

# **Phantom Band**

By Krista Knight

Santa Cruz High School is plagued by teen anxieties, fervent desires, and fiercely protected secrets. And one girl Raylene who is hell bent on creating an American Marching Band. The motley Band members strive to create themselves and their music—discordance all around—when mysterious exchange student Camille shows up with the kind of classical musical mastery they all crave. Plus she'll save you from hearing the crushing pulsations of high school rejection. Instead you'll hear music—until you don't hear anything but music at all. A dark, comedic, and music-filled exploration of what it means to make art out of the chaos of your life and what it feels like to come of age in the first decade of a new century.

“Human speech is like a cracked kettle on which we tap crude rhythms for bears to dance to, while longing to make music that will melt the stars.”  
Gustave Flaubert

**Characters:**

**Deter:** Drums. Pretty fucking cool.17.

**Raylene:** Various instruments. The mastermind of the Marching Band and the ultimate cruise director. 17.

**Stacey:** Oboe, ostensibly. A lot of woman for 17. Ambivalently slutty. Ambivalently Latina.

**Tint:** Piano. 17. Diminutive at best with extensive orthodontics.

**Camille:** A British exchange student. Violin.  
The phantom.

**Hurley:** The Band Director and Tennis Coach. 4 years out of high school. Claudio Abbado meets Don King.

**Donna/Michelle:** Deter’s mother and aunt, and a functioning alcoholic and a well adjusted depiction of adulthood, respectively.

**Romulus & Remus:** French wild boys raised by wolves. Carrying out an epic battle/the founding of Rome on the outskirts of the forest. Based on Livy’s account of Romulus and Remus, the 18<sup>th</sup> century legend of Victor of Aveyron, and the prototypical popular football players from your high school.

**Setting:**

Santa Cruz, California.  
The Multi Purpose Room (MPR).

An alternate space.

And a space of fantasy/forest.

**ONE: September**

**The Multi-Purpose Room (MPR).**

**There are fall themed removable window stickies<sup>1</sup> on the window to the outside. Leaves. A scare crow. Perhaps some hay.**

**Outside there are the hints of a real forest. Uncut branches brushing the windows. A wooly outside scratching the façade of a florescent interior.**

**The MPR is empty besides for some scattered folding chairs and an inexpensive piano that has suffered the will of young adults.**

**There is a door to the outside and a door that leads to the toilet.**

**TINT enters from the door to the outside. Because of orthodontic rubber bands bridging his top and bottom jaw he talks without opening his mouth.**

**He sees the piano and makes for it. He plays some notes. They are really off. Tint looks around. He sits back on the bench.  
He air-pianos.**

**He starts with the overture to Phantom of the Opera.**

TINT:

Uhhh-uh-uh-uh—uhhhh.Uh-uh-uh-uh-uhhhh.

**Tint gets very into playing.**

TINT:

Uh-uh-uh, UH-uh-UH-uh-uh  
uh-UH-uh-UH- uh-UH-uh-UH- uh-UH-uh-UH

**There's a thump against the wall from the outside. It startles Tint.**



**Sounds of making out. Tint listens suspiciously.**

COUPLE A: Ah. Ah! Ah! Hehe.

COUPLE B: Hehe. Ah! Hehe.

**Someone tries to open the door from the outside—is thwarted in that attempt by their companion. The sound of bodies pushed up against the door. A dog barks a bit.**

**Giggling. More making out.**

COUPLE:

Ah. Ah! Ha ha ha.

**The door opens again.**

STACEY:

Ok. Ok! My little brothers home but yeah. Come by after. Bye puppy. Bye puppy. Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah—

**She sees Tint.**

STACEY:

Oh! Sorry.

**STACEY comes into the room.**

**Sparkle makeup and silver plated jewelry. She has bad acne that she picks at.**

**Tint leaps up.**

TINT:

No no no. It's ok.

STACEY:

Is this marching band?

TINT:

Watch out here they come!

STACEY:

What?

TINT:

Sorry I just got new rubber bands.

What? STACEY:

Rubber bands. TINT:

**Tint fiddles with his rubber bands.**

Um. Marching band? STACEY:

Right here. TINT:  
What do you play?

I'm supposed to already play something? Shit. I knew it. STACEY:

No! TINT:

Shit. STACEY:

No no! TINT:

Shit. Who's organizing this? STACEY:

A senior. I think you have to be a senior to check out the Multi Purpose Room for club hour. TINT:

**Raylene appears in the alternate space. Raylene is dressed too formally for school. Skirt. Flat dress shoes. Knee socks. She has totally got this.**

RAYLENE:  
Raylene. Senior.

You're a freshman? STACEY:

No, I'm a senior! They too, are just a senior. TINT:

RAYLENE:

Raylene. Not just a senior. Raylene. Senior achiever. With a well calibrated sense of the underdog and a passion for American iconography. Raylene. Marching Band Captain. For a band no one thought could exist. They're like: there are no marching bands in Santa Cruz. And I'm like. Yeah. Yeah, there will be.

**Raylene disappears.**

STACEY:

Are they going to make us try out?

**Stacey picks at her acne.**

TINT:

I don't know.

STACEY:

I was supposed to be in Japanese Club but then my dad found some of the dirty anime in my room.

TINT:

How is it dirty?

STACEY:

What?

**Tint feverishly takes the rubber bands out of his mouth.**

TINT:

How is it dirty?

STACEY:

Do you want to see?

TINT:

YES.

**Stacey takes an anime comic out of her bag. There are several octopi on the cover in compromising positions. Tint leans over her shoulder. This is all very very exciting.**

STACEY:

My dad says kids play instruments because they don't have sex. Is that true?

**RAYLENE enters through the door to the outside.**

RAYLENE:

I'm sorry but I reserved the Multi Purpose Room for Marching Band.

**Tint is still a little stunned.**

TINT:

What what what.

STACEY:

We're here for marching band.

TINT:

Right!

RAYLENE:

You're here for Marching Band?

TINT:

Yeah. I play the piano though.

RAYLENE:

Can you, um, can you hold the door open?

**Tint reluctantly replaces his rubber bands and holds open the door.**

RAYLENE:

Wider.  
Thanks.

**Raylene exits and reenters wheeling a grocery cart full of mismatched instruments.**

RAYLENE:

Hi Everyone.  
Welcome to Marching Band.  
Do you know each other?

STACEY:

I think you're in my lunch.

TINT:

I'm Tint.

STACEY:

Stacey C.D.

I hyphenate my last name.

RAYLENE:

Raylene. Marching Band Captain.

TINT:

Is that flexible at all? I was kind of hopping we might form a chamber orchestra.

RAYLENE:

This is a marching band.  
OK. We should, circle up. Yeah.

**Tint and Stacey shuffle slightly. They're really more of a triangle.**

STACEY:

Are we getting class credit for this?

RAYLENE:

It's registered as a club. I can see if we can get club credit.

TINT:

I don't need any more club credit.

**DETER enters. Hearts flutter a little. He is wearing sunglasses with whiteout written across reading "DETER DRUMS" ala soulja boy and drums suspended by suspenders. He is awesome.**

TINT:

You're late for marching band club class.

RAYLENE:

No, HI, no, you're not. I'm Raylene. Hi. You may remember me from the poster advertising the club. Welcome. This is Stacey and this is Pinch.

TINT:

Tint.

RAYLENE:

Uh-huh.

**Deter plays the drums. He stops.**

DETER:

Deter. Drums.

**Deter plays the drums.**

RAYLENE:

Deter.

DETER:

Drums.  
I did Marching Band at my old school.

TINT:

Is that why we're doing this instead of Chamber Orchestra???  
He's not even that cute.

DETER:

Dude.

RAYLENE:

So all we're waiting for is the band director!

TINT:

I thought you were the band director.

RAYLENE:

No. I'm Band Captain. And cymbals.  
You guys are really going to like Hurley.

TINT:

Edimeyer Hurley?

RAYLENE:

Surprise!

TINT:

The tennis coach?

**Hurley appears in the alternate space swinging a tennis racquet.**

HURLEY:

Edimeyer Hurley: Tennis champion.  
Like the crowd going wild: Waaaaaa.

RAYLENE:

He went to Juilliard.

**Hurley flips the racquet and rests it against his chin.**

HURLEY:

Edimeyer Hurley: Viola master.  
Waaaaah. VI-O-Laaaaaaah.

**Hurley bites the air. Disappears.**

TINT:

He went here. Like four years ago.

RAYLENE:

You're going to like him.

TINT:

I already don't.

DETER:

I like Tennis.

RAYLENE:

Thank you.  
Deter you play drums, obviously. Stacey?

STACEY:

The oboe—but—

RAYLENE:

Tint—we'll find you something in the cart.

STACEY:

Um, Raylene?

TINT:

I play the piano.

RAYLENE:

Yeah, you said that, but there's no piano in Marching band.

TINT:

But that's what I play.

RAYLENE:

Yeah, there's no piano in Marching Band.

TINT:

Then let's do chamber orchestra.

RAYLENE:

A chamber orchestra doesn't march. People are excited to see people march. It is very satisfying to see people do the same thing at the same time. If they see us all in sync they will believe we are.

We're going to do something exciting for once. We have one year left of being exciting.

We've got one year left of high school and I for one am not going to let the experience pass me by without participating in the traditions that define it. You only have one chance to lose your virginity. And you only have one chance to be in a high school marching band.

We'll make it look easy. We will make it look fun.

Raylene. Senior. Marching Band Captain for a band that no one thought could exist in a vacuum of tradition and then we did. For a band that no one thought would make it but then we did. Which is why I know that you at Duke will find me an excellent combination of tradition and ambition—Oh. Whoops.

TINT:

Is that your college essay?

RAYLENE:

No.

TINT:

That's your college essay.

RAYLENE:

The point is: people come to see Marching Band. And we're going to perform at football games so people aren't going to have a choice.

STACEY:

We have a football team?

RAYLENE:

The public school does.

**There's a knocking at the door.**

RAYLENE:

It's open!

STACEY (re: football team)

Oh I know those guys. Those are nice guys.

**More knocking.**

RAYLENE:

It's open!

Yeah—we just have to get them on board. I'm talking to their quarterback on Thursday.

**Eyeing Stacey's melons:**

RAYLENE:

Maybe you can help me with that.

**More knocking at the door.**

RAYLENE:

Coming!

**Raylene opens it but a hand reaches around and keeps the door closed most of the way.**

RAYLENE:

Sorry about that, I thought it was open—

**We just see HURLEY'S arm.**

HURLEY (OUTSIDE):

Do you have a CD Player?

RAYLENE:

What? Um. For what?

DETER:

I have a tape player.

HURLEY (OUTSIDE):

I don't have a tape. Oh, no, yes I do.  
Give it here.

**Deter passes the tape player out the door to Hurley.  
Hurley hits play. It's the patriotic rock out "Paradise City."  
Hurley hands the tape player to Raylene.  
Hurley hurls himself into the MPR and parades across the room.  
He shuts off the tape.**

RAYLENE:

Guys, this is Hurley—

HURLEY:

When I say IN you say BAND. When I say IN you say BAND.

IN—

RAYLENE & STACEY & DETER:

BAND.

TINT (Slightly lagged):

Band.

HURLEY:

IN—

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY & DETER:

BAND.

TINT (Slightly lagged):

Band.

**As though speaking into an inverted boxing MC mike.**

HURLEY:

Ladies and Gentlemen I present to you the members of Santa Cruz' first and only MARCHING BAND. Here for your viewing pleasure on this crisp morning we stand IN—

RAYLENE & STACEY & DETER & TINT:

BAND.

HURLEY:

My crop of percussionists. Harvest of brass. My bounty of a wind section. And....a precocious up and comer:

**Hurley puts the invisible microphone up to Stacey.**

STACEY:

Stacey C.D. Are there going to be tryouts?

HURLEY:

On?

STACEY:

Oboe. But—

HURLEY:

Like the crowd going wild: Waaaaaa! Staaaaahhh-cy C-D-D-D-!  
And then I'll say, on my left:

Tint. Piano.

TINT:

Last name, Tint?

HURLEY:

Szewczykwojcich.

TINT:

HURLEY:

....  
Tint! Waaaaa!

Run through the rest of you—ending with loveliest Raylene! Bite bite bite.  
Waaaaa! Big finish.

**Hurley extends a pen like a conductor's baton and freezes with his head bowed like a scare crow.**

RAYLENE:

Yeah. Cool. Exciting you guys right? Hurley's going to be our band director. He's got some really great performance ideas. I think there are shapes. I had the idea that maybe we would do a musical rendition of the playlet from Midsummer Nights Dream.

TINT:

Or 2001: A space Odyssey.

RAYLENE:

The point is we're going to make some sort of shape. Right, Hurley?

HURLEY:

Where are we gonna make shapes? IN—

RAYLENE & STACEY & DETER & TINT:

BAND.

HURLEY:

Let's get started.

DETER:

Can I have my tape recorder back?

HURLEY:

What do you do with this thing?

I make found audio sound art.

DETER:

No. That's unacceptable.

HURLEY:

What?

DETER:

Just kidding.

HURLEY:

**Deter replaces Hurley's tape with his own and speaks into his tape recorder:**

Band. Day One.

DETER:

**Deter readies his drums. Tint sits at the piano. Raylene unpacks a large pair of cymbals.**

Stacey, where's your Oboe?

RAYLENE:

So. It's not here yet. My mom ordered it...but it's not here yet.

STACEY:

Stacey!

RAYLENE:

I'm sorry!

STACEY:

Well. Just, um, just make the sounds for today.

RAYLENE:

Toot? You want me to like...toot?

STACEY:

No. I don't know. Today, just for today say *Oboe* or something while we're playing.

RAYLENE:

It's all about visuals. Drums -let's put you here. Piano here.

HURLEY:

TINT:

Shouldn't I be at the piano?

HURLEY:

I want to get a sense of levels. That's the first thing the crowd is going to see.  
Levels.

Oboe here. Raylene here.

**Hurley positions them awkwardly but spectacularly around the room.**

HURLEY:

A one.

TINT:

Wait—what are we supposed to—

HURLEY:

A ONE.

STACEY:

Oboe!

RAYLENE:

Not yet.

HURLEY:

A one a two a three a four.

AND—FREEZE.

**The band hovers/squats in their spots.**

**They stand there, frozen.**

**Hurley surveys.**

TINT:

....When are we going to play music?

HURLEY:

No one pays attention to what they hear, I need to get the visual.

**Deter's tape player plays back and skips.**

HURLEY (on tape):

*I need to get the Visual. Visual. Visual.*

DETER:

Dammit.

**Deter tries to get off his chair but Hurley snaps him back into place.**

Hey! HURLEY:

*I need to get—I need to get—* HURLEY (on tape):

Raylene. HURLEY:

*I need to get—* HURLEY (on tape):

Raylene. HURLEY:

*I need to get—* HURLEY (on tape):

Raylene! HURLEY:

Sorry. He could get it. RAYLENE:

I got it. DETER:

**Deter fiddles with the tape—the tape player starts spewing a past recorded conversation with Deter and his mom. The band doesn't know what's going on.**

DONNA (on tape):  
*Simon. Where are you going? Where are you going, Simon Deter?*

DETER (on tape):  
*I'll be back!*

DONNA (on tape):  
*Simon Deter. Don't leave this house. Simon Deter. Did you hear me? We're having a conversation.*

DETER (on tape):

*I don't want to hear this.*

**Deter takes the batteries out of the tape recorder. No one says anything.**

RAYLENE:

Was that your mom? Was she drunk? Was she drunk on the tape?

TINT:

Is she the one who picks you up from school? That's dangerous. That's dangerous for pedestrians.

DETER:

Can we please keep going?

HURLEY:

Let's try this again.

A one. A one a two a three a four. AND—

**Outside the wind picks up and the branches scrape against the glass window.**

**They all freeze.**

**Deter's tape skips and starts playing a strange melody (Camille's song – which repeats throughout the play)**

**Camille enters through the woods.**

**They all stare.**

**She is very beautiful. And British. Her hair obscures part of her face.**

**She takes a violin out of a violin case made out of a taxidermied stuffed animal<sup>2</sup>.**

RAYLENE:

Hi. Sorry. We have the room checked out for club hour.

**Camille plays her song. Something like the 1<sup>st</sup> movement in Vivaldi's Summer in Four Seasons (Op 8 no. 2).**

**It's as though it's bled out of the recording and spilled live all over the room.**

**As she plays, the rest of the band changes into their Halloween costumes.**



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**Behind them—in the alternate forest space—Romulus and Remus, shirtless in football padding and numbers, hike and play a 300 version of football.**

**TWO**

**Deter's tape recorder captures Donna—in the alternate space—in her kitchen at night.**

DONNA:

No, I don't mind listening to you practice.  
Go on. Go on!  
Play!

**The sound of Deter playing the drums very slowly.**

DONNA:

That's nice.  
Everyone told me not to get you the drums.  
But your aunt insisted.  
They said never never get your child the drums.  
The noise.

**The drum playing stops.**

DONNA:

I didn't say stop.

**The drums return.**

DONNA:

I'm going to be them, Ok?  
"Donna, do not get your child the drums"  
"Donna, you will hear nothing but drums"  
"Every morning..."

**Night outside suddenly becomes morning. The drums stop.  
Donna peers outside her kitchen window. Garbage trucks. Birds tweeting.  
Bright light.**

DONNA:

I spend too much time in the kitchen.  
Time for school!  
Time for band practice!  
Simon Deter!  
They're picking you up in five minutes!  
And then I hear: you say,

DONNA & DETER:

Can you take me, Mom?

DONNA:

Not this morning, Simon.  
And then I hear: you say,

DONNA & DETER:

Are you going to come to my band performance, Mom?

DONNA:

Not today, Simon.

DETER:

Are you going to come to my band performance? Mom, are you going to come to my band performance, Mom?

DONNA:

Not today, Simon!  
But don't you all dress up in uniforms one day?  
I'll come to that.  
And then I hear....

No, I'm asking.  
Really. What do I hear?

How come I never hear you play at home? Simon Deter. Can you hear me?  
That's a question.  
Why don't I ever hear you play here?

**Donna disappears.**

**THREE: October**

**Halloween. Accordingly themed stickies on the MPR window. Ghosts. Friendly monsters. Pumpkins and candy. A vestigial fall sticky or two from the September theme.**

**The band is in costume:**

**Deter is Elvis.**

**Tint is a Velociraptor.**

**Raylene is Lizzy Borden.**

**Stacey is some kind of slutty fairy.**

**They are telling ghost stories and playing a drinking game with a shared bottle of Mike's Hard Lemonade. Raylene is not drinking. They sing/chant round robin to the 'tune' of *Annabelle Lee*.**

R It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the wood,

S  
T  
D  
C

R It was many and many a year ago, in a kingdom by the wood,

S It was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the wood,  
T Many and Many. Many and Many. Many and Many.  
D  
C

R By the name of Chamomile Good SHOT  
S That a maiden there lived whom you may know, By the name of Chamomile Good SHOT  
T SHOT  
D SHOT  
C

**Stacey, Tint, and Deter take shots.**

**Camille appears in the alternate/fantasy space.**

R That a maiden there lived whom you may know SHOT  
S SHOT  
T It was many and many a year ago, In a kingdom by the wood, SHOT  
D SHOT  
C By the name of Chamomile Good

R By the name of Chamomile Good SHOT  
S That a maiden there lived whom you may know, By the name of Chamomile Good SHOT  
T SHOT  
D SHOT  
C

R I was a child and she was a child

S  
T  
D I was a child and she was a child,  
C

R I was a child and she was a child  
 S I was a child and she was a child  
 T I was a child and she was a child  
 D I was a child and she was a child, In this kingdom by the wood,  
 C

R SHOT  
 S SHOT  
 T SHOT  
 D A wind blew out of the trees, chilling my beautiful Chamomile Good SHOT  
 C

R So that wild wolf-men came and bore her away from me,  
 S  
 T  
 D  
 C To shut her up in a sepulcher in this kingdom by the wood.

R half so happy  
 S The angels, not half so happy in heaven, Went envying her and me-  
 T  
 D half so happy  
 C

R Yes!- that was the reason (as all men know, In this kingdom by the wood)  
 S Yes!- that was the reason  
 T Yes!- that was the reason  
 D In this kingdom by the wood)  
 C

R Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good  
 S Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good  
 T Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good  
 D Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good  
 C That the wind came out of the trees by night,

R SHOT Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good SHOT SHOT  
 S Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good SHOT SHOT  
 T Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good SHOT SHOT  
 D Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good SHOT SHOT  
 C Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good

R SHOT SHOT  
 S SHOT SHOT  
 T SHOT SHOT  
 D SHOT SHOT  
 C Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good Chilling and killing my Chamomile Good

RAYLENE:

And THAT'S the story of how she came to our school.

TINT:

Where is Chamomile, I mean Camille?

STACEY:

Did anyone invite her?

**Deter looks outside for Camille.**

DETER:

No one invited her?  
Let's call her now—who has her number.  
Stacey?

STACEY:

We don't like hang out extracurricularly.

DETER:

Why didn't we invite her?

RAYLENE:

Because she sucks.

DETER:

She doesn't suck.

STACEY:

It is weird to me she doesn't talk in Marching Band.

RAYLENE:

No one should be talking in Marching Band! It's October and we haven't gotten anywhere.

TINT:

Chillax.

RAYLENE:

Don't abbreviate to me, Tint.

DETER:

She's just shy.

**Camille performs the Camilles they suspect in the alternate space.**

CAMILLE:

I just moved here. I don't know anyone. I sometimes feel lonely. And I'm scared to open up.

STACEY:

I heard her parents are environmental diplomats and they travel back and forth to England trapping endangered species.

**Camille collects species.**

CAMILLE:

One North American jack rabbit. Two California Condors. Three domestic raccoons. Four blue badgers.

TINT:

I've never seen anyone pick her up from school. Maybe she's emancipated.

DETER:

No.

RAYLENE:

Or fled her country to avoid prosecution.

**Romulus and Remus appear behind Camille.**

STACEY:

For what?

RAYLENE:

I don't know. Crime.

CAMILLE:

I accidentally lured the Manchester ski team into a snow bank with questionable structural integrity. There was an avalanche when I was playing the violin and they all smushed. Oop!

RAYLENE:

Seriously.  
Who moves for their senior year?

DETER:

She must have come here to play the violin.

STACEY:

If she's so good then why is she in our band?

RAYLENE:

Hey!

TINT:

I like the way she plays. Sometimes band practice makes my teeth ache. But when she plays my teeth don't ache.  
I keep hoping one day after practice she's going to be like:

CAMILLE:

Come into the woods with me.

TINT:

And we'll. Like. frolic.

DETER:

No.

**Camille forms her hands into deer antlers.**

STACEY:

Someone told me she found a dead squirrel and then she stuffed it.

TINT:

I think she would protect me. The football players would take one look at her and run away in intimidation.

**Camille turns on Romulus and Remus and chases them off.**

DETER:

No.

RAYLENE:

See? That's how serial killers start out. First a squirrel and then Tint.

STACEY:

I hear she does whatever she wants with whoever she wants.

RAYLENE & STACEY & TINT:

I hear—

TINT:

All these guys are in love with her and she's going to get to go to the fall semi-formal with whoever she wants.

RAYLENE & STACEY & TINT:

I hear—

RAYLENE:

She's too old to be a senior. She either got held back or she just travels around to different high schools in Northern California reenrolling in 12<sup>th</sup> grade.

RAYLENE & STACEY & TINT:

I hear—

RAYLENE:

She's not really British. I swear to god I heard her say SCHEDULE.

RAYLENE & STACEY & TINT:

I hear—

DETER:

I don't buy into what I hear.

TINT:

My parents are sending me to London for winter break. I can look into it.

DETER:

She's no weirder than you so will you CHILL THE FUCK OUT?

**Tint takes off his raptor claws and sulks into the corner. Deter takes a hard swig of Hard Lemonade.**

DETER:

Where did the booze come from?

RAYLENE:

Hurley got it for us.

**Beat. Deter goes to the window.**

STACEY:

He is a nice guy. Don't you think he's a *nice* guy?

RAYLENE:

What? Who?

STACEY:

Hurley!

TINT:

He likes exotic chicks.

STACEY:

How do you know that?

TINT:

Why do you think all the Hungarians are on the tennis team?

STACEY:

Hey. Raylene. Hey. Let's email him. We'll pretend to be a Thai chick in Thailand who finds him on the internet.  
We'll attach a picture. Your legs look Thai. Hand me your legs.

RAYLENE:

No!

STACEY:

I think he's so hot. Don't you think he's hot?  
"When I say IN you think ME when I say IN you think ME—"

TINT:

That is so disgusting.

I didn't mean stop.

STACEY:

Come on. Hurley will never know it's you.

RAYLENE:

You are not sending him a picture of my legs, right Deter?

**Deter looks outside into the forest.**

DETER:

I thought Camille said she'd be here.

RAYLENE:

Let me see your phone.

**Raylene hikes up her skirt and takes a picture of her legs.  
Tint notices the knife sheath at Raylene's thigh.**

RAYLENE:

Here.

STACEY:

Ok so what is his Thai girlfriend like?

RAYLENE:

She's a slut. And she loves band.

STACEY:

I hope he sends us naughty pictures.  
You have to be careful with those. Before you know it the starting running back's got a picture of the tattoo you got in your Cancun up his locker.

RAYLENE:

Excuse me?

TINT:

I'm so sick of those guys.

RAYLENE:

Who Tint.

TINT:

The football guys. **(to Deter):** You think you're tough? They play football. The ones with the red face and milky eyes. Like a raw steak. They don't even know me and suddenly it's fag, bitch, idiot, dick, fat, retard, douche, cock, lame, moron, homo, shrimp, vagina, ugly, loser, ass, fag, fuck. Shirtless padded meatheads.

They talk big but I'd give em a—a—

STACEY:

Pow.

TINT:

What?

STACEY:

Pow punch!

TINT:

Yeah yeah and a—

DETER:

Don't encourage him.

TINT:

Oh, Ok Hollywood. You just sit back, have a Vitamin Water. But I'm not. The football players think just because we're in band we're prey.

STACEY:

That's right!

RAYLENE:

Tint. Just wait until we perform at their game—  
Nothing dispels ridicule like a little proficiency.

**Deter drum rolls on his snare drums.**

Precisely. RAYLENE:

Raylene—let me see your knife. TINT:

**Tint reaches for Raylene’s knife at her thigh.**

What? No! RAYLENE:

Then what do you carry it around for? TINT:

You carry a knife? DETER:

“Melissa” and “Ted” think an alarm system sends the wrong message to our neighbors in the commune. I need it to protect myself. RAYLENE:

That’s what I’m talking about! TINT:

You’ll cut yourself. RAYLENE:

I know how to handle weaponry. TINT:

Right. RAYLENE:

**Tint does some elaborate hand choreography as though playing a complicated computer game.**

Missiles and guns. Chew. Chew! TINT:

What are you doing? RAYLENE:

The pacifist’s war chest. These are missiles. These are guns....Chew! TINT:

**Deter does some elaborate hand choreography.**

DETER:

Missiles and guns. Chew. Chew!

**Beat. Tint and Deter stare at each other – then they start the hand choreography together. It’s very specific and kind of beautiful.**

DETER & TINT:

Missiles and guns. Missiles and guns. Chew. Chew!

Missiles and guns. Missiles and guns. Chew. Chew!

CHEW CHEW CHEW!

RAYLENE:

What?

DETER:

It’s a computer game.

TINT:

It’s the best game ever.

DETER:

Pretty much.

TINT:

Can I come over to your house and play it sometime?

DETER:

No, man, no.

**Awkward pause.**

**Tint reaches for Raylene’s knife.**

RAYLENE:

Stay away from my thighs!

TINT:

I need the knife!

RAYLENE:

Tint. Do not mess this thing up for us. We need the football players on board with the halftime Marching Band thing.

STACEY:

God, I get so horny when I get drunk.

What? TINT & DETER:

I really need to pee. Tint? STACEY:

Yeah? TINT:

Don't you need to pee too? STACEY:

No. TINT:

Then you better take your glasses out of the sink. STACEY:

What? TINT:

**Tint adjusts the glasses on his face and follows Stacey into the bathroom. Deter and Raylene are sitting next to each other on the floor.**

I should go. DETER:

WHY? RAYLENE:

I told my mom I would be back after practice. DETER:

But it's Halloween. And Hurley gave us alcohol. RAYLENE:

You're not drinking. DETER:

I still feel it, sort of. I feel uninhibited. Like I could do anything. Or...anything. RAYLENE:

I can't. DETER:

RAYLENE:  
Because of your mom?

DETER:  
Yes.

**Stacey and Tint trying their best in the bathroom awkwardly interrupt Deter and Raylene.**

STACEY:  
Ok, just move a little, like a little more.

TINT:  
Huh?

STACEY:  
Yeah, but more—

TINT:  
I, like um, like like—

RAYLENE:  
It's because you're afraid I'll make us practice or something, isn't it.

DETER:  
Is that what we do? I didn't realize that's what we do.

RAYLENE:  
Fuck you.  
Stay.

DETER:  
I can't.

RAYLENE:  
You keep saying that but your feet aren't moving.

DETER:  
Raylene.

RAYLENE:  
Why does your Mom want you home so early?  
You don't have a curfew do you? What time is your curfew?

DETER:

Raylene!

RAYLENE:  
What about tomorrow after practice?

DETER:  
I have to meet someone.

RAYLENE:  
What?

DETER:  
It's nothing. It's just, we have a standing sort of thing.

RAYLENE:  
Like a date?

DETER:  
No.

RAYLENE:  
Oh, ok.

DETER:  
It's nothing.

**Stacey and Tint interrupt Deter and Raylene.**

STACEY:  
Almost, ok maybe higher—

TINT:  
I don't think I'm good at this. Maybe we should go back out there.

STACEY:  
No! No! You are. It just takes practice. You are.

TINT:  
Do you have any of those anime comics on you?

STACEY:  
What?

TINT:  
Nothing.

RAYLENE:

I'll see you tomorrow I guess. Club time.

DETER:

It's Camille.

RAYLENE:

Oh. But we don't hang out with her socially.

DETER:

We practice together.

I'm sorry. I want to hang out. But I can't.

RAYLENE:

Because of her.

DETER:

No. Because I want to play music.

I'll see you tomorrow.

**Deter exits.**

**Raylene listens to Stacey and Tint in the bathroom.**

STACEY:

Don't stop.

TINT:

Like I should. Like.

STACEY:

Like.

TINT:

yeah.

STACEY:

Like.

TINT:

Play you.

STACEY:

Like an instrument. But higher.

TINT:

Ok.

STACEY:  
Ok.

TINT:  
ok.

STACEY:  
Ok now do something.

TINT:  
I am.

STACEY:  
Like how you play the Piano.

TINT:  
This IS how I play the piano.

STACEY:  
That can't be right.

TINT:  
Should I ask Hurley?

STACEY:  
NO.

TINT:  
He might—

STACEY:  
NO.

**Beat.**

I want to go trick or treating.

TINT:  
It's 11pm.

STACEY:  
So.

TINT:  
Ok, wait for me. But leave here. I actually have to go to the bathroom.

**Stacey comes out of the bathroom.**

STACEY:

Do you want to go trick or treating?

RAYLENE:

Yes. Let's get out of here.

**Raylene and Stacey exit.**

**Tint flushes the toilet and comes out of the bathroom to an empty MPR.  
Tint looks around the room for Stacey.**

TINT:

Stacey. Stacey? Where are you? Stacey? Bumble bee?

**The forest branches scrape up against the window. Tint freezes. The lights go out.**

TINT:

Help. Help. Stacey!

**Suddenly Tint can hear Camille playing somewhere in the forest outside.  
He's drawn out to the music.**

**The football players stop play when they hear the music. They huddle briefly and follow the sound.**

**FOUR**

**Stacey holds a Trick-or-Treating pumpkin. She performs her father while consuming fun-sized candy by fun-sized candy.**

STACEY:

My Dad's like:

**Stacey performs her father with eyebrow-raising.**

He's always like:

**Stacey performs her father with hand-gesticulating.**

So when I come home late he's like:

**Stacey performs the symphonic scoffs of her father.**

Or I end up kinda seeing this boy who he thinks is like:

**symphonic scoff**

so like I swear to god this one time he like buys me a *reusable* pregnancy test, like able to use more than once pregnancy test, and just like leaves it for me on the kitchen counter without saying anything

In front of my little brother like—When I'm like—It's not EVEN like I'm like like—But just like—And of course my brother thinks it's a thermometer so he sticks it in his like—

**Stacey gestures sticking thermometer into any one of three orifices.**

Every time my Dad's like. I'm just like. And it's like:

JUST TALK TO ME. I CAN'T HEAR YOU. I can't hear you. Just talk to me.

Like that.

**FIVE: November**

**The next day.**

**The window of the MPR dons Thanksgiving themed stickies and those depicting bounty in various iteration. Cornucopia. A corpulent turkey. Non-problematic depictions of Native Americans.**

**Hurley enters the MPR marching with the band: Raylene, Deter, Stacey and Camille. The band is holding the unsharpened end of wooden pencils against their teeth with their lips closed around it. They are in make-shift uniforms.**

**Hurley conducts them hum *The Star Spangled Banner*.**

HURLEY:

March!

March!

When I say March you say MMMMM.

**Hurley hums along when he isn't barking orders. The band marches through the room snaking around chairs.**

HURLEY:

MARCH.

MARCH.

MARCH.

**The humming, the marching, the sonic and physical gesture is complete disarray. Raylene can't stand it anymore. She takes the pencil out of her mouth.**

RAYLENE:

Stop. STOP!

**The cacophony cuts off except for Stacey who keeps Marching.**

RAYLENE:

stop.

**Stacey does.**

What's wrong?  
DETER:

Are you kicking me out?  
STACEY:

**Stacey picks at her acne.**

RAYLENE:  
That doesn't sound anything like music.  
Right Tint?  
Am I right?...

**Raylene looks around the room for Tint.**

RAYLENE:  
Where's Tint?  
He's not here.  
Jesus Christ.  
This is not a Marching Band at all. You are a bunch of slackers making sound art and jazzercising.

HURLEY:  
Raylene.

RAYLENE:  
What!

HURLEY:  
Raylene.

RAYLENE:  
What.

HURLEY:  
You're right.

RAYLENE:  
I know.

HURLEY:  
We're going to take care of it. It's not a disappointment. It's a motivation. Yeah?  
Am I yeah?

RAYLENE:

Yeah.

HURLEY:

Yeah...pretty Raylene. Calm. Calm...  
All of you: that was shit.

RAYLENE:

Right!

HURLEY:

When I say March, I mean HIGH.

**Stacey starts marching again. Melons a-flair.**

RAYLENE:

But Hurley?

HURLEY:

Clear those knees.

**Stacey marches a little higher.**

HURLEY:

Beautiful. Beautiful. We are marching. The music will come.

RAYLENE:

Ok. Yeah. But I can't help feeling like we're sucking.

STACEY:

I'm doing something right.

RAYLENE:

Stacey. Stacey! STOP.

**She does.**

**Stacey tugs at her uniform.**

STACEY:

Can we take these off now?

DETER:

No! Not yet.

**Deter looks out the window.**

DETER:

I have someone coming to check them out. Let's just keep them on a little longer.

Who? RAYLENE:

No one. DETER:

Is it your mom? RAYLENE:

No! DETER:

You can tell me. RAYLENE:

No one! DETER:

Fine. RAYLENE:

I'm going to go check with the front office to see if Tint's at school today. I know I'm preaching to the choir here – but you have to come to band practice.

We'll make due. Sweet Raylene. Sweet. I'm gonna eat you! HURLEY:

What? RAYLENE:

I'm kidding. HURLEY:  
Forte, Doves, Forte!

I'll be right back. RAYLENE:

Where are you going? STACEY:

The front office! RAYLENE:

STACEY:

Can you turn in a note for me from my dad that says he doesn't want me participating in sex ed?

**Raylene takes the note and exits.**

HURLEY:

Break!

**Camille gets something out of her stuffed squirrel shoulder bag. There's a tire streak across its back. Camille creeps out Hurley who goes to the opposite end of the room.**

**Stacey takes out her phone and pretends to check it.**

STACEY:

Deter. Deter. Deter.

DETER:

What?

STACEY:

Ask Hurley if he got the pictures. Find out if he thinks it's real. Ask him if he likes her. Ask him!

DETER:

Come on.

STACEY:

Ask him!!

**Hurley practices his Tennis swing.**

HURLEY:

Deter. Hey Deets. Deety.

DETER:

Yeah...

HURLEY:

Come stand here for a second. Be my ball.

DETER:

What?

HURLEY:

Hold up your fist. Yeah. Yeah. Right....there.

**Hurley practices his Tennis swing. He spikes it on the other court.**

HURLEY:

Huuuuurly: Waaaaaa! ...And Deter on the tennis ball: smaller Waaa!

DETER:

Hey Hurley.

HURLEY:

Yes sir, Deety boy.

DETER:

Girls. Am I right?

HURLEY:

No kidding. But that surprises me. You seem like such a cool kid. Hanging out with the band chicks.

DETER:

It's not usually my scene.

HURLEY:

Chicks?

DETER:

Band.

HURLEY:

I thought you and Camille were hanging out.

DETER:

Oh.

HURELY:

My mistake! It's for the best, believe me Deets.

DETER:

So how do you meet girls? Does it get easier? Out of high school?

HURLEY:

Ok listen. No. BUT. I recently found myself acquainted with a certain Thai stunner. I'm not joking with you D. And you know what else. She's in orchestra. I didn't even know they had that over there. You know what I'm saying?

DETER:

Um.

**Hurley puts an arm around Deter.**

HURLEY (To the tune of *California Girls*):

I wish they all could be Orchestra girls.

**Raylene enters.**

RAYLENE:

There's been an accident.

HURLEY & DETER & STACEY:

What?

RAYLENE:

With Tint.

Some football guys were making fun of him.

STACEY:

They wouldn't do that. Those are nice guys! I'm telling you those are nice guys!

RAYLENE:

That's because you're sleeping with half of them.

STACEY:

No. Like two. // Three. Maybe.

DETER:

What did they do to him?

RAYLENE:

No, you don't understand. He hurt one of them.

STACEY:

HE did?

RAYLENE:

Last night on Halloween. They're saying he hit one of the football players from the public school.

DETER:

What?

RAYLENE:

They're saying he hit one of the football players with a baseball bat in the forest.

STACEY:

Is the guy ok?

RAYLENE:

I think he got a concussion.  
They're saying they might retaliate.  
And now playing at their games is probably out.  
And Tint is on academic probation.

DETER:

Where is Tint?

RAYLENE:

The principal's office.

DETER:

Shit.

RAYLENE:

AND they're saying the reason. The reason Tint hit the guy is because of Camille.

DETER:

What?

RAYLENE:

They're saying he was trying to protect Camille.

**Everyone in the MPR turns to Camille.**

**Tint appears in the alternate space.**

TINT:

One minute I was in the Multi-purpose room—and the next thing I know I'm in the woods.

DETER(to Camille):

Are you ok?

TINT:

Camille's trying to play her violin but suddenly we're surrounded by these two big ones. Football players. Big ones. They go after her. And and then I see there is this baseball bat on the ground—

RAYLENE:

What were you doing in the woods?

**Camille doesn't answer.**

TINT:

Am I going to get suspended?

RAYLENE:

He's in trouble because of you!

**Camille doesn't answer.**

TINT:

NO. Not that. I need it. Please. I'll do anything. I'll do anything!!

**Tint disappears.**

RAYLENE:

They kicked him out of band. Don't you think this is something you might have mentioned at the beginning of practice!!

**Camille doesn't answer.**

RAYLENE:

Don't you know what academic probation means? Tint's not allowed in Band.

STACEY:

I thought you said there was no piano in Marching Band anyways.

RAYLENE:

But there's Tint. THERE'S TINT SZEWCZYKWOJICIC IN MARCHING BAND!

**Silence.**

HURLEY:

I feel good about today.

**Beat.**

RAYLENE & DETER:

How is that?

HURLEY:

A young man stood up for his principals and defended himself and his compatriot. Stacey marched. It's a club hour. What do you want? Let's pick up here next week.

RAYLENE:

Standing? We'll pick up at standing?

**Deter looks out the window and takes off his uniform.**

HURLEY:

Try to be in step with anything you can. Your cat. The turning blinker on your car. The ticking of your watch. The beeping at the end of the microwave. I'm giving everyone a homework assignment: Bring in an object that makes a sound.

RAYLENE:

I have this whole shopping cart.

HURLEY (eyeing the shopping cart):

Yeah. Everyone bring in an object that makes a sound. Preferably something not totally out of place in The Star Spangled Banner.

RAYLENE:

What about Midsummer Nights Dream?

HURLEY:

Or Stars and Stripes. Really any of the big star ballads.

**Hurley exits humming "*Bermuda, Jamaica*" and shaking a maraca from the cart.**

CAMILLE:

Ready?

DETER:

Yeah.

RAYLENE:

What about Tint. Guys?

**Deter pauses and slides his tape player across the floor to Raylene who picks it up.**

RAYLENE:

What's this?

**Deter and Camille exit.**

**Outside we hear a dog bark alarmingly at Camille.**

CAMILLE (from outside):

Ah. Ah!

STACEY:

Oh no, that's this Freshman I'm sleeping with's dog. She's usually so good around people.

**Stacey grabs her stuff and exits.**

STACEY:

Here puppy. Here puppy!

RAYLENE:

Guys?

**Romulus and Remus play football. Remus' head is bandaged.**

**SIX: December**

**Raylene alone in the MPR. Winterized stickies on the windows.**

**She is holding a beautifully wrapped present with a card on it that says DETER. She hits play on the tape recorder.**

**Big band music. But then someone has taped over it. We hear the vestiges of the music but also a recording of Deter's mom DONNA talking to herself from earlier.**

DONNA:

*No, I don't mind listening to you practice.*

*Go on. Go on!*

*Play!*

**No drumming on the tape.**

*That's nice.*

*And then I hear...*

*No, I'm asking.*

*Really. What do I hear?*

*How come I never hear you play at home? Simon Deter. Can you hear me? That's a question.*

*Why don't I ever hear you play here?*

**Raylene shuts the tape off. She tightens the bow on the present. Raylene practices once:**

RAYLENE:

Hi, is Deter there?

Yeah.

**She calls Deter.**

RAYLENE:

Hi, is Deter there?

**Donna appears in the alternate space—it startles Raylene.**

DONNA:

Where is Simon?

Hello? RAYLENE:

Hello? DONNA:

Is this Donna? RAYLENE:

Where is Simon? DONNA:

Oh. Um. He's at band practice. RAYLENE:

No, he's not. He's not at band practice. DONNA:

Yes he is. RAYLENE:

It's winter break. He doesn't go to band practice. DONNA:

**Raylene sees Deter and Camille outside the window romping and singing Christmas carols on the edge of the forest.**

*Do you see what I see?* DETER & CAMILLE:

He's singing Christmas carols. DONNA:

...What? RAYLENE:

On Christmas we sing Christmas carols. DONNA:

*Do you see what I see?* DETER & CAMILLE:

*Do you see what I see?* DONNA:

What the fuck?

*Do you hear what I hear?*

*Do you hear what I hear?*

**Deter and Camille romp.**

RAYLENE:

DETER & CAMILLE:

DONNA:

**SEVEN: New Years Eve**

**Raylene alone in the MPR. Raylene is holding a noise maker and a New Years party hat. She angrily hums *Auld Lang Syne*.**

**Raylene practices once, pissed:**

RAYLENE:  
Hi, is Deter there?  
Yeah.

**Raylene calls Deter, nice again.**

RAYLENE:  
Hi, is Deter there?

**Deter in the alternate space.**

DETER:  
Hi.

RAYLENE & DETER:  
Hi.

DETER:  
What's up?

RAYLENE:  
I just wanted to tell you there are a lot of things about you which I don't like.

DETER:  
There are a lot of things about you I don't like!

RAYLENE:  
You move around the order of the chairs in the Multi Purpose Room when you get to practice before I do.  
Which I do not like.

DETER:  
You think you are always right - which I do not like.

RAYLENE  
You act like we're arguing even when we agree  
And you're convincing me of something when you're not—

DETER:

You're nicer to everyone else than to me.

RAYLENE:

You sell pot but pretend like you're not.

RAYLENE & DETER:

Which I do not like.

DETER:

You don't drink.

RAYLENE:

I think you're dating Camille.

DETER:

You act like nothing ever gets to you.

RAYLENE:

She is weird and weird makes me sick.

DETER:

Tint and Hurley both stare at you whatever you do.

RAYLENE and DETER:

Which I do not like.

DETER:

The football team at the public school, the debate team, all they do is look at you! I want you to tell them to stop, but you just keep being pretty.

RAYLENE:

You think I'm pretty?

DETER:

No because you you would use it against me in some way.

RAYLENE and DETER:

Which I do not like.

RAYLENE:

You think you're better than everyone.

DETER:

You ask too many questions.

RAYLENE:  
You're afraid of getting close to me!

RAYLENE & DETER:  
Which I do not like.

RAYLENE:  
Fine!

**Raylene hangs up.**

RAYLENE:  
I hate things.

**Raylene calls again.**

DETER:  
Deter.

RAYLENE:  
Raylene again.  
So. A couple of us are going to Chevy's for the countdown, if you want to come.

DETER:  
I can't.

RAYLENE:  
Is it because I said I don't like all the stuff about you?

DETER:  
A little bit. Yeah.

RAYLENE:  
I take it back. Because. It's going to be fun! And starting tomorrow Tint's off of academic probation so he's back in the band. We're going to celebrate.

DETER:  
I'm about to be picked up.

RAYLENE:  
Oh—should she be—can your mom be—

DETER:  
My aunt.

RAYLENE:

Oh! God! I mean good—I mean—  
I could pick you up.

DETER:

Are you still at school?

RAYLENE:

In the band room.

DETER:

She's here now, I should go.

**Michelle appears in the alternate space with Deter.  
She looks exactly like Donna but is sober and more generously endowed.**

MICHELLE:

Hi Drums.

**Deter gets in the car with Michelle.**

RAYLENE:

Maybe I could meet your aunt sometime.

DETER:

Maybe. Bye, Raylene.

RAYLENE:

Oh, bye.

MICHELLE:

Is something wrong?

DETER:

I'm not going to Chevy's with the rest of the band.

MICHELLE:

Nerves?

DETER:

No.

MICHELLE:

It's a new group of people.

DETER:

Yeah.

A little out of your element.

Yeah.

Big deal.

I guess.

Your mom would be proud.

Then maybe she should come see us play.

Want to have the band kids over after school when it starts back up? I've got that big empty condo in my fancy condo complex...

No.

Good, I don't like them.

Thanks.

Dweebs.  
Social outcasts.  
Band geeks.

Ok!

Great! What time is good for you?

After our last class. 3pm.

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

DETER:

MICHELLE:

Great. I'll make mini-tacos.

**Beat.**

DETER:

Michelle. If you could block out everything you didn't want to hear, would you?

MICHELLE:

What do you mean?

DETER:

I don't know.

MICHELLE:

Ok. So. People say Michelle, why aren't you married. Michelle, why'd you drop out of med school to be an orthodontist. Michelle. Michelle....I don't hear any of that. So yes.

DETER:

Do you block out my mom?

MICHELLE:

No.

I don't block out who she is—I block out what she does.  
It's a miracle she still has a driver's license.

DETER:

Last night she ate chicken salad for dinner with her hands.

MICHELLE:

Deter.

Deter.

DETER:

I'm hungry. Can we stop somewhere?

MICHELLE:

Yeah.

**EIGHT**

**MPR. Same night. After midnight. Same stickies.**

**From the bathroom we hear Hurley practicing a-capella.**

HURLEY (In bathroom):

A Weema way A weema way  
Near the village, the peaceful village  
The lion sleeps tonight  
Ahhh, AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAA!

**beat.**

HURLEY (In bathroom):

Hurley. On voice. The crowd goes: Whaaaaaaaaah!

**Hurley sticks his head out of the bathroom, looks around, goes back in.**

HURLEY (In bathroom):

Hush, my darling, don't fear, my darling  
The lion sleeps tonight.  
A Weema way A weema way.

**beat. Hurley gurgles water.**

**Just then the Band Kids (Raylene, Stacey, Tint) pour in from the door to the outside. They are post new-years, Chevy riled deviant revelry. Bibs as hats. Stacey has something large and bulky under her tank top. Big energy. They continue singing as they enter. Stacey births the pilfered Chevy's karaoke machine out from under her shirt.**

TINT:

Her BABY.

**Stacey finds this very funny. Tint is pleased.**

TINT:

You have to use protection when you listen to the top 40.

**Stacey finds this very funny.**

TINT:

Especially you!

**Stacey stops laughing abruptly.  
She picks at her acne.**

STACEY:  
What. What does that mean?

TINT:  
Nothing. Nothing! I—I mean.

STACEY:  
What does that mean?

RAYLENE:  
Leave him alone, Stacey, everyone knows you get around.

**Stacey is crushed. She picks at her acne.**

RAYLENE:  
Oh come on! You talk about it all the time. You're not upset. She's not upset.  
Let's turn it on.

**Tint plugs in the Karaoke machine.  
Hurley pokes his head out of the bathroom. The machine starts up.**

HURLEY:  
I know that sound!

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:  
Hurley!

HURLEY:  
My band!

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:  
Hurley.

HURLEY:  
My band...

RAYLENE:  
What are you still doing here?

HURLEY:  
Acapella practice just ended.  
WHAT have we got here?

Karaoke System.

TINT:

We stole it from the Chevy's!

RAYLENE:

I have one at home my parents got me for Christmas.

TINT:

Do they have any Guns n' Roses on there?

HURLEY:

Oh. no.

TINT:

Tint. You have got to expand your horizons.

HURLEY:

I like Chopin.

TINT:

No one else does.

HURLEY:

**Tint scrolls through the menu.**

HURLEY:

There's a boy.

TINT:

There's none on here.

HURLEY:

Go back. No, you're going too fast!

**Tint scrolls up.**

STACEY:

I'm drunk. I'm drunk and I'm a slut. Tint. Hey Tint.

TINT:

One second.

STACEY:

Tint.

Just a minute.

TINT:

Tint.

STACEY:

What?

TINT:

Do you have to use the bathroom?

STACEY:

**Tint stops what he's doing.**

Yes.

TINT:

**Tint stands up and makes straight for the bathroom.**

What do you think you're doing?

STACEY:

Going to. Towards. The bathroom.

TINT:

Sit down.

STACEY:

**Camille appears in the forest.**

What?

TINT:

You're pathetic.

STACEY:

What. What. What. What.

TINT:

I was just asking a question. What did you think would happen?

STACEY:

What happened before.

TINT:

HURLEY:

Wowza.

STACEY:

Don't make shit up.

HURLEY:

Maybe it's under 'Axl'...

STACEY:

Everyone thinks you're disgusting. You're a disgusting piece of shit. Everyone thinks you're a loser. Even in band. Especially in band. What are you if you're the loser in band.

TINT:

Why are you doing this?

**Outside the wind picks up. Branches scrape on the window. Camille enters from the forest.**

RAYLENE:

What are you doing here?

CAMILLE:

I'm here for the party.  
I brought mini champagne.

RAYLENE:

Stacey—let's pick out something to sing, it's getting crowded.

**Camille takes the mini bottle of champagne out of her purse which is made out of a dog stuffed animal that's missing an eye or worse<sup>3</sup>.**

RAYLENE:

Ok – Stacey.  
Stacey.  
Stacey.

STACEY (re: the purse):

---

3



That looks like that Freshman's dog. He told me it got run over by the UPS delivery truck.

**Beat.**

Stacey. RAYLENE:

What? STACEY:  
Oh yeah. Do they have Shakira on there?

**Camille exits into the forest.**

We're having fun. RAYLENE:

**Camille starts playing the Violin. Tint hears it and gets up.**

Where are you going? RAYLENE:

Good news: I think I found some Guns n' Roses. HURLEY:

**Tint starts to exit after the music.**

Tint, do not go with her. RAYLENE:  
Tint.

**Tint exits. Simultaneous scenes. Camille and Tint outside the window and Hurley, Stacey and Raylene inside the MPR. Camille pauses in playing.**

**Hurley starts playing Paradise City on the Karaoke Machine.**

Here we go: HURLEY:

Take me down to the paradise city  
Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Oh, won't you please take me home

TINT:

What are you doing?

CAMILLE:  
I can take your problems away.

TINT:  
Really?

CAMILLE:  
Whenever you hear something hard, you can hear music instead.

TINT:  
Um. What?

CAMILLE:  
I'm going to level with you Tint. It's never going to get better than it is now. It's never going to get easier. You're never going to be better equipped than you are now to deal with the stuff that sucks.

TINT:  
How would you know?

CAMILLE:  
I've been around for awhile. I know.

HURLEY:

Take me down to the paradise city  
Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Oh, won't you please take me home—

CAMILLE:  
But I can't do it unless you want me to.

TINT:  
Is it going to hurt?

CAMILLE:  
It will feel like nothing.

TINT:  
Ok.

CAMILLE:  
Tell me everything you don't want to hear.

**Camille starts to play her song on Violin transforming and enchanting Tint.  
Behind them a chorus of silent stuffed roadkill slowly rises.**

TINT:  
When I say something and nobody answers.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
Girls make fun of me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
Guys are assholes to me.

**The chorus of stuffed roadkill shiver and shake.**

HURLEY:  
Just an urchin livin' under the street  
I'm a hard case that's tough to beat  
I'm your charity case  
So buy me somethin' to eat  
I'll pay you at another time  
Take it to the end of the line—

**Camille's music melts in with Paradise City.**

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
They laugh at me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
They call me names of things I'm not.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT  
They call me names of things I am.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
They invite me places and don't show.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
My parents are the only ones who stand up for me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
Even my teachers ignore me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
People want to leave me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

**Hurley rocks out. Tint and Camille continuous through the rest.**

HURLEY:  
Take me down to the paradise city  
Where the grass is green  
And the girls are pretty  
Oh, won't you please—

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
They're disappointed in me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
They're mad at me.

TINT & CAMILLE:  
When—

TINT:  
They don't want me.

HURLEY:

Oh won't you please  
Oh won't you please  
Oh won't you please take me home.

**Camille and Hurley come to a rest.**

CAMILLE:  
Now you'll hear music instead.

RAYLENE:  
You shouldn't have said that stuff to Tint.

STACEY:  
I know.

RAYLENE:  
Then why did you!!

STACEY:  
I don't know. I kind of like him actually.

RAYLENE:  
You are so weird!

**Tint walks back into the room.**

RAYLENE:  
Tint?

TINT:  
Yeah?

RAYLENE:  
Are you ok?

TINT:

Yeah.

Are you still mad?

RAYLENE:

No.

TINT:

Do you want to sing Karaoke?

STACEY:

No.

TINT:

What did you do to him?

RAYLENE:

Everything is great.

TINT:

**Tint exits.**

STACEY:

Tint? Tint wait!

**Stacey exits after him. Tint doesn't notice her.  
Hurley exits into the bathroom.**

**In the alternate space, Donna picks Deter up from Michelle's condo.  
Raylene—still in the MPR—plays ominous accompaniment to their scene  
on the piano.**

Mom?

DETER:

Get in, Simon.

DONNA:

What are you doing here?

DETER:

What are you doing here, it's past midnight?

DONNA:

It's new years.

DETER:

What? DONNA:

The new year. The new year holiday celebrated by everyone on the western hemisphere. DETER:

Don't yell. DONNA:

I'm not. DETER:

So I can't pick you up? DONNA:

No, you can. But are you ok to drive? DETER:

I'm driving aren't I? DONNA:

Let me get Michelle. DETER:

Don't bother, if you're so convinced you're in the right, I'll just be on my way. DONNA:

Fine. DETER:

Fine. DONNA:

**Deter gets in the car.**

Do you see anything wrong with the way I'm driving? DONNA:

No. DETER:

I'm picking you up because we need to talk about something. DONNA:

Is it about band performances?

DETER:

No.

DONNA:

So you're not coming.

DETER:

That's not what this is about.

DONNA:

What then?

DETER:

I found some of your IM conversations on your computer.

DONNA:

What? When?

DETER:

I went on your computer and I found IM conversations where you say you will sell things to your friends. Things you call Soap.

DONNA:

I looked it up online and Soap is a street name for Rohipnol. The date rape drug. You are selling the date rape drug at your school.

Mom!

DETER:

I haven't decided if I'm going to call the police. But band is definitely over with.

DONNA:

I'm not selling the date rape drug. Soap is what we call Pot. It's just a nickname for Pot.

DETER:

I looked it up. It's the date rape drug.

DONNA:

Not to us. It's a nickname. It's just funny. Like. Do you want to get clean? Man, I feel so clean today. Like that.

DETER:

How can I believe you?  
DONNA:

Mom,  
watch where you're going.  
DETER:

Now I know you're selling drugs, if you're willing to sell drugs—  
DONNA:

Mom, watch what you're doing.  
DETER:

—how do I know you're not willing to sell the date rape drug?  
DONNA:

Because I'm not a monster.  
DETER:

How do I know I can believe anything you say anymore? You sell drugs!  
DONNA:

Mom, the road!  
DETER:

You say you're in band, but you never practice at home. How do I know what you're doing?  
DONNA:

Mom!  
DETER:

You're a liar. How do I know what you're doing when you're not at home?  
DONNA:

Mom!  
DETER:

**The sound of sirens behind them. Flashing lights.**

Shit.  
DONNA:

Tell me right now, are you sober? Are you sober right now?  
DETER:

**Deter and Donna disappear.**

**Back in the MPR, Hurley comes out of the bathroom and begins to straighten up the room.**

RAYLENE:

Do you notice something different about Tint?

HURLEY:

They're something different about all of you.

RAYLENE:

Tonight?

HURLEY:

Always. And only in the best senses of the thing.

RAYLENE:

Uh-huh.

HURLEY:

Talent.

RAYLENE:

Yeah.

HURLEY:

And most of all perseverance.

RAYLENE:

Right.

HURLEY:

The potential to transcend.

RAYLENE:

Wait, transcend what?

HURLEY:

Whatever it is music lets us transcend. Our own limitations.

RAYLENE:

Oh. Ok. That.

HURLEY:

But you're lucky sweet, Raylene. You don't have any limitations.

That's good.

RAYLENE:

You can do whatever you want.  
Even right now. Whatever you wanted to do.

HURLEY:

I'm doing what I want to be doing.

RAYLENE:

Which also includes being Thai?

HURLEY:

What?  
How do know about that?

RAYLENE:

I recognize those legs.

HURLEY:

Oh god.

RAYLENE:

Don't be embarrassed.

HURLEY:

It was just supposed to be a joke.

RAYLENE:

I think it's hilarious.

HURLEY:

Cool. Then. Cool.

RAYLENE:

But you know they say humor helps us work through our secret desires.

HURLEY:

....Ha.

RAYLENE:

So if there's anything you want to work through right now.

HURLEY:

RAYLENE:

No. I feel adjusted.  
I'm gonna go.

HURLEY:

Sweet Raylene.

RAYLENE:

Yeah.

**Raylene exits. Camille enters.**

HURLEY:

Did you hear that?

CAMILLE:

Do you want me to take you into the woods with me, Hurley?

HURLEY:

Yes.

CAMILLE:

It's too late for you.

**Camille exits.**

HURLEY:

I was a child prodigy. I went to Juilliard!!

Forest slut.

**Romulus and Remus track/play football.**

## NINE

### **Tint self conducts the intro to Beethoven's ODE TO JOY.**

TINT:

*Bom bom bom, bom-ba-ba bom bom.*

TINT (Performing his father):

Who do you think was the most confident musician, Tint? Tint, who do you think. But who do you think? Guess. Guess again. Ok, I'll tell you, Ludwig van Beethoven. You know why? He went deaf at 26 years old. That's when he made his best work, his most beautiful work, because he couldn't hear his critics.

TINT:

*Ba-ba- bom bom. Bom bom bom. Bom-bom-bom-bom. Bom bom bom.*

TINT (Performing his mother):

Your father is right, Tint, we're all under siege all the time, it's just more apparent to you now. Things will get less painful. But they'll also get less funny. You won't laugh as much.

### **Tint cues a full orchestral/choral Beethoven's ODE TO JOY. Blasts the good part.**

TINT (Performing his father):

Beethoven wrote *Ode to Joy* when he was deaf because he didn't give a shit. His friends came over one night and heard him banging on the piano and you know what he said?

"Ist es nicht schön?" "Is it not beautiful?"

TINT:

*Bom bom bom. Bom bom bom bom.  
Freude, schoener Goetterfunken,  
Tochter aus Elysium.*

TINT (Performing his mother):

I love that story.

TINT (Performing his father):

Beethoven didn't care. And that's what allowed him to make something beautiful because he didn't care. He banged away in complete confidence because there were no voices in his head but his own. Is it not beautiful?

TINT:

*Wir betreten feuertrunken,*

*Himmlische, dein Heiligtum.*

I love that story.

TINT (Performing his mother):

Everything is going to be ok.

TINT (Performing his parents):

TINT:

Ist es nicht schön? Is it not beautiful?

Bang bang bang bang. Is it not beautiful? Bang bang bang.

IS IT NOT BEAUTIFUL?

We'll see.

**TEN: February**

**The MPR.**

**Valentine's day stickies on the windows.**

**On each command the band performs a prescribed movement accompanying it. They're not bad. They're not good—but they're not bad.**

ONE.	HURLEY:
One.	RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:
TWO.	HURLEY:
Two.	RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:
To the rear.	HURLEY:
To the rear.	RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

**In the alternate space, Michelle is dropping Deter off at school.**

DETER:  
Hey. Michelle. Thank you for coming to my band performances.

MICHELLE:  
That's so sweet of you to say.

DETER:  
What do you like about them?

MICHELLE:  
What?

DETER:  
What do you think of the music?

MICHELLE:  
I love it.

DETER:  
What about it?

MICHELLE:  
I just love hearing you play.

DETER:  
But what about it?

MICHELLE:  
Seeing you do something you love.

DETER:  
That's it.

MICHELLE:  
No, the whole experience. The whole experience is rewarding for me.

DETER:  
What is rewarding about it?

MICHELLE:  
Deter, come on.

Kick.

HURLEY:

Kick.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

Step.

HURLEY:

Step.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

To the rear.

HURLEY:

To the rear.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

DETER:  
Ok, then just. Thanks.

We're recording a presentation for Raylene's waitlist supplement to Duke.  
If you want to come.

MICHELLE:

You're inviting me? I'm actually getting a formal invitation and not the newsletter from your band leader?

DETER:

Yeah.

MICHELLE:

Nothing would make me happier.

DETER:

Yup, ok.

MICHELLE:

Is it ok if I tell Donna?

DETER:

I don't want to invite her if she's not going to show.

MICHELLE:

Ok. But maybe you can invite her even if she isn't going to show?

DETER:

I'll see you at 3.

MICHELLE:

Why are you taking band this year?

DETER:

What?

MICHELLE:

This school doesn't even have a marching band. Why are you in a fake marching band?

DETER:

I play the drums.

MICHELLE:

And you both know it's the last chance for your mom to hear you perform.

DETER:

Right.

MICHELLE:  
Just putting that out there.

DETER:  
Bye Michelle.

MICHELLE:  
Bye Drums.

**In the MPR.**

Right face.

HURLEY:

Right face.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

Left face.

HURLEY:

Left face.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

**Deter enters.**

About face.

HURLEY:

About face.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY:

Deter you're late.

HURLEY:

Sorry.

DETER:

Get in position.

HURLEY:

**Deter joins the ranks.**

Did you bring valentines?

TINT:

What? DETER:

Count off. HURLEY:

One Two Three Four RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY & DETER:

For the girls. TINT:

No. Did you? DETER:

No. TINT:  
Yes.

Count off. HURLEY:

One Two Three Four RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY & DETER:

But I'm not giving it to them unless they give me one first. TINT:

Double time. HURLEY:

**Musical moment; all together:**

HURLEY & RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY & DETER:  
ONE TWO THREE FOUR / TO THE REAR / TO THE RIGHT / TO THE FRONT /  
TO THE BACK / TO THE BACK / TO THE FRONT / TO THE SIDE / TO THE  
SIDE / TO THE SIDE / AWWWW / FREAK OUT / KICK KICK / STEP STEP /  
KICK / STEP / KICK / STEP / KICK KICK KICK / STEP STEP STEP / RIGHT  
FACE / LEFT FACE / ABOUT FACE / FACE OFF / ONE TWO THREE FOUR

Halt. HURLEY:

Halt. RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY & DETER:

No, Halt.

HURLEY:

Halt.

RAYLENE & TINT & STACEY & DETER:

Stop!

HURLEY:

**Raylene and Tint and Deter stop. Stacey is still marching.**

Stacey.

RAYLENE:

Oh.

STACEY:

**Stacey stops.**

Good!  
Now we're going to freestyle.

HURLEY:

What.

RAYLENE:

HURLEY:  
Get out the instruments you made last week.  
Where is this thing? I'm going to get mine from my car.  
At ease, young people.

**Hurley exits.**  
**Tint saddles up to Raylene. He gives her a Valentine.**

What's this?

RAYLENE:

It's a valentine.

TINT:

Oh.

RAYLENE:

For Valentine 's Day. For you.

TINT:

RAYLENE:

I shouldn't accept this.

I don't like you in that way, and by accepting this I may be misleading you to think I do. Ok. Here's why I don't like you ....

**In the forest, Camille plays her violin. Raylene silently tells Tint everything that is wrong with him but Tint can't hear her.**

RAYLENE:

.....and you open your eyes too wide when you talk  
and.....

.....  
which reminds me of this uncle I have with Parkinson's.

**Camille has stopped playing. Raylene finishes talking – smiles awkwardly at Tint. Tint is excited to have been spared from all that.**

TINT:

Cool.

**Tint walks over to Stacey.**

DETER:

Dude. Cut your losses.

TINT:

I got it covered.

DETER:

Since when?

**Tint gives Stacey a Valentine.**

STACEY:

What?

TINT:

It's a valentine.

STACEY:

Oh shit. That's today?

TINT:

Yes. So here.

STACEY:

Shit. Shit. I'm sorry—

**Camille starts playing the violin. Stacey is mouthing words but we, and Tint, just hear music.**

STACEY:

..... But maybe. Maybe we could go  
.....?..... with just any  
guy. I'm not a slut.

**Camille stops playing. Stacey finishes and looks at Tint expectantly. He doesn't say anything.**

STACEY:

Is that what you think?

Is that what you think?

**Stacey runs into the bathroom and locks the door.**

RAYLENE:

Tint?

TINT:

What?

RAYLENE:

Are you ok?

TINT:

My parents are always telling me everything's going to be ok when it's not. I don't have to listen to that anymore.

DETER:

Will you shut the fuck up?

**Camille plays the violin.**

TINT:

What?

DETER:

Nothing.

What?

TINT:

At least your parents try.

DETER:

**Tint can't hear him.**

What?

TINT:

Never mind.

DETER:

What's wrong with him?

TINT:

**Stacey runs out of the bathroom and out of the MPR. She runs into Camille. Camille stops playing.**

What's up with everyone?

TINT:

**Hurley enters the MPR with a giant home-made instrument. Outside we can see Camille talking to Stacey.**

What is that?

RAYLENE:

**Hurley plays a piece on the instrument.**

I call it a tubifone.

HURLEY:

**Camille is explaining something to Stacey. Behind them the stuffed roadkill rise and twitch.**

**Tint gets out his instrument  
Raylene takes her instrument out of her backpack. It's a little worse for the ware.  
Deter takes out a keyboard.**

You didn't make that.

TINT:

DETER:

I rewired it.

HURLEY:

Raylene, why don't you go first?

RAYLENE:

Ok! So. Somehow the cavity got compressed in my backpack. But ideally it would make sort of a tapping sound when you march with it. So I'm just going to do that. Like tapa tapa. Ready?

HURLEY & DETER & TINT:

Ready.

RAYLENE:

Do I have to do this?

HURLEY:

Think outside the marching band box.

RAYLENE:

But the reason I like marching band is because of the box. It's a nice box. It comes out of the military.

HURLEY:

A one a two a three a four:

**Raylene starts playing her wackamo instrument.**

**In the forest, Camille starts playing the violin for Stacey.**

STACEY:

When men call after me on the boardwalk.

CAMILLE & STACEY:

When—

STACEY:

Girls whisper about me.

RAYLENE:

Tapa tapa tapa.

CAMILLE & STACEY:

When—

STACEY:

People tell me what they've heard I've done and it's not true.

RAYLENE:

Tapa tapa.

CAMILLE & STACEY:

When—

STACEY:

People tell me what they've heard I've done and it is.

RAYLENE:

Tapa tapa tapa.

CAMILLE & STACEY:

When—

STACEY:

My Dad tells me I'm sexy.

CAMILLE & STACEY:

When—

STACEY:

My Dad tells me I'm cheap.

**Camille pied pipes Stacey. She stops playing.**

RAYLENE:

Tapa tapa tapa tap.

That's it.

**Hurley is genuinely moved.**

HURLEY:

Gorgeous.

**Stacey comes back into the MPR.**

HURLEY:

Good, Stacey. Let's see your instrument.

STACEY:

What?

TINT:

The instruments we made, come on you remember that—

**Camille's plays and drowns out what Tint's saying for Stacey.  
He mouths words.**

TINT:

.....

**Stacey responds but Camille's playing drowns out what she's saying for  
Tint. She mouths words.**

STACEY:

.....

**Tint and Stacey talk to each other but neither can hear the other. Deter  
notices this.**

**ELEVEN**

**Deter plays on his tricked out keyboard. He plays casio beats remixed with his recordings of his mother. What at first seems like verbal accents to his playing builds into complex hip-hop orchestrations of his mother's promises and disappointments.**

**Donna appears in the alternate space and rocks out to the composition.**

**It's beautiful and horrible. It's uncomfortable and pathetic and overwhelming.**

**The forest invades the MPR.**

**In the forest, Deter goes to Camille.**

CAMILLE:

Is something wrong?

DETER:

I want you to do it to me. Whatever you did to Tint and Stacey.

CAMILLE:

Deter.

DETER:

I need you to help me. Please.

CAMILLE:

Deter. Let go of me.

DETER:

I don't want to hear any of it anymore. Why won't you help me?

CAMILLE:

Ok. Ok. I will. But there is something I have to tell you.

**Raylene is cutting through the branches with her knife. Suddenly, two twin wild boys ROMULUS and REMUS in loin cloths and football padding appear. They are French.**

ROMULUS & REMUS:

Bon Jour.

**Beat.**

RAYLENE:  
What the fuck.

ROMULUS & REMUS:  
We are

ROMULUS:  
Romulus

REMUS:  
and Remus.

RAYLENE:  
The wild boys who were raised by a she-wolf and went on to found Rome?

ROMULUS & REMUS:  
We also play football at the public school.

REMUS:  
Though I've been out of commission part of the season due to an unfortunate bat blow to the head.

RAYLENE:  
Oh, are you the football players who attacked Tint?

**In the other part of the forest:**

CAMILLE:  
It was years ago. I was a senior then too.

DETER:  
Right.

CAMILLE:  
That doesn't surprise you?

DETER:  
California public schools. A lot of people get held back.

ROMULUS & REMUS:  
We didn't want Tint, we wanted Camille.

REMUS:  
Well we wanted Tint a little bit.

ROMULUS:

He's very annoying. He throws water balloons at us at home games.

ROMULUS & REMUS:

But mostly we wanted Camille.

REMUS:

The night of Halloween, we were the closest we've ever been to ridding the forest of her.

ROMULUS:

But then the orthodontic squirt hit my brother in the head with a baseball bat.

REMUS:

He hit me in the head with a baseball bat.

ROMULUS & REMUS:

Yes.

CAMILLE:

My family settled in the area. I used to love the forests here. They were thick and they were quiet. I wanted to escape.

ROMULUS:

We've been tracking her for years.

ROMULUS & REMUS:

Ever since—

RAYLENE:

Since what?

ROMULUS:

Just before Remus and I emerged from the woods to acquire more complex grammar structures.

REMUS:

There lived a brilliant violinist. Who wanted to escape.

RAYLENE & DETER:

From what?

ROMULUS:

People made fun of her.

CAMILLE:

I didn't want to hear it.

REMUS:

Her parents yelled at her.

CAMILLE:

I didn't want to hear it.

ROMULUS:

Her friends told lies about her—

CAMILLE:

I didn't want to hear it.  
I ran into the forest and -

REMUS:

befell an unfortunate accident in the woods.

RAYLENE & DETER:

What kind of accident?

ROMULUS:

It looks calm out here. So close to the manicured lawns of the school.  
But it's a wilderness—with country roads cutting through it.

REMUS:

They never found her body.

RAYLENE:

Didn't they do some kind of man hunt? I mean isn't that what they do  
when someone goes missing?

ROMULUS & REMUS:

Her parents were British.

CAMILLE:

Nobody looked.

ROMULUS:

They're a cold people. Don't go for the passions that move the rest of us.

CAMILLE:

I was all alone. But I don't like being alone.

REMUS:

Now she combs Santa Cruz with her army of a roadkill orchestra.

ROMULUS:

Looking for teenagers on the cusp of maturity she can transform.

DETER:

Please.

RAYLENE:

Deter.

DETER:

Please.

REMUS:

What are you saying? Our English is not very good.

ROMULUS:

Recently acquired.

RAYLENE:

That's what she did to Stacey and Tint. And that's what she wants to do to Deter. I have to warn him.

ROMULUS & REMUS:

Where are you going?

**Raylene exits.**

DETER:

I don't want to go back home. I don't want to hear her slurring. I don't want to hear her crying. I don't want to hear any of it ever again.

CAMILLE:

If you give me no other choice.

DETER:

I don't.

**Camille starts playing the violin.**

**Just then Raylene bursts in cymbals a flair.**

**Camille stops playing.**

DETER:

What are you doing here?

**Yelling over the clanging cymbals.**

RAYLENE:  
Saving you!

**Clang clang clang.**

DETER:  
I don't need saving. I asked her to do it.

**Cymbals stop.**

RAYLENE:  
What—

DETER:  
I think you should go.

RAYLENE:  
But—

CAMILLE:  
He asked you to leave.

RAYLENE:  
You don't have any control over me you feral ghost witch. I got into Duke off the waitlist. I face my problems head on!

**Deter kisses Camille.**

RAYLENE:  
Oh no. So I'll just be—

DETER:  
Somewhere else.

RAYLENE:  
Yeah. I'll be somewhere else.

**Raylene leaves dejected.  
Camille and Deter are alone.**

CAMILLE:  
Tell me what you don't want to hear.

DETER:

When...when...

You can say it.

CAMILLE:

When...

DETER:

Yes?

CAMILLE:

When she says she can't come to my band performances.

DETER:

**Camille plays her violin.**

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

She says she can but then doesn't show.

DETER:

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

I have to talk to her after 5.

DETER:

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

She knows I'm lying.

DETER:

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

She can't tell that I'm not.

DETER:

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

She wants me to remember conversations I wasn't there for.

DETER:

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

She's drunk.

DETER:

When—

CAMILLE & DETER:

**Camille reenacts the accident.**

DETER:

I have to be in the car when I know she's been drinking.  
When she's not watching the road.  
When the radio is blasting.  
When I pretend I'm sleeping.  
When she's swerving.  
When she's veering.  
When she hits the gas pedal.  
When she hits the breaks.

When—

When—

**Camille gets back up and approaches Deter.**

DETER:

She hit a deer.

I keep my eyes closed. It's easier to....when she's like that.

CAMILLE:

I can make life easier.  
If you want not to hear your mom, bring her to the performance. Bring her to the band performance tomorrow and you won't hear from her again.

DETER:

You mean when she says things I don't want to hear?

CAMILLE:

No. Anything. Not just the good—not just the bad. You won't be able to hear anything from her again. I'll take her with me.

DETER:

What?

CAMILLE:

The choice should be easy.  
You told me you don't want to hear her.

DETER:

Camille.

CAMILLE:

You told me you want her to disappear.

DETER:

Stop!!

CAMILLE:

Tell me to take her away!

DETER:

Shut up!

CAMILLE:

Bring her to the performance. And you don't hear from her again.

**Donna and Deter at home.**

**Silence between them.**

DONNA:

So which is it?

DETER:

Mom.

DONNA:

You're inviting one of us and not the other.

DETER:

You don't want to come.

DONNA:

How do you know that?  
Hello? Are you listening to me?

DETER:

No.

DONNA:

Simon Deter.

DETER:

It's not what you think it's going to be. It's not a performance, we're just practicing for an audience.

DONNA:

Michelle gets to watch you practice.

DETER:

She understands the context. She's not expecting anything.

DONNA:

I'm not sure you go there at all.

DETER:

I go there.

DONNA:

Or you don't go there at all.

DETER:

You're right. I've been lying the whole time, and now I'm going to have to scramble to find people who will pretend to perform with me so it looks like I'm part of a Marching Band which doesn't actually exist.

DONNA:

Where do you go when you're not here?

DETER:

I told you.

DONNA:

I don't believe you play the drums. I don't believe you play music!

DETER:

Come then, ok. You come, not Michelle. You'll see. And maybe you'll leave me alone.

DONNA:

You're inviting me?

DETER:

YES! I said I was inviting you.

DONNA:

Are you crying?

DETER:

No.

DONNA:

Are you?

DETER:

No!

DONNA:

Thank you, Simon!

DETER:

Stop.

DONNA:

This means so much to me.

DETER:

Stop.

DONNA:

I don't mean all that other stuff. I just want so much to be invited.

DETER:

I've invited you before! When I was part of a real band. Why are you so interested now?

DONNA:

Why are you yelling at me?

DETER:

It's more important now.

DONNA:

We don't have to tell Michelle where we're going. It'll be a secret.

DETER:

Great.

DONNA:

Do you not want me to go? Do you want Michelle to go instead? I'll—fine. Just tell me. You don't tell me anything.

DETER:

No. No.

I want you to go.

**In the transition, Romulus and Remus apply war paint.**

**TWELVE: March**

**The MPR. St. Patricks day stickies on the windows. Lucky charms. Four leaf clovers. Multi-racial leprechauns.**

**Tint and Stacey and Camille are playing. They are good. Hurley conducts—but we can tell he’s a little freaked out by the sudden expression of talent.**

**Raylene bops along, not quite keeping up.  
Deter isn’t present.**

**Tint and Stacey finish with a flurry. Camille keeps playing.**

RAYLENE:

When did you learn the Oboe?

**Stacey can’t hear her. She can only hear Camille playing.**

RAYLENE:

Stacey?

You know how to play the Oboe. When did you learn how to play the oboe?

Stacey?

STACEY:

What?

RAYLENE:

Can you hear me?

STACEY:

What?

RAYLENE:

You can’t hear anything.

You’re a whore.

**Stacey doesn’t respond.**

RAYLENE:

You’re my best friend.

**Stacey doesn’t respond.**

RAYLENE:

I’ve had enough of this.

**Raylene exits the MPR.**

What? STACEY:

What? TINT:

What? STACEY:

Jesus Christ. HURLEY:

**Deter enters the MPR with Donna. Camille stops playing.  
Donna is looking traumatized.**

Welcome Mrs. Deter. CAMILLE:

Hi. DONNA:

Mom. This is the band. That's Camille and Hurley and Stacey and Tint. DETER:

What? STACEY & TINT:

Are any of the other parents coming? DONNA:

No. It's just you. CAMILLE:

Oh. Ok. DONNA:

You can sit down. DETER:

I want to stand. This is my last chance to hear you. I want to make sure I get a good spot. DONNA:

I brought your recorder. I'm going to record you play. But I saw the batteries were dead so I went to that drug store and got some extra life batteries. But. Dammit. How do you –A, there, there we go. Yeah. Ready.

Shall we begin then? CAMILLE:

Wait. DETER:

What? STACEY & TINT:

There's a bathroom here. Why don't you go in and freshen up. DETER:

Why? DONNA:

We're waiting on the band captain, anyways. DETER:

Oh. DONNA:

**Deter ushers Donna into the bathroom.**

What are you doing? Simon. DONNA:

**Deter puts her in the bathroom and slams a filing cabinet from the MPR up against it. She jiggles the handle.**

I changed my mind. DETER:

Deter, what are you doing? HURLEY:

Simon? DONNA:

**Donna jiggles the handle and knocks on the inside of the bathroom door.**

Simon? DONNA:

DETER:

I don't want to lose her.

DONNA:

Simon? What are you doing. Simon?

CAMILLE:

You don't have a choice anymore.

**Camille starts playing the violin.**

**The music debilitates Deter, he squirms in fetal position on the floor.**

DETER:

Oh god. Help!

**Hurley runs and cowers in a corner.**

**Just then Raylene swings through the window—knife ajar—in full Romulus and Remus football Roman regalia.**

RAYLENE:

Waaaa!

**Camille hits the knife out of Raylene's hand with her bow.**

RAYLENE:

Well, shit.

DETER:

Help!

DONNA:

Simon? What's going on out there? Is this part of the performance? Simon?

RAYLENE:

Um.

I know!

**Raylene goes to the piano and starts playing Camille's song. Camille covers her ears.**

**Romulus and Remus pop up in the window.**

ROMULUS & REMUS:

The only way to reverse the transformation is for people to accept the things they don't want to acknowledge.

How? RAYLENE:

Admit the truth. ROMULUS:

And keep playing! ROMULUS & REMUS:

**Raylene plays interstitial piano between proclamations.**

Ok. Deter go. RAYLENE:

Deter! Deter! Are you still there? DONNA:

Deter! RAYLENE:

I love you and that hurts me. DETER:

I heard that. TINT:

It's working!  
Tint. Tint—say something. RAYLENE:

I'm not popular! TINT:

What's going on? STACEY:

I see some of you in me and it scares me. DETER:

My mom wrote my college essay! TINT:

STACEY:

I really like sex!

DONNA:

I love you too!

TINT:

My antidepressants make me anxious!

STACEY:

I pretend not to speak Spanish in Spanish class!

TINT:

I shave my face even though there's nothing there!

STACEY:

My last name is Cleopatica-Diaz!

TINT:

I'm never going to be as great as my parents think I am!

STACEY:

I'm never going to be as bad as my dad thinks I am!

DETER:

I wish things were different but I know that they're not.

**To the bathroom door:**

I need you anyway.

**Camille is at the bathroom door. Deter stands between her and his mother.**

**Deter makes the choice not to move.**

DETER:

I'm not moving.

**Camille puts her hands on Deter's ears.**

**Camille lets go of Deter. All sound has been sucked out of the room.**

**Stacey and Tint keep playing and yelling things out. Maybe Hurley joins. Raylene keeps playing the piano. But it's all silent. Camille walks out into the forest.**

**The chaos melts away. Deter opens the bathroom door.**

DONNA:  
Ok, where do I sit? Here?

DETER:  
Here.

DONNA:  
Just sit.

DETER:  
Yeah.

DONNA:  
Do I participate?

DETER:  
Um.

RAYLENE:  
We like it when people sway to the music.

DETER:  
Yeah, we like that.

**Deter Raylene's hand and kisses her on the forehead.**

DONNA:  
Whatever the geniuses tell me.

DETER:  
Mom.

DONNA:  
Zipped.

STACEY:  
Is she high?

TINT:  
Addictions are hard to kick.

DETER:  
Ready?

TINT and RAYLENE & STACEY:  
Ready!

DETER:  
So it's sort of like an anthem. Like what you would hear at a football game. But we changed it.

**The band plays. It is entirely percussion. It's beautiful and bombastic. It's different from anything else in the play.**

**When it's over Donna claps and kisses Deter all over his cheek.**

**The end.**