



Thank you for auditioning for

BUDDY – THE BUDDY HOLLY STORY

with TUACAHN

ROLE: HIPOCKETS

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.
- Also, if you play any additional instruments—please include a short clip accompanying yourself or 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

WOJCIK CASTING TEAM

HIPOCKETS SIDE 1

JOE & JERRY: Allelujah!

BUDDY: I don't wanna hear any more of that colt music boy, d'you hear, no more colt 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

HIPOCKETS SIDE 2

START

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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 honey, 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.

HIPOCKETS SIDE 3

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HIPOCKETS: Get Buddy on that mic right now! I want to speak to him.

The ENGINEER calls to Buddy and crosses in to him centre stage.

ENGINEER: Hipockets wants to speak to you, he's going ape man.

BUDDY: You don't say.

ENGINEER: Oh and your Ma phoned, you've gotta call her back.

BUDDY: Phone her for me will ya - tell her yes, I've done.

BUDDY shares a laugh with JOE and JERRY. Buddy puts on the cans. JOE and JERRY and the girls listen in

START

BUDDY: Buddy here.

HIPOCKETS: What the hell you playing at Buddy!

BUDDY: Nothin'.

HIPOCKETS: You call that nothin'. I call it rock and roll an' I've told you not to play it on air. My phone hasn't stopped ringing Buddy boy.

BUDDY: Your listeners saying how much they liked my music?

BUDDY and the boys laugh

HIPOCKETS: Buddy, no sponsor from here to Nashville will pay for that music and goddamn it, I lined up a talent scout in the audience over there, who I piss-balled into believing you were the greatest singer in the universe. Thanks eh Buddy - thank you very much.

BUDDY: But Hipockets...

HIPOCKETS: No buts Buddy. Folks at home get real offended at that rock and roll. Buddy you listening?

BUDDY: Sure I'm listening.

BUDDY puts the headphones on the ENGINEER and exits with JOE and JERRY and the girls.

HIPOCKETS: Now Buddy, I'm serious, you boys have to knuckle down or so help me you can find yourselves another manager and it'll be the last time you appear on this station. Buddy you there? Buddy?

ENGINEER: He's gone Hipockets.

HIPOCKETS: Gone? What d'you mean gone?

ENGINEER: Gone.

HIPOCKETS: Well Jesus H Chri.....

The record ends abruptly

HIPOCKETS: Damn... well that was the lovely sound of... er... (he can't remember her name) What's her name... yessir a record to curl up in front of the fire with... well let's keep the music going right here with another country melody...

END

Hipockets puts another disc on the turntable as lights down. The Texan flag flies out. We hear the faint sounds of a country song, which is cross faded with Buddy playing guitar in the next scene.

SCENE 2: BUDDY'S BEDROOM

Lights fade up on BUDDY's bedroom area. BOE, JERRY and BUDDY are fooling around playing "You Won't Work With Me" in the style of Elvis Presley's "That's All Right". All are singing. BUDDY is trying to be like Elvis. He is standing on the bed.

YOU WON'T WORK WITH ME

BUDDY: We're rockin' and a rollin' at the Sunday Party
Down at K.D.A. V
Hipockets says if you rock and roll
You won't work with me

You won't work with me
You won't work with me
Hipockets says if you rock and roll
You won't work with me

Cut it boys, cut it!

BUDDY takes a peaked 'KDAV' baseball cap off the corner of the bed. He starts lecturing the Crickets mimicking HIPOCKETS.

BUDDY: I'm telling you boys, this here's a country station - my listeners are God fearing folks.