Headlands Audition Sides

Please scroll through below to find the role you’re looking to audition for. Pick one! No need to memorize any of these sides! If you’re coming for an in-person audition, there will be printed sides available to read from.
George or Leena (If you’re interested in auditioning for either George or Leena, please consider coming in for an in-person audition as opposed to submitting a self-tape!)

George

My grandmother made a dish exactly like this.

George I am not.

Leena Oh-I’m new at this - are you Halil?

George Oh, I would you like some?

Leena Sorry, I was blown by the smell of your food.

George Yes.

Leena (in English) Oh well, I can just use yours.

George (in English) They seem a little off. I’m not sure what that means, but let me try.

Leena (in English) Think you’re doing it right. I mean to say, I mean to say...


Leena (in Turkish) Thank you. Please.

George (in Chinese) Stupid me.

Leena Proud.

George Speak Chinese.

Leena Halil. Yes, she passed away so I haven’t smelled...
(In Chinese.) Sorry again. 实在对不起。
(shí zài dòu bù qǐ.)
(In English.) Don’t know what came over me.
(He gently pushes her hand – with fork – back to her. He also hands her the bowl.)

GEORGE. (In Chinese.) Have more. Please. 请多吃一点。
(qǐng duō chi yī diǎn.)
(She hesitates for a second, then takes another bite. Slight awkward pause. But then they settle in, getting more comfortable. Sounds of the Bay rise up a bit as they look out to it.)

(In Chinese.) It’s so beautiful, right? 这里真的很美，对 吗？
(zhè lǐ zhēn de hěn měi, dì ma?)

LEENA. (In Chinese.) This is one of my favorite places. 这是我最喜欢的地方之一
(zhè shì wǒ zuì xǐ huān de dì fāng zhī yī.)

GEORGE. (In Chinese.) Almost seems...fake. Does that make sense... 这里几乎像是... 假的一样。你明白我的意思吗？
(zhè lǐ hū xiàng shì...jiǎ de yí yàng. nǐ míng bái wǒ de yí sī ma?)

LEENA. (In Chinese.) Sure. 当然。
(dāng rán.)

GEORGE. (In Chinese.) Like a...you send them... 就好像... 那个你用来寄送的...
(jiù hǎo xiàng...nà gè nǐ yòng lái jì sòng de...)

LEENA. (In English.) A postcard.

GEORGE. (In Chinese.) Yes. 对的。
(dùi de.)
(In English.) Like a postcard.
LEENA (OLDER). For three whole years. I was devastated. Then one day, three years later, there he is, knocking at our door, dressed to the nines, announcing he’s started his own business and wants my hand in marriage. He says this right in front of my parents. My father stands up, stares him up and down, then says: “You think you can fool me? You’re the same person you always were. Get out of my sight.” I left home to be with George. (To JESS.) Father would have approved of you though, you’re a total class act.

JESS. Well thank you. And I have to say: I know it was tough, but...it sounds pretty romantic. He worked so hard to get you back.
LEENA (OLDER). He wanted to please me so badly. Especially...that first night we spent together.

(The flickering images of sex again.)

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<tr>
<th>Close-ups of aspects of the room from their different points of view</th>
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<td>Different parts of their bodies</td>
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LEENA (OLDER). He was very slow. Very thoughtful. He started by taking my –

HENRY. (To LEENA.) Okay! Okay! (To audience.) I stopped her there. But I knew... I knew she remembered every detail.

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<tr>
<th>Longer sequences of body parts. Clearer and in focus now. A sequence indicating sex</th>
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LEENA (OLDER). Hint of concrete beneath the tapestries and rug. The hint of dampness. Hint of mothballs that smell like home. Muffled sounds of other tenants. Light under the doorway. Sounds of stoves and fire, and with that the smells of cooking. He apologized for the place but it was paradise to me. But our thoughts turned away from the environment around us. We made our
Pat/Leena (older) continued

own world. Piece by piece. Second...by second...touch by touch.

*(Video out.)*

Sorry I was in another place.

**JESS.** It’s okay.

**LEENA (OLDER).** I just get down sometimes.

*(JESS or HENRY puts a hand on her.)*

I’ll be fine.

**HENRY.** Do you want us to stay? Or go.

**LEENA (OLDER).** I’ll be alone now.
DETECTIVE. Can I give you some advice?

HENRY. Okay.

DETECTIVE. Move on.

HENRY. Excuse me?

DETECTIVE. Because you haven’t moved on. Right? Even after all these years? I’m telling you, this won’t help you find resolution. You’re trying to piece together a puzzle that’s not actually a – a – ... *(Getting lost in his own metaphor.)* uh...you know, a puzzle. A complete puzzle.

HENRY. Nevertheless...

DETECTIVE. When I had my child, do you know what I did? When he was just a baby, every night before he went to bed, I’d imagine, just briefly, that he stopped breathing, and that I held his lifeless body in my arms. I’d imagine my worst fear, my little baby’s death, so that when I woke up the next morning, it would feel like...a miracle! A miracle that he was still alive!

*(HENRY doesn’t know how to respond.)*

What I’m saying is that I’d be so grateful and so humbled by this extra day with him. This puts things in perspective, it’s a technique of the Stoics. When each of my parents fell ill, I did the same with them: every day I’d imagine them dead, so when they actually died, the blow wasn’t that bad. So what I’m saying is...if you imagined his death beforehand, you wouldn’t have this problem.

HENRY. I have no idea what you’re talking about, what problem.

DETECTIVE. *(Leans in.)* Well, the problem of death. Right? You’re searching for answers you don’t even have the questions for.
Jess

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(Throughout, JESS and HENRY are both “into it,” engaged in the puzzle-solving.)

JESS. Okay so the window, the piano, the hike: this drastic change in character, all within...

HENRY. Within the week before he dies.

JESS. Yeah, that’s weird.

HENRY. (To audience.) This is Jess, my girlfriend.

JESS. And even if it’s just coincidence, still the question of why, what caused this / change.

HENRY. Right, exactly, there had to be some reason. (To audience.) Jess is a true crime aficionado like me. I turned her into one.

JESS. And he was never really moody.

HENRY. I mean sometimes, but not like this. (To audience.) We immerse ourselves in my cold cases together. Some of our favorite memories as a couple involve hunching over crime photographs, brainstorming ways a man’s head could have been bludgeoned in.

JESS. But okay, then, just to play devil’s advocate... Is there the possibility he was always more depressive than you remember, but these particular things are jumping out because – you know, memories get heightened around traumatic events. Right?

HENRY. This wasn’t normal behavior. And I swear I remember thinking that at the time they occurred too. Before knowing he was going to die.
JESS. Mm.

HENRY. Kids are perceptive. They can pick up complex emotions.

JESS. They can.

(A beat, while they are lost in their respective thoughts.)

Heh. I remember just one raised eyebrow from my mother, and I could piece together this entire psychological profile of a situation.

(HENRY smiles and does a little chuckle of recognition.)

Like just one raised eyebrow would tell me my dad had one too many beers. And then he'd do this slight little smile that told me that he was...ashamed, but not really ashamed.

HENRY. Sorry not sorry.

JESS. Sorry not sorry, yes. There's no more complex emotion than that.

(They both laugh. Then they are lost in thought for a bit.)

(Back to the case.) Okay. But is there a way to get some outside corroboration?

HENRY. For...

JESS. Your memories. Of your father's mood. Like is there someone else who knew your father well at the time, who might also have seen this change, this weird depression?

HENRY. I think I know just the person. You're so smart.

JESS. Yeah. (Obviously.) So this is like the ultimate case right?
Tom: Do you like spending time with me?

Leena: No, of course not.

Tom: I just don't want to spend time with you. I don't even want you anymore. I just want you to leave.

Leena: It's not that I want you.

Tom: Okay, let's talk about that.

Leena: What do you mean by that?

Tom: I just don't want you.

Leena: Yeah, I don't want you either.

Tom: Okay, let's talk about that.

Leena: This is our only child.

Tom: Is this our only child?

Leena: Yes.

Tom: It's not my child. It's a child I think I want.

Leena: How is that going to be okay? It's not going to be okay.

Tom: Look, I don't think this is going to work.

Leena: This is our only child.

Tom: Just for now, until we figure things out.

Leena: Just for now. Until we figure things out.

Tom: Okay, we'll see what happens.

Leena: Okay.