

Clybourne Park Audition Sides

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FRANCINE
(to BEV)

So, if it's all right I'm just going to put these candlesticks here in the big box with the utensils.

BEV

That is what I would do, yes, but you do mean to wrap them first?

FRANCINE

Oh, Yes ma'am.

BEV

Oh. Now: Francine: I was wondering about this chafing dish, which we have practically never used.

FRANCINE

Yes ma'am.

BEV

Do you own one of these yourself?

FRANCINE

No, I sure don't.

BEV

Because I do love to entertain though for the life of me I can't remember the last time we did. But still, it does seem a shame to give it away because it's just such a nice thing, isn't it?

FRANCINE

Oh, yes it is.

BEV

And it's just looks so lonely sitting there in the cupboard so: I was wondering if this might be the sort of thing that would be useful to you?

FRANCINE

Ohhhh, thank you, I couldn't take that.

BEV
(re: chafing dish)

See how sad he looks?

FRANCINE

You don't want to be giving that to me.

BEV

Well, nonetheless I'm offering.

FRANCINE

No, I don't think I should.

BEV

Well, you think about it.

FRANCINE

But thank you for offering.

BEV

You think about it and let me know.

FRANCINE

Yes ma'am.

BEV

And do put some paper around those.

FRANCINE

Yes ma'am.

(FRANCINE goes into kitchen. BEV continues packing, passing RUSS as she crosses.)

BEV

That's a funny word, isn't it? Neapolitan.

RUSS

(turns off radio)

Funny what way?

Close enough. JIM

Timed it. Door to door. RUSS

Roll outa bed and *boom*. JIM

And Tom Perricone. I don't know if you know Tom. Colleague of mine. Now, he's going to relocate to that same office and they live right down here offa Larabee. You know what *that's* gonna take him on the expressway? RUSS

That's a drive. JIM

Thirty-five minutes. And that's no traffic. RUSS

Well, Judy and I are sure gonna miss having you two around. JIM

Well... Yeah. RUSS

(*Awkward pause.*)

And how's Bev doing? JIM
(*lowers voice, secretively*)

Oh, you know. Bev loves a project. RUSS

Keep her occupied. JIM

The *mind* occupied. RUSS

What, does she worry a lot? JIM

No. No more than – RUSS

About you? JIM

Me? No. RUSS

Ya seem good to me. JIM

I meant – you know how she gets. RUSS

Sure. JIM

Overexcited. RUSS

I can see that. JIM

Worked up over things. Minor things. RUSS

Things like? JIM

Oh, you know. RUSS

JIM

Not calling yourself a *minor thing*, are you?

RUSS

(*beat, slightly irritated*)

No, I didn't – I meant things like –

JIM

(*chuckles*)

Do *you* consider yourself a *minor thing*?

RUSS

Jim, I didn't – Well, actually, in the grand scheme of things I don't think any one of us is, uh... particularly – did Bev *ask* you to come over?

JIM

Nope.

RUSS

I mean, good to see you. Great to see you.

JIM

I mean, we *ran into* each other coupla days ago. Got to talking.

RUSS

Uh-huh.

JIM

Little about you. Since she cares about you.

RUSS

Right. Right.

(*RUSS looks for BEV.*)

RUSS

"The heck's she's doing in there?"

JIM

Everybody cares about you, Russ.

RUSS

Uh-huh. Uh-huh. Yup. Well. Tell ya what I think. And I'm not a psychiatrist or anything but I do think a lotta people today have this tendency, tendency to *brood* about stuff, which, if you ask me, is, is, is – well, short answer, it's *not productive*. And what I'd say to these people, *were* I to have a degree in psychiatry, I think my advice would be maybe, get up offa your rear end and *do* something.

JIM

Huh.

RUSS

Be my solution.

JIM

Uh-huh.

RUSS

Of course, what do I know?

JIM

I think you know plenty.

(*Beat. RUSS looks toward kitchen.*)

RUSS

(*calling*)

Hey, Bev?

JIM

Like, I think you know your son was a good man, no matter what. Hero to his country. Nothing changes that.

RUSS

Yup yup yup.

JIM

And I also think you know that sometimes talking about things that happen, painful things, maybe –

RUSS

Uh, you don't happen to have a degree in psychiatry *either*, do you, Jim?

(JIM stares.)

RUSS

No? Just checking.

JIM

We all suffer, you know. Not like you and Bev, maybe, but –

RUSS

But, see, since what *I'm* doing here is, see, since I'm just minding *my* own business – (cont'd.)

JIM

(overlapping)

But it doesn't hurt –

RUSS

(continuous)

– sorta seems to *me* you might save yourself the effort worrying about things you don't need to *concern* yourself with and furthermore – (cont'd.)

JIM

(overlapping)

He's in a better place, Russ.

RUSS

(cont'd.)

– if you *do* keep going on about those things, Jim, well, I hate to have to put it this way, but what I think I might have to do is... uh, politely ask you to uh, (clears his throat) ...well, to go fuck yourself.

(Pause.)

JIM

Not sure there's a polite way to ask that.

(RUSS rises to exit.)

RUSS

(embarrassed)

Okay? So.

JIM

I just can't believe Kenneth would've wanted his own father to –

RUSS

(maintaining calm)

Yup. Yup. So, you can go fuck yourself okay?

(BEV enters with JIM's iced tea.)

BEV

So wait. So if it's *Napoli* in Italian, then wouldn't adding an "E" before the "A" just seem superfluo– What's happening?

JIM

Bev, I believe I will hit the road.

BEV

What are you – ? Russ?

RUSS

Going upstairs.

BEV

What happened?

JIM

Not to worry.

ALBERT

Oh, yes it is.

BEV

(to ALBERT)

I tell you, I don't know *what* I would do without a friend like Francine here, and on a *Saturday*, I mean she is just a treasure. What on earth are we going to do up there without her?

ALBERT

Well, I trust ya'll can sort things out.

BEV

(to FRANCINE)

Oh, and maybe Monday we can see about that big trunk, why don't we?

FRANCINE

We'll make sure and do that.

BEV

I'd do it myself but I'm not a big strapping man like Albert here.

JIM

Afraid I've gotta exempt myself –

BEV

Oh no no no no no. Francine and I can manage.

ALBERT

What's it, a trunk, you said?

FRANCINE

(with a shake of the head to dissuade ALBERT)

A footlocker.

ALBERT

Where's it at?

BEV

No no no no no we just need to bring it down the stairs.

ALBERT

I don't mind.

BEV

Oh, thank you, but no.

FRANCINE

(to BEV)

But definitely Monday.

ALBERT

These stairs, here?

BEV

Oh no no no – I mean, it wouldn't take but two minutes.

FRANCINE

(to BEV, re: her bags)

It's just I got these things here to take care of.

ALBERT

I can put them in the car.

JIM

Oh, got yourself a car?

ALBERT

Yes sir.

JIM

(looking out the window)

Whatzat, a Pontiac?

ALBERT

Yes, sir.

FRANCINE

(significantly, to ALBERT)

It's just that I'm afraid we're going to be late.

ALBERT

(not getting it)

Late for what?

FRANCINE

The place we gotta be?

ALBERT

The *place*?

FRANCINE

Remember?

ALBERT

(to FRANCINE)

The – What're you – ?

FRANCINE

(to BEV)

I'm sorry.

ALBERT

(to FRANCINE)

Said two minutes is all.

FRANCINE

(quiet, pointedly)

Well, I've got my *hands* full.

ALBERT

I just said I can put them in the –

FRANCINE

(testily, as they start to go)

I can put them in the car. I can do that.

BEV

Did you get the chafing dish?

FRANCINE

No ma'am, thank you, though.

ALBERT

(to BEV and JIM)

Be right back.

(ALBERT opens the door to reveal KARL LINDNER, about to ring the bell. He is an oddly formal and uncomfortable-seeming man.)

KARL

Ah. Unexpected. Uhhh...?

BEV

Hello, Karl.

KARL

(indistinct)

Ah, Bev. Voila.

ALBERT

(to KARL, squeezing past)

Excuse us, if you don't mind?

KARL

(to ALBERT, formally)

Not at all. After *you*, sir.

(KARL makes way for ALBERT and FRANCINE to pass.)

ALBERT

(to FRANCINE, as they exit, barely audible)

What is the *matter* with you?

BEV

(continuous whisper)

— and I thought with the new job and the move I thought somehow he would start to let go of —

(RUSS returns from the kitchen. BEV goes silent. He goes to a door beneath the stairs, opens it, pulls a string to turn on a light, and exits.)

BEV

(calling after him)

Where are you going, the basement?

RUSS

(from off)

Yup.

BEV

Are you looking for something?

RUSS

(further)

Yup.

(The front door opens. KARL escorts his wife BETSY, who is eight months pregnant, and who also happens to be totally deaf.)

KARL

Here we are, then.

BEV

Oh, *there she is!*

BETSY

Hehhyoooh, Behhhh. (tr. Hello, Bev.)

BEV

(over-enunciating for BETSY's benefit)

Well just *look* at you! My *goodness*. You are just the biggest *thing*.

BETSY

Ah nohhh! Eee toooor. Ah so beee!!! (I know! It's true. I'm so big!!!)

KARL

Took the liberty of not ringing the bell.

BEV

Betsy, you know Jim.

JIM

Indeed she does.

BETSY

Hah Jeee. (Hi Jim.)

(JIM shows off his sign language skills to BETSY, finger-spelling the last word.)

BEV

Oh, well, now look at *that*. Look at them go. What is that about? Somebody translate!

BETSY

(laughing, to KARL)

Huhuhuuh!! Kaaaaa!!

JIM

(chuckling along)

Uh-oh! What did I do? Did I mis-spell?

(BETSY signs to KARL.)

KARL

(chuckles)

Uh, it seems, Jim, that you, uh, told Betsy that she was expecting a *storm!!*

BEV

No! He meant stork! You meant *stork*, didn't you?

BETSY

(pantomimes umbrella)

Ahneemah-umbrayah! (I need my umbrella!)

(All laugh.)

BEV

Her *umbrella*! I understood that!

KARL

Have to check the weather report!

BEV

A *storm*, I'm going to tell that to Russ.

JIM

(conceding his mistake)

Must have rusty fingers!!

(All chuckle.)

BETSY

(to KARL, asking for translation)

Kaaaah?

KARL

(speaks as he signs)

Uh, Jim says *his fingers are rusty*.

(BETSY laughs and covers her mouth.)

BEV

See? She understands.

BETSY

(to JIM, pantomimes washing hands)

Jeee, mehbbe yew neeee sooohh!! (Jim, maybe you need soap!!)

(More polite laughing.)

BEV

(explaining to JIM)

Soap. For the *rust* on your –

JIM

(to BEV)

No, I understood

(RUSS emerges from the basement, carrying a large shovel.)

KARL

And there's the man himself! Thought he'd absconded!

BEV

(to RUSS)

The Lindners are here.

BETSY

Hehhyoooo, Ruuuuhhh. (Hello, Russ.)

RUSS

Betsy.

(to BEV)

Ya seen my gloves anywhere?

KARL

(re: the shovel)

Tunneling to China, are we?

RUSS

(to BEV)

Pair of work gloves?

BEV

(to KARL)

Do you know I just got through saying how Russ and I never entertain and here it is a regular neighborhood social!

KARL

Well, we shan't be long.

(KARL and JIM exit out the front door.)

FRANCINE

(to ALBERT)

I think they're *all* a buncha idiots. And who's the biggest idiot of all to let yourself get dragged into the middle of it? Whatcha gonna be now, the big *peacemaker* come to save the day?

(KARL sticks his head back in.)

KARL

(through the open door)

You're mentally unstable, Russ!

FRANCINE

(to ALBERT)

Let 'em knock each other's *brains* out, for all I care. I'm done working for these people two days from now, and you never worked for 'em at *all*, so what the hell do you care *what* they do? And now I am going to the goddamn *car*.

(FRANCINE exits. During the marital squabble, RUSS has returned the letter to the footlocker and dragged it out through the kitchen. ALBERT is now left alone in the middle of the room. He stands idly for a moment, then moves to right the overturned floor lamp. As he does, BEV enters from the bathroom, blowing her nose.)

ALBERT

(seeing BEV)

It's all right. Nothing broken.

BEV

(as composed as possible)

Oh oh oh don't mind that. But thank you so much.

ALBERT

No trouble.

BEV

And do let me offer you some money for your help.

ALBERT

Oh no ma'am, that's all right.

BEV

Ohhh, are you sure?

ALBERT

Yes, ma'am.

BEV

(finding her purse)

Well, here, then. Let me at least give you fifty cents.

ALBERT

No, now you keep your money.

BEV

Or, how about dollar? Take a dollar. I don't care.

ALBERT

Ma'am?

BEV

Or take two. It's just money.

ALBERT

Happy to help.

BEV

Or take something. You have to take something.

ALBERT

No ma'am. But —

BEV

What about this chafing dish? Did you see this dish?

ALBERT

Well, we got plenty of dish—

BEV

Not one of these. Francine told me. (*cont'd.*)

ALBERT

Well, that's very kind of you, but —

BEV

She said you didn't have one and somebody should take it and —
(*cont'd.*)

ALBERT

(*overlapping*)

But we don't *need* it, ma'am.

BEV

(*continuous*)

— make use of it, so if you let me just wrap it for you.

ALBERT

(*finally raising his voice*)

Ma'am, we don't *want* your things. Please. We got our *own* things.

(*Pause. BEV is shocked.*)

BEV

Well.

ALBERT

(*gently*)

Trying to *explain* to you.

BEV

Well, if *that's* the attitude, then I just don't know what to say anymore.
I really don't. If *that's* what we're coming to.

ALBERT

Ma'am, everybody's sorry for your loss.

BEV

(*holding back tears, nobly righteous*)

You know, I would be... So *proud*. So *honored* to have you and
Francine as our neighbors. *And* the two children.

ALBERT

Three children.

BEV

Three chil— We would... Maybe we should *learn* what the other
person eats. Maybe that would be the solution to some of the — If
someday we could all sit down together, at one big table and, and,
and, and... (*trails into a whisper, shakes her head.*)

ALBERT

Evening, ma'am.

(*ALBERT goes. BEV is left alone. After a moment, RUSS enters
to fetch the shovel. He carries a pair of work gloves. Seeing BEV, he
stops, unsure of what to say.*)

BEV

Where'd you find the gloves?

RUSS

Under the sink.

BEV

And where are you going to dig the hole?

RUSS

Under the, uh... What's that big tree called?

BEV

The crepe myrtle.

LENA

But, given the makeup of the neighborhood at that time and the price of a home like this one, the question naturally arises as to whether it was the thing that happened here in the house – whether that in some way –

KEVIN

Played a factor.

LENA

In making a place like this affordable. For a person of her income.

(*All stare.*)

STEVE

The *thing*.

LENA

The sad – you know.

LINDSEY

I don't.

LENA

The tragic –

KEVIN

Thing that happened.

LINDSEY

What thing?

KEVIN

(*no big deal*)

Well. Long time ago, but –

STEVE

In *this* house?

LENA

I'm just saying that, since she was one of the very first people of color –

LINDSEY

Wait. Something happened in the house?

STEVE

What, somebody *died*, or – ?

KEVIN

S'not important.

LINDSEY

That we should be concerned about?

KEVIN

No no no no no.

LENA

Just that – there'd *been* a family. Who had a son who'd been in the Army.

KEVIN

Korea, maybe?

LENA

And who, well, a few years after he came back from the war –

KEVIN

Killed himself.

LINDSEY

(*beat*)

Oh my god.

KEVIN

Yeah.

STEVE

Wow.

Oh my god. LINDSEY

Sad. KEVIN

Wow. STEVE

Oh my god. LINDSEY

Which my great-aunt didn't know at the time. LENA

Oh my god, that is just – LINDSEY

Though I assumed you *did*. LENA

Umm, no? STEVE

That is just – just – just – Wait. And they went ahead and *sold* the house to – ? LINDSEY

Mm-hmm. LENA

Wow. STEVE

Without *telling* her that? Because nobody ever told *us* that. LINDSEY

Well, they *wouldn't*, would they? KATHY

Fifty *years* ago. KEVIN
(*dismissive*)

But *legally*, I mean, don't you have to *tell* people that? LINDSEY
(*to KATHY*)

Not if you want to sell it. KATHY

It was something like he'd come back from the Army. And he'd been accused of something. LENA

Killing people. KEVIN

Innocent people. LENA

Killing civilians. KEVIN

But you don't mean, like like like like... (*laughs*) like *here in this very* – ? STEVE

No – I mean, not *where we're sitting*. LENA

Upstairs, wasn't it? KEVIN

I – I – I – I – LINDSEY
(*freaking out*)

STEVE
(touching LINDSEY)

Breathe.

LINDSEY
(pushing STEVE'S hand away)

Stop it.

LENA
I mean, the version I was told was, that he went upstairs.

KEVIN
Hanged himself.

LINDSEY
(standing, walking away)
Okay. No. No, I'm sorry, but that is wrong.

STEVE
(following her)
Where are you going?

LINDSEY
That is just – No. To sell someone a – a – a house, where – ?

STEVE
Whatsamatter?

(STEVE and LINDSEY exit to the kitchen, from where we clearly hear:)

LINDSEY
No. There should be a law. And I don't care how okay? I don't want to know how he did it or in what room – Because I'm sorry, but that is just something that, from a legal standpoint, you should have to tell people!

KATHY
(calling to LINDSEY)

It's not.

LINDSEY
(sticking her head in, to KATHY)
Well, it fucking well should be.

STEVE
Hey. Hey.

LINDSEY
(privately, to STEVE)
And now I have this horrifying image in my head?

STEVE
(to LINDSEY, laughing)
But why d'you have to make such a big deal outa – ?

LINDSEY
Uh, it is a big deal, Steve. If your child – if our family is going to live in a house where – ?

STEVE
(laughing, to the others)
I mean, it's not like he's still hanging up there!

LINDSEY
(losing her shit, to STEVE)
It's not funny, okay?! It's not funny to me, so why are you acting like an asshole?!!

(The kitchen door bangs open and DAN noisily enters.)

DAN
(calling out)
Okay. Show ya whatcha got.

(He drags a large trunk – the same trunk we saw in Act I, now covered with mold and dirt – into the middle of the room.)

DAN

So that's your problem right there. *(coughs a couple of times)* 'Scuse me. And I tell ya one thing: Yank this up from down there, take a look at it, you know the first thing I'm thinking to myself? You know what I'm thinking? *Buried treasure*. Like Spanish doubloons or something and I know you're thinking Dan ya crazy bastard but I tell ya what. I know a guy.

(He joins the circle.)

DAN

(coughs again)

'Scuse me. This guy. Last summer he's taking out a septic system – this house out in Mundelcin. He's sitting on top of his backhoe. All of a sudden *clang*. And this guy's not exactly the sharpest tool in the box, if ya know what I mean, but he goes down in there about five, six feet with a chain and a winch – *rewar to god* – ya know what he pulls out from down there? He *sounds back*. He takes a look – *(without stopping)* – You're in the middle of something.

STEVE

Sorta.

DAN

My bad.

STEVE

No no.

DAN

Bull in a china shop.

STEVE

It's cool.

DAN

According to my wife.

STEVE

Oh yeah?

DAN

As well as a couple other names not suitable for mixed – Anyways.

STEVE

Thanks.

DAN

(re: the trunk)

So, I'll just leave this here for ya.

STEVE

Thank you.

DAN

Need me to open it, you lemme know.

STEVE

Great.

DAN

Problem, though. *(indicating the large padlock)* Problem's this puppy right here. Now the deal is: I got a saw. Take a hacksaw you could maybe saw it off but whatcha *really* want is a pair of bolt cutters and I don't think I got any bolt cutters, so.

STEVE

Ah, well.

DAN

'Cause you never know. Turns out to be fulla Spanish doubloons we'll haveta split it six ways, huh?

LINDSEY
(to DAN, taking over)

Sorry.

DAN
Whoops.

LINDSEY
I don't know your name.

DAN
(extending hand)
Dan.

LINDSEY
Hi Dan.

DAN
Dan or Danny.

LINDSEY
Great.

DAN
Daniel when the wife gets pissed.

LINDSEY
But listen –

DAN
No no no no no no I gotcha.

LINDSEY
If you wouldn't mind?

DAN
Middle of your thing and I come barging right into –

LINDSEY
Thank you.

DAN
But you findya some bolt cutters you'll be in business.

LINDSEY
We will.

DAN
(an idea)
Hey, ya know what? Hang on a second.

(DAN heads to the back door. As he does:)

TOM
So I'm just going to push ahead, if that's okay?

DAN
(calling out the door, top of his lungs)
Ramirez!!!

TOM
'Cause we still got seventeen pages to cover –

LINDSEY
(to all)
And I'm sorry I lost my shit. No, I did. But I think we're both wound a little tight right now with the baby and the house and the money and everything –

DAN
(same)
Ramirez!!

LINDSEY
– and then to top it all off, we get sent this petition in the mail, you know, and suddenly our entire lives are thrown into chaos at the very

STEVE
Name *one*.

LINDSEY
Normal people? Tend to have *many* friends of a diverse and wide-ranging –

STEVE
You can't name *one*!

LINDSEY
Candace.

STEVE
(*beat, then*)
Name another.

LINDSEY
I don't have to stand here compiling a list of –

STEVE
You said *half*. You *specifically* –

LINDSEY
Theresa.

STEVE
She works in your office!! She's not your "friend".

LINDSEY
She was at the baby shower, Steve! I hope she's not my enemy!!

TOM
Well, this is all fascinating –

STEVE
(*to LINDSEY*)
Name another.

TOM
And while I'd love to sit here and review *all* of American History, *maybe* we should concentrate on the plans for your *property* – (*cont'd.*)

STEVE
(*overlapping*)
Yes!! Yes!! (*cont'd.*)

TOM
(*continuous*)
– which *had* been the *original* topic of the convers–

STEVE
(*overlapping, continuous*)
The history of America *is* the history of private property.

LENA
That may be –

STEVE
Read De Tocqueville.

LENA
– though I rather doubt *your* grandparents were *sold* as private property.

STEVE
(*to KEVIN & LENA*)
Ohhhhh my *god*. Look. Look. Humans are *territorial*, okay?

LINDSEY
(*to STEVE*)
Who *are* you?

STEVE
This is why we have *wars*. One group, one *tribe*, tries to usurp some *territory* – and now *you* guys have *this* territory, right? And you don't like having it *stolen away* from you, the way white people stole everything

else from black America. *We get it, okay?* And we *apologize*. But what *good* does it do, if we perpetually fall into the same, predictable little euphemistic tap dance around the topic?

KEVIN

You know how to tap dance?

STEVE

See? See what he's doing?!!

LINDSEY

Maybe quit while you're ahead.

STEVE

No. I'm sick of – No. Every *single word* we say is – is – is *scrutinized* for some kind of latent – Meanwhile you guys run around saying n-word this and n-word that and *whatever*. We all know *why* there's a double standard but I can't even so much as repeat a fucking *joke* that *the one black guy I know told me* –

KEVIN

So tell the goddamn joke.

STEVE

Not *now!!*

KEVIN

If you feel so *oppressed*, either go ahead and *tell it* –

LINDSEY

(*to STEVE*)

Do *not*.

KEVIN

– or maybe you could *move on*.

LINDSEY

(*with finality*)

Thank you!

LENA

Well, I want to hear it.

KEVIN

(*to LENA*)

Ohh, *don't*.

LENA

(*to KEVIN*)

Why not? You're not interested?

LINDSEY

No. Trust me. It's offensive.

STEVE

(*to LINDSEY*)

Of course it's *offensive* – (*cont'd.*)

LINDSEY

(*overlapping*)

To *me*. Offensive to *me*.

STEVE

(*continues*)

– that's the whole point of the – How? How does it offend *you*?

LINDSEY

Because it's disgusting and juvenile and traffics in the worst possible type of obsolete bullshit stereotypes.

LENA

Well, now I *gotta* hear it.

KEVIN

No no no no no.
Aww, *c'mon*.

STEVE

No. I can't.

LINDSEY

Not while I'm in the room.

LENA

(*to KEVIN, re: LINDSEY*)

Well, she says it's so offensive, and I have no way of knowing if she's right, and if I don't ever *hear* it, how will I ever *know*?

(*KEVIN sighs, throws up his hands.*)