

Dear Evan Hansen

Act One: Scene Five

Evan and Jared talking online.

Jared: Dammit!

Evan: I didn't say anything. I just- I couldn't say anything.

Jared: God, Dammit!

Evan: They invited me for dinner. They want to know more stuff about Connor and me, about our "friendship".

Elsewhere, Alana appears in her own pool of light, online and alone- and shocked.

Alana: Still can't believe the terrible news about @ConnorMurphy.

Jared is still talking to Evan online.

Jared: What are you going to tell them?

Evan: I mean- the truth.

Alana continues to speak on her own side of the stage.

Alana: I wouldn't say that we were "friends", exactly. More like acquaintances.

Jared: The truth. Really? You're going to go to the Murphys' house and explain that the only thing left they have of their son is some weird letter that you wrote to yourself?

Alana: We were in Chemistry together. I'm pretty sure.

Jared: You know, you could go to jail for this. If you get caught?

Evan: But I didn't do anything.

Alana: He was also- he was in my English class in tenth grade, I'm almost positive. Jared: Yeah, I hate to tell you this, Evan, but you may have already perjured yourself.

Evan: Isn't that only when you're under oath? Like, in a courtroom?

Jared: Well, weren't you under oath? In a way?

Evan: No.

Dear Evan Hansen

Alana: Yeah, he was definitely in my English class.

Jared: Look, do you want to listen to me or do you want to have another meltdown like last year in English when you were supposed to give that speech about Daisy Buchanan, but instead you just stood there staring at your notecards and saying, "urn, urn, urn" over and over again like you were having a brain aneurysm?

Evan: What do you expect me to do? Just keep lying?

Jared: I didn't say, "lie." All you have to do is just nod and confirm. Whatever they say about Connor, you just nod your head and say, "yeah, that's true." Don't contradict and don't make stuff up. It's foolproof. Literally, nothing I tell my parents is true and they have no idea.

Alana: Three days ago, Connor Murphy was here and now... Now he's gone.

Evan: They were so sad. His parents? His mom was just... I've never seen anyone so sad before.

Evan considers this for a moment and Alana states into the audience.

Alana: If Connor meant something to you, please re-tweet. Or private message me if you just want to talk. At times like these, we could all use a friend.

The lights go down again

Dear Evan Hansen

Act One: Scene Six

The lights come back up on the Murphys' kitchen table. Cynthia, Larry, Zoe, and Evan are all there.

Larry: Would anyone else like some more chicken?

Cynthia: I think you're the only one with an appetite, Larry.

Larry: The Harrises brought it over.

Cynthia turns to Evan.

Cynthia: Did Connor tell you about the Harrises?

Evan nods.

Cynthia: We used to go skiing together, our families.

Evan nods again.

Evan: Connor loved skiing.

Zoe: Connor hated skiing.

Evan: Well, right. That's what I meant. Connor loved... talking about how much he hated skiing. Cynthia: So you guys, you- you hung out a lot?

Evan: Pretty much.

Zoe: Where?

Evan: Oh you mean, like, where did we..? Well, we mostly hung out at my house. I mean, sometimes we'd come to his house if nobody else was here. We would email a lot, though, mostly. So we wouldn't have to- he didn't want to always hang out in person, you know?

Zoe: We looked through his emails. There aren't any from you.

Evan: Well, no, of course, yeah, I mean, that's because he had a different account. A secret

account. I should have said that before. That was probably very confusing.

Zoe: Why was it secret?

Evan: Just so that no one else could- it was more private, I guess, that way.

Cynthia turns to Larry.

Dear Evan Hansen

Cynthia: He knew you read his emails.

Larry: Somebody had to be the bad guy.

Zoe: The weird thing is, the only time I ever saw you and my brother together was when he shoved you at school last week.

Cynthia: He shoved you?

Evan: I um... I tripped.

Zoe: I was there. I saw the whole thing. He pushed you, hard.

Evan: Oh. I remember now. That was a misunderstanding. Because, the thing was, he didn't want us to talk at school, and I tried to talk to him at school. It wasn't that big a thing. It was my fault.

Zoe: Why didn't he want you to talk to him at school?

Evan: He didn't really want people to know we were friends. I guess he was embarrassed. A little.

Cynthia: Why would he be embarrassed?

Evan: Urn. I guess because he thought I was sort of, you know... Zoe: A nerd?

Larry: Zoe!

Zoe turns to Evan.

Zoe: Isn't that what you meant?

Evan: Loser, I was going to say, actually. But. Nerd works, too. Cynthia: That wasn't very nice.

Zoe: Well, Connor wasn't very nice, so that makes sense. Cynthia: Connor was... he was a complicated person.

Zoe: No, Connor was a bad person. There's a difference.

Larry: Zoe, please.

Zoe: Don't pretend like you don't agree with me.

Cynthia: You refuse to remember any of the good things. You refuse to see anything positive. Zoe: Because there were no good things. What were the good things?

Cynthia: I don't want to have the conversation in front of our guest.

Dear Evan Hansen

Zoe: What were the good things, Mom?

Tell me. Cynthia: There were good things.

Cynthia's distress is difficult for Evan to witness and he finds himself blurting out before even thinking.

Evan: I remember a lot of good things about Connor.

Everyone fixes their gazes on Evan and he realizes what he's done.

Zoe: Like what?

Evan: Nevermind. I shouldn't have- I'm sorry, nevermind.

Cynthia: No, Evan. You were saying something.

Evan: It doesn't matter. Really.

Cynthia: We want to hear what you have to say. Please.

Evan is silent for a moment before deciding he can't stand Cynthia's distress.

Evan: Well, I was just- Connor and I... We had a really great time together, this one day, recently. That's something good that I remember about Connor. That's what I keep thinking about. That day.

Evan notices a bowl of apples on the table.

Evan: At the apples, um... the apples... place...

Evan pauses.

Evan: Anyway. It's- I knew it was stupid. I don't know why I even brought it up. Cynthia: He took you to the orchard?

Evan: Yes. He did.

Cynthia: When?

Evan: Once. It was only that once. But. He said the apples there were the best. Larry: I thought that place closed. Years ago.

Evan: Exactly. Which was why we were so bummed when we got there, because it was completely- it's totally closed down now.

Cynthia: We used to go to the orchard all the time. We'd do picnics out there. Remember that, Zoe?

Zoe: Yeah. I do.

Dear Evan Hansen

Cynthia turns to Larry, reminiscing.

Cynthia: You and Connor had that little toy plane you would fly. Until you flew it into the creek. **Larry smiles for once.**

Larry: That was an emergency landing.

Cynthia turns back to Evan.

Cynthia: I can't believe he took you there. I bet that was fun. I bet you two... I bet you had fun. Evan: We did. The whole day was just...

For Forever

Evan: *End of May or early June,
This picture-perfect afternoon we share..*

Cynthia turns back to Larry.

Cynthia: What was the name of that ice cream place out there we loved? Larry: **A La Mode.**

Cynthia: That was it. **A La Mode.** And they had that homemade hot fudge...

Evan: *Drive the winding country
road, Grab a scoop at "A La
Mode,"
And then we're there.*

Cynthia: We'd sit in that meadow with all the sycamores. **Cynthia turns to Zoe, continuing to reminisce.**

Cynthia: And you and your brother would look for four leaf clovers.

Evan: *An open field that's framed with trees, We pick a spot and
shoot the breeze,
Like buddies do.
Quoting songs by our favorite bands,
Telling jokes no one understands,
Except us two.
And we talk and take in the view.
All we see is sky for forever.
We let the world pass by for forever.
Feels like we could go on for forever this way-Two friends on a
perfect day.*

Dear Evan Hansen

Larry: I'd completely forgotten about that place. Cynthia: Well, I guess Connor didn't.

Cynthia looks to Evan for reassurance. Cynthia: Did he?

Evan: *We walk a while and talk about,
The things we'll do when we get out of school.
Bike the Appalachian trail or,
Write a book or learn to sail,
Wouldn't that be cool?
There's nothing that we can't discuss,
Like girls we wish would notice us but never do.
He looks around and says to me, "There's nowhere else I'd
rather be" And I say, "me too".
And we talk and take in the view. We just talk and take
in the view. All we see is sky for forever.
We let the world pass by for forever
Feels like we could go on for forever this way, this way...
All we see is light for forever.
'Cause the sun shines bright for forever. Like we'll be alright for
forever this way, Two friends on a perfect day.
And there he goes,
Racing toward the tallest tree.
From far across the yellow field I hear him calling, "follow me" There we go, wondering
how the world might look from up so high-One foot after the other,
One branch then to another.
I climb higher and higher.
I climb 'til the entire,
Sun shines on my face.*

*And I suddenly feel the branch give way.
I'm on the
ground, My
arm goes
numb. I look
around.
And I see him come to get me...
He's come to get
me. And
everything's
okay.
All we see is sky for forever,
We let the world pass by for forever.
Buddy, you and I for forever this way, this way.
All we see is light,
'Cause the sun burns bright.
We could be alright for forever this way.
Two friends-*

Dear Evan Hansen

*True friends-
On a perfect day.*

Cynthia crosses the stage to Evan, hugging him tightly.

Cynthia: Thank you, Evan. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you.