



HERE WE ARE

ORIGINAL CAST RECORDING

BOOK BY
**DAVID
IVES**

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
**STEPHEN
SONDHEIM**

DIRECTED BY
**JOE
MANTELLO**

HERE WE ARE

Steven Pasquale, Micaela Diamond, Bobby Cannavale, Rachel Bay Jones, Jeremy Shamos, Amber Gray

TOM KIRDAHY SUE WAGNER JOHN JOHNSON THE STEPHEN SONDHEIM TRUST
HUNTER ARNOLD JOHN GORE MARGUERITE HOFFMAN PETER MAY TED SNOWDON STEVEN SPIELBERG AND KATE CAPSHAW
CAIOLA PRODUCTIONS CONCORD THEATRICALS SUZI DIETZ AND LENNY BEER HUNTER JOHNSON
KEN AND MADY KADES WILLETTE AND MANNY KLAUSNER VIAJES MIRANDA THOMAS M. NEFF
JILLIAN ROBBINS KEVIN RYAN THE SHUBERT ORGANIZATION WILD OAK MEDIA 895 BROADWAY PARTNERS
JOSEPHINE BEARDEN HENI KOENIGSBERG/CYNTHIA J. TONG INSTONE PRODUCTIONS/GEORGE STRUS
AND THE SHED

PRESENT

HERE WE ARE

BOOK BY
DAVID IVES

MUSIC AND LYRICS BY
STEPHEN SONDHEIM

INSPIRED BY TWO FILMS OF LUIS BUÑUEL

FRANCOIS BATTISTE TRACIE BENNETT BOBBY CANNAVALE MICAELA DIAMOND

AMBER GRAY JIN HA RACHEL BAY JONES DENIS O'HARE

STEVEN PASQUALE DAVID HYDE PIERCE JEREMY SHAMOS

ADANTE CARTER LINDSAY NICOLE CHAMBERS BRADLEY DEAN

MEHRY ESLAMINIA ADAM HARRINGTON BLIGH VOTH

SCENIC & COSTUME DESIGN

DAVID ZINN

LIGHTING DESIGN

NATASHA KATZ

SOUND DESIGN

TOM GIBBONS

HAIR & MAKE-UP DESIGN

ROBERT PICKENS & KATIE GELL

CASTING

BERNARD TELSEY, CSA
ADAM CALDWELL, CSA

PRODUCTION STAGE MANAGER

WILLIAM JOSEPH
BARNES

GENERAL MANAGER

WJP
MEGAN CURREN

COMPANY MANAGER

CELINA
LAM

PRODUCTION MANAGER

JUNIPER STREET PRODUCTIONS

ASSOCIATE PRODUCER

OSCAR ARCE

ADVERTISING

AKA NYC

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MUSIC COORDINATOR

KIMBERLEE WERTZ

MUSIC SUPERVISION AND ADDITIONAL ARRANGEMENTS BY

ALEXANDER GEMIGNANI

ORCHESTRATIONS BY

JONATHAN TUNICK

CHOREOGRAPHY BY

SAM PINKLETON

DIRECTED BY

JOE MANTELLO

HERE WE ARE WAS ORIGINALLY DEVELOPED AT THE PUBLIC THEATER,
OSKAR EUSTIS, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, PATRICK WILLINGHAM, EXECUTIVE DIRECTOR

ALBUM PRODUCED BY

SEAN PATRICK FLAHAVEN & BILL ROSENFELD

MUSICAL

NUMBERS

ACT

1. Here We Are (Overture)Orchestra
2. The Road 1 (Part 1) – “Who’s hungry?” Leo, Claudia, Paul, Raffael, Marianne
3. The Road 1 (Part 2) – “Are we not blessed?” Marianne, Claudia, Raffael, Paul, Leo, Fritz
4. The Road 1 (Part 3) – “Only just the end of the world” Fritz, Raffael, Marianne, Claudia, Paul, Leo
5. Café Everything (Toast 1).....Maitresse D’, Marianne, Paul, Claudia, Leo, Raffael, Waiter
6. Waiter’s Song Waiter, Paul, Raffael, Leo, Marianne, Fritz
7. The Road 2 – “If it isn’t the food...” Claudia, Marianne, Leo, Fritz, Raffael, Paul
8. Bistro à la Mode (Toast 2).....Leo, Claudia, Marianne, Paul, Raffael
9. It Is What It Is.....French Waitress, Marianne, Leo, Claudia, Paul, Mourners
10. The Road 3 – “Such an afternoon”.....Leo, Raffael, Marianne, Claudia, Paul, Fritz
11. Osteria Zeno (Toast 3)..... Paul, Italian Waiter, Leo, Marianne, Claudia, Paul, Colonel, Soldier
12. The Soldier’s Dream Fritz, Colonel, Marianne, Claudia, Raffael, Soldier, Italian Waiter, Leo, Paul
13. The Road 4 (Part 1) – “Did you leave a tip?” Leo, Marianne, Claudia, Fritz, Soldier, Raffael
14. The Road 4 (Part 2) – “Marianne...” Raffael, Marianne, Leo
15. Oh, Look, Here’s the Embassy!.....Raffael, Leo, Fritz, Windsor
16. Bishop’s Song..... Bishop, Raffael, Marianne, Leo, Colonel, Claudia, Paul
17. End of Act One Paul, Leo, Fritz, Claudia, Raffael, Windsor, Soldier, Colonel, Bishop
18. Entr’acte.....Orchestra
19. Digestion..... Marianne, Claudia, Paul, Fritz, Windsor, Raffael, Bishop
20. Shine..... Marianne, Paul, Leo, Claudia, Fritz
21. Hesitation.....Raffael, Paul, Claudia, Bishop, Marianne, Leo, Colonel, Soldier, Fritz, Windsor
22. Double DuetSoldier, Fritz
23. Interlude 1: Marianne and the Bear..... Marianne
24. Interlude 2: Wandering Bishop, Colonel, Leo, Marianne, Claudia, Raffael, Paul, Windsor, Fritz, Bishop, Soldier
25. Interlude 3: Snow.....Marianne, Bishop
26. Hesitation (Reprise) Fritz, Raffael, Paul, Soldier, Claudia, Marianne, Colonel, Bishop, Leo
27. Exit Music.....Orchestra

ACT

CAST

IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER

Colonel Martin FRANCOIS BATTISTE
Woman TRACIE BENNETT
Leo Brink BOBBY CANNAVALE
Fritz MICAELA DIAMOND
Claudia Bursik-Zimmer AMBER GRAY
Soldier JIN HA
Marianne Brink RACHEL BAY JONES
Man DENIS O'HARE
Raffael Santello Di Santicci STEVEN PASQUALE
Bishop DAVID HYDE PIERCE
Paul Zimmer JEREMY SHAMOS

Understudies ADANTE CARTER, LINDSAY NICOLE CHAMBERS,
BRADLEY DEAN, MEHRY ESLAMINIA,
ADAM HARRINGTON, BLIGH VOTH

Here We Are had its world premiere at The Shed's Griffin Theatre in New York City, which opened on October 22, 2023 after 24 previews, and ended its limited engagement on January 24, 2024 after 105 performances.

MUSICIANS

ALEXANDER GEMIGNANI Music Supervision, Additional Arrangements, Conductor
MEGHANN ZERVOULIS BATE Associate Music Supervisor/Associate Conductor,
Piano/Keyboard (TRACKS 1-4, 7, 8, 10-12, 18-27)
JUSTIN HORNBACK Assistant Conductor, Piano/Keyboard (TRACKS 5, 6, 9, 13-17)
JIM ERCOLE Piccolo/Flute/Clarinet
KEVE WILSON Oboe/English Horn
LINO GOMEZ Clarinet/Bass Clarinet/Alto Sax
PATRICIA WANG Bassoon
HUGO MORENO Trumpet
PRISCILLA RINEHART Horn
MATT SMALLCOMB Drums/Percussion
CENOVIA CUMMINS Violin
RACHEL HANDMAN Violin
ORLANDO WELLS Viola
CARYL PAISNER Cello (TRACKS 22-26)
SARAH HEWITT-ROTH Cello (TRACKS 1-21, 27)
MATT ARONOFF Bass

KIMBERLEE WERTZ Music Coordinator
KATHARINE EDMONDS, ALDEN TERRY,
EMILY GRISHMAN MUSIC PREPARATION Music Preparation
RANDY COHEN, RANDY COHEN KEYBOARD LLC Keyboard Programming
TERENCE "T" ODONKOR Music Assistant

RAJEER ALFORD, SHANEL BAILEY, ADAM BASHIAN, Mourner Singers (TRACK 9)
DANIEL BEEMAN, ROYER BOCKUS, ELENA CAMP,
JOE CARROLL, LEANA RAE CONCEPCION, NICHOLAS T. DALY,
ALEX FINKE, JEFF KREADY, JAYGEE MACAPUGAY,
BRENDON MCCRAY, CONOR MCGIFFIN, GEORGIA MENDES,
GEENA QUINTOS, NIKHIL SABOO, BEN SWANSON,
JACOB KEITH WATSON, TATIANA WECHSLER



Amber Gray, Steven Pasquale, Rachel Bay Jones, Jeremy Shamos, Bobby Cannavale

HIS LEGACY

Paul Valéry famously said that a poem is never finished, it's just abandoned. *Here We Are* was not abandoned. It was bequeathed to us – to everyone everywhere – when Stephen Sondheim died on Thanksgiving night 2021 before getting to see the show through production and onto the stage. It's the last Sondheim, heartbreakingly. His *Opus posthumous*.

A brief history of the piece: in 2013, Steve and I (this is David speaking now) began adapting two films by the great surrealist director Luis Buñuel. *The Discreet Charm of the Bourgeoisie* was to provide the show's first act, *The Exterminating Angel* the second.

I joined the project (this is Joe speaking) in 2016, after attending a reading of what Steve and David had completed. The show took a leap with the three of us brainstorming the next stage, but plenty of interesting challenges remained.

First, there was the source material. The two Buñuel movies have wildly different tones and looks, respectively, surreal French bourgeois comedy in bright color and surreal Spanish existentialist drama in stark black and white. Surrealism itself was an issue. A genre born of dreams and images, surrealism resists logic or coherent story, as well as the deep feeling that's the soul of so much theatre song. Luckily, surrealism's mordant humor and cerebral bent fitted Steve's voice (and bent) perfectly.

In practical terms, we two faced the challenge of Steve's process. Sondheim was a notorious procrastinator, famous for leaving whole numbers to be written at the last minute, and the flow of pages emanating from his piano soon slowed to a crawl, ultimately to a halt. Also, Steve was 83 when he started work on the show, and though mentally

as acute as ever, he was clearly slowing down physically as he neared 90.

Then Covid hit, and what we were still just calling *Buñuel* went into the drawer. In spring 2021, Joe happened to re-read the script and realized that, though there were musical transitions and underscoring and orchestrations to be added, the piece was complete as it stood. Steve had written numbers up to a point in the action where the *characters had nothing to sing about*. Small wonder his Blackwing pencil had stalled. Following his own dictum, the content had dictated the form and told him to stop. He didn't need to write another note.

We two did some tightening on our own and set up a reading. After hearing the results, Steve agreed: that indefinable thing, *The Show*, was all there. He gave the nod to a production and by the time he died two months later, *Here We Are* was already pointed toward the stage.

As the show headed into production, rumors and opinions and misinformation flew about whether the show was "finished" – rumors almost exclusively floated by people who had nothing to do with the show. One would have thought we were trying to put something over on the world rather than giving it what everybody wants: i.e., more Sondheim. Were we supposed to just ditch all his work? Lock away what a great and perpetually game-changing American artist had had on his mind during the last years of his life? People quoted Steve toward the end as saying that the show wasn't "finished" yet, but nobody knew better than Stephen Sondheim that a show isn't finished until the curtain call on opening night. Sometimes not even then.

Rather than play into the gossip game, our expert

producers just let us do our work. The results — the *finished* results — are in your hand.

No show, not even a solo act, is a solo effort. It's a chorus of accumulating and overlapping voices, each new participant adding fresh ideas and colors, all those disparate voices combining to make a show better, wiser, funnier, more moving. The invaluable Alex Gemignani had signed on early as musical director. Other voices blended in. Our crack designers, David Zinn, Natasha Katz and Tom Gibbons. Sam Pinkleton, a brilliant young choreographer. The great Jonathan Tunick as orchestrator. An ingeniously collaborative cast...

And Steve, our ever-present if unseen collaborator. Not the great distant god of musical theatre, but the man, that funny, generous, practical, ridiculously smart guy in an old sweatshirt and a battered pair of Merrells, sitting there alertly with a legal pad ready to take notes. Though physically gone, Sondheim was in the room every second of production, looking over our shoulders and contributing his two bits in that deep, resonant voice, erupting now and then into the well-known wonderful laugh and bursting into his equally well-known sudden tears. He was there doing with us from eternity's distance what he'd been doing close up for seven decades: finishing that celebrated hat.

We can hear that laugh and feel those tears, we see the joy and the generosity and the smarts of that extraordinary mortal all over *Here We Are*, as we do in every word and measure Stephen Sondheim ever wrote. The world will continue to meet the man and hear his resonant voice for decades and centuries to come. Because he's still here.

— DAVID IVES AND JOE MANTELLO

SYNOPSIS

ACT ONE: THE ROAD

It's Saturday morning, and we are 90 stories up in the fabulous apartment of Leo and Marianne Brink. The Brinks' friends Paul and his wife Claudia arrive along with Raffael, the Morandan ambassador, and Marianne's younger sister, Fritz, a political hothead. Leo offers to take everyone to brunch, and they all head out.

On the way to the restaurant (**The Road 1**), Marianne celebrates the glorious day. Raffael flirts with her via "an old Morandan proverb," although he's already having an affair with Claudia. We learn that Leo, Raffael and Paul secretly run a drug cartel. Fritz warns the group of approaching global catastrophe.

At their destination (**Café Everything — Toast 1**), a waiter regretfully informs the group that the restaurant can't live up to its name (**Waiter's Song**).

As the group seeks food again (**The Road 2**), we learn via a phone call that Fritz, under the code name "Apocalypse," is covertly working for the anarchist group PRADA and has to raise \$50 million to start a world revolution. Raffael attempts to flirt with Fritz, then serenades Claudia. Fritz overhears Leo, Paul and Raffael discussing drugs and sees her chance to get the money.

At the next restaurant (**Bistro à la Mode — Toast 2**), the group encounters a weeping waitress (**It Is What It Is**) and a funeral

for the dead chef in progress in the back room. With no food to be had, they hit the road again (**The Road 3**) and Fritz blackmails the men into giving her \$50 million to start the revolution.

At the next restaurant (**Osteria Zeno — Toast 3**), their attempt to eat is interrupted by a Colonel from Homeland Security and a poetic Lieutenant (**The Soldier's Dream**). Fritz and the Lieutenant instantly fall in love. When the restaurant's food turns out to be fake, Raffael suggests supper at the Embassy. Colonel Martin and the Soldier join the group.

On the road again (**The Road 4**), Raffael serenades Marianne. When they reach their destination (**Oh, Look, Here's the Embassy!**), a Bishop comes to the door looking for a job (**Bishop's Song**). Gunfire is heard in the distance – the result of Fritz's fundraising. On her cellphone, Fritz tries to call off "the end of the world," only to discover that the embassy butler, Windsor, is actually Inferno, her PRADA chief. Dinner is served at last (**End of Act One**).

ACT TWO: THE ROOM

In the Embassy salon after dinner, the group relaxes (**Digestion**) while Marianne savors the luxurious room (**Shine**). When it's time to leave, everyone balks at the door for some reason and remains inside the room (**Hesitation**). They decide to stay the night, bedding down right where they are. Fritz and the Soldier express their feelings

(**Double Duet**), then retire to the room's closet to make love.

In the middle of the night, Marianne has an encounter (**Interlude 1: Marianne and The Bear**). The next morning, the Colonel announces that they're trapped and unable to leave the room – even though the portal before them is wide open. In the ensuing panic, Leo has a heart attack, Windsor reveals himself to the group as Inferno, and explosions are heard. They realize it may be the actual end of the world outside. Days and nights pass inside the room as the hungry, thirsty group becomes more desperate. When water is discovered inside a wall, they dance in the downpour (**Interlude 2: Wandering**).

Late one night, Marianne and the Bishop have a quiet philosophical exchange (**Interlude 3: Snow**) after which they enjoy a light indoor snowfall. With the group desperate to get out, Raffael is about to sacrifice himself to free them when Marianne realizes they can get out if they just reenact their steps on the evening they decided to stay (**Hesitation — Reprise**). When they've all been released from the room, the Colonel, the Soldier and the Bishop take their leave. The original group of friends returns to the road and their eternal search for food – but running now, running faster and faster, amidst what seems to be the end of the world.



Tracie Bennett, Denis O'Hare, Steven Pasquale, Amber Gray, Jeremy Shamos, Bobby Cannavale, Rachel Bay Jones, Francois Battiste, Micaela Diamond, Jin Ha, David Hyde Pierce

THE ROAD

ACT ONE

1. HERE WE ARE (OVERTURE)

LEO
Who's hungry, anybody hungry?

CLAUDIA
Starving.

RAFFAEL
Ravenous.

PAUL
Totally famished.

LEO
Kids, I'm taking us all to brunch. So let's go find some food!

MARIANNE
Wait a minute, wait a minute! There was something I was supposed to do today! Something very important. Let me see, treadmill? Manicure? Zumba class...?

RAFFAEL
Mimis amichichis, today just to be with you all, and beautiful women, *this* is important!

LEO
Raffi's right. Everybody into the car!

LEO
Now where do we wanna eat?

PAUL
Anything but Mexican.

RAFFAEL
Why, what's wrong with Mexican?

PAUL
It's too spicy.

CLAUDIA
It's too cheese-y.

PAUL
And it always looks pre-eaten.

MARIANNE
But what was it I was supposed to do today? No matter!
What a perfect day!
On a day like today,
What could ever go wrong?

LEO
Okay, "No" to Mexican...
Then how about Italian?

PAUL
North Italian.

RAFFAEL
"North Italian"...

CLAUDIA
He means Tuscan. Don't you, lovey.

PAUL
I mean North Italian. Venetian.

MARIANNE
What if we try this new place, Café Everything?

CLAUDIA
It got great reviews.

LEO
Then I say, hell yes!

MARIANNE
You look wistful, Dr. Zimmer.

PAUL
I had a big milestone this week. My 1,000th nose job.

MARIANNE
Congratulations!

LEO
Anybody we know?

RAFFAEL
(Sotto voce, to CLAUDIA)
(I have to have you...)

CLAUDIA
(I know...)

3. THE ROAD 1 (PART 2)

MARIANNE
Face it, are we not blessed!
If it isn't the sun, it's the birdsong.
If it isn't the air, it's the view.

Claudia's phone rings

I'm completely undone
By the endless abundance of life,
Aren't you?

CLAUDIA

(Barking into her phone)
Yes, what?!

MARIANNE

Don't we all feel blessed!

CLAUDIA

(Into phone)
Tell ABC to screw themselves!

MARIANNE

Blessed with health —
Blessed with friends —

RAFFAEL

Blessed with Shakespeare —

PAUL

Teslas —

CLAUDIA

Honey —

LEO

Blessed with boobies —

MARIANNE

Very funny.

FRITZ

Blessed with tons and tons of —

CLAUDIA

We get it, Fritzie.

FRITZ

Fritz.

CLAUDIA

Sorry. Remember when she was
"Frances"?

MARIANNE

O, how I miss those days.

PAUL

(Sotto voce, to RAFFAEL)
(Is there any news from "Abdul"?)

RAFFAEL

(Sotto voce, to PAUL)
(Not now.)

Claudia's phone rings.

CLAUDIA

Now what?

PAUL

(What's wrong?)

MARIANNE

That sky — !

CLAUDIA

(Into phone)
What now?!

PAUL

(Are there problems with the
shipment?)

RAFFAEL

(Could be.)

CLAUDIA

(Into phone)
Fat chance!

MARIANNE

What luck!

PAUL

(What if — ?)

MARIANNE

Such bliss — !

LEO

(Will you relax?)

MARIANNE

Buy this day for me, darling,
Buy this perfect day.
Put it on display,
Let it stay
Just this way
Forever.

MARIANNE, PAUL, RAFFAEL

Yes, buy this day for us, Leo,
Buy this perfect day.

CLAUDIA

(Into phone)
Hold on...

**MARIANNE, PAUL,
CLAUDIA, RAFFAEL**

Keep it on display,
Let it stay
Just this way
Forever.

CLAUDIA

(Into phone)
Go ahead...

MARIANNE

I found you a credenza for your
Embassy.

RAFFAEL

Never mind credenzas.

MARIANNE

And a vintage Aubusson that's
darling.

RAFFAEL

Darling — I have to have you...

MARIANNE

Raffi, what are you saying — ?

RAFFAEL

I'm saying I have to have you.
"La vidida ay estada el tidada!"
It's an old Morandan proverb.



Micaela Diamond, Amber Gray, Steven Pasquale, Bobby Cannavale, Rachel Bay Jones, Jeremy Shamos

MARIANNE
Well, it's lovely.

RAFFAEL
La vidida —

MARIANNE
Listen, everybody — ! Say it, Raffi,
once again. Listen, people!

RAFFAEL
La vidida ay estada el tidada.

MARIANNE
Don't you love it?
La vidida ay estada el tidada.

PAUL
La vidida ay estada el tidada.

ALL EXCEPT FRITZ
La vidida ay estada el tidada!

MARIANNE
It just flows...

ALL EXCEPT FRITZ
La vidida ay estada el tidada!

CLAUDIA
Meaning what?

RAFFAEL
"Life's a tit! Suck it up!"

ALL EXCEPT FRITZ
La vidida ay estada el tidada!
La vidida ay estada el tidada!
La vidida ay estada el tidada!

FRITZ
Jesus Christ...

MARIANNE
Now what?

4. THE ROAD 1 (PART 3)

FRITZ
Now what?!
Only just the end of the world,
That's what!
Nothing but the end of the world!
Comes the revolution —
Don't laugh! It's coming!
Can't you hear the sound of that
distant drumming?
Once the revolution is up and
humming,
That'll be the end of the world,
Your world:

The world of private jets and
screening rooms
And hundred-thousand-bucks-an-
ounce designer perfumes,
The world of Wall Street thieves and
fashionistas
And Lamborghinis and Vodkatinis
It's all so over! Don't you know that?

RAFFAEL
Oh, Fritz — a little joy, per favavere!
Life is pleasure! We have this day.
We have our charming circle!

MARIANNE
You mean charmed.

RAFFAEL
It's my English... But why not? Call us
charming! And rejoice, Fritz, rejoice!

FRITZ
Wake up, it's the end of the world,
You morons,
Welcome to the end of
Power brokers and hydrofractors

And underpaid teachers and
overpaid actors
And disappearing polar bears
And bought-and-sold elections
And infinity pools
And Damien Hirsts
And phony bank accounts —
With safe deposit boxes in
Corrupt banana rat holes
Like Moranda!
They're gonna blow your mergers
And your laptops
And your bitcoins
All to bits!

CLAUDIA
Fritz...

MARIANNE
And abracadabra, here's Café
Everything!

ALL EXCEPT FRITZ
What a perfect day.

FRITZ
What a perfect day.

5. CAFÉ EVERYTHING (TOAST 1)

MAITRESSE D'
Good morning, eaters! Welcome to
Café Everything! A celebration of
plenitude, a hymn to abundance, a
paean to endless plenty!

MARIANNE
Could we have some water?



Steven Pasquale, Jeremy Shamos, Micaela Diamond, Tracie Bennett, Bobby Cannavale, Amber Gray, Rachel Bay Jones

MAITRESSE D'

I will check on that. Your enabler will be here momentarily.

PAUL

Wow. They really do have everything here.

CLAUDIA

And then some.

MARIANNE

They've got manna? I'm in heaven!

LEO

Ladies and gents,
Before we munch —
We must thank the Lord
For inventing brunch —

CLAUDIA

For sourdough —

RAFFAEL

Petite Marmite —

PAUL

Good health —

MARIANNE

Good friends —

LEO

Bon Appeteet!

WAITER

Good morning, adventurers! I'll be enabling your table.

MARIANNE

Could we have some water, please?

WAITER

I will check on that. Can I take your order?

CLAUDIA

Of course you may. It's your job. I'll have a decaf soymilk latte mocchaniño. Immediately.

6. WAITER'S SONG

WAITER

I am so sorry, Madam,
We have no decaf latte mocchaniños
With soy milk
Today.

CLAUDIA

Fine. Skip the soy.

WAITER

What can I say?

CLAUDIA

I said fine. Regular is f—

WAITER

That's not the problem, Madam.
The problem isn't just the soy,
You see,
It's more than just the soy.

CLAUDIA

Yeah, so — ?

WAITER

I couldn't be more sorry, madam,
But sad to say, the fact is
That not only do we have no soy —

PAUL

Oh, boy.

CLAUDIA

Don't tell me that you have no mocha —

WAITER

We have no mocha.

CLAUDIA

Then just a decaf latte, I don't —

WAITER

We're also out of latte.

CLAUDIA

What?!

WAITER

We do expect a little latte later,
But we haven't got a lotta latte now.

RAFFAEL

You can't be out of latte — that
would mean you're out of milk!

WAITER

Sir, not only are we out of milk,
We're out of cream,
We're out of half-and-half.

CLAUDIA

Theaffe latte without the lat — !

WAITER

We're also out of caf.

CLAUDIA

Not even "de" — ?

WAITER

Is that a laugh?

CLAUDIA

All right then, tea. Twining's Earl
Grey. Bag on the side.

WAITER

Ah... Yes... Well...

CLAUDIA

Don't tell me —

WAITER

I am so sorry, Madam,
I do apologize,
It's unforgivable,
I'm so embarrassed,
But not only are we out of Earl Grey,
We're out of Earl Green,
We're out of Earl Red and Blue
And everything in between.

CLAUDIA

Okay then, Lipton's, I don't care,
whatever —

WAITER

I apologize profusely, Madam,
But we're shit out of tea
Today.

CLAUDIA

You've got to be kidding.

WAITER

Je suis désolé.

CLAUDIA

Fine. Diet Coke with lem —

WAITER

Madam, if I may —
I forgot to say,
By the way,
We have no Coke,
We have no Sprite,
We have no Mountain Dew,
No Fresca Lite.
And I should add, although I do
regret it:
If you're thinking beer or wine,
forget it.

LEO

Let's just order. Gimme the abalone
omelette, runny, extra saffron.

WAITER

Excellent choice.

MARIANNE

I've changed my mind about manna.
I crave *huevoth rancheroth*.

WAITER

A thuperb thelection.

CLAUDIA

I'll do the blood pudding. Make it
vampiric.

WAITER

Nice.

RAFFAEL

I will have the curried goat hash.

WAITER

Splendid.

PAUL

Do I *want* the Malay duck?

WAITER

It is an unparalleled experience.

PAUL

Done.

FRITZ

I'm gonna go basic. A cheeseburger,
medium. That's *California* medium,
only pink around the edges.

LEO

Just bring the shit, will you? We're
starving!

WAITER

Ah... Yes... well, perhaps I should
have mentioned...

LEO

What.

WAITER

I am so sorry, sir, but
We're out of abalone omelettes,
Although I have to say they are
delicious
And I'm sure you'd like them if we
had them
But we don't.

LEO

Oh, for Christ's sake! Then make it
two hashes, only make my goat
medium —

WAITER

Nor have we any hash,
Never mind the curried goat.
And wait, I made a note:
Oh yes, the huevos —
Nada, sorry.
Right, who had the duck?
You're out of luck.

PAUL

Fuck.

WAITER

As for the —
Ugh! Blood pudding —
Well, I wouldn't recommend it
anyway.

**MARIANNE, PAUL, LEO,
CLAUDIA, FRITZ, RAFFAEL**

(Simultaneously)

This is ridiculous! — Well, what do
you have? — Why is it on the
menu? — It's false advertising! —
Will you all stop complaining? —
I cannot eat in this condition!

WAITER

On behalf of the entire management
and staff
And international consortium

That owns and operates Café
Everything,
I can't apologize enough,
I just may go and kill myself.
That's what I'll do, I'll kill myself.
I'd rather kill myself
Than have to tell you
We're completely out of food!

CLAUDIA
How rude.

RAFFAEL
No — ?

WAITER
Of any kind.

MARIANNE
Well, never mind.

WAITER
I should have given you some
warning,
But it's been a very busy morning.

CLAUDIA
Then why the hell did you take our
orders?

WAITER
Madam, that's my job. I'll go check
on that water.

PAUL
I thought he wanted to kill himself.

LEO
Café Nada, they oughta call it.

CLAUDIA
Hey! Could you make that sparkling?

A gunshot is heard.

MARIANNE
What in the world was that?

FRITZ
That was a *gunshot*.

CLAUDIA
Because I asked for *sparkling*? Why
don't we go to Bistro a la Mode?
It's French Deconstructivist cuisine.

LEO
Well — back to square one.
Everybody into the car!

.THE ROAD 2

CLAUDIA
So much for trying someplace new.

MARIANNE
What is happening to decent
restaurants?

LEO
If it isn't the food, it's the service.

FRITZ
Didn't you hear?

RAFFAEL
If it isn't the noise, it's the queue.

FRITZ
Are you insane?!

PAUL
Or the backs of the chairs —

LEO
Or a waiter with airs —

CLAUDIA
Or the long flight of stairs
To the loo.

MARIANNE
There's always something...

RAFFAEL
(To FRITZ, *sotto voce*)
You know, you're hot when you are
angry.

FRITZ
Forget it, Raffi. I've been gay since I
was three.

*A cellphone rings. They reach for
their phones.*

PAUL, LEO, CLAUDIA, MARIANNE
(*Simultaneously*)
Is that mine? — Is it me? — That's me.
— I think it's me.

FRITZ
It's me, it's me, don't worry.

MARIANNE
A boyfriend, I hope!

FRITZ
Do you *mind*?

MARIANNE
“PRADA” calling?! Sweetheart, you
told me you're anti-fashion!

FRITZ
Anti-fascist. Anti-fascist.

RAFFAEL
Did you know there's an extremist
group of Lefties in Moranda who
call themselves — would you
believe it? PRADA.

FRITZ
(*Sotto voce, into phone*)
(Apocalypse here.)

RAFFAEL
They communicate only in code.

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(Yes, Inferno.)

RAFFAEL

Their leader is known only as
“Inferno.”

MARIANNE

And they’re named after a shoe?

RAFFAEL

No, PRADA stands for “People’s” —

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(Fifty million?!)

RAFFAEL

“Revolutionary” —

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(By tonight?!)

RAFFAEL

“Anti-Domination”

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(Why?)

LEO

“Assholes.”

PAUL

“Assholes.” Really?

RAFFAEL

“Army.”

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(I know, I know, we can’t delay the
revolution...)

MARIANNE

Are they dangerous?

LEO

You ever meet an asshole who
wasn’t?

PAUL

Hey, I’m an asshole.

CLAUDIA

Yeah but, sweetie, you’re not
dangerous.

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(Well, I do know a few rich assholes
but they’re not gonna hand over
fifty million.)

RAFFAEL

(Sotto voce, to Claudia)
I have to have you. *Now*.

CLAUDIA

How do you want me?

RAFFAEL

The way I had you last Tuesday...

CLAUDIA

I love that way.

RAFFAEL

I miss you every day —

CLAUDIA

Say it, say it — !

RAFFAEL

Every day —

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(Okay, okay, okay.)

RAFFAEL

In my heart,
In my mind,
In my bed —

CLAUDIA

More.

RAFFAEL

I miss the way you always give me
Comfort, courage, head...

CLAUDIA

Bite me.

RAFFAEL

Claudia —
I but murmur your name —

Raffael’s cellphone rings.

Excuse me.

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(I’ll do my best, Inferno.)

RAFFAEL

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(Hello, Abdul.)

FRITZ

(Sotto voce, into phone)
(NADA BUT PRADA!)
(To the others)
Anybody want to donate 50 million
bucks for a noble cause?

LEO

What’s the cause?

FRITZ

The coming revolution.

MARIANNE

O, Fritzie, you are so *cutel*!

LEO

What if it's the end of the world?
Hey, folks,
Maybe it's the end of the world!

FRITZ

Yeah, laugh...

RAFFAEL

Maybe it's the end of the world,
indeed...

MARIANNE

In that case,
Buy this day for us, sweetheart,
Buy this perfect day.

CLAUDIA

Agreed.
End the world, okay,
But this day,
Let it stay!

PAUL

And as they say —

CLAUDIA

Paul.

PAUL

La vidida ay estada el tidada! Olé...
La vidida ay estada el tidada!

CLAUDIA

He needs food.

PAUL

La vidida ay estada el tidada!
Right, Raffi?

RAFFAEL

Ordinarily, yes, life is a tit. Today,
however...

PAUL

(What?)

LEO

(Yeah, "however" *what?*)

RAFFAEL

(That was Abdul.)

PAUL

(Is it the diplomatic pouch? Did the
Feds find the coke?)

FRITZ

(*Overhearing*)
(The coke? I love it.)

RAFFAEL

The *PUMPKINS*, yes.
It seems the locusts have
descended on the pumpkins..

PAUL

Oh my God.

RAFFAEL

We have to feed them lots of
semolina.

PAUL

Jesus Christ!

LEO

There's a ton of semolina in the silo,
so relax.

RAFFAEL

(*Offering cocaine from his
pocketwatch*)

The *pumpkin* itself, however, is
perfect!

CLAUDIA

Did he just say locusts have
descended on the pumpkins?
What does that mean?

MARIANNE

It's poetry. Almost.

MARIANNE

And voilà, here's Bistro à La Mode!

LEO

Everybody out of the car!

FRITZ

(*Into her phone*)
Hello, Inferno? That 50 mil is in the
bag.

8. BISTRO À LA MODE (TOAST 2)

LEO

So the food here is, what, German
Expressionist cuisine?

CLAUDIA

French Deconstructivist. That means
nothing is what it seems.

*Sobbing is heard from behind a
curtain at the back.*

MARIANNE

I swear I hear someone crying.

LEO

Why would somebody cry in a
restaurant?

MARIANNE

I've cried in many restaurants.

LEO

Mesdames, Messieurs,
Avant le mange,
To crème brûlée —

MARIANNE

To Duck à l'Orange —

PAUL

To Sole Meunière —

RAFFAEL

To Camembert —

CLAUDIA

To —

.IT IS WHAT IT IS

FRENCH WAITRESS

Bonjour! Bienvenue to Bistro à la Mode.

MARIANNE

I hate to ask, but could we have some water?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Watteur? You want watteur?

LEO

Lemme get this straight. Nothing here is what it seems?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Non, non, non! That is passé! Our new menu is post-deconstructif. Everything now... is what it is!

We 'ave boeuf—

That is actual boeuf —

On the actual hoeuf.

We 'ave pigeon that's made out of pigeon,

And a green salad

Made of just —

Greens.

We hear an offstage choral wail.

CLAUDIA

How is the pigeon prepared?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Does it matteur?

What does anything matteur?

It is what it is.

Things are what they are.

La vie est la vie.

LEO

Okay. Everybody know what they want?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Do we know what we want?

Does anyone know what they want?

As soon as we know what we want

And find what we want,

Life, she spits in our face.

PAUL

Any specials?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Black bean soup...

Blackened catfish...

Blackbird pudding...

Boudin noir...

Black Sea blackberries

In a chocolate gateau.

Dark chocolate. Dark dark dark...

LEO

Chicken Basquaise, baby. That's what I want.

FRENCH WAITRESS

Sometimes you want too much,

Too soon —

And then it's too late.

But what can you do

If that's on your plate?

You do what you can.

The choir continues to wail in mourning.

MARIANNE

What's going on back there?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Nothing. Nothing. C'est rien là.

MARIANNE

Is that a private room?

FRENCH WAITRESS

It is nothing. Really —

MARIANNE

But I adore private rooms!

A body is revealed behind the curtain, laid out for a funeral.

CLAUDIA

Oh. My. God.

PAUL

Philippe... !

LEO

That's Philippe?

FRENCH WAITRESS

That *was* Philippe.

LEO

He's just kidding, right?

FRENCH WAITRESS

Monsieur, he was French. He 'ave no sense of *humeur*.

'E was what 'e was.

We are what we are.

It is what it is...

So. Are we ready to ordeur?

10. THE ROAD 3

LEO

Back to square one.

RAFFAEL

Osteria Zeno is very close by.

LEO

The closer the better. Everybody into the car!

MARIANNE

Such an afternoon!

CLAUDIA

Afternoon? It's almost supertime!

LEO

Like they say: Later than we think.

PAUL

Yeah.

MARIANNE

I adore afternoons. They're my favorite.

FRITZ

What?

MARIANNE

What?

FRITZ

Favorite what?

MARIANNE

Favorite time of the day, darling.

CLAUDIA

Leave it alone.

PAUL

Something's happening,

Something very odd.

LEO

Odder than the food situation in this town?

FRITZ

Okay, boys. Shall we talk semolina?

PAUL

"Semolina"?

FRITZ

Drug money.

PAUL

Oh, that semolina...

FRITZ

Fifty million bucks or I tell the Feds about your pumpkin cartel.

LEO

What're you planning to do with 50 mil?

FRITZ

Destroy capitalism.

PAUL

Do we have that much in the, you know, the silo?

FRITZ

You want to save your asses, 50 mil's the price.

LEO

You can't dig into your trust fund for that? Oh, I'm sorry. Did I say a dirty word?

FRITZ

Okay. I'm calling.

RAFFAEL

Gentlemen? Do we save ourselves and "destroy capitalism"?

LEO

Sounds like a bargain to me. Paul? Raffi? It's a deal! You got robbed, kid.

MARIANNE, CLAUDIA

What a perfect,
What a perfect day!

PAUL

Something's happening,

MARIANNE, CLAUDIA

On a day like today,
What could ever go wrong?

PAUL

Can't you feel it?
I can feel it...
Something's going on...

MARIANNE

I know! It's like me blanking on this thing I was supposed to do.

PAUL

Something doesn't fit,
And I don't like it, not one bit

CLAUDIA

You know what's wrong, Mare?
Your brain is *on the fritz!*

RAFFAEL

Ah, the sight of beautiful ladies laughing. And behold! Osteria Zeno!

LEO

Everybody out of the car!



*Jeremy Shamos, Amber Gray, Bobby Cannavale, Denis O'Hare,
Rachel Bay Jones, Steven Pasquale, Micaela Diamond*

11. OSTERIA ZENO (TOAST 3)

PAUL

Check this out, guys. Antipasto, a bottle of good chianti. Food at last!

ITALIAN WAITER

Buona sera! Benvenuti tutti all'Osteria Zeno!

LEO

Ladies and gents,
Before we dine,
Let us thank the Lord
For cheese and wine —

MARIANNE

For eggs and cream —

CLAUDIA

For bread and meat —

PAUL

For —

LEO

Yeah yeah yeah. Good enough. Let's eat! Before something bad happens.

COL. MARTIN

(Blowing a whistle)

This restaurant is closed by order of the U.S. Army!

ITALIAN WAITER

Goodbye! We close now! Addio!
Ciao!

CLAUDIA

What is all this?

COL. MARTIN

My unit is on the lookout for an international drug cartel.

PAUL

A drug cartel? Really? Around here?

FRITZ

Colonel, these men are the people you're looking for.

SOLDIER

The place is surrounded, sir. Should we move in?

12. THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

FRITZ

Oh, my God — !
That soldier — !

COL. MARTIN

That lieutenant —

FRITZ

— That lieutenant
Is so —

MARIANNE

Soulful.

CLAUDIA

Gorgeous!

RAFFAEL

Dreamy!

COL. MARTIN

Funny you say dreamy. You see, my soulful gorgeous lieutenant had a fascinating dream last night.

At ease, Lieutenant! Tell us your dream.

SOLDIER

I was in a café
Which looked somewhat like this,
Sitting next to a girl
Who looked something like you.
And she whispered her name.
I've forgotten her name,
But the name was like music —

FRITZ

"Fritz."

SOLDIER

That was it!
That was it!
And you and you were there,
And you and you and you —
All wearing shrouds.

ITALIAN WAITER

A shroud, anyone? A shroud?

SOLDIER

And then I noticed
That you'd all been dead for years.

ITALIAN WAITER

A shroud, Signora?

CLAUDIA

SHHHH!

SOLDIER

Except for the girl
With a name like a rainbow...

FRITZ

"Fritz."

SOLDIER

Oh, my God — !

FRITZ

Oh, my God — !

LEO

That was it? That's the dream?

SOLDIER

Then my mother came in —

PAUL

Of course.

SOLDIER

She was holding a sheep.

PAUL

What else?

SOLDIER

And she said to me:

SOLDIER'S MOTHER

Honey, stop dreaming!

SOLDIER

So I started to wake,
But the girl with the name
Took a hold of my hand and said —

FRITZ

“Never forget me.”

SOLDIER

Though how could I forget her
When we never had met?
Then I looked in her eyes,
And I thought:
Oh, my God — !

FRITZ

Oh, my God — !

SOLDIER

— It's the end of the world.
There is nothing but you.

I've been looking for love all my life.
I've no farther to go.
I want only to be with you,
Live with you,
Die with you.
That much I know.
Then my mother came in.

PAUL

Again?

SOLDIER

And I saw that the sheep was
stuffed
And the sky was cloth
And the clouds were just paint
And the food was just rubber...

CLAUDIA

He's right! It is rubber!

LEO

This isn't wine, it's goddamn cherry
soda!

RAFFAEL

It's too bad. I was rather enjoying
the Brie.

SOLDIER

Then a curtain went up —
And I realized we were all in a play.
On a stage.
In a theater.

*The house lights suddenly turn on
with a thunk.*

MARIANNE

Who are those people... ?

LEO

What the *fuck*?!

PAUL

I don't know my lines!

SOLDIER

Then I looked in her eyes,
And I thought:
If it's only a play —

FRITZ

Omigod.
Omigod, omigod — !

SOLDIER

— Still, it's given me you.

FRITZ

Omigod — !

SOLDIER

I've been looking so long...

FRITZ

This is not what I need —

SOLDIER

You are all that I need —

FRITZ

Not yet —

SOLDIER

In my life —

FRITZ

Not now.

SOLDIER

Only you —

FRITZ

I don't have any room in
my life —

SOLDIER

— And me —

FRITZ
For this —

SOLDIER
For now —

FRITZ
For you —

SOLDIER
Forever!
All I need is to be with you,
Live with you,
Die with you.
That much I know.

FRITZ
I've got too much to do,
There's just not enough time —
Then I look in your eyes
And I think, "Holy crap,
It's the end of the —"

SOLDIER
Then a train passed through...

A train passes through.

And I suddenly knew
It was not just the end of the world,
But the end of the play.
And the end of my dream.

FRITZ
Omigod...
Omigod...

13. THE ROAD 4 (PART 1)

LEO
Everybody into the car!

MARIANNE
Did you leave a tip?

LEO
Here's a tip: *don't serve fake food.*
If it isn't the food —

CLAUDIA
If it isn't —

MARIANNE
It's always something.

FRITZ
Will we always be together?
Forever?

SOLDIER
Forever is not long enough.

FRITZ
What a perfect day!

MARIANNE
Ah, young love. And it's springtime!
Almost. Wait a minute, wait a
minute! Leo. Oh, *Leo!*

LEO
Yes.

MARIANNE
Darling, I've got it! The thing I was
supposed to do today! No I don't.
I *had* it.

CLAUDIA
Almost.

LEO
Raffi, is this one hell of a creature
here? Am I the luckiest bastard in
the whole wide world?

RAFFAEL
What bastard would not be, with
such a wife...

14. THE ROAD 4 (PART 2)

RAFFAEL
(Sotto voce, to MARIANNE)
I have to have you.

MARIANNE
You know where I like Spring the
best? Versailles. I know, April, yes,
in Paris, but Versailles —

RAFFAEL
God, you are so hot.

MARIANNE
Raffi, really —

RAFFAEL
Marianne,
Don't you know that you
Are Versailles
To me?

MARIANNE
Raffi — !

RAFFAEL
Marianne,
My municipal rose.

MARIANNE
Municipal?

RAFFAEL
Munificent... Magnificent...

Marianne,
I've known women before you,
But the way I adore you—

MARIANNE
Please, this is very inconvenient.

RAFFAEL
Do I bore you?

MARIANNE
Well...

RAFFAEL
I was joking.

MARIANNE
Oh.

RAFFAEL
Marianne,
Don't you know this is do or die
To me?
Marianne,
My inedible rose...

MARIANNE
Inedible?

RAFFAEL
Incredible! Incredible!
Marianne,
Won't you give me a chance?
I can tell at a glance
You are everything France —
God, you are so hot —

MARIANNE
Raffi—!

RAFFAEL
I mean French. I have to have you.

MARIANNE
Do you really, Raffi...?

LEO
So, Raffi...

RAFFAEL
Later, Leo. I'm seducing your wife.

Marianne...

15. OH, LOOK, HERE'S THE EMBASSY!

RAFFAEL
Oh, look, here's the Embassy!

LEO
Hey, what happened to Armageddon,
Fritz?

FRITZ
Armageddon... *Oh, my God.* The
Revolution! Where's my phone?

RAFFAEL
All is well at the Embassy, Windsor?

WINDSOR
Tip-top, sir. But there's a gentleman to
see you.

RAFFAEL
What kind of gentleman?

16. BISHOP'S SONG

BISHOP
Peace be unto this house! Peace be
unto all of you, my brothers and
sisters. Peace and harmony and
abundance —

RAFFAEL
I am very sorry — Bishop, is it?

BISHOP
Yup.

RAFFAEL
We were just headed to dinner.

MARIANNE
No, no, wait, I've never met a bishop!
But aren't you supposed to be clad
in radiant scarlet?

BISHOP
Scarlet is higher. I love your slippers,
by the way. Very fetching.

LEO
Maybe another time, Your Holiness—?

BISHOP
This won't take a second.
Pre-poured martinis. Wonderful!
Please, stay near, my child. This
may relate to you.

Now, does anybody here have any
spiritual needs...?
Spiritual needs...?
Anyone...?

LEO
No.



Amber Gray, Jeremy Shamos, David Hyde Pierce, Bobby Cannavale, Steven Pasquale

BISHOP

Well, do any of you think about the
meaning of life?
Meaning of life...?
Any of you...?
Good. Anybody else?
Meaning of Life? God? Death?
Anyone for purgatory?

Now *those* shoes are cute... Are
they Fendi?

RAFFAEL

Bishop — please — how can we
help you? Practically.

BISHOP

Well, I could use a job,
You could give me a job.
I'm a terrible priest.
No, I'm in the wrong job.
I keep spilling the wine,
I keep crumbling the wafers,
I have no charisma.

In the middle of Mass,
All I think is: My miter
Should be tighter.
I mean, why a Bishop?
Why not an anarchist?
Why not a bartender?
I could be anything!
Why a bishop?!

Don't get me wrong,
I love the Church,
And I don't only mean the clothes,
I mean the statues and the windows
And the rows of yearning people
And the special parking
And oh, the music—!
What else to call it but "divine?"
And then of course, there's God.

Don't get me wrong,
I love my God,
Though I don't always understand
Him
Or agree.
Like, do we really need the droughts
And the floods
And the plagues
And the earthquakes
And the universal suffering and —
See?
Does that sound like a priest?

Oh those slippers, *really* fetching

Now if I were a cook,
(I'm not bad as a cook)
I could work as a cook
In a nice country house...

MARIANNE

Darling?

BISHOP

...with a fabulous terrace...

LEO

We have a cook.

BISHOP

Where they could use a gardener...

MARIANNE

You're a gardener, too?

BISHOP

I could learn.

LEO

No.

BISHOP

Wouldn't anybody like to have their
windows washed?

COL. MARTIN

No.

BISHOP

Their sinks repaired?

CLAUDIA

No.

BISHOP

Their faith restored?

RAFFAEL

No.

BISHOP

Their lives renewed?

PAUL

No.

BISHOP

Their anything anything?

ALL FOUR

NO!

BISHOP

All I want is a job,
Where I'd be of some use,
Where I'd know who I was,
Where I'd make people feel that
they matter,
Although none of us does —

In the big picture, I mean...

Something different, at least.
God knows,
I'm a terrible priest.
And if anyone should know,
God knows, it's God.

17. END OF ACT ONE

A distant gunshot is heard.

PAUL
What was that?

LEO
Maybe another waiter.

FRITZ
That was the sound of the
Revolution.

CLAUDIA
That was the sound of *the city*.
If it's not some alarm,
It's a backfire.

LEO
Either that or the blatt
Of a horn

RAFFAEL
It's but one of the joys
Of the city: the noise —

WINDSOR
Sir, as sure as the day I was born
That was a shot.

MARIANNE
How exciting! Let's go see!

PAUL
Maybe it was a gunshot...

CLAUDIA
A gunshot in *this* neighborhood?

FRITZ
Listen! The Revolution is starting!

RAFFAEL
Absolutely absurd!

LEO
It's the city, what's the big deal?

SOLDIER
But Fritz, who cares what it was!

COL. MARTIN
I think I know what a gunshot
sounds like.

BISHOP
My Lord, how terrible — !

PAUL
I told you —
Something's happening,
Something's going on...

FRITZ
(Come on, Inferno. Come on!)

MARIANNE
O, it's not the end of the world,
Fritzie!

FRITZ
This time it is!

WINDSOR
Dinner is served!

CLAUDIA
Food!

LEO
Ladies and gents,
Let's do it fast.
We thank you, Lord,
For food at last —

PAUL
And just to make the day complete:

To you —

BISHOP
To you —

CLAUDIA
To you —

MARIANNE
To you —

LEO
To you —

RAFAEL
To you —

COL. MARTIN
To you —

SOLDIER
To you —

Windsor's cellphone rings.

WINDSOR
(*Sotto voce, into his phone*)
Inferno here.

FRITZ
You... ? You're Inferno?

WINDSOR
Bon appetit, Apocalypse. Do
enjoy your evening.

ALL EXCEPT FRITZ
What a perfect day!



Company

THE ROOM

ACT TWO

18. ENTR'ACTE

19. DIGESTION

LEO
(*BURPS loudly*)

MARIANNE
Do I hear music?

LEO
Must've eaten something...

CLAUDIA
I wonder what the kids are up to.

PAUL
You calling them?

CLAUDIA
No, just surfing.

FRITZ
(Hey. Hey, you. What's going on out there?)

WINDSOR
(Patience, Apocalypse. All will be revealed.)

MARIANNE
Is my hair a horror?

LEO
(*BURPS loudly*)

RAFFAEL
Not at all, it's beautiful.

MARIANNE
Oh, stop.

COL. MARTIN
What you're playing, that is beautiful.

BISHOP
Really... ?

FRITZ
Christ... !

RAFFAEL
(*Sotto voce, to MARIANNE*)
I have to have you.
Now, more than ever.

LEO
(*BURPS*)

WINDSOR
A digestif — sir?

LEO
No, thanks.

FRITZ
Over here, pal.

PAUL
I have to say
I didn't think
The carrots had much lilt.

CLAUDIA
Oh, you always say that.

MARIANNE
Isn't it wonderful to be doing
something different for a change?

RAFFAEL
(*Sotto voce, to MARIANNE*)
I have to have you.
Now, more than ever.

LEO
(*BURPS*)

WINDSOR
A digestif — sir?

LEO
No, thanks.

FRITZ
Over here, pal.

PAUL
I have to say
I didn't think
The carrots had much lilt.

CLAUDIA
Oh, you always say that.

MARIANNE
Isn't it wonderful to be doing
something different for a change?

LEO
You know, I've eaten a carrot every —
(*BURPS*)
Day for forty —
(*BURPS*)
Years — Jeez, what is this?

PAUL
I have nothing but praise
For the Beef Bordelaise,

But she fucked up the glaze
On the peas.

MARIANNE

Oh, please. Peas, peas, peas, who
cares? Here we are in Eden!

CLAUDIA

And then some.

RAFFAEL

I love this expression. "And then
some." Did you have fun? *And
then some!* Was it good? *And then
some!* People tell me less is more
and I say, no! *More is more! AND
THEN SOME!*

20. SHINE

MARIANNE

Are we not blessed?

PAUL

Oversalted. That's the problem.

MARIANNE

We should all feel blessed.

LEO

All I feel is bloated.

CLAUDIA

All I feel is bloated.

MARIANNE

Blessed with this —
Blessed with these —
Blessed with carpets, cushions,
flowers —
All this beauty that is ours,
All these books!
All these polished leather books!
I don't mean to read —
No, no, not to read,
No, I mean the way it looks!

FRITZ

Not that we want to be superficial.

MARIANNE

I like things to shine —
Shoot me.
I like things to glow.
Why can't I be free
To like what I see
And not what I know?

I'd like to live life, all my life,
In this room,
In this gorgeous goddamn room —
I don't mean in this room,
But I mean in this room,
With these textures and these
surfaces,
All these touchy-feely surfaces —
Goodness me, how superficial,
Well, what's wrong with superficial?
I want things to shine —
Hit me.
Is that so bizarre?
I want things to gleam.
To be what they seem,
And not what they are.
Call me...

LEO

Bourgeois?

MARIANNE

Bourgeois, for God's sake.
I don't need to read between the
lines,
The lines are just fine —
As long as they shine.
Give me what shines!
Give me —

LEO

Hold it! (*BURPS*)

MARIANNE

This.

21. HESITATION

RAFFAEL

Well, mimis amichichis, it has been
a lovely day — and evening — but
now I must wish you all a fond
goodnight. Windsor, the door,
please. And for now — adidio!

PAUL

It was lovely, Raffi.

CLAUDIA

Perfect! And who cares about the
meal, anyway?

RAFFAEL

(Until Tuesday at two!) — Your
Holiness?

BISHOP

A truly joyful evening. God bless you,
sir.

MARIANNE

Time, Leo.

LEO

Yeah, yeah. Back to square one.

MARIANNE

Oh, must he say that all the time?

COL. MARTIN

Back to barracks, Lieutenant.

SOLDIER

Fritz? One final look at the stars?

FRITZ

If they're still there.

*The guests all stop short at the
room's portal and turn back.*

MARIANNE

Such a gorgeous room...

CLAUDIA

Maybe just one more drink...

LEO

It's not really that late...

RAFFAEL

No, no, really! I must insist. Into the night with you, per favavere! And for now, adidio!

Again the guests stop short of the threshold and turn back.

MARIANNE

Will you look at these books?...

PAUL

It's the shank of the evening...

CLAUDIA

I've got nothing to do in the morning...

LEO

One more burp...

FRITZ

What's the rush, Raffi?

COL. MARTIN

Maybe just one more brandy...

PAUL

Hey! Why don't we just spend the night?

LEO

That's a fantastic idea!

CLAUDIA

Absolutely.

RAFFAEL

You're joking.

CLAUDIA

We can stay right in here!

MARIANNE

It'll be an adventure!

LEO

We can stay right in here!

MARIANNE

And I'm already in my nightie!

RAFFAEL

Really, no! Amichichis! You cannot be serious!

LEO

Dibs on the couch!
C'mon, babe, you and me on the couch...

CLAUDIA

I'll take the armchair.

PAUL

I'm fine on the floor.

FRITZ

I'm fine in your arms...

RAFFAEL

But Clowdia, what about your children?

CLAUDIA

What about them? We'll call.

They'll be fine. Shiva's watching them.

RAFFAEL

Shiva??

CLAUDIA

The nanny, not the god.

MARIANNE

Raffi, you stay too.

RAFFAEL

Absurdo. No! — Why not?! To

sleep with a roomful of beautiful women? This is Utopia!

WINDSOR

Good night, Your Excellency.

LEO

Ladies and gents,
Before "Lights out,"
Goodnight.
Sleep tight!

MARIANNE

Nightie-night, all!

22. DOUBLE DUET

SOLDIER

So. Fritz. Our first night together.

FRITZ

Maybe our last. The last for everybody...

We hear a distant explosion.

SOLDIER

It's the end of the world!

FRITZ

It's the end of the world!

SOLDIER

Yes, I know —

FRITZ

No, the actual
End of the world!

Another distant explosion.

SOLDIER

Sounds like fireworks —

FRITZ

What am I doing here?



Jin Ha, Micaela Diamond

SOLDIER

Why are there fireworks?

FRITZ

It's Judgment Day. Chaos.
Barricades.

Another distant explosion.

SOLDIER

Let's go up on the terrace
And watch.

FRITZ

I sort of like it right here.

SOLDIER

You do?

FRITZ

Don't you? I sort of like where we
are.

SOLDIER

Me, too.

FRITZ

You do?

SOLDIER

I like wherever you are,
I want to be wherever you are.
I want to like whatever you like —
Know what you know —
See what you see.
I want to get inside of you.

FRITZ

So let's go in the closet and fuck!

SOLDIER

Yes! We can make love and then kill
ourselves.

FRITZ

Why don't we see how the sex goes
first?

SOLDIER

You are infinite!
Is this just one of my dreams — ?
Only a dream — ?
I'm something of a dreamer.

FRITZ

Yes, I've noticed.

SOLDIER

But this is too surreal to be a dream.

23. INTERLUDE 1: MARIANNE AND THE BEAR

*Marianne wakes up in the middle of
the night.*

MARIANNE

What was it... ?
What in the world
Was that Thing
I was supposed to *do* today?!
It's still there
Still floating
Just out of reach...

Come on
Think, Marianne
Think think think

Oh, well.
I guess it's just gone.
Poof!
And...
Poof!
And...
Go to sleep, Marianne!

*A Bear enters the room. Marianne
doesn't notice.*

The thing is
There have been so many moments

In my life
So many wonderful
Beautiful
Incandescent moments
Where I thought
I am going to remember this
Forever
And now
I can't remember
A single one of them...

Oh, well,
Too late,
They're gone,

Sigh.
And a deeper sigh.
And —
(She sees the Bear)
God!!!

Who are you?

Marianne dances with the bear.

Remember *this*, Marianne.
Remember this
And
Let it stay
Just this way
Forever

Yes, yes,
I will remember this
And who knows
Maybe
I can do still do
That other thing,
That maddening mysterious thing,
Whatever it was,
Tomorrow...

24. INTERLUDE 2: WANDERING

BISHOP

That's funny. The piano died. Look at that. Nothing. Not a note. Not even a whisper. Ah, well. Rest in peace...

COL. MARTIN

Ladies and gentlemen, has anyone in this room noticed anything unusual?

LEO

What do you mean, unusual?

COL. MARTIN

Nobody has gone out of here this morning! Or last night! We have all stayed right here in this very room. I put it to you, I say nobody has left this room... because we *can't*.

MARIANNE

I just got a little *frisson*.

LEO

Whoa whoa whoa. My phone is dead.

CLAUDIA

My phone is dead! OH MY GOD, MY PHONE IS DEAD!

LEO

GAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

MARIANNE

Oh, very funny, Leo.

LEO

GAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHH!

RAFFAEL

I do not think he is joking.

PAUL

Give him some brandy, Windsor.
Come on, asshole, give him some goddam brandy!

WINDSOR

Actually, under the circumstances — I don't gotta do *nothin'*! Stuff it up your ass. And by the way, the name is Inferno. I AM INFERNO!

We hear a distant explosion.

CLAUDIA

What was that?

FRITZ

I told you. It's the end of the world.

MARIANNE

Yes, but *today*? Colonel, if it's the end of the world, what do we do?

COL. MARTIN

Traditionally, Mrs. Brink, there are no options.

RAFFAEL

It's not as if we are under some kind of curse here, or a magic spell. This is not a sorcerer's castle.

CLAUDIA

You're the one who got us into this, you brought us into this trap!

RAFFAEL

By opening my doors to you? You were all delighted!

LEO

Yeah, delighted till I got stomach poisoning! Now I'm sweating like a pig here and I can't *leave*?

CLAUDIA

We could *DIE* in here! Thanks to you!

BISHOP

What day is it today? Is it Thursday?

CLAUDIA

IS IT IMPORTANT? I'm HUNGRY.

COL. MARTIN

There's got to be a solution. Some way out of here. We haven't all gone crazy!

PAUL

What are you doing? Honey?

CLAUDIA

I'm calling the kids.
(Into her phone)
JOSHUA! ABBY! Come to the phone!
It's me, it's Mom!

PAUL

Claudia...

CLAUDIA

I miss you so much, so so much...

PAUL

Claude, your phone is dead.

CLAUDIA

What if *they* are, too? How would we know? *Where is everybody? Why doesn't somebody come for us?*

LEO

Can I have some water, please?

BISHOP

Nothing left in the vase. All out.

PAUL

There's no water...?

FRITZ

Well, *Kommandant*. People are thirsty in here. What are you doing about it? WA—TER! WA—TER! WA—TER!

COL. MARTIN

I'm sorry! I can't help you!

FRITZ

You're telling me?

ALL

WA—TER! WA—TER! WA—TER!
WA—TER! WA—TER! WA—TER!

COL. MARTIN

We cannot panic! There's nothing worse than panic! Please! Listen to me! This situation can't go on indefinitely!

McGogg the maid strikes the wall with the Bishop's golden crozier and water sprays out of the wall.

RAFFAEL

Ha, ha, ha! What did I tell you? Life is good, mimis amichichis! La vidida ay estada el tidada!

COL. MARTIN

Form a line, form a line! One at a time, please!

**25. INTERLUDE 3:
SNOW**

While everyone else is asleep, Marianne finds the Bishop in a corner, nibbling on something, a lit candle by his side.

MARIANNE

What is that,

What are you eating... ?

BISHOP

Just a little midnight snack.

MARIANNE

Popcorn?

BISHOP

No, it's paper.

MARIANNE

Paper. Really...

BISHOP

Here we have this magnificent library.
A feast!
It's good, try some.
It'll fool your stomach, anyway.

Marianne tries a bit.

MARIANNE

That's actually quite tasty.

BISHOP

This is "A Tale Of Two Cities."

MARIANNE

I love "A Tale Of Two Cities"! May I?

Marianne rips out a whole page and eats it.

BISHOP

The classics.
Always nourishing —
Now literally so.

MARIANNE

Can I tell you a secret?

BISHOP

Of course.

MARIANNE

It's my birthday.

BISHOP

Today?

MARIANNE

Or somewhere *around* my birthday...

BISHOP

Mazel tov!
But why is that a secret?

MARIANNE

Leo never remembers...
But isn't that a *sign*?
Father — here we are, all together.
Lots of time on our hands,
This should be our chance to dig in!
To talk about *real* things,
Important things!
Existence! The meaning of life!
Isn't that why you came to the door?
To discuss just that?

BISHOP

Yes, but...*The meaning of life.*
Not that it's not important...

MARIANNE

Okay — so — not the meaning of life.
What is... I don't know...
Being, for example,
According to the experts?

BISHOP

Being... "Being." Yes.

MARIANNE

Philosophically.

BISHOP

Ummmmmm.

MARIANNE

What's the matter?

BISHOP

If I explain Being
Will you let me hold your shoes?

MARIANNE

Of course!

*Marianne takes off her slippers and
gives them to him.*

There you are.
Go ahead, Father.
I'm all agog.

BISHOP

Yes. Being. Well,
First of all —
You might say —
We're here.
Actually *here!* On earth.
Most likely. Though perhaps not.
As are other people
And also objects —
Like these beautiful satin slippers.

MARIANNE

Yes? And?

BISHOP

And that *means* something.
That we're here.
We mean something, apparently.
We are what you might call
Matter that matters.
Or not. Depending on who you read.
So we're here,
For a time
On, possibly, earth,
With these very soft satin slippers
And other people
Etcetera
And we live our lives
And then we
Die
And spend eternity with God —
Or go to hell

If there happens to be one
Or else we pass into complete
nothingness,
A total void
Forever and ever
That we're actually unaware of
Because we're not here anymore.
The End.

MARIANNE

I really enjoyed that.
What a world, hmmm?
With *Being*, and everything!

BISHOP

(Giving them back)
Thank you for these slippers.
Quite inspiring.

It begins to snow in the room.

MARIANNE

And look at that.
Snow.

BISHOP

Yes.
Or manna.

MARIANNE

Manna!
Without us even having ordered it!

BISHOP

Supposedly
That's how it works.
(Checking one on his hand)
No. Definitely snow.

MARIANNE

So — just to be clear —
If all of that is "*Being*,"
What are we supposed to do
About it?

BISHOP

I suppose —
Be here.
Until we're not.

MARIANNE

To be continued!

BISHOP

Exactly!
"To be"...continued
Until otherwise notified.

MARIANNE

No, I meant —
Well, maybe I did mean that!
Thank you, Father.
Nightie-night!

*BISHOP sets the candle on a book
like a birthday cake.*

BISHOP

Mrs. Brink...
Happy birthday. Make a wish.

MARIANNE blows out the candle.

26. HESITATION (REPRISE)

FRITZ

How did we get here, anyway? Can
somebody tell me where we went
wrong?

RAFFAEL

Brunch! That was the fatal mistake.
As always.

PAUL

No. The funeral at à La Mode. We
shoul'da turned back then.

FRITZ

Maybe if we didn't go to Zeno's...

SOLDIER

We met at Zeno's.

FRITZ

I'm factoring that in.

RAFFAEL

No, no, no. Coming here, to the Embassy. *This* was the tragic error! And you know what the ancients did in such dilemmas. They appeased the gods!

CLAUDIA

I'll appease the gods!

PAUL

But how?

RAFFAEL

A scapegoat must give up his own life to save the others! I will be the victim! I will be the goat! Now if you will excuse me to the bathroom with this pistol — *adidio!*

MARIANNE

Raffi — wait. Don't move. Everybody stay exactly where you are. It's sort of wonderful. Look! Right now we're all exactly where we were that night! Just before we decided to stay. We're at *Square One!*

COL. MARTIN

What difference does any of this make?

A sudden crash of piano keys.

BISHOP

The piano... ! It's playing!

MARIANNE

Who spoke first? Try to remember. Raffi, you said something.

RAFFAEL

"Mimis amichichis, it has been a lovely day — and evening — but I must wish you all a fond goodnight. And for now — *adidio!*"

PAUL

"It was lovely, Raffi."

CLAUDIA

"Perfect. And who cares about the meal, anyway?"

RAFFAEL

"Your Holiness?"

BISHOP

"Truly joyful evening. God bless you, sir."

MARIANNE

"Time, Leo." Leo, that's you.

LEO

"Well — back to square one."

MARIANNE

"O, must he say that all the time?"

COL. MARTIN

"Back to barracks, Lieutenant."

SOLDIER

"Fritz? One final look at the stars?"

FRITZ

"If they're still there."

MARIANNE

Let's go! Follow me, everyone!

LEO

We're out!

All of their cellphones start to ring.

CLAUDIA

Hello? Yes, hello? Shiva, is that you?

PAUL

(to CLAUDIA)

Is it them, is it the kids?

RAFFAEL

Buenos didias! Or buenos nanoches!

MARIANNE

I don't know who this is but I love you!

SOLDIER

Hello, Mom? Mom, it's me!

LEO

Hello? Yes, we're fine! We're fine!

FRITZ

I don't know who you are, but hello!

COL. MARTIN

Josephine? Thank God!

CLAUDIA

It's Shiva! She says the kids are okay!

BISHOP

A miracle! A true miracle!

FRITZ

I don't hear any gunshots...

PAUL

I don't hear anything.

RAFFAEL

Nothing... !

CLAUDIA

Nothing's fine with me.

LEO

Did all that really happen?

MARIANNE

Something must have happened.
Look at us.

COL. MARTIN

Ladies and gentlemen, this is your
Department of Homeland Security,
signing off until further notice!

RAFFAEL

Excuse me, Co-lo-nell. "Further
notice...?"

COL. MARTIN

Until further notice. Back to barracks,
lieutenant!

SOLDIER

Listen, Fritz.

FRITZ

No apologies. I was in there, too.
And hey — you said you wanted
real life.

COL. MARTIN

On the double now, let's go!

FRITZ

Take care of yourself, Soldier.

The Colonel and the Soldier exit.

It's funny. I never did learn his name...

BISHOP

I really have to thank you all.
Of course, it was pretty darn
harrowing in there. But I know
what I am now.

MARIANNE

And what is that?

BISHOP

A priest. It just took a little practice.
Go in peace, my children.

MARIANNE

(Offering her slippers)
Your Grace—? A small donation.

BISHOP

Your satin slippers!?!? O, God bless
you, my child!

*The Bishop exits, tenderly holding
her shoes.*

RAFFAEL

And Windsor, I want to say... Where
did he go?

PAUL

He's gone.

LEO

Not quite. He's still out there
somewhere.

MARIANNE

Anyway — we're here. And it's a
beautiful day.

CLAUDIA

Any day would be beautiful right
now.

LEO

Okay, so. Onwards, babe?

CLAUDIA

Honey?

PAUL

You bet.

MARIANNE

Raffi?

RAFFAEL

With pleasure.

MARIANNE

Fritzie?

FRITZ

I don't think so. I've got a bunch of
things to clean up. Like my life. Like
my head. Like pretty much
everything.

Fritz exits.

MARIANNE

Don't you be a stranger.

LEO

Okay. Well. Back to square one!

FRITZ

(Returning)

Oh, what the hell! La vidida ay la
blahblah — whatever!

MARIANNE

Perfect. Now where do we want to
eat?

*They continue along the road —
but running now, running faster
and faster, amid gunshots and
explosions and what seems to be
the end of the world.*

**27.EXIT
MUSIC**



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