

HEATHERS
THE MUSICAL

Script Sides for in person Auditions

J.D & VERONICA

J.D - Greetings and Salutations

Veronica - No, but if you're nice I'll let you buy me a Big Gulp.

J.D. - That's like going to Mickey D's to order a salad. Slurpee's the signature dish of the house. Did you say cherry or lime?

Veronica - I said Big Gulp. I'm Veronica by the way. Veronica Sawyer. You ever gonna tell me your name?

J.D. - I'll end the suspense. Jason Dean. J.D. for short.

Veronica - So "J.D." That thing you pulled in the caf was pretty severe.

J.D. - The extreme always seems to make an impression.

Veronica - What brings a Baudelaire quoting bad-ass like you to Sherwood, Ohio.

J.D - My dad's work. He owns a de-construction company.

Veronica - De-construction?

J.D.- The old man seems to enjoy tearing things down. Seen the commercial? "I'm Big Bud Dean. If it's in the way, I'll make your day.."

Veronica - Right, then he pushes the plunger and the screen blows up. That's your dad?

J.D. - In all his toxic glory

Veronica - Well everyone's life has got static

CHANDLER, DUKE, MCNAMARA, VERONICA & MS.FLEMING

Duke -*(vomits into a toilet)*

Chandler - Grow up Heather, bulimia is so '87

Duke - *(Woozy)* Heather, I need a mint

McNamara - *(Handing a mint to Duke)* What you need, Heather, is to see a doctor

Ms. Fleming - Ah, Heather and Heather.

Duke - *(vomits)*

(Ms Fleming enters)

Ms. Fleming - And Heather. Perhaps you didn't hear the bell over all the vomiting. You're late for class.

Chandler - Heather wasn't feeling well, We're helping her

Ms. Fleming -Not without a hall pass you're not. A week's detention.

(Heathers overlapping)

Duke - What? No way, that's not fair.

McNamara - But I've got cheerleader practice

Chandler - My parents pay your salary

Veronica - Actually Ms Fleming *(hands Fleming a pass)*....all four of us are out on a hall pass, Yearbook committee....

Ms. Fleming - *(examining the pass)* I see you're all listed. Hurry up and get where you're going.

Chandler - *(grabs the pass from Veronica)* This is an excellent forgery. Who are you?

Veronica - Veronica Sawyer. I crave a boon.

Chandler - What boon?

Veronica - Let me sit at your table at lunch. Just once. No talking necessary. If people think you guys tolerate me, they'll leave me alone. Before you answer, I also do report cards, permission slips and absence notes

Duke - How about prescriptions

Chandler - Shut up Heather

Duke - Sorry Heather

Chandler - (*Brushes back Veronica's Hair*) Hmm, for a greasy little nobody, you do have good bone structure.

McNamara - And a symmetrical face. If I took a meat cleaver down the center of your skull, I'd have matching halves. That's very important.

Duke - Of course you could stand to lose to few pounds.

HEATHER CHANDLER, VERONICA, J.D.

Veronica - Heather? Heather!

Heather - (*Bellows from her bedroom*) What?!

Veronica - It's Veronica. I'm here to apologize.

Heather - Hope you brought your kneepads bitch. Fix me a prairie oyster and I'll think about it.

J.D. - (*Uncaps a bottle and hands it to Veronica*) Don't forget the Worcestershire.

Veronica -You know your hangover cures.

J.D. -My dad taught me all kinds of stuff.

Veronica -(*Suddenly inspired*) Oh hey, here's my revenge. I'm gonna drop a phlegm globber in her prairie oyster. She'll never know. (*hocks a loogie into the mug*)

J.D. -I;m a "No Rust Build-up" man myself

Veronica -Don't be a dick. That stuff'll kill her

J.D. -Thus ending her hangover. I say we go with Big Blue. (*pours the drain cleaner into an identical mug*)

Veronica -What are you doing? You can't just - Besides, she'd never drink anything that looks like that.

J.D. -Ceramic mug, dim light, she won't know what she's drinking.

Veronica -Forget it

J.D. -Chicken.
(Bawks like a chicken)

Veronica -You're not funny

J.D. -Okay, I'm sorry.

Heather -Prairie Oyster! Chop chop! (*picks up the wrong mug*)

J.D. - (*Sees her mistake*) Veronica - you

Veronica - *(turning back)* I what?

J.D. -Good luck. *(He follows Veronica, cautiously approaches Chandler)*

Veronica -Morning, Heather.

Heather -Ah, Veronica. And Jesse James. Quelle Surprise *(Pronounced "KELL-sup-PREEZ")* Let's get to it, Beg.

Veronica -We both said things we didn't mean last night

Heather -I actually would prefer you did this on your knees. In front of your boy-toy here.

Veronica -Uh-huh. Anyhow, I'm really sorry -

Heather -Do I look like I'm kidding? Down. Nice, but you're still dead to me

KURT & RAM

Kurt - Who does that guy in the jacket think he is anyways, Bo Diddley

Ram - Veronica's into his act, no doubt.

Kurt - Let's kick his ass.

Ram - We're seniors, man. Too old for this.

(Kurt approaches JD anyway, Ram follows, reluctant but dutiful)

Kurt - Hey, sweetheart. What did your boyfriend say when you told him you were moving to Sherwood, Ohio.

Ram - *(Gets in JD's face)* My buddy Kurt just asked you a question.

Kurt - Hey, Ram. doesn't this cafeteria have a "no fags allowed rule?"

J.D. **I don't know what your problem is, but I bet it's really hard for you to pronounce.**

Kurt - Hold his arms!

SONG FIGHT FOR ME OCCURS W/FIGHT SCENE

Kurt - Man, that sucked.

Ram - Those were some cheap shots.

Kurt - Ow! I'm missing a ball!

Ram - No, you're not.

Kurt - Seriously, I think he knocked it up my butt or something.

Ram - It's probably impacted. Plug your nose and push.

Kurt - Okay, there it is.

COACH RIPPER, PRINCIPAL GOWAN & MS. FLEMING

Coach Ripper -I'm telling you, Principal Gowan - Heather Chandler is not your everyday suicide. You should cancel classes

Principal Gowan - No way, Coach. I send the kids home before lunch and the switchboard will light up like a Christmas tree.

Ms. Fleming - Our children are dying! What this school needs is a good old-fashioned rap session. I suggest we get everyone into the cafeteria and just talk. And feel, together.

Principal Gowan - Thank you Ms. Fleming. Call me when the shuttle lands (*Ripper and Gowan chuckle*)

Ms. Fleming - Go ahead, laugh at the hippy, but I'm telling you we all misjudged Heather Chandler! Myself included! Have you read this suicide note?! Really read it?

VERONICA & MARTHA

Veronica - Martha Dunnstock. My best friend since diapers. She's got a huge heart. 'Round here, that's not enough.

Martha - We on for movie night?

Veronica - You're on Jiffy Pop detail

Martha - I rented *The Princess Bride*

Veronica -Again? Don't you have it memorized by now?

Martha - What can I say? I'm a sucker for a happy ending.

Veronica -Dear Diary. It's been three weeks since I became friends with the Heathers. "Friends" isn't the right word, exactly. It's more like the Heathers are people I work with and our job is being popular and shit.

(There's a whiff of tension between the two friends)

Martha - Hey, Veronica

Veronica -Hey.

Martha - You really look beautiful these days

Veronica -Yeah, well, it's still the same me underneath.

Martha - Are you sure?

Veronica -Look, I'm sorry I flaked on movie night last week. I've had a lot going on.

Martha - I get that. You're with the Heathers now. It's exciting.

Veronica - It's whatever. But we'll hang soon, I promise.

VERONICA, J.D., & BIG BUD DEAN

Veronica - What's wrong?

Big Bud Dean - Jason? (offstage)

J.D. - We need to leave, now.

Veronica - What's going on?

Big Bud Dean - Jason? You here? (offstage)

J.D. - It's my dad.

Veronica - Cool, I wanna meet him.

J.D. - Not a good idea

Big Bud Dean - Jason! Showtime!

Veronica - (*Jumps up to shake his hand*) Mr. Dean, hello.

J.D. - Veronica, this is my dad. Big Bud Dean...

Big Bud Dean - (*Interrupting*) Get rid of her...(*Rifles thru some ID's*) Some friends of ours need a hotel brought down. Run over to Sears, pick up eighty pounds of fertilizer and some diesel fuel. Use the Nevada ID. (*offers an ID to JD*)

J.D. - (*defiant*) I'm going out for ice cream with my girlfriend.

Big Bud Dean - (*chuckles mirthlessly*) You know how I'd blow up one of these shitbox suburban houses? Pack up the top floor with thermals, set it all off with a Norwegian in the boiler room. (*To Veronica, pointed, a threat to his son*) Where's your house, sweetheart?

Veronica - (*an ugly pause*) I should go. My mom's expecting me for dinner. Spaghetti with lots of oregano.

J.D. - The last time I saw my mom, she was waving out the window of a library in Texas. Right, dad?

Big Bud Dean - Right, son.

Veronica - Ok, well.....See you tomorrow.