

Dramatis Personæ

Adam, the most acclaimed violinist in the world (twenties or thirties)

Nathaniel Wolfgang, a gentle, unassuming man with the look of a wanderer, dressed very simply in a plain shirt, trousers and perhaps a cap, carrying a violin

Adam's mother	}	Played by one actor (W1)
Sara, a student at Aria		
Adam's father	}	Played by one actor (M1)
Dr. Saliero, the Dean of Aria		

Setting

An empty stage where ADAM has just performed. Props may be brought in and taken out by the other characters as needed.

Time

ADAM recounts his story, which takes place fifteen years earlier during World War II.

Music

1. 'Call Me Maybe' (instrumental) by Carly Rae Jepsen
2. 'Violin Concerto No. 1 (Second Movement)' by Philip Glass

Script

The thundering applause of thousands is heard. ADAM, centre-stage, bows.

ADAM. Thank you! Thank you all so much for being here—and for your unending support and enthusiasm not just tonight but through all the years of my career.

This tour in particular has been especially significant to me, because it has been fondly labelled 'The Man Who Is Music' tour by all of you. I must admit, when I first heard that, I had to ask myself whether I had been replaced by somebody else, but once all *those* concerns had been addressed, I was extremely flattered. Well, extremely flattered and deeply perturbed. You see, it made me realize that I was leaving something rather big undone; that there was something more important than playing my music for you one last time. I realized I had a story to tell. So I ask you all tonight, at this final performance of my final tour, to bear with me as I recount the tale of where I came from—and how music came to me.

ADAM starts walking slowly around the stage.

ADAM. It seems a long time ago that the Führer was superintending the annihilation of my people all over Europe. I was only fifteen, but some fundamental mortal instinct warned me that the acid, acrid tension that was building up in the air for months boded ill for my world. And I was right.

ADAM'S FATHER and ADAM'S MOTHER enter. ADAM'S FATHER is carrying a load of tattered books, which he makes as if to burn as ADAM speaks. ADAM'S MOTHER is carrying an old suitcase.

ADAM. I remember that day with painful vividness; how the deep creases on my parents' foreheads deepened, how my father hastily constructed a little bonfire of books inside the house—incidentally nearly asphyxiating us all then and there—and how my Uncle Ezra appeared out of nowhere to inform me that I was to leave with him. It was all rather thrilling—in the worst way possible.

While ADAM speaks, ADAM'S MOTHER opens the suitcase and makes as if to rush to pack boys' clothes in it. ADAM'S FATHER smokes a cigarette, paces a little and makes as if he is conversing with someone.

ADAM. I wanted to speak, to ask my parents when I would see them again, but a fist was closed tight inside my throat like a vice; almost as tight as the one inside my chest. I saw the tears in my mother's eyes and felt them prick my own, but Uncle Ezra scoffed at this excess of sentiment, so I resolved to suppress them.

ADAM'S FATHER and ADAM'S MOTHER gaze sorrowfully at ADAM and exit.

ADAM. When we finally arrived, I was surprised to find that we were at the gates of Aria. I had heard of it, of course; the greatest school of music in the world, where nearly every great composer had trained. Uncle Ezra carefully explained that the Dean was an old friend of his and was taking me in as a favour—despite my conspicuous lack of musical experience—in order to shelter me from the dangers of Munich. It was, he emphasized, a very big deal. And then he was gone too.

ADAM pauses for a couple of beats, then shakes off a bad memory.

ADAM. At Aria, I shone. I erased all memory of my earlier life as I plunged intensively, obsessively, into the study of music. The top spot in the form was always mine, with Sara struggling to maintain second place.

ADAM steps slowly towards stage-right while speaking. SARA enters from stage-left with her Falsettone.

ADAM. We were introduced to Falsettones, the devices that produced music, with the ability to go high, to go low, and even to sing. We could create exactly what was required of us at any given point of time. It was the greatest music in the world—and I, I was the greatest student, the blue-eyed boy. I must admit, I became slightly swollen-headed. I knew it all.

Then one day, Dr. Saliero introduced us to a new guest teacher. His name was Wolfgang; Nathaniel Wolfgang.

NATHANIEL enters from stage-left with his violin. DR. SALIERO introduces him.

ADAM. There was something strange and rustic about him. We were told that he was an acclaimed musician from a distant land called Elysia, but he looked unlike any teacher we had ever seen.