

MEDIUM ALISON

It's not the 'world' anyway; it's Oberlin College!

ALISON

Wow. I had no idea what was coming.

Shift to Fun Home. BRUCE enters the casket showroom with PETE. He sees a dust rag, a can of Pledge, and a tape recorder on top of a casket and whisks them away.

START**BRUCE**

So sorry, the kids must have been cleaning in here. This is the one we spoke about. Cherry. Quite popular.

PETE

Alright.

BRUCE

Why don't we take these brochures into the office where you can think it over.

PETE

So you say we won't see any of the bruises? With the I.V.'s she was awful beat up by the end.

BRUCE

No, no. We remove all the signs of trauma. Don't worry, Pete. She'll look very peaceful.

PETE

Thank you. Thanks, Bruce.

BRUCE

Of course. Let's-

PETE

No, I'll... I'll take these home.

BRUCE

Sounds good. Take a look and give me a call later. Get some rest, Pete.

PETE

Thanks, Bruce.

BRUCE sees PETE out, then:

END

SMALL ALISON

Hey Roy, did you see Herbie Rides Again?

CHRISTIAN

Oh, yeah! It's the best movie.

JOHN

Herbie is a car!

ROY

I didn't see it.

JOHN

The Love Bug? You didn't see The Love Bug?

START :

When they're gone, HELEN asks lightly:

HELEN

Who is that? Why is he here?

BRUCE

I hired him.

HELEN

To do what?

BRUCE

To help me out.

HELEN

Where is he from?

BRUCE

When we went to the lumberyard last week he was there working for Arnie. Kid had a truck, he does hauling. Arnie said he did a good job and he was looking for more work.

HELEN

Oh, so he's just hauling.

BRUCE

Hauling. Other things. I don't know.

HELEN

Oh. So... You're thinking he's going to be working here, at the house?

BRUCE

What difference does it make?

HELEN

I... I... I just...

BRUCE

Arnie recommended him, okay?

HELEN

Okay. I'm just, I'm trying to get a sense // of-

BRUCE

Chrissakes! I know him. He was my student a few years back. Okay? What, do you think I'm bringing some bum around? Is that the bug up your ass? Christ.

*The chattering group returns.***END****JOHN**

You know something else about the movie that's funny? It's that the car is called the love bug. It's a car, but they call it a bug. // Even though it's a car!

BRUCE*(Monster charging the kids) Raaaaahr!! (The kids laugh and scream) Okay, that's enough. Com on, Roy, let's go inside. I'll show you that wallpaper.***JOHN***(Simultaneously) Aw!***CHRISTIAN***(Simultaneously) No, come on!***SMALL ALISON***(Simultaneously) But dad!***BRUCE**Enough! *(To ROY)* Bunch of little monsters.*BRUCE and ROY leave. HELEN watches them go.***CHRISTIAN**

Mom, can we watch TV?

HELEN

Sure.

Shift to ROY and BRUCE entering the library. HELEN at her piano. The kids watch TV.

HELEN

It's Sho-PAHN. Alison stop bothering me.

START:

SMALL ALISON rejoins her brother's at the TV.

BRUCE

Sit down. Take a load off.

ROY

I've been working, I'm disgusting. Don't wanna sweat all over your nice stuff.

BRUCE

What are you talking about, it's furniture for chrissakes. Go ahead. Stretch out if you want.

ROY

(Stretching out on the chaise) This place is like a museum. *(Noticing a carafe)* What's that stuff?

BRUCE

Sherry. Want some?

ROY

Is it good?

BRUCE

Yeah.

ROY

Okay, sure. *(BRUCE pours them both a glass)* I remember this house before you moved in. We used to ride our bikes over here when we were kids. You've done a shit-load of work.

BRUCE

I did. By myself, most of it.

ROY

You must be in good shape, old man.

BRUCE

NOT TOO BAD IF I SAY SO MYSELF
I MIGHT STILL BREAK A HEART OR TWO
YOU'D BE SURPRISED AT WHAT A GUY MY AGE KNOWS HOW TO DO
(Bringing sherry to ROY)
Want it?

ROY

Yeah.

BRUCE*(Holding the sherry back)* Unbutton your shirt.**ROY**

Is that your wife playing the piano?

BRUCE

Don't worry about her.

END

ROY considers, decides, why the hell not, and unbuttons his shirt. BRUCE gives him the sherry.

HELEN

LA LA LA LA...

HELEN stops playing. She stands. Then sits, and resumes playing.

MAYBE NOT RIGHT NOW...

MAYBE NOT RIGHT NOW...

LA LA LA...

BRUCE

I WANT, I WANT, I WANT-

I-

I-

ROY

I KNOW HIS TYPE

THIS TYPE OF MARRIED GUY

I COULD JUST GIVE HIM THE SLIP BY WHY

IT'S NOT A BIG DEAL

I KNOW HE WANTS ME

ROY

I KNOW THIS
TYPE
THIS TYPE
MARRIED GUY
I COULD JUST
GIVE HIM THE
SLIP BUT
WHY IT'S NOT
A BIG DEAL,
I KNOW
HE WANTS
JUST

BRUCE

I-
MIGHT STILL
BREAK A
HEART
OR TWO
I WANT
JUST

JOAN

No. What? Your dad??? Oh my god. Are you okay?

MEDIUM ALISON

I'm fine.

JOAN

Are you sure? Do you need to talk about it?

MEDIUM ALISON

No. No, I don't want to talk about it, I don't want to think about it. I want to - I don't know. Let's go see what's happening at the Gay Union.

JOAN

Wanna go to my room? Smoke a joint?

MEDIUM ALISON

Yes I do.

ALISON

Caption: My newfound queerness was - No. Unable to process this tsunami-like revelation from my father - Tsunami-like?? No.

BRUCE smashes down his tool bag in frustration

Caption: I leapt into my new life with both feet - and I blocked out everything that was happening at home.

START:

HELEN is preparing to leave the house for school. BRUCE searches through the bag for a tool.

BRUCE

Where the hell are John and Christian??

HELEN

John's at Cosgrove's probably.

BRUCE

Why?

HELEN

Because... He works there.

ALISON

I should have been paying attention. Caption! I should have been paying attention.

BRUCE

Since when?

HELEN

He's been working there almost a month.

BRUCE

Oh.w

~~**ALISON**~~

~~And I -Caption! I was, I guess I was mad at you, Dad.~~

BRUCE

Well, where's Christian?

HELEN

At Doug's probably. What do you need?

BRUCE

Nothing. Nothing. I'll do it myself.

ALISON

My life had just started to open.

BRUCE

(Muttering to himself, still searching for the missing tool) Dammit! Goddammit!

~~**ALISON**~~

~~I didn't know, Dad, I had no way of knowing that my beginning would be your end!~~

HELEN

(Seeing a broken painting) Oh my god. The Brinley. On my god, what happened? Did it fall?
(BRUCE keeps banging around the tool bag, but doesn't answer) Bruce, the painting. What happened?

BRUCE

I threw it down the fucking stairs.

HELEN

Why??

BRUCE

I don't // know why!

HELEN

Bruce I don't know // what's-

BRUCE

Because no one fucking helps me around here! Because I can't stand the sound of your hectoring, // shrewish voice, your histrionics, your-

HELEN

You stop. You're blaming me? After what you've put me through? // I'm on edge every minute. You're so-

BRUCE

Every single person in this town knows what kind of a man I am! You're the one with the problem!

HELEN

I have to go to school. I'll be at meetings until late. *(Exits)*

END

ALISON

I'm drawing. I'm drawing. I'm just drawing. I'm remembering something, that's all...

Shift to MEDIUM ALISON and JOAN, in their winter coats, with backpacks and a duffle bag, approaching the house.

MEDIUM ALISON

Oh my god, I don't want to go in.

JOAN

It's going to be okay.

MEDIUM ALISON

How's it going to be okay? Everything's... Who knows? Who knows? Come on in, let me introduce you to my gay dad. It's only been three months since I left here! What happened in three months? *(They enter. Calling out:)* Hello. *(To Joan)* I don't know where they are. *(Calling out:)* Hey! We're here!

JOAN

(Looking around) Oh my god.

MEDIUM ALISON

What?

JOAN

You described it, but I had no idea.

MEDIUM ALISON

Why? Oh, yeah, I guess it's-

Piano/Conductor

FUN HOME
Music by
JEANINE TESORI
Lyrics by
LISA KRON

14

Edges Of The World

Orchestrations by JOHN CLANCY

CUE:
(Segue)

START

1 BRUCE: Dear Al- 2 Recit. BRUCE: I fuck - ing

Vln, Cello Harmonic gliss up and down A-string unmetred, "sound effect"

mf *Orch Bells*

PIANO *mf* Play these notes quickly, ad lib as BRUCE sings. RH and LH are independent of each other.

3 love 4 be - gin - nings Fly - ing high 3 Hard to know where to

5 start It's all so fast I'm try - ing not to

F#7

7 spin I guess I'm old - er And it's hard - er when you're old - er to be -

ad. lib

(quick release)

F#7 NC

Poco Rall.

Andante ♩ = 76

Vocal: Matter of fact, an inventory

9 gin Eng. Hu. 10 11 12 Peel - ing

mp **PIANO** *mp* *gently* *Cello* *add Vln, Orch Bells*

Leg.

13 14 15 16

plas - ter, sagg - ing roof, two miss - ing stairs, a buck - led wall I'm

Vln.

Fmadd9

Bs Cello

17 18 19 20

fi - red up to do this But on my own it all... So much

G♭#4 *E♭m7*

21 22 23 24

da - mage, bro - ken win - dows, pipes are shit, crap ve - neer It's

Eng. Hn.

Fmadd9 *cresc.*

Cello, Bs cont. sim

25 26 27 28

ho - urs la - ter Je - sus, I'm still stand - ing here _____ Still

more intense

G \sharp 4
Cello, Bs cont. sim

E \flat m7

29 30 31 32

stand - ing here _____ But when - the

Poco Rit.

(to Clarinet)

V.S.

Slower 2, Placid, calm and clear $\text{♩} = 64$

33 34 35 36

8 sun - light hits the par - lor wall at cer - tain times of day I see how

Gtr
mp $E^{\flat} \text{add} 2$ $A^{\flat} \text{add} 2$
Cello

37 38 39 40

8 fine this house could be I see it so damn clear

Vln. *Cl.*
 $E^{\flat} \text{add} 2$ $C^{\flat} 6$ + *Cym roll*

41 42 43

8 What's the mat - ter? Why am I stand - ing

arp.
 $B^{\flat} m 7$ $B^{\flat} m 7$ $C^{\flat} 6$

Tempo Primo

44 45 46 47

here? Bad four-

Vln.

Cl, Orch Bells

mf

$\text{♩} = 80$

48 49 50 51

da - tion, twist - ing floor - boards, shod - dy pipes, a gap - ing — hole—

Vln.

Cl.

sub. mp

Cello

Bs

V.S.

52 53 54 55

It's a lot, it's a lot to keep un - der con - trol Some - thing

Cl. *Vln.*

E^bm7 *+Toms*

56 57 58 59

crack - ing, some - thing rott - ing, piles of ru - in and de - bris

Vln. (8va)

Fm

Marcato, with ferocity **Poco Rit.**

60 61 62 63

kill - ing me! crush - ing me! push - ing me! But when the

Tutti (except Gtr) *f* *G^b#4*

Slower 2 $\text{♩} = 76$

64 65 66 67

sun - light hits the par - lor wall at cer - tain times of day I see how

E \flat add2
Gr
Cl. solo mp

mp
A \flat add2

68 69 70 71

fine this house could be. I see it so damn clear

Vln.
mf Cl.
+Mark Tree

+Cello, Bs

72 73 74 75 76

What's the mat - ter? Why am I stand - ing here? Dear

Cl.
Tutti

END