



Thank you for auditioning for

**BUDDY – THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY**

with TUACAHN

ROLE: BUDDY

For the **INITIAL SELF-TAPE SUBMISSION**, please tape the following:

- A brief song of your own song choice in the style of OR from the show
- SIDE #1 in this packet
- Please tape in landscape and begin with a slate: your name, height, location, and list any instruments you play, describing your skill level.
- Note: This character **MUST** play the guitar—so please accompany yourself or send us a short clip of you playing something that demonstrates your skill level.
- Also, if you play any additional instruments—please include a short clip demonstrating those skills.

For **IN PERSON CALLBACKS**, please prepare:

- This full packet of material
- If you are coming in for a track that plays an instrument, please bring your instrument, and prepare the appropriate “Musician Cut” which you can access on the sides page

We are looking forward to your submission!

Thanks so much!  
Wojcik Casting Team

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**WOJCIK CASTING TEAM**

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## BUDDY SIDE 1

9

JOE & JERRY: Allelujah!

BUDDY: I don't wanna hear any more of that coloured music boy, d'you hear, no more rock an' roll.

HIPOCKETS has entered and catches them. He is over 30, and is wearing a peaked cap. He points to JOE and JERRY.

HIPOCKETS: You and you, out!

### START

(JOE and JERRY go)

BUDDY: Hi.

HIPOCKETS: Cut the bullshit Buddy.

BUDDY: What's that?

HIPOCKETS: Our contract boy.

(HIPOCKETS tears it up slowly. BUDDY tries to rescue it but fails)

BUDDY: Come on Hipockets... there's no need to go that far. Hell...

HIPOCKETS: How many times have I told you Buddy, Elvis Presley you ain't! You've got about as much sex appeal as a telegraph pole, boy.

BUDDY: It's the music everybody wants to hear man.

HIPOCKETS: Then go and play it at the High School hotshot.

BUDDY: Hipockets come on. Look I'm sorry. Ok, you want it country I'll play country.

HIPOCKETS: Well you should have thought of that this afternoon Buddy.

BUDDY: Come on man. What am I gonna do Hipockets?

HIPOCKETS: I always said that when the time comes when your horizons stretch beyond Lubbock, then we should end our relationship.

BUDDY: I ain't going nowhere man. Look, anything you want.

HIPOCKETS: Too late boy. I think it's time for you to settle down in the tiling business with your brothers Buddy.

BUDDY: Oh sure.... hey, they put you up to this?

HIPOCKETS: No.

BUDDY sits on the bed, dejected. HIPOCKETS is about to leave, stops and pulls out another contract and reveals a little twinkle in his eye.

HIPOCKETS: Ok - Just one thing before I leave Buddy...

Takes out some papers from his jacket.

BUDDY: Just go man.

HIPOCKETS: Buddy, here's the recording contract I got for you with Decca records in Nashville Tennessee.

BUDDY: Oh yeah, what are you talking about man?

HIPOCKETS: Your recording contract with Decca.

BUDDY: Like hell. (He turns and sees the contract) Let me see that!! (Takes contract and looks at it). This here's a recording contract with Decca.

HIPOCKETS looks at him

BUDDY: Hipockets you...

HIPOCKETS: That's for the earache you put me through with my sponsor.

BUDDY almost jumps in the air with excitement, ending up hugging HIPOCKETS

BUDDY: A contract.....a real contract..... when did it happen man? Why didn't you tell me? I knew it would happen one day... I knew it - I knew it!!! Whoaaa.

HIPOCKETS: Whooo down boy. I don't know why but you didn't scare off the talent scout at the Sunday Party. He loved you man. So I got up off my knees and played him your demos and for some reason known only to him he decided to give you a try.

BUDDY: I told you man, I told you!

HIPOCKETS: That ain't the end of the story - Decca is a country label; they want you as a country singer.

BUDDY: Oh I'll change that man.

HIPOCKETS: No Buddy, this is Decca we're talking about.

**END**

## BUDDY SIDE 2

### START

18

HIPOCKETS: They wrote me.

BUDDY: Decca did?

HIPOCKETS: Uh huh.

BUDDY: They want me to go back there?

HIPOCKETS: They wouldn't let you across the state line boy.

BUDDY: Oh man...

HIPOCKETS: You have about as much chance of getting back in there as that fella Ray Charles has of singing in the White House.

BUDDY: You got the letter?

HIPOCKETS: You wouldn't want to see it boy.

BUDDY: Oh man...

HIPOCKETS: He said he was given instructions to record you country and you wanted to record rock and roll.

BUDDY: Yeah well... it sure was some mix up.

HIPOCKETS: Buddy... How many times have I got to say this? You had a contract with a 'country label', they're successful with 'country', they only know 'country'; and they couldn't change their style any more than you could change yours.

A moment, BUDDY sees the sense in that.

HIPOCKETS: He did say you were unique though.

BUDDY: Is that a compliment?

HIPOCKETS: Not the way he put it.

BUDDY: Yeah, well I'm just going to forget about Decca now.

HIPOCKETS: So what next Hotshot?

BUDDY: I don't know, but I'm not going into another one of them contracts unless I can play my music my way.

HIPOCKETS: Hell, Buddy your 'kind of music's' got a coloured feel to it.

BUDDY: So?

HIPOCKETS: So when record companies hear your demos they think they're dealing with a coloured group.

BUDDY: I'll take that as a compliment.

HIPOCKETS: Yeah, well maybe you need a coloured record company to take you seriously.

BUDDY: Hipockets, I don't give a damn what colour they are, I just need somebody to see things my way. I want to play my music my way.

HIPOCKETS: (Frustrated) Buddy why do you want to play this rock n roll? You can make yourself a big country star.

BUDDY: (Now very frustrated) Hipockets, I don't want to be a country star!

A moment.

HIPOCKETS gives up. BUDDY turns to leave.

HIPOCKETS: Hold on, hold on there..... Look..... There's a guy right over the border in Clovis New Mexico, Norman Petty, runs a recording studio. He's a bit like your high school principal, but he's a perfectionist and he'll experiment. Now d'you reckon you can put up with that?

**END**

BUDDY: Is he any good?

HIPOCKETS: Yeah he's OK. He made a hit of "Party Doll" for Buddy Knox and now he's recording a young fella called... (no recognition) ...Orbison I think. You want me to put you in touch?

BUDDY: Sure thing. What else have I got?

HIPOCKETS: The hell if I know....Come on he's hot, let's try and get you some work. You sit down here an' we'll do ourselves an interview.

BUDDY is truly impressed and has never done an interview in his life before.

HIPOCKETS: I'll tell you this for nothing though Buddy, you're the nicest guy in the world until it comes to music, then you're as stubborn a critter as I've ever come across... (HIPOCKETS has faded down the record to talk into the mic, and, without pause, changes his tone seamlessly to his 'on air' voice) ...you're tuned to KDAV the voice of Lubbock Texas; I'm Hipockets Duncan and an old friend of mine has made some time in his busy schedule to drop in and see me right here in the studio, Lubbock's own Buddy Holly - say hello Buddy.

BUDDY has no radio technique.

### BUDDY SIDE 3

27

Then you'd know why I feel blue  
About Cindy  
My Cindy Lou a hoo hoo  
I'll love you gal  
Yes I love you Cindy Lou

JOE/JERRY: Cha cha cha.

PETTY: You boys want to play rock and roll or you wanna play cha cha cha?

The boys are disappointed.

PETTY: OK, let's see what we can do with it.

BUDDY: Ok.

PETTY moves for the mixing area, then turns.

### START

PETTY: Oh Buddy..... When you're on stage you take your glasses off?

JOE:

JERRY: (Quietly) Oh oh!

BUDDY: No sir I don't.

PETTY: (Beginning to assert himself) Well Buddy, I don't know of any musicians that keep them on in front of an audience.

BUDDY: Well, I'm not trying to be funny or anything like that Mr Petty, but in time you'll find out I'm a little different from the others, Buddy Holly does things his way.

PETTY turns to go - BUDDY smiles.

BUDDY: Now that you mention it Mr Petty, I reckon these glasses ain't real heavy enough for me, I think I'm gonna get me a real thick pair, so people won't mistake the statement I'm makin', you know, Buddy Holly wears glasses and here they are.

PETTY: Uhuh?

BUDDY: Uhuh!

PETTY: (Sardonic) Alright... Buddy Holly wears glasses! **END**

BUDDY turns back to JOE and JERRY as PETTY moves to the mixing area. Between the studio and mixing area they can talk to each other through the mics.

BUDDY: I think Norman's right about it being too cha cha cha, what d'you

JERRY: Well...I'm gonna marry you Shirley.

SHIRLEY slams down a large table lighter on his fingers to discourage his advances.

JERRY: Aaaah!

Lights down. Lights up DSH and we see a radio DJ (WWOL). In half light on stage the cast enter and set two lamp posts. A pay phone is set down stage right on a flat, someone is making a call. A couple walk slowly through the stage. Another couple are in an embrace. Other available cast are slowly walking through as well. It's late night in Central Park and love is in the air.

The scene stage sliders open revealing a brick wall bathed in the reflection of rippling blue water.

The Skyline on the house changes to show the outline of a New York City skyline and twinkling lights are seen far away in the cloth.

## SCENE 12: CENTRAL PARK

DJ WWOL: This is the midnight hour and New York is alive, I'm Guy King and for all you boppers out there here's the Crickets and "Well alright".

**SX: Well Alright** continues to play underneath the beginning of the scene until it cross fades with the distant sound of New York traffic.

Lights up revealing MARIA ELENA running across the top of the house, she stops centre and looks back off stage right. She is excited and full of life.

From off stage we hear Buddy calling:

## START

BUDDY: (from off) Maria will you just hold on a minute.

MARIA: You're just like my Aunt said ... (she begins to run off USL) ...  
... crazy!

BUDDY enters USR as MARIA ELENA exits.

BUDDY: I haven't got time to argue about this.....

MARIA: (from off) .....CRAZY!

BUDDY: (as he exits)... Maria Elena will you hold your horses and listen.

He exits USL chasing after her. As Maria Elena appears on stage, Buddy catches up with her, he's out of breath. He swings her around and kisses her passionately. This calms down a very excited Maria Elena. She melts a little in his embrace.

MARIA: ....crazy singer musician ..... you turn the whole world upside down.

BUDDY kisses her again and appeals to her one more time.

BUDDY: Well.....?

MARIA But you don't understand the problems.

BUDDY: I'm in love with you and don't see any problems...so.... are you going to marry me?

MARIA: Buddy, stop being silly, we've only known each other for five hours.

BUDDY: Well that's long enough for me to know. Now are you going to marry me?

A moment as MARIA ELENA tries to weigh him up.

BUDDY: Well, are you?

MARIA: (Calls his bluff) Ok... Yes.

BUDDY grabs her and lifts her off the ground. He swings her around then breaks off and moves to the payphone DSR.

MARIA: What are you doing?

BUDDY: I'm gonna tell my Ma the good news.

MARIA: In Texas? Now?!

BUDDY: Hello operator (He puts a coin in the phone). Long distance please.... yes now..... Lubbock Texas Swift 42357... (He follows it up with a few more quarters. Then to MARIA ELENA) I reckon we better fix a date.

MARIA: Sure why don't we go find a priest while we're at it?

BUDDY: (Serious) At this time of night? You think we could?

**END**



them. The track fades down a little.

**SCENE 16: BRIDGE INTO NY APARTMENT**

**START**

MARIA: Don't cry.

BUDDY: I'm sorry.

MARIA: They're not worth crying over.

Buddy turns away downstage and sits on his guitar case. It's a rare moment of weakness and Buddy fights hard to regain his composure.

BUDDY: (Regaining composure) They were my friends man. We go way back.

MARIA: Yeah but things change Buddy.

BUDDY: Yeah.

MARIA; Hey, come on home. Let it go. They're happy here. Let them go. Like you said, you don't need them.

BUDDY: They were my friends Maria. I always treated them fair, gave them fair shares of everything, all the money we made, and what do they do in return? Oh man...

MARIA: Are you scared to go it alone?

BUDDY: A little.

MARIA: Buddy?

BUDDY: Hell - a lot. We were a band Maria.

MARIA: Come on honey, you've got me. I don't play bass and drums; but I'll always be here.

BUDDY laughs.

MARIA: We don't need them Buddy, we've got each other. We've got everything we need in New York.

BUDDY: Yeah. Yeah.

MARIA: Come on - let's go.

**END**

BUDDY stands and MARIA ELENA starts to lead him off SL. Buddy does not move but turns

9

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

A<sup>7</sup> E<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

12

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

A E<sup>7</sup> A

Way down in Louis-i - an - a close to

# Johnny Be Goode

3

15

Buddy

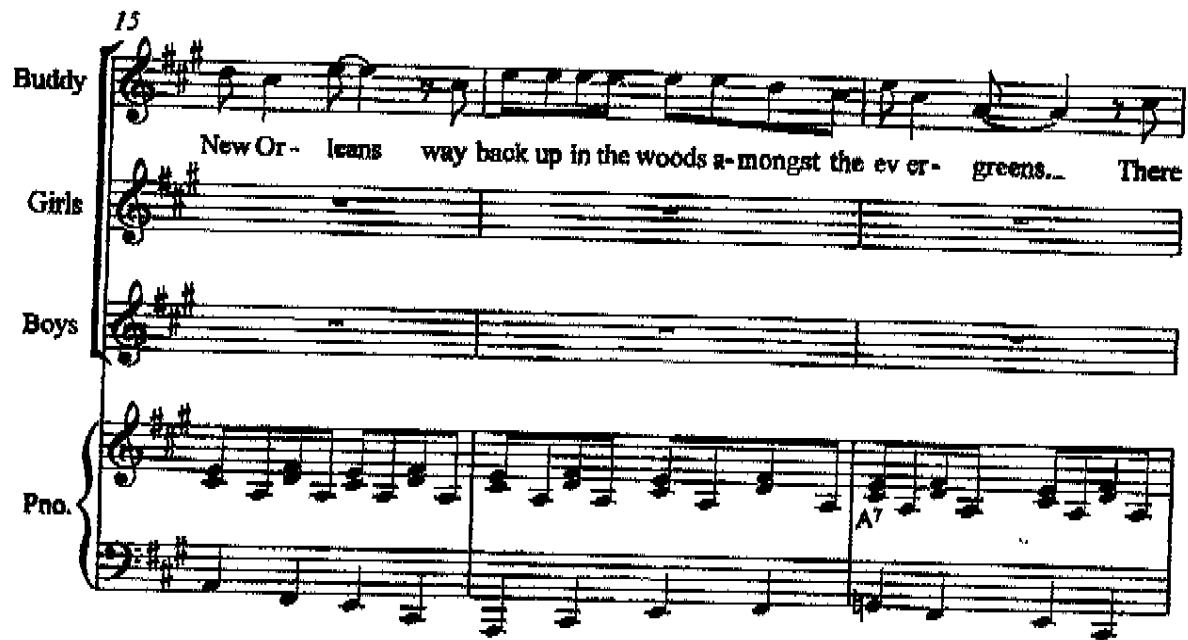
New Or - leans way back up in the woods a-mongst the ev er - greens... There

Girls

Boys

Pno.

A7



18

Buddy

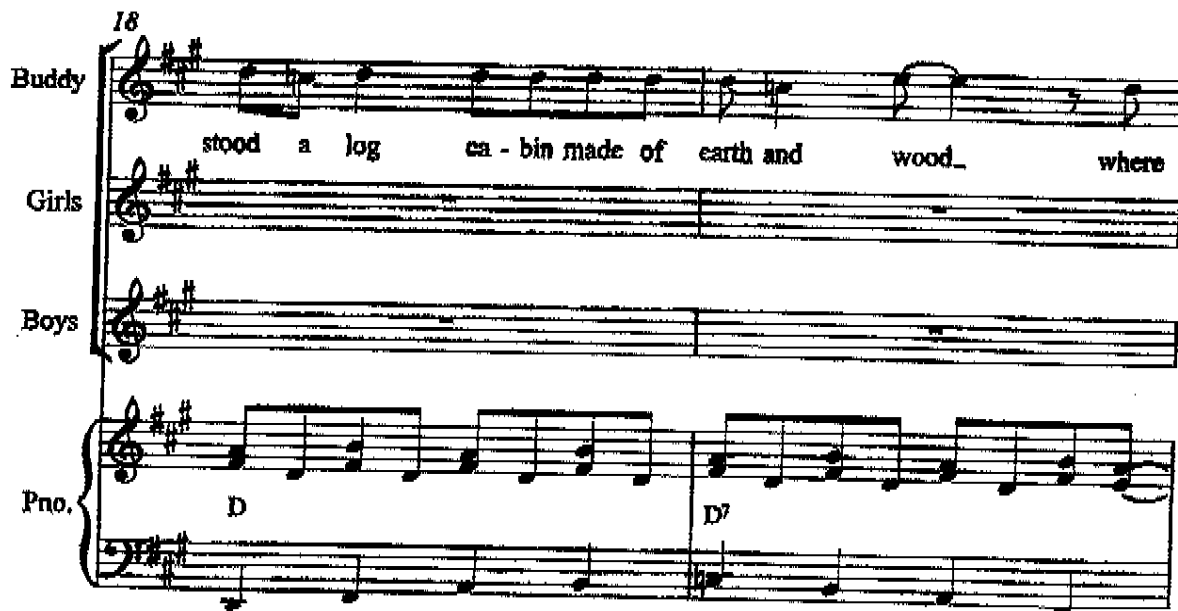
stood a log ca - bin made of earth and wood\_ where

Girls

Boys

Pno.

D D7



10/16

## Johnny Be Goode

20

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

lived a count-ry boy whose name is John-ny Be Goode who

22

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

nev - er ev - er learned to read and write so well but he could

11/16

# Johnny Be Goode

5

24

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

play the guitar... just like ring-ing a bell Go Go Go

Go Go Go

Go Go Go

A E<sup>7</sup> A

27

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

John-ny Go Go Go John-ny Go Go Go

John-ny Go Go Go John-ny Go Go Go

John-ny Go Go Go John-ny Go Go Go

## Johnny Be Goode

30

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

Go John - ny Go Go Go Go

Go John-ny Go Go Go Go

Go John - ny Go Go Go Go

D<sup>9</sup> D<sup>9</sup> A

33

[Bopper- spoken]

Buddy

Girls

Boys

Pno.

John-ny Go Go Go [Who's that man?] John ny Be Goode

John-ny Go Go Go

John-ny Go Go Go

E<sup>7</sup> D<sup>7</sup>

13/16

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# THAT'LL BE THE DAY

cue: "... Let's Rock and Roll it!"

Buddy

Buddy Guitar

cue: "... Let's Rock and Roll it!"

Well - That'll be the day when

3 3 3 E7 D

4

Buddy

Gtr.

you said good bye yes, That'll be the day when you make me cry ah, you

D A [simile] A

7

Buddy

Gtr.

say you're gon-na leave you know it's a lie cos That'll be the day

10

Buddy

Gtr.

when I die Well you give me all your lov-in' and your When cu-pid shot his dart

E7 A D

12

Buddy

Gtr.

tur - tle dov-in', all your hugs and kiss-es and your he shot it at your heart so if we ev - er part and

A D

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