

EXTRACT

somewhere between the sky and the sea

a short play

by

Alex Broun

TEN MINUTE VERSION

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DEDICATION

To

Suzanne

for your wisdom, inspiration and questions

Cast

RAMON

STEPHANIE

MADELEINE

Setting

A city

Time

A few years ago.

Synopsis

Ramon de Guardo is a young Portuguese composer living in a large city. He has written a violin concerto, the perfect violin concerto. He knows because it came to him in a dream. And there is only one person to play his perfect concerto. The world's greatest violinist - Stephanie Lythe. But then he meets Madeleine. A romance - with violins, set between the sky and the sea, that stretches across the globe.

somewhere between the sky and the sea

WE HEAR A VIOLIN CONCERTO. SPOTLIGHT.

RAMON: It starts with a composition.
A violin concerto to be exact.
It came to me one evening – in a dream.
I am not joking – I dream the whole thing.
That’s how things come out when you dream them.
Perfect.
And there was only one person to play my perfect concerto.
The perfect musician – Miss Stephanie Lythe.

LIGHTS UP ON **STEPHANIE**, FROZEN LIKE A STATUE.

RAMON: Now you are thinking he’s crazy.
How is he going to get Stephanie Lythe to play his music?
The greatest violinist in the world, not to mention the most beautiful.
She who stands for all that is magical, she who soars above us all – like the sky.
Deep azure, pure, unattainable.
She who also happens to be playing at the Opera House the evening after I dream my concerto.
Stephanie’s concerto.

THE CONCERTO IS SUDDENLY CUT OFF.
LIGHTS DOWN ON **STEPHANIE**.

RAMON: At first I can’t believe it.
I just watch her for awhile.
She is not as beautiful as on her poster – not perfect - but in a way that makes her more beautiful.
Maybe she is not like the sky after all.
Maybe she is attainable.

RAMON GOES OVER TO STEPHANIE. STEPHANIE IS LAUGHING.

RAMON: My name is Ramon. I have written you a concerto. You must play it.

STEPHANIE: Now now Ramon. I don’t take strange compositions from men in bars.

BEAT.

RAMON: I am sorry. I will leave you to your evening.

STEPHANIE: Not until they've at least had a drink.

STEPHANIE POURS HIM A GLASS. RAMON SITS.

RAMON: (TO AUDIENCE) So I – Ramon de Guardo – sit down with Stephanie Lythe, the greatest violinist in the world – and drink.
(TO **STEPHANIE**) I am from Portugal.

STEPHANIE: A Portuguese composer?

RAMON: We have beautiful composers. Escobar's Requiem, Gaspar Fernandez, Sara Carvalho.

STEPHANIE: Ramon. I am teasing. I have played with Sara in Milan. *Magnifico*. And what are you doing here?

RAMON: Everybody in this city is from somewhere else. I came to study at the conservatorium. I forgot to go home.

STEPHANIE: Or did somebody make you forget?

RAMON: (TO AUDIENCE) Is she flirting with me?
Is the greatest living violinist flirting with this poor composer?

STEPHANIE: We have to go back to the hotel now. Early flight. So I will kiss you goodnight Ramon de Guardo, Portuguese composer.

RAMON: (TO AUDIENCE) Then she kissed me.

STEPHANIE KISSES RAMON ON THE LIPS.

RAMON: On the lips. And left.

STEPHANIE EXITS.

RAMON: (TO AUDIENCE) I am so shocked I don't even notice she has left my composition.
Then another miracle.
She comes back.

STEPHANIE: (RETURNING) Almost forgot.

STEPHANIE PICKS UP THE COMPOSITION.

RAMON: My email is on the cover.

STEPHANIE: So I can invite you to the premiere.

STEPHANIE EXITS AGAIN.

RAMON: (TO AUDIENCE) And she is gone.
Now I wait for her email.
And wait.
And wait.
A week goes by, a month, six.
The sky was unattainable after all.
My composition sits on my kitchen table.
Lonely, silent, unborn.
I decide to give it life.
A friend at the conservatorium gets some musicians together
and they play it for me.
Just in a studio.
A private performance.

THE VIOLIN CONCERTO RETURNS.

RAMON: The music seems light, insubstantial, not as I imagined it.
Is it in my notes or in the playing?
Can I only hear Stephanie playing it?
But someone is impressed.

MADELEINE ENTERS.

MADELEINE: I'm Madeleine, with three e's. I liked your music.

RAMON: *Gracias.*

MADELEINE: Don't thank me. I didn't do anything. You are a beautiful
composer.

RAMON: I am?

MADELEINE: Wouldn't say it if I didn't think it. What else have you
written?

RAMON: Some.

MADELEINE: Can I hear them?

RAMON: I don't have recordings.

MADELEINE: Then I'll come over and look at the scores.

RAMON: Okay.

BEAT.