

SHATTERING GLASS

CONNOR COYNE

Single #1: B-Side
The Tragedy of
Luna and Spectre

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SINGLE #1
Track 2

The TRAGEDY of LUNA and SPECTRE

Connor Coyne



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Hi There!

Thank you for reading this short excerpt from my novel *Shattering Glass*.

B-Sides for this single are available here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>

A video is here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassvideo1>

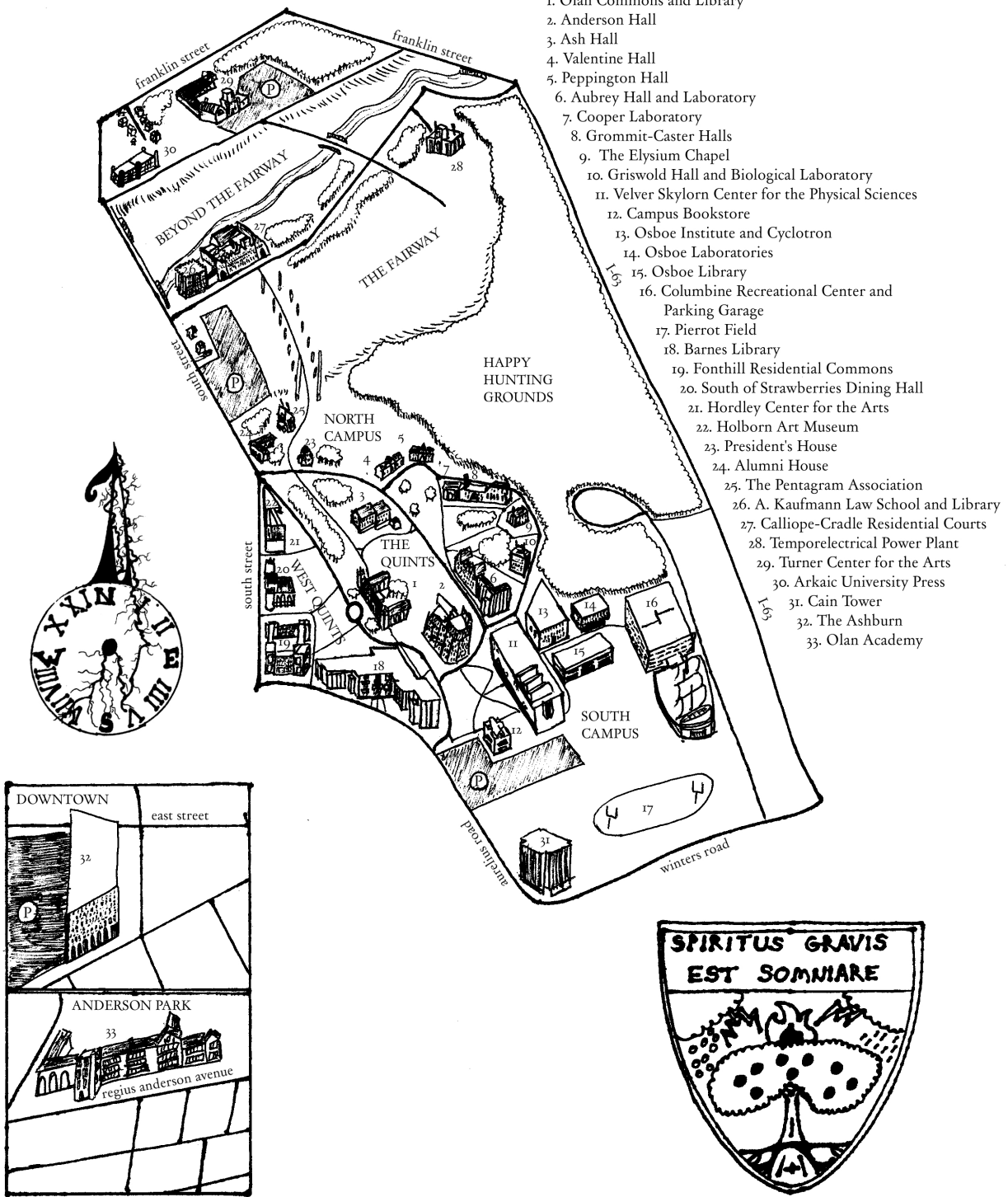
Shattering Glass is a serial novel published for the Amazon Kindle in eight installments for 99 cents each. A complete electronic version will be available in late 2012, followed by a print edition.

You can purchase the first installment here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglass>

You can learn more about the novel here: <http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>

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THE TRAGEDY OF LUNA AND SPECTRE

The episode of *Shattering Glass* entitled “The Story of the Moon and the Stars” was actually pilfered from an incomplete play script I wrote titled *Cosmology* which dates back to 1998.

A few nights after a particularly heartbreaking romantic entanglement, I found myself house-sitting for a friend in Flint's College/Cultural neighborhood. I had insomnia, but no car or friends in the neighborhood at the time, so I walked to a little coney island on Dort Highway that was called “The Grapevine.” This was just one of many names the restaurant had possessed, and in the last 14 years, it has been renamed often. I wrote a short, weird story about a lonely girl conversing with the man in the moon. The scene that follows is an early revision dated to 1999.

This story continued to haunt and bother me after I gave up on *Cosmology*, and it finally found a home in *Shattering Glass* in 2011.

Lights up. Celeste sits in an old chair and May stands somewhere behind her.

MAY: **Let's talk details.** August 9th 1998 is a palindrome, when you look at it the right way. The Man in the Moon is a grimacing leper, when you look at him the right way. So things were a bit off-color when the frown of a full-faced leper glared down on Arkaic, Michigan that deadly Sunday. Off color... a yellow glow to the cigarette smoke in the Atlantis Coney Island on Ash street. That's all. What did you expect, the second coming? **Let's talk facts.** Celeste would've rather been anywhere else, but the lateness of the hour and an unfortunate accident with her fake ID cast a cloud over her midnight prospects. Damien had skipped town for the weekend, and that meant no smoka, no drinka, and no nookie in the 'nana.

CELESTE: That's okay. Damien's an idiot anyway.

MAY: His 11th grade mastery of 7th grade lingo supported her point. The full moon hung low in the sky, ugly, the day was a palindrome, and Celeste sat in the Atlantis coney island, and her weekend really sucked. **Let's talk plot.** She entered Atlantis at 12:03 AM and left at 1:42. She drank four cups of coffee. **Let's talk perspective.**

CELESTE: What is love?

Bert and Elaine enter. Bert is the moon, and Elaine is the spectral woman. They bear placards stating as much.

MAY: She sat beneath her own set of rotating blades, air slicers, dull luminous glow-balls. Her very own ceiling fan.

CELESTE: What is love?

ELAINE: What is that natural mechanism probing the field of a woman's heart, compelling sweat,

dizziness, a lightness of movement, a heaviness of fever, a thousand other personal reactions, all arching through her body and between her lips? The Man... the Man in the Moon... is lovely after all, what, with that soothing glow of grief.

BERT: I worry about you. I worry about the world and I worry for you.

ELAINE: But why, why do you worry for me?

BERT: I worry for you until I cry.

ELAINE: Why?

BERT: Ever look onto a crystal blue surface and wish you can touch it?

ELAINE: Touching is dangerous.

BERT: But have you?

ELAINE: A single touch can destroy a human.

BERT: Answer the question.

ELAINE: What do you mean?

BERT: Crystal blue is a delicate condition. Make it too cold and it will freeze. Make it too warm and it will evaporate. I've never had that risk to deal with. Crystal blue waters never swelled on this murky surface. Rather, pimples and pustules. Don't talk all condescending to me. Don't you dare. I spend my days arching and aching for just a drop, and you don't even see.

MAY: So the question arises in her head, who loves who? A difficult query to pose as the initial question of "what is love?" has not yet been adequately answered.

CELESTE: Another cup of coffee, please?

May's father enters, gives Celeste a cup of coffee, and exits.

CELESTE: Thank you.

MAY: Luna is full of drunken desire for the wine he can't taste. But Spectre sees him as more than a object celestial.

ELAINE: Honey?

BERT: Yes?

ELAINE: You're upset. You're not upset at me, are you? What's wrong?

BERT: I don't know about tears.

ELAINE: Then what is that diamond dust scattered about you?

BERT: I don't know about stars.

ELAINE: Then what is that shine beneath miles of diamond blue waters?

BERT: Well now you just sound plain silly. This is a coney island, not a lost city, and not a deep sea treasure.

Projection: "I love you."

BERT, ELAINE: Who said that?

MAY: **Let's talk conjugation.**

ELAINE: What is love?

BERT: What was or will be love?

ELAINE: What had been love?

BERT: What is being love?

ELAINE: Be love!

BERT: How can I be what I cannot define?

ELAINE: How can you not be?

BERT: Who said that?

ELAINE: Who am I?

BERT: I'm the moon.

ELAINE: I'm the girl that looks at the moon.

BERT: Or visa versa?

ELAINE: Perhaps.

BERT: Well we're pretty old and young, at least as far as this universe goes. I have pushed my orbit hard, long before the days of water came.

ELAINE: And I have lived in an instant.

BERT: We're complete opposites.

ELAINE: No, not quite.

BERT: How would you know, young one?

ELAINE: What?

BERT: Well, you're all fat from water, but you haven't lived long enough to walk upright.

ELAINE: Yeah, you know so much. At least I'm not a cratered old windbag.

BERT: Yeah, well at least I'm not a horny little hallucination!

ELAINE: I am not horny!

BERT: Yeah you are, all of you people. All you ever think about is sex.

ELAINE: Well you're one to talk, Mr. 'Collide' and 'Orbit.'

BERT: Correction. We're all in heat all the time.

ELAINE: So... is that really all there is to love?

BERT: Yeah, just some nookie in the 'nana.

ELAINE: We're getting really deep now.

BERT: That's the idea.

ELAINE: There's nothing to love but hormones and snogging.

Projection: "I love you."

BERT, ELAINE: Who had said that?

Bert exits.

MAY: **Let's talk history.** The Atlantis coney island was built in 1959 and has changed names from Lucille's to Little Rick's to Lulu's to Maxi's to Catflash to Roman's to Sam's to Sara's to AshLand to Atlantis, and she's still buried under so many miles of water.

ELAINE: I'm sorry... did you hear me, I'm sorry... it was my fault. I'm sorry... but you've left me. You beautiful, bald angel in halo-driven sky. Ahhh. Why did you have to sink behind that building? Billboard? Tree? Oh. I get it. The Earth turns. You can't help it. Yeah, well you can go to Hell! I never liked you anyway. Leaving me all alone in Lucille's, Little Rick's, Lulu's, Maxi's, Catflash, Roman's, Sam's, Sara's, AshLand... I mean... Atlantis? Oh, I am dizzy. It's all those ceiling fans. August 9th 1998 is a hot morning. Why don't they just get air-conditioning and do away with the fans?! Spinning spinning spinning spinning makes my stomach churn. I feel like I'm going to throw

Projection: "Who said that?"

MAY: Celeste heard voices racing above her, some unseen girl, some celestial body. But upon looking up, all she saw were flat, wooden blades, slicing the air into pieces.

BERT, ELAINE: (Offstage) Celeste...

CELESTE: Yes?

BERT, ELAINE: Where were you when love calls?

CELESTE: What?

BERT, ELAINE: Where were you when love calls?

Celeste stands.

CELESTE: Oh! Nowhere, really. Just under this ceiling fan. That's all.

Lights out.

<http://tinyurl.com/shatteringglassnovel>