

Dear Evan Hansen

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Cast

Evan Hansen
Heidi Hansen
Cynthia Murphy
Connor Murphy
Larry Murphy
Zoe Murphy
Alana Beck
Jared Kleinman

A quiet buzzing begins to sound just at the edge of our awareness, an indistinct murmuring of voices, as the house lights slowly fade. The murmuring builds, growing louder and louder, voices piling on top of one another. Millions of fragments of emails, status updates, cat videos, dessert recipes, the music of spheres. Of a sort. Suddenly, sharply, nothing. Silence. Then, in the darkness, a laptop snaps open. The gauzy white glow of the screen illuminates the face of Evan Hansen, sitting at a desk with a hard cast on his left arm, alone. He begins to type.

Act One: Scene One

Evan: Dear Evan Hansen: Today is going to be an amazing day, and here's why. Because today, all you have to do is just be yourself.

Evan pauses.

But also confident. That's important. And interesting. Easy to talk to. Approachable. But mostly be yourself. That's the big- that's number one. Be yourself. Be true to yourself.

Evan pauses again before starting to ramble.

Also, though, don't worry about whether your hands are going to get sweaty for no reason and you can't make it stop no matter what you do, because they're not going to get sweaty, so I don't know why you're bringing it up, because it's not going to happen, because you're just, all you have to do is be yourself.

Evan pauses again before continuing to ramble quickly in a flurry of words strung together.

I'm not even going to worry about it, though, because seriously it's not like- it's not going to be like that one time you had the perfect chance to introduce yourself to Zoe Murphy at the jazz band concert last year, when you waited afterward to talk to her and tell her how good she was, and you were going to pretend to be super casual like you didn't even know her name, like she would introduce herself and you'd be like, "Wait, I'm sorry, I didn't hear you. Chloe, you said your name was Chloe?" And then she'd be like, "No, it's Zoe, I said Zoe." And then you'd be like, "Oh, see, I thought you said Chloe because I don't even- I'm very busy with other stuff right now is the thing." But then you didn't you didn't even end up saying anything to her anyway, because you were scared your hands were sweaty- which they weren't that sweaty until you started worrying that they were sweaty, which made them sweaty, so you put them under the hand dryer in the bathroom, but then they were still sweaty, they were just very warm now, as well.

The lights shift and Heidi Hansen enters, holding a 20- dollar-bill up.

Heidi: So you just decided not to eat last night?

Evan slams shut his laptop and faces her.

Evan: Oh, I'm- urn, I wasn't hungry...

Heidi: You're a senior in high school, Evan. You need to be able to order dinner for yourself if I'm at work. You can do it all online now. You don't have to talk to anyone on the phone. I know you don't like the phone.

Evan: Okay, but see, that's not true actually. You have to talk to the delivery person when they come to the door. Then they have to make change. You have to stand there while it's silent and they're counting the change and...

Heidi: This is what you're supposed to be working on, Evan. With Dr. Sherman? Talking to people. Engaging with people. Not running away from people.

Evan: You're right. I'm going to be a lot better.

Heidi: No, I know. I know you are. And that's why I made you an appointment with Dr. Sherman for this afternoon. I'll pick you up right after school.

Evan: I already have an appointment next week.

Heidi: And I thought maybe you could use something a little sooner. Have you been writing those letters he wants you to do? The letters yourself? The pep talks? "Dear Evan Hansen. This is going to be a good day and here's why." Have you been doing those?

Evan: I started writing one. I'll finish it at school.

Heidi: Those letters are important, honey. They're going to help you build your confidence. Seize the day.

Evan: I guess.

Heidi: I don't want another year of you sitting at home on your computer every Friday night, telling me you have no friends.

Evan: Neither do I.

Song: Anybody Have a Map?

Heidi: *Can we try to have an optimistic outlook?*

Heidi: Huh?

Heidi: *Can we buck up just enough to see the world won't fall apart? Maybe this year we decide we're not giving up before we've tried. This year we make a new start.*

Heidi: Hey, I know. You can go around today and ask the other kids to sign your cast, how about that? That would be the perfect icebreaker, wouldn't it?

Evan: Perfect.

Heidi: I'm proud of you already.

Evan: Oh... Good.

Heidi exits Evan's room and Evan starts to pack his things for school.

Heidi: Another stellar conversation for the scrapbook. Another stumble as I'm reaching for the right thing to say. I'm kinda coming up empty, Can't find my way to you...
Does anybody have a map?

Heidi: Anybody maybe happen to know how the hell to do this? I don't know if you can tell, But this is me just pretending to know.

Heidi: So where's the map? I need a clue. 'Cause the scary truth is, I'm flying blind,
And I'm making this up as I go.

The lights shift to show the Murphy family around the kitchen table. Zoe Murphy sits, eating cereal and leafing through a book. Larry Murphy is on his phone, scrolling through emails. Connor Murphy stares blankly into his cereal bowl. Cynthia Murphy stands, fussing over everything—pouring orange juice, topping off coffee, clearing finished dishes.

Cynthia: It's your senior year, Connor. You are not missing the first day.

Connor: I already said I'd go tomorrow. I'm trying to find a compromise here.

Cynthia turns, exasperated, to Larry, who is still focused on his phone screen.

Cynthia: Are you going to get involved here or are you too busy on your email, Larry?

Larry: You have to go to school, Connor.

Cynthia: That's all you're going to say?

Larry: What do you want me to say? He doesn't listen. Look at him. He's not listening. He's probably high.

Zoe: He's definitely high.

Connor glares at his sister.

Connor: Get Lost!.

Zoe: To hell with you then!.

Cynthia scolds Zoe.

Cynthia: I don't need you picking on your brother right now. That is not constructive

Zoe: Are you kidding?

Cynthia: Besides, he's not high.

Cynthia looks to Connor to confirm this. He does not. She sighs.

Cynthia: Are you high?! I do not want you going to school high, Connor. We have talked about this.

Connor: Perfect. So then I won't go. Thanks, Mom!

Connor exits. Cynthia begins to clear the dishes, lost in her own thoughts.

Cynthia: *Another masterful attempt ends with disaster.*

Larry, still looking at his phone, shakes his head in annoyance.

Larry: Interstate's already jammed.

Cynthia: *Pour another cup of coffee, And watch it all crash and burn.*

Zoe goes to pour herself more milk, only to find that it is empty and shakes it, annoyed.

Zoe: Connor finished the milk!

Cynthia: *It's a puzzle,
It's a maze.
I try to steer through it a million ways.
But each day's another wrong turn.*

Larry: I better head out.

Zoe: If Connor's not ready, I'm leaving without him.

Larry and Zoe exit.

Cynthia: *Does anybody have a map?*

Heidi: *Anybody have a map?*

Cynthia, Heidi: *Anybody maybe happen to know how the hell to do this? I don't know if you can tell,
But this is me just pretending to know.*

Evan and Connor appear in separate pools of light, anxiously awaiting the day ahead of them.

Heidi: *So where's the map?*

Cynthia: / need a clue.

Cynthia, Heidi: 'Cause the scary truth is,

Cynthia: I'm flying blind.

Heidi: I'm flying blind.

Cynthia: I'm flying blind.

Heidi: I'm flying-

Cynthia, Heidi: I'm flying blind. And I'm making this up as I go, As I go.

Cynthia and Heidi exit. The school bell rings and Evan finds himself in the school hallway. Alana Beck enters.

Alana: Hey. How was your summer?

Evan looks around, assuming she is talking to someone else.

Evan: My...?

Alana: Mine was productive. I did the three internships and 90 hours of community service. I know, wow.

Evan: Yeah that's, wow. That's really impressive.

Alana: Even though I was so busy, I still made some great friends. Or, well, acquaintances, more like.

Evan: Do you want to maybe- I don't know what you're, um... Do you want to sign my cast? Alana: Oh my God. What happened to your arm?

Evan: Oh, well. I broke it. I was climbing a tree...

Alana is not listening. She replies absent-mindedly.

Alana: Oh, really? My grandma broke her hip getting into the bathtub in July. That was the beginning of the end, the doctors said. Because then she died.

Evan is silent, having no idea how to answer to that. Alana smiles.

Alana: Happy first day.

Alana exits and Jared Kleinman enters and approaches Evan.

Jared: Is it weird to be the first person in history to break their arm from scrolling through their phone too much or

do you consider that an honor?

Evan: Wait. What? I didn't - I wasn't... Doing that.

Jared: Paint me the picture: you're in your bedroom, you've got Zoe Murphy's Instagram up on your weird, off-brand cell phone...

Evan: That's not what happened. Obviously. I was, um, well I was climbing a tree and I fell.

Jared: You fell out of a tree? What are you, an acorn?

Evan: Well, I was - I don't know if you know this - but I worked this summer as an apprentice park ranger at Ellison State Park. I'm sort of a tree expert now. Not to brag, but...

Jared says nothing and Evan continues.

Evan: Anyway. I tried to climb this 40-foot-tall oak tree.

Jared: And then you fell...?

Evan: Well, except it's a funny story, because there was this solid 10 minutes after I fell, when I just lay there on the ground waiting for someone to come get me. Any second now, I kept saying to myself. Any second now, here they come.

Jared: Did they?

Evan: No. Nobody came. That's the, that's what's funny.

Jared: Bloody Hell...

Evan: How was - what did you do for the... you had a good summer?

Jared: Well, my bunk dominated in Capture The Flag and I got to second-base with this girl from Israel who's going to be in the army... so, yeah, hopefully that answers your question.

Jared turns to leave but Evan stops him.

Evan: Do you want to sign my cast?

Jared: Why are you asking me?

Evan: Well, just, I thought, because we're friends.

Jared: We're family friends. That's like a whole different thing and you know it.

Jared punches Evan in the arm.

Jared: Hey. Tell your mom to tell my mom I was nice to you or else my parents won't pay for my car insurance.

Evan: I will.

Connor walks past.

Jared: Hey, Connor. I'm loving the new hair length. Very school shooter chic.

Connor glares at Jared.

Jared: I was kidding. It was a joke.

Connor: Yeah, no, it was funny. I'm laughing. Can't you tell? Am I not laughing hard enough for you?

Jared laughs nervously.

Jared: You're such a freak.

Jared exits and Evan laughs, uncomfortable.

Connor: What the hell are you laughing at? **Evan:** What?

Connor: Stop bloody laughing at me.

Evan: I'm not.

Connor: You think I'm a freak?

Evan: No. I don't-

Connor: I'm not the freak.

Evan: But I wasn't-

Connor: You're the bloody freak.

Connor shoves Evan to the ground and storms off-stage. Evan shakily rises back to his feet.

Song: Waving Through A Window

Evan: *I've learned to slam on the brake,
Before I even turn the key,
Before I make the mistake,
Before I lead with the worst of me.*

*Give them no reason to stare.
No slipping up if you slip away.
So I got nothing to share.
No, I got nothing to say.*

*Step out, step out of the sun,
If you keep getting burned.
Step out, step out of the sun,
Because you've learned, because you've learned.
On the outside, always looking in.
Will I ever be more than I've always been?
'Cause I'm tap, tap, tapping on the glass,*

*Waving through a window-oh.
I try to speak, but nobody can hear,
So I wait around for an answer to appear.
While I'm watch, watch, watching people pass.*

*Waving through a window-oh-oh-oh-oh,
Can anybody see,
Is anybody waving back at me?*