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**A scene from *Hard Candy* by Jonathan Rand**  
(For the entire play, visit [playscripts.com](http://playscripts.com))

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1 male / 1 female:

HARRY, 50s

JILL, 20s

*A timid Jill appears to be failing horribly in her first ever job interview, overpowered by militant Harry.*

**HARRY.** (*Sharply:*) Come in!

(*JILL jumps in fear.*)

Have a seat!

**JILL.** Thank you.

**HARRY.** Hard candy!

**JILL.** Um, sure.

**HARRY.** Why do you wish to work here?

**JILL.** (*Softly:*) Well... I... saw your ad in the newspaper and —

**HARRY.** Will you speak up?! I can't hear a word you're saying!

**JILL.** Sorry.

**HARRY.** And don't apologize! Contrition is for the spineless.

**JILL.** I'm sor —

**HARRY.** Are you listening to a word I'm saying?!

**JILL.** S— ... Yes sir...

**HARRY.** Now: How flexible are you with hours? We're looking for a hard-working, full-time employee, ready to work plenty of overtime.

**JILL.** Well, I have school during the week... and church on Sundays... I was thinking... maybe... Saturday mornings from nine to twelve?

**HARRY.** Just Saturdays?

**JILL.** From nine to twelve. In the afternoon I have to —

**HARRY.** (*Dictating as he writes:*) "No flexibility whatsoever."

**JILL.** I may be able to work some Fridays.

**HARRY.** And your resume?

**JILL.** I, um...

**HARRY.** Oh, I see... That's fine. We'll just spend more of my valuable time getting information that could have been relayed to me in mere *seconds*.

**JILL.** But I —

**HARRY.** Moving on. Why do you feel you are suitable for this position?

**JILL.** Well, I work well with people, I make good grades —

**HARRY.** — you want money to splurge at Bath and Body Works...

**JILL.** What?

**HARRY.** *Fess up!* You don't really want to work here for the job experience. You just want to reel in fat paychecks.

**JILL.** That's not true! I want the experience! I —

**HARRY.** Are you telling me you don't care about the money?

**JILL.** Well, money always helps...

**HARRY.** (*Writing:*) That's all I needed to hear.

**JILL.** But—

**HARRY.** While we're on the topic of money, and since this interview should be ending any moment now, I have one last question for you: What kind of compensation were you hoping for?

**JILL.** (*Worried:*) Well, I was thinking... maybe... around—

**HARRY.** (*Very quickly:*) Spit it out!

**JILL.** (*Very quickly:*) Minimum wage!

(*A moment as HARRY stares at JILL.*)

**HARRY.** (*Chuckling softly:*) Minimum wage... Minimum wage...

(*After a moment, JILL joins HARRY with her own nervous—albeit forced—light laughter. Suddenly, HARRY blows up.*)

*Minimum wage?! Who do you think I am...to pay you...minimum wage? You come barging in here, acting like you own the place, asking for minimum wage?!*

**JILL.** (*Sobbing:*) I thought it was reasonable!

**HARRY.** *It is NOT reasonable!* I'll triple it. You start tomorrow.

(*HARRY looks down and writes. A pause.*)

**JILL.** What?!

**HARRY.** Get some sleep. Report back at oh-nine-hundred. Dismissed!

(*HARRY returns to his writing.*)

**JILL.** Really?! I got the job?

**HARRY.** You got the job.

**JILL.** (*On her way out:*) Oh my gosh! Wow! This is unbelievable!

(*JILL turns back to face HARRY.*)

Thanks, Dad!