

## Candy / Douglas Audition

*CANDY has been bribed by mother-of-the-bride BEATRICE to flirt with PETER to stop her daughter from marrying him. CANDY thinks that DOUGLAS is PETER in this scene.*

**CANDY.** (starts on the phone, hangs up as DOUGLAS enters) Well, hi there.

**DOUGLAS.** Hello.

**CANDY.** I'm Candy, I didn't realize you had checked in.

**DOUGLAS.** You know who I am?

**CANDY.** Oh sure, I'm the receptionist here. Audrina must have checked you in.

**DOUGLAS.** She did. She seems very nice.

**CANDY.** She is. Can I help you with anything?

**DOUGLAS.** No, I'm good. Thank you.

**CANDY.** Okay, if you do, just ring the bell. (Picks up the envelope and exits to the kitchen.)

**DOUGLAS.** (starts taking pictures around the room. CANDY re-enters from the office unseen by DOUGLAS. She quickly fluffs her hair, and hitches up her bra. She comes up behind him and taps him on the shoulder, takes a step or two back and tries to strike a sexy pose. Turns and sees her.) Oh hello again.

**CANDY.** (In a sexy voice.) Hi there.

**DOUGLAS.** Is there something I can do for you?

**CANDY.** I hope not.

**DOUGLAS.** What?

**CANDY.** What I mean is - I'm not sure what I mean.

**DOUGLAS.** (Moves left towards her.) Why don't you tell me what this is all about?

**CANDY.** Oh dear, I knew I wouldn't be very good at this. Okay, here goes. (She raises her skirt a little, shows some leg and licks her lips.) What would you do if I tried to kiss you?

**DOUGLAS.** Well this is a first. I've never been approached quite like that before. Well now, what would any red-blooded American male do?

**CANDY.** I don't know.

**DOUGLAS.** I'd probably kiss you back.

**CANDY.** Oh dear, this is getting out of hand. You wouldn't really would you?

**DOUGLAS.** Why not?

**CANDY.** Because you're not supposed to.

**DOUGLAS.** Why not? I can't think of anything I'd rather be doing than kissing a beautiful girl right now.

**CANDY.** Oh dear.

**DOUGLAS.** So, are you going to kiss me?

**CANDY.** No

**DOUGLAS.** Why not?

**CANDY.** Well, since we've established that you would kiss me back, then we don't actually have to do it.

**DOUGLAS.** You know, you may be cute, but you're not making a whole lot of sense. Tell you what, would you like to meet me later for champagne and watch the sunset from the beach? (The phone on the counter rings.)

**CANDY.** You're not supposed to say things like that.

**DOUGLAS.** Why not? It's a terrific way to get to know each other. (The phone rings again.) Don't you need to get that?

**CANDY.** Ah, right. (Moves behind the counter and picks up the phone.) Hello, Lovers' Landing Beach....Oh, hi Audrina. (Pauses) Yes, I told them and they said they'd be right out. (Clicks off the phone.) Why did you take a photograph of a pitcher of rum punch?

**DOUGLAS.** What?

**CANDY.** The rum punch. Most people drink theirs. How come you took a picture of it instead.

**DOUGLAS.** What? Oh, well, I guess that would seem a little strange wouldn't it?

**CANDY.** You reckon?

**DOUGLAS.** Listen Candy, I'm just not at liberty to answer that question.

**CANDY.** Oh - oh - oh, that sounds like something James Bond would say. Is it because you're some type of agent?

**DOUGLAS.** Something like that.

**CANDY.** You mean you're a spy?

**DOUGLAS.** (Laughs.) No, nothing like that.

**CANDY.** Oh, that's a shame. I've always wanted to meet a spy. Ah well, is there anything else you need right now?

**DOUGLAS.** I guess not, unless you change your mind about that kiss.

**CANDY.** I don't think I should.

**DOUGLAS.** Well you never know. If you do change your mind the invitation still holds, champagne on the beach at sunset. (Exits down left.)

**CANDY.** Oh my, this isn't good. (Exits to the office.)