



ALL NEW PEOPLE

BY ZACH BRAFF



DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.

All Rights Reserved

CAUTION: Professionals and amateurs are hereby warned that performance of ALL NEW PEOPLE 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 ALL NEW PEOPLE 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 Creative Artists Agency, 162 Fifth Avenue, 6th Floor, New York, NY 10010. Attn: Corinne Hayoun.

SPECIAL NOTE

Anyone receiving permission to produce ALL NEW PEOPLE 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 acknowledgments must appear on the title page in all programs distributed in connection with performances of the Play:

World premiere produced by Second Stage Theatre, New York, 2011
(Carole Rothman, Artistic Director).

ALL NEW PEOPLE was first presented on stage in the West End of London
by Ambassador Theatre Group.

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.

ALL NEW PEOPLE received its world premiere at Second Stage Theatre (Carole Rothman, Artistic Director; Casey Reitz, Executive Director) in New York City on July 25, 2011. It was directed by Peter DuBois; the set design was by Alexander Dodge; the costume design was by Bobby Frederick Tilley II; the lighting design was by Japhy Weideman; the sound design was by M. L. Dogg; the projection design was by Aaron Rhyne; and the production stage manager was Lori Ann Zepp. The cast was as follows:

CHARLIE Justin Bartha
EMMA Krysten Ritter
MYRON David Wilson Barnes
KIM Anna Camp

CHARACTERS

CHARLIE

EMMA

KIM

MYRON

PLACE

A high-end Long Beach Island, New Jersey beach house.

TIME

The dead of winter.

ALL NEW PEOPLE

Great upbeat music plays as the audience filters in. A scrim covers the stage. A record player sits downstage of the scrim with various records next to it. As the house lights go down: Something like the song “The Buzzards of Bourbon Street” by Gaelic Storm kicks in loud. The scrim rises to reveal Charlie, 35, standing on a chair with an extension cord fashioned as a noose around his neck. He smokes a cigarette.*

We’re in a high-end Long Beach Island, New Jersey beach house. It is the dead of winter. We see snow outside the windows. An unlit fireplace is stage right. On a downbeat of the song, lights are full up and the music changes to sound as though it’s coming from a stereo in the home.

Charlie looks for a place to ash his cigarette, but realizes his reach is limited by the noose. He stretches as far as he can for the ashtray on a nearby counter and tosses it in.

Suddenly, Charlie hears the “bwoop-woop-woop” of a car alarm being turned on. His eyes register his confusion; “Who the fuck could that be?”

EMMA. (*Offstage.*) All right then, Mr. Goldberg; well, I just got to the house and I’ll put all the lights on for you and get the heat started so you’ll be able to have a look at the place without freezing yourselves ... great, and you have the directions? All right, see you in a bit. (*Charlie wrestles with what to do. Just as he begins to try and loosen the cord from around his neck ... Emma enters bundled up. She sees Charlie.*) Oh my God! (*In a scramble to get the noose off of him,*

* See Special Note on Songs and Recordings on copyright page.

Charlie loses his footing on the chair and knocks it over. He begins flailing around, swinging from the noose.) Oh my GOD! Oh my GOD! *(Emma runs over and picks up the chair and helps Charlie steer his legs back onto it.)* Oh my God! What the fuck is wrong with you?! What the fuck is wrong with you?!

CHARLIE. Who the fuck are you?!

EMMA. Who the hell are you and why are you trying to kill yourself in the middle of one of my summer rentals?!

CHARLIE. This is my parents' beach house. You have no right to just barge in here without knocking.

EMMA. It's the middle of winter at the beach! No one's s'posed to be here. I'm trying to rent the place for your parents! I certainly didn't think anybody was gonna be in here trying to hang themselves! To *Riverdance* music!

CHARLIE. I'm not trying to hang myself!

EMMA. Really?! Just going for a little swing then? Just gonna dangle by your neck for a bit and think things over?

CHARLIE. Would you please just get the fuck out of here?!

EMMA. No, I will not! You know, you might start off with a brief thank you to me for saving your life.

CHARLIE. I didn't ask to be saved. What I want, is some fucking privacy!

EMMA. Look, I don't wanna be insensitive.

CHARLIE. Try a little harder.

EMMA. I have no idea what's going on with you or what your current situation is. It does seem a bit like you might be trying to hang yourself with an extension cord, but I'm fully aware that things aren't always what they seem to be: never judge a book by its cover and all that. You may very well have been trying to ... wire up some Christmas lights when you ... tripped and got all tangled up in that extension cord. But if I don't rent a house for next summer soon, I'm gonna be fired and they're gonna try to send me back to bloody fucking England because I don't have a green card or a visa and there aren't too many jobs I can get. Pretty soon I'll be right up there with you, accidentally hanging myself. So would you please do a stranger a tiny kindness before you die and allow me to attempt to rent your parents' ridiculously expensive beach house to this nice Jewish couple Miriam and Irving Goldberg. Please, fucker, I'm begging you. *(He stares at her a beat. Lights a cigarette.)*

CHARLIE. Go ahead.

EMMA. Thank you. *(She sits there. After a beat.)*

CHARLIE. Well, where are they?

EMMA. They're not here yet. They said they were on their way. But they're old and Jewish; it could be hours. They said they had to first pick up their grandson, Saul. Why Saul needs to come, I have no idea. Personally, I think they're gonna try and set me up with him. With Saul, a dentist. A dentist who does community theater. He probably wears *Les Mis* T-shirts to the gym. Jesus Christ, do you mind if I have a drink? *(Before he can answer, she pulls a liquor bottle out of her purse and takes a swig.)* I'm sorry, I'm being completely insensitive and bloody fucking selfish. I suck at being human; desperation has made me evil. So I apologize ... New chapter: Why were you trying to off yourself? And why hanging; it seems to be the most aggressive of all methods. Haven't you any pills?

CHARLIE. I have pills.

EMMA. Really. What have you got?

CHARLIE. Xanax, Valium, Klonopin.

EMMA. Party, party, party. We could turn this day around for both of us real quick, couldn't we? I'm just kidding. Well, not really; but that's irrelevant. Back to you ... What put you over the edge?

CHARLIE. I really don't wanna talk about it.

EMMA. Well, what's the point in being coy about it now? If you're gonna do it, you're gonna do it, right? They always say that people who really wanna do themselves in are gonna find a way. *(Realizing.)* Maybe God sent you me and the Goldbergs for one last shot at talking you out of it. Don't you believe in fate? I'm sorry, what's your name?

CHARLIE. Charlie.

EMMA. Don't you believe in fate, Charlie? Here you are, in an empty beach house, on a deserted island, in the middle of the fucking winter, moments away from ending it all, when in I walk. Does that give you no pause? Maybe God sent me to provide you with some sort of ... access to the doors of your mind that remain rusted closed. *(Beat.)* Sorry. I should tell you that I am superstoned right now. So if I say silly nonsense like that, you're gonna have to forgive me.

CHARLIE. Sure. Look, I ...

EMMA. You want me to go.

CHARLIE. You seem like you're a very nice person —

EMMA. Really?

CHARLIE. No; and I don't wanna be rude ...

EMMA. But you've got things to do ... Hmmm. You know you've put me into a smidgen of a moral conundrum here; you do realize that, Charlie. I don't think I can leave.

CHARLIE. And why is that?

EMMA. I think I may have been sent here to help. You may believe that or not, depending on where you stand on God and fate and destiny and all that; it's none of my business. But I do know that it's a little bizarre I walked in when I did, since I wasn't even gonna show them this house because it's outside their price range. This morning they called up and asked to see it. Out of the blue. Spooky. A religious person might think God intervened. I don't know what you believe, but ... Jesus or Moses or Mohammed, Vishnu, who's the one with the arms? The elephant with all the arms?

CHARLIE. Ganesh.

EMMA. Ganesh. I doubt it was Ganesh; kind of a simple assignment for a god with so many arms. But whomever your god is, I think may have channeled an intervention through two cranky old Jews from the Newark suburbs. I think I'm here to help. So why did you tie a noose around your neck, my new friend?

CHARLIE. To put it as simply as possible: I'm not happy.

EMMA. Who is? Have you ever met *anyone* that's happy for longer than fifteen minutes every once in a while? If they told you they were, they were full of shit. Who told you you were owed happiness?

CHARLIE. I don't think I'm owed anything.

EMMA. A man gives his child a million dollars and says, "Son, this is everything I've worked for, go enjoy your life." The kid comes back the next day and says, "Thanks for the million, Dad, but I'd also like a fucking robot sidekick." Is that kid a dick?

CHARLIE. What the fuck are you talking about?

EMMA. Isn't that *you*? You're the dickhead kid asking for a robot sidekick when you've already gotten a million dollars. God gave you life and you've come back to whine for happiness. Life should be enough. Take life and walk ... be grateful.

CHARLIE. Okay, look, I know you're a little out of sorts, so I'm gonna say this as simply as possible. I don't give a fuck about God. Now, I suppose it's obvious, I've got a couple things on my mind. But don't you fucking dare stroll in here and just splatter your religion all over the room, okay? (*A cell phone rings.*)

EMMA. You know I'm not really sure what the etiquette is in this situation. Should I not get that?

CHARLIE. Go ahead.

EMMA. Normally I wouldn't; and I agree with you that it's a little weird because of the nature of what you're sharing. But the truth is, I'm expecting an important delivery and this pertains to that.

CHARLIE. Go ahead. *(She answers. Attempts to be covert.)*

EMMA. Hello? ... Myron; thank God. Look; can you come by the big house in Loveladies? Well, I came over here to show these people the house and it turns out someone's trying to hang himself in the living room ... No, I'm not shitting you ... Yes, I have to get this all sorted out before they arrive; I think it will be a bit hard for them to imagine playing Jenga in the summertime if they think there's some suicidal ghost swinging over their heads ... *(She notices Charlie staring at her.)* Okay, I should go. *(She hangs up. He stares at her.)* You know, even as I said that I realized it was crass. That was my friend, Myron.

CHARLIE. Awesome.

EMMA. So you were saying ...

CHARLIE. I wasn't saying anything. Look, would you mind terribly waiting outside for your friend?

EMMA. It's freezing outside! I can be quiet. I won't say another word.

CHARLIE. I don't think that's possible.

EMMA. No. I can do that.

CHARLIE. I'm pretty sure you can't. I'd literally bet my life on it.

EMMA. We could have like a meditation.

CHARLIE. No meditation. Just quiet. No talking. You'll just wait for your friend in silence. You'll get whatever he's delivering and then be off on your merry little way.

EMMA. No. You're right. Peace and fucking quiet. Amen. I talk too much when I'm nervous. Sorry ... I don't know why I'm so nervous ... I mean, I know why I am, I suppose, the circumstances are ... unique. But I can handle it.

CHARLIE. Okay.

EMMA. I just can't quite ... stop ... talking.

CHARLIE. Okay, well ... let's start now.

EMMA. Yes. I agree. *(Emma paces a bit. It's clear silence is hard for her. She looks at photos, then crosses to a piece of African art that sits on a stand behind the couch. It consists of hundreds of tiny beads woven together. She fondles it, and almost immediately the beads begin to fall all over the floor, making a ton of noise and destroying the artwork. When it finally stops, they both stare at each other.)* I can fix that.

ALL NEW PEOPLE

by Zach Braff

2M, 2W

It's the dead of winter, and the summer vacation getaway of Long Beach Island, New Jersey is desolate and blanketed in snow. Charlie is 35, heartbroken, and just wants some time away from the rest of the world. The island ghost-town seems to be the perfect escape until his solitude is interrupted by a motley parade of misfits who show up and change his plans. A hired beauty, the townie fireman, and an eccentric British real estate agent desperately trying to stay in the country suddenly find themselves tangled together in a beach house where the mood is anything but sunny.

"[Zach Braff] scores with ALL NEW PEOPLE, a morbidly funny play about the trendy new existential condition of being young, adorable, and miserable." —**Variety**

"Consistently and sometimes sensationally funny ... [Braff] invests this angst-fueled comedy with a perky sensibility." —**The New York Times**

"... a hipper, edgier take on the bantering comedies that were once the domain of playwrights like Neil Simon." —**The Hollywood Reporter**

"Sit back and laugh." —**The New York Daily News**

ISBN 978-0-8222-2562-1



DRAMATISTS PLAY SERVICE, INC.

9 780822 225621