



WE LIVE HERE

BY ZOE KAZAN



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

WE LIVE HERE
Copyright © 2013, Zoe Kazan

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of WE LIVE HERE is subject to payment of a royalty. It is fully protected under the copyright laws of the United States of America, and of all countries covered by the International Copyright Union (including the Dominion of Canada and the rest of the British Commonwealth), and of all countries covered by the Pan-American Copyright Convention, the Universal Copyright Convention, the Berne Convention, and of all countries with which the United States has reciprocal copyright relations. All rights, including without limitation professional/amateur stage rights, motion picture, recitation, lecturing, public reading, radio broadcasting, television, video or sound recording, all other forms of mechanical, electronic and digital reproduction, transmission and distribution, such as CD, DVD, the Internet, private and file-sharing networks, information storage and retrieval systems, photocopying, and the rights of translation into foreign languages are strictly reserved. Particular emphasis is placed upon the matter of readings, permission for which must be secured from the Author's agent in writing.

The English language stock and amateur stage performance rights in the United States, its territories, possessions and Canada for WE LIVE HERE are controlled exclusively by DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., 440 Park Avenue South, New York, NY 10016. No professional or nonprofessional performance of the Play may be given without obtaining in advance the written permission of DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC., and paying the requisite fee.

Inquiries concerning all other rights should be addressed to the Gersh Agency, 41 Madison Avenue, 33rd Floor, New York, NY 10010. Attn: Joyce Ketay.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce WE LIVE HERE is required to give credit to the Author as sole and exclusive Author of the Play on the title page of all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play and in all instances in which the title of the Play appears for purposes of advertising, publicizing or otherwise exploiting the Play and/or a production thereof. The name of the Author must appear on a separate line, in which no other name appears, immediately beneath the title and in size of type equal to 50% of the size of the largest, most prominent letter used for the title of the Play. No person, firm or entity may receive credit larger or more prominent than that accorded the Author. The following acknowledgment must appear on the title page in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play:

Originally commissioned by Manhattan Theatre Club,
Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer,
with funds provided by Bank of America
and received its world premiere there on September 22, 2011.

SPECIAL NOTE ON SONGS AND RECORDINGS

For performances of copyrighted songs, arrangements or recordings mentioned in this Play, the permission of the copyright owner(s) must be obtained. Other songs, arrangements or recordings may be substituted provided permission from the copyright owner(s) of such songs, arrangements or recordings is obtained; or songs, arrangements or recordings in the public domain may be substituted.

*For Maya,
with all my love*

WE LIVE HERE received its world premiere at New York City Center, Stage 1, presented by the Manhattan Theatre Club (Lynne Meadow, Artistic Director; Barry Grove, Executive Producer) on September 22, 2011. It was directed by Sam Gold; the set design was by John Lee Beatty; the costume design was by David Zinn; the lighting design was by Ben Stanton; the music and sound design were by Ryan Rumery; the fight director was Thomas Schall; and the production stage manager was David H. Lurie. The cast was as follows:

LAWRENCE	Mark Blum
ALTHEA	Jessica Collins
DINAH	Betty Gilpin
MAGGIE	Amy Irving
DANIEL	Oscar Isaac
SANDY	Jeremy Shamos

CHARACTERS

LAWRENCE (mid-50s to early 60s)

MAGGIE (mid-50s)

DINAH (19)

ALTHEA (29 and 15)

DANIEL (30 and 16)

SANDY (mid-to-late 30s)

PLACE

The communal areas of an old house
in a New England college town.

TIME

The present, and fourteen years before.

From all this evidence, could I not build up a strong case to prove why I am not happy at all? I could, but it would be a false picture, as false as if I were to describe a tree only as it looks in winter.

—Oscar Hammerstein II

*And I ran my hand o'er a strange inversion
As the darkness turned into the dawn ...
The child is gone.*

—Fiona Apple

WE LIVE HERE

ACT ONE

Scene 1

Lawrence and Maggie's living room, in an old New England house in a rural college town. The bones of the house are old-fashioned, but the interior has been renovated. The front door is stage right. Upstage are various doors to other rooms and a staircase to the second story. Wall space is filled with heavily stocked bookshelves and family portraits. Stage left are French doors, open onto the garden. It is early summer.

The room is clean except for a huge mess downstage: discarded wrapping paper, boxes in some state of being unwrapped, dishware, silver, small kitchen appliances, etc. In the middle of this mess is Maggie. She has her legs stretched out and a legal pad between them. She is writing something, holding a vase in one hand.

MAGGIE. *(As she writes.)* Vase. Small. Blue. Unattractive. *(She looks at the card.)* The Vaughns. *(Dinah enters through the front door, carrying a knapsack.)*

DINAH. Mom!

MAGGIE. *(Not looking up.)* What.

DINAH. ... I'm home?

MAGGIE. Great.

DINAH. Mom. *(Maggie looks up, sees Dinah.)*

MAGGIE. Oh my god, you're home! What time is it? Have you eaten? There's pasta in the fridge —

DINAH. I'm fine.

MAGGIE. Daddy can go to the store, get those sausages you like.

DINAH. I'm not hungry.

MAGGIE. You're not going to have lunch?

DINAH. Where's Daddy?

MAGGIE. He was here a second ago. (*Dinah runs off.*) LARRY! It is like living with a ghost, I swear to god. LAWRENCE! (*Dinah runs back on.*) Honey, have a snack.

DINAH. I said I'm fine.

MAGGIE. At least have a glass of water. It's good to hydrate after you travel.

DINAH. That's for airplanes, Mom.

MAGGIE. Still. (*Dinah goes into the kitchen. Maggie opens another gift. It baffles her.*) "Self-watering pot"?

DINAH. (*Off, loud.*) Can I eat these pears?

MAGGIE. (*Loud.*) Which ones?

DINAH. (*Off.*) The ones in the fridge?

MAGGIE. (*Loud.*) The ones in the green paper?

DINAH. (*Off.*) Maybe?

MAGGIE. (*Loud.*) You can eat the ones that aren't in the green paper, but don't eat the ones that are in the green paper, I'm saving those for the tart. (*Dinah reenters empty-handed. She watches Maggie unwrapping a gift.*)

DINAH. Are those Allie's presents?

MAGGIE. Hers and Sandy's yes.

DINAH. Their wedding presents.

MAGGIE. Yes, their wedding presents. This way Allie can get started on her thank you notes.

DINAH. Does she, um, does she know you're opening them?

MAGGIE. Dinah, it's just another thing to get done. Now, are you going to help me or not? (*Dinah sits. Maggie hands her the list.*) Okay. This is "Wooden Salad Bowl from ... Sheryl and Phil." I wonder if Phil carved this himself. (*She inspects the bottom of the bowl.*) Made in Taiwan. Well, it's the thought that counts.

DINAH. Why are there so many repeats?

MAGGIE. I have no idea.

DINAH. So, is Allie around?

MAGGIE. Uh ... no. She and Sandy went to get groceries. (*Remembering.*) That's right! They're in town! Sandy got a flat tire, and your father went to bring them a spare. They're all in town.

DINAH. So how is he?
MAGGIE. You know your father, I have no idea what he's thinking.
DINAH. I meant Sandy.
MAGGIE. Oh, Sandy.
DINAH. Is he like, freaking out, or ...
MAGGIE. No, he seems ... very calm. I don't know why, the way they're jumping into this —
DINAH. I can't picture Allie with a boyfriend.
MAGGIE. Well.
DINAH. I can't wait to meet him.
MAGGIE. Oh, he's lovely. Lovely. Your father thinks he's inadequate.
DINAH. He said that?
MAGGIE. I can tell.
DINAH. Inadequate how?
MAGGIE. He seems a little gay.
DINAH. Mom.
MAGGIE. But you know he's a painter.
DINAH. Gay how?
MAGGIE. I don't know honey. Gay like a Mormon, not gay like a fireman. Another goddamn coffee pot. Isn't a registry supposed to circumvent this?
DINAH. It would be just like Allie to marry a gay.
MAGGIE. "A Gay." Who says that? Oh, honey, I need you to clear out your closet, the door won't close and poor Sandy has to look at your mess.
DINAH. What is he doing in my room?
MAGGIE. He's staying in there.
DINAH. But ... Where am I supposed to sleep?
MAGGIE. You'll be down here. It's very comfortable.
DINAH. Why can't he stay at their place?
MAGGIE. Boston's too far. And the traffic.
DINAH. I've never even met him and he's going to sleep in my bed?
MAGGIE. Well he can't be in with Allie. It's their wedding, there are traditions.
DINAH. Why can't he stay in the other room?
MAGGIE. Daddy's study has all the wedding prep.
DINAH. No, the other room.
MAGGIE. What other room?
DINAH. Andi's room.

MAGGIE. Dinah. There are all the boxes, I don't have time to make it nice.

DINAH. I'll stay in there.

MAGGIE. Is that what you want?

DINAH. It's better than down here.

MAGGIE. Well, if that's what you think.

DINAH. I mean, if you don't want me in there...

MAGGIE. It doesn't matter to me. I have to make a bed for you either way.

DINAH. I can make the bed.

MAGGIE. Great, you know where the linens are.

DINAH. Great. (*Dinah starts up the stairs.*) Um, Mom? Hypothetically? I could bring someone to the wedding, right?

MAGGIE. Dinah.

DINAH. Hypothetically.

MAGGIE. Hypothetically we'd be very happy to accommodate if you had asked, say, a week ago. Or, you know, a month ago. We'd have to rearrange.

DINAH. But you did say I could bring someone.

MAGGIE. (*Picking up on the scent.*) Who? A friend?

DINAH. Sort of?

MAGGIE. A boyfriend?

DINAH. Maybe?

MAGGIE. Is it serious?

DINAH. Kind of, not really, I don't know.

MAGGIE. (*Going back to the presents.*) That doesn't sound very definite.

DINAH. Yeah. (*Pause.*) Mom?

MAGGIE. You have my attention. You don't have to keep saying my name. What is it?

DINAH. I just wanted to make sure if I did bring him, we'd have room.

MAGGIE. Have you invited him?

DINAH. Not ... completely.

MAGGIE. Well, if you're going to have someone with you, I suppose you'll have to be in Andi's room.

DINAH. I guess.

MAGGIE. Then you better make the bed. (*Silence.*)

DINAH. Mom?

MAGGIE. WHAT.

WE LIVE HERE

by Zoe Kazan

3M, 3W

Allie Bateman's wedding is Sunday. When Dinah, her precocious younger sister, returns to their parents' home for the festivities, she brings more than anyone expected: a new boyfriend, whose hidden history resurrects passions and painful memories for the whole family. Over one emotionally charged weekend, the Batemans find they must acknowledge and accept loss to gain hope for regeneration.

"Ms. Kazan [is] a writer of believable dialogue with a feel for the basic building blocks of naturalistic drama."

—**The New York Times**

"Zoe Kazan is bursting with talent."

—**Entertainment Weekly**

"The work proves to be an acutely observed family drama."

—**TheatreMania**

Also by Zoe Kazan
ABSALOM

ISBN 978-0-8222-2585-0



9 780822 225850

DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.