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*Dramatic Publishing*

# Some Sweet Day



By Flip Kobler  
and Cindy Marcus

# Some Sweet Day

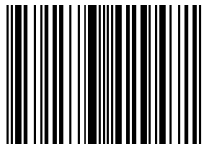
**Comedy. By Flip Kobler and Cindy Marcus.** Cast: 3m., 4w. Ever wonder “what if”? Wish you could go back in time and fix your mistakes? *Some Sweet Day* is a full-throttle romantic comedy where one man is given the chance to do just that. Penned by veteran Disney writers Flip Kobler and Cindy Marcus (*The Lion King II: Simba’s Pride* and *Beauty and the Beast: The Enchanted Christmas*), *Some Sweet Day* is a comic romp that explores a love triangle between two people. Ken regrets losing the girl of his dreams 24 years ago. He’s obsessed with building a machine that will take him back in time to fix his mistakes. When fate grants his wish, he finds himself 25 years in the past. With the help of his best friend, Greta, he plays Cyrano to himself, desperate to get his younger version to marry Jenny. But his younger self is just as stubborn as the older version and refuses to listen to advice from an old man. As he tries to bring the lovebirds together, Ken falls for Jenny all over again and is now trying to woo the girl away from ... well, himself! Ken’s business partner, Reece, Greta’s granola-mom, Stormy, and shrewd entrepreneur, Emma, all add to the confusion and the fun as the plot accelerates into avalanche mode. *Some Sweet Day* is mostly a high-octane romantic comedy, but it also takes a serious look at life, our time on this planet and the price we pay for regret. *One int. set.* Approximate running time: 1 hour, 50 minutes. Code: S1T.

Cover: Knightsbridge Theater, Los Angeles, Calif., featuring  
(l-r) Anadel Baughn and Jessica Stone.

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# Some Sweet Day

A timely comedy by

FLIP KOBLER and CINDY MARCUS



**Dramatic Publishing Company**

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*Some Sweet Day* was first produced at the Knightsbridge Theatre in Los Angeles on April 1, 2011. The production was directed by Cindy Marcus. Dennis Poore co-directed and composed the original music.

Producer ..... Joseph P. Stachura  
Associate Producer..... Rene Guerrero  
Coordinating Producer ..... Rebecca Reed  
Lighting Design ..... J.C. Gafford  
Make-up Design..... Laura Andrews  
Prop Mistress ..... Suzy Stone  
Original Artwork..... Erika Steele and Joseph Carter

The original cast:

Stormy..... Anadel Baughn  
Emma ..... Ann Harris  
Ken..... Flip Kobler  
Jenny ..... Kate McCoy  
Reece..... Daniel Scott  
Casey..... Nicaolas Smith  
Greta..... Jessica Stone

# Some Sweet Day

## CHARACTERS

**KEN (m):** Middle-aged. Funny, über-smart. An obsessive inventor who dreams of the life he didn't get. Longs to go back and fix it.

**CASEY (m):** The younger Ken, mid- to late 20s. So obsessed with his machine he doesn't realize it's costing him the love of his life.

**JENNY (w):** Mid- to late 20s. A babe of a babe. An artist in love with Casey but tired of waiting.

**GRETA (w):** Mid- to late 20s. The big-hearted, but somehow goofy, best friend. Lost, unable to settle down. Always waiting for Mr. Right to pop the question.

**STORMY (w):** Greta's mom. A would-be psychic who wants the best for her daughter, even if her daughter doesn't know it yet. (This actress also plays the older Greta in Scene 1.)

**REECE (m):** Casey's best buddy and financial partner. Hates that he's not as bright as Casey. A yuppie in search of an angle.

**EMMA (w):** Middle-aged, 50s. A no-nonsense woman who knows what she wants and goes after it.



## SETTING

The living room of a modest house in Anytown, U.S.A. There's a front door in the upstage wall. A door to the kitchen L. A bedroom door DR. Steps that lead upstairs are UR. There's a sofa, an easy chair, bookcases and a few stools around. The place has a generic feel, not decorated for any specific time period. This allows for change between present and past with just a few pillows, throws and paintings.

About the paintings. Jenny's art is hanging around the place. Abstracts, still life's, landscapes, you name it. Use your imagination and local talent.

## PRODUCTION NOTES

Cultural references within the script may be updated or changed as the production sees fit. For instance, Emma refers to music from 50 years ago, while Ken refers to music from 30 years ago.

# Some Sweet Day

## SCENE 1

*(We're in a home. There's a front door and some windows on the back wall that look out onto trees. A kitchen is off the L wall. Stairs UR lead to the second story. A door DR leads to GRETA's bedroom and KEN's office. A couch, some chairs, a cupboard. Very middle class. But art on the walls. One of a very pretty girl. We'll meet her in a while, hold your horses. The rest of the place is pretty generic. A few dusty boxes are scattered about. Outside, a dark and stormy night howls. Lightning flashes and thunder rolls. We can hear the rain. KEN is there, talking into a Dictaphone thingy.)*

KEN. Personal journal. Kenneth Charles “Casey” Jack. Me. And this is Jennifer Blake. *(He shows us the painting.)* The only woman I've ever loved. We had a fairy tale wedding. Moved into our perfect home here. Had two point five kids. Becky, Michael and little Semi.

*(GRETA, played by the same actress as STORMY throughout this scene, enters silently.)*

KEN *(cont'd)*. Jenny grew old with me and the best was yet to be.

GRETA. What?

KEN *(startled, hiding the Dictaphone behind his back)*. What?!

GRETA. What?

KEN. What?

GRETA. What?

KEN. WHAT?!

GRETA. WHAT?!

KEN. How'd you get in?

GRETA. I used to live here remember? I have a key.

KEN. You don't knock?

GRETA (*in case he's dumb as a turnip*). I have a key. Who were you talking to?

KEN. Nobody.

GRETA. You were talking to yourself?

KEN. Yes.

GRETA. You're not nobody.

KEN. I could be nobody.

GRETA. What's behind your back?

KEN. Nothing.

GRETA. What're you, 3 years old?

KEN. I wish. (*GRETA snags the Dictaphone.*) I'm recording the story of my life.

GRETA (*into the Dictaphone*). Hi. This is Greta Wilkenson, your substitute narrator for the evening. I've been Ken's best friend since first grade at Camp Chimacowen. We used to be roommates but were never "involved—"

KEN (*reaching for the thing, missing*). Greta.

GRETA. I enjoy long walks on the beach and cozy nights by the fire—

KEN. Greta! (*He snags and misses again.*)

GRETA. And I want you to know everything Casey just said is complete crap.

KEN (*finally snagging it back*). What are you doing?

GRETA. OK, first off, I'm helping.

KEN. You don't have to help.

GRETA. Good friends do. Best friends must.

KEN. You don't have to must.

GRETA (*off the Dictaphone*). And second, you're lying to yourself? You don't find that a pretty low pathetic bar?

KEN. OK, so it's not the story of my life.

GRETA. No kidding. Come on, I made dinner reservations.  
We'll be late.

KEN. This is the story of how my life was supposed to go.

GRETA. Oh god, again? You got it, didn't you.

KEN. What?

GRETA. OK, first of all, do not even what me. Second, you got the invite to our high school reunion. Every time a reunion rolls around you get all melancholy, morose, maudlin and other "M" things. You dig out the yearbook and this box of memories.

KEN. It's research.

GRETA. Tomato. (*Pronounced toe-may-toe.*)

KEN. Tomato. (*Pronounced toe-mah-toe.*)

GRETA. Can we just go?

KEN. You don't ever want to walk down memory lane?

GRETA. Yes. And sometimes I like to walk other places too.  
Let's walk out the door.

KEN (*digs through the box of photos*). You and me at Camp Chimacowen.

GRETA. And go to dinner.

KEN. Hey, look. The day we first moved into this place.

GRETA (*looking at the photo*). And it looks exactly the same.  
Have you heard about that exciting new thing they have now? What's it called? Paint!

KEN. My first car.

GRETA. Tenth grade science award to Mr. Kenneth Charles Jack.  
This is when everybody knew you were a certifiable genius.

KEN. Thank you. Hey, look. Here's a picture of you, me, Jenny and Reece. The four musketeers. God, were we ever that young?

GRETA. You look so different.

KEN. That was pre-accident.

GRETA. Before you went all Mark Hamill. You were cute back then.

KEN. Back then?

GRETA. Yeah. Now you look ...

KEN. Better. You're thinking of better.

GRETA. I am? Wow, I'm generous. Look at Reece. (*She plays with her hair as she looks at the photo. She gets the giggles when she talks about him.*) Think Reece will be at the reunion?

KEN. Why, you wanna get married again?

GRETA. Ha-ha-ha. Hahahahahahaha. He did kinda have a Ralph Macchio thing going, huh?

KEN. Very outsidery.

GRETA. And very long ago. (*She puts it back in the box and finds an old hoodie sweatshirt.*) Whoa, you kept my hoodie? (*Trying it on.*) Look, still fits. Come on. Let's eat.

KEN. Look. Here's a good one of Jenny. God, she was beautiful. This is the last shot ever taken.

GRETA (*snatching back the picture*). What? Oh man, this is like a week before she left for Rome.

KEN. I shoulda stopped her.

GRETA. Oh please. She was a grown woman and made up her own mind. You had no way of knowing she'd die over there.

KEN. Your mother warned me.

GRETA. OK, first of all, my mother hated you.

KEN. She really did.

GRETA. Second of all, she was not psychic. Car accidents are random. People die all the time.

KEN. I shoulda asked her to marry me.

GRETA. But you didn't.

KEN. Maybe I could.

GRETA (*cue the ton of bricks*). Oh my god. Where is it Casey?  
(*Lightning. Thunder.*)

KEN. What?

GRETA. You know what.

KEN. Really don't. Come on, we'll be late. (*He suddenly wants to get out of there.*)

GRETA. You are a horrible liar.

KEN. You hungry? I'm starving.

(*GRETA crosses near KEN and pulls a towel off a strange high-tech thingamajig. KEN looks busted.*)

GRETA. I knew it. Every time you start lookin' in the rear view you dig this thingamajig out.

KEN. It's not a thingamajig. It is a highly complex piece of scientific hardware.

GRETA (*starts beating her head against the nearest hard object*). Arrrrrrrghhhhh. You either need to stop talking or kill me now.

KEN. I was reading some of the new scientific journals online.

GRETA (*beating her head harder*). Stop ... talking. Stop talking. Stop talking ...

KEN. Cellphone batteries are getting smaller and more powerful. That may be the key to getting this thing to work.

GRETA. You need to stop obsessing over this.

KEN. It's not an obsession, sweetbear. It's ... a hobby.

GRETA. No, stamp collecting is a hobby. Scuba diving. Model railroads. Making boomerangs is a hobby. You CAN-NOT build a time machine.

KEN. Ach-ach, excuse me, I did build a time machine. I simply can't power the time machine. (*He picks it up and fiddles with it.*)

GRETA. Maybe I could choke on the hood part. (*She tries to eat the sweatshirt.*)

KEN. You don't think going back in time is worth the effort?

GRETA. Can we go back to before you started talking about this? Again!

KEN. I shoulda asked her to marry me.

GRETA. Shouldawouldacoulda. You didn't.

KEN. If I can get some power, I could.

GRETA. This is your life Casey.

KEN. It's not the life I shoulda had.

GRETA. It's the life you've got.

KEN. Doesn't have to be the one I'm stuck with.

GRETA. You're not stuck. You can do whatever you want.

KEN. I wanna go back.

GRETA. Why? Huh? You have a good life. You travel all over the world studying the great masters of art. You speak Italian.

KEN. Do you know why?

GRETA. You got awards and medals. You're published in a bunch of scientific journals. You taught quantum physics at Harvard for god's sake.

KEN. They fired me.

GRETA. Yes. For obsessing over this machine. They don't teach irony at Harvard?

KEN. I teach science at the junior college.

GRETA (*trying to put a good face on it*). Which gives you summers off.

KEN. I was going to change the scientific world.

GRETA. You can date whoever you want now. You've got freedom, money, independence. That's the key to happiness.

KEN. Oh man. (*Laughing.*) When did you turn into your mother?

GRETA (*pissed*). I am nothing like my mother.

KEN. You are a clone of your mom. You look like her. You talk like her.

GRETA. I am not a hippie. I hate granola, and I don't pretend to be a psychic. And I don't hate you.

KEN. You're right. Night and day, you and your mom.

GRETA. Do not change the subject. *(Lightning and thunder.)*

KEN. Fine. You don't want a second chance?

GRETA. OK, first, there are no second chances. Second, I have a life. You should get one—

KEN & GRETA. They're all the rage. Jinx, owe me a Coke.

GRETA. Casey. Come with me. We'll get dinner. Dessert even. I'll let you tell me all about Jenny over and over again. OK? OK?

KEN. I'll get my coat.

GRETA. I'll be in the car.

*(GRETA heads outside, KEN grabs a jacket and looks to the high-tech gizmo in his hand.)*

KEN. It'll work. Someday.

*(He walks out the door with the gadget. Suddenly there's a blinding flash of lightning. Thunder hammers so hard it jolts us in our seats. KEN has been struck by lightning. He screams as we snap to BLACKOUT.)*

## SCENE 2

*(A few moments later. The place looks the same, except for the subtle changes. Different art on the walls. The storm is gone and sunlight streams through the windows. KEN enters, dizzy and confused.)*

KEN. Whoa. Oh man, what happened? Think. I was here when the storm—Lightning. I was struck by lightning? Oh man,



I was struck by lightning. How cool is that? Unless it's not. (*Worriedly he checks his pulse. Still there.*) No, it's pretty cool. And the storm is ... gone? What, did Greta just leave me in the driveway all night? Where's my cellphone?

*(He heads upstairs. The instant he's gone GRETA enters with a bag of groceries, humming loudly to herself. She wears the hoodie so we can't see much of her face. She exits into the kitchen as KEN hobbles back in from the bedroom.)*

KEN (*cont'd*). Greta? Is that you?

*(He looks around, then exits outside to look for her. At that moment, GRETA re-enters, still humming. KEN re-enters and moves behind her.)*

KEN (*cont'd*). Greta. There you are. You just left me overnight—  
GRETA. Ahhhhhhhhhh!

KEN. What?!

GRETA. Intruder!

KEN (*spinning madly*). Where?!

GRETA. Stay away from me!

KEN. What's wrong?

*(GRETA runs across the room. KEN follows. She whips on him and unloads a can of pepper spray into his face. He goes down, blind and wiggling out.)*

GRETA. Personal space, hello!

KEN. AHHHHHHH! Urrrgh. Sweet holy mother of—

GRETA. Get out of here!

KEN. Son of a—

GRETA. Leave me alone!

KEN. I can't see! I'm blind. I need a towel. Towel!

GRETA (*picking up a pillow*). Don't touch me.

KEN. Why? Are you a towel?

GRETA. I've got a—a—a thing.

KEN. A towel?

GRETA. No.

KEN. A gun?

GRETA. No.

KEN. A knife?

GRETA. No.

KEN. A strongly worded letter?

GRETA. No!

KEN. It's not more mace, is it?

GRETA. No, shut up, it's a thing.

KEN. A thing?

GRETA. Yes. A thing, I have a thingy and I'm not afraid to use it?

KEN. I'm kinda blind can you describe the thing—

GRETA. Shut up! Just shut up! What do you want?

*(She pulls back her hood and we see she's younger. Like 24 years younger. This is GRETA. A younger GRETA played by a different actress than GRETA in scene 1.)*

GRETA (*cont'd*). Answer me!

*(GRETA whacks KEN with the pillow.)*

KEN. You told me to shut up!

GRETA. What are you doing in my house?

*(Whack.)*

KEN. Your house?!

GRETA. Who are you?

*(Whack.)*

KEN. It's me?

GRETA. Me who?

KEN. How many me's do you know?

GRETA. Everybody else.

KEN. It's me. It's Casey.

GRETA. Wrong answer.

*(She whacks him with the pillow again. He screams and tries to crab-crawl away.)*

KEN. What is the matter with you? Are you crazy?

GRETA. I'm nothing like my mother!!

*(Whack-whack-whack.)*

KEN. Calm down.

GRETA. You're the crazy one. I'm not the stalker. I didn't invade your house.

KEN. Yes, you did.

GRETA. When?

KEN. Just now.

GRETA. Liar!!

KEN. Listen, sweetbear—

GRETA. Don't call me that. Only one person gets to call me that.

KEN. Yeah. Me!

GRETA. Stop saying me. You're not a me. You're a you. *(She snags the phone and punches 911.)* I'm calling the police.

KEN. You must be crazy?

GRETA *(into the phone)*. Hello, police. There's a lunatic in my house.

KEN. I didn't mean it. You're not crazy.

GRETA. I'm not crazy. You're the lunatic.

KEN. I'm not a lunatic.

GRETA. Well, I don't know the medical term.

KEN (*stumbling around like a blind mummy, arms outstretched and bumping into things*). It's me. It's Casey Jack.

GRETA. Stop saying that.

KEN. Why don't you recognize me?

GRETA. I don't know you.

KEN. You've always known me. We went to first grade together, remember? You thought if you ate crayons it'd make your breath puff out in colors on cold mornings. You had a crush on Rick Springfield. You hate grated apples.

GRETA. You've been stalking me? (*Into the phone.*) He's been stalking me.

KEN. I haven't. Wait. I know. Our junior year of high school, right in the middle of homecoming, and that jerkwad Gary—

GRETA. His name was Glen.

KEN. Glen. Right.

GRETA. And he wasn't a jerkwad.

KEN. Glen broke up with you in front of everybody.

GRETA. What a jerkwad.

KEN. And we got amped up on Mountain Dew and got matching tattoos.

*(He tweaks down his shirt to expose a tattoo on his shoulder. GRETA freezes, then tugs down her own shirt to reveal a matching tattoo. Puzzlement replaces the anger in her soul.)*

GRETA (*into the phone*). What? My address? I don't ... I think he's ... bye. (*She hangs up.*) Casey? Oh my god, is that you?

KEN. Yes, it's me.