

## **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 and Leena

*(Images of and from Land's End, looking out over the Bay, including the Golden Gate Bridge. GEORGE is sitting there, with food and a book. LEENA (OLDER) is talking to HENRY and JESS at the table, describing the scene. Nostalgic atmospherics, perhaps reminiscent of the Satie environment from earlier. LEENA at some point enters under the following monologue and approaches GEORGE.)*

Views of and from Land's End	Views of and from Land's End	Views of and from Land's End
Views of and from Land's End	Views of and from Land's End	Views of and from Land's End

**LEENA (OLDER).** I can remember meeting him like it was yesterday. When I saw him sitting there, looking out at the Bay, he looked so content. There was a confidence in him, just sitting there with his lunch and a book, looking out. I wondered what he was doing, but I was first attracted to the food. It smelled like home. Mm. Braised pork, sour cabbage: home cooking you didn't find in restaurants. He must have made it himself. *(To GEORGE.)* Excuse me, I said.

**GEORGE.** Yes?

**LEENA.** Sorry, I was drawn by the smell of your food.

**GEORGE.** Oh, would you like some?

**LEENA.** Oh! No, I just wanted to ask – are you Hakka?

**GEORGE.** I am, yes!

**LEENA.** My grandmother made a dish exactly like that.

**GEORGE.** She is...



**LEENA.** Hakka, yes. She passed away so I haven't smelled those smells in a long time.

**GEORGE.** Speak Chinese?

**LEENA.** Poorly.

**GEORGE.** *(In Chinese. Offering it.)* Smell more. 闻一闻。

*(wén yì wén.)*

**LEENA.** *(In Chinese.)* Thank you. 谢谢。

*(xiè xiè.)*

**GEORGE.** *(In Chinese.)* Try some. I insist. Here let me find... 尝一下，快尝尝吧，我给你找一个...

*(cháng yí xià, kuài cháng cháng ba, wǒ gěi nǐ zhǎo yí gè...)*

*(Fumbles around, trying to find something to serve her with.)*

**LEENA.** *(In English.)* Oh, well, I can just use yours.

*(She quickly takes his fork and takes a bite.)*

**GEORGE** *is taken aback.*

*(In Chinese.)* Sorry, I'm so sorry, I don't know what came over me, I – 不好意思，实在对不起，我也不知道刚刚我怎么，我就...

*(bù hǎo yì sī, shí zài duì bù qǐ, wǒ yě bù zhī dào gāng gāng wǒ zěn me le, wǒ jiù...)*

**GEORGE.** *(In Chinese.)* No! It's okay! 没事，没关系的。  
*(méi shì, méi guān xi de.)*

**LEENA.** *(In English.)* Here, uh... *(In Chinese.)*  
Napkin. 纸巾。  
*(zhǐ jīn.)*

*(She looks around for a napkin. GEORGE is about to procure one, but before he can, she's wiped the fork off on her clothes. She hands it back.)*



*(In Chinese.)* Sorry again. 实在对不起。

(shí zài duì 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 chī yì 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, duì 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 yì 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。

(duì de.)

*(In English.)* Like a postcard.

**Pat/Leena (older)**

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**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.)*

Close-ups of aspects of the room from their different points of view	Close-ups of aspects of the room from their different points of view	Close-ups of aspects of the room from their different points of view
Different parts of their bodies	Different parts of their bodies	Different parts of their bodies

**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.

Longer sequences of body parts. Clearer and in focus now. A sequence indicating sex	Longer sequences of body parts. Clearer and in focus now. A sequence indicating sex	Longer sequences of body parts. Clearer and in focus now. A sequence indicating sex
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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/Walter**

**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

Jess

Cafe or home or park?	Cafe or home or park?	Cafe or home or park?
Cafe or home or park?	Cafe or home or park?	Cafe or home or park?

*(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?

## The Window

The perspective of the interior of the window, from before	The inside of a car, at night	The exterior of the Wong house at night, with window light on, George's silhouette visible
The inside of a car, at night	The inside of a car, at night	The inside of a car, at night

**TOM.** (*To audience.*) Soon after meeting father, I went to their house one night, unannounced. I just want to say hi, but mother quickly shuffles me into her car. In her car, as we talk, I can feel George watching us, from the window up above.

(*We are now inside the car that GEORGE was watching from the window previously.* **TOM sits with LEENA.**)

So you're saying we can't see each other anymore.

**LEENA.** Just for now. Until we figure things out.

**TOM.** Did I cause a rift between you two?

**LEENA.** We had a discussion about spending more time with you. And – ... We're a team. That's how it's always been. So if one of us – ...

**TOM.** Him, if *he* doesn't want me.

**LEENA.** It's not / that he –

**TOM.** I don't care about him anymore. It's you. I just want to spend time with *you*. Is that too much to ask?

**LEENA.** No, of course not.

**TOM.** Do you like spending time with me?

**LEENA.** Yes.

Tom

**TOM.** I can't go back now. Now that I've met you. I can't go back to being alone in the world. Once a week. Can I see you once a week?

**LEENA.** It's not a bargaining / – ...

**TOM.** Once a month? Please? Can I at least call you?

(*LEENA doesn't respond.*)

The light is on. In your house. I think I can see him in the window. He's watching us, huh. I wish you didn't have to listen to him. It's because I'm not good enough.

**LEENA.** No. I –

**TOM.** (*To audience.*) I imagine their conversation. I can guess what he said about me.

**GEORGE.** ...I'm saying I met with him, like you wanted me to, and – I just don't like his – his *vibe*. He makes me nervous.

**LEENA.** His *vibe*?? You're talking about his *vibe*??

**GEORGE.** And those people he was involved with. What kind of a person is this?

**LEENA.** This is our son!

**GEORGE.** Look, I don't think he's *well*. Okay? Like even how he found us. It was like he – he was stalking us!

**LEENA.** It's not stalking, it's a child trying to find his parents!

**GEORGE.** I just don't –

**LEENA.** Maybe he doesn't act right because he's had such a hard life.

**GEORGE.** We're not responsible for that. Okay? We're *not*.

**LEENA.** It's wrong to quarantine someone just because the situation's messy. That's what we did in the first place! We gave him up because you and my father were so