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BAND GEEKS

CHARACTERS

RYAN: 12

JOSH: 14

ZAC: 16

The three boys are The Chimsky Brothers.

TIME

Fall—the beginning of the school year.

SETTING

The Chimsky living room, in Chicago, Illinois.

RYAN, JOSH, and ZAC are all hanging out in their living room. RYAN is playing a video game on his Xbox, JOSH is laying across the couch reading a magazine, ZAC sits in the big lazy chair, strumming his guitar. They are quiet for a while, not really paying attention to each other.

ZAC: I've been thinkin'. . .

JOSH: *Laughing.* Oh no, not that again! Don't strain yourself!

RYAN laughs.

ZAC: Whatever.

RYAN: Oh no, Josh! You made him stop thinking!

RYAN snickers.

ZAC: You twerp! Both of you—dorks!

JOSH: *Sing-songy.* Dork, york, jork . . .

ZAC looks exhausted with them.

What? What?

RYAN: Stop, you're going to make him think again!

Both RYAN and JOSH crack up.

ZAC: Go 'head . . . you . . . you idiots. You wouldn't even understand anyway. Never mind.

RYAN: What? What wouldn't I get?

Paying attention to his video game, he just lost one of his men.

AW, MAN!!!

JOSH: Yo! You killed Zoron!

RYAN: No, I didn't—he killed me! I'll get him back!

He is focused back on the game.

ZAC: See, you two are like Dumb and Dumber. I knew you wouldn't get it!

JOSH: Get what?

RYAN: Just say it, Dork-us!

JOSH: I bet I know what it is.

ZAC: What?

JOSH: *Sing-songy.* Zac's got a girlfriend, Zac's got a girlfriend, you like Re-bee-ca, you like Re-bee-ca . . .

ZAC: No, I don't!

RYAN: *Sing-songy.* You're gonna kiss her, you're gonna kiss her!

ZAC: Oh, arg! I live with the two most stupid morons on earth! I don't even know how we're related . . .

RYAN: Well, duh, we're related through Mom and Dad, Sir Dorks-a-lot. Need me to explain?

ZAC: Never mind. I don't know why I thought I could share any ideas with you two in the first place. I'm outta here!

He starts to leave the room.

JOSH: No, wait!

RYAN: Just kidding, man!

JOSH: Take a joke!

RYAN: We don't care if you like Re-bee-ca!

ZAC: Well, I don't for your information. She's just my friend. And she's not what I was thinking about.

RYAN: Well?

JOSH: (We're) . . . Waiting, dude!

ZAC picks at his guitar.

ZAC: Band.

JOSH and RYAN: What? Huh?

ZAC: I'm starting a band. *Pause.* And I'm going to quit marching band.

JOSH: What?

RYAN: You're going to be in so much trouble!

JOSH: What about your drums? And your uniform and everything?

ZAC: *Raising an eyebrow.* Oh, I'll still practice my drums. . . . Um . . . my uniform . . .

RYAN: Mom and Dad are never going to let you quit!

JOSH: They'll kill you!

ZAC: They won't kill me.

RYAN: Uh-huh.

JOSH: Yes, they will!

ZAC: No, they won't—because I'm not going to tell them.

RYAN: What?

JOSH: Are you crazy?

RYAN: You'll never get away with it.

ZAC: Watch me. And you two . . .

JOSH: What?

RYAN: Don't look at me! I just got out of trouble!

Another one of his men dies. He stops the game for a moment.

Ah man!

ZAC: Listen, I'm not going to be some one-man-band. I'm going to need some help.

Turning to JOSH.

You don't want to be in band forever, do you?

JOSH: Well, I . . .

ZAC: All you do is complain about formations! Imagine playing without being told what you have to do, how you have to march! You're a good enough saxophonist—they can't teach you to be better, only practice makes you better!

JOSH: So?

ZAC: So, you'll practice with me.

JOSH: What? When?

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ZAC: After school, the same time we usually have practice.

JOSH: But that's when we have band!

ZAC: Exactly.

He lets the double meaning sink in to JOSH.
I can finally start singing, for real. I'll play the guitar too. You can be on sax and we'll get Mike Dody on drums.

RYAN: He's mean. And his sister stinks.

ZAC: Maybe so. But he's an awesome drummer.

JOSH: Yeah, and nobody said you were in it anyway!

ZAC *smiles*.

ZAC: So, you're in?

Pause.

JOSH: I'm in.

RYAN: So am I.

ZAC: What?

RYAN: I'm in too.

ZAC: Uh, no you aren't. You're too young.

RYAN: Bull!

ZAC: You wouldn't get it.

JOSH: Yeah!

RYAN: Yes, I would! I'm. In. The. Band.

ZAC: No. You. Aren't. You can help out if you want. You'll be like our roadie. Help us keep it quiet for a while from Mom and Dad.

RYAN: Nope. I'm in the band. If Josh's in, I'm in.

JOSH: But you don't even like your piano lessons.

RYAN: So? I do now. I didn't like them. But now I do.

ZAC: Listen, Ryan . . .

RYAN: No! You can't talk me out of it!

ZAC: You aren't in the band.

RYAN: Yes. I. Am. Or else.

ZAC: Or else what?

RYAN: Or else I tell Mom and Dad everything.

ZAC: You wouldn't!

RYAN: Try me.

JOSH: You're just being a baby because Z didn't ask you first!

RYAN: I am not.

JOSH: Are too!

ZAC: I can't believe this.

RYAN: So, do we have a deal?

ZAC: No, we don't have a deal.

RYAN: Either you agree that I play piano for the band or I tell. It's your choice.

JOSH: You little brat!

RYAN: What's it gonna be?

ZAC: Are you willing to practice?

RYAN: Yeah.

ZAC: And you can't complain about practice. If you complain even once, you're out. That's the rule.

JOSH: Do I get to complain?

ZAC: Nobody gets to complain. This is my band, get it? I'm the one who thought of it, I'm the one who is getting it together, I'm the one in charge. And I'm the lead singer. Agreed?

JOSH: Cool.

RYAN: That works for me.

ZAC: *Sarcastic.* Oh, good, I wouldn't want his royal dork-i-ness to go cry to Mom and Dad.

RYAN: When do we start?

ZAC: Next Monday, after school. I have to talk to Mike and make sure he's in.

JOSH: And what's our name?

ZAC: Good question. I haven't even thought of it yet.

RYAN: Let's be the Undercover Rockers.

JOSH: That's stupid.

RYAN: Do you have something better?

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JOSH: How 'bout The Chimsky Brothers?

ZAC: No, 'cause Mike might be in the band. . . . I was thinking maybe something about the marching band.

RYAN: Drumline?

JOSH: No. Formation?

RYAN: Boring. You might as well call it Geometry.

ZAC: I don't know . . . everything about the band is so nerdy and we have to be cool.

RYAN: What about Cool School?

ZAC: I don't like it. But that's on the right track . . .

JOSH: Wait a minute . . . if marching band is nerdy, then what are the people in the band called? Band Geeks.

RYAN: Yeah . . .

JOSH: That's it! We are band geeks, but we're geeks for our own band, not somebody else's band!

ZAC: You want our name to be Band Geeks?

JOSH: I kind of like it.

ZAC: It does have a ring to it.

Into it.

Band Geeks . . .

JOSH: It works, doesn't it?

RYAN: We're gonna be nerds!

ZAC: So? We we're nerds in marching band, too. But this is our own band, our own brand of geek. We can do this. Are you in?

JOSH: In!

RYAN: In!

ZAC: Then, let's do this. Let the Band Geeks rule!

They strike rock-star poses.

Ladies and Gentlemen, live in the Chimsky freakin' living room, I give you the one . . .

ZAC grabs his guitar.

. . . the only . . .

BAND GEEKS

RYAN pretends to play the keyboards.

. . . the amazing . . .

JOSH pretends he is on his horn.

. . . Band Geeks!!!!

Blackout as music blares.

END OF PLAY