
A scene from *Hard Candy* by Jonathan Rand

(For the entire play, visit playscripts.com)

2 males:

ADAM, 40s, the classic corporate boss

BOB, 20s, nervous

All seems bleak for Bob in a job interview, until coincidence strikes.

ADAM. Please, come in. Have a seat.

BOB. Thanks.

ADAM. Hard candy?

BOB. Sure.

ADAM. So, why do you wish to work here?

BOB. Well, I'd really like to see what working is all about. I've never had a job before, and I'd like to get some experience.

ADAM. I see...

BOB. A guy's gotta start *somewhere*, right?

ADAM. So what kind of hours are you looking for?

BOB. Well, I was thinking I would just work about ten hours a week. Me and my girlfriend go out a lot, and I usually can't find the time to, y'know, work.

ADAM. Ah...

BOB. Maybe I can bump it up to eleven, but I'd have to run it by Francine.

ADAM. Well, to tell you the truth, I don't think we have any use for an employee with such inflexibility. I'm sorry. But let's finish up the interview, just to make it official. (*Skimming the résumé:*) Let's see... You have no work experience... no references... you attended... Idaho State? No way...

BOB. You've heard of it?

ADAM. *Heard* of it? I was starting quarterback for the Fightin' Spuds!

BOB. I played tight end!

ADAM. You're kidding me! Hey, were you — ? Nah, forget it.

BOB. What?

ADAM. Nah... It was only for an elite few on the team —

BOB. What is it? I think I may know what you're getting at.

(*A beat. The following recitation builds to an excited shout.*)

Less thinkin' —

ADAM. And more drinkin' —

ADAM & BOB. *Gets the ladies winkin'!*ⁱ

ADAM. I can't believe you were in Kappa Kappa Zeta!

BOB. I can't believe *you* were in Kappa Kappa Zeta!

ADAM. Did they make you do the thing with the alpaca?, and the chocolate sauce?, and the — ?

BOB. (*Overlapping:*) — and the calzone? *Yes!*

ADAM. You're pulling my leg!

BOB. Oh! Oh! Were you a member of the No Pants Council?

ADAM. Don't tell me *you* were!

BOB. Chairman of the Board.

ADAM. Me, too!

BOB. Man... I *knew* I'd seen your face before somewhere. There were pictures of you all over the walls at the house! (*A moment of realization.*) Wait a minute! You're the guy behind the biggest prank in Zeta history!

ADAM. My reputation precedes me.

BOB. How on Earth did you fill an entire Ford F-150 with mustard?

ADAM. Trade secrets, my son.

BOB. You're a *legend*!

ADAM. Thanks! This is great! Hey — you know what? I had interviews lined up for the rest of the day. Forget *that*! You're hired!

(ADAM and BOB shake hands. While their hands are still clasped, there is a moment as they share a knowing look. They then slowly begin a complicated secret handshake that gets faster and wilder until its end. Blackout.)

ⁱ If alcohol references are verboten in your community, please use this dialogue:

BOB. Sleep-deprivation--

ADAM. And procrastination--

ADAM & BOB. *Is our brotherhood's foundation!*