

"The Man Who Serenaded the Stars"

by
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EXT. REMOTE VILLAGE - LATE EVENING

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BORIS, a middle-aged man, stands on a hillside overlooking a simple village of thatched huts. He is wearing old work clothes.

Boundless stars twinkle in the sky above him. In one hand, he holds a threadbare violin case. He balances the case on a fence post and opens it.

A picture is taped to the interior: A beautiful, blue-eyed young woman with hair the color of gold. Tearing up, he kisses two of his fingers and presses them against her lips.

Boris reverently takes the beaten-up Strad and bow from the case. He holds the instrument to one ear, quickly tuning it. The emotion of what he is about to do begins to overwhelm him, and he sighs.

He places the Strad under his chin, lifts the bow, and begins playing the familiar, beautiful piece.

Then it appears: A star - larger, brighter, and twinkling faster than all the others. He focuses his playing at *that* star.

Tears ease down his cheeks as the star slowly transforms. It grows a face, then takes on colors: Blue, like her eyes, and yellow, like her flowing tresses. The colors grow more distinct with each pass of the bow.

Before long, the last note of the piece played, Boris lets the Strad hang by his side. The star's "mouth" moves, three words he longs to hear. Smiling through his tears, he wipes his eyes on his sleeve as the star transforms back into what it was.

Boris puts the bow and the Strad away, pausing to look at the picture again before locking the case.

A light snow starts to fall. He tucks the case under one arm, glances upward, and blows a kiss to the star - which responds with some rapid twinkling.

BORIS

(sniffs)

Next year, sweetheart.

He takes one last look at the star and begins walking back to the village.

FADE TO BLACK.