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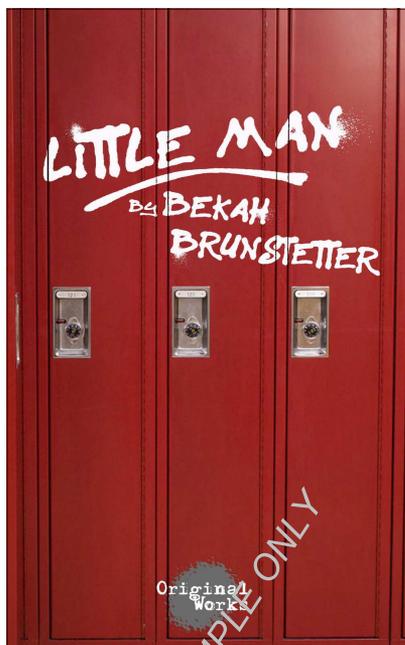
Hey Brother

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*Also Available By
Bekah Brunstetter*



LITTLE MAN

Synopsis: Howie has spent the last decade trying to forget the traumas of high school. But when an invitation to his ten year reunion arrives, he hops on a plane home to discover just what happened to the jocks, the prom queens, and the social outcasts- and whether anyone cares that he's a millionaire now. With wry wit and penetrating insight, Bekah Brunstetter's heartbreaking comedy takes us on a hilariously awkward and unexpectedly moving journey in which no one can completely abandon who they used to be.

Cast Size: 3 Males, 3 Females

Hey Brother

a play by Bekah Brunstetter

SAMPLE ONLY

Hey Brother was originally produced by Son of Semele Theater & Fresh Produce'd LA on November 21, 2014. It was directed by Alexis Jacknow.

The cast and crew was as follows:

BEN	Graham Outerbridge
ISSAC	Lucas Dixon
KRIS	Kahyun Kim

Stage Manager: Mercedes Segesvary
Set Design: Christopher Scott Murillo
Costume Design: Amelia Phillips
Lighting Design: Lauren Wemischner
Sound Design: Tracy Woodward
Social Media Marketing: Ben Zisk
Set Build: Tyee Tilghman
Head of Props: Rajan Velu

Characters

Ben, older by 2 years, a personal finance planner at a bank.

Isaac, younger, a Grad student, studying History.

The brothers are frat boys or once-frat boys who refuse to admit it. They have extremely large hearts shoved beneath their appropriate north face pullovers and stuffed into their wranglers.

Kris, quiet and strange. She is Asian-American. She wears glasses and is really stinking pretty behind them.

Place:

A beachtown, North Carolina.

A modest, run-down house near the beach. The old lady who owned it for years before smoked a pack a day. The smell lives in the yellow walls and brown carpet. She probably died in this house. A small kitchen with old appliances. Clean, but cluttered.

A bucket for recycling which overflows with beer cans and bottles; boxes of stale Cereal; Stouffer's Lasagna's; Little Debbie Nutty Bars. Ruined fruit.

But: the ocean is nice.

And: a college classroom at a beachside State college where boys major in girls, and Vice Versa.

HEY BROTHER

I.

(Ben's house. 2 AM. Dark. The waves are friendly and nice tonight.

A car pulls into the driveway. Its headlights violate the quiet. We see a leather couch, throw pillows that someone's thrown up on and that have been turned over, a large TV, an X Box, a PSP.

ISAAC fumbles with his keys and enters, pissed. Leaves the door wide open.

Goes straight to the kitchen, rips open the fridge, peers inside. Starts to root around.

BEN enters, drunk. The happy kind. He flops onto the couch, turns on the TV.

We see his bloody lip, though he doesn't seem to notice it much.)

BEN: Hey can you grab me an ice pack?

ISAAC: No.

BEN: You're in the kitchen!

(ISAAC brings a sad bag of frozen peas from like 1997. Holds it out to him.)

BEN: I have ice packs dude.

ISAAC: Well then get it yourself.

(BEN takes the sack of peas, holds it to his lip.)

BEN: Hey man thanks for the ride.

ISAAC: I'm not your chauffeur.

BEN: ...Did I say you were?

ISAAC: Well you keep / calling me

BEN: Have I ever called you Watson *once*.

ISAAC: I can't come and like pick you up whenever you need a ride home. I was doing something, I was in the middle of something.

BEN: So then don't come pick me up! Why're you being a bitch?

ISAAC: (*avoiding him, Roaring through cabinets*)
Where're my pop tarts??

(*BEN places the bag of peas to his bloody lip, then burps.*)

BEN: I think that was one of them. I took it as rent.

ISAAC: I *said* I would pay you rent and / you said

BEN: Whose house is this? Who pays the mortgage?

ISAAC: You / but

BEN: Remember when Mom would be like *eat your pop tarts!!!!*

And you would, cause you were fat.

ISAAC: I'm not fat anymore.

BEN: Okay you're less fat. C'mere fattie -

(BEN tries to hug ISAAC.)

ISAAC: Get off me.

BEN: I wanna hug you!

ISAAC: You're drunk.

BEN: I'm *not* drunk I only had like 8 beers *you're* drunk!

ISAAC: Uh, I'm not, I was at the library all night.

BEN: Your *Mom's* drunk!

ISAAC: We have the Same mom, Ben. *Same* mom.

(BEN's phone rings.)

BEN: Speaking of, Mom's calling talk to Mom.

ISAAC: She's calling *you*, you talk to her.

BEN: I'm not talking to her right now. I have like 13 missed calls from her. I am punishing her. She needs to learn restraint.

(BEN holds out phone.)

ISAAC: Well I don't wanna talk to her right now either!

BEN: If I don't answer she's just gonna call you so quit being a faggot and talk to her.

(Pissed, ISAAC grabs the phone.)

ISAAC: Hi Mom.
Nope, Ben's fine he's right –
No, we're at home. Yep. Just got here. Yep.
Yes I had dinner.
I don't know what Ben had.
Ben. She wants to know what you had for dinner.

BEN: A small child.

ISAAC: He had a burrito.
Nope we're going to bed.
Yeah see you Saturday for sure.
Could Nancy help you?
Nancy. That woman next door could she –
When did she die?

BEN: Nancy DIED?! When the fuck did Nancy die?!

ISAAC: I'll try.
Love you too.

(ISAAC hangs up.)

ISAAC: Mom wants you to call her in the morning.

BEN: You just talked to her!!

ISAAC: Just call her. *(ISAAC clocks that Ben is texting, or trying to.)*
Who're you texting?

BEN: Captain none of your fuckin business.

ISAAC: Are you texting Dawn?

BEN: *(yes)* No.

(BEN reaches for a lukewarm and half empty beer on the coffee table, starts to drink it.)

ISAAC: Why don't you just go / to bed

BEN: You're not my wife.

ISAAC: No one will ever marry you.

BEN: Everyone will marry me. Everyone.

ISAAC: Okay, sure.

BEN: Why don't YOU just go to bed.

ISAAC: You're on my bed.

BEN: You know what? I didn't want to tell you this but I'm going to tell you this because you're my brother okay? Europe made you really pretentious.

ISAAC: Oh, okay.

BEN: Just cause you maxed on a credit card on a Eurail pass and some fuckin baguettes doesn't mean you know everything.

ISAAC: I didn't max out the / card. I paid it *off*.

BEN: It was kind of fine when you started speaking French and making hummus from scratch but what're you wearing right now?
You are wearing like 'denim' and what is that shirt, is that a little girl's shirt?

ISAAC: It's a Henley. It's from J Crew.

(BEN farts on ISAAC.)

ISAAC: Stop it!!

BEN: Let's hug it out bra –

(ISAAC pushes him off.)

BEN: Why're you mad?!

ISAAC: Who was that guy?

BEN: What guy?

ISAAC: Uh, the guy who punched you in the face? That
guy.

BEN: Some dickhead.

ISAAC: WHY. WHY did he punch you in the face?

BEN: I don't know, I was talking to his girlfriend, she
was busted anyways. Good heart, busted old lady face.
I was just having a conversation.

(BEN starts to pull out his dick to pee.)

ISAAC: Jesus – Ben –

BEN: WHAT?

ISAAC: Don't pee in here.

BEN: I WASN'T! I wasn't going to.

(BEN is the slightest bit embarrassed when he realizes what he almost just did.)

ISAAC huffs, passive aggressively, starts to make up his couch bed.)

BEN: If you're mad at me about something you could talk to me about it instead of being a little bitch.

ISAAC: I'm NOT –

(Beat.)

BEN: WHAT.

ISAAC: I just think it's messed up that I keep having to come pick you up on like a fucking TUESDAY because you're too wasted to drive yourself home and I also think it's fucked up that you're like one DUI away from life imprisonment and yet you still insist on getting so blackout that you almost take a piss in your own living room.

BEN: Well just tell me how you really feel.

ISAAC: YOU'RE SCARING ME BECAUSE YOU DON'T SEEM TO CARE WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU.

(Beat. Ben takes this in.)

BEN: I'm fine. *(Beat.)* Geez If you're gonna be such a faggot about it don't come pick me up and I'll get a cab.

ISAAC: *(soft)* You shouldn't use that word so much.

BEN: *(disturbed by this)*Uh.....you say it too.

ISAAC: No I don't.

BEN: It's a term of endearment! (*Beat.*) So fine I'll just drive myself next time, fuck it, fine.

ISAAC: You can never drive yourself once you start drinking.

You'd get in your car and back into a / toddler

BEN: A toddler in the parking lot at Slims?!

ISAAC: Or like a pregnant / lady

BEN: Or a pregnant toddler

ISAAC: And you'd turn on your music like really loud and / you'll pull out onto Ricketts without even looking if anybody's coming and crash into a car full of kids or something

BEN: (*singing, overlapping*)

YOU'VE GOT YOUR BALL YOU'VE GOT YOUR
CHAINS

TIED TO ME TIGHT TIGHT

Dun dun dun

CRASH

INTO ME

ISAAC: Because history repeats itself. You can study it for patterns and you, *you*, like to get drunk and hit things. With your car. And Mom would kill me. If you died because I didn't pick you up.

BEN: She'd be stuck with just you and she'd fucking love it and you guys would get mani pedis and spoon.

ISAAC: I just don't want your blood on my hands.

(Beat.)

BEN: What were you 'in the middle of?'

ISAAC: I was talking to somebody.

BEN: What, like a girl?

(BEN scoffs.)

She was probably a fuckin idiot.

ISAAC: Because she was at the library?

BEN: All girls around here, all girls who live around here, they're idiots.

ISAAC: Okay, so why don't you move?

BEN: Because of the cost of living. Do you KNOW what the rest of the country is like dude?

ISAAC: Yeah because I've actually LIVED / in other places

BEN: You can't find quality girls around here. They all went to like State or community college and study like nursing. We can do better.

ISAAC: Some girls aren't like that. If you'd actually try and talk to girls who aren't like / the same dumb girls you always talk to

BEN: Waste of your time I'm serious. See they trick you. They look good like REALLY good in their bikini and she wants to *have your children* she says, even when she's NOT drunk. And she makes you feel like you can tell her anything. So you *do*. And before you know

it she knows EVERYTHING about you. And then she says you are ‘pulling away’ or some *Dawson’s Creek* bullshit but all you are REALLY doing is exercising your right to NOT be a pussy. And she’s like *you’re distant* but you don’t *feel distant* you feel like you’re still right there, SO there that you’ve got underwear at each other’s houses, you got each other’s baby pictures on your fridge, but it’s not enough for her cause it’s never enough.

(Beat.)

BEN checks his phone. Nothing.)

ISAAC: We’re talking about Dawn now right?

BEN: *(Under his breath)* Fuck her.

ISAAC: You gotta let it go.

BEN: Don’t say stuff like that to me.

(Beat.)

ISAAC: Can we go to bed?

BEN: What was ‘different’ about library girl?
Was she hot?

ISAAC: She’s cute, yeah. It was really cute actually / she was like – *is there a pencil sharpener in this building?*

BEN: It was ‘cute?’

ISAAC: And I was like – I don’t think so then we decided to look for one and we found one.

(Beat.) It was broken.

BEN: 'Cute.'

ISAAC: I was rambling to her about Valley Forge about
how / Washington –

BEN: I know what Valley Forge is.

ISAAC: Okay so / I was telling her

BEN: Ike, this is why you're a virgin / a girl wants to talk
to you, a girl opens *up* for you, and you talk to her like
a professor, you *lecture* her.

ISAAC: I'm not a / *virgin*.
I have had sex.
With girls.
I am just SELECTIVE.

BEN: And not like the kind of a professor they want to
have an affair with. The quiet, lonely kind. And this is
why you get no ass.
Our cousin doesn't count.

ISAAC: I did NOT have sex with Jennifer.
We were six.
We actually had a really really good conversation.

BEN: Did she have tiny little boobs?

ISAAC: What? No! (*Beat*) Yes? I – I don't know.

BEN: Did you get her number?

ISAAC: No. I wasn't going to – it wasn't like - No.

BEN: I want hot wings.

(He starts to root through drawers.)

ISAAC: What're you doing?

BEN: Dominos.

ISAAC: It's Midnight.

(Ben finds the menu.)

BEN: Yesssss, COUPONS!!!!

ISAAC: You gotta work in like six hours.

BEN: I'll be fine I don't need much sleep and I definitely
need hot wings.

You want?

ISAAC: I'm okay.

BEN: You're not fun anymore. You are no longer fun.

(BEN puts the menu back in the menu drawer.

ISAAC sits on the couch, grabs his computer.

BEN suddenly seems to not recognize his brother.)

BEN: What're you doing?

ISAAC: Nothing!

BEN: You're looking for that girl.

(looking at his pic)

You should change your picture, you look like a Cornish hen.

Is that her? Let me see –

ISAAC: *Stop.*

(BEN sees picture.)

BEN: Huh. I can see it.

ISAAC: Stop looking at her.

BEN: You don't have any friends in common.

(BEN exits off towards his bedroom. Stopping in the bathroom to spit in the sink.

Long, quiet moment.

The sound of waves.

ISAAC shuts his computer, prepares for bed.

BEN re-emerges from his room, staring at his phone incredulously. He is nervous, beside himself, excited. Delirious with drunk joy.)

BEN: Dawn just texted me. I just gotta text back from Dawn.

(ISAAC stops what he's doing.)

ISAAC: What'd she say?

BEN: She wants to meet up.

(stares at the text.) What's that mean? Does that mean like—

ISAAC: I – I don't know -

(He texts her back. Waits.)

BEN: If she wants to move in you havta move out.

ISAAC: *What?*

BEN: That was the plan before, that could still be the plan!

ISAAC: That might be a bit premature –

(BEN gets a text back.)

BEN: BAM. We're gonna meet up tomorrow night.

(inspects the room, as if through her eyes.)

Gotta clean up.

(He starts to do so.)

I'm just warning you man like get ready to find a new place if she wants to move in

Because that's –Like there's a whole closet. Just for her.

ISAAC: The one with your snowboarding stuff in it?

BEN: I can move that.

(Beat. He goes into the bathroom, pulls up his shirt, inspects his stomach.)

Have I gotten soft?

(stepping into the bathroom, inspecting himself.)

BEN:Yep.

(He clenches muscles.)

She'll see.

Clean up your shit tomorrow okay?

ISAAC: What shit?

BEN: Your shit in the bathroom!

ISAAC: My toothbrush?

BEN: All of your beard trimmings and shit just – if Dawn comes over after we / meet up

ISAAC: Ben – Are you sure – that --

BEN: You're right, we'll probably just go to her house. I should bring some work clothes.....

(BEN goes back into his room to pack clothes.)

ISAAC: Maybe you shouldn't --

BEN (O.S.): What?

(ISAAC is silent. He sits down on the couch. His bed. Then:)

ISAAC: Do you have another blanket? It's kinda cold –

BEN: Use your knowledge as a blanket.

(Beat.)

ISAAC: Don't you have like 3 on your bed?

(Beat.

BEN emerges from his room, in boxers, drops a blanket on ISAAC, goes back to his room.)

BEN: Night brother.

ISAAC:Night.

(ISAAC pulls the blanket over him. Settles in, but can't sleep. Eyes wide. Outside, the waves surge.)

II.

(The next morning. 7 AM.

Sunlight pours in the through the window, irking ISAAC, who pulls the blanket over his face.

BEN comes in the front door in running clothes. He's done an extra 2 miles today, for Dawn. A complete 180 from the previous night.

He reaches into the Fridge, grabs a Gatorade, drinks half in one gulp.

He heads off towards the shower.

We hear him shower.

ISAAC rolls over again, onto his back. He is dreaming.

The shower turns off.

ISAAC opens his eyes.

BEN enters in a towel. He whistles, in a super good mood.

ISAAC rolls over, concealing an erection, pretending that he's asleep.

Efficiently, with experience and ease, BEN goes to the kitchen, makes bacon, perfectly scrambled eggs, and toast.

ISAAC, smelling this, moves on the couch.

BEN picks his own breakfast out of the pan.

He places a plate on the coffee table in front of ISAAC and heads into the bedroom.

ISAAC opens one eye, sees the bacon. Rolls onto his back, takes one piece. Eats it. He turns on the TV.

BEN re-emerges from the bedroom in khaki's and the French blue shirt of corporate America. He has a little overnight bag with back-up work clothes. He grabs his toothbrush / toothpaste from the bathroom, sticks it in the bag.

ISAAC ignores him, turns up the volume. Regis and Kelly try to get someone on the phone for a prize.

Grabs overnight bag, heads towards the door.)

BEN: Wish me luck.

ISAAC: Good luck, brother.

BEN: And clean up your shit.

(BEN goes. ISAAC reaches for his computer. Has an email he likes. Leans into it, smiles.)

SAMPLE ONLY

III.

(KRIS, in a classroom.

All eyes seem to be on her. A long pause.)

KRIS:Okay I guess I'll go.

So this is my first stab at the 'I want' exercise.

I was really thinking about what you said last week and um –

About writing truthfully and honestly. And about my 'heritage' and how I should really explore it. Writing – wise.

See I don't know much about – my birth parents and – 'I want' to - but so I –

And um. Disclaimer, this is my first – I mean I've written stories and poems and – but this is my first – yeah.

So I'll read the uh, the 'stage directions', and uhhh.... Mason, can you be....*Chao?* and ummmm.....Coby can you be *Lin?*

(KRIS is joined by MASON and COBY, two simultaneously insecure and apathetic students, with frumpy shirts, played by BEN and ISAAC.

She hands them pages. They are very bad and tentative actors, too concerned with protecting their masculinity.)

She's a girl, sorry. I know you're not.

I respect your gender. You don't have to like pretend to be a girl.

Just be yourself. Whatever that means to you.

Okay great.

So um, we can just start at the – yeah.

(KRIS looks at the page.)

Lights up on a rice field, purple with memory.
Chao and Lin, young parents, stand in the midst of it.
Lin holds a newborn baby girl. Who glows like the –
gross I thought I cut this – who glows like the moon.
The sun burns.
They stare at the baby girl.

CHAO: It's not that we don't want her.

LIN: We do.

CHAO: We do.

KRIS: Sorry that's – I meant for that to like be at the
same time --

CHAO/LIN: We do.

LIN: It's just not that simple. It's far more complicated.
Chao I'm dying inside –

KRIS: Chao comforts his wife.

CHAO: Dear – we need a son. We know this. We can't
keep her.

LIN: Yes – yes, I know. How perfect she'd grow up to
be. I just know it.

CHAO: Maybe not perfect.

LIN: I'd love her either way.

CHAO: I know you would.

KRIS: Lin cries.

Chao begins to dig a hole, deep into the earth. Deeper than China.

(She stops, waiting for a laugh, doesn't get one. Self consciously. She starts again.)

Lin lies the baby in the hole, and Chao covers the hole with dirt.

They stand there, watching the hole for movement.

It moves like a fat snake, buried in a hole of memory.

Lin kneels next to the grave.

LIN: Goodbye daughter.....

CHAO: Everything will be fine.

LIN: Will it?

KRIS: But Chao is not sure

CHAO:Should we go try again? Sexually?

LIN: Okay, Let's.

KRIS: Chao and Lin exit towards the house, hand in hand. They exit towards the rest of their lives. They do not think again of the girl.

(KRIS looks up at her Teacher who we cannot see.

COBY and MASON hand her back the pages and take their seats.

Everyone is starring at her. Silence.)

That's all I've got so far.

IV.

(BEN's house.

ISAAC sits on the couch across from KRIS.

Both are feeling each other out. A large pile of old books sits on the coffee table.

KRIS is flipping through one.)

KRIS: I love old books –

ISAAC: Me too.

KRIS: Me too. I like to smell them.

(She smells them.)

Sorry, I'm weird.

ISAAC: No you're not. I actually spend a fair amount of my free time *also* smelling books.

KRIS: You're just saying that.

(ISAAC takes a book, smells it.)

ISAAC: Mmmm, very old dead trees ---

(KRIS laughs and reaches for another book.)

KRIS: *(reading a cover)* *A History of Time* -

ISAAC: I found them in this little old book store in Salzburg -

KRIS: I *love* Austria, I went with my mom, did you do the *Sound of Music* bus tour?

ISAAC: Duh, twice.

And I found the books and I was like, I HAD to have them, I mean, they're so dated so the information is kind of beautiful in its inaccuracy --

KRIS: (*flipping through*) yeah – yeah – these maps are ridiculous.....

ISAAC: I don't know, it was kind of then that I knew I wanted to study history on a graduate level, um -

KRIS: Did you have a moment?

ISAAC: I in fact did have a moment. I'm focusing on US History but I love history, I love all of it. Wow, that is vague. You want another glass / of

KRIS: No, I'm good -
I um – I don't really drink a lot -

ISAAC: *Really?*
I didn't mean for that to come out. Like that. I meant to just say – Oh Really?

KRIS: I'm not even 21 yet. Technically.

ISAAC: Happy early birthday!

KRIS: Thanks.
My Mom, um. When she drinks she goes crazy.
So.

ISAAC: My mom drinks strictly wine coolers.

KRIS: My mom drinks strictly entire bottles of Gin.
So.
But like in privacy.

(Beat.)

ISAAC: Oh, the internet.

KRIS: Hmm?

ISAAC: So I guess it's weird – that I found you –

KRIS: No, I like it!

Nobody's ever 'found' me before. I feel like a treasure. Like somebody made a map to me.

ISAAC: Maybe you are a treasure.

KRIS: Maybe *you* are.

ISAAC: Maybe we are both. Both are.
Um.

KRIS: Ha, what am I doing here?

ISAAC: What?

KRIS: Sorry, I just mean, I don't usually do this, I mean previously in my life I have sat on a couch with like with a boy and discussed things, but I just met you, and like who are you, and here I am! So.

ISAAC: I like that you're here.

(ISAAC looks at her strangely, blushes, looks away.)

KRIS:What?

ISAAC: You were in my dream last night. This morning.

KRIS: Tell me!!

(Beat.)

ISAAC: You bit me!

KRIS: What?!

ISAAC: Why did I just tell you that?

KRIS: Dream me is my new hero.

Do you ever wonder if –

When you dream about somebody they are ALSO
dreaming about you?

ISAAC: YES.

So was I – did you dream about me?

KRIS: No.

ISAAC: What'd you dream?

(KRIS thinks.)

KRIS: You want the truth or should I lie and say something really sensational?

ISAAC: Truth please.

KRIS: I dreamt I had to pee because I had to pee.

ISAAC: *Nice.*

KRIS: But I was in a theater but the theater was also an airplane.

ISAAC: Every other night I dream I'm in the air!

KRIS: Yeah, what is that?

ISAAC: Pretty much we're terrified.

KRIS: Yep.

(Beat.)

This is a great house, very housey!

ISAAC: It's my brother's.

KRIS: Oh, cool!

ISAAC: He's out for the night.

KRIS: So you guys are roommates AND brothers!

ISAAC: Yeah, I uh, he bought this house a few years ago, and so, when I started school, it just made sense for me to stay here with him, til I find my own place.

KRIS: Are you guys best friends?

ISAAC: Yeah! Kind of! We've gotten a lot closer, yeah, since I moved in.

(He gets another beer, a bit self consciously.)

KRIS: I always thought that if you have a brother, or a sister, they – protect you, they - love you no matter what, because they're required to by blood. And this love empowers you.

ISAAC: It's – sort of – like that. It should be?

KRIS: I'm adopted, I'm an only child, so I have weird family – things.

ISAAC: That's awesome! That you're adopted!

KRIS: How is that awesome?

ISAAC: I used to wish I was.

KRIS: Really?

ISAAC: Yeah, there were a few kids in my elementary school who were and I was always like, *how cool would that be?*

Weird.

So is it cool?

KRIS:No?

ISAAC: Really?

KRIS: I guess it might be more 'cool' if I had some like tragic orphanage story but I don't.

My parents – my Dad was Korean, my mom was Chinese –

Was – is? Maybe is

And they couldn't keep me. Because of the one child thing. So. Nothing really all that fascinating to report.

ISAAC: So you have a brother somewhere?

KRIS: I don't know. Maybe.

(Beat.)

Huh.

(Beat.)

ISAAC: I've been doing research on my family history and there's kinda nothing there.

I'm taking this – I've got genealogy this semester, it's a requisite –

KRIS: Ah – cool –

ISAAC: Yeah and we've been researching who our ancestors were.

And there's kind of nothing for my family. There was a girl who ran off with a Native American. There was this other guy who claimed to have invented the rubber band. But he didn't. Just some people from England. And Germany. Protestant people with farms.

(ISAAC's phone buzzes. He ignores it.)

KRIS: Doesn't it make you want to make something up?

ISAAC: YES.

KRIS: Invent some story.

ISAAC: Yeah about how my great-great-granddad lead a band of 30 wagons across the country and was shot through the heart with a bow and arrow. Twice.

KRIS: Or someone who like raised elephants or invented the violin.

ISAAC: Or at least some Nazi's, or some scientists.

Nothing. We got nothing.

(Beat.)

It's like: *I don't know who I am, I don't know who I am.*

But if you look back you see these *patterns*. And then all of the sudden / you –

KRIS: You know who you are!

ISAAC: Exactly.

*(They both sit there, connected, wishing they had a story.
ISAAC's phone buzzes again.)*

KRIS: You can get it, it's okay –

ISAAC: No, it's cool.

KRIS: It's fine.

ISAAC: Sorry. It's my Mom.

(fast, embarrassed, on phone)

Hey Mom can I call you back?

Yeah. Yeah, I'll bring them.

Wait which ones? The khaki ones? They're not too long. They don't – you don't need to hem them. No they're fine.

Okay. Okay.

I had a sandwich.

Okay.

Bye.

(Embarrassed, hangs up.)

Sorry.

KRIS: Your mom sounds sweet.

ISAAC: Yeah, she's great.

She does a lot of calling.

KRIS: My Mom and I mostly just email.

ISAAC: I WISH my Mom would just email me. What's she do?

KRIS: She's a novelist. She's this really sexy novelist -

ISAAC: I've never heard anyone refer to their mother as 'sexy' before.

KRIS: Well mine is.

ISAAC: My Mom sells make-up. I wish my mom was a novelist. I would go around saying, *my Mom is a novelist.*

KRIS: I guess it's fun to say, kind of. 'My mom is a novelist.'
(*Beat.*)
My 'Mom.' Sounds weird sometimes. The word is weird.

ISAAC: How so.

KRIS: I mean I didn't exit her vaginally.

ISAAC: Sometimes words are weird.

KRIS: The weirdest is 'tittynope.'

ISAAC: Wait, *what?*

KRIS: It means a 'small leftover quantity.'

ISAAC: How do you know this word?!

KRIS: I killed on my SAT Verbal.

ISAAC: Yeah, how'd you do?

KRIS: I don't wanna tell you.

ISAAC: I'll tell you mine if you tell me yours.

KRIS: Count of three.

ISAAC: One two three

ISAAC / KRIS: 750.

(They have a moment. Suddenly, BEN enters with his overnight bag. He looks full of hurt and rage, but is trying to suppress this. He stands in the doorway. He spots KRIS and ISAAC. KRIS's eyes grow wide at the sight of him.)

ISAAC: Heyyyyyyyyyy you're home!

(BEN goes for a beer.)

ISAAC: This is Kris -

KRIS: Hey.

(BEN approaches her.)

ISAAC: This / is my brother

BEN: *(shaking her hand)* Ben.

KRIS: Really nice to meet you.

(BEN lets go of KRIS's hand. KRIS can't keep her eyes off of BEN.)

ISAAC: How'd you get home?

BEN: *(back the fuck off)* I drove.

KRIS: I love your house!

ISAAC: She said it was very 'housey.' / Which was adorable.

BEN: (*slapping a wall*) This shit is mine.

ISAAC: Kris we could do you wanna go / downtown or

BEN: You guys don't have to leave, come on, it's cool, stay.

(*He drinks, looking at her.*)

How's U Dub treating you?

KRIS: So far so good.

BEN: What year are you?

KRIS: Junior. I transferred.

I was going to this – super small all women's college cause my Mom went there and I wanted um – I wanted something more – like to be around real people.

BEN: Yeah, we've got those here.

KRIS: What about you, what do you do?

BEN: I'm in financial planning! Can't you tell by my rumpled B caj and pleasant demeanor?

(*ISAAC goes to BEN.*)

ISAAC: (*speaking softer*) What happened with Dawn?

BEN: Nothin.

(*KRIS reaches for a small pad of paper out of her bag and writes something down, then replaces them.*)

BEN: Kris, let me ask you, are you a bitch?

KRIS: Definitely not. Are *you* a bitch?

BEN: No.

ISAAC: Well, sometimes you are.

KRIS: (*weirdly*) Play nice boys!

BEN: I'm turning in.

(*BEN parades towards his door. He stops, turns back towards KRIS.*)

KRIS: Nice to meet you....

BEN: That couch pulls out by the way. Into a bed.

(*BEN goes into his room. Shuts the door. Silence. ISAAC smiles sheepishly.*)

ISAAC: Ha – so If you want to turn and run that's fine....

KRIS: Why?

ISAAC: My brother – he's pretty hell bent on making sure I never get any, uh –
Sorry.

(*KRIS smiles.*)

KRIS: You're going to see your Mom tomorrow?

ISAAC: Yeah we try and get over there on the weekends.

KRIS: That's really sweet.

(BEN comes out of his room, completely naked, heads towards the bathroom. He is completely comfortable being naked. KRIS can't help but look.)

ISAAC: BEN!

BEN: WHAT?! I'm taking a shower!!

(BEN goes into the bathroom, shuts the door hard. ISAAC looks at KRIS.)

ISAAC: Sorry....

KRIS: No problem!

(Beat.)

I should get home, I've got a lot of work to do –

ISAAC: Yeah, me too / me too

KRIS: I've gotta rewrite this / whole

ISAAC: Yeah I've got a paper so.

(Beat.)

KRIS: *(hiding a smile)* I can tell he really loves you.

ISAAC: Who? Ben?

KRIS: And you love him.

ISAAC: Definitely.

(The waves are distant and calm as they stand there, deciding whether to hug, whether to kiss, and doing neither. They just smile at each other, stupidly, as lights descend.)

VI.

(KRIS, in class, with new pages.)

KRIS: Okay so this is my second draft of the ‘I want’ exercise.

I started over kind of.

(Beat.)

I’ve been trying to – absorb the world. I listen to people when they’re talking. I watch them for titles. Details. I take truths about other people’s lives and want to pin them to myself. Like I’m a bulletin board covered in other people’s wedding pictures and receipts.

(Beat.)

I don’t know my real parents.

I get to say that. That’s my story. That is pinned to me.

I also get to say: somewhere, I might have a brother.

I wish I had a brother. That is a ‘want’ that I have.

Okay Coby, you will read *Chao Junior*? And um I’ll read Jessica. And Mason will you read the stage directions?

(COBY (ISSAC) and MASON (BEN) accept their pages.)

MASON: Chao Jr. stands alone in a rice field.

He has been standing there his entire life, or so it seems.

His hair is black as a bird.

KRIS: I’m going to change that to something that sucks less.

MASON: Peering off into the distance.

He wears an old tunic and sandals.

He is scaling a fish, absent-mindedly.

Jessica, a young Korean and also Chinese girl with big sunglasses, a pretty yellow sundress and an iPhone

approaches. She takes down her sunglasses, peers at him.

KRIS: (*as JESSICA, self-consciously*)Hello....

MASON: Chao Jr., surprised, turns to her.

KRIS: Hi....are you Chao?

CHAO JR.: Yes..... who're you?

KRIS: How's it going?

MASON: Chao Jr. just stands there looking at her.

KRIS: Do you speak English?

CHAO JR.: Of course.

KRIS:Do you know who I am?

MASON: Tears come to his eyes.

CHAO JR.: If you are who I think you are.....
Then I have been waiting for you....

*(KRIS slips into the earnestness of the role she's created.
COBY starts to do a fine job with CHAO JR. as well.)*

KRIS: You have? Really, you have? Oh my God -

CHAO JR.: You are my sister.

MASON: Tears come to her eyes.

KRIS: How do you know?

CHAO JR.: You have our father's eyes, and our mother's lips.

KRIS: I do?

CHAO JR.: Come here. Let me look at you.

(JESSICA goes to CHAO JR., obediently. He touches her face.)

I can't believe it's really you.

KRIS: I can't believe it's *you*. My brother –

CHAO JR.: My sister.

KRIS: So – so who are you, I want to know everything, tell me everything about your life!

CHAO JR.: I have a nice life. But my whole life – I've felt like something is missing.

KRIS: Me too – me too -

CHAO JR.: So I've been waiting.

Waiting here for you. Waiting for a piece of me that is missing.

MASON: They embrace.

CHAO JR.: And you? What have you made of yourself? In America?

KRIS: Right now I'm in financial planning, can't you tell by my pleasant demeanor?

MASON: Chao Jr. laughs at her joke.

CHAO JR.: Have they been kind to you? Your family there?

KRIS: I don't have a family. Just a Mom. Not cruel or anything just – distant.

CHAO JR.: You have a new family now.

MASON: He embraces her like he'll never let her go.

CHAO JR.: I would move mountains for you...

KRIS: Me too....

MASON: They kiss on the lips.

(KRIS looks up, embarrassed. Then back at her script.)

CHAO JR.: Are you hungry?

(KRIS nods.)

CHAO JR.: Come and meet mother and father. They have been waiting for you. They will fill your void with warm sand. Do not worry about who you are, because they will tell you, and everything will make sense.

MASON: CHAO JR. takes JESSICA's hands, and leads her off.

(KRIS looks into the faces of her teacher and classmates, expectantly.)

KRIS: That's what I have. Right now. Am I getting closer? To something?

VII.

(Night.

BEN is on the couch, watching TV. His phone is in front of him. His eyes are on his phone like it's calling him. His thoughts swirl and focus, Dawn, Dawn, Dawn.

Finally, he can't take it. He reaches for his phone and dials.)

BEN: Hey Da –

Oh that's not you. That's your voicemail.

You changed your voicemail.

Sounds nice, uh.

(Beat.)

Uh, I just wanted to say you don't need to change your number or anything because I'm not going to call you anymore, this is the last time.

(Beat.)

I just – I think you're being kinda fucking ridiculous, you're overreacting, you always do this, and I just wish you would let me talk to you and just listen to me. I don't care what your mom says or what fucking Ashley says, because I know they were saying shit to you about me and putting things in your head. They poison you but you're your own person and that's what I lo –

(Beat.)

I thought we like KNEW each other. Cared about each other. And you're treating me like some –

(Beat.)

I mean, you know me, and I would *not* –

When you have loved somebody and they loved you, it's not STALKING it's called

WANTING TO TALK.

And no I am NOT drunk right now I explicitly am NOT having a beer right now, I --

(Beat.)

Fuckin A.

You make me drive all the way over there to just –

(Beat. He's getting frusrated. Too close to his feelings.

He paces.

**MESSAGE FROM PHONE: IF YOU ARE SATIS-
FIED WITH YOUR
MESSAGE, PLEASE PRESS 1.)
FUCKKKKKKK.**

*(He hangs up. Tosses his phone. Heads towards the
fridge. Grabs a beer. Opens it.*

Pulls on it. Paces.

ISAAC arrives home with a backpack, spots his brother.

*Immediately clocks and
knows his energy.)*

ISAAC: Hey.

BEN: Sup.

(ISAAC goes to the fridge, gets some water.)

BEN: Hey can I get a ride to Slims?

ISAAC: I just got home.

BEN: It'll take you two seconds.

ISAAC: I have work to do.

BEN: You've been at the library all fuckin day,

Come on!

Come out with me!

ISAAC: I have a paper.

(*BEN paces. About to lose it.*)

BEN: YOU ARE - SO -

(*BEN gets a text.*)

Glenn's on the other side a town.

Ike -

ISAAC: If you wanna go out, go out!

BEN: (*holding beer up*) I can't drive now!

ISAAC: Take a cab.

BEN: It's a waste of money!!!

(*ISAAC doesn't respond.*)

BEN: It's ladies night at Slims.

ISAAC: I thought all the girls around here were idiots.

BEN: Doesn't mean I don't wanna bang em.

ISAAC: That's *really* nice.

BEN: C'mon. Come with me. You never hang out anymore. You never get drunk with me anymore.

ISAAC: I've got class -

BEN: Fuck it, Ikey, let's get drunk!

ISAAC: I gotta write a / paper -

BEN: Just be my brother for like a second and come out with me!

(ISAAC texts.)

BEN: So you're gonna hang out with the Asian girl instead of your own brother? That's cold.

ISAAC: Her name's Kris.

BEN: No, you should hang out with her again. For sure. It'll look great on your life resume. 'In grad school, I banged an Asian.' Now all you have to do is grow a man bun and some organic tomatoes.

(ISAAC ignores him. Works on his computer.)

BEN: Just -- Hang out with me for a minute.

ISAAC: I have a paper.

BEN: You always have a paper.

ISAAC: I'm in *grad* school and I have a / lot of

BEN: Debt. You have a lot of debt. Or you will.

ISAAC: We can hang out here, we don't have to go out and get shit canned to hang out!

BEN: Fine. Let's hang out.

(Isaac shuts his computer. They try their hand at 'hanging out.' They sit there together a bit awkwardly. We hear the waves.)

BEN: Waves're big tonight.

ISAAC: Yeah.

(Beat.
Distant sirens, approaching.)

ISAAC: Bet some guy tried to jump off the pier again.

BEN: Yeah.

ISAAC: Shouting his dead lover's name into the night.
Swimming towards the moon. JESSICA! JESSICA!!

(Beat.)

BEN: What was that? Was that a poem?

ISAAC: I don't know.

(Beat.)

BEN: How long's your paper?

ISAAC: Ten pages.

BEN: That's nothing.

(Actually interested, but trying to conceal this.)
What's it on?

ISAAC: Our family history.

BEN: Do we have funny fake names? Are we traumatized?

ISAAC: No. Well, kinda.

BEN: Granddad was pretty cool, he was in the Navy.

ISAAC: Everyone was in the Navy.

(Beat.)

There is a street in Pennsylvania named after us, our last name.

We could go one day.

BEN: What, to Pennsylvania?

ISAAC: Yeah, like a trip? Like a brothers – adventure thing.

BEN: A brothers adventure thing sounds fun.

*(BEN changes the channel to **The Office**. ISAAC can't help but watch. They watch together. We hear the show. They laugh together, momentarily bonded.)*

BEN: *Dwight!!!!!!*

ISAAC: Dwight –

BEN: Commercial.

(Beat.)

ISAAC: Mom called me really upset, she said you yelled at her.

BEN: I didn't yell. Jesus.

ISAAC: You shouldn't be such an asshole to her.

BEN: I'm not!

ISAAC: You made her cry. Just cause you're in a / bad mood.

BEN: I try to be civilized, *Mom how are you, she's like how's Dawn, when are you settling down, do you need a new jock strap, have you lost weight, have you gained weight, why don't you talk to me like you used to, you never talk to me anymore, and I'm like* MOM I NEVER TALKED TO YOU and she makes this face like – (*He makes a placid Mom face, with slightly judgmental pursed lips.*) and it drives me CRAZY. And she asks me the same questions over and over.

ISAAC: She's just being your Mom.

BEN: You'll understand when you get older.

ISAAC: You are not even TWO YEARS / older than me!

BEN: She treats me like a kid and it drives me INSANE.

ISAAC: Well I'm serious, don't ever be mean like that to her ever again.

BEN: I am not MEAN to her! I handle her FINANCES! I take CARE of her!

ISAAC: It's not her fault Dawn broke up with you.

BEN: (*head in hands, soft*) Don't say her name dude –

ISAAC: You can't take things out on her.

She's our Mom.

We – we came out of her, we are from her –

BEN: UGH

(*Beat. ISAAC clears his throat.*

BEN, flustered, gets up to get another beer. He is very uncomfortable.)

BEN: If I'm gonna let you stay here you can't / be constantly trying to have these gay conversations with me.

ISAAC: Oh my God! Ben! You ASKED me to move in!

BEN: I did not ASK you to move in I said you could CRASH if you WANTED. FUCK.

(BEN kicks something. Hard. Isaac clocks this.)

ISAAC: What did Dawn say?

(Beat.)

What happened?

BEN: *(into his beer)* Nothing, she was just saying hey, checking in, It was nothing.

(BEN drinks.)

I just need to meet someone else.

I'll meet someone else.

I don't even care who.

(He searches through his phone.)

Anyone. Anyone.

ISAAC: Are you okay?

(Beat. BEN finishes his beer.)

BEN: Yes.

ISAAC: Good.

BEN: *(facetiously)* Are YOU okay?

ISAAC:Yeah....

(They sit there together, having no idea how to talk to each other.)

Why can't we talk about anything? Why is this so -

BEN: We're talking right now.

(Beat.)

ISAAC: Kris asked if we were best friends.

BEN: What, you and me?

ISAAC: Yeah.

(BEN shrugs. Ignores him. Or does not know how to respond.)

He takes the remote, flips through channels. Turns the volume up to drown out his thoughts. Finds something he likes.)

BEN: Dude, remember *Family Double Dare*????

ISAAC: *(shut down)* Ha – yeah.

BEN: *Family Double Dare* was awesome.