

Mocha And The Moon:  
A New Moosical  
by  
(Tiffany Prochera)

(Based on the story Mocha And The Moon by  
Tiffany Prochera)

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ACT I

SCENE 1

FARMYARD

The stage is dark or the front of the stage is separated by a closed curtain.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)

Narrators standing by. Narrators standing by.

DISH (an adult female dinner plate, white with blue flowers, slightly Southern and elegant) and SPOON (silver adult male spoon, slightly Southern and distinguished) are standing in wings out of view. They are a couple in love. Their dialogue is whispered.

DISH

(off stage)

I can't believe we're doing this. Our very first show together. My stomach is just full of the butterflies. I'm so excited but so very nervous at the same time.

SPOON

(off stage)

Oh, you have nothing to be nervous about, my darling. You have been absolutely astounding in rehearsals and you look just marvelous.

DISH

(off stage)

Oh, thank you, dear. Do you really think so? I had a paint touch up just for the occasion.

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)

Narrators to the stage. Narrators to the stage. Standby light cue 1.

DISH

(off stage)

(sighs nervously) Well, shall we get on with it?

SPOON

(off stage)

We shall! On the count of three then. One... two...

STAGE MANAGER (V.O.)

Light cue 1 go.

Downstage is illuminated. Spoon and Dish emerge from behind the curtain. If the curtains are open, only downstage would be illuminated. They move downstage to address the audience.

DISH

(clearing her throat)

Mocha was a dairy cow who lived on an ordinary farm. But she was no ordinary cow.

SPOON

She was always wondering about things. Her mind never stopped. Why did the chickens lay those oddly-shaped things called eggs, she would wonder. She had checked several times when she stood up and never once did she find an egg underneath her.

DISH

Why did she eat grass instead of the steaks and hamburgers that Farmer Dan and his wife ate for dinner?

Music begins for "Why".

SPOON

Why was she white with black spots instead of, say, pink with green triangles?

DISH

Not that she would want to eat anything but grass or be any other colour than what she was but the thoughts did cross her mind.

Dish and Spoon move into the wings and the full stage is revealed.

We see a typical farmyard with three piles of hay and a few typical farm gadgets. MOCHA (young adult dairy cow, a holstein, southern belle), BLANCHE (a middle-aged holstein), and MOOMOO (another middle-aged holstein but a little younger than Blanche) are hanging out in the pasture eating grass.

MOCHA

"WHY"

WHY IS THE WORLD THE WAY IT IS? WHY AM I A COW?  
NOT THAT I'D WANT TO BE ANYTHING ELSE, OF COURSE.  
BUT OF ALL THE THINGS I COULD HAVE BEEN IN THIS BIG OLD WORLD  
WHY AM I NOT A FLOWER OR A RABBIT OR A HORSE?  
WHY IS THE SKY BLUE? WHY DO THEY CALL IT A SKY?  
WHY DO THEY CALL IT BLUE?  
WHY DO I EAT GRASS? WOULD SOMETHING ELSE BE TASTIER?  
IT CAN'T JUST BE SOMETHING THAT I DO.  
THERE HAS TO BE A REASON  
WHY.

I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT I CAN'T STOP WONDERING WHY  
HOW DOES THE SUN SHINE? WHAT MAKES THE MOON GLOW?  
WHO MAKES THE GRASS AND WHERE DO THE BIRDS GO?  
I MAY NEVER KNOW FOR SURE BUT I ALWAYS HAVE TO TRY TO FIND  
OUT WHY.

IT'S NOT AS THOUGH I REALLY NEED ANYTHING TO CHANGE  
BUT I'VE ALWAYS JUST BEEN KIND OF A CURIOUS SORT.  
WHILE EVERYBODY ELSE IS CHEWING ON THEIR CUD  
MY MIND IS RACING LIKE IT'S IN AN OLYMPIC SPORT.  
I'M FULL OF SO MANY QUESTIONS, SO MANY WONDERINGS. I CAN'T  
HELP BUT THINK.

FROM TIME TO TIME I EVEN WONDER WHAT I WOULD LOOK LIKE  
COVERED ALL IN PINK.

Not that I mind the black and white -it's kind of a yin yang  
thing but, you know...

WHY?

I DON'T KNOW WHY BUT I CAN'T STOP WONDERING WHY.  
WHY DO THEY MILK ME? WHY IS THE BARN RED?  
WHY DOES MR. ROOSTER HAVE THAT COMB THING ON TOP OF HIS HEAD?  
IT'S ALL ONE BIG MYSTERY BUT I ALWAYS HAVE TO TRY TO FIGURE  
OUT WHY.

I CAN'T JUST SAY THAT IT IS THE WAY IT IS.

I DON'T DO THINGS JUST BECAUSE.

FOR SOME STRANGE REASON I BELIEVE  
WHAT IS DOESN'T HAVE TO BE WHAT WAS.

SO I'LL ALWAYS ASK WHAT IT MIGHT BE LIKE  
TO LIVE NOT ON A FARM BUT IN A ZOO  
AND FROM TIME TO TIME I'LL WONDER HOW IT WOULD BE  
TO HAVE NOT FOUR LEGS, BUT TWO  
EVEN IF NOTHING REALLY CHANGES  
EVEN IF THERE'S NOT MUCH I CAN DO.

IT MAY NOT EVEN MATTER MUCH IN THE END  
BUT I DON'T THINK THAT I COULD EVER PRETEND,  
AS HARD HAS I MAY TRY,  
THAT I DON'T WONDER WHY.

Mocha looks up at the sky in  
wonderment before returning to  
chewing her cud. Blanche and  
Moomoo are oblivious.

Spoon and Dish come out from behind the curtain but remain at the side of the stage.

SPOON

The other cows on the farm never wondered about anything.

DISH

They would stand in the pasture, day after day, chewing their cud, only commenting on whether it was too dry or too moist or, on the rarest of occasions, just right.

Blanche take a bite of grass. It's not very pleasant.

BLANCHE

Blech - it sure is dry today. Even dryer than yesterday.

MOOMOO

Isn't it though? I can hardly swallow it.

MOCHA

Why do you think that is, Moomoo? Why is the grass dry one day and then wet the next?

MOOMOO

Why does it matter? It's dry.

MOCHA

I wonder if it has to do with those big fluffy white things that show up in the sky. Clouds I think they're called. I've noticed they become dark and grey sometimes and then we are brought into the barn and then the grass seems wet again when we go back outside. Do you think that has anything to do with it, Blanche?

BLANCHE

Who cares? It's dry.

Blanche glances to the side off stage.

Oh look. Molly's here to milk us.

MOCHA

I guess Farmer Dan had something to do. He was talking about driving into town when he was milking me earlier.

(MORE)

MOCHA (cont'd)

But don't you think it's strange that Farmer Dan and Marie and the children keep taking milk out of us and somehow there's always more in there? Every morning and every night - how is that possible? Where does it all come from? Isn't that amazing?

BLANCHE

(sarcastically)

Oh yes, it just boggles the mind. I'm going to go and assume the position. I've had enough grass for a while anyway. And I'm starting to feel bloated. I hate feeling bloated.

MOOMOO

I'm after you.

Blanche exits to be milked.

Mocha and Moomoo find opposite ends of the stage and start chewing cud.

SPOON

Everyone thought it was going to be a typical day on the farm, with everyone going about their business and Mocha asking question after question. But how wrong they were.

JEB (young adult adventurous male tabby cat, cowboy) dressed cowboy style, carrying a violin in a case, saunters in.

DISH

As they were enjoying their mid-afternoon snack, a cowboy hat-wearing cat came wandering down the road.

Jeb approaches Moomoo who is chewing on some grass. She ignores him.

JEB

(tipping his hat)

G'day ma'am. I was wondering -

MOOMOO

Can't you see I am in the middle of eating? How rude.

SPOON

The other cows paid no mind but Mocha, wonderer that she was, was curious about what this visitor was doing on the farm.

Dish and Spoon return to the wings as Mocha cheerfully walks over to talk to Jeb.

MOCHA

Why, howdy! My name's Mocha. What brings you to our little ol' farm today, good sir?

Jeb takes off his cowboy hat and bows.

JEB

Why, hello, Miss Mocha. Name's Jeb. I've been walking down this road for hours and I was hoping one of you fine ladies would allow me a drink of milk to tide me over until I get to the next town.

MOCHA

The next town, you say. My goodness, that sounds like a long walk, Mister Jeb. I've never even been off the farm. Why are you going all that way?

Jeb holds up his violin case and gives it an affectionate pat.

JEB

Well, I'm a musician, you see. I play this here fiddle like nobody's business and I'm supposed to be performing at a square dancing competition tomorrow.

MOCHA

Dancing and music - isn't that just wonderful? I just love music! I hear Farmer Dan playing it on his stereo all the time and I hum and sing along as best I can. Why sure - it would be my pleasure to let you have some milk if you wouldn't mind telling me about your travelings and the music you play.

JEB

Well, that would be right kind of you, Miss Mocha. And there's nothing better that I like to talk about in the whole world than playing the fiddle.

MOCHA

Wonderful!

Mocha nods her head towards the  
offstage barn

Farmer Dan left a bucket full of milk over by  
the barn.

Jeb walks offstage to the barn.  
Mocha begins to sing.

MOCHA (cont'd)

"TELL ME EVERYTHING"

GOOD GOLLY! HOW EXCITING TO MAKE A NEW FRIEND  
SOMEONE WITH A HEAP OF STORIES TO TELL  
HIS ADVENTURES MUST BE SO MUCH FUN  
AND I WANT TO HEAR EVERY ONE.

Jeb returns with a bucket of milk.

As Mocha continues to sing, Jeb  
drinks the milk with gusto.

TELL ME EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING, WHERE YOU'RE FROM.  
DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT.  
DON'T FINISH 'TIL YOU'RE DONE.  
I WANT TO BE DAZZLED, ENTERTAINED.  
I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT WHAT LIES  
BEYOND THIS PASTURE, BEYOND THAT FENCE.  
I'LL BET IT'S SURPRISE AFTER SURPRISE.

JEB

Well, what do you want to know?

MOCHA

WHERE DID YOU COME FROM?  
DO YOU LIVE IN A BIG 'OL TOWN?  
IS IT A SHORT OR LONG WAY FROM HERE?

JEB

NO I LIVE ON A FARM LIKE THIS  
JUST A FEW MILES DOWN  
WITH FARMER JESS AND TWO OTHER CATS  
ONE NAMED JOHNNY, ONE NAMED DEAR.

MOCHA

WHAT IS A SQUARE DANCE?



JEB

WELL, THEY DANCE AROUND IN A SQUARE  
AND THEY KICK UP THEIR BOOTS AND HAVE A GOOD TIME  
SKIPPING AROUND FROM THERE TO THERE TO THERE TO THERE.

MOCHA

Marvelous!  
TELL ME EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING, WHERE YOU'RE FROM.  
DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT.  
DON'T FINISH 'TIL YOU'RE DONE.  
I WANNA BE DAZZLED, ENTERTAINED.  
I WANT TO HEAR ABOUT IT ALL.  
'CUZ I KNOW THAT THIS OLD WORLD CAN'T BE  
JUST THESE FEW ACRES SMALL.  
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A COW LIKE ME  
THAT WASN'T BLACK AND WHITE?  
HOW FAR HAVE YOU TRAVELLED? HAVE YOU BEEN UP TO THE STARS?

JEB

WELL, I'VE SEEN SOME BROWN COWS  
AND SOME THAT WERE STRAIGHT BLACK  
BUT AS FAR AS STARS GO, I CAN'T SAY I'VE BEEN THAT FAR.

MOCHA

So, brown and black but no pink cows or anything, huh?

JEB

Can't say so.

MOCHA

Dang. I really like pink. Say, do all the animals on your farm wear clothes?

Jeb

Not really. It's my personal sense of style. I like to think of myself as kind of a renaissance cat.

MOCHA

Splendid! Whatever a renaissance cat is!  
TELL ME EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU  
WHERE YOU'RE GOING, WHERE YOU'RE FROM  
DON'T LEAVE ANYTHING OUT  
DON'T FINISH 'TIL YOU'RE DONE.  
I CAN ONLY DREAM THAT MAYBE I'LL HAVE STORIES TOO  
AND SOMEDAY I WILL HAVE ME SOME ADVENTURES JUST LIKE YOU.

JEB

I'm sure you will, Miss Mocha.

MOCHA

I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A CAT PLAYING THE FIDDLE  
WHERE YOU'RE FROM IS IT SOMETHING THEY ALL DO?

JEB

WELL, FARMER JESS, SHE LOVES TO PLAY  
AND I THOUGHT TO MYSELF ONE DAY  
IF SHE CAN DO IT, WHY CAN'T I DO IT TOO?

MOCHA

Wow! You just thought of it and then you could  
play?

As the dialogue continues, Blanche  
returns from offstage, looking a  
little perturbed, has a brief word  
with Moomoo before they switch  
places and Moomoo heads off stage  
to be milked. Blanche hangs out  
and chews on some grass.

JEB

Well, I had to practice of course. It took a  
right lot of practicing to become as fabulous  
as I am -

MOCHA

Oh, I'm sure you are, too!

JEB

But, I guess, if I hadn't thought of it first  
it wouldn't have happened at all. So I guess  
you're right that way.

MOCHA

Oh, tell me more, Mister Jeb...

Spoon comes back onstage and stays  
to the side

Over the following narration,  
Mocha and Jeb continue to converse  
happily.

The lights alter slightly to  
transition from day to an early  
evening glow.

SPOON

Mocha and Jeb talked and talked, about where  
he'd been and what he'd done and compared lives  
on their respective farms.

(MORE)

SPOON (cont'd)

Every so often, Jeb would take a sip of milk from the bucket and purr with satisfaction.

Spoon exits

Jeb takes a sip of milk from the bucket and purrs.

JEB

(licking his lips)

Miss Mocha, I do believe this is the best milk I have ever tasted. It's so creamy and rich. Purrfect!

BLANCHE

(to herself)

Well, he ain't never had mine before and he ain't going to neither.

MOCHA

Oh, I'm so glad you like it. Have as much as you want. I don't know how but there's always more in there somewhere.

JEB

Thank you but I should probably be going. It's starting to get dark out and I've still got a ways to go.

MOCHA

Mister Jeb, I hate to ask because, well, you've already been most generous in telling me about all your travelings and adventures and all but would you mind playing me a little something before you go?

JEB

Well, I thought you'd never ask. I didn't want to assume anything, ya know. It would be my pleasure!

BLANCHE

(to herself, sarcastically)

Oh, geez, a serenade. I just hope he's not terrible. It'll ruin my dinner.

Jeb opens up his case and takes out his fiddle and gets ready to play.

JEB

Here's a little ditty I've been working on. Hope you like it.

Jeb plays Fiddling On The Moon and dances around as he plays. Mocha is enraptured. Blanche even gets into it a little though she doesn't want to. As Jeb finishes, Mocha can hardly contain her excitement.

JEB (cont'd)

It's not quite done yet but I like it. I think it's coming along pretty good. I was hoping to debut it at the dance tomorrow but we'll see how it goes.

MOCHA

Oh, Mister Jeb! That was just glorious! A miracle really! The most beautiful melody I've ever heard!

BLANCHE

(to herself)

It was alright I guess. I've heard worse.

JEB

Ya think so? Well, that's a high honour coming from you, Miss Mocha.

Jeb starts to put his fiddle back in its case.

BLANCHE

(not meaning to say it out loud)

Not really. She goes over the moon about pretty much everything.

Mocha shoots Blanche a look but not vicious.

BLANCHE (cont'd)

(surprised but not really apologetic)

Oh. Did I say that out loud?

MOCHA

(a little embarrassed)

Well, thank you so much for stopping by. It has been most delightful. You must take the rest of milk with you for the road. Farmer Dan has plenty of buckets.

JEB

If you're sure he won't miss is.

MOCHA

Not at all.

Jeb picks up the bucket with the remaining milk.

JEB

(tipping his hat)

Well, good evening to you, Miss Mocha. And thank you for everything.

MOCHA

Good evening to you, Mr. Jeb. Good luck at your little competition.

Jeb exits.

MooMoo enters from offstage after being milked, a little annoyed and feeling violated.

MOOMOO

Boy, you were right, Blanche. That Molly sure has a bee in her bonnet today. She was going on about some boy that was picking on her at school. He's got a little ol' crush on her, I reckon. Anyway, she was tugging so hard I almost kicked her a couple of times, I did. I had to walk around the pasture for a while to shake it off. I feel... used.

BLANCHE

Maybe you should have kicked her. Sometimes they have to learn the hard way.

MOOMOO

Well, she's young. Wouldn't want to hurt her or nothing.

BLANCHE

Still, a little reminder...

Mocha sits down on a pile of hay that may or may not be higher than those the pile near Moomoo and starts talking to herself.

MOCHA

What a lovely conversation. And what a nice cat. Going to the next town sounds pretty far.

MOOMOO

It probably is. Is that where you are planning on sleeping for the night? Your pile of hay is bigger than mine.

MOCHA

(clueing in to Moomoo)

You can take some of it if you want, I suppose.

MOOMOO

Never mind. That would be way too much work.

MOCHA

Where would I want to go - if I could go anywhere, that is?

BLANCHE

Why do you need to go anywhere?

MOCHA

Well, why not? Jeb's going somewhere. Farmer Dan and Marie and the children go places all the time. I don't know where necessarily but they go places. It's just that I spend so much time wondering about things but I've never actually tried to do anything about anything. I mean, sure, I'll look around a bit but I've never exactly been a cow of action. I'm just stuck with all the wonderings. But Mr. Jeb has been a real inspiration to me, he has. So, let me think. Where would I want to go?

BLANCHE

(to Moomoo)

As long as it's away from here, I'd be happy.

Blanche and Moomoo share a laugh

Mocha looks up at the night sky.  
The moon shines big and bright  
above.

MOCHA

The moon.

BLANCHE

Say what, now?

MOCHA

I wonder what it's like up there, on that big ol' moon.

MOOMOO

I imagine it would be like being on the moon.  
What's your point?

MOCHA

(confused)

Really, don't y'all ever wonder about anything?

MOOMOO

Well, I guess I used to a little when I was your age. You're, what, two now?

MOCHA

Two and a quarter actually.

MOOMOO

Well, when you get to be old like us - I'm four and this geezer here's (referring to Blanche) almost five -

Blanche sits down on her pile of hay.

BLANCHE

Who are you calling geezer, you old bat?

MOOMOO

(panicked, looking about her head)

What? Where? Oooh, I hate bats! Crazy little bloodsuckers.

BLANCHE

(to Moomoo)

I was talking about you, ya ninny.

Moomoo starts to calm down a bit.

BLANCHE (cont'd)

(to Mocha)

What she's trying to say is when you've asked enough questions without getting any answers, you stop asking the questions.

MOCHA

Well, that's just sad, isn't it? I hope I never stop asking questions. (glancing up at the moon) It looks like it might be made of cheese. And if it is, there have to be other cows up there because how would they make the cheese if they didn't have any cows to provide the milk?

MOOMOO

You don't have to go up to the moon to be with other cows. Hello? What are we - chopped liver?

BLANCHE

(a little sad and knowing)

In time, Blanche, in time.

Moomoo shares a knowing look with Blanche and takes a seat on her pile of hay.