

# So, What do You think of the Band?

A series of comic sketches in one act

by

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## Cast

|          |                         |
|----------|-------------------------|
| Scene 1  | Guy, Girl               |
| Scene 2  | Giancarlo and Jenny     |
| Scene 3  | Don and Mary            |
| Scene 4  | Guy, Girl               |
| Scene 5  | Tina                    |
| Scene 6  | Jimmy G.                |
| Scene 7  | Donna, Pixie, and Lee   |
| Scene 8  | Guy, Girl               |
| Scene 9  | Guy, Girl               |
| Scene 10 | Lily, Molly, Cinderella |

Cast: 13 women, 7 men. Through doubling a smaller cast could be easily achieved.

Set: None needed. If you love platforms there could be platforms, but it's not necessary. There are some simple chairs used.

Props: Ordinary school stuff

Sound: Very simple

Costumes: Contemporary school clothes except for a Cinderella costume.

### So, What do You think of the Band?

*(An open stage no set. On each side of the stage is a bentwood chair. These can be called into action when necessary. A GIRL is listening to the band. There is, in actuality, no band or music. She moves to the non-existent music. A GUY appears, watches her for a few seconds then approaches.)*

GUY. Hey.

GIRL. *(Trying to talk over the non-music)* What?

GUY. I just said, "Hey."

GIRL. Hey what?

GUY. Hey, what do you think of the band?

*(The GIRL dissolves in hysterical laughter.)*

What?

GIRL. I never thought I would actually hear a guy say that. That is so adorably seventies.

GUY. *(Confused)* I just wondered what you thought of the band.

GIRL. Baby, if you were words on a page, you'd be fine print.

GUY. What?

GIRL. Traditional pick-up line, circa 1952.

GUY. Oh funny. But what do you think of the band?

GIRL. Why do you keep saying that?

GUY. *(Confused)* Because I wondered what you thought of the band.

GIRL. There isn't any bad, that's a DJ.

GUY. But the DJ played a number and on the number was a band and I wondered what you thought of it?

GIRL. You realize we're talking, right? That thing about "the band" was a conversation starter and it started a conversation which we're currently having. So, repeating a conversation starter when we're in the middle of a conversation is certifiably strange.

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*(She exits the other way. Sound of a gong. A girl and a guy enter. They have on some form of bathing attire. They sit on the stage floor.)*

GIANCARLO. Is this perfect or what?

JENNY. Perfect! Glorious sun, fine white sand, and the shimmering sea. I always wondered if one of those couple's resorts would be glorious or tacky.

GIANCARLO. A little of both, in twenty-four hours I've seen enough fire baton jugglers to last me a lifetime.

JENNY. But I love the chefs who juggle shrimp!

GIANCARLO. I'm surprised we're the only ones celebrating a divorce, it seems like such a natural.

JENNY. That's your genius, Giancarlo, it was you who suggested we build the divorce into the marriage vows.

GIANCARLO. Your mother thought that was perfect.

JENNY. And two years was just the right amount of time.

GIANCARLO. After that it's just repetition and watching PBS.

JENNY. Did you see the documentary about the Italian couple who had been married 70 years and there had been six attempted murders, 3 apiece?

GIANCARLO. The two year rule would have avoided that.

JENNY. Or at least cut it down to one murder attempt apiece.

GIANCARLO. And that's just normal.

JENNY. Of course. My mom tried to murder my dad by putting beehives in the back of his van.

GIANCARLO. How'd that go?

JENNY. Not well, it just became his hobby. The bees invited him into the hive.

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GIANCARLO. *(Exiting)* Don't forget to take your Labradoodle.

*(And they are gone. Lights change. Two chairs are put opposite each other. DON enters and sits. He checks his watch.)*

DON. *(Irritated)* Right. Right. Six sixteen and seven seconds. Six sixteen and thirty seconds. How hard is it on a first date to be on time? Six sixteen and fifty seconds. Does this frost my pajamas? Yes, this frosts my pajamas. Six seventeen and ten seconds. It's not necessary to be pretty, it's not necessary to be interesting. The only thing you have to do on a first date is be prompt. On time. Have a little respect. Six eighteen. Eighteen minutes that could have been spent developing a bond of honesty and respect and non-pushy hugging. Six eighteen and forty-five seconds.

*(MARY rushes in.)*

MARY. Did I make it?

*(Pulling out phone.)*

Did I make it? Yes! Six nineteen on the nose! You said six nineteen, right?

DON. *(Not right)* Right.

MARY. I mean, my attitude is that on the first date you don't have to be pretty, you don't have to be interesting, but you have to be prompt. I mean, prompt is unbelievably sexy, right?

DON. Right.

MARY. Well, I'm delighted to meet you, Jack...

DON. Don.

MARY. And I loved your picture! Dressing up as a Neanderthal was a hoot.

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DON. I didn't dress up as a Neanderthal.

MARY. So many men I meet have just no sense of humor, Jack.

DON. Don.

MARY. Now let's see if I got this down. You were born in Slovakia to a family of horse traders, came to America when you were seven. Speak four languages, went to Harvard at 13, graduated at 16 with a

MFA in neuroparasitology. Went on to Oxford, became an astronaut and are now a Vice President at Amazon. How did I do?

DON. That's not my bio.

MARY. See, I've done my homework.

DON. You haven't.

MARY. Plus, you have an insanely cute dimple three centimeters below your left eye.

DON. I don't have a dimple.

MARY. So I'm not only prompt, but I'm informed.

DON. I'm a school bus driver.

*(MARY laughs charmingly.)*

MARY. Well, Jack...

DON. Don.

MARY. I so appreciate your delightful sense of humor. Pretending to be a school bus driver just to drive me wild. Because look at me, Jack...

DON. Doing it.

MARY. I'm not hot.

DON. Well, you're close.

MARY. I'm not a conventional beauty.

DON. What's a conventional beauty?

MARY. Blonde.

DON. I'm not blonde.

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MARY. Don't mess with me, Bill.

DON. I'm not Bill.

MARY. Sorry, that was last week.

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*(He exits. Sound of a gong. A GUY and a GIRL enter from opposite sides. They pass each other and then turn.)*

GIRL. Wow.

GUY. Wow.

GIRL. Holy moly.

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GUY. Right back atcha.

GIRL. I never felt this before.

GUY. I have a recurring dream about someone who looks just like you.

GIRL. I feel like I just stuck my finger in a Christmas light socket.

GUY. I mean...

GIRL. I mean...

GUY. You are...

GIRL. You are...

GUY. A little overweight.

GIRL. What?!

GUY. Joking, I was joking.

GIRL. That is unbelievably tasteless.

GUY. I'm sorry, I'm sorry, that's just my off the wall sense of humor.

GIRL. That is so not funny. What else do you think is funny?

GUY. Elves driving Teslas.

GIRL. Okay, that's better. It's not funny, but it's better.

GUY. Look, I'm a little clumsy, but I'm heartfelt and my mother finds me sincere.

GIRL. That's a plus. Say something else.

GUY. So what do you think of the band?

GIRL. Uh-huh. You do understand there is no band? We're in Tulsa, Oklahoma at the corner of First and Boston which is a downtown corner that is bandless?

GUY. Well, you said say something else and I thought that might not seem controversial.

GIRL. You need help with this kind of thing, right?

GUY. Yes, I think so.

GIRL. It is best you start with something rueful.

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GUY. I don't know what rueful means.

GIRL. It means expressing sorrow or regret in a slightly humorous way.

GUY. I'm not sure I know how to do that.

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*(They walk out together. A young woman in jeans and a t-shirt wearing a Wonder Woman cape enters and talks to us.)*

TINA. Hi.

*(Turns in a circle so that we get a better look at the cape.)*

What do you think? Oh, that's a Wonder Woman cape in case you don't recognize it. A while back I suffered from a fairly serious case of low self-esteem. Yeah. I kind of bought into the idea that I was a doofus. It was like even in really simple situations I would screw things up which puts you right into that screw up category, the next step being doofus, and I went there. This guy named Jake, which is an A-list name, surprisingly seemed interested, y'know and then – blow me away – he asked me to the junior



prom, which is like batting practice for the senior prom. So I really, really wanted it to be a special night, y'know, so when he pulls up in a rented Chevy Camaro ZL-1, right, there I am dressed as full-out Miss Piggy. I mean, I was thinking it was great social commentary that would deepen his fascination with me, you know, and maybe even add a layer of mystery I might otherwise lack, but as I walked to the car in my mask, he pulls out, burning rubber, and he never spoke to me again. This was a serious doofus move, right? And I was thinking about it, and worrying about it, and conjuring up other scenarios and I just went down a really bad rabbit hole. I even switched schools because I had become a cautionary tale, y'know? Like, uh, don't mistake a wolf for your grandmother. Somebody told me Little Red Riding Hood went into therapy for years because of that. So I kinda laid my problem out for my mom who, get this, is one of only eleven women in America who is a high school football coach and is dazzling straightforward and she said, "Tina," which is my name, "Honey, Miss Piggy wasn't entirely a bad idea because Miss Piggy is really remarkable, but guys don't entirely get that because there are things you have to move beyond to get it. They have to see through level one to get to level two and that's asking a lot the first

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time a guy hangs with you. So if you want to work symbolically, pardon my French, you gotta be pretty obvious and this being the case, Wonder Woman works and Miss Piggy doesn't." So here I am.

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*(exits and three girls all wearing backpacks enter.)*

DONNA. He said what to you, Pixie?

PIXIE. He asked if I would like to come over and watch the North American Curling Finals.

LEE. Curling your hair?

PIXIE. No, some weird sport weird people do on ice.

DONNA. Why would he think you would like to do that?

PIXIE. Who knows? Guys are mesmerized by anything that has a scoreboard.

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LEE. See, that's because they can't stand ambivalence.

DONNA. What's ambivalence?

LEE. Umm, like maybe mixed feelings.

PIXIE. Guys don't have mixed feelings.

DONNA. Sure they do. It's just when they have mixed feelings they immediately want to watch sports.

LEE. I think mixed feelings damages their macho.

PIXIE. What exactly is macho?

LEE. Man stuff, I don't know.

PIXIE. It's like insane pride in their aggressive masculinity. You know, like...

*(Doing a physical imitation.)*

"Hey baby, wanna get a look at my pecs?"

DONNA. I've had two guys actually say that.

LEE. *(Disbelieving)* Nooooo.

PIXIE. They have this childlike belief that if they take off their shirt we'll like them.

LEE. Doesn't hurt.

DONNA. Yeah, but this was during mass.

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*(And they're gone. A GUY enters from one direction, a GIRL enters the other direction. Just after they cross he turns and says...)*

GUY. I love you.

GIRL. *(Turning)* You mustn't say that. I asked you please not to say that, it's too confusing.

GUY. I can't help it, I think about you all day, it's like a piece of music stuck in my head.

GIRL. Why? Why do you love me? I'm nobody in particular.

GUY. I don't know, it's like the way your hair moves in the breeze. Your crooked smile. The way you're always reading one of the hundred best books.

GIRL. I'm almost finished with *The Origin of Species*.

GUY. I love how it says on page 44 down near the bottom: "Man selects only for his own good. Nature only for that of the being which she tends."

GIRL. It's so beautiful that you chose that. It means a lot to me.

GUY. Oh please don't cry.

GIRL. They're tears of joy. I never met a man who cares so deeply about the vast complexities of life outside of himself. Your spirit is so large, so giving.

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*(They exit. A GUY and GIRL enter from different places, walk downstage, and stand looking out at something.)*

GUY. What are you looking at?

GIRL. I'm looking at the place where they put up the cast list.

GUY. When are they putting it up?

GIRL. Today, tomorrow, maybe Thursday.

GUY. And you're going to stand here?

GIRL. It's a hobby.

GUY. *Romeo and Juliet*, what a play, huh?

GIRL. Too many words.

GUY. You think?

GIRL. Too many words screw up your feelings. I mean, how are you going to cry when it's blah, blah and then more blah, blah?

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GUY. But Shakespeare is a great poet.

GIRL. Who do you know who actually likes poetry? That's a gift. Last night I had to go pick up something at the library, so I wandered around looking at what people were reading – not one person was reading poetry.

GUY. What were they reading?

GIRL. Mainly car repair.

GUY. What part did you audition for?

GIRL. Romeo's first girlfriend, Rosaline.

GUY. She's not in the play.

GIRL. Yes she is.

GUY. They just talked about her.

GIRL. And that is a gigantic mistake.

GUY. Why?

GIRL. Duh. If Romeo doesn't actively choose between Rosaline and Juliet there's no conflict. What's a play without conflict?

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*(He exits. Two girls enter talking.)*

LILY. Yes. But I absolutely, completely do not know what to do!

MOLLY. Lily, you have got to stop, you're possessed.

LILY. I know, but they keep asking me and I feel sorry for them.

MOLLY. You can't go to the prom with three different guys.

LILY. But their prom asks are so cute and they've spent so much time on them, Molly.

MOLLY. On prom night they are going to flip out!

*(CINDERELLA enters. Yes, that Cinderella. She's got the outfit and she's got the tiara.)*

CINDERELLA. Excuse me, extremely strange ladies, but have you seen my pumpkin coach?

LILY. Say what?

CINDERELLA. Pumpkin coach pulled by giant mice?

LILY & MOLLY. Huh-uh.

CINDERELLA. So you haven't been to Prince Charming's ball?

LILY & MOLLY. *(Astounded)* Huh-uh.

CINDERELLA. It is my pleasure to meet you. I am Cinderella.

LILY & MOLLY. Uh-huh.

CINDERELLA. I was browbeaten by the terrible, mean, nasty and unprincipled stepsisters, so I went to the ball just to spite them, but Prince Charming went gaga for me – really, he would dance with no one else, dance after dance after dance after dance after dance after dance.

LILY & MOLLY. Got it.

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CINDERELLA. After fourteen dances he proposed marriage very forcibly and said I would be safe forever because he would lock me in a tall tower and serve me hummingbird tongues for brunch.

LILY. Wouldn't that take a lot of humming birds?

CINDERELLA. Yes! And I love hummingbirds, I always keep one safe inside my bra.

MOLLY. *(Stunned)* Really?

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**BLACKOUT**

**END OF PLAY**