

Group 2

Teens: Hank, Buddy, Cassandra

Description: Hank is young man, 19, out of high school, used to causing trouble. He just got fired from his latest job. He is restless, angry a lot. Buddy is his sidekick, always trying to be cool. They are close to the same age. Cassandra is a “good girl”, but she is in love with Hank. She is preoccupied because she has something very important to tell Hank. They are in the year 1967.

Note: Teenagers auditioning with this scene will also be considered for the roles of Dover, Foxcroft, and Autumn.

BUDDY: But we could be out of here, man. Away from our folks. What the hell is keepin' us here?

*(Hank doesn't answer right away, but seems to get lost in thought for a second.)*

HANK: Let's go.

BUDDY: You ain't gonna be too hot in that jacket?

HANK: No.

BUDDY: It's almost eighty degrees out there.

HANK: So? This jacket is a part of who I am. What I'm about.

BUDDY: I ain't sayin' it ain't tuff, man, it's just hot out.

HANK: *(with a smile)* Look at you. Used to be cool until you bought into all that hippie garbage.

BUDDY: Hey, I wear these threads to meet girls. This stuff drives hippie chicks wild, man.

HANK: Yeah, you must be beating them off with a stick. Oh, wait, that wouldn't be all peace and love, would it?

BUDDY: Nothing wrong with peace and love.

HANK: *(mocking)* No, man, it's groovy. *(laughs)* You wouldn't even know what to say to a hippie chick if you could even find one in this town.

BUDDY: That's why we need to get out of here.

HANK: So you can try to talk to a girl for once?

BUDDY: I know how to talk to girls.

HANK: Your sisters don't count.

BUDDY: You're a real laugh riot.

HANK: You bet your bippy, I am.

BUDDY: Oh, man, I dreamed about that chick from Laugh In last night... I'm gonna marry that girl.

HANK: Who? Ruth Buzzy? *(he laughs)*

BUDDY: No, man, Goldie Hawn. She is choice, man. Choice.

*(There's a knock at the door. Both Buddy and Hank freeze for a moment.)*

BUDDY: (CONT'D) Do you think that's your old man?

HANK: You leave your brains at home? Why would he knock?

BUDDY: Maybe we should put the beers back...

HANK: Grow up.

CASSANDRA: *(from offstage)* Hank? Is that you?

*(Hank looks a little frustrated, but Buddy smiles)*

BUDDY: Is that Cassandra Steadman? I thought she stopped following you around after you graduated last year.

HANK: Shut up.

BUDDY: You're not still seein' her?

HANK: Mind your own business.

BUDDY: Hey, I don't blame you. She's choice all right, but ain't she a bit uptight?

CASSANDRA: *(offstage)* Hank, I can hear your voice through the screen door. I have to talk to you. Let me in.

HANK: *(under his breath)* Just what I need.

BUDDY: I guess it ain't all peaches and cream being a small town hearththrob.

*(Hank gives him a little shove, then opens the swinging door and steps through for a second)*

HANK: Come on in, Cassie. *(He comes back through the door. To Buddy, a warning.)* You watch your mouth around her, got it?

BUDDY: What? She your steady now?

HANK: You heard me.

BUDDY: Relax. When am I not polite?

*(CASSANDRA STEADMAN enters. She is 17 years old. She is going into her senior year at Foxcroft Academy. She is a popular girl, dressed nicely and conservatively, her hair perhaps in a pony tail. She enters almost timidly, something on her mind.)*

CASSANDRA: I'm sorry to just but I really wanted to see you. I need to talk. *(to Buddy)* Hey Buddy.

BUDDY: Why good evening, Miss Cassandra. What's a nice girl like you doing looking for a juvenile delinquent like him? *(Hank shoots him a warning look)* Sorry, sorry. You're 19. You're not a juvenile anymore, just a delinquent. My mistake.

HANK: So what's up, Cassie? I'm in a bit of a hurry.

CASSANDRA: *(looking around, nervous)* Are your folks home?

HANK: Not at the moment. That's why Buddy and me gotta beat feet outta here before they get home. So what do you want to talk about?

*(She glances at Buddy, uncomfortable)*

CASSANDRA: *(to Hank)* I thought you had work, so I even stopped by the Woolen Mill. They told me you got fired.

HANK: They didn't fire me. I quit.

CASSANDRA: Oh. They said you got fired.

HANK: *(snapping a little)* Well, we have a difference of opinion, then. Got it? *(Buddy snorts a laugh)*

CASSANDRA: I'm sorry.

*(Hank looks like he feels bad for snapping, but doesn't want to lose face in front of Buddy, so he just turns away from her.)*

BUDDY: *(being as obnoxious as possible)* This must be important, Hank, if she went looking for you at the Mill.

CASSANDRA: *(to Hank, flustered)* Well... I needed to see you.

BUDDY: Come on, Hank, let's go.

HANK: Hold on.

CASSANDRA: Where are you going?

BUDDY: We're gonna mosey on over to the fairground, sneak in, and see what's cookin'.

CASSANDRA: *(To Hank, completely ignoring Buddy)* You're going to the fair? Can I come?

HANK: *(facing her)* I don't know, Cass.

BUDDY: We ain't going to pet the little sheepies and goats. We're going to raise some Hell!

HANK: *(taking a step toward Buddy)* What'd I say about watching your mouth?

CASSANDRA: It's all right, Hank.

BUDDY: You expect me to believe that your old lady's got virgin ears?

*(This really makes Hank angry and he pushes Buddy hard. Buddy almost falls over.)*

CASSANDRA: Hank!

BUDDY: Watch it, man, you're gonna foam up the beer.

HANK: You're lucky I don't beat the tar out of you!

BUDDY: What? What did I say?

*(Hank takes another step at him, but Cassandra steps between them.)*

CASSANDRA: Buddy, can you just please go outside for a minute? I have to talk to Hank in private.

BUDDY: You don't give me orders.

HANK: Wait for me outside!

*(Buddy is really peturbed, but is also not in the habit of crossing Hank. Still, he wants to save face.)*

BUDDY: *(in a defiant tone)* Fine, but I'm crackin' open one of these brews. *(he storms out)*

HANK: Sorry about him. That meatball can't stop runnin' his mouth. He never knows when enough is enough.

CASSANDRA: Why don't you want me to go to the fair with you?

HANK: I've had a bad day. Buddy and I are just goin' to blow off some steam. We'll probably get kicked out in twenty minutes, if that.

CASSANDRA: Why? We could just go. Like anyone else. Have some fun. You don't have to go looking for trouble all the time.

HANK: Trouble is the only way to have fun in this town. *(half smile)* I guess a good girl like you wouldn't understand that.

CASSANDRA: *(a little ticked)* You listen to me, Henry Paul--- you can stop that right now. I'm not some goody-goody and you know it.

HANK: *(smiling, teasing)* Sure you are.

CASSANDRA: No I'm not. Just like you are not some no good hood, no matter what kind of reputation you're trying to make for yourself.

HANK: Maybe you're wrong, Cassie. Maybe I am just a hood.

CASSANDRA: No. We're all just people. *(moves closer to him)* I know who you are.

HANK: Oh yeah? What do you know about me, Cassie? Really?

CASSANDRA: I know that you care about me. I know that you love me, even if you don't want to say it. *(Hank doesn't say anything, but just looks at her. She moves closer to him.)* I miss you.