

Audition Sides - J.D., Veronica

HEATHERS THE MUSICAL: HIGH SCHOOL EDITION

J.D.

Your love keeps me humble. So who's next? Heather Duke? She started that rumor about you. I've taken the liberty of underlining meaningful passages in her copy of *Moby Dick* if you know what I mean.

VERONICA

No. No! I do not accept this. Three people are dead. That's enough. This ends. Right now.

J.D.

Or what?

VERONICA

...Or I'm breaking up with you.

J.D.

Any war has casualties. Doesn't mean it's not worth fighting. But what, you'd rather go to jail? And give a free pass to the cannibals who devour people? The ones who make the world so unbearable, you can't stand to go on living?

VERONICA studies him. In a momentary burst of quiet intuition she asks...

START

VERONICA

J.D., how did your mother die?

J.D.

You really want to know?

VERONICA

I do.

J.D.

My dad said it was an accident. But she knew what she was doing. She walked into the building two minutes before Dad blew it up. She waved at me out the window, and then...*(with a graceful, gentle hand gesture)*... kabooooom. She left me.

VERONICA

I'm really sorry.

J.D.

It's okay. The pain gives me clarity. You and I are special. We have a lot of work to do.

Audition Sides - J.D., Veronica

HEATHERS THE MUSICAL: HIGH SCHOOL EDITION

VERONICA

What work?

J.D.

Making the world a decent place for people who are decent.

VERONICA

And when does it end?

J.D.

It doesn't.

VERONICA shoves him hard.

VERONICA

(screams) Aaagh!

END

#12 – SEVENTEEN Page 311

(VERONICA)

(engraged, barely keeping control)

FINE! WE'RE "DAMAGED."

REALLY "DAMAGED."

BUT THAT DOES NOT MAKE US "WISE."

WE'RE NOT "SPECIAL."

WE'RE NOT "DIFFERENT."

WE DON'T CHOOSE WHO LIVES OR DIES.

(more pleadingly) LET'S BE NORMAL,

SEE BAD MOVIES.

SNEAK A BEER AND WATCH TV.

WE'LL BAKE BROWNIES,

OR GO BOWLING.

DON'T YOU WANT A LIFE WITH ME?

CAN'T WE BE SEVENTEEN?

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO DO.

IF YOU COULD LET ME IN,

I COULD BE GOOD WITH YOU...

PEOPLE HURT US—