

Audition Sides - Coach Ripper, Principal Gowan, Ms. Fleming

HEATHERS THE MUSICAL: HIGH SCHOOL EDITION

START

COACH RIPPER

I'm tellin' 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.

*COACH RIPPER and PRINCIPAL GOWAN chuckle.
MS. FLEMING shoots them both a dirty look.*

MS. FLEMING

Go ahead, laugh at the hippy, but I'm telling you we all misjudged Heather Chandler! Myself included!

MS. FLEMING shoves the stack of dittos in PRINCIPAL GOWAN's face.

Have you read this suicide note?! Really read it?

PRINCIPAL GOWAN

You...made copies?

MS. FLEMING ignores him and reads aloud.

END

MS. FLEMING, DEAD HEATHER CHANDLER

“BOX UP MY CLOTHING FOR GOODWILL,
AND GIVE THE POOR MY NORDIC TRACK.
DONATE MY CAR TO CRIPPLED KIDS,
OR TO THOSE GHETTO MOMS ON CRACK.
GIVE THEM MY HATS AND MY CDS,
MY PUMPS, MY FLATS, MY THREE TVS!”

The STUDENTS enter. The FACULTY and COPS sing.

DEAD HEATHER CHANDLER, FACULTY, COPS

“NO ONE THINKS THE PRETTY GIRL HAS FEELINGS;
BUT I WEEP FOR ALL I FAILED TO BE. (I FAILED TO BE.)