

EXTRACT

Ten million pieces of my heart

a short play

by

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Characters

SUITCASE

EVA

Ten million pieces of my heart

EVA: People called him Suitcase. Because when things didn't go his way he'd sit in the corner and not say anything, like a big brown suitcase. His real name was -

SUITCASE: That doesn't matter. Just stick with 'Suitcase.'

EVA: We met in a bar.

SUITCASE: We worked together.

EVA: In the bar. Why did we get together?

SUITCASE: Why do people ever get together?

EVA: There were a million reasons why we fell in love.

SUITCASE: Ten million.

EVA: We made an unlikely couple.

SUITCASE: Eva - the Polish supermodel.

EVA: I wasn't a supermodel. Not even a model. And I didn't even come from Poland. I was a make-up artist from Malvern.

SUITCASE: But she looked like a Polish supermodel. To me.

EVA: Eva – the not so Polish supermodel and

SUITCASE: Suitcase. Big, brown, sits in corner.

EVA: The sort of man who thinks about the texture of sausages and assaults celebrity chefs.

SUITCASE: It was just that one time.

EVA: Suitcase had heard about this new restaurant, opened by the celebrity chef, so he went along to check it out.

SUITCASE: The sausages were the house speciality. Three varieties – pork, veal and duck.

EVA: Duck sausages? But Suitcase found them not to his liking –

SUITCASE: They all had the same texture. I was hoping each would have it's own individual texture to compliment the flavour. One coarse, one smooth, one chewy. But –

EVA: Like I said - the texture of sausages. So then he assaults the celebrity chef.

SUITCASE: I just wanted to talk to him.

EVA: While you strangled him.

SUITCASE: I had my arm around his shoulder. It slipped and went around his neck.

EVA: Suitcase hasn't been invited back.

SUITCASE: Wouldn't want to go.

EVA: An unlikely couple. Suitcase worked in IT. Not a Geek –

SUITCASE: More of a super geek.

EVA: Not a geek at all. Just someone incredibly smart who happened to be most smart at computers.

SUITCASE: That's a nice way of saying it but a super geek.

EVA: If you have to call it that. Not just computers – ipods, Mps players, phones. After he broke up –

SUITCASE: Don't tell them that.

EVA: It's the best part. After we broke up he found a way to re-send every text message he had ever sent to me - in reverse. My phone beeped non-stop for three days.

SUITCASE: I didn't know it would do that.

EVA: What did you think would happen? They would all arrive at once? Eight hundred and sixty seven text messages arriving at the same time. That's one loud beep.

SUITCASE: I didn't know.

SUITCASE GOES AND SITS IN THE CORNER.

EVA: So I sat and listened to my phone as it slowly went back through our whole relationship – starting with the last message : February 19th 2009, 10:55PM “I hate you I hate you I hate you.” And ending with the first : November 6th, 2007 7:32PM: “Are you sure you're not a Polish supermodel?”

EVA NOTICES SUITCASE

EVA: What are you doing?

SUITCASE: Living up to my name. Why did we break up?

EVA: Why do people break up? There are a million different reasons.

SUITCASE: Ten million. That's why I sent you those text messages. I wanted to try and understand what went wrong.

EVA: Then why didn't you send them to yourself.

SUITCASE: I already had them. (PULLING OUT BLACKBERRY) I typed out all our old messages and saved them on my Blackberry. How do you think I had them to send to you?

EVA: That's kind of creepy.

SUITCASE: Some women would say it showed how much I loved them.

EVA: Some.

SUITCASE: (SCROLLING THROUGH BLACKBERRY) 25th December
12:24AM: "All I want 4 xmas is YOU. XX"

EVA: That was sweet.

SUITCASE: You sent that. 10th August 1:15AM : "Sleep well CP."

EVA: Crazy Pumpkin?

SUITCASE: I changed your name in my phone depending on how I was feeling about you. First it was Eva. Then PSM. Polish Super Model. Then Crazy Pumpkin. Then LOML. Love of my life.

EVA: That's cute.

SUITCASE: Then PG. Pain Girl. To remind me any further contact with you would just cause me pain. Then –

EVA: There's more?

SUITCASE: DNC.

EVA: Do Not Call?

SUITCASE: And finally WHDNC. Whatever Happens Do Not Call.
Here's a message to WHDNC – February 6th 12:25AM: "I'm going insane. So tired. So upset. Will go home and try to sleep. I hope you're okay. Just want to know you're okay. X" I hadn't heard from you in three days.

EVA: I needed some time to think. Tell them some nice messages.

SUITCASE: Why?

EVA: So they know there were good times. When we –