

Stories **on** Stage



Script

Moonbeams for Moonster

A play for All Seasons

Script adapted from

Moonbeams for Santa

(Written by Marcia Trimble, Illustrated by Sid Bingham)

Dedicated to

the Astronauts of the Challenger and Columbia space shuttle missions,
heroes who gave their lives for the exploration of space.



Moonbeams for Moonster

Characters:

Little Dipper

Moonster

Little Bear

Narrator 1, 2, and 3

Gibbous Moonface

Dipper: Hi, Moonster. Moon Day is almost here. Are you ready to celebrate the day man first walked on the moon?

Moonster: Hi, Dipper. Hi, Bear. I polished my Moon Mobile for my Moon Day flight.

Bear: It's really cool that you won the contest for your idea on How To Celebrate Neil Armstrong's 'first giant step for mankind.'

Dipper: Something ordinary AND something old-fashioned! Fly to the Moonstop Cafe by Moon Mobile... for moon rock souvenirs for kids, Moms, and Pops.

Bear: If I had been a judge, I would have voted for your idea.

Dipper: You didn't ask for much to pull off such a great trip.

Moonster: One Moon Mobile and some old fashioned moonlight.

Bear: Moonster, you have an old-fashioned streak.

Moonster: The Computer Age is ordinary. I can just see old-fashioned moonlight glowing on my computer-guided Moon Mobile.

Dipper: That WOULD be cool.

Moonster: Wow! I can hardly believe that I'll be making the Moon Day flight to commemorate the Apollo 11 landing on the moon. Excuse me, I have to double check my check list.

Moon Mobile. CHECK.

Moonster, that's me. CHECK.

A big empty moon pack. CHECK.

Media messages. CHECK.

Moonlight. NOT CHECKED? I guess it's hard to get something old-fashioned in this high-tech world. I have to know if Moon Day moon is ready to glow.

Narrator 1: The judges sprinkle Moonster with wisdom, and wish him a safe trip. And Moonster speeds away in his Moon Mobile.

Narrator 2: Moonster maneuvers his moon mobile into the moon stop and calls out through his radio transmitter.

Moonster: Old Gibbous Moonface, what's the moonlight forecast for a Moonster on-the-go? Will you be shining for my flight? Will you please wait until I get home before you turn out your light? And...do YOU have a Moon Day wish, Gibbous?

Gibbous: I'm just a humpy bumpy moon sittin' in the sky, stuck with this shadow I wear. I need more glow. I need more flair. Earthlings don't ooh and aah over my slumpy shape. Their eyes look up but never linger on my moonscape. Look at me...more than half but less than full...waxing 'n waning, waxing 'n waning.

Moonster: You can't sit around complaining, Old Moon Day Moon... better tell me your wish.

Gibbous: Oh, Moonster, I wish I could hide my lopsided side. A round moon face is the style, year after year. FULL MOON shines from ear to ear. I want to change these phases of mine. That's it. That's my wish. I want more shine. So what do you say, Moonster? Will you

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polish my shadow?

Moonster: What! Shrink your shadow! More shine will phase you right out as you orbit the earth...WITHOUT A DOUBT! Your humpy bumpy shape is Y-O-U.

Narrator 3: Gibbous hears Moonster shout.

Moonster: Polishing your shadow would make FULL MOON grin. I wouldn't be able to stop him from phasing right in. Listen, humpy bumpy Gibbous. As you travel 'round the earth, you play a double role. Without YOUR phases I couldn't meet my goal. I depend on you to shine on the chimney tops of all the houses where I must deliver moon rocks to kids and Moms and Pops. And I expect you to WANE...in time to guide me home to New Moonster Lane. I'm not counting on FULL or QUARTER or CRESCENT or NEW. The moon face I'm counting on, GIBBOUS, is YOU! You should know how much your shine is worth, Old Moon Day Moon, as you tag along with Earth, taking turns at lighting places with your team of eight moon faces. FULL MOON gets ONE turn to shine. But you get TWO. So...Gibbous, why are you so blue?

Narrator 1: Thinking about finding a gift for Gibbous is filling Moonster with pleasure...like digging for treasure. But first, he must unearth a bucket of mirth...to pour on a moonful of tears...his biggest challenge in all of his 13 years.

Narrator 2: Moonster opens the moon chest and rummages around in its electrical nest. And as the chest turns

its gears, tubas oompah in his ears.

Narrator 3: It is the Moon Day Parade marching down 5th Avenue. Crowds are lined up along with a TV camera crew.

Narrator 1: Could it be a dream that THE MOON ON PARADE is this year's Moon Day theme?

Moonster: Gibbous, it's a parade. The phases of the moon are displayed by kids in costume. The kids are rolling along side by side...like a moon moving along on its monthly ride. FULL MOON skates by the crowd just ONCE...but Gibbous skates by twice...to be precise. Now FULL MOON is bowing almost down to his toe. The crowd is cheering as he shows off his glow. But wait! FULL MOON's moment of glory dims. Gibbous is showing off his shine and the Moon Day crowd is cheering all along the line. But what is that voice booming so loud? Well, if it isn't a Dad jumping up in the crowd, shouting above all the applause, clapping for the Gibbous skaters... BECAUSE...the two Gibbous kids who shine equally are the stars of this Dad's family tree. The crowd loves those two kids rolling together below because they love YOU, Gibbous, don't you know?

Narrator 2: As soon as all of their cheers have dried Gibbous's tears, Moonster fills his Moon pack with moon rocks, and maneuvers his Moon Mobile toward his goal.

Moonster: Will you light my way, Gibbous? Will you play your role?

Narrator 3: Gibbous wishes and wishes

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with all of his light.

Gibbous: I wish I may. I wish I might... grant the wish you wish tonight.

Narrator 1: And his wish, sparkling like a firefly, turns into a moon byte flashing across the sky. (Note: Moon byte: A message. To Moonster. Wish-come-true.)

Narrator 2: One WAXING moonlit eve to light the chimney tops. One WANING moonlit eve to light your flight home to New Moonster Lane. From Gibbous.

Narrator 3: Gibbous has waxed almost to the max when a light flashes back across the sky...like a shooting star, a thank you from Moonster from the brightest quasar. (Note: Kwa' sar: a heavenly object which emits a powerful blue light and radio waves.)

Narrator 1: Gibbous's wish for more shine is about to come true...

Narrator 2: as the quasar's light strikes his moon gate and flashes right on through.

Narrator 3: And now, with his glow hidden inside, warming his toes, Gibbous glistens like a shower of moon bows.

Narrator 1: Moonster's voice booms out, from afar.

Moonster: G-I-B-B-O-U-S, listen, wherever you are. Thanks to your light, my moon rocks tumbled down all the right chimney tops. Now I can swing my moon pack like a tether and fly as light as a feather when I wave 'Happy Moon Day' to all of my fans. Time flies...On with the plans! (I can hardly wait to SEE the sign for New Moonster Lane, named after ME).

Gibbous: I wish that FULL MOON

would get on with his reign. I can hardly wait to wear my shadow...to wane.

Moonster: I'll be waiting at the moon stop, as planned, picking out special souvenirs for Mom and Pop Moonster, at the Moonlighting Stand.

Narrator 2: Gibbous gleams one more gleam before waxing from sight, flashing the last bit of glow with his own inner light.

Gibbous: I'm not a humpy bumpy moon that complains. I'm the brightest moon that waxes AND wanes. Because I'm so good in my double role... Moonster counts on ME to help meet his goal. I could be a show-off with all of my flair but with moonbeams inside I don't need earthlings to stare. Best of all, I now know that the light beamed from Moonster fired up the moon shine that was already mine... but was hiding in there.

Narrator 3: From now on, Gibbous would stick with his shadow and take turns with his team. He had gotten more than he'd wished for...his own inner glow and TWO turns to beam.

Narrator 1: Gibbous would shine for every Moon Day encore...forevermore.

Gibbous: Until Moon Day rolls around again, Moonster, take care. With flair, Gibbous.

Narrator 2: On July 20, 1969, Neil Armstrong and Edwin Aldrin, Jr. landed their Apollo 11 lunar module on the moon's surface, got out, and stepped on the moon...

Narrator 3: And discovered that stories about a moon made of green cheese are truly fairy tales!