

THE MOON'S REVENGEScript and Music by **JOHN MILLS**Additional Script Consultancy from **ADAM ELMS**Inspired by the book 'The Moon's Revenge' by **JOAN AIKEN****SCENE 1: THE SEAPORT QUAYSIDE****(Grown-Up Seppy, Child Seppy, Moon & Moonshadows)**

(An enormous silver MOON is an ongoing presence throughout the musical. Starts as pure silver but become 'muddied'. Also changes into sun, reddened moon etc as the scenes change. It is now dusk. A visual of the tide rushing in then going out into the silvery distance. MOONSHADOWS are hidden in the background, a sinister presence.)

Music starts for #01 Seppy Theme: Concert Performance**SEPPY**

(GROWN-UP SEPPY enters and plays romantic 'Seppy-Theme' on his violin. It is a glorious performance. CHILD SEPPY, aged 7, enters and both engage in 'Time-passing transformation'. GROWN-UP SEPPY exits)

SEPPY

*(Enters, carrying his fiddle. Plays a few notes of 'Seppy-Theme' very badly!) Bother! Wrong again! I wish I could play like Great, Great, Great Grandfather. He was the best fiddler in the country. Some say he played so beautifully that kings would stop fighting their battles to listen. *(Plays a few notes of 'Seppy-Theme' badly)* Bother! Bother! Bother!! More practice if ever I'm to please Father! *(Stamps around loudly in noisy clogs)* Bother! Bother! Bother! *(Looks up and shakes his fiddle at the Moon. Lights become increasingly brilliant)* What are you looking at, Moon? So bright and perfect, just hanging there! Bet you weren't always that gleaming. Bet you weren't always so brilliant, so perfect! *(Shades eyes as Moon gets much brighter. Lighting fades. Plays more wrong notes)* Bother! Wrong again! I'm trying my best! *(Exits still playing and correcting self. Lights gradually up to reveal a seaport quayside from times past. Church bells toll for midnight.)**

Music starts for #02 Enter The Moon

(MOON emerges from the Moon visual motif – a glorious silver presence - and MOONSHADOWS appear - sinister, shadowy presence - to form a threatening tableau)

MOONSHADOWS**THE PRINCE OF NIGHT! THE PRINCE OF NIGHT! THE PRINCE OF NIGHT!****MOON**

How dare you howl at me! Where are you? Come, show your face. *(Silence)* Scared? You should be! *(Dramatic posturing)* I am Moon, Protector Of The Night!

MOONSHADOWS

Protector of the Night!

MOON

I command all the creepy and slithery creatures of the dark.

MOONSHADOWS

Creepy and slithery!

MOON

I spread fear and danger whenever I appear! (*Throws a beam of silver lightning*)

MOONSHADOWS

Fear and danger!

MOON

I am watching you! (*Throws silver beams*)

MOONSHADOWS

Watching you!

MOON

I am more powerful than all men.

MOONSHADOWS

Such power!

MOON

I decide the floods and tsunamis, I decide the high tides and low tides.

MOONSHADOWS

The high tides and low tides!

MOON

Don't ever make me angry!

Music starts for #03 The Prince Of Night

Or I'll deal with you in a manner most dreadful! (*Throws silver beams*)

MOONSHADOWS

Most dreadful!

MOON

Most painful!! (*Throws silver beams*)

MOONSHADOWS

Most painful!!

MOON

Most terrifying!!! Ha! Ha! Ha! (*Throws silver beams*)

MOONSHADOW SOLOS & GROUPS

OH, MOON! PROTECTOR OF THE NIGHT, SHINING PRINCE OF BLAZING LIGHT.

WITH RAZORED SWORD AND GLINTING SHIELD

PROTECT THIS NIGHT FROM ALL CHALLENGERS WHO DARE TO FIGHT.

SHINE FOR ALL, INVINCIBLE! THE PRINCE OF NIGHT, THE PRINCE OF NIGHT.

LISTEN (*OOH!*) TO THE WHISPERS (*AAH!*) OF THE SHADOWS IN THE DARKNESS

LISTEN (*OOH!*) TO THEIR TORMENT (*AAH!*) AS THEY STRAIN TO CATCH YOUR EYE.

LISTEN TO US HUSTLE AS WE TUSSELE FOR POSITION

IN THE MOONLIGHT, DREADFUL MOONLIGHT, DEADLY MOONLIGHT ALL AROUND.

THERE IS DANGER (*HUH!*) IN THE SHADOWS! (*HUH!*)

YOUR MIND IS RACING, VISIONS PRANCING. (*HUH! HUH!*)

MOON

MONSTERS! (*OOH!*) HALLUCINATIONS! (*AAH!*)

MADNESS RAGES IN YOUR MIND! (*HUH! HUH! HUH! HUH!*)

DANCING IN THE SHADOWS, OUT TO SCARE YOU INTO SUBMISSION.

FEEL THE SHIVERS RUNNING UP AND DOWN YOUR SPINE!

Feel your heart exploding! Be frightened of the dark!

MOONSHADOWS

MOON

HE IS THE MOON,

I AM THE MOON, PROTECTOR

(Holds up pair of deer-skin boots) Seppy so loved these deerskin boots he'd tuck them under his pillow every night. *(Holds up pair of calf-skin shoes with pewter buckle)* He had these when he was five and would polish the buckle every day. So, he can stick at things if he wants to!

FATHER

Hmm. Pass them here, Mother. Good job they were made strong, seeing as how Seppy's six brothers wore them before him!

MOTHER

(Holds up pair sheep-skin slippers) And only last year when Seppy turned six, Uncle gave him these beautiful, warm sheepskin slippers. What a collection of shoes? *(Puts all the shoes back into the bag. Teasing FATHER)* And now that's he's seven ...?

FATHER

Those clumping, noisy hog-skin clogs! Clatter-clatter-clatter as he runs across the floorboards. What a noisy combination! Screeching-fiddle and clattering clogs. A proper one-man-band! Huh! Thinks he's going to be a great musician one day. *(Mock-playing violin.)* Eee-eee-eee!! Sounds like a dying cat.

MOTHER

Oh, do stop it, Father! There's something special about Seppy. Something very calm. One day, he'll do something really special. You mark my words.

FATHER

Till then he'll work with wood, like my father before me, and like my father's father before him. *(Proudly)* Seppy's the seventh son of a seventh son. Coach-building's been good for all of us and will be good for Seppy too!

SEPPY

(Offstage, starts playing again – rather badly) Bother! Bother! Bother! *(Keeps playing snippets)*

MOTHER

It is a pity that fiddle is so scratchy and paper thin. Can't you make him a new one?

FATHER

(Puts hands over ears) No time now, *(SEPPY stops playing)* not with another baby on the way. Hoping for a girl this time? *(Laughing)* As you wished for every other time?

MOTHER

Oh, yes, please! A girl to bring laughter and brightness to this world of moany-old-menfolk!

SEPPY

(Enters and raises his fiddle as if to play.) Father, can I play you a tune?

FATHER

Not now, Seppy, that's for Sundays and high days.

SEPPY

(With a sigh) But Father ...

FATHER

Time for bed. You've a dozen cart-wheel-spokes to shave in the morning, and they need to be perfect! Bed for you and I'm off for some grog with your uncles - all six of them! *(Laughs)* And it's my round! *(Eases into the background)*

MOTHER

Alright, Seppy, put this bag away in the Grandfather clock. *(SEPPY places bag inside clock, then moves the clock hands to an earlier time. N.B. A 'magical' moment of strangeness. MOTHER exits)*

CLOCK WHISPERERS

(Whispering becomes louder then fades away) Oof! Ouch! Careful! That hurts! Etc (Continues under dialogue)

SEPPY

(Listening, puzzled, transfixed, pointing to the clock) See, Father, it's not my bedtime yet.

FATHER

Come on you! *(Ruffling Seppy's hair, then resets the time on the clock)* Just because it's fast one minute, then slow the next, doesn't mean I don't know what you're playing at, Seppy.

SEPPY

(Listening to the clock) Sssh, listen Father. Inside the clock. Voices whispering!

FATHER

(Listens too, but doesn't hear anything) It's just the wind.

SEPPY

You must hear them, Father, listen!

FATHER

Get on with you Seppy. It's bedtime, go on, off you go. And don't be late for work in the morning!
(Lights off. BOTH exit)

CLOCK WHISPERERS

(Whispering becomes extremely loud) Oof! Ouch! Careful! That hurts! Etc. (A 'magical' moment of strangeness in the dark. Suddenly stops)

SCENE 3: THE COACHMAKER'S WORKSHOP**(Father, Mother, Uncles, Aunts & Seppy)**

Music starts for #05 The Tide Rolls In: The Second

UNCLE SOLO

THE TIDE ROLLS IN AND THE TIDE ROLLS OUT
LIKE A PENDULUM SWINGS IN AN EVER-TICKING CLOCK
PRECIOUS YEARS RUSH BY AND THEY NEVER, EVER STOP.
THE TIDE ROLLS IN, THE TIDE ROLLS OUT.

ALL

THE TIDE ROLLS IN, THE TIDE ROLLS OUT.

UNCLE

Worse for wear the next morning!

FATHER

(UNCLES appear tired. FATHER enters) Bert, I know it's still early but stop your yawning!

UNCLE BERT

Too much grog from last night, I think!

FATHER

What time did you get to bed?

UNCLE RON

Um ...

FATHER

Much too late! Ron, what sort of workmanship do you call this? Ragged as an Aunt's tongue! Needs to be smooth as a baby's cheeks. Where is that boy of mine? *(Shouting)* Seppy?