

# SUNSET AT SANTORINI

## by Glenn Alterman

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**SUNSET AT SANTORINI****by Glenn Alterman**

**SYNOPSIS:** It is sunset on the beautiful Greek island of Santorini. Two couples, who have just met, are enjoying cocktails and the beautiful view. Suddenly something totally unexpected occurs which will change their relationships forever.

**CAST OF CHARACTERS***(2 females, 2 males, 0-1 either)*

HARRY (m).....40's to 50's, loud, very outgoing. *(41 lines)*  
 SYLVIA (f).....Harry's wife, 40's to 50's, very outgoing. *(33 lines)*  
 TIM (m) .....30's to 40's, soft spoken, polite. *(28 lines)*  
 JANET (f) .....30's to 40's, Tim's wife, soft spoken, a bit timid. *(19 lines)*  
 VOICE (m/f) .....Offstage voice or pre-recorded. *(1 line)*

**TIME:** Present day.**SETTING:** An outdoor café on the Greek island of Santorini.

**SETTING:** *The Greek island of Santorini. It is just before sunset. The sunset at Santorini is legendary. A private table at a small outdoor café on one of the cliffs overlooking the water.*

**AT START:** *Two couples are having drinks at a table. HARRY, smiling, is very loud, somewhat drunk, is talking to TIM, who is just sitting, listening. Their wives, SYLVIA and JANET, are seated next to them at the table. In the background we hear Greek music playing.*

**HARRY:** More! More than just moxie!

**SYLVIA:** Harry!

**HARRY:** Balls, big balls!

**SYLVIA:** *(Giving up, turning to JANET.)* Once he starts drinking!

**HARRY:** Like encased in armor, that's what'cha need to live there, yeah!

**TIM:** That bad, huh?

**HARRY:** *(Putting his arm around TIM'S shoulders, a loud whisper.)*  
Every corner's got an angle, every fisherman's got a hook!  
S'terrible!

**SYLVIA:** *(Turning to JANET.)* Ya been to the black beach yet?

**HARRY:** And the longer you live there...

**JANET:** No, we just arrived.

**HARRY:** The pond seems smaller.

**SYLVIA:** You've got to see it.

**HARRY:** You gotta protect yourself!

**JANET:** Really?

**TIM:** Really?

**SYLVIA:** The sand there is as black as tar. S'unbelievable.

**HARRY:** Ya got ya meth, ya crack...

**SYLVIA:** And there's a beach with red sand too.

**JANET:** Really?

**HARRY:** S'like Gotham but without Batman! Sherwood Forrest but with no Robin Hood!

**SYLVIA:** We'll all go tomorrow. Be fun, the four of us.

**HARRY:** We're crazy for still living there, nuts! *(Quickly, turning to SYLVIA.)* Honey, I think we should move!

**SYLVIA:** Why, this table's fine.

**HARRY:** No, I mean when we get back.

**SYLVIA:** Change hotels?

**HARRY:** No, New York! We should move outta Manhattan. Sell the condo and just leave.

**SYLVIA:** Why? We've got a view in New York people would kill for.

**HARRY:** That's my point, all the killing, the crime! (*Looking around.*) Here, we should move here!

**SYLVIA:** To Santorini?!

**HARRY:** Look! Look how beautiful it is. The sky, the water. (*Looking straight ahead.*) And that, that's what'cha call a view!

*ALL turn straight ahead, quietly take in the view.*

**SYLVIA:** It's very nice, Harry.

**JANET:** It's lovely.

**TIM:** Really.

**HARRY:** Hey Tim, how's about you and Janice...?

**SYLVIA:** Janet, Harry. Her name's Janet.

**HARRY:** Sorry, Janet. Why don't you both come to Santorini when we buy a place here, you could stay with us.

**SYLVIA:** Harry, we hardly.... We just met them, you'll scare them away.

**HARRY:** What, scare? (*Turning to TIM.*) Tim, you wanna move here to Santorini, live with us?

**TIM:** (*Playing along.*) Sure Harry, we'd love too! We'll sell our house as soon as we get back.

**HARRY:** (*Vigorously shaking his hand.*) You got a deal!

**JANET:** Tim!

**TIM:** (*Smiling, whispering.*) I'm kidding, just kidding.

**HARRY:** (*Looking straight ahead.*) Will you look at that sunset! I could eat it up!

*ALL turn, look forward again.*

**HARRY:** Now if that isn't proof of God, I don't know what is. (*Lifting his glass.*) Come, let's have a toast before the sun goes down.

*ALL stand up. SYLVIA goes over to HARRY. HARRY puts his arm around her. TIM stands next to JANET, puts his arm around her. HARRY lifts his glass, toasts.*

**HARRY:** To our new friends and our new life, together, on Santorini!

**SYLVIA, TIM, and JANET:** *(Toasting.)* To new friends, on Santorini!

*ALL take a sip of their drinks, stand there for a moment. Suddenly JANET'S hand starts violently shaking, spilling some of her drink.*

**TIM:** *(Very concerned.)* You okay?

*JANET drops her glass, doesn't say anything. She has a frightened look in her eyes.*

**TIM:** Janet? Janet?!

*JANET starts shaking, then spasming. TIM holds her.*

**SYLVIA and HARRY:** *(Going to TIM and JANET.)* What, what is it?!

**HARRY:** She's having a seizure!

**SYLVIA:** S'there something we can...?!

**TIM:** She shouldn't have had that drink! *(To JANET.)* JANET?!  
JANET?!! Harry, give me a hand here.

*HARRY helps TIM hold JANET, as JANET'S arms keep thrashing wildly.*

**TIM:** Help me get her in the chair! Watch out for the glass! *(To JANET, comforting.)* S'okay Janet, we're right here!

**SYLVIA:** Where's the waiter?!

**TIM:** No, don't bother. She'll be okay. Just give her a minute.  
*(Comforting JANET.)* It's okay, honey.

**HARRY:** *(Looking frantically.)* Where's the damn waiter?!

**TIM:** She'll be fine, it passes. *(To JANET, softly.)* S'okay, honey.

*TIM and HARRY hold JANET until the seizure finally subsides. Everyone is quiet for a moment.*

**TIM:** Okay, it's over. Thanks, Harry.

*HARRY gets up, goes over to SYLVIA.*

**SYLVIA:** (*Looking.*) Where's that waiter?! (*Starting to leave.*) Should I go...?

**TIM:** (*Stopping SYLVIA.*) No, please, don't. No more commotion. Only makes it worse.

*After a moment, JANET sits up, holds on to TIM. She looks at everyone, seems out of it, embarrassed.*

**TIM:** That's my girl. She hasn't been well for a while. We thought, you know, a vacation. Guess all the traveling, the stress.

**JANET:** (*Weakly, to everyone.*) I'm so sorry.

**HARRY:** No, s'no big deal.

**JANET:** (*Looking out.*) We... missed the sunset. I'm so sorry.

**HARRY:** Be plenty of sunsets, don't worry.

**TIM:** (*Helping her.*) Let's get you sitting up straight in the chair. Careful, there's glass on the floor.

**SYLVIA:** (*To JANET.*) You okay hon? Anything we can...?

**TIM:** Just give her a minute.

*ALL sit down at the table. A long awkward silence.*

**SYLVIA:** (*Trying to be upbeat.*) So... tomorrow, if you're feeling up to it, we'll all go to Akrotira, the beach with the black sand. (*To JANET.*) They got great shops there.

**JANET:** (*Smiling.*) I'd like that.

**TIM:** Hope we haven't put too much of a damper on...

**HARRY:** What damper?! Vacation's just starting! Janet just needs some rest. How's about we all go back to our hotels, take a little nap, whatever. And when you're ready we'll meet up later, like 8 o'clock for a nice dinner, Mousaka or something? Whatiya say?

**TIM:** Sounds great, Harry.

**HARRY:** Just give me a call when you're ready, no rush. We're at the Porto Fira, room forty-two.

**TIM:** Forty-two, will do. I'll take care of the bill here, it's on me.

**HARRY:** Oh, okay, thanks. *(To SYLVIA.)* C'mon hon, let's go. We'll see ya all later.

*HARRY and SYLVIA start to leave.*

**SYLVIA:** *(To JANET.)* Take care of yourself, honey.

**HARRY:** Call us when you're ready.

*TIM continues to hold JANET, waves to SYLVIA and HARRY as they go. It's quiet, except for some Greek music in the distance.*

**JANET:** *(Not looking up, softly.)* Well?

**TIM:** *(Looking.)* Minute more. ...They're on the steps... going out the gate... top of the hill. Almost... they are... GONE!

**JANET:** Thank God! *(Immediately sits up, looks much better. She quickly puts her hand under her dress, takes out a man's wallet and quickly looks through it under the table.)* Never thought they'd leave. What time is it?

**TIM:** *(Looking at his watch.)* Quarter to. Got nearly an hour till the next boat. Plenty of time. How'd we do?

**JANET:** I'm counting!

**TIM:** Don't forget, the waiter gets a couple of hundred drachmas for staying back.

**JANET:** *(Still counting, then very excited.)* Forty-nine, fifty. Fifty thousand drachmas!

**TIM:** Get outta here! I LOVE NEW YORKERS!

**JANET:** Especially the rich ones! And he's got an Amex gold card, a Visa, a PASSPORT...!

**TIM:** PASSPORT?!

**JANET:** *(Stuffing the money, cards and passport in her bra. Then getting up.)* Passport's worth a thousand more.—Come on, let's go. *(Getting up.)* So where we going next, which Island? I forgot.

**TIM:** *(Stopping, kissing her.)* Crete, my love.

**JANET:** Didn't we do Crete already?

**TIM:** Yeah, last year. The guy with the glass eye, remember? With his wife with *(In a high pitched, voice.)* the high-pitched voice, who kept giggling.—And then threw up on us 'cause she was so drunk.

**JANET:** Oh, them! Yeah, crappy credit cards, hardly any cash. But I liked Crete, nice beaches. Y'know, we should take a couple days off. (*Kissing TIM.*) Relax, have some fun. Would you like that, baby, just you and me? Fun in the sun, candle lit dinners?

**TIM:** You're right, we need a break. Yeah, sure, why not? (*Looking at JANET.*) God, I love you.

**JANET:** (*Playfully patting her bra.*) Sure it's not just for my money?

*TIM holds JANET, kisses her.*

**JANET:** (*Playfully pulling away.*) Save it Steve, we got a boat to catch. And a waiter to take care of.

**TIM:** Yeah, we should really get going.

*TIM takes JANET'S hand, they leave. It's quiet for a moment except for the Greek music in the background. The colors in the sky are even richer. After a moment SYLVIA and HARRY enter. SYLVIA is talking on a headset (or walkie talkie.) She's looking through binoculars in the direction that TIM and JANET just left.*

**SYLVIA:** (*On walkie talkie.*) Alright Ben, the money and the wallet's in her bra. ...Her bra! They're moving fast, just paid the waiter with the marked bills. On their way to the cable cars that go to the piers. Should be down at the boat in a couple of minutes. Get back to me soon as you get a read on them. And put a hold on that boat! (*Turning to HARRY.*) We got 'em Mike.

**HARRY:** (*Speaks more gently.*) Was easy, they perfectly fit the description. Our little Bonnie and Clyde are about to take their last ride—to jail.

**SYLVIA:** (*Smiling.*) You were good today.

**HARRY:** You were too.

**SYLVIA:** But what was with all that New York bashin'?

**HARRY:** I don't know, thought it would make it more convincing.

**SYLVIA:** (*Smiling.*) Hey, New York's my home turf, you know that.

**HARRY:** (*Smiling.*) Sorry boss, won't happen again. (*Then looking up.*) Look at that sky.

**SYLVIA:** (*Looking up, smiling.*) Yeah, you don't see that in New York.

**HARRY:** This place really is paradise.



**SYLVIA:** Yeah, well, we're not on vacation. We should get down to the boat.

**HARRY:** Hate to leave.

**VOICE:** (*Pre-recorded or offstage. On walkie talkie.*) Captain, we see 'em coming now. We'll cuff 'em as soon as we get 'em.

**SYLVIA:** (*On walkie talkie.*) Good, read 'em their rights. Be right down. (*To HARRY.*) C'mon, Mike.

**HARRY:** (*Looking up.*) Really hate to go.

**SYLVIA:** (*Turns, looks at HARRY, playfully.*) C'mon, we're not on vacation!

**HARRY:** (*Looks at SYLVIA, then kisses her.*) Aye-aye, Captain.

**SYLVIA:** (*Looks at HARRY.*) Mike!

**HARRY:** (*A playful smile.*) What?

**SYLVIA:** Anyone can see us here. Come on, we're on the job. (*Smiling.*) Wait till we get back to the hotel.

**HARRY:** (*Playfully, like a little boy.*) O-kay.

*SYLVIA quickly kisses HARRY, they both smile.*

**SYLVIA:** Let's go!

**HARRY:** (*Smiling.*) Yes ma'am, anything you say.

*SYLVIA and HARRY both smile, and then quickly leave. The lights slowly fade, as the sun sets on Santorini.*

**THE END**