

THIS IS OUR YOUTH

AUDITION MATERIAL

WARREN: Just my grandfather. He was actually really cool. When he was a young man, he was like a fairly well-known aviator. You know, with like the fur-lined leather cap with the earflaps, and the whole bit. He actually set a couple of early endurance records in the nineteen twenties... Yeah... he was pretty interesting. *(He laughs)* Like whenever he would meet one of my friends, I'd be like, "Grampa, this is my friend Neil." And my friend Neil would be like. "Um... Yeah?" And my Grampa'd be like, "Neil, in the year 1923 I was the greatest Jewish aviator in the country. That's because I was the *only* Jewish aviator in this country. You wanna see a picture?" And then he would break out his clippings which had these photos of himself in his fuckin Sopwith Camel that he carried with him *all the time*. He was pretty amusing.

DENNIS: This is so typical of you, man, I mean this is like... this is like the prototype moronic move we've all come to expect from your corner. You drive the guy *crazy* because you're such a sniveling little obnoxious punk, you *grate* on the guy until he finally throws you out—arguably the most dangerous lingerie manufacturer in the *world*—And then you steal his money and bring it to your *house*. And expect me to like, hide you or something? *(Warren starts to speak)* No—No—That's why nobody likes you, man, because you're always provoking people. OK, now everybody's provoked, only *you're* the one they all fuckin' hate! Listen to me. I'm trying to tell you something. This is good for you. Listen. You're a fuckin' *idiot*. You never have any money. Nobody can stand to have you around. And you can't get laid. I mean, man, you cannot get laid. You *never* get laid. Like the last girlfriend you had was in like ninth grade and it lasted for two weeks, and that bitch probably still hasn't recovered.

JESSICA: Well, it really—I should just really listen to my instincts, you know? Because your instincts are never wrong. And it was totally against my instinct to come over here last night. And it was definitely against my instinct to *sleep* with you, but I did and it's too late. And now my Mom is totally furious at me. I probably ruined my friendship with Valerie, and now like Dennis *Zielger* thinks I'm like easy *pickins*, or something—! And it's not like I even care what he thinks, Ok? Because I don't actually know him. Or you. Or *Valerie*, for that matter! So, it doesn't matter! I've made new friends before; I can make more new friends now if I have to. So, let's just forget the whole thing ever happened, you can chalk one up in your book, or whatever—and I'll just *know* better next time! Hopefully. OK?