

Sometimes People Love You And You Feel Sad

written by

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INT.ROOM- NIGHT

Four people enter one at time, filling the empty seats in front of them. Nobody acknowledges each other.

VISITOR #1: female, at first blush she come's off cold, astute, distant.

VISITOR #2: male, fed up, at a point in his life feeling like the world owes him something.

VISITOR #3: male, artist, laissez faire attitude, constantly soul searching.

VISITOr #4: female, scared, carries a guitar.

#1 enters with phone in her hand, texting endlessly. #4 follows behind, unsure if she's in the right room, afraid to sit. #3 is fidgeting with a newspaper in his hand, fills the seat right in front of #4. #3 strolls in casual like, sits where he sees fit hence deciding where #4 gets to sit.

#4

If I scream --

#1

Maybe it's me, I don't know, I don't know anymore. But if it's love then it shouldn't be this sad you know.

(about her fiancée)

I mean she left. She left. And he won't get over her. And I can't force him to like me. I can't force him to give me a chance, I shouldn't be begging him to feel or share things that people in relationships should...

(beat)

Whenever her name comes up it's like we're in the middle of a silent movie and everything's playing in his head. And I don't read minds! I can't reach him... So maybe I should accept it. I'm second, second choice, second best, seconds away from being the girl he just happens to be with, the one he loves because he couldn't have the girl he wanted, the one he never stop loving...

(to herself, fidgeting with a ring)

And it hurts... because I'm here. I'm here! And I don't matter, not the way I'm supposed to...

Silence.

#3

Does he love you?

#1

As much as he can--

#2

(shakes his head)

It isn't enough is it? It can't be.

#1

Not anymore.

#2

(about his wife)

Because I'm sick of it, sick of having emotions for the both of us. I know she's sinking, I know she's going under but I can't be the husband and the wife. I can't be the father and the mother. I lost a child here too. But I don't get to feel sorry for myself, that's her thing. Eat, sleep and cry, that's all she's done these last six months! And I'm the bad guy when I say it, when I get frustrated, angry, god forbid I get to complain! But whilst she's 'busy' doing all that we have a son-- six months-- being neglected. I can't tell you if he knows what his own mother looks like because she won't even go near him! But she needs time, she needs help... What about us? What about him? What about me? Try being the guy everybody wants something from! I have to be strong for her, for the both of them, for me... and I can't do it anymore! I'm done... I give up and...and I'm tired of feeling sorry about it.

#3

So you're just going to pick up and leave, abandon her?

#2

(sharply)

She doesn't get to feel abandoned.

#4

If I scream--

#1

She's in pain--

#2

So am I! Where's my sympathy?

Silence...

#2 (CON'T)

It's time to walk away.

Silence...

#4

If I--

#3

I'll go next.

(beat)

Either everybodys heart's beating
but mine or everybody's dead but
me.

(about his choice to be
an artist)

In one hand I've got a bag--
ambition-- at least it's promise,
in the other it's a map, the
plan, conquer the world with my
idealism, that sort of thing. And
all I have to do is jump. Take the
step. If I fall, I fall. If I fly,
so be it. Doesn't that sound like
somebody who's ready, content? I
feel more in control now than when
I was eighteen deciding who I want
to be at forty-- a civil engineer
by the way-- but isn't that as
close to fearlessness as you can
get? So why am I holding back?

#1

Maybe you're wrong about all of it
and you're afraid it's true--

#3

I've never been more sure about
anything...

#2

If that were true then that bag
should be more than promise.
Living's for the brave--

#4

(into the distance)

I hate that word. I hate it!
'Brave'. 'You're so brave, you're
so brave' they tell me... Then why
do I feel scared all the time.

(shaky)

If I- if I...

(sings)

I trusted him with my heart and
myself
And he played me for hell, couldn't
careless if I'm well.
I begged of him, to let me go, I
won't tell,

(MORE)

#4 (cont'd)

He said no, hit the ground, make a
sound you'd be pounded and left for
dead...

If I scream would you scream with
me
You know that it hurts to sleep
I'm bleeding internally,
There's no hope that's chasing me,
So if I scream would you scream
with me...

(speaks)

If I scream would you scream with
me.

THE END