

# Broken hearts on the red carpet at Tropfest

This play is free to download and perform. The only condition is that you must **email Alex at [abroun@bigpond.net.au](mailto: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

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**Characters**

EDIE

ALAN

GLENN

**Time**

Summer. Night.

**Setting**

An outdoor short film festival. Outside the VIP marquee.

**Broken hearts on the red carpet at Tropfest**

Night, summer.

Outside the VIP marquee at Tropfest. A red carpet leads onto stage from offstage left.

EDIE waits at the end of the red carpet. After awhile ALAN enters along the red carpet.

EDIE: How did you get in there ?

ALAN: Walked.

EDIE: What were you doing?

ALAN: Looking for you.

EDIE: I haven't got a pass.

ALAN: I thought ...

EDIE: He is. We're in the friends and family area.

ALAN: Right.

BEAT.

EDIE: Well ...

ALAN: I had to see you.

EDIE: Alan – I told you no good would come from us meeting up.

ALAN: I heard something. I had to come and find out whether it was true.

EDIE: What ?

ALAN: That you and Glenn are together now.

BEAT.

EDIE: Who said that ?

ALAN: Peter Blake.

EDIE: Peter Blake ?

ALAN: Well are you ?

EDIE: Why would Peter Blake say that ?

ALAN: Edie – are you ?

EDIE: Peter Blake wouldn't know anything about it.

ALAN: About what ?

EDIE: No one knows anything about it.

ALAN: About what ?

EDIE: We haven't told anybody.

ALAN: Jesus Edie – my heart is hanging on by a milli-fibre here. Are you with Glenn or not ?

BEAT. **EDIE** TAKES OUT HER PHONE.

ALAN: Who are you calling ?

EDIE: I wrote you a text. I was just about to send it.

**EDIE** HANDS ALAN THE PHONE. **ALAN** FUMBLES WITH THE BUTTONS.

ALAN: I can't –

**EDIE** TAKES THE PHONE. SHE PUSHES A FEW BUTTONS. SHE PUTS THE PHONE AWAY.

ALAN: What are you doing ?

EDIE: I texted it to you.

ALAN: Why don't you just tell me ?

**ALAN'S** PHONE BEEPS. HE PULLS IT OUT AND READS THE MESSAGE. **EDIE** WATCHES HIM. LONG PAUSE. EVENTUALLY:

ALAN: But you were taking time out to think –

EDIE: I guess I made up my mind.

ALAN: When were you going to tell me ?

EDIE: Today. Tonight.

ALAN: By text ?

EDIE: Isn't that how you'd do it ?

ALAN: Why tonight ? Why not straight away ?

EDIE: You had your big event. I couldn't tell you then. It seemed better.

ALAN: Better than this ?

EDIE: You weren't meant to be here.

ALAN: I wasn't here. I was over at my wrap party – where I should be. Then Peter Blake told me you and Glenn were together so I had to see you. I left the party and got a taxi to Tropfest and walked into the VIP area to try and find you. But I couldn't so I wandered around amongst all these "famous" people drinking vodka martinis looking for you. Then I find you and you send me a text message.

EDIE: That's bullshit.

ALAN: Which part ?

EDIE: Peter Blake didn't know anything about me and Glenn.

ALAN: That's what he said.

EDIE: No one knows anything about me and Glenn.

ALAN: That's what he said.

EDIE: Me and Glenn only started on Friday.

ALAN: Edie – it's true isn't it ?

**GLENN ENTERS.**

GLENN: (TO **EDIE**) You okay ?

ALAN: Here he is.

GLENN: Edie ?

EDIE: I'm fine. Just be a minute.

ALAN: Mr Friday man. Mr Glenn.

GLENN: You sure ?

EDIE: Yes.

ALAN: Mr Cut-your-grass-while-you're-not-looking.

GLENN: My film's on first after the break.

EDIE: I know.

ALAN: Well why don't you go and watch it?

GLENN: And why don't you just go ?

**GLENN SHAPES UP TO ALAN.**

EDIE: Glenn. I can handle this. Just go and sit down. I'll be there in a few minutes.

**BEAT. GLENN LEAVES.**

ALAN: Great. Now I'm being handled. (BEAT) Nice guy.

EDIE: Actually he is.

ALAN: So I can see.

EDIE: And the funny thing is he actually thinks you are lovely.

ALAN: So that's why he took my girlfriend ?

EDIE: He didn't *do* anything. You did that all by yourself.

ALAN: Edie – I said I was sorry.

EDIE: It's too late.

ALAN: How many times do I have to say it ?

EDIE: It's too late.

ALAN: (IN TEARS) I love you so much.

EDIE: Alan - it's too late.

ALAN: How is it too late ? You only got together with him on Friday.

EDIE: Alan -

ALAN: It's two days.

EDIE: Alan -

ALAN: Two days -

EDIE: Alan - listen.

ALAN: You can't.

EDIE: I love him.

BEAT.

ALAN: In two days ?

EDIE: Before that. That's why I began a relationship with him.

ALAN: And I know exactly what that means.

EDIE: Don't be like that.

ALAN: How exactly would you like me to be ?

EDIE: I only went out with him - I was only in that situation - because of the way things were between us.

ALAN: Edie - I said I'm sorry.

EDIE: I know but it's too late.

ALAN: How can it be too late ? It's not too late. I love you Edie. I love you so much. Last week was one of the hardest weeks of my life. I was going through so much and you were the only person I wanted to talk to. The only person I could talk to. And you weren't there. I've never felt as close to anybody in my life as I feel to you. I needed you so much and I realised how much I love

ALAN: (CONT) you. How much I can't live without you ? Please Edie. I'm sorry. If we can just be together I know we can work things out. Just give me another chance.

TEARS ARE ROLLING DOWN **ALAN'S** CHEEKS. **EDIE** HUGS HIM. A LONG AFFECTIONATE HUG.

AT THE END **ALAN** GOES TO KISS HER. **EDIE** TURNS AWAY.

EDIE: I'm with Glenn now.

ALAN: But I told you how I feel.

EDIE: And that makes it alright ? Alan – I can't trust you and I can't be with someone I can't trust.

ALAN: I said sorry.

EDIE: Alan – you lied to me. Right from the first day we met.

ALAN: About what ?

EDIE: You looked in my eyes and told me you were 36.

ALAN: What does my age matter ?

EDIE: It doesn't – but the fact that you lied does. And then you lied again. About Bethany.

ALAN: Bethany doesn't mean anything to me.

EDIE: Then why lie about it ?

ALAN: I just went out with Bethany a few times to try and not think about you.

EDIE: So why did you have to lie ?

ALAN: I thought it would be less painful for you.

EDIE: And that's the magic word we always cause each other – pain.

**ALAN** GOES TO SPEAK. **EDIE** PUTS HER FINGER ON HIS LIPS, SILENCING HIM.

- EDIE: Just listen to me. Please. I loved you so much Alan. And you lied to me – not once but lots of times – but I forgave you and I was ready to be with you and then I wrote you that email. I poured out my heart. And you never wrote back.
- ALAN: I'm sorry. I don't know why I didn't.
- EDIE: Because you weren't there.
- ALAN: But now I am here. I'm here one hundred percent. One thousand percent.
- EDIE: Now that it's too late. You're always here when it's too late. And then I started thinking maybe he's lying again. Maybe he's with someone else. Maybe he doesn't love me.
- ALAN: But I do.
- EDIE: So when I met Glenn and he asked me out – I said yes. Only because I didn't know what was happening with us. And he was so honest with me, so upfront – and that was so attractive to me.
- ALAN: Because of what I did ?
- EDIE: Yes. And the more time I spent with Glenn the more I realised he was who I wanted to be with. That's why I began a relationship with him.
- ALAN: We've known each for years and you were never in a relationship with me.
- EDIE: Because it never felt right with you. But it feels right with Glenn.
- ALAN: So now he's Mr Perfect ?
- EDIE: Actually it's complicated. He's going through a divorce and he has two daughters –
- ALAN: How old ?
- EDIE: Four and six – but he told me about that, straight away. There is not one single part of me that doesn't feel right about this decision.

BEAT.

ALAN: Snap.

EDIE: What was that ?

ALAN: Last milli-fibre just broke.

EDIE: This is for the best. I know it doesn't feel like that right now.

ALAN: You could say that.

EDIE: But it is for the best. You'll always have my adoration and support.

ALAN: You stay away from me.

EDIE: If that's what you want.

ALAN: Edie – I want you. I love you. I can't stand by and watch you with some other guy.

EDIE: If that's how you want it.

ALAN: It is.

EDIE: Okay.

ALAN: This should be one of the best weeks of my life. Everything was going so well. My career. Winning that contest. The festival. Everything seemed so perfect. Now – none of that stuff matters. The only thing that matters is you.

BEAT.

EDIE: Glenn's movie will be on soon. I'll never forget this moment.

**EDIE KISSES ALAN ON THE CHEEK. SHE STARTS TO LEAVE.**

ALAN: Broken hearts on the red carpet at Tropfest. Is this how people live ?

EDIE: This isn't real. It's all make believe.

ALAN: It sure feels real.

EDIE: That's just the special FX. (BEAT) I'll say one thing – it was intense.

SUDDENLY **ALAN** GRABS **EDIE**. HE KISSES HER FULL ON THE LIPS. AT THE END:

ALAN: Just answer one question. When you kiss Glenn – does it feel like that ?

BEAT.

EDIE: Yes.

BEAT.

ALAN: You go watch the film.

EDIE: You're not staying ?

ALAN: No. I hate Tropfest.

EDIE: Take care. And thank you.

ALAN: For ruining your night ?

EDIE: For showing me the real you. Promise me one thing ?

ALAN: What ?

EDIE: Don't close up again. Promise me that. You can and will love again. Promise me you'll stay open. Show them the real you.

ALAN: Because it's worked so well tonight. (BEAT) When you kiss the girl it's all meant to work out. She's meant to melt into your arms. You walk off into the sunset. Happy ever after.

EDIE: Only in the movies.

**EDIE** SMILES. SHE EXITS. **ALAN** ALONE.

SPOTLIGHT.

ALAN: Afterwards I walked up to Hyde Park to get a cab. It was only fifty metres but it felt like five thousand. My legs felt like lead. My stomach was full of molten lava. If I got shot – would it hurt this much ? Every step seemed to take an hour. Finally I got to the street and hailed a cab. As I got into the cab the driver asked: “Is it over ?” and without thinking I answered: “No, it’s still going.”

**ALAN** LOOKS AT THE AUDIENCE.

THE LIGHTS SLOWLY FADE.