

EXTRACT

Diary of a Break-up/Breakdown

a short play

by

Alex Broun

BONUS SCRIPTS: Script download includes three versions of the play - solo male, solo female and duo for one female and one male

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abroun@bigpond.net.au

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Cast

Tim

Diary of a Break-up/Break-down (Solo Male Version)

By Alex Broun

TIM: *Day 1:* You wake up to discover your head is pounding and your heart is hammering so hard in your chest you feel like it's about to pop out and say 'Hello!' You are sweating, your mouth is dry, your eyes are bloodshot. You try to think of words to describe this sensation. You settle on "Absolute devastation" although you don't feel that does it complete justice. You feel like a grenade has been detonated in your chest. You move around very slowly trying to pick up the pieces and pack them back in to your rib cage – but they keep falling out again in big bleeding chunks. You cry. A lot.

Day 2: You wake up. You look at the clock. It's 7.45am. You decide not to go to work today. Again. You close the curtains and take two sleeping pills. A little later you wake up and look at the clock. It's 8.15am. You feel like everything is in super slow motion. Every step takes an eternity. The full weight of the world is on your shoulders and it's grinding you into the earth. You try to breathe. Slowly. Remind yourself you are not dead – although this must be close to what death feels like.

Day 3: You discover that everything reminds you of her. The shower reminds you of the walk you took when you got caught in the rain and you both got soaking wet – and how at the time it really made you mad but now you would do anything to be soaking wet again. The colour of an apple reminds you of her lips – the softest in the world – and how your lips would melt into hers when you kissed. A bird reminds you of her half-laugh, half chuckle. You hated that – or so you thought. You thought a lot of things at the time. Most of them were wrong.

Day 4: You try very hard not to call her. You surprise yourself by succeeding – for a whole five minutes. You try again - for the next five minutes. You try not to obsess about her. You find this very hard. You replay every second of your time together over and over again. You wish there had been an umpire who could've stepped in and stopped things when they were going wrong – call a "time out".

Day 5: You pray. You can't remember how to pray or exactly why you are praying but you pray anyway. Your prayer goes like this: "Please god bring her back to me. I will do anything on earth if you just bring her back to me. Also – kill him. Kill him and bring her back to me. Amen. PS: Don't really kill him. I would feel bad about that. Just bring her back to me – without killing him. Thanks."

Day 7: You ask yourself why they call it a break-up ? There is no 'up' in this. From the way you see it it's all down-down-down. It's harder to imagine you can go further down than you currently are but you're sure you're about to find out just how that is possible. You see her *new* relationship status on Facebook. You feel like you just got hit in the head with a sledge hammer.

Day 8: You try to think of all the bad things about her. You try and think of some more. You give up when all you can think of is she occasionally wore quite unflattering mauve knickers.

Day 9: You wish you'd stop waking up at 4.30am thinking about her and what if you did this and she did that. You try not to imagine her lying in bed with him. Her head resting on his chest, slowly rising and falling with his breathing. His hand gently stroking her hair. You try to stay busy. You wonder if cutting your toenails repeatedly is classed as busy.

Day 11: You remember how you once drank 25 tequila slammers and lived. You wonder if you did it again if you might die. You think at this moment that dying might not be such a bad thing. This whole death thing seems to get a very bad rap.

Day 12: You think about crushing your head in a vice. At least if you crushed your head in a vice the pain would momentarily distract you from the pain in your chest. At least for a little while. Or maybe you could cut off your left arm. No, your right. You've always been rather fond of your left arm.

Day 13: See Day 7.

Day 14: You thought things would start to get better by now. They don't. This may also have something to do with the fact that today is her birthday. You try not to think of a birthday dinner with him. Presents, kisses, laughter. You fail. You picture her taking him to have dinner with her family on her birthday. You want to get a gun and blow your brains out. Then at least you won't be able to think about her.

Day 15: You congratulate yourself on getting to Day 15. Is it only Day 15 ? You count again. Bugger. Not as painful a day – but sadder. Sadness mixed with hot flashes of anger. Anger is good – it means you are getting better.