

Ten Million pieces of my heart

This play is free to download and perform. The only condition is that you must **email Alex at 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

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 – at very annoying five-minute intervals.

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 –

SUITCASE: didn't want to kill each other ?

EVA: Were in love. (TAKING OUT PHONE) How about? July 4th 6:22PM:
"Yo! Wuv u"

SUITCASE: Nice. Short but nice.

EVA: I was at the wrap party for that big catalogue shoot.

SUITCASE: And you were very drunk.

EVA: But desperately trying to prove I wasn't.

SUITCASE: And failing dismally.

LIGHTS CHANGE TO SUGGEST PARTY. MUSIC.

SUITCASE: 6:36PM:

EVA: "Ur my hunk of firm jello!"

SUITCASE: 7:48PM:

EVA: "Ok, so I am a tad drunk but I am SO in love with you"

SUITCASE: 8:51PM:

EVA: "Awwww, I am not REALLY drunk. Check my spelling!"

SUITCASE: 9:46PM:

EVA: "I love you baby xxx seriously xxx check ma spelling xxx I love you very
very much xxx"

SUITCASE: Definitely not drunk. 10:42PM:

EVA: "If u don't reply u shall never hear from me again xx"

SUITCASE: I was lost in my work. I didn't hear the phone. 11:23PM:

EVA: "Have I told you lately that I love you ?"

SUITCASE: Oh no. 12:12AM:

EVA: "Why don't you reply?"

SUITCASE: 12:29AM:

EVA: "U don't luff me anymore?" Then finally you replied. 12:30AM:

SUITCASE: Even though you initiated the break. “So do I! So THERE!” 5:34PM:

EVA: “Stop contacting me!”

SUITCASE: Will do.

EVA: I was joking! 5.35PM:

SUITCASE: “Stop contacting me.” I wasn’t. 5:39PM:

EVA: “Hahaha. Ur cute. Ok, stopping now x”

SUITCASE: But you didn’t.

EVA: We didn’t.

SUITCASE: Doesn’t that show you how much we loved each other?

EVA: I’m not saying we didn’t.

SUITCASE: Finish the sentence: “As long as it was ...”

EVA: Another nice message - 1:29PM: “I miss u so much. We have such awesome fun together xx”

SUITCASE: Check the date.

EVA: July 20th.

SUITCASE: You’re going backwards.

EVA: You did send them to me in reverse.

SUITCASE: How about this one? August 10th 12:26AM: “Hey u, hope u understand I am doin the ‘friend’ thang. I do and always will miss u.”

EVA: What’s wrong ?

SUITCASE: Do friends text each other at 12.30 at night ?

EVA: Whereas your behaviour was impeccable? August 26th 12:19PM: “Thanks for your message last night. I did reply but you were obviously busy with other things. Hope it all works out well with you and Stefan. Send me an invite to the wedding!”

SUITCASE: You were having a coffee with him at 11pm?

EVA: He’s a photographer. We were discussing a shoot.

SUITCASE: At 11pm?

EVA: Why are you always so obsessed with time?

SUITCASE: Because time means something. Like numbers mean something.

EVA: Time is just a way of dividing up the day. August 26th 1:04PM: “Why are u doing this? Ur saying u care and having a dig at me at the same time. This isn’t easy for anyone. I am hurting too. Xo

SUITCASE: “Xo” ? Why do you always end everything with “xo”? “I love you xo” “I never want to see you again xo” It’s meaningless - xo.

EVA: I don’t know. It’s just a habit.

SUITCASE: A very annoying one. August 26th 1:10PM: “Wrote you the longest text message in the world. Don’t know whether to send. I just love you and I’m finding this really hard. I just want what is best for you. I just wish that was me. I’m sorry. Love you. Just hurting that’s all. No words will fix this. Just need time. Xox”

EVA: Time again. And my reply: 2.20PM: “Thanku so much beautiful man. Rite bak atcha xo”

SUITCASE: Mixed messages.

EVA: I was just being nice!

SUITCASE: I knew right then.

EVA: What?

SUITCASE: It wasn’t over. October 10th, not even two months later. 7.34PM: “Miss you my firm hunk of jello. Xo”

EVA: I changed my mind. I realised how much I missed you.

SUITCASE: You mean it didn’t work out with Stefan ?

EVA: For the ten millionth time - nothing happened with me and Stefan. You missed me too. 7:36PM: “I miss you too Crazy Pumpkin. Look how beautiful the moon is. Wish you were here to see it with me.”

SUITCASE: Of course I missed you. I loved you. Love you. I felt like a big brown suitcase you’d gone away and left in the corner. I was desperate for the moment when you’d come back and realise you needed me.

EVA: Everyone needs a suitcase.

SUITCASE: Once in awhile.

EVA: Not just once. November 11th 8:05PM: “I adore u xo”

SUITCASE: We'd got back together by then. That was a mistake.

EVA: Why does everything have to be a mistake or not a mistake ? It isn't "How to be a Millionaire." There is no right or wrong answer.

SUITCASE: You know why people really called me Suitcase. Because they used to watch you come along - use me, dump me, then put me back in the cupboard till next time.

EVA: You make this sound like it was all my fault.

SUITCASE: Wasn't it?

EVA: January 28th 12:41AM: "Why don't u TELL ME HOW U FEEL THEN DEEP DOWN!? I don't know you, your true feelings – NOTHING! U r so guarded! I am giving u all of my truest thoughts and feelings! I am not saying I am perfect but I do care so much 4 ur feelings."

SUITCASE: You knew I loved you.

EVA: And that's it. "I love you". End of story. What you were feeling, what you were thinking? I needed to know what was inside you.

SUITCASE: I'm a suitcase. Open me up – it's empty.

EVA: Unless somebody puts something inside.

SUITCASE: But they kept taking it out again. February 1st 12:54PM: "Hey u, thanku for the lift last nite and for coming out. I am so sorry I kissed u. I know it's no consolation but u are so special and dear to me but it's just not right for me or us right now. I feel it strongly. Timing just sucks. U will always hava piece of my heart xo"

EVA: That's what I was feeling.

SUITCASE: Make up your mind !

EVA: February 19th, 10:06PM:

SUITCASE: "I reached out for you last night in bed and you weren't there. Miss you Crazy Pumpkin." 10:09PM:

EVA: "That makes me sad. I'm sorry." 10:26PM:

SUITCASE: "Don't say sorry. We could made it work. We could be happy." 10:32PM:

EVA: "I cant keep answering that. It just feels rite. That's all I can say." 10:39PM:

SUITCASE: “Maybe in six months it might be different. I can live in hope. Or maybe I’ll get over you – eventually! Keep well. Just miss you a lot. It’s hard. Sorry. Am trying to let go.” 10:42PM:

EVA: “I have to stop replying to u so u can get there. Take care xo” 10:49PM:

SUITCASE: “You’re wrong. We would’ve been happy.” 10:51PM: “It’s just really hard for me to love someone.” 10:53PM: “Answer me you stupid bitch. Don’t just ignore me like some fucking Suitcase.” 10:54PM: “I don’t want to end things like this.” 10:55PM: “I hate you I hate you I hate you”.

BEAT.

EVA: I did write a reply. I just never sent it. 10:57PM: “Don’t hate me my sweet. I don’t love easily either and this is hard for me too. But this is best for me. I know it. Not excusing we could have been great. I need to have space from feeling guilty. It is very hard all round. Bye. 4 now. Xo” (BEAT) Why do people break up ?

SUITCASE: There are a million different reasons.

EVA: Ten million.

SUITCASE: That’s why I sent you those text messages. I wanted to try to understand what went wrong. I thought if we went back through every SMS we ever sent each other I’d understand. That was the one thing I wanted - more than anything. To understand.

EVA: And do you ?

SUITCASE: Complete the sentence – As long as it was –

BEAT.

EVA: It is complete. As long as it was.

BEAT. EVA GOES TO SUITCASE. SHE KISSES HIM GENTLY ON THE LIPS AND EXITS.

SUITCASE ALONE. BEAT. HIS PHONE BEEPS ONCE.

LIGHTS FADE.