

EXTRACT

Broken hearts on the red carpet at Tropfest

a short play

by

Alex Broun

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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 off stage.

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: Who told you?

ALAN: Peter Blake.

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.

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 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 Glen.

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.