

Acting Edition

Grangeville

by Samuel D. Hunter

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|| SAMUEL FRENCH ||

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ISBN 978-0-573-71205-0

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GRANGEVILLE was first produced by Signature Theatre (Emily Shooltz, Artistic Director; Timothy J. McClimon, Executive Director) in New York City on February 4th, 2025. The production was directed by Jack Serio, with set design by dots, costume design by Ricky Reynoso, lighting design by Stacey Derosier, sound design by Christopher Darbassie, and casting by Caparelliotis Casting. The dramaturg was John Baker. The cast was as follows:

ARNOLD Brian J. Smith
JERRY Paul Sparks

CHARACTERS

ARNOLD – Male, early forties. Jerry’s half brother.

JERRY – Male, early fifties. Arnold’s half brother.

SETTING

A void and liminal space.

TIME

The present.

AUTHOR’S NOTES

Shifts forward in time occur whenever the stage direction “transition” appears.

During phone call and video call scenes, phones and computers should not be physically represented.

Dialogue written in *italics* is emphatic, deliberate; dialogue in ALL CAPS is impulsive, explosive. Dialogue in [brackets] is implied, not spoken.

A “/” indicates an overlap in dialogue. Whenever a “/” appears, the following line of dialogue should begin.

Ellipses (...) indicate when a character is trailing off; dashes (–) indicate where a character is being cut off, either by another character or themselves.

(JERRY and ARNOLD appear.)

*(JERRY waits nervously, taking a deep breath.
He makes a call.)*

*(ARNOLD considers whether or not to answer.
He finally does.)*

ARNOLD. *(Non committal.)* Okay...

*(There is a long silence between the two of
them.)*

(Finally:)

JERRY. Is it – late over there?

(Pause.)

I'm guessing it's gotta be later over there! Yep, you –.

(Short pause.)

Anyway hi.

ARNOLD. This bill isn't itemized.

JERRY. Uh – what?

ARNOLD. The bill, the PDF you just emailed me, it doesn't even say what these charges are for –

JERRY. Oh, uh – yeah, it's sorta a mess, Mom isn't good at paying bills as it is, but she wouldn't let me touch any of it, / so –

ARNOLD. Well if I'm going to help you with this I need more information, I need something itemized, or –

JERRY. Oh, yeah, it – I was talking to Candice, you remember Candice!

ARNOLD. No.

JERRY. Sure you do, Candice! Her family had that big house over near the Dairy Queen. I dated her sister when I was in high school for a while! She's dead now actually. Got drunk and drove the wrong way down the Lewiston grade –

ARNOLD. What does this have to do with this bill?

JERRY. Oh! Sorry, she, uh. That's what she does now. She's a – you know, at the hospital. She's works in accounting or whatever. She said she could get everything together for me. It's just a little complicated with the paperwork, power of attorney –

ARNOLD. Just – send me her contact info, what's her name –

JERRY. Candice! You remember Candy Apple!

ARNOLD. Send me her contact info and I'll do it myself. Something is obviously going on with Medicaid, I'm sure Mom just messed something up with the paperwork, / she –

JERRY. Arnie. Hi, Arnie.

(Pause.)

It's good to hear your voice.

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. Let's *please* not make this more complicated than it needs to be. I don't know why we have to do this over the phone –

JERRY. Oh you know, I'm terrible at email, if we could just talk it through –.

ARNOLD. Seriously, I can take care of all of this, just send me what's-her-name's info from the hospital / and –

JERRY. I can't say hi to you? We can't just say hi?

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. Hi, Jerry.

(Pause.)

Now let's just try to focus on / this –

JERRY. Stacey told me she might wanna split up.

(Pause. ARNOLD lets out a breath.)

ARNOLD. Shit.

(Pause.)

I'm sorry.

JERRY. Thanks.

(Pause.)

I mean it's not a done deal, I think there's a good chance we can make it, but. She wanted me to move out, so. I moved out.

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. Are the kids taking it okay?

JERRY. Yeah, they're okay. Lauren's in college now, she's busy doing her own thing. I think she saw it coming anyway. Tom took it harder than I thought he would, but –. He'll be okay.

ARNOLD. Was there...? I mean did one of you...?

JERRY. Nah, no cheating, we're not that interesting.

ARNOLD. So what happened?

JERRY. I think Stacey just – realized she wasn't happy.

(Short pause.)

ARNOLD. What about you?

JERRY. Oh I've never been happy. Heh.

(Short pause.)

God knows what I'm gonna do if she leaves me. We've been together since I was nineteen! What am I gonna do, download one of those apps?!

ARNOLD. Uh-huh.

JERRY. You'll have to show me how to use it!

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. What?

JERRY. Oh, I just... I figure you know that stuff better than me.

ARNOLD. I've been with Bram for seventeen years, why would I know –?

JERRY. Oh, I just thought... I mean I thought gay guys...

(Pause.)

Shit, I'm –...

(JERRY trails off. ARNOLD seethes.)

ARNOLD. Anyway, have you talked with anyone from Medicaid? What did they say *specifically*?

JERRY. Well I don't know.

ARNOLD. What do you mean?

JERRY. Mom wouldn't tell me. She just kept saying that she'd take care of it herself. You know her. Like I said in the email, it wasn't until I got this bill from the hospital that I realized, they're barely covering any / of the –

ARNOLD. Well can you ask Mom, then?

(Short pause.)

JERRY. Oh, uh -. Arnie, she's not - talking anymore.

(Silence.)

ARNOLD. Oh.

(Pause.)

How - long has she -?

JERRY. Ever since that second stroke, it's -...

(Pause.)

I mean you can still talk *to* her, the doctors say she might still understand. Who knows, maybe hearing your voice after all this time will snap her outta it! Like that movie, you know, with the guy from *Goodfellas*? He's in a coma and then the *Jumanji* guy / gives him -

ARNOLD. What the hell are you talking about?

JERRY. I really don't know, I'm sorry.

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. Look, just -. Do you have her Medicaid card?

JERRY. That I have.

ARNOLD. Okay, just - take a photo of it and text it to me. Worst-case scenario, do you think she has enough money in the bank to cover this bill?

JERRY. Eesh... I don't know... Hopefully?

ARNOLD. I assume she doesn't have any investments, or anything like that -

JERRY. *(Chuckling.)* Not unless you count the sculpture.

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. Sculpture? What sculpture?

JERRY. You know, that sculpture she found in that pawnshop out in Burley from a few years back. You know.

ARNOLD. No...

JERRY. She never mentioned it to you?!

ARNOLD. I haven't talked to her in a while.

JERRY. But I mean this was *years* ago! You hadn't talked to her in that long?

ARNOLD. No. I mean she -. She left me a voicemail a few months ago. I never responded.

(Short pause.)

JERRY. Oh. Well anyway, she was convinced she found a long-lost piece of art by that famous artist - Jack something? Anyway, it's this sculpture of a real tall skinny guy, all stretched out. Famous sculptor. Jack something.

(Short pause.)

ARNOLD. Wait - are you talking about Giacometti?

JERRY. That's it. She was convinced that she found a long-lost Giacometti at this pawn shop in Burley.

(Pause.)

ARNOLD. Okay, I - don't know what to do with that, but in any case, she doesn't have any *real* investments, right?

JERRY. Nah.

ARNOLD. Is there anything in the trailer worth selling?

JERRY. C'mon, she's not dead / yet -

ARNOLD. I just don't want to wait to have this conversation, okay? I think I remember there being some kind of silver set from her mom? Is that right?

JERRY. She gave that to Mark Chillis. Couple years back.

ARNOLD. Why?

JERRY. He got married. To that biker chick, what's her name, you remember her. Face tattoos.

(ARNOLD lets out a rueful laugh.)

ARNOLD. Figures.

JERRY. What?

ARNOLD. Nothing.

JERRY. I mean I could – try to get it back?

ARNOLD. It's not about the silver, it's...

(Pause.)

When Bram and I got married, she –. She didn't even call.

(Pause.)

JERRY. Yeah, I –. I know, Arnie.

(Silence.)

(Then, suddenly:) She really doesn't have a problem with you, Arnie.

ARNOLD. Okay, we are not doing / this –

JERRY. I'm just saying, I want you to know that. She doesn't have a problem with you being [gay] –, you know. I know that for sure. I think it was just, you got married over there in Amsterdam and Mom's never even been to the East Coast let alone Europe, and she was just kinda confused about the whole thing and she didn't know if you even *wanted* to hear from / her –

ARNOLD. Okay –

JERRY. And she had trouble talking about this stuff, she didn't even like talking to Stacey all that much, she was convinced that Stacey had it in for her –

ARNOLD. Jerry –

JERRY. And she – you know, she had real regrets. The last few years, I think she's been taking stock of everything, what she let my dad get away with, what she let *your* dad get away with –

ARNOLD. STOP.

(Silence. ARNOLD breathes in and out.)

JERRY. Buddy, I know there's a lot of shit here between us, I know you don't like me very much, but I don't know why we can't just *talk* –

ARNOLD. It's not that I don't like you! I mean I *don't* like you but that's not the issue, plenty of people don't like their siblings, they –

(Just then, there is the sound of a door opening and some inaudible speaking in Arnold's flat. ARNOLD looks up.)

Het gaat goed met me. Ech, het gaat goed met me. Laat me gewoon uitpraten.

(Pause, listening.)

Ik weet. Ik beloof.

(Short pause.)

Bedankt. Ik houd van je.

(The sound of a door closing. Pause.)

JERRY. Was that Bram?

(Pause.)

Tell him hi for me?

(Silence. ARNOLD takes a breath.)

ARNOLD. Jerry – I'm sorry, I thought I could do this, but – I can't. I'll look into this bill, I'll get in touch with the hospital, but I can't do – this. You and me.

(Pause.)

Okay?

(Pause.)

JERRY. Yeah, I –. I get it.

ARNOLD. Okay. Bye.

JERRY. But actually –! Sorry, I know you don't want to do this, but this is a little more – complicated than this one bill?

(Short pause.)

ARNOLD. Okay?

JERRY. In a way that it might be kinda hard to do this all over email. I think. Maybe.

ARNOLD. Jerry, just say it.

JERRY. She has a will.

(Short pause.)

ARNOLD. Really?

JERRY. Yeah I'll be goddamned, right?! Shocked me too. She can barely remember to pay the phone bill and the woman has a *will*. And anyway, she named me her health proxy which is why I've been dealing with the hospital and hospice, you know, but she also named an executor who has, like, power of attorney and access to bank accounts –

ARNOLD. Who is it?

(Pause. **JERRY** hesitates, looking down.
ARNOLD realizes.)

ARNOLD. Wait –

JERRY. Yeah...

ARNOLD. You're saying *I'm* the –...?

(Short pause.)

That doesn't make any sense!

JERRY. Sure...

ARNOLD. I live in the *Netherlands*, we haven't spoken in years! Why would she do this?!

JERRY. Yeah I mean when she had this drawn up she knew I was going through some – shit, so maybe she just figured you'd be better at this. I mean you're the smarter one! Maybe it's a compliment!

ARNOLD. You emailed me saying you needed help with a *bill*, you didn't think this was the more important piece of business to address with me?!

JERRY. Yeah...

ARNOLD. I'm thousands of miles away, how can I –?!

JERRY. I talked to an estate lawyer guy, he said that this can all be done from afar.

(Pause.)

I mean, it's – what she wants? I guess?

(Silence. **ARNOLD** lets out a sigh.)

ARNOLD. God, one last middle finger before she dies, huh?

(Silence.)

JERRY. I'll make this as easy as possible, I promise!

WAIT, THERE'S MORE!

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