



**NO WAY AROUND
BUT THROUGH**

BY SCOTT CAAN



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
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Originally presented at the Falcon Theatre, Burbank, California,
Gary K. Marshall, Kathleen Marshall LaGambina and Sherry Greczmiel, Producers.

Produced at the Falcon Theatre in conjunction with The Mineral Theatre Company,
June 2012, Mike O'Malley, Producer.

NO WAY AROUND BUT THROUGH received its world premiere at the Falcon Theatre, presented by Falcon Theatre and Mineral Theatre Company, in Burbank, California, opening on June 3, 2012. It was directed by Val Lauren; costume design was by Kim DeShazo; the costume associate was Kacy Byxbee; the set design was by Keith Mitchell; the lighting design was by Nick McCord; the sound design was by Robert Arturo Ramirez; and the projections were by Moe Dean. The cast was as follows:

JACOB Scott Caan
LULU Melanie Griffith
HOLLY Robyn Cohen
RACHEL Bre Blair
FRANK Val Lauren

CHARACTERS

JACOB

HOLLY

FRANK

RACHEL

LULU

NO WAY AROUND BUT THROUGH

ACT ONE

Scene 1

DAWN

Lights up on a park bench. Desolate, Except for a man and a woman. Both in their 30s. They sit. The man, Jacob, seems stressed. The woman too, Holly, but she plays it off.

HOLLY. Do you believe that things happen for a reason, Jake?

JACOB. What kind of question is that?

HOLLY. I think it's appropriate.

JACOB. Right now? You think it's appropriate, right now?

HOLLY. Right now, specifically. Yes. Very.

JACOB. Well, I strongly disagree, and I can't answer that question ...
Right now. Specifically.

HOLLY. Well, I'm afraid you're going to have to.

JACOB. And I'm afraid I can't.

HOLLY. You have to.

JACOB. I can't right now.

HOLLY. You have to right now.

JACOB. Why?

HOLLY. Because I am pregnant right now, and we need to figure this out. *(Jake explodes out of his seat.)*

JACOB. Right now. I know. God, why is it always like this?

HOLLY. Please don't.

JACOB. Please don't what, Holly?

HOLLY. Make me feel the way that you are making me feel right now.

JACOB. I'm trying to get to it here. This feeling. I'm listening. I'm not ready to respond. I'm just ... Give me a second.

HOLLY. And also, please don't lead me to believe that this is a place that you regular, or that you are used to, or whatever. And if by chance that is the case, lie to me, please. It's always like this? I mean, are you a complete idiot? Come on.

JACOB. I do not mean to say it as if I am the subject for what "it is always like." I was referring to the general. The we in general. The us. The my side. Our side, meaning from what I have heard or been a part of as a listener or third party. This!!! How it goes in general. I Man, you Woman. What have we done, how could we be so insensitive, and don't you know what they are going through. You Woman. Me Man. Is that clear? Because that's all I'm saying here.

HOLLY. Why are you talking like this?

JACOB. This is how I talk. I always talk this way. What way? How am I talking? I mean, you'll have to forgive me if I seem a bit off.

HOLLY. I'm scared. I'm freaked out, and I'm scared.

JACOB. SEE!!! That's what I'm saying. Me too. And the general ... The protocol in these situations is what I have already explained, and I'm now saying, again, I'm freaked out too. This is not a one-way street, and I would appreciate you recognizing that. I have things too, and to assume I do not in a situation like this, would be a horrible cliché and I would hate that. So, if you can help, maybe we just skip that part, okay? Just skip it and evolve, simply be humans who talk to one another and come to healthy logical conclusions. And we're both allowed to be scared. (*She starts to cry.*) I'm sorry.

HOLLY. I love you.

JACOB. I love you too.

HOLLY. I love you different.

JACOB. We just don't ...

HOLLY. We know each other just fine. I know you.

JACOB. I know you know me, and I know you ... Just not ... like ... It's different.

HOLLY. I know. It's different. That's what I said. And I mean it, as I'm sure you do as well. But different. Our different is just different.

JACOB. This is not ... Right now.

HOLLY. It's relevant, and don't say it's not. I feel something for

you, and I know you feel something for me too. But it is what it is, and it's just different. We can just silently agree to that. I don't need you telling me, or manipulating me, in order to get what you need here.

JACOB. Manipulate? What do I need? What are you saying?

HOLLY. Do you want this?

JACOB. What are we talking about? This what?

HOLLY. Really, Jake?

JACOB. It's not ... What would I manipulate?

HOLLY. I actually don't even need you to answer, because I know what you want, or rather don't want. I just need you to admit to the fact that it's relevant, the issue of our difference, and then see, from my standpoint, how it is hurtful ... Hurtful beyond what we are presently feeling. It's relevant, and I am hurt by it. And this.

JACOB. Okay. Can I speak?

HOLLY. See? This is something I know about you because I care. Can I speak? That is something you say often. Then you speak. I know this because I know you. And I know about you. I know things. You don't know what I do, because you have not been paying attention to me in the way I pay attention to you.

JACOB. I know things about you.

HOLLY. I won't even say like what, because it doesn't matter. I watch you. I study you. From a place of love, so you know. I keep my distance and allow you space ...

JACOB. Allow me space? We see each other a couple times a week. If that.

HOLLY. Exactly.

JACOB. But that's a choice. We do our thing, whatever it is, and then we say see you next time. I never wonder about it, because it's never been an issue.

HOLLY. To you. Maybe to you.

JACOB. Well, how would I know?

HOLLY. You wouldn't because that's not who I am. I care enough to not make you feel uncomfortable.

JACOB. Well, I don't accept that.

HOLLY. You don't accept it? What does that even mean?

JACOB. I DON'T ACCEPT IT! As a rule. As a grand overwhelming stance I decide to take against all that care to proceed in such a fashion.

HOLLY. Why are you talking this way?

JACOB. This is the way I talk. Maybe you don't pay as close attention as you think.

HOLLY. Fuck you.

JACOB. Fine. But here's what. I do not accept it. You want something, right, or you feel something?

HOLLY. No and yes.

JACOB. Not you. The general. Your hurt. Not you!

HOLLY. Who are we talking about?

JACOB. The people in the world that assume keeping quiet or ignoring the truth is a way in which goals can be met. Forget goals. Just pleasing. I mean what the hell is that anyway? It's like saying sleep well, or enjoy your dinner. It's in the tone. We know what it really means. It means fuck you and I hope you choke on your food. Have a nice time without me. Hope you're having fun. Translation ... I hope you crash your car and die. We need to speak up. We need to say what we are really feeling. At all times! The excuse of I didn't want to hurt your feelings ... Or I didn't want to bother you. Is out! It's just not modern. It doesn't work anymore. I just plain don't accept it.

HOLLY. Okay, fine.

JACOB. Fine?

HOLLY. Yes, fine.

JACOB. Okay. Because you can't expect me to have compassion for a feeling I didn't realize you were having.

HOLLY. Well, that's a whole other topic and something else that we can discuss another time.

JACOB. You're doing it already.

HOLLY. No, I'm not. I'm not doing it already. It's cloudy. I'm trying not to add. Rather to clear up. But if you must know, and if we are to continue, because we clearly have not started a progression forward ... I dis-a-fucking-gree!!! We as humans are meant to search ... That's modern, you asshole! We are to look to the other person and try and figure out what they are going through, because not everyone has the ability to voice what they are feeling at any given moment. Sometimes things take time. You settle into feelings. Only idiots just shout words the second emotions jump into their heads. That's called being a monkey!

JACOB. Okay. Well, we are obviously different.

HOLLY. And that is the clear issue here.

JACOB. I disagree.

HOLLY. Great.

JACOB. For a change.

HOLLY. What change? Like we have something. Or had something to change from to. Your sarcasm is sadly misplaced into something that calls for compassion, rather than humor.

JACOB. What are you talking about? What does any of that mean?

HOLLY. It means fuck you, dude. 'Cause now, not only am I upset and confused, but I'm also just upset.

JACOB. But why?

HOLLY. And fat.

JACOB. That's ridiculous and incredibly premature.

HOLLY. Do you even like me?

JACOB. Are you losing your mind? What the hell are you talking about?

HOLLY. Why not me? That's all. How come? I need you to answer that and have it make sense. To you, I mean. Because sometimes I don't know what the hell is going through your head, so if maybe you can understand it and then explain it to me, we both can have something to work with.

JACOB. This is turning bad.

HOLLY. No. It's not turning.

JACOB. What is the problem?

HOLLY. That's what I am asking you. I give you space. I'm affectionate. I have a job. My ass is up. I have perfect tits.

JACOB. You are amazing.

HOLLY. Then why can't we? (*He really is stumped.*)

JACOB. I have so many ...

HOLLY. Issues, and problems. I know. I'm in the dark about most things, but this I know.

JACOB. Well then?

HOLLY. Well then? Listen to yourself. If you can't listen to anyone else, just hear yourself. Please. You're sad and surrendering.

JACOB. Surrendering to what?

HOLLY. To yourself. I say why. You say because. I say it can be fixed. You say well then?

JACOB. You know, It's as if we are a different species. It's not even language or culture. It's like not understanding body parts or something.

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by Scott Caan

2M, 3W

When Jacob discovers that his girlfriend Holly might be pregnant, he drags his friend Frank into the maddening wormhole that is his psyche, a venture that lands them on the doorstep of Lulu: Jacob's mother and the matriarch of madness herself. However, Holly and her friend Rachel are one step ahead of them. **NO WAY AROUND BUT THROUGH** is a dark, thoughtful and quirky romantic comedy about facing the inevitable dysfunctions of life and love head-on, and it is a reminder to never let where you've been get in the way of where you're going.

"NO WAY AROUND BUT THROUGH gets to matters of the heart in quirky and funny ways ... Caan's gift for writing complex, witty and thoughtful dialogue demonstrates how parents intentionally or unintentionally can really mess up their kids ... Ultimately this play ... is about moving through, not around, emotional baggage into an unknown, but promising future ... a treat for the mind and heart." —**The L.A. Examiner**

"... exudes an affably offbeat humor while drumming a painstaking determination to get at the truth ... Caan is fiercely intense, never swaying from his journey, never giving up or in, always trying new angles in his attempt to find the answers ... The play is satisfying fare and ... will most definitely pull you in and give you a run for your money."

—**BroadwayWorld.com**

"In a word: superb."

—**StageSceneLA.com**

Also by Scott Caan
TWO WRONGS

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