

I miss you the most when I catch sight of the moon

This play is free to download and perform. The only condition is that you must **email Alex** at abroun@bigpond.net.au and let him know **where and when you produced his script**, listing the **director, cast and theatre**. If you have any production photos send them along as well and they may just end up on this website.

a short play

by

Alex Broun

Email: abroun@bigpond.net.au

www.alexbroun.com

Alex Broun 2008 ©

Cast

EVELINE

DARREN

ALLEJANDRO

Time

The present

Settings

Various locations around Melbourne.

Or any other city.

I miss you the most when I catch sight of the moon

ALLEJANDRO: I miss you the most when I catch sight of the moon.

EVELINE: It won't always be like this.

ALLEJANDRO: You promise ?

EVELINE: I promise.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) His name was Alejandro.

DARREN: She met him at some workshop she went to.
(TO **EVELINE**) Is that what you call it?

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) Nothing so grand. It was just a course at CAE.

DARREN: (TO AUDIENCE) We were on break,

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) Is that what you call it ?

DARREN: So I guess she had more time on her hands - so she did this workshop.

EVELINE: Course.

DARREN: On drawing or something.

EVELINE: "An introduction to portrait drawing and painting".

DARREN: Drawing – or something.

EVELINE: Or as he would describe it :

ALLEJANDRO: *Una introducción a la pintura y al dibujo.*

DARREN: He was Spanish.

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) Peru. He came from Peru.

DARREN: Anyway he spoke Spanish.

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) Not everyone who speaks Spanish comes from Spain.
(TO AUDIENCE) He was actually an incredibly talented artist from Peru. Well he was from Chile to be precise but before he came to Australia he had been living in Peru.

DARREN: Or something.

EVELINE: He had come from a province called *Ancash*, which if you look it up on Wikipedia describes it as a land of contrasts, kind of like Australia, where the -

ALLEJANDRO: *Cordillera Negra*

EVELINE: Black Mountain Range meets the *Cordillera Blanca*.

ALLEJANDRO: White mountain range.

DARREN: Obviously.

ALLEJANDRO: (TO **EVELINE**) Your Spanish is improving.

EVELINE: (TO **ALLEJANDRO**) Thank you. But it's *improving*.

ALLEJANDRO: My English is not.

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) And it was the contrast of those two forces that shaped much of his work. But not just the mountain ranges. Between them flows the

ALLEJANDRO: *Santa River*,

EVELINE: through the

ALLEJANDRO: *Callejón de Huaylas*

EVELINE: that narrows to form the

ALLEJANDRO: *Cañón del Pato*.

EVELINE: Or Duck Canyon.

DARREN: Duck ?

EVELINE: And from there you follow the

ALLEJANDRO: *Forteza River*

EVELINE: to the Pacific Ocean. Mountains and sea. The perfect place to paint. But times are hard financially in Peru.

DARREN: Pretty tough all round.

EVELINE: So he'd decided to start a fresh in Melbourne.

DARREN: (TO **EVELINE**) Why Melbourne ?

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) There is a strong Peruvian community here.

DARREN: Could've fooled me.
(TO AUDIENCE) So anyway all this talk of Mountain Ranges
and romantic far off coasts and I guess she ...

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) She what ?

DARREN: After all we were on a break.

EVELINE: After all.

DARREN: Four years. Things have to become somewhat mundane after –

EVELINE: Four years ?

DARREN: Mountain and coasts and Duck Lagoons.

EVELINE: Canyon.

DARREN: How could I compete with that ?

EVELINE: Why must it always be a competition ?

BEAT. DARREN OFFERS EVELINE THE FLOOR.

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) I had no intention of meeting anyone. That
wasn't why I went. I know some people go to those courses for
that reason but I didn't. I had painted years before – at school
and after – and I wanted to paint again. To find a part of myself I
felt I'd lost.

THE LIGHTS CHANGE. THEY ARE NOW IN THE PAINTING CLASS.

ALLEJANDRO: (TO CLASS) What I will try to *express* to you in this class
– not teach. You cannot teach painting.

EVELINE: It wasn't an instant, love at first sight, sort of attraction.

ALLEJANDRO: What I will express is each one of you – you have a
painting inside – a masterpiece waiting to get out. And all
you have to do is allow it to come out on to the paper.

DARREN: (TO **EVELINE**) Did he actually spout crap like that ?

EVELINE LOOKS AT DARREN. DARREN EXITS.

EVELINE: Yes – he was handsome. Even dashing – in a South American
way – but it wasn't about his looks. Is it ever about someone's
looks ? But as soon as I listened to him speak, with such
passion and knowledge, about this thing that I once loved – I
knew this man would play an important role in my life.

ALLEJANDRO: (TO **EVELINE**) Evelina. You are not painting.

EVELINE: (TO **ALLEJANDRO**) It's Eveline. Or just Evie. Most people call me Evie.

ALLEJANDRO: *Apologías*. Eveline. And you are still not painting ?

EVELINE: I don't think there's any masterpiece hiding inside me. The paint inside me is all dried up and very, very cracked.

ALLEJANDRO: How will you know if you don't try ?

EVELINE: How will I know if I can't start ?
(TO AUDIENCE) And then he did it.

ALLEJANDRO TAKES EVELINE'S HAND, WHICH IS HOLDING THE PAINTBRUSH AND DABS IT IN THE BRIGHT RED PAINT ON HER PALETTE.

EVELINE: He picked up my hand, dabbed the brush into the paint and guided it gently on to the canvas.

HE GUIDES HER HAND ON TO THE CANVAS AND GENTLY MAKES A LARGE RED STROKE.

EVELINE: And drew a bright red splash of colour.

ALLEJANDRO: *Vea* - you have started.

EVELINE: Such a simple, small gesture but suddenly everything had changed. I looked at the paint on the canvas – so vivid and fresh – and suddenly I felt so alive. This rush of emotions welled up inside me and I couldn't contain it. Soon it was pouring out of my hand, through the brush on to the paint. It was like I was fifteen again, with my old easel and watercolours, standing in the back yard, painting my favourite gum tree. I had to thank this man who had awoken in me something that had been asleep for so long. (HOLDING UP WRAPPE PRESENT) I painted him a picture and I left it on his desk after the next class. It was a Willow tree. In my backyard.

ALLEJANDRO: (PICKING UP THE PAINTING, TO **EVELINE**) What is this ?

EVELINE: (TO **ALLEJANDRO**) It's something I painted.

ALLEJANDRO: It is for me ?

EVELINE: I wanted to give you something. For getting me started.

ALLEJANDRO: (TO AUDIENCE) It was beautiful, very beautiful, and even more because she had painted it straight from the *corazon*.

EVELINE: Heart.

ALLEJANDRO: Her heart.
I must now also be honest and tell you I thought she was beautiful too. Not just her painting.
But I would never have approached her in this way. She was so beautiful, far too beautiful for a poor painter from Peru. But then something built up in me and I could not contain it. She was changing. She came to my class sad, forehead always bunched, looking down – still beautiful but down. Then when she began to paint she began to breathe, smile, her eyes opened wide. I could not help myself. After the next class.
(TO **EVELINE**) Will you be busy on the weekend ?

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) That's a strange question.
(TO **ALLEJANDRO**) Just painting.
(TO AUDIENCE) I wanted to ask why.

ALLEJANDRO: If you are in need of a break I am going to see a photographic *explosion*. Perhaps you will come too ?

EVELINE: "Explosion". Do you mean exhibition ?

ALLEJANDRO: (CONCERNED) *Si*. Exhibition.

EVELINE: Are you asking me to come with you ?

ALLEJANDRO: *Si*. (BEAT) *Apologias*. I walk over the spot.

EVELINE: Do you mean overstep the mark ?
And you don't. That would be lovely.

LIGHTS CHANGE.

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) So we went to the photographic "explosion". It was outdoors. Alongside the Yarra. Big bright pictures, taken by a photographer Allejandro knew from Peru. So full of life, colour. People and places I'd never even dreamed of. Then we reached

EVELINE: (CONT) a photo of Macchu Pichu. These amazing ruins in the Andes. In the photograph it was night and this huge bright moon, shone down, illuminating the ancient stones. I looked at Allejandro – and he was weeping.

ALLEJANDRO: This is where I have been. In Peru. This I have seen with my own eyes.
(TO AUDIENCE) And then she did it. Such a simple, small gesture.

EVELINE GENTLY RAISES HER FINGER AND WIPES A TEAR FROM **ALLEJANDRO'S** CHEEK.

ALLEJANDRO: She raised her delicate finger and gently wiped the tear from my cheek. I had no choice.

EVELINE: He leant forward and he –

ALLEJANDRO KISSES **EVELINE**. THE KISS ENDS AND THEY LOOK AT EACH OTHER IN SILENCE. BEAT.

EVELINE: No description of that kiss could possibly do it any kind of justice. So soft and sweet and full of ... love ?

ALLEJANDRO: (TO EVELINE) This is okay ?

EVELINE: Lovely.

LIGHTS CHANGE. THEY SET UP EASELS NEXT TO EACH OTHER ON STAGE AND BEGIN TO PAINT.

EVELINE: And that's how it started. Every weekend I would go to Allejandro's and paint. And cook and laugh. And ...

DARREN: (ENTERING, TO AUDIENCE) She forgot all about me.

EVELINE: (TO **DARREN**) Not true.

DARREN: Almost.

EVELINE: Allejandro was just so different. Everything with him was so different. The way he spoke, the way he listened, the way we ...

DARREN: I don't think I want to hear this.

DARREN BLOCKS HIS EARS AND MAKES NOISE SO HE CAN'T HEAR.

EVELINE: It was incredible – so passionate, so consuming. I didn't think it could ever be like that.

SHE GOES TO **DARREN**.

EVELINE: It's okay. You can listen now.

DARREN UNBLOCKS HIS EARS.

EVELINE: It was just different.

DARREN: Better.

EVELINE: There you go. Reducing everything to a competition. Again.

DARREN: Well, isn't it.

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) But as magical as everything was with Allejandro I couldn't get these doubts out of my mind. Was I falling in love with Allejandro or was I just falling in love with painting again ? And weren't things just as magical with Darren once as well ? But in four years time wouldn't this be exactly the same as what Darren and I had become. Friends.

DARREN: Very good –

EVELINE: Friends. And as we know so far in the story, when things begin to well up inside – eventually they come out.

DARREN: And this is where I come back in – finally. I hadn't heard from Evie in a month –

EVELINE: Two months.

DARREN: So I called her – a bit out of the blue –

EVELINE: A bit. (ANSWERING PHONE) Hello.

DARREN: There was something in her voice. So full of energy, life. Was this my Evie ? Had she always been like this ? Or had something happened ? I had to see her. Find out. We met at our favourite bar for a drink. The one I took her to on our first date. Straight away I could tell something was different.

EVELINE: (ENTERING) I'm sorry. I had to go home after work to finish my painting.

DARREN: Which room ?

EVELINE: Not room. A landscape.

DARREN: That's right. You used to paint, didn't you ?

EVELINE: I've started again. I went to this course and the teacher, he's so inspiring. His name is Allejandro. He's from Peru.

DARREN: (TO AUDIENCE) There was something, in the way she said his name.

(TO **EVELINE**) Are you ...

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) Why didn't I just tell him ? There and then ? It would've all been so easy.

(TO **DARREN**) No. Of course not.

(TO AUDIENCE) Was it that I didn't want to hurt him ? Or I didn't want to lose him ?

(TO **DARREN**) We've just been to a few exhibitions. We paint together sometimes. He doesn't know Melbourne. I'm showing him around.

DARREN: I knew she was lying, but I didn't care. Suddenly – I was in love with her again. Had I ever stopped being in love with her ? You always want the thing you can't have, don't you ? Then I said:

(TO **EVELINE**) I just want you to be happy Evie ?

(TO AUDIENCE) And I meant it. Didn't I ?

EVELINE: So we stayed and chatted. He bought me a champagne and I bought him a red wine. One hour became two, became three.

DARREN: We laughed and joked.

EVELINE: He knows everything about me.

DARREN: There are no secrets between us.

EVELINE: Except one.

DARREN: It was like nothing had ever changed.

EVELINE: Had anything changed ?

LIGHTS CHANGE.

EVELINE: The next day I went to Allejandro's, but my mind was not on the paint.

ALLEJANDRO: (TO EVELINE) You are not painting today ?

EVELINE: Just thinking.

ALLEJANDRO: What about ?

EVELINE: Us.

ALLEJANDRO: This is good that there is an "us" to think about.

BEAT. **EVELINE IS SILENT.**

ALLEJANDRO: Perhaps not so good.

EVELINE: No - it's good. So good.

ALLEJANDRO: Then what is wrong.

EVELINE: There was another "us".

ALLEJANDRO: I see. But it is over ?

EVELINE: I thought so. (TO AUDIENCE) And then something very strange happens. Allejandro looks at me – and there is something in his eyes. Something angry. It scares me. Then he says:

ALLEJANDRO: *El amor es más fuerte cuando es un trío.*

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) Love is strongest when it comes in threes.

ALLEJANDRO: I just want you to be happy Eveline. That is what I want.

EVELINE: And I want you to be happy.

ALLEJANDRO: That is easy. I will be happy if I am with you. (BEAT)
Do you love me Eveline ?

EVELINE: Yes.
(TO AUDIENCE) And in that moment – I do.
(TO ALLEJANDRO) Do you love me ?

ALLEJANDRO: Yes.

EVELINE: (TO AUDIENCE) But the question is – is that enough ?
And then he walks out. He just walks out.

ALLEJANDRO LEAVES.

EVELINE: And he doesn't come back. Eventually I go home. He doesn't ring me all week. Or return my calls. When I turn up to class there is a sign on the door –

ALLEJANDRO: *“Ninguna clase esta noche.”*

EVELINE: No class tonight. The next day I need someone to talk to. So I go to my best friend.

DARREN ENTERS.

EVELINE: I tell him everything that happened. Almost everything. And he listens and he understands – and slowly he makes me smile – and I realise why we stayed together for four years. And ever so slowly things start to develop ...

ALLEJANDRO: (ENTERING) I do not want to know what this word means.

EVELINE: And one day I decide I should give it another go.

DARREN: (TO AUDIENCE) With me.

EVELINE: Is there an element of cross-over between Darren and Allejandro ? That you will never know.
(TO ALLEJANDRO) I feel like Darren and I should be together.

ALLEJANDRO: (TO **EVELINE**) *Should* is a very bad word. We have no word like should in our language. In our language we have “can” and “must” but never “should”.

EVELINE: Allejandro tries to understand. But he is hurt. But Darren would be hurt too. Allejandro will get over it. There will be another painting class. Another Evie.

ALLEJANDRO: Never. Not like you.

EVELINE: And slowly he drifts away.

ALLEJANDRO: I miss you the most when I catch sight of the moon.

EVELINE: (TO **ALLEJANDRO**) You don't have to miss me. We can still be friends.

ALLEJANDRO: Eveline – I can not be friends with you.

EVELINE: Then that's your choice.

ALLEJANDRO EXITS.

LIGHTS CHANGE. **DARREN** AND **EVELINE** ALONE IN A SPOTLIGHT.

DARREN: Are you happy ?

EVELINE: Yes. (BEAT) Are you ?

DARREN: (BEAT) Yes.

EVELINE: (SUDDENLY) Oh.

DARREN: What is it ?

EVELINE: Nothing. I just caught sight of the moon.

LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE.