

**THE TROUBLE
WITH WHERE
WE COME FROM**

BY SCOTT CAAN



**DRAMATISTS
PLAY SERVICE
INC.**

THE TROUBLE WITH WHERE WE COME FROM

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For K & J

THE TROUBLE WITH WHERE WE COME FROM was originally produced by the Falcon Theatre, Burbank, California, by Gary K. Marshall, Kathleen Marshall La Gambina, & Sherry Greczmiel Productions. It was directed by Matt August, the set designer was Stephen Gifford, the costume designer was Kate Poppen, the lighting designer was Luke Moyer, the sound designer was Robert A. Ramirez, and the stage manager was Dale Alan Cooke. The cast was as follows:

CHARLIE Michael Weston
VINCE Scott Caan
SHELLY Claire van der Boom
JOANNA/SAMANTHA/
THE BLONDE/KELLY Teri Reeves

CHARACTERS

CHARLIE

VINCE

SHELLY

JOANNA

SAMANTHA

THE BLONDE

KELLY

THE TROUBLE WITH WHERE WE COME FROM

ACT ONE

Lights up: A living room, with an attached kitchen area. A small couch and a coffee table in the middle, a massive refrigerator on the right, and stairs leading up to a bedroom stage left.

Note: There will be a positive and negative side of the stage. The stage will appear as the above described until light-play informs the change over to the negative. The negative will exist as the exterior of a small theater, with a neon marquee above the door at the top of the steps. A bench off to the side in front of the theater. The lights will adjust according to the appropriate set.

The living room: A few beats of silence, until the door slowly swings open.

Note: The lock on the door is broken.

Charlie, mid- to late thirties, stands in the doorway holding on to his phone. He seems stressed. He is. He takes a few very cautious steps into the apartment and looks around the living room.

CHARLIE. Sam? (He turns back to the door, messes with the broken lock, closes the door behind himself, and then moves back into the living room. He checks a door downstage right, opens it, looks in, and then closes it. Does a once-over through the apartment to make sure he is alone.) Samantha? You here? You better not be. (Charlie waits a few

beats, then quickly grabs his phone, dials a number, and puts the phone up to his ear. He waits. Into phone:) Vince, it's Charlie. I left you three messages. You couldn't possibly still be at the theater talking to that guy. Please just come right to my house when you get this messages. These message. This message. It's important. Okay? Goodbye. *(He paces back and forth, holding on to his phone. He seems a mess. Frantic. Coming apart almost. He occasionally looks out the window to see if someone is there. After a few laps across the stage, the phone rings. Charlie looks at the phone and immediately answers it, almost cutting off the first ring.)* Vince, what the hell are you doing? ... Well I said I needed to talk to you and that it's important... No, not on the phone... Because I'm paranoid. Can you just hurry? I really screwed up and I need to talk. Where the hell are you? *(Charlie has his back to the door and does not notice as it swings open, revealing a man standing in the doorway holding a phone.)* Vince? *(The man struts up behind Charlie, still holding the phone to his ear.)* You there? VINCE. Right here, buddy. *(Charlie jumps. This is Vince. Very confident. Lotta swag. Relaxed. The opposite of Charlie at this point. He points to the door with the broken lock.)* You should really get this lock fixed.

CHARLIE. I'm aware of that, thank you. *(Charlie looks outside to see if something else exists, and then closes the door. Vince points a finger at Charlie and speaks with a heavy Brooklyn accent as he saunters deeper into the room.)*

VINCE. I got a bone to pick with you.

CHARLIE. A bone to pick?

VINCE. That's right.

CHARLIE. What is that Vince? Did I write that? Do me a favor. Talk like a person.

VINCE. Okay, Charlie. I got a problem.

CHARLIE. No. I got a problem. You on the other hand are just upset.

VINCE. Fine then. Do you know why?

CHARLIE. Because I left the theater and you got stuck talking to that shmuck critic.

VINCE. God damn right. What gives?

CHARLIE. What gives? What are you? Still in character? Do me a favor. Talk to me right. I'm in no mood for this. Speak English. The show's over.

VINCE. Hey. I have a process. Okay? As you know I like to stay

in character for some time after the curtain. I'm a thezbian and I have a process.

CHARLIE. It's "thespian." Please speak normal. I'm begging you. (*A stand-off. Then... Vince snaps out of it and drops the accent completely.*)

VINCE. Okay fine. I don't like talking to critics. Please don't do that to me ever again.

CHARLIE. Fine. (*Charlie moves for another window and takes a peek outside.*)

VINCE. This idiot... Talking to me about the laws of the theater, and how it is supposed to be done. It's art, dick! There's no "supposed to be." (*Vince does a bad British accent when impersonating the journalist:*) "There are rules you see, Aristotelian unity, and once a thing like this has been broken the repercussions could be disastrous." What a putz. Who is this guy? Who talks like that? That fake phony accent like he's ever even been out of the country.

CHARLIE. He didn't like the play?

VINCE. Who gives a shit?

CHARLIE. Well I kind of do. I wrote it and he's gonna write a review. (*Vince throws him a look.*) You're right. Who gives a shit?

VINCE. Correct. But at the risk of pretending to give a shit, which I do not, on account of what a gigantic putz this guy is... Turns out he thought I was fantastic.

CHARLIE. Really?

VINCE. Yes, really. He said I was "truly amazing."

CHARLIE. You were really good tonight.

VINCE. Thank you.

CHARLIE. Inspired.

VINCE. Thank you. (*Charlie waits. Nothing.*)

CHARLIE. And of course less importantly the play. Did he mention that? (*Vince holds a beat for effect.*)

VINCE. Yes. He did. "The play, despite the aforementioned rule-breaking and what have you, was a true delight."

CHARLIE. Nice. (*Vince gestures by grabbing his pants between his legs.*)

VINCE. Yeah, delight this you phony prick.

CHARLIE. Okay. That's very good now I need your undivided—

VINCE. Don't do that again, please. You're the writer. You're the director. That's your job, talking to phony pricks. I'm a thespian. I get to be cool and pretend I'm too tortured to socialize. You go ahead, be smart, talk shop and literature, leave me out of it, please.

(Vince moves toward the kitchen. He opens the refrigerator and starts to browse. It's fully stocked.)

CHARLIE. I need you to listen to me—

VINCE. Wow man. Shelly really keeps it crisp over here. Before she moved in, you'd be lucky to find a tin of something expired. This is amazing. Look at all this shit. It's like a real house or something. She cook too?

CHARLIE. Yes she does.

VINCE. Not a whole lot better in life than opening a fridge... *(Just then an alarm goes off. A continuous loud beeping sound. Vince jumps back. Charlie rushes over and quickly closes the fridge. The alarm stops.)*

VINCE. What the fuck was that?

CHARLIE. Shelly put an alarm on the fridge to remind me. I got a thing with closing it.

VINCE. What kind of thing?

CHARLIE. I don't know. I think it's some sort of P.T.S.D. thing. I left it open once when I was a kid, and all the perishables, well you know, I guess they perished and my mom lost her mind. Slapped me around a bit and then took off for a couple days.

VINCE. How old were you?

CHARLIE. I don't know. Seven.

VINCE. Jesus.

CHARLIE. Yeah.

VINCE. What an asshole. *(Charlie shoots him a look.)* Your mother I mean.

CHARLIE. Got it. *(Vince opens the fridge, grabs a soda, and quickly closes it.)*

VINCE. Anyway, you'd think that experience would make you want to keep the thing closed, no?

CHARLIE. You would think so, but I guess it's just the opposite. I'm trying to fix the old injury or something, I don't know. It's like kids that are scared of white things because they got bit by a white dog. The only way to fix it is to keep buying white shit. What do I know? Listen to me.

VINCE. I'm trying my best. You still paying that therapist?

CHARLIE. No.

VINCE. That's good... What can I help you with? *(Charlie puts both of his hands on Vince's shoulders. Almost pulling him into a huddle.)*

CHARLIE. Alright. I'm gonna tell you something.

VINCE. Good.

CHARLIE. I'm actually going to tell you a bunch of things, none of which you can repeat.

VINCE. Come on, you don't need to say that.

CHARLIE. Sure I do. You don't say that, people open their mouths, no matter who they are, then you ask why, and they say you never said.

VINCE. I'm not people.

CHARLIE. Fine, I said it. It's been said.

VINCE. Okay. *(Charlie takes a deep breath.)*

CHARLIE. Shelly's pregnant.

VINCE. Holy shit.

CHARLIE. Yeah. *(Charlie quickly moves for the window. Vince follows.)*

VINCE. When did you find out?

CHARLIE. Few days ago. *(Charlie checks the window again, then looks down at his phone.)*

VINCE. And you tell me now? And what's out the window? You order a pizza or something? They'll knock, trust me. *(Charlie turns back.)*

CHARLIE. Alright look, I didn't tell you because you're not supposed to tell people 'til the kid's got a heartbeat, or a penis, or both or something. I don't know.

VINCE. Once again, I'm not people.

CHARLIE. Fine. Once again that is fine. Now I need you to listen to me because I have a serious problem. *(Vince takes a beat to study him.)*

VINCE. No you don't. Stop that right now. Shelly's the best. Everything is gonna be fine. Lord knows I hate children as much as the next guy, but your brain minus the shitty parts and Shelly's everything else, and I say you got a winner. This is fantastic. We're having a baby. *(Vince smiles big.)*

CHARLIE. Thank you, but that's not the problem.

VINCE. I agree.

CHARLIE. I mean sure it's a problem in the sense of those things being problems generally, but that's not thee problem. Not what I'm worried about right this second.

VINCE. Okay. *(Charlie takes a beat to think about what he just said.)*

CHARLIE. I mean I'm obviously worried about it, it's a child, cause for alarm sure, but not right now. This second I mean.

VINCE. Shelly's the one to do it with. Trust me.

CHARLIE. That's not... *(Charlie sits down. He's overwhelmed.)* I'm

THE TROUBLE WITH WHERE WE COME FROM

by Scott Caan

2M, 5W (doubling, flexible casting)

In this romantic comedy, Charlie finds himself at a crossroads in his life when he discovers that his girlfriend is expecting. Charlie confides in his best friend, Vince, that he has recently crossed paths with women from his past, and this tangled web of previous girlfriends is making Charlie doubt his ability to commit to his future.

“Scott Caan has written a very witty and smart script... [with] intricate, verbose dialogue...”
—**BroadwayWorld.com**

“... an entertaining male-centric exploration of sex, love and commitment with deft comic zing, and a believable sober undercurrent.”
—**Los Angeles Times**

“Caan’s dialog snaps and crackles like real speech, and the friendship he has created between two very different protagonists is equally authentic.”
—**StageSceneLA.com**

“... swiftly moving... The dialogue is snappy, funny and thoughtful.”
—**OnStageLosAngeles.com**

Also by Scott Caan
NO WAY AROUND BUT THROUGH
TWO WRONGS

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