...I didn't hang up.

ED (phone): Where are you?

CLAIRE: A cloud.

No really.

I'm not making it up. I'm not being dramatic. This is really happening.

I'm stuck here.



I'm sorry you love me.

ED (phone): I'll come get you.

CLAIRE: Thank you.

ED (phone): How did you get there?

CLAIRE: The ladder- I broke it.

ED (phone): So I need a new one?

CLAIRE: I'm sorry.

*The arm holding onto the cloud begins to ache.*

ED (phone): I'll be there as soon as I can.

CLAIRE: Yes, that's fine.

ED (phone): It'll have to be won't it?

*Her arm shakes uncontrollably.*

ED (phone): Please don't go out without telling me.

CLAIRE: I won't.

ED (phone): You do this too much.

For fucks sake, it was one of your good days.

You forget that you're ill.

CLAIRE: I remember.

ED (phone): Then why did you leave me?

CLAIRE: I wanted to be alone.  
ED (phone): But you're not safe on your own.  
CLAIRE: I don't know then.

*Pause*

ED (phone): I worry where you are. That you'll hurt yourself. That I can't save you.

CLAIRE: I know.

ED (phone): I don't think you know how forgiving I am to you.

CLAIRE: You're very good to me.

ED (phone): I don't feel like you love me when you're not here

CLAIRE: You know I always do.

ED (phone): I can love you more when you're better.

CLAIRE: I hope so.

ED (phone): Have you taken it yet?

CLAIRE: Yes-

ED (phone): Is it working?

CLAIRE: ...No.

But it will.

ED (phone): It's tough for me.

CLAIRE: I know, I'm difficult.

ED (phone): No...You forget that you're ill.

CLAIRE: I'm sorry.

ED (phone): The Moon though. You see you do love me.  
CLAIRE: I told you-  
ED (phone): You care for me.  
CLAIRE: I really do!  
ED (phone): You can show me, tonight...when I get there. You know? Under the Moon...all alone.  
CLAIRE: Yep.  
ED (phone): I can't wait to see you.  
CLAIRE: Me too.

*Beat*

ED (phone): Can you take another?  
CLAIRE: I don't need to-  
ED (phone): Take another pill- it'll work then.

*Beat*

ED (phone): Was that it?  
CLAIRE: Yeah.  
ED (phone): Great.  
CLAIRE: I love you.

*Ed can be heard crying.*

ED (phone): Sorry.  
I'm just tired.

CLAIRE: Then get more sleep.

ED (phone): But I stay up- I don't know where you are. If you just stayed at home.

CLAIRE: I won't be told what to do.

ED (phone): I wasn't saying that.

Maybe I should see the Doctor too? You know when you're out late, you worry me.

CLAIRE: Then don't.

ED (phone): I can't just stop-

CLAIRE: Men don't get upset.

ED (phone): They can. Kevin is so sad that he drinks too much, says he's lonely.

CLAIRE: So?

ED (phone): Men can get upset too.

CLAIRE: Don't be stupid.

ED (phone): Ok.

CLAIRE: They shouldn't cry.

ED (phone): Yep ok.

It'll be good to see you. The pill's working now? You feel it working yet?

CLAIRE: ...no

ED (phone): Give it time. It'll be nice to just be your boyfriend.

CLAIRE: Yes.

*She hangs up on him. She waits a moment to compose herself. Then climbs back up.*

CLAIRE: He's been overreacting lately. That's all that was.

He will be ok.

So...

So that building there...that is where I go to college. It has a great reputation. My parents went there. They trained for good jobs. Then had me.

I am taking three A-Levels. I am missing a lot of lessons. To mainly see the Nurse. She has a room where we talk- If you were recovering from a broken leg you would wear a cast. My broken head gets someone who listens.

I told the Nurse I want to like school again. My mocks are coming up. But I am useless and stupid.

I am actually stupid. I don't know anything. I raise my hand. My teacher's laugh at me. And they should. They have to. What I say is hilarious.

I've dropped down a set. The boys there are stupid. And they ask to copy my work. But it's wrong. I was awake all night and couldn't read the set text and my work isn't done. I start my homework and then can't sit still, it keeps going wrong. I do the first sentence twenty times and need to get up and move. They tried to expel me. Then Kevin heard. Now I copy from him and the other boys. I'm the only girl and I know what that means. I can't read the books. But the boys have and that's better...I'm not being expelled anymore.

I want to like school again. And be clever. But all I can be is pretty.

*She takes a crumpled box of pills and throws it at the Doctor's Surgery. Her hands start to fidget, her anxiety grows.*

CLAIRE: I can see the school Nurse. But then I miss a lesson.

So I called the Doctor. I chose to go. My appointment was this yesterday and I wanted to be happier.

I talk to the Doctor. I mispronounce psychiatrist. I tell him I went online, I read a lot, I tell him what I want. I tell him. And he says maybe I just need tutoring.

But I am ill. I walk into the woods and can't get home. Last week I climbed to the top of this cliff...a sort of ledge. Even Ed doesn't know this. I climbed up to this ledge and just...I couldn't, for Mum and Dad.

I told the Doctor this. Because I know I am worthless. I am a failure...Mum and Dad see I'm sad and argue about me. I am breaking them up. Because I can't be happy.

But hurting myself will make them worse. And a psychiatrist might help me.

The Doctor said I was too bad just for that. He handed me a prescription- The fucker wants to change me.

I used to be happy. I miss that person. I wasn't on pills then.

I don't want to change. Pills will only give me a false happiness-The Doctor can't trick me.

I read about this.

About three quarters of a million people a year are rushed to emergency rooms in the U.S. because of adverse drug reactions.

And drugs don't stop the cause of illness, they attack what happens because of it. It attacks all the normal stuff you do. It makes your body work in a way that's fake. Nobody wants to change.

My true self is really good. Ed sees it. He loves it.

I have Ed. He loves who I really am. When I write his name on the Moon maybe he won't need me to take any pills. He'll be so happy. I can ask him. I can ask him to love me when I'm really ill. To be my hero. To keep me alive.

It's a nice idea. Better than pills.

*Claire holds her phone out, beneath the cloud. She receives three text messages.*

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CLAIRE:                      Ed misses me.

*Claire takes a picture of herself, her forced smile keeps slipping. She eventually captures it.*



CLAIRE: This keeps him from worrying about me.

*As she types.*

CLAIRE: "I really need to see you".

*Claire holds herself below the cloud, stretching out her hand so as to send her message to Ed.*

CLAIRE: Otherwise he gets worked up, sort of stressed. This isn't good for him. But he loves me.

*Send. Claire pulls herself back on top of the cloud. A ladder rises up. It rests against the cloud.*

CLAIRE: He stops me doing a lot of what I want to do. He keeps me under his supervision.

But I deserve that.

I am difficult.

And I would think about going back to that ledge- Don't tell Ed about that.

I know he's bossy but he's always right. He's right for me. I am lucky he keeps me safe. I can take him being bossy. I can take him making me feel guilty. I can take him wanting to know where I am, who I am talking to, what I am doing. I can take him knowing...too much because I am safe. I know he's stupid. I know he's childish.

And I need him don't I?

Do you think we're in love?

He isn't interested in anything but me. Ed doesn't do much. He likes history but I've never seen him read.

He's kind, as far as I know. That's always important. And he's meant to look after me. I can't lose that. I love him for that. I...I don't know what I'd do.

Ed's keeping me alive.

That's all he does, every day.

If I was well. Why would I love him?

*A single tear rolls down her cheek.*

CLAIRE: I could find someone else. But I might be wrong, Ed might be none of those things. I might actually love him. I could talk to him, say I have doubts. Ed would say it's because I'm depressed. And he'd be right.

I love him. Maybe that's because I'm depressed.

But I'll always be ill. He fell in love with my true self- I like that.

*The ladders bows, someone in almost there. Claire composes herself.*

CLAIRE: Will you tell me when you see him? You know about love. I'd like to love him no matter what.

*Ed climbs up and onto the cloud. He is exhausted. As he kisses her he exhales deeply into her face. Ed is unkempt. Podgy. Bland.*

ED: This was a really good idea.

I'm really proud of you. And you started the pills.

This'll be great for us. I was really worried how much longer I could last but now...

No more sadness. Just us.

*She grabs him and twists his shirt around her fingers.*

*Claire starts to cry but carries on kissing him.*

*Her tears grow and it becomes too much for her to contain. Then Ed pulls her down onto the cloud.*

*He rolls her over. Ed is on top. Pressing his body down on her. Claire leaves her arms by her side.*

*Ed uses one hand to undo his trousers, leaving only one arm to support the weight of his body.*

CLAIRE:                      Wait, stop.

*That arm buckles, collapsing onto Claire, injuring her. Whether intentionally or by accident. It is unclear for anyone to tell.*

*But Claire hits him.*

*Again. Hard.*

*She gets away and onto her feet. Ed is between her and the ladder. Claire picks up the sledgehammer.*

ED: It's ok.

You're not well.

CLAIRE: Stay away from me!

ED: Its ok, it's ok.

CLAIRE: Fuck off!

ED: It's ok. You're not being yourself.

CLAIRE: Don't fucking touch me ever again.

ED: It was an accident.

CLAIRE: Don't rape me...

ED: No- No Claire.

CLAIRE: Don't do it.

ED: You're overreacting.

CLAIRE: And you fucking hit me.

ED: I fell-

CLAIRE: Shut up!

ED: I think you're overreacting.

CLAIRE: I think you're a prick.

ED: Only because you're down.

CLAIRE: You landed on my throat.

ED: It was your shoulder.

CLAIRE: You left red marks. They're still there.

ED: It was an accident.

CLAIRE: You were smiling and your eyes were wide.

ED: I look like that.

CLAIRE: Even when I was scared.

ED: I know what I was thinking.

CLAIRE: I was being punished.

ED: That's only your opinion.

I want someone to trust me when I say you're overreacting. You forget that you're ill.

I think you're worth protecting. I fell and I hurt you. I didn't want to.

CLAIRE: Until next time.

ED: Of course I'm sorry. Please just stop.

CLAIRE: I won't forget this.

You woman beater.

ED: You told me you missed me.

CLAIRE: So?

ED: Here, under the moon.

CLAIRE: No-

ED: You love me. This isn't like you.

You seemed fine.

CLAIRE: I went to the Doctor today. That was fucking horrible.

ED: You didn't tell me you were upset. No wonder you're angry.

CLAIRE: I wanted to be left alone.

ED: Of course.

CLAIRE: Do you hate me?

ED: Never. I love you. I am allowed to love you.

CLAIRE: To take advantage of me.

ED: I'm not your friend I'm your boyfriend.

I can see you, can't I?

CLAIRE: You shouldn't bully me.

ED: I didn't know you were upset and then I fell.

Are you hungry?

CLAIRE: No.

ED: When did you last eat?

This morning?

So you're not looking after yourself.

CLAIRE: No...no.

ED: And took it out on me.

CLAIRE: I'm not...

ED: You texted me Claire, to say you missed me.

CLAIRE: So?

ED: You're not thinking straight.

*Beat*

ED: I wish you knew what was happening.

CLAIRE: Why-what's happening?

ED: Can't you see how crazy you're sounding?

CLAIRE: I'm...I'm not.

ED: I'm your boyfriend, you invited me here. Under the Moon.

CLAIRE: No, but...

ED: Why did you invite me here?

CLAIRE: To come get me.

ED: No, to look after you.

CLAIRE: I know.

ED: I look after you. I love you.

CLAIRE: I know you do.

ED: I'm meant to love you Claire, I'm your boyfriend.

Don't you see me every day?

Claire?

Don't you see me every day?

CLAIRE: Yes.

ED: Don't I speak to you at night? Put on my coat and walk to you if you're even slightly different to my Claire.

I rarely ever get days with the Claire I love.



I hug you. I support you. I hold your hand and wrap my arms around you and lay with you, for hours in silence. Because today, you can't go out.

These arms. The ones which fell on your neck.

You don't think I love you?

I give an inch, I give an inch and...and...I won't say a joke or watch TV because of your mood. I don't know what I'll be walking into when I see you. Why do you think that is?

CLAIRE: Because you tolerate me.

ED: We love each other, why would I need to hurt you.

You shouldn't call someone names, especially a rapist Claire.

You shouldn't be so hard on me. I am trying my best.

CLAIRE: I'm miserable.

ED: I- I'm not happy all the time either-

CLAIRE: I think I hate you.

ED: Let's not be mean.

CLAIRE: I don't love you.

ED: You do.

CLAIRE: I don't know if I ever have.

ED: Well...

CLAIRE: I'm sorry.

ED: Maybe we need a break...

Claire?

Have you taken your medication?

CLAIRE: No.

ED: Take the medication.

CLAIRE: I won't do it...I won't.

You can hate me but I don't care.

I won't give in to you.

ED: You don't think about what this does, to me.

CLAIRE: Then you'll have to live with that.

ED: You need to calm down. I'll be waiting for you and we can talk about this.

CLAIRE: Wait.

ED: We're not breaking up. We'll talk when you've calmed down.

*Ed climbs down the ladder and exits.*

*Claire cries.*

CLAIRE: Ed's a bully.

I won't stay.

Watch me.

*Moon dust trickles down, the Moon cries too.*

CLAIRE: I'll leave him. I can leave him. I don't care.

It's up to me. And it is terrible, but that will never change. Ever.

*The Moon dust coats Claire's skin, she can't keep up with wiping it away*

CLAIRE: There's a lot to like about me. I can be ambitious and take risks. I'm here aren't I? I don't have to be afraid anymore.

*Claire throws away her phone. Then catches the Moon dust in her palms.*

CLAIRE: You're very sweet.

Do you want to come closer?

I'd be lost without you.

*The Moon stops crying.*

CLAIRE:                   That's better.

                                  You're very kind

                                  Why did you come out tonight?

                                  There's more people during the day.

                                  What about your friends? You don't have any friends?

                                  What about a girlfriend?

                                  How old are you?

                                  When was the last time you had a girlfriend?

                                  So don't you get lonely then?

                                  You have very nice glow. You have beautiful glow.

*The Moon's glow becomes softer, embarrassed.*

CLAIRE:                    Let me see your smile.

*Claire begins to dance, gradually her dancing becomes uninhibited. She forces a series of beautiful shapes, all in the shower of the Moon's tears.*

*Below in the woods a second ladder is being constructed. Claire doesn't notice the movement in the woodland below.*

CLAIRE:                    Trust me.

Don't let anything stop us.

*Now there is joy. What was graceful is now faster with the beating of her heart. Her movements are sexual. She is in a trance. She is no longer bound to this world. She is free.*

*New stars light up and as they do so her dancing becomes fast, dangerous. She feeds on this new light. She rubs the moon dust into her skin. As she is about to go into a fit she flings her arms high and wide and then stands in the starlight. The stars burn brightest for her. For just a moment the trance makes her light headed. She sways and then stops herself. The Moon gives off a burst of light. Claire snaps to. Her light headed-ness fades.*

CLAIRE:                    Now can I see your smile.

Do you want me to do it again?

*The Moon hides behind a cloud.*

CLAIRE:                   That's ok.

It's for the best.

No-one should have to look after me.

*Claire steps down the ladder.*

CLAIRE:                   I hope we can stay friends.

*When she is a few rungs down her phone rings. She answers it.*

ED (phone):             Sometimes I want you to leave me.

I'm failing you.

CLAIRE:                   You are.

Where are you-

ED (phone):             You deserve better and every day is another failure.  
I...don't know what to do now.

Is there another man?

CLAIRE: No.

I never cheated on you.

ED (phone): No-

CLAIRE: Ever.

ED (phone): No- you should look for someone, today. I've friends I can talk to. They're alright. They'd take less crap than me. One of them would go out with you, I think that'll be good for you.

CLAIRE: Fuck off.

ED (phone): Kevin's lonely. Patient. He'd take you.

CLAIRE: But I don't want him.

ED (phone): Claire, I'm at the base of the ladder.

*Beat*

ED (phone): Are you going to behave?

CLAIRE: You can't.

Really.

I walked to the woods. I climbed stood up to a cliff. I think about going back there. I could die up here.

I should've told you.

You're meant to stop me jumping.

ED (phone): What stopped you?

CLAIRE: I wouldn't do that to you.

ED (phone): Now what'll stop you? I can't stay with you-

CLAIRE: I don't want you.

ED (phone): So you need someone. Don't you? You can't live on your own can you?

*Beat*

ED (phone): And you don't want me

CLAIRE: I don't know.

ED (phone): One of us has to figure this out. There's no-one else.

Unless you get a new boyfriend.

CLAIRE: I don't want one of your friends.

ED (phone): Claire...

CLAIRE: I won't be told what to do.

ED (phone): Maybe you need some time to think about my idea.

CLAIRE: No I don't-

ED (phone): Claire, you're not safe on your own.

Maybe some time on your own will make you realise it.

CLAIRE: What if I jump?



ED (phone): I'd hate myself and I'd be my fault. But I've been scared for a long time. Haven't I?

At least this way, in a few days, once I've spoken to some people. It might be there fault.

I won't come back until I find you someone-

*The ladder shudders, Ed is taking it away. Claire drops the phone.*

CLAIRE: Help! Help!

*The second ladder is pulled away. Claire leaps, she grabs the cloud in mid-air. Claire dangles there a moment. Her arm begins to shudder. She could fall at any moment.*

*But Claire pulls herself up to the cloud.*

*Claire sits on the cloud.*

*The moonlight twists around her. The Moon approaches.*

CLAIRE: I can't cope on my own. There's no point to me.

You should really not be here to see this.

I don't need to write on you anymore-

*The Moon continues to move forward, in doing so it covers Claire in piercing Moonlight.*

CLAIRE:                   It won't help...

*The Moon hovers just above her.*

CLAIRE:                   Writing on you is just a nice idea.

*Claire raises her arm and touches the Moon.*

CLAIRE:                   Wow.

*She smiles.*

CLAIRE:                   I never thought I could do something like this...

*The Moon hovers there.*

CLAIRE:                   Without Ed.

*She begins to write the first letter of her name with her finger, the Moon moves just out of her reach.*

CLAIRE:                    You'll glow differently...duller than before- I would've done that.

*The Moon hovers there.*

CLAIRE:                    And it'll hurt you.

                                  And then I'll be in debt to someone again.

*Claire steps away from the ladder.*

CLAIRE:                    I think I'd rather go to the Doctor.

                                  By myself. Just for me

*She sits down on the cloud.*

CLAIRE:                    Please go. I'll be alright on my own.

                                  Ed will return. He'll let me go. I just want to enjoy what I did today.

I built a giant ladder.

I rode on a cloud.

I fought my boyfriend.

I touched the Moon. All of which was nothing compared to stepping into the Doctors surgery.

I can tell the Doctor again how I feel. No matter what pill they give me, it can't take away from me what I did.

I really surprised myself today.

I can get better.

And surprise myself again.

Good night.

*The Moon moves away. The moonlight passes over her and away.*

*Claire waits on her own.*