

A Kind of Sad Love Story

A Play by

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“NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS A WORK OF FICTION. ANY RESEMBLANCE TO PERSONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.”

“ESPECIALLY YOU JENNY BECKMAN.”

“BITCH.”

*- Opening Subtitles to
(500) Days of Summer*

SETTING:

San Jose, CA - Present Day

CAST OF CHARACTERS:

Andrew – 27, Any Race/Ethnicity

Emily -26, Any Race/Ethnicity

The rest of the characters will be played by an ensemble on the following tracks:

Ensemble 1 – Janice, GPS

Ensemble 2 – Vince, Daniel

Ensemble 3 – Mechanic, Rick, Waiter

Ensemble 4 - Waitress, Diana

Playwright's Notes:

The actors playing Andrew and Emily should stay the same while everyone else would be played by an ensemble of actors who would be dressed in a plain uniform color. The ensemble will differentiate characters through accessories and props. They will also be in charge of the minor scene shifts under Andrew and Emily's narration. We won't try to hide any of it. Be very upfront with the audience that we are telling them a story.

Also, I make reference to a few songs and singers. I understand that rights may make this difficult to use the specific songs so feel free to listen to what I wrote in and use your own discretion to get the correct feel.

Lastly, if you need to re-type the script in any way for production purposes, please keep to the format in terms of punctuation, spacing between stage directions and lines, or placement of ellipses. I want the director, actors and designers to interpret the script as it is presented on the pages here.

RUNNING TIME:

Approx. 120 minutes including a 15 minute intermission

A Kind of Sad Love Story

Act One

Scene One: The Grocery Bags

A Blank Stage.

ANDREW and EMILY enter. They look at the audience.

EMILY smiles at the audience. ANDREW does not. ANDREW gives the audience a blank stare. His mind is elsewhere

ANDREW

(With force that only heartbreak can deliver:)

This.

(Pause)

Is a sad love story.

EMILY

It's not sad.

ANDREW

A very sad love story.

EMILY

It's kind of happy really.

ANDREW

A fucking. Sad. Love story.

EMILY

Fine, it's a kind of sad love story but really – depending on how you look at it, it's not that bad. And maybe it was for the best.

ANDREW

The story involves me.

EMILY
And me.

ANDREW
And her.

They look at each other.

EMILY

There's a beginning to this story.

ANDREW

It started with grocery bags.

EMILY

Well –

(Hesitation:)

Ok, I guess it started with grocery bags but really it all started in my head, way before the grocery bags. I just kept things inside until things blew up with –

ANDREW is watching EMILY.

EMILY *(cont'd)*

Grocery bags.

The scene is set up by the rest of the ensemble.

ANDREW

I think about it every day. I replay it in my mind over and over again trying to figure out what I did wrong, what I could have fixed, what I could have said. Like a coach, watching the tape of his team losing again and again. Looking for a solution.

The day. The conversation. It haunts me. Each and every day...

What I fear most is that it was inevitable. That this was going to happen no matter what...

EMILY

We were coming home from the grocery store.

ANDREW and EMILY reset and act out the grocery bag scene. They are walking towards their building.

ANDREW

I don't know what it is about the guy but recently I've been going through this crazy Elton John phase. I mean, I always knew he made some pretty great music but I feel like we take him for granted. Think about it – Your Song, Daniel, Benny and the Jets – all awesome songs.

(Beat)

Hey, we got the spaghetti noodles right?

EMILY

(Detached:)

Yes.

ANDREW

Great. We'll need those for what I'm cooking for us tonight. My mom taught me how to make the spaghetti you liked so much when we went to my mom's house last month. I asked her to give me the recipe because I knew you'd want to eat it again.

EMILY

(Still detached:)

Great.

ANDREW

(Checking his watch:)

It's already 6 so we might be eating a late dinner. It shouldn't take TOO long but this will be my first time –

ANDREW notices EMILY has fallen behind. In fact, EMILY stopped walking. She is just staring ahead.

ANDREW *(cont'd)*

Emily?

EMILY does not respond.

ANDREW *(cont'd)*

Emily.

EMILY is silent.

ANDREW makes his way towards EMILY.

ANDREW *(cont'd)*

Emily, are you ok babe?

EMILY

What? Oh. Yes. Yes. I'm... I'm fine. Why are you asking?

ANDREW

It's just, you fell behind and, then I guess, stopped, um, walking and all...

EMILY

Look, I'm fine.

ANDREW

Right, sorry. You know, I was probably just walking too fast. I wanted to get home as soon as possible to get started on the spaghetti and all and –

EMILY

It's fine Andrew – just –

ANDREW

Actually, you know what? Do you want help with the bags? Let me grab some more of the bags –

EMILY

No, Andrew. Stop, just let me –

ANDREW

I can still carry some more –

EMILY

I don't need your help.

ANDREW

I know but, I should've taken more from the –

EMILY

ANDREW! WILL YOU JUST STOP IT!?

(Beat)

I do not need your help. Ok?

Silence.

ANDREW

... ok...

(Pause)

Hey, is everything ok?

EMILY

Yes. Everything is great, Andrew, ok? Can you please stop asking me that?

ANDREW

Yeah.

Silence.

ANDREW

Should we –

EMILY

This isn't working.

ANDREW stares at EMILY.

ANDREW

What?

EMILY

I don't think we're working...

...

Anymore...

EMILY turns to the audience.

EMILY (*cont'd*)

To the uninformed eye, this must have seemed abrupt. Out of nowhere. But for Andrew and myself - we knew it was coming. We had to know it.

I felt sad looking at him. He stood, frozen in front of me. Staring at me. He didn't say a word but I knew everything he wanted to say just by looking at his eyes. I guess that's how well we knew each other at this point. He was searching for a way to fix it before we were over. He looked at me and I knew what he wanted to say, "*No Emily. Don't say that. I know it hurts right now but I'm trying to fix it. I'm going to fix us. Just give me time.*" The problem was that the longer he took to find a way to fix us – the more broken we became. Andrew... I could hear what he wanted to say even though he couldn't find the right words to say it...

EMILY restores to how she was before she addressed the audience.

ANDREW turns to the audience.

ANDREW

WHAT THE FUCK!? Was what I wanted to say. What are you saying? You don't think we're working anymore? Really?

I didn't say it. Of course. But I didn't know what I was supposed to say. Growing up, my dad taught me a lot of things: how to change the oil in my car, how to shoot a free throw, how to properly put on a condom. But how to handle yourself when the girl whom you've dedicated the past 7 years of your life to wants to leave you – he never mentioned that one to me. So I stood there. Silent. Just looking at her. Staring at her. I guess I was trying to communicate through my eyes because I wanted to tell her to just tell me what to do or what to say to make it all better. Make whatever was troubling her go away. I'd stand on the Golden Gate Bridge naked if it meant she would take back what she just said. Whatever it is you want from me – just... say it and I'll do it... Anything...

ANDREW restores.

EMILY

I think I will just... stay at Candace's tonight...

I'll... umm... come get my stuff when you're at work tomorrow.

EMILY puts down the grocery bags next to ANDREW. She looks around, doesn't know what to do, awkwardly hugs him and exits.

ANDREW, still stunned, watches her off. He looks around, looks at the grocery bags and tries to pick them up. There are too many of them. He drops them. He gives up and leaves them all behind.

Scene Two: The Offer

EMILY returns.

EMILY

I know I said earlier that that was a long time coming. And it was. All I knew was that things couldn't stay the way they were. It was killing both of us to stay together. We both knew it. At least *I* knew it.

(Beat)

I had to go. It was nothing he had done, there was nothing he could do. I needed to do it.

(Beat)

Ok, I said it started in my head well before the grocery bags and it's true. It did. I'm not really sure the exact moment in which the seed was planted in my head but...

EMILY'S boss, RICK, appears.

RICK

Can I speak to you for a moment?

EMILY

Sure.

EMILY and RICK enter RICK'S office.

RICK

How are you doing Emily?

EMILY

I'm doing fine sir.

RICK

Please, I know I'm your "boss" but you've been here for long enough – call me Rick.

EMILY

Ok... Rick.

RICK

And how's Andrew doing?

EMILY

He's good.

RICK

Good, that's good to hear. You got a good guy there with Andrew.

(Beat)

The reason I called you in today is because, I don't know if you've taken a look at the returns from the Bagayan account.

EMILY

No, I haven't gotten a chance to take a look yet. Is everything ok?

RICK

No.

EMILY

Oh...

RICK

Everything is great.

EMILY

OH.

RICK

Yeah. The NBA just released their top Jersey sellers and Bagayan is number 2 – a 5 spot jump from when you first signed on to do his marketing. They loved the work you did on those billboards and the numbers show the fans do too Emily.

EMILY

Well, I'm glad.

RICK

You're glad? Shoot, I'm glad! You want to know why I'm glad? I'm glad because the Bagayan account is the biggest account this company's ever had. And I'm glad that I put my top designer in charge of it.

EMILY

Thank you, sir.

RICK

Rick.

EMILY

Rick.

RICK

And no. Don't thank me. I thank you. Now, as you know, since you've been working here for almost 5 years now, we here at WLJ Marketing take care of our employees. Especially the ones that have proven to produce *exceptional* work. Emily, if you haven't figured it out yet, what I'm trying to say is - you, my dear, produce exceptional work.

EMILY

Thank you sir, but it was very easy to work with J.R. He was a great –

RICK

Oh it's not just Bagayan. He's just your crowning moment – thus far. Don't think I haven't noticed what you're able to do with anything thrown your way. The Pipeline, Mardy and Morning Glory accounts all made huge jumps in sales and visibility when you took them over.

EMILY

That's very kind Rick but –

RICK

No buts, Emily. No buts.

(Beat)

Look, I'm going to stop beating around the bush and get to why I called you here.

EMILY

Ok.

RICK

Although you and I are located here in San Jose, there are branches of WLJ all over the country – Irvine, Austin, Winston-Salem, all the way to the main branch in New York. Now, the big bosses at WLJ New York hire a group of umbrella consultants to travel from branch to branch, ensuring the excellence they expect from all of us. They only pick the best and brightest from the company to be an umbrella consultant. Do you remember Sage, she was here a few months ago. Bright young woman.

EMILY

Yes. She was one of them right? An umbrella consultant. I liked her.

RICK

Yes. There are 4 of them total that make the rounds from branch to branch. Sage, Nilo, Mitch and... well there were 4 of them. The 4th resigned. Now, I got a call this morning from the higher ups in New York and they called to apologize to me.

EMILY

For what?

RICK

For having to offer my pride and joy the position of umbrella consultant and taking her from me.

EMILY is in shock.

EMILY

... Are you...

EMILY
joking?

RICK
Yes.

RICK

I mean no. No, I'm not joking. I thought you were going to say "Serious" in which my answer was going to be yes. Anyways, Emily – they want you and you've earned this opportunity. I told them that I was almost certain you would say yes but I did not of course answer for you.

I know there's a lot for you to consider -

ANDREW appears elsewhere on stage. He is messily and endearingly cooking dinner for the two of them. ANDREW waives as if EMILY is in front of him.

RICK (*cont'd*)

- but I want you to understand me when I say that this is not an offer you should take lightly. Four. In the entire country. You could be one of them. And trust me, WLJ Marketing will take care of you. Well.

EMILY

Thank you, sir –

RICK

Emily...

EMILY

Rick. I'll just need some time to think about everything and discuss things with Andrew.

RICK

Of course.

EMILY

Thank you, again.

RICK

You have nothing to thank me for, Em, you earned this one on your own.

RICK smiles at EMILY and exits.

EMILY

I didn't impulsively jump on the offer. I knew I had to think long and hard about it all. If I took the position, I would be on the road literally the entire year - probably holidays – and there were other people that this decision would be affecting too.

EMILY looks at the memory of ANDREW.

ANDREW smiles at EMILY. We can read his lips as saying "I Love You."

ANDREW exits.

EMILY turns back to the audience.

EMILY (*cont'd*)

I wanted to talk to Andrew about it first.

EMILY watches where ANDREW was silently.

EMILY (*cont'd*)

But I never did...

...

I was scared to talk to him about it. I wasn't afraid he'd blow up about it –

ANDREW re-enters.

ANDREW

What!? Are you really considering this? Seriously? I'd never see you! I can't believe you, Emily. I already have my life set up here. I thought you did too. I thought OUR life was already here.

(*Beat*)

You know what? Fine. It's up to you. You decide if this "big" opportunity is bigger than our relationship.

EMILY

He'd never react like that or say things like that. It might've been easier if he did. I could've blamed it on him. Told him he didn't support my ambitions and dreams. But, honestly, he probably would've said –

ANDREW

Emily, oh my god, that's amazing! I love you! I mean, congratulations. Well, both, but. I mean. God, this is so great.

(*Beat*)

Of course you should take it! Is that even a question? I mean, sure it'll be hard being apart but this is such a great opportunity for you. You can't say no to this Emily. I'm willing to fight

through anything to support you because I love you and, and, and you've earned this, Emily. You deserve this.

(Beat)

I'm so proud of you babe.

EMILY

Yeah, definitely would have been easier the other way.

ANDREW exits.

EMILY *(cont'd)*

I never responded to my boss about the job. I knew they weren't going to wait forever – they needed a replacement – but I needed the time to build up the courage to bring it up to Andrew. Being an umbrella consultant was all that was on my mind day in and day out...

RICK returns with JANICE.

RICK

Everyone! Everyone! I have a big announcement to make – we will be throwing an office party tomorrow to wish a big, big farewell to our Janice before she begins her journey as WLJ's newest umbrella consultant!

JANICE

Thank you all so much! I couldn't have done it without you all. I will try and do everyone at the San Jose branch proud and show them why we're the top WLJ branch in the country!

JANICE exits.

EMILY

I didn't know they would offer the position to Janice. I should've...

(Beat)

To his credit, Rick tried to be as diplomatic about it as possible at the office party the next day.

RICK and EMILY receive party cups.

RICK

Emily?

EMILY

Yes?

RICK

How's it going?

EMILY

Fine. Why?

RICK

We all got the day off to celebrate and this is the first time you've left your work to join us.

EMILY

I was thirsty.

RICK

Ok, well... Look, I'm sorry. It wasn't my choice. They didn't want to wait any longer -

EMILY

I understand

RICK

- and Janice was their second choice.

EMILY

It's fine.

RICK

You sure you're ok?

EMILY

Yeah...

Anyway, this is where I want to be.

RICK doesn't say anything.

EMILY (*cont'd*)

What?

RICK

I didn't say anything.

EMILY

I'm fine. I wanted to stay here.

(Pause)

I'm going back to work. Tell Janice I said congratulations.

EMILY exits.

Scene Three: The Alcohol

ANDREW returns.

He stands idle, contemplating EMILY leaving him.

EMILY enters.

EMILY

This isn't working.

(Pause)

I don't think we're working...

...

Anymore...

(Pause)

This isn't working.

(Pause)

I don't think we're working...

...

Anymore...

(Pause)

This isn't working.

(Pause)

I don't think we're working...

ANDREW

Those words ran through my head.

EMILY

Anymore...

ANDREW

Like an evil broken iPod... or a porcupine doing laps around my brain non-stop with no regard for the unfortunate man it was hurting. It just kept going. Again and again and again and again and -

EMILY

This isn't working...

ANDREW

It would drive you nuts too. I desperately needed to get my mind off of Emily. Get her voice out of my head -

EMILY

I don't think we're working...

ANDREW

But it was so damn hard!

(Beat)

What I needed, was –

VINCE enters.

VINCE

A drink! To our dead homies.

ANDREW isn't in the mood.

VINCE *(cont'd)*

Or to our broken hearts. Oh, get the fuck over it Andrew. Shit happens. Relationships end. If I lost sleep over every relationship of mine that went to shit I would never sleep. And you are not amused by any of this so I'll stop. But seriously, Andrew, cheer the fuck up. Please. Drink this it'll make you feel better.

VINCE hands ANDREW a cup.

ANDREW

Seven years man...

VINCE

When you drink that it'll be 6. After another, 5, and next thing you know you'll be an exciting young bachelor again. So come on, bud, cheers.

VINCE and ANDREW toast, VINCE more enthusiastically than ANDREW.

VINCE quickly drinks.

ANDREW does not drink yet.

VINCE *(cont'd)*

Appreciate this Andrew, I pulled out all the stops. The stars are out, the bench is dry, the rum is cold – it's like a date.

EMILY

This isn't working -

ANDREW chugs his drink till its finished.

As ANDREW drinks, EMILY'S words slow down.

III... DON'T.... TH... -
EMILY

Hurry, fill my cup.
ANDREW

That's what I'm talking about!
VINCE

- weeeee'rrrreee woorrkkkiinnnggg...
EMILY

ANDREW finishes his drink.

*Lights on EMILY slowly go dark.
ANDREW waits to see if EMILY returns
to his thoughts. She's gone for now.*

There you go.
ANDREW

It's good huh?
VINCE

What? Oh. Yeah.
ANDREW

Malibu and coke. Your drink.
VINCE

Thanks man.
ANDREW

VINCE
7 years? That's nothing. Try 16 years of friendship. I always know what you need to feel better.

ANDREW
We'll see what I need to make me feel better after a few more of these.

ANDREW signals for more.

VINCE
Coming right up boss.

VINCE pours another drink.

VINCE (*cont'd*)

Andrew, trust me man, this is nothing. I mean, what did she do to you? Nothing. It's not like she hurt you. All she did was leave you, Andrew, You're fine.

ANDREW

She broke my heart. But, you know, just my heart. No big deal.

VINCE

She did you wrong Andrew. Who saw this coming? Clearly not you and definitely not me. If I saw it coming I would've told you. I would've said Andrew- you better leave her ass before *she* leaves you.

ANDREW

(Sarcastically:)

Thanks Vince.

VINCE

You're welcome.

(Beat)

And it's always the girls doing this shit too. Leaving out of nowhere. For no reason. Who does that!? Women, that's who. Always women. When guys break up with a girl, there's always a good reason. Always. Like: *you tell me to buy you too much stuff and now I'm broke or you keep looking at other guys and it pisses me off or you know, your ass is crazy woman!* None of this cryptic *just because* bullshit.

(Beat)

Really though man, I see your face and I can see clearly that you're looking at this in the wrong way.

ANDREW

What?

VINCE

You need to look at the positives. That's what you always taught me! Remember? Like in the 7th grade when my bag that had my lunch money got locked inside the classroom and I couldn't eat lunch? You told me to look at the positive that came out from the whole thing. I had more money for the ice cream man after school. This is the same thing man – you just need to look at the positives.

ANDREW

I'm not happy with you comparing my seven-year relationship to the time you forgot your lunch money.

VINCE

But at its core its –

ANDREW

At its core its the girl I loved and a fucking two dollar popsicle. You fucking dick.

VINCE

I'm telling you. There are positives in all of this.

ANDREW

Like what!?! What positives can come from Emily leaving me, Vince? Go ahead. Seven years of my life.

Silence.

VINCE thinks about it and figures one out.

VINCE

Here's one.

You would always ask, "Is Emily really the only girl I'm ever going to have sex with?" Well, look, now we know the answer to that question.

ANDREW just looks at VINCE, exasperated.

VINCE (*cont'd*)

The answer is no. By the way. If you were confused.

ANDREW

Now the question is "Will I ever have sex with anyone ever again?"

VINCE

Yes! The answer is yes!

(Beat)

Look at you. Andrew. I mean, come on. You've been drinking a lot and you should be a mess but you still look... LOOK AT YOU. My god. A work of fucking art is what you are. A work of fucking art. Look, I'll admit it. I'd do you. I would. If I were a straight girl or gay, I would do you in a heartbeat. Unfortunately I'm neither but that does NOT mean that you are never going to –

ANDREW

Please stop.

VINCE

Ok. Fine. But I'm just saying – the clear positive from this whole ordeal is that you can jump right back up after this and find yourself some ladies to –

ANDREW

Stop.

VINCE

Fine.

(Beat)

I don't know what you're sulking around for.

ANDREW

(Under his breath:)

My girlfriend left me...

VINCE

You don't need her Andrew. If anything, she needed you. You know what I mean? You did so much for her! What did she ever do for you?

ANDREW

(Under his breath:)

Everything...

VINCE

You know, you are making it very hard for me to make you feel better by defending her so damn much.

ANDREW

There was nothing wrong with her.

VINCE

She left you.

ANDREW

I know that.

VINCE

So move on!

ANDREW

NO!

(Beat)

I need to figure out why she left me.

VINCE

You don't need to do that.

ANDREW

Yes I do.

VINCE

Don't put yourself through that.

ANDREW

I need to know what it was I did. Or what I didn't do. What I could have done. I just need to know.

VINCE

Why?

ANDREW

Because then maybe, I can fix it. Ok? Is that such a bad thing?

...

Maybe if I know what I should have done, I can go back and fix it. Fix us. I can get Emily back and we can put all of this shit behind us. Pretend like it never happened. I don't care. I just want to go home tonight and lie in bed staring at her until I fall asleep. That's all I want.

Pause.

VINCE

When did she leave you again?

ANDREW

A few hours ago.

(Beat)

So let me sit and mope about it. Pour me another fucking drink.

VINCE

We're out.

Silence.

EMILY re-appears.

EMILY

This isn't working.

(Pause)

I don't think we're working...

...

Anymore...

ANDREW

Figures...

VINCE

What?

Nothing... Just talking to myself...

ANDREW

*VINCE nods his head and pats ANDREW
on the back.*

They sit and watch the sky.

END OF EXCERPT