

SANDBOX

draft #4

current revisions
2/8/2011

by
Mark Noonan

“Here’s one for friendship...”

- Bruce Springsteen, No Surrender, Live 1975-1985 (Box Set)

“There’s a certain moment when you realize that you’ve actually just left the planet for a bit and that nobody can touch you. You’re elevated because you’re with a bunch of guys that want to do the same thing as you. And when it works, baby, you’ve got wings. You are flying without a license.”

- Keith Richards, “Life”

Mark Noonan
841 Broadway, 4th Floor
NY, NY 10003
646-290-0197
menoons@gmail.com

For all the musicians, actors, writers, artists who never got that one break they needed

And for Nick & Mark

Characters:

Kevin – lead guitar player, singer, and the musical backbone of the band. He and Chris write most of the songs together.

Chris – lead singer, second guitarist, and main lyricist. Lead songwriter with Kevin. Chris is the frontman, has the best hair, and leads the group.

Will – keyboards, singer. Tall skinny dorky type with a massive musical knowledge. The most “trained” as a musician of all of them. He’s also the most sarcastic of the bunch.

Tim – bass, singer. Scrappy little guy with a chip on his shoulder and boundless energy. The most athletic and grounded of the group.

Bobby – drums. Always out for a good time, like many drummers lives his life based on what he feels. Definitely not the smartest in the band but the best looking.

Alli – Kevin’s girlfriend. She can match the boys with references and comedy toe to toe which lets her fit in perfectly.

Catherine – Chris’s girlfriend. She’s an aspiring photographer, very artsy and serious.

Ravi – a computer whiz who is one of Kevin’s and Chris’s oldest friends. He’s tapped into the corporate world in a way no one in the band is. He becomes their Manager as a fun side project and to meet girls.

Setting:

The basement of a house. Left, a set of stairs. Downstage center, a couch with a couple easy chairs, a coffee table. Downstage further, another small table with a TV. Behind the couches and chairs, the gear for a five piece rock 'n roll band. This is their rehearsal space/semi-recording studio, and above, the house where they live. Each player has his own setup: to the left are Will's keyboards, back right is Bobby's drum kit, back left Tim has his bass and amp, and rounding out the crew are Kevin and Chris, each with their own guitar space and various pedals, guitars, and amps. Some mics stand around the room, the main three being for Chris, Kevin, and Will, the band's singers. Way upstage is an unseen bathroom. And further up should hang a rectangular screen for photo projections and video.

All scenes take place in this basement "band room" save a few at other apartments, backstage, or outside. Those can be achieved by adding a woman's touch (a slip over the couch, brighter light, etc), rearrangement of the couches and chairs, and most importantly, keeping the upstage instruments in darkness.

A Note: a couple of Beatles chords and dialogue from The Anthology are referenced in the play. Most likely use of the original recordings and words will not be permitted, in which case the chords and words can be recorded anew and actors used to recreate Paul's and Ringo's voices.

A second Note: the term "bump" is used for the transitional music/photo/video multimedia between scenes.

Act I

1. (Lights up. Light only on Kevin, seated on the coffeetable, acoustic guitar. He messes around lightly and haphazardly with some chords to a song called “It’s a Ride” while he talks.)

Kevin: We’re putting the band back together. That was the message Chris left on my voicemail. It was a joke. Blues Brothers. He was trying to be funny. But there was some truth to it too. We never broke up. The band had had the same lineup, same five guys, for, well, coming up on almost ten years. But we never broke up. We took hiatuses, sabbaticals, a couple weeks, then a couple months. This latest break had definitely been the longest in the nine point five year history of Sandbox. It had been a good seven months since the five of us got in a room together. It was nothing personal. Just life, ya know. But with our quote unquote ten year anniversary coming up we all knew Chris would be calling. And when you’ve been in a band ten years—when you’ve been friends ten years—you can only bullshit each other for so long.

(Blackout. The final triumphant E-major chord from The Beatles A Day In The Life.)

Bump

Music: From Sandbox’s six song demo, Demolicious, created while still in college.

Video: Shots of the five guys moving into a shabby red house (Big Red) in somewhere like Boston, MA. Out of a U-haul truck they carry couches, beds, tables, chairs, etc.

2. (Lights up. Night. Post-gig return. The guys carry gear in from the back of the room (presumably using the cellar door))

Bobby: Given any more thought to my elevator proposal?

Chris: Oh, yeah, lots. I’m gonna take it to the board.

Will: What say ye board?!

Kevin: (Paul McCartney accent from The Beatles Anthology) We’re a big act! We should have our own elevator.

Tim: (John Lennon, Anthology) We’re bigger than Jesus—

Will: (ibid) I just said what I said and it was wrong or it was taken wrong—

Kevin: (ibid) I’m not saying we’re bigger or greater than Jesus as a person or God as a thing, whatever it is.

Bobby: What was the count tonight, Will?

Will: I got nineteen.

Bobby: Chris, what'd they give us?

Chris: Sixteen.

All 5: (on top of each other) Bullshit! This is an outrage! Ridiculous! (The Big Lebowski)
This aggression will not stand! Those fuckers! There's a line in the sand! Motherfuckers!
You do not cross!

Tim: Could've been some regulars at the bar before we got there.

Will: Probably.

Bobby: And where was the pussy?

Kevin: Honestly.

Chris: It's a good point.

Bobby: Four girls?!

Will: You got *that* count down.

Bobby: Of course.

Tim: That's not even enough for all of us.

Bobby: No, you and Willy would have to double up.

Tim: There are no sloppy seconds here.

Bobby: Four girls?! Come on!

(Almost finished hauling stuff in. Will accidentally drops a cymbal: a crash)

All 4: Whoa, whoa, whoa. Hey, hey, hey. Jesus. Watch it.

Kevin: (Mick Jagger, The Rolling Stones, Gimme Shelter) Easy, my babies. Everybody
just cool out. Be cool.

Will: Sorry.

Bobby: No harm, no foul. (He hands Will a Becks beer from the six pack he carries
around. He distributes them. Tim messes around with his bass. The rest sit down and
relax.)

Chris: (to Kevin) We played well tonight. It was good energy. What'd you think?

Kevin: Ride was really fantastic.

Bobby: Yeah, it was smokin'. Best we've ever played that.

Will: A little loose—(he's ignored)

Bobby: (South Park) Timmay! You did something in the middle of Sad Undergrad—

Kevin: In the middle eight—

Bobby: Yeah. What was that?

Tim: I don't know. This? (he plays a bass part)

Kevin: No.

Bobby: No.

Will: It was an arpeggiated—

Tim: This? (plays another bass part)

Kevin: Yeah, right there. Keep that.

Bobby: We were really firing on all cylinders—and Willy with the (Phish) Squirring Coilesque solo—

(They laugh.)

Will: Which then turned into the end of Hey Jude.

Kevin: (laughing) That's right.

(All laugh, break into an impromptu Na Na Na Na sing-a-long)

Kevin: (McCartney) You sound so sweet tonight!

Will: Half the room went to the bathroom.

Chris: Where did that come from?

Tim: (just to Will) It was good, though—

Will: No f'in clue. (to Kevin) I thought you'd enjoy it.

Kevin: Oh, you bet your ass I did. Anytime you can throw in Paul—I mean, it's no George, it's no Something—(All five perform the sign of the cross) but really fucking funny.

Bobby: We gotta put some fliers in the girls dorms around here.

Will: You think it'll make a difference?

Bobby: Well it's worth a shot. I mean Four girls? Come On!

Tim: That little blonde was cute.

Bobby: Yeah, she was adorable.

Chris: It's not a bad idea. We should put up more fliers.

Bobby: That's what I'm saying.

Will: It's only been two months, we just got here. Shit, Tim still gets lost on the T.

Tim: (playing along) What's that?

Chris: But we should also—we need to hit the ladies' dorms—

Kevin: Absolutely—

Bobby: Fuck yes—

Chris: But we should also hit some of the frat houses, guys dorms—the point is it's a good idea.

Bobby: Of course it is.

Will: You're a regular Brian Epstein.

Bobby: Fuck that, man. I'm Warhol. (All laugh) I'm our Warhol.

Chris: The jam coming out of Big Jim and into She Said was really good—it was sick—really tight—what you guys were doing—

Kevin: I felt your aura—

Bobby: Well, I smelled your shakra—

Kevin: Is that what that was?

Tim: (to Will) I farted.

(Tim continues to play the Bass part they all like)

Kevin: Spark it up, dude. (hands the joint to Bobby)

Will: (Bob Dylan, Don't Look Back) Somebody give the anarchist a cigarette.

(All three, save Tim, throw smokes at Will)

Will: (sarcastic) Thanks a lot.

Kevin: (to Tim) I like that. Make sure you record it.

Tim: (head down, playing) Mm hm.

Chris: I've got some new lyrics for Twenty-One.

Kevin: Yeah?

Bobby: You finally pulled your head out of your ass, hun?

Chris: I don't know what was wrong with me.

Kevin: You stopped trying to write OK Computer.

Chris: That's true—

Bobby: Great album.

Chris: I've switched it around, these are better.

Kevin: That's good 'cause it couldn't get much worse. Where is it?

Chris: I'll grab it in a minute.

Kevin: Mm, I have a new thing for Lightbulb.

Chris: Yeah?

Bobby: Let's hear it.

Kevin: (picks up acoustic guitar) It's kind of this, uh, (he plays a sort of Phish song kind of guitar thing. Then he tells Will to give him some music—chords. Then Chris gets up to find his notebook) (To Tim,) Play what you were doing earlier. (Tim does. Bobby plays some percussion stuff on the coffee table. They're messing around. Chris returns with his

notebook but he can't find a pen anywhere. Finally Kevin pulls a pen out of his breast pocket and hands it to him without looking at him or missing a beat. Chris walks upstage (heading to the bathroom, notebook and pen in tow).

Music: the final product of the song just begun now plays, The Lightbulb I Carry, overtaking what they play onstage. Lights fade out.)

Bump

Video: Shots of the boys packing up a van and on the road driving to local gigs.

3. (Lights up. Light only on Tim, standing in his bass area playing while he talks. (Perhaps he messes with the bass part to "It's a Ride")

Tim: Our first ever real review: The Worcester Telegram and Gazette. We played a small downtown shithole called... What was it called?...

Chris: (pops his head out from offstage left) Tammany Hall.

Tim: Oh, yeah, right. Thanks. Tammany.

Chris: No problem. (starts to go)

Tim: You doing laundry?

Chris: Yeah. Why?

Tim: (smiles)

Chris: (sighs, acknowledgement he'll do Tim's laundry too, about to walk off then he turns back) You wanna pick up some beer?

Tim: Sure.

Chris: Right on. (exits)

Tim: (maybe he has a music stand with the newspaper on it) Tammany Hall. Our first review: "Opening act Sandbox, a five piece, played a high energy set of half originals, half covers. Stand out was a song called Ride." Okay, it's only two sentences. But, ya know, ya gotta start somewhere. Not bad for our first clipping... I don't write many—well any of our songs. I leave that to John and Paul. Will writes some stuff too but that's usually on his own or occasionally Bobby will draft him to help him work on whatever piece of shit he's trying to write. Drummers should never be allowed to write—at least I know my place and my true talents—but all drummers, every drummer I've ever known deep inside of them thinks they could easily be the lead singer and songwriter. And I'm sorry but unless you're Phil fucking Collins, sit down, shut up, and play the fucking drums! Whew, I don't know where that came from. Bobby's actually my closest friend in

the band. And he's great. He's a great drummer. A sweetheart. But he's Ringo, not John. Ringo.

Bump

Music:

Video: A bar as the boys play onstage. Even though the place is mostly empty (let's say twenty-five people) they still manage to have fun. Shot of their house, Big Red, on a fall afternoon. It is Halloween. Some kids in costume walk up to the front door and knock. The door swings open and there are the boys in costume playing acoustics and singing, with Bobby on a beatbox. The kids, and their parents, think it's great. Then they finish playing a song and Tim runs over and gives the kids candy. The lads thoroughly enjoy their current lifestyle.

4. (Lights up. A Sunday afternoon. Kevin and Chris seated. Kev smokes. They are writing together. Chris, on acoustic, finishes playing a song he's written.)

Chris: (Singing) Then there's a bridge which I haven't figured out yet and then it goes into this (he returns to playing the chorus) and then it just builds to the end. You can do that.

Kevin: (McCartney) That's a good song.

Chris: Thanks. I don't really know what it is yet.

Kevin: It's got some good stuff. Very chill. It's pretty Sensitivo, though, I've gotta say.

Chris: Yeah, maybe a bit.

Kevin: Oh, it's got Chris Martin written all over it.

Chris: Chris Martin? Come on, it's better than that.

Kevin: All right. I'll put it somewhere between Bright Eyes and Damien Rice.

Chris: (going upstage) That's ridiculous.

Kevin: I'm not saying it's in James Taylor Sensitivo country. Or Jackson Browne.

Chris: (offstage) I fucking hate Jackson Browne!

Kevin: Anyone with half a ball does.

(Chris returns with two more Becks. Kevin rolls a joint.)

Chris: Willy was really out of his mind last night. I haven't seen him that drunk in a while.

Kevin: Yeah, well, ya know—(Billy Joel, sings) Don't forget your second wind!

Chris: That guy could write songs.

Kevin: You bet your ass he could.

Chris: What do you got? You got music? A melody?

Kevin: No. Not really. Just ideas. I have a chord progression.

Chris: Show me what you've got. I have a lot of lyric ideas. (holds up notebook)

Kevin: Yeah. Anything that's not rubbish?

Chris: Watch it.

Kevin: Where's the humor, amigo?

Chris: There's some bits here and there. Not everything has to be funny.

Kevin: Not everything has to be serious.

Chris: Are you gonna play the song?

Kevin: (valley girl accent) Seriously.

Chris: (laughs) You gonna play the song?

Kevin: (ibid) Like seriously.

Chris: Play the fucking song!

Kevin: Right on.

(Kevin grabs his acoustic and immediately goes into his song. It's all chords because he has no lyrics. Maybe he goes "la la la" or something to show how the lyrics would flow.)

Kevin: Some sort of bridge here and then it can go wherever.

Chris: What sort of lyrics do you have?

Kevin: I just have some chorus stuff.

Chris: Lay it on me.

Kevin: Something like...(he plays, sings some chorus words)

(Chris writes Kevin's words down. Then he grabs his acoustic and Kevin quickly plays the chorus once more so he can get that down. Enter Tim via the stairs, returning from a jog.)

Kevin: (handing Tim the joint) How was the run?

Tim: Fantastic. It's a glorious day out. I feel great. (takes a hit)

Kevin: It looked that way from my window.

(Chris takes a last hit then, his acoustic guitar and notebook in tow, he walks off upstage to the unseen bathroom.)

Tim: (looks at the TV) Episode Four.

Kevin: Five. They're about to meet Elvis.

Tim: Decent crowd last night. The posters seemed to help a little.

Kevin: Yeah, I guess so.

Tim: Also helped that it was ten cent wing night.

Kevin: I gotta say they were pretty good wings. Did you try 'em?

Tim: 'Nah, I'm trying to...(stoned) ya know...take better care of myself. (he takes a hit)

Kevin: I know. I'm feeling the burn.

Tim: I think you might like yoga.

Kevin: I should probably start with yogurt. Anything too drastic might kill me.

Tim: You are a delicate ecosystem.

Kevin: Tell me about it.

Tim: (looks secretively upstage) Was it me—Is he writing?

Kevin: Yeah.

Tim: Am I crazy or was the show really rockin' and then about three quarters of the way through—

Kevin: No, you're right.

Tim: What was that? Where'd that come from?

Kevin: It's the Bono complex.

Tim: Yeah, well, it just totally—

Kevin: I know—

Tim: Killed the vibe.

Kevin: I know—

Tim: I mean I think we saved it.

Kevin: Oh, we did.

Tim: But, man—

Kevin: I know.

Tim: Sonny was killer, though.

Kevin: From one extreme to the other.

Tim: You just tore into that.

Kevin: Channeling my inner Hendrix.

Tim: It was nasty. I haven't heard you play like that in ages.

Kevin: Well, extreme times call for extreme measures.

Tim: And then the Professor came in perfectly—

Kevin: I know—he continues to amaze—I mean sometimes we get so locked in—you know what I mean?

Tim: Absolutely. I don't see it as much with Will—you and me sometimes—but Bobby and me, man—

Kevin: Yeah, you guys—

Tim: Sometimes we get so tuned in, I know what he's gonna do before he does it.

Kevin: I know.

Kevin & Tim: It's telepathic.

(They laugh)

Tim: Exactly.

Kevin: Those are the best moments.

Tim: It's like great sex.

Kevin: I wouldn't know.

Tim: Yeah, me neither. Bobby on the other hand—

Kevin: Sluts coming at him from every direction.

Tim: Unbelievable. They're just drawn to him. I mean it's the oldest cliché.

Kevin: Like flies to shit.

Bobby: (rises from behind his drum kit, holds his head) Who you calling shit?

(This sudden outburst surprises the hell out of Kevin and Tim who had no idea he was back there.)

Tim: Jesus!

Kevin: Sonofamotherfuckingwhore!

Bobby: (stands, wincing, getting his bearings) Mmmm, ooooo.

Tim: I thought you were in bed.

Bobby: Apparently not.

Kevin: You are a rockstar.

Tim: What are you doing down here? Didn't you have—I remember some blonde chic?

Bobby: (takes a hit off the joint) Yeah. She had to leave early in the morning because she had to go to the gym or something.

Kevin: The gym?

Bobby: I know. Who goes to the gym on a Sunday morning?

(They look at Tim.)

Tim: I just went for a run, and it's (checks his watch) three fifteen in the afternoon.

Bobby: Jesus.

Kevin: How'd you end up down here?

Bobby: I walked her out, then I had a bit I wanted to play, something came to me—

Kevin: (Lennon, Anthology) It came to me in a dream—

Tim: (ibid) A man appeared on a flaming pie and said you shall be—

Kevin: (ibid) Beatles with an A.

Bobby: Got down here, and then the thought of climbing three flights of stairs seemed—

Kevin: Impossible—

Bobby: I think I was still drunk. So, there it is. (he turns and walks upstage)

Tim: Why didn't you just sleep on the couch?

Bobby: (he points) It's all the way over there.

Kevin: (Bill Hicks) He was in a womb.

Bobby: That's right, a kick drum womb. Oh, (Robert Deniro, Analyze This) You, you, you (he walks straight at Kevin, pointing at him)

Kevin: What?

Bobby: You were blazing last night.

Kevin: (blows on the tips of his fingers) What can I say, baby, I'm on fire.

Bobby: Too hot to handle.

Kevin: Too cold to hold.

Bobby: (singing as he goes upstage) We're the Ghostbusters and we're in control. Had 'em throwin' a party for a bunch of children, while all the while slime is under the building. So they packed up the crew (he's gone but keeps singing the song)

Tim: I think he knows the whole song.

Kevin: Probably.

Tim: I'm gonna go take a shower. (he goes to exit via the stairs)

Kevin: Good idea.

Bobby: (offstage) Fuck! (Tim pauses on the stairs. He and Kevin share a laugh. Tim exits upstairs. Enter Bobby from upstage.)

Tim: (offstage) Hey, dude.

Bobby: This whole only being able to write lyrics on the toilet is fucking bullshit!

Kevin: Wherever Inspiratu springs.

(Enter Will via the stairs, horribly hungover.)

Bobby: Hey!

Kevin: There he is!

Bobby: The Professor lives!

Kevin: You look like a million bucks.

Bobby: Covered in shit.

Kevin: Hey! I'll have none of that talk about the Professor.

Will: (Anchorman) Gin was a bad choice.

Bobby: You were hammered.

(Will sits down.)

Will: It was absolutely insane drinking that much.

Kevin: Did you hurl?

Will: No.

Bobby: No?

Will: I don't know how I didn't.

Bobby: That girl—what's her name? I'm drawing a total blank.

Will: Amber?

Bobby: Yes, Amber. She thought you were hilarious.

Will: That's nice. Glad I could amuse.

Kevin: (joking, Goodfellas) What are you a fucking clown?

Will: I don't know. (off the TV, to Kevin) Five.

Bobby: I gotta take a shower.

Kevin: (answering Will, a la McCartney-accent) Rubber Soul! (holds up joint)

Bobby: Yeah. Why not. (takes a hit. Maybe he kisses Will on the top of the head as he goes. To Will) Sonny. Played your balls off last night.

(Exit Bobby via the stairs.)

Will: Thanks. (leans over to sleep on the couch) You too. (but Bobby's already gone)

Kevin: You want some?

Will: (an absurd question) No.

Kevin: It might help. (small pause)

Will: Okay. (he takes a small hit) What are you guys writing?

Kevin: Yeah, Chris is in the bathroom.

Will: Ah, lyric stage. Is it just the bathroom or does he need to sit on the toilet?

Kevin: I think it's the small space.

Will: We have closets.

Kevin: And the acoustics.

Will: (face half-smothered in pillow) You know what I think?

Kevin: It's bullshit?

Will: Exactly.

Kevin: He comes up with good lyrics.

Will: That he does. But the question is would they be worse if he wrote them in a living room or a kitchen or on a porch.

Kevin: What'd you think of the show?

Will: Somewhere between AC/DC and Barry Manilow.

Kevin: I don't know what that means.

Will: The best moment we had was the jam coming out of Big Jim.

Kevin: I was thinking the same fucking thing. Why is that?

Will: It was tight. Nobody was pushing or reaching or over playing—

Kevin: Myself included.

Will: We both do that sometimes. I was hearing you really well last night but I was having a hard time hearing Tim. He was lost to me.

Kevin: Well we'll have to do something about that, won't we?

Will: I'd hope so.

Kevin: I'm excited to start recording these songs. We should mess around later.

Will: I'm all right now. (getting up)

Kevin: Yeah?

Will: Yeah. That pot actually helped.

Kevin: Amazing how it does.

Will: Oh, and tell Chris—

Kevin: I know—

Will: That preaching just kills any momentum—(As Will walks over to his keyboards)

Kevin: Shut up and play the fucking song!

Will: Exactly. Unfortunately nobody knows our songs.

Kevin: Yet, amigo. Yet.

5. (Blackout everywhere except light remains only on Will, behind his keyboards. He wipes his face with a towel. He looks, feels better. He plays while he talks. (Perhaps he messes with the piano part to “It’s a Ride”))

Will: Five guys, one house. You can only imagine the smell that creates. It’s like a ripe bouquet of B.O., beer, and bong water. And I don’t even want to get into the shit. Literally. I don’t think that upstairs bathroom ever doesn’t smell of excrementus grande. We’re all to blame, but the biggest culprit’s Bobby. He’s taken some heroic dumps. And he’s quite proud of it too. He’s known to take Polaroids of his best, most massive creations. Then he leaves the photo on one of our pillows, like a breath mint. And always black and white photos—

Bobby: (enters from back, possibly bathroom) It brings out the contrast.

Will: So what is this your brown period?

Bobby: No, it’s my shit period. Just ‘cause you can’t find beauty in the mundane it’s not—

Will: Good word.

Bobby: Mundane? Yeah, I like it. You gotta open your eyes. You probably didn’t see the beauty of that plastic bag in American Beauty.

Will: Oh, it was quite breathtaking.

Bobby: Yeah, what a piece of shit. (sits behind his drumkit)

Will: Why am I talking about shit?

Bobby: I don’t know. You need to get out more.

Will: The album cover, that’s what it was.

Bobby: Just ‘cause no one could see what I see—

Will: Yes, you’re very misunderstood—

Bobby: Damn straight.

Will: Wanted to make one of his shit pictures the album cover for the new record we've been working on—

Bobby: It didn't look like shit—

Will: No, then what did it look like?

Bobby: A chocolate bar floating in a swimming pool—

Will: No, it was shit.

Bobby: Which was also a subtle reference to Caddyshack—

Will: A big log of shit.

Bobby: Hey, if nobody in this band wants to take risks—

Will: Putting a log of shit on your album cover—your first album, mind you, is probably not the best idea—(Bobby drums louder and louder, drowning Will out)—Especially when! Especially when!! Especially when!!! (Bobby reaches a crescendo and stops) Especially when the name of that album is Big Red Days.

Bobby: Yeah, it was a shitty idea.

(Will just looks at him – hold a moment.)

Will: Go on.

(Begrudgingly, Bobby plays a rimshot.)

Bump

Music:

Video: A painting done by Tim, kind of in the vein of Bob Dylan's painting for the cover of The Band's Music From Big Pink.

6. (Lights up. Saturday, 3PM. Kevin, Tim, and Will look downstage at a painting set up on an easel.)

Kevin: THAT should be the album cover.

Tim: That's what I was thinking.

Kevin: Professor, thoughts?

Will: It lacks a certain definition: you see these broad strokes here, they cloud the central image, leaving one feeling cold and empty, like a lost child on a cruise ship. And then

these sharp moves cut so hard that it's almost off-putting, makes you want to run screaming for the nearest bottle of warm milk. Put together, side by side, they're jarring...taxing...exhausting...terrifying... (Will casually takes a sip from his mug of coffee. Tim and Kevin wait for it. Will tries to hold out but he finally looks at them and they all crack up.) It's great. I like it a lot.

Kevin: Bet your fuckin' ass!

Tim: You really like it? Don't just bullshit me, you can tell me.

Will: No, I really like it.

Kevin: It's perfect. Well done, amigo. You know, this whole band thing doesn't work out you should be a plumber.

Tim: I was thinking that.

Will: (walks to keyboards, basically to himself) Plumb the depths, plumb the depths—

(Enter Chris via the stairs.)

Kevin: Hey. What do you think?

Chris: The grandmaster Ravi De Costa is moving here!

Kevin: What? When? How? (Will plays keyboards softly throughout)

Chris: Just got off the phone with him. First of the month, we gain a Ravi.

Kevin: That's fantastic.

Will: (Harrison, Anthology) (to himself) Ravi's in the next room doing his practice.

Chris: It's all coming together. (painting) This is great.

Tim: Yeah?

Kevin: Not bad, eh?

Chris: Is this new?

Tim: Hot off the press.

Kevin: (holds out his arms) Big Red Days...

(Chris looks for a little while.)

Kevin: Anybody want a beer?

Tim: Yeah.

Will: Sure.

Chris: Okay.

Will: What are we working on?

Chris: Salamander and Sonny.

Kevin: (from off upstage) I got a new part for the opening.

Chris: Cool. (to Will) How's that solo coming?

Will: I've got some ideas.

Chris: You want to mess around with it?

Will: Sure.

(Enter Bobby via the stairs.)

Bobby: Sorry. Had to wait twenty minutes for a train.

Chris: It's fine.

Kevin: (from offstage) Thirty lashings with a wet noodle!

Tim: How was the play?

Bobby: Uh, it was all right.

Will: Sam?

Bobby: She was good. Small part, but yeah, she was good.

Chris: Okay. Should we get to work?

Bobby: Absolutely.

(Kevin returns and pops open bottles of Becks. Tim helps him distribute them.)

Kevin: I've gotta meet Alli at eight thirty, that's still almost like five hours.

Will: How's that going?

Kevin: Pretty good. We'll see.

Tim: Does she have any attractive friends?

Kevin: Actually, there's this one girl, Kate, that you might like.

Tim: Maybe I'll come with you.

Kevin: You should—

Chris: All right! Salamander. Whatta we got?

7. (Blackout everywhere except light remains on Chris. He turns around and faces downstage. He messes with his electric guitar (not amplified) while he talks. (Perhaps he also plays "It's a Ride")

Chris: A great rock 'n roll band can change the world. The Beatles proved that. Led Zeppelin. U2. Nirvana. Even Phish. Within their circle. But you gotta be able to back it up with the music, which we can. But there's a lot of other stuff that goes into it: promotion, getting your name out there, meeting people, and we've had modest success so far, five years in, nothing huge. But it's gonna happen, we're getting better, the songs are getting better, it's like George Harrison once said, "We just had this amazing inner feeling that we were going to do it." That's how we feel. The hardest part right now is just practically getting all of us to meet together. Even living under the same roof it's not always easy, especially when we're all working day jobs. But getting Ravi here is gonna help 'cause he can handle all the manager stuff I've been doing and Kev wants nothing to do with. Plus, Ravi is a computer genius and we really haven't done anything online yet, but you know, like Kevin says, let's just focus on making these songs and this album as good as we can and the rest of it will take care of itself. Which he's right about. But still, we gotta get our name out there. Ya know? If a band plays in the forest but no one hears them, do they make a sound? I've been thinking about that a lot lately.

Bump

Music:

Video: An airplane touches down. The suit pants legs of a business man boldly walk down an airport peoplemover tram. He pulls a Travelpro business rollaboard behind him. A Lincoln town car waits for him at the curb. He ducks inside, his face still unseen, as the driver quickly shuts the door after him. Being driven through the city his dark sunglasses remain on, and all we see of his face are these sunglasses as he looks out the window. The car stops in front of Big Red. He walks up the front steps. He rings the doorbell. We finally see his full face, front on: it is a good-looking Indian young guy wearing a suit, tie, and dark sunglasses. He finally slowly removes the sunglasses, surveys the scene suspiciously, and then, as the front door swings open, Ravi gives the camera a huge smile.

8. (Lights up. Evening. Ravi seated on the couch with laptop and omnipresent spliff. Chris, Tim, Bobby.)

Ravi (British accent): So, the site is sandboxmusic dot com (to Chris) We couldn't do sandbox dot com like you wanted because it's taken.

Chris: What is it?

Ravi: Sandbox dot com?

Chris: Yeah.

Ravi: It's a porn site.

Tim: Sandbox dot com?

Ravi: Yeah. Everything's a porn site. Ninety percent of the whole internet—he types) See...

(They all look at Ravi's laptop.)

Chris: Wow.

Tim: Hun.

Bobby: I didn't even know you could do that with sand.

Ravi: Yeah, it can't be very cleanly.

Tim: Or enjoyable.

Ravi: No.

Chris: It never even crossed my mind THAT meaning for our name.

Tim: Yeah, well—

Ravi: Why would it? Enough of that nonsense. (types back to sandboxmusic.com) Okay. This is the greeting. Now, mind you, this is all under construction, and we don't have any music up yet. You guys don't want to put up any of the old stuff?

Chris: No. We might as well wait.

Ravi: When's the album supposed to arrive?

Chris: (simultaneous) Any day now—

Tim: (simul) Could be tomorrow—

Bobby: (simul) It's supposed to be here already—

Ravi: (sarcastic) And yet you don't seem at all excited.

Chris: Yeah, well—

Ravi: Chomping at the bit—

Bobby: How long's it take to master these things, we gave it to David like—

Chris: It takes a while—

Tim: It's been a good what—

Bobby: What, six weeks?

Chris: Six weeks, two days.

Ravi: Like a bunch of eager beagles.

Bobby: Hey, man, waiting for greatness is hard.

Tim: Beagles?

Chris: We just want to hear it.

Ravi: I completely understand.

Tim: Beagles? Isn't it beavers?

Bobby: Yeah.

Ravi: What's that?

Tim: You said eager beagles. I'm pretty sure it's eager beaver.

Bobby: It is eager beaver.

Tim: They rhyme: eager beaver.

Ravi: Must be an American thing. I prefer beagles, I think they're more eager.

Tim: Beavers are eager 'cause they're busy building dams.

Bobby: Beagles are pretty eager too. You ever seen a beagle puppy? They're the picture of eager—

Ravi: The epitome of eager—

Tim: No, I'm just saying that the saying—

Chris: Jesus! Enough already! Who gives a shit if it's beagles or beavers?! Really?!

Tim: --is eager beaver...

(A small awkward moment. Then Ravi bursts out laughing. Tim and Bobby join in. And finally Chris too.)

Bobby: (ref to website) It looks good, Ravi. You want a beer?

Ravi: Sure, mate.

Tim: Yeah.

Bobby: Chris? (moving upstage)

Chris: Okay.

Ravi: (American accent) It's Miller Time! I love that American expression—(American accent) Miller Time!

Tim: Don't forget, Where's the Beef?

Ravi: (Amer. accent) Where's the Beef? (Chris is busy checking out the website during this. Enter Alli and Kevin via the stairs.)

Bobby: (re-entering from upstage) Show me the pussy!

Ravi: Hey, mate—

Tim: Hey, guys—

Alli: Can I just show you my tits, Bobby, is that all right?

Bobby: Oh, hey. Yeah, that'll work too. (he smiles)

Ravi: You'll have to forgive us, Alli.

Kevin: Never a dull moment.

Alli: It's fine. Hello, Chris.

Chris: Hey, Alli. How you doing?

Alli: Good. What's up?

Bobby: You want a beer, Alli?

Alli: Sure.

Ravi: (to Tim) Thanks. Here, mate, use this. (he gives Tim some better pot)

(Alli sits next to Chris.)

Chris: You wanna see our website?

Alli: Sure.

(Kevin stands over the couch looking down. Beers are distributed by Bobby, etc.)

Kevin: Looks good, Ravi.

Ravi: Thanks, mate.

Alli: Oh! Look at that picture of you guys! (she laughs)

Chris: What, you don't like it?

Kevin: Now we just need some music to put up.

Alli: No, it's just funny. I haven't seen that one before.

Chris: You don't think it's a good picture?

Bobby: It's great.

Alli: No, it's just funny.

Kevin: It is funny.

Alli: Who took it?

Ravi: Yours truly.

Alli: It really captures you guys. I didn't know you did photography, Ravi?

Ravi: I don't.

Kevin: He doesn't.

Ravi: I just borrowed Tim's camera.

Tim: (holds up fist) Right on.

Ravi: Gotta do something during the shows.

Bobby: Except get hammered.

Ravi: Exactly. Or bemoan the fact that you Lads don't attract more women.

Chris: Maybe it's too funny.

Kevin: It's not too funny.

Alli: I just laughed. It was my initial reaction. Don't take it as a big deal. It's a great photo.

Ravi: Cheers.

Bobby: It's fun.

Chris: What do you think?

Tim: Me? Yeah, I like it.

Chris: I don't know.

Kevin: You're thinking too much about this. It's one picture.

Chris: It's the first thing you see when you visit our website. It's the first representation of our band. What Sandbox is.

Bobby: Ooo, my head hurts.

Ravi: We can change it.

Kevin: No, it's good. Everybody just needs to relax.

Chris: I don't know. I'm not sold on it.

Kevin: It's ONE picture! Jesus!

Tim: Yeah, don't worry about it.

Chris: I'm not worried about it!

Kevin: The better question to ask is what will people HEAR when they visit our site?

Chris: Well, right now they don't hear anything.

Kevin: Well that's a Goddamn shame, isn't it? (small smile)

Chris: (small smile) Yeah, it is.

Bump

Music:

Video: A UPS truck driving through the backstreets of somewhere like Cambridge, MA. The UPS truck parked in front of Big Red. The UPS driver knocks on the front door of Big Red. No one answers. He looks inside. Knocks some more. No answer. The driver shrugs and leaves a medium-size brown box on the porch in front of the door. Close up on the shipping label we see: To: "Sandbox". Still photo of the album cover: Tim's Painting, Sandbox, Big Red Days.

9. (Lights up. Daytime. Chris and Kevin. Opened brown box on the coffee table full of CD's. Music plays from the stereo: their music. The last song on their new album finishes (Blessed Be Me). They are a little drunk. They sit in silence a short while absorbing the album.)

Chris: It's a real album.

Kevin: Yeah.

Chris: It doesn't suck.

Kevin: No.

Chris: I can't believe it's actually done. Here.

Kevin: It's about fucking time.

Chris: It Is about fucking time. It's no Demolicious.

Kevin: (laughs) No. God, what a piece of shit that thing was we made.

Chris: It was homegrown, brah.

Kevin: Sounds like it was recorded under a blanket in a waterbed with the house on fire.

Chris: You listened to it lately?

Kevin: Hell no. You?

Chris: (lying) No. As Robert Zimmerman once said—

Kevin: (really fast) Darkness at the break of noon shadows even the silver spoon the handmade blade the child's balloon eclipses both the sun and moon to understand you know too soon there is no sense in trying?

Chris: Don't look back.

Kevin: Ah, that one. That makes more sense.

Chris: But this is much better.

Kevin: Light years.

Chris: I mean it's no OK Computer.

Kevin: Few things are.

Chris: I mean if we're gonna compare it we should compare it to first albums. Ten.

Kevin: Yeah, it's not better than Ten.

Chris: No.

Kevin: That was lightning in a bottle, that thing.

Chris: True.

Kevin: Appetite.

Chris: Yeah.

Kevin: Big Pink.

Chris: That's a good album.

Kevin: Zeppelin One. Van Halen. Piper.

Chris: Fuck! There've been a lot of really good first albums.

Kevin: And there's always Please Please Me.

Chris: Yeah...(they sit and think) Parachutes?

Kevin: We're definitely better than that.

Chris: No question.

(They laugh. Enter Will via the stairs.)

Kevin: Hey, Professore.

Chris: The grand Professor emerges.

Will: What's happening? You guys are drinking already?

Kevin: It's almost noon.

Chris: (holds up the album)

Will: (tired but excited) Holy shit. When did it get here?

Chris: This morning. UPS left it on the porch.

Will: Just left it? How dare they. It could have been snatched by common thieves—

(Will examines the album.)

Kevin: (interrupting) We've decided it's better than Coldplay's Parachutes but not as good as Appetite.

Will: Well, few things are.

Kevin: That's true.

Will: Hey!

Chris: What?

Will: They spelled my name wrong.

Chris: What? (they all pick up copies of the album and check)

Kevin: Oh yeah...My name's right. (Will turns and looks at him incredulously)

Chris: Me too. (Will looks at Chris)

Will: So how's it sound?

Kevin: What happened to you last night?

Chris: Pretty fucking good. Your Salamander solo is lovely.

Will: I don't wanna talk about it.

Kevin: What happened?

Will: All women are crazy.

Kevin: Did you at least get some poonani?

Chris: You want a beer? (he goes upstage)

Will: Sure, why not. No, I didn't.

Kevin: Nothing?

Will: She has a boyfriend.

Kevin: What?

Will: Yes, I found this out when we were making out on her couch.

Kevin: What a bitch.

Will: Yeah. It made no sense.

Kevin: Where were you last night?

Will: I stayed at her place.

Kevin: Why?

Will: It was three o'clock in the morning. No trains. I'd have to find a cab. I was exhausted.

Kevin: So where'd you sleep?

Will: On her couch.

Kevin: That sucks.

Will: Yeah, I know. I was woken up by her cat licking my face.

Kevin: Jesus.

Will: Yeah, it sucked.

Chris: (beers) Here you go, amigo.

Will: Thanks.

Kevin: You have the worst luck with women.

Will: Thanks.

Chris: (album) This will cheer you up.

Will: I hope so.

Kevin: Oh, it's good.

Will: It better be. We spent enough time on it.

Kevin: True dat.

Chris: Fuck her. Honestly.

Will: Well I didn't. But thank you. (sip) How's Ride sound?

Kevin: It's a really good mix.

Chris: Best song.

(Enter Bobby via the stairs.)

Bobby: Five hundred bucks! Cold hard cash! (he throws it down on the coffee table)

Kevin: You turning tricks?

Bobby: Modeling.

Chris: Hey, amigo. (Chris and Will hold up copies of the album)

Kevin: Modeling?

Bobby: It's about fucking time. How do the drums sound?

Kevin: One track mind.

Bobby: Oh, I'm sorry. (pretentious accent) How is the overarching experience of the album as a sonic landscape?

Will: What were you modeling?

Chris: It sounds really good.

Kevin: How were you—why were you modeling?

Bobby: Sam got me this gig. At the MFA, they had this tres chic brunch for (Connecticut accent) the upper crust—

Kevin: (ibid) Ah, Bryce and Devin—

Bobby: (ibid) Yeah. Peaches and Daisy—

Will: Peaches en Regalia.

Kevin: Now there's a good tune.

Bobby: All I had to do was stand up on a block and pose—

Kevin: In a speedo.

Bobby: No. In a suit. A super expensive Nando suit. It's this new designer that was being promoted.

Chris: All you had to do was stand there?

Bobby: Not just stand there. I had to create my own personal tableau. That's what the crazy lady in charge, Fiona, said. (He strikes some dramatic poses. The guys laugh. They say things like, "Very nice," "Top drawer, Kensington," "Just the tops," "Looking good, Louis.") (Trading Places) Feeling good, Todd. And also there were photographers running around taking pictures of us. I talked to one of the dudes, Tommy, who might be able to help us out with some press shots.

Kevin: That'd be great. Cool guy?

Bobby: Yeah, he seemed good.

Chris: Catherine does photography too. She said she could do some shots for us. If you want?

Kevin: Sure.

Bobby: Yeah, the more the merrier. Now are we gonna listen to this album or what?

Will: Can we just isolate the drums somehow?

Bobby: Fuck you, buddy.

Kevin: Crank it up, dude.

Chris: Should we wait for Tim?

Bobby: Naw, who the hell knows where he is. Let's go.

Kevin: Play the fucking album!

Will: Play the fucking album!

Chris: All right, all right—

Bobby: Play it fucking Loud!

Bump

Music: Big Red Days plays.

Video: A daytime photo shoot. Catherine taking photographs of the lads. They are outdoors, maybe near some railroad tracks. It's all very typical "band" shots.

10. (Lights up. Evening. Chris and Catherine. Photos laid out on the coffee table.)

Chris: The guys won't like this one.

Catherine: It's a great shot.

Chris: Way too serious. It makes us look like Nickleback.

Catherine: You are a serious band. You guys all take your music so seriously. How many times have you bitched to me about an argument you and Kevin had about something miniscule?

Chris: Yeah. But we're not a serious band.

Catherine: You're also not Weird Al.

Chris: Making us look all serious doesn't work. It's not who we are.

Catherine: It's who you are.

Chris: I just take it more seriously 'cause I've had to do so much bullshit work.

Catherine: Did you call Andrew about that copywriting job?

Chris: No. I will when I get back.

Catherine: I'm just sad I'm not gonna see you for six weeks.

Chris: Five. Ravi cancelled a couple shows.

Catherine: Why?

Chris: Well actually they cancelled us. But it's all right.

Catherine: Five whole weeks. Hot summer nights, drenched in sweat, all alone.

Chris: Well...

Catherine: My rabbit's gonna get a workout.

Chris: (intrigued) Really? (he kisses her)

Catherine: (turns venomous) And if you fuck any Midwestern skanks I'll cut your dick off!

Chris: Uh...

Catherine: (light) Kidding.

Chris: I think you have the wrong impression. This isn't U2. Five guys in a van staying in shitty motels. It's not gonna be enjoyable.

Catherine: What about groupies?

Chris: (laughs) Groupies? Yeah. You, Alli, and Sam: that's our groupies.

Catherine: What about all the gay sex?

Chris: There will be tons of that. Big gay orgies. The music's really just a front.

Catherine: Is that so?

Chris: Yeah, we're all very closeted. Kev and I are actually lovers.

Catherine: Wouldn't surprise me.

Chris: (laughs) Why's that?

Catherine: All those late nights together working hard, oh so hard.

Chris: You know, you joke around about it but there is some truth.

Catherine: I know you've been secret lovers behind our backs for years.

Chris: Kev and me especially, when you're working, it's like a relationship—

Catherine: Brokeback Mountain—

Chris: When you're writing songs, writing music together, and I'm talking about when you're creating a new song, that moment of inspiration, it's like sex, it's actually better than sex—

Catherine: Phhh.

Chris: Seriously. I'm not kidding. The high you get is better than sex: any orgasm, any drug. And you can have those moments onstage too—

Catherine: (skeptical) I'm sure.

Chris: I'm not kidding.

Catherine: I know you're not.

Chris: Onstage can be the same kind of thing, although it's never quite as good as that first creation of a song—the back and forth—the push and pull, and you only get that with another person. Lennon and McCartney. I'm sure some people: Bob Dylan, Leonard Cohen, Tom Waits, even Weird Al—can get there on their own but I need somebody else. Otherwise it's just—and I've written on my own, all of us have, and probably what keeps us going, even though things haven't exactly been easy—

Catherine: You guys write great songs—

Chris: Thank you. Otherwise it's just...

Catherine: Lonely?

Chris: Masturbation.

Catherine: What's wrong with masturbation?

Chris: Nothing. But it doesn't take you anywhere.

Catherine: Maybe you're not doing it right.

Chris: You got some pointers?

Catherine: (moving closer) What do I get in return?

Chris: (moving closer) My undying devotion.

Catherine: (ibid) I'd prefer your tongue.

Chris: (ibid) You can have that too.

(They kiss.)

Bump

Music:

Video: The van on the road: truck stops, McDonalds, motels, etc.

11. (Lights up. Before a show. Some greenroom backstage. Kevin, Tim, Bobby.)

Bobby: (Spinal Tap) Hello, Cleveland!

Tim: We're in Columbus.

Bobby: What's the difference?

Tim: I don't know.

Kevin: Cleveland has the Rock Hall.

Bobby: We should check it out.

Kevin: We're not going to Cleveland.

Bobby: No?

Tim: Un un.

Bobby: What about tomorrow?

Tim: We go to Cincinnati next.

Bobby: Can't we just swing through Cleveland? I wanna see Keith Moon's report card.

Kevin: It's the opposite direction!

Bobby: I know. I'm just joking. Have a beer. (tosses him a can) Chill.

Kevin: Natty Ice. I haven't had this since college.

Bobby: It ages like a fine Malbec.

(Enter Will)

Will: Wonderful facilities here. If you have to drop a deuce I recommend a Hazmat suit.

Bobby: Shit.

Tim: There's an Italian place two doors down. Clean.

Bobby: I'm gonna go now. (he downs his beer, exits)

Will: Why didn't you tell me that?

Tim: You didn't ask.

Kevin: What are we doing in Columbus, Ohio?

Tim: Playing rock 'n roll, baby.

Kevin: Rock 'n roll is dead.

Will: Didn't you get the memo?

Tim: I guess not.

Kevin: This is such a waste of time.

Will: What are we playing?

Kevin: I don't care.

Will: No set list. Very punk rock.

Tim: I think we should play some new stuff.

Kevin: Like what?

Tim: You and Chris have some new songs. Let's play those. Loosen us up a bit.

Kevin: Yeah. Maybe.

Will: (yawns) I need a nap.

Kevin: What? Five guys in a hotel room isn't doing it for you?

Tim: I had a lovely sleep in the closet last night.

Kevin: You can crash anywhere.

Tim: That's true.

Will: Bobby's snoring doesn't help.

Kev: Ya think? I haven't had a real night's sleep in a month.

Tim: Now you know why I choose the closet.

Kevin: Yeah, I can't do that.

Will: Bobby can sleep through anything. That fucking fire alarm in—where were we?

Kevin: Nashville.

Tim: Memphis.

Kevin: Was it Memphis?

Tim: Yeah.

Kevin: Mmm, Tennessee. Glorious.

Will: He must have a clear conscience.

Kevin: He has no nerves. He's a moose.

Will: It's true. I hear somebody fart two counties away and I hit the ceiling.

Tim: Well you have the nerves of a jackrabbit.

Kevin: All right. Set list. (Will grabs a pen and paper and writes it down) Open with...Professor Joe. Thermos. Twenty-One. Big Jim. Salamander. Stranger Than Fiction. Tiger. She Said. Lightbulb. How much time do we get here?

Tim: I think forty-five minutes. (Tim messes around with his bass, but not amplified)

Kevin: Let's jam during Salamander. And if we're feeling frisky, and time permits, we'll do Sonny.

(Enter Chris on the phone. He finishes up, snaps his cell shut.)

Chris: Ravalicious. Good news. The website's been getting like five hundred plays a week. Our myspace page about the same. Facebook a bit more.

Kevin: We selling anything on iTunes?

Chris: Not a lot of albums. But we've sold about two thousand of Ride.

(Kevin gives a sarcastic thumbs up)

Chris: Catherine has also gotten us a gig and it's not glamorous but we should do it. Playing on Cambridge's cable access show. We'll go in the studio, film it and then they play it four Saturday nights in a row. We'll be August.

Tim: (to Kevin) That sounds easy.

Kevin: What time's it on?

Chris: Three O'clock. In the morning. (Kevin laughs. Will hands Chris the setlist) Look, it's better than nothing.

Kevin: That's debatable.

Chris: (looking over setlist) We're not playing Ride?

Kevin: We played it last night. Timothy thinks we should shake it up a bit and I agree.

Chris: We gotta play Ride.

Kevin: Does it really matter?

Chris: Yeah.

Kevin: How many people are out there? (Will goes off and looks) What are we playing to like twenty-five people?

Will: (offstage) Thirty-five, forty, maybe fifty.

Kevin: Oooo, next stop: Wembley.

(Will re-enters.)

Chris: Can we please play Ride?

Kevin: Sure. Let's open with it.

Chris: Sounds good. (Chris goes to leave)

Kevin: Any label news?

Chris: No. Ravi hasn't heard anything.

Kevin: Nothing? Not even from like the smaller ones?

Chris: No.

(Small pause – quiet.)

Kevin: (faux happy, claps his hands together) All right! Let's have a killer show! 'Cause after all we're Sandbox and we came here to ROCK!

(Enter Bobby with a tray full of five paper cups with lids)

Bobby: The people at that Italian place were really nice. We should eat there later.

Will: What's this?

Bobby: Coffees. Here you go, dude.

Will: Fantastic.

Bobby: Chris, tea.

Chris: Oh, great.

Bobby: Coffee.

Tim: Thanks.

Bobby: One for me. And a cappuccino for the grandmaster of funk.

Kevin: Lovely.

Bobby: Gentlemen, let's have a kick ass show. (Bobby leads a toast)

Kevin: Right on.

(They all drink.)

Kevin: Oh, that is nice.

Will: Really good.

Tim: Good coffee.

Chris: What is this, peppermint?

Bobby: It's the little things.

Bump

Music:

Video: We see the boys returning home exhausted and dejected. They slowly haul their gear inside. Each, one after another, collapses in his bed.

12. (Lights up. Light only on Kevin seated in an easy chair. He messes with his electric guitar (unplugged) as he talks.)

Kevin: When The Rolling Stones go on a world tour they're gone for a year and a half, play to twenty million people, make half a billion dollars, and never even have to break a sweat. This was our fifth summertime tour, lasted little over a month, we opened for bands who are a little less unknown than us, we played to a few thousand yahoos who barely realized we were even onstage, and we grossed just enough cash that when we got back home we all had to finagle our old day jobs back. Chris thought it was productive: getting our name out there, every little bit helps. I can't help but feel like it was a total waste of time, but then again, I'm not a road warrior. I'd much rather work on tunes all day and then hang with Alli all night. But even that's impossible working all day. Something's gotta give. At least my dayjob is pretty cool as far as they go. I do bullshit work at the biggest classical music label in the world, Universal Classics Group. Part of the Universal Empire. Which is one of the Big Four. Multiconglomerates. So I'm up to my ears in Beethoven and Dvorak and Shostakovitch. It could be worse. Will's job seems like hell on earth.

(Kevin exits upstage as Will enters from upstage. They pass each other.)

Will: (goes to his keyboards) I'm not gonna sugarcoat it, what it is. I work demolition for a construction crew. We go in and clean up after a job so it's a lot of backbreaking hard manual labor picking up bolts the size of my thigh, fifty pound cinder blocks by the dozens, and just endless heavy wheelbarrows full of cement and sawdust—

Kevin: (re-entering from upstage) Whoa! Whoa! Whoa! Hold on a second. What the fuck are you talking about?

Will: My dayjob. How I support myself.

Kevin: You're an office manager at a chemistry lab.

Will: I am?

Kevin: Yeah.

Will: That would make more sense.

Kevin: You do have a degree in chemistry.

Will: Oh, yeah.

Kevin: Jackass. (exits upstage)

Will: I'm an office manager at a chemistry lab.

Kevin: (offstage) Thank you.

Will: You're welcome. They're pretty cool about letting me leave for a month to go on tour but there's nothing glamorous about this job. I take care of all the needs anyone might have in the office: if their computer freezes up, if deliveries come in I sign for them, mail I distribute. I make sure the techs have any office supplies they might need. Paper...Toner...Pens...Post-Its...Folders...CD-R's...Paper clips...White-out...Envelopes...Letterhead...Toner...Paper...

Bobby: (walks on from off left) Jesus, you're boring the shit out of me.

Will: I'm boring myself.

Bobby: That blows. I didn't realize you did all that bullshit.

Will: It's not fun.

Bobby: If I had a job like that I'd drink myself into a stupor every night.

Will: Good word.

Bobby: Thanks. It was on Tim's word of the day calendar this morning. I've already used it four times today.

Will: That's impressive.

Bobby: Not really.

Will: No, I didn't think so.

Bobby: Why don't you go cure cancer or something.

Will: Fuck you, buddy. (Will exits right)

Bobby: I'll kill you. (he laughs. Will chuckles too as he leaves.) The Professor. Quite the brain on that kid. Definitely the smartest of the bunch. (lights a joint) I have a multinudinous—multinudinous? Multitudinous?

Will: (offstage right) Multitudinous, yeah!

Bobby: Thanks, amigo.

Will: (offstage) No problem.

Bobby: I have multitudinous jobs. I wait tables at a fancy shmancy place called The Star. I work at an upscale wine store sometimes on the weekends where I get to say words like “earthy” and “flinty.” Sometimes I run the mechanical bull down at MaryAnne’s, a shithole college bar. More and more I’ve been working at a film editing studio. Music might be my passion but film is my love (drag off joint). And I realize that doesn’t make any sense. And I am also apparently the next Fabio thanks to my lovely lady, Sam. (He stands downstage center working the joint. Tim walks on from off left and stands next to him.) Here you go, brah. (hands Tim the joint) I gotta go, I’m probably late for something. (Bobby exits right)

(Tim takes a nice big drag and slowly exhales.)

Tim: I’m a bartender. (He takes another smaller hit, nods his head up and down a few times, satisfied by both his answer and the ganja... Then he turns and slowly walks offstage left.)

(Chris appears on the couch playing his acoustic guitar.)

Chris: I walk dogs during the day, during the week, I’m a dogwalker, about twenty some odd dogs so I spend my time going into these really nice really expensive well-to-do homes. It’s funny, people work all their lives to acquire these nice houses and then they’re never home. Huck or Moab or Lila get to enjoy it for them. Have the whole place to themselves. I was talking to the owner of one of these houses, big venture capitalist guy: house on the Cape, yacht, the whole deal. I told him I was in a band, we’re making music, really enjoying ourselves, trying to get known, get our stuff out there, but deep down we really love the music, we just have to figure out some way to make it our dayjob. He told me when he was younger, when he was my age, he wanted to be a writer and he wrote and wrote and wrote for a good solid number of years and he got some magazine articles published, some newspaper stuff, never a book but, ya know, short stories in compilations here and there. I asked him why he gave it up and he said without batting an eye, there was no money in it. “I wanted to have a family and I just realized somewhere along the line that I didn’t like being poor and didn’t have the ability to stick it out and be poor for years and years and maybe always be poor.” He wanted to have a family and provide for them so he went to business school and set the writing aside. And now he’s enormously successful moneywise, he’s provided for his family a thousand times over, and I’m not putting him down, that’s a good thing, a noble thing. But, I guess, life’s all about choices. He made his choice. I asked him if he regretted it and again without hesitating he said No. It just shows he must not’ve been a very good writer. That’s what he said. And now that he’s retired he writes a bit, as a hobbie, for fun.

Bump

Music:

Video: Sandbox playing on the Cambridge cable access TV show. They all wear orange prison jumpsuits. It looks pretty stupid and cobbled together at the last minute. And funny. Sort of.

13. (The video keeps playing as Lights come up and we see the guys watching the TV. Friday night. Chris, Kevin, Tim, Will, Bobby, Ravi. The song ends. Will turns off the TV.)

Ravi: Not exactly The Beatles on Ed Sullivan but it's pretty good.

Bobby: (laughing) It's fucking ridiculous. (he goes upstage to get a beer)

Ravi: It's a good laugh.

Tim: Ride and Sonny were good. Musically.

Kevin: Yeah, not bad.

Will: Overall we sounded pretty good. A few rough spots.

Tim & Kevin: Parakeet.

Ravi: Whose idea was the orange jumpsuits?

(Will and Tim point at Kevin.)

Kevin: I'll take the blame for that.

Bobby: I liked it. I felt loose.

Tim: You always feel loose.

Bobby: Like your mother.

Ravi: What do you say, mate?

Chris: I think it was fun. But I think we look like idiots. (glares in Kevin's direction)

Tim: Yeah, we do look pretty stupid. (laughs)

Ravi: Oh! Would you guys like to play The Burren next Saturday?

Bobby: Uh...

Chris: Sure. Right?

Kevin: What's next Saturday? (Ravi checks his Blackberry)

Ravi: The twenty-third. Shit, is it that late? I gotta go.

Kevin: You know what, I can't. I promised Alli. It's our anniversary. (Chris is visibly annoyed)

Will: How long's it been?

Kevin: Two years.

Bobby: Two years, Jesus. It feels like two months.

Kevin: I know.

Tim: Where has the time gone?

Will: (Danny Glover, Lethal Weapon) I'm gettin' too old for this shit. (Kevin laughs)

Kevin: Can we do Friday?

Ravi: I don't know. I'll check.

Kevin: (joking forcefulness) Well why don't you find out and have your people call my people.

Ravi: (playing along) What people?

Kevin: (mock outrage) What people?! What people?! What the fuck are we paying you for?

Ravi: You're not.

Kevin: That's right.

Ravi: All right, brothers. I'll leave you guys to practice.

Chris: Thanks, Ravi.

Bobby: See ya, mate.

Will: Bye, Ravi.

Tim: Peace and love.

Ravi: You boys have a nice circle jerk. Oh. (he turns on the stereo on low, the radio) One o four point one tonight. (checks his watch) Around 7:30. Listen. (the radio remains on low during the rest of the scene)

Chris: Why?

Kevin: What's up?

Ravi: Just listen.

(Exit Ravi via the stairs.)

Kevin: All right. So what are we working on?

Bobby: I only have until nine, just so you know.

Chris: That's it?

Kevin: Well that's a good two hours. I've gotta meet Alli later too.

Chris: How 'bout you guys? You guys free? Have anywhere you need to be?

Tim: I gotta get up early, that's all.

Will: I have no life.

Chris: (being sarcastic) Oh, good. That's great.

Kevin: Hey, look, we have a couple hours so let's just get to work.

Chris: We need to finish these new songs.

Bobby: I thought that's what we were working on?

Chris: Yes, but we need time.

Bobby: Hey, I fuckin' traded shifts with a guy so we could get together. It's not my fault we just wasted an hour watching that shit.

Kevin: Shite.

Will: There's some good stuff.

Tim: Your Salamander solo is quite delish.

Will: Thanks.

Chris: We look like morons! Amateurs! Nothing about that is professional! Jumpsuits might have been the worst idea ever!

Bobby: It's on at three o'clock in the morning, what does it matter?

Chris: It matters 'cause we look stupid!

Kevin: We sound pretty good, though.

Chris: Yeah, well, we look like idiots!

Kevin: Then call them up and tell them not to put it on!

Chris: I will!

Kevin: Fantastic!

Chris: And what's the deal with next Saturday?

Kevin: What do you mean?

Chris: We have a gig. We should play.

Kevin: And I can't. That's the one day I can't.

Bobby: I don't think I can either that day actually.

Chris: What's the fucking deal?!

Bobby: There's only so many hours in a day.

Will: (takes a hit off joint) True.

Kevin: It's one day. You're blowing this waaay out—

Chris: Am I the only person here who wants to finish these new songs?!

Will: I do.

Tim: Me too.

Kevin: What is the rush?! It's not like we have a deadline. There's no label breathing down our necks. No impending tour.

Chris: But wouldn't it be nice to have a label breathing down our necks? At least then we'd have something. 'Cause right now we have nothing. And I'm trying to make something. The point is: let's get going! Let's get moving!

Kevin: And we are! What more do you want to do?! We're all here, it's a Friday night. We're all exhausted! But we're here to play. What more do you want?! You know it's not

easy working all day, but we find a way. We're all here. That's all that matters. That's it. And because I can't play One day, because it's an important day for Alli, someone outside the band, I mean, come on. Give me a fucking break!

Chris: All I'm saying is we could do more.

Kevin: When?!

Chris: Whenever.

Kevin: You're the one wasting this time.

Chris: We watched that fucking Orange jumpsuit shit for an hour!

Kevin: You're the one who wanted us to play that stupid show!

Chris: It's called publicity.

Kevin: Oh, is that what it is? I'm sure being on cable access at four in the morning is gonna really break us.

Will: I believe it's three o'clock—

Chris: Well, what would you like to do, nothing?

Kevin: That's not what I'm saying.

Bobby: Look, can we just play?

Chris: I don't know, Bobby, can we?

Bobby: What's that supposed to mean?

Chris: What do you have next Saturday that's so Important?

Bobby: Fuck You!

Will: Hey, guys, let's just play.

Bobby: If you must know, Chris, Sam got me some work on a film crew (Chris laughs) And it's a good opportunity—you know what, man, fuck you! I don't need this shit.

(Bobby starts to pack up his stuff.)

Chris: A film crew?! What are you, the next Scorsese?

Will: Bobby, come on.

(Bobby leaves via the stairs and flicks Chris off as he goes.)

Chris: Nice, real mature.

(Bobby slams the door.)

Chris: (to Tim) You want to add anything?

Tim: I like to play 'cause it's fun. This doesn't really feel like fun. (getting up)

Chris: What? So you're out too?

Tim: I gotta get up early.

Will: Where you going tomorrow?

Tim: Probably down by the Charles.

(Tim exits via the stairs. This leaves Chris, Kevin, and Will.)

Kevin: (to Chris) Nice one.

Chris: What is your problem?

Kevin: I don't have a problem.

Chris: Could've fooled me.

Kevin: I think we're all burnt out, Chris. You can't force it. These songs are gonna be crap.

Chris: You take that attitude and nothing's ever gonna get done.

Kevin: We need a break. That's all I'm saying.

(Chris snickers to himself, he can't believe this.)

Will: Like The Beatles when they went to India!

(Chris and Kevin both turn and look at Will for his ridiculous comment at absolutely the wrong time. Pause. Enter Alli via the stairs.)

Alli: Hey, guys, sorry to interrupt. I just wanted to let you know that I'm here.

Kevin: Cool. I'll be right up.

Chris: (not angry) How'd you get in?

Alli: Oh, um—

Kevin: I gave her a key.

Alli: You guys never hear anything when you're down here.

(Chris sighs loudly in frustration and turns away.)

Will: That's true.

Alli: I'll be in your room. (she goes to exit) (she mouths the word "sorry" to Kevin)

Kevin: Actually, I think we're done. (to Chris) Right?

Chris: Yeah, we're done.

Kevin: Cool. I will see you guys later. (goes to exit)

Chris: Kev?

(Kevin stops on the stairs, pokes his head down.)

Kevin: Yeah?

Chris: (thinks better of what he was going to say) Nothing.

Kevin: All right. Later.

(Kevin shuts the door, leaving Chris and Will. Silence for a couple seconds. Then Chris abruptly gets up.)

Chris: I gotta call Catherine. (and he exits via the stairs.)

(Will is left alone. He looks around and takes in the empty room with all the gear. On the radio we can now hear the obnoxious DJ.)

DJ: (on radio) All right! This is a new one for my man, Ravi, who supplies the sweetest nectar. A local band, Sandbox—

Will: Holy shit.

(Will runs over and turns the volume up.)

DJ: With their new single, Riiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiide.

(The Beginning of “It’s a Ride” plays.)

Will: (runs across the room, yells up the stairs) Hey, Guys! Guys!!

(But everyone is gone. The first verse starts. The lights slowly fade as the song gains volume. And by the time we reach the end of the first verse, but before we get to the chorus, the stage is Black and the Music is out.)

End of Act I

Act II

In the darkness, Music:

14. (Lights up. Daytime. All of Kevin’s guitars, pedals, and amps are gone. Chris stands center, his electric guitar shouldered, a mic in front of him. He walks up to the mic with some notecards.)

Chris: We’re very happy to be here supporting autism. (he stops: thinks. That doesn’t seem right) Supporting the fight Against autism. Autism effects one in every one hundred and fifty births. One point five million Americans have some form of autism. And autism is growing at the startling rate of ten to seventeen percent each year. We must do more to curb this shocking tide, (aside) a bit much, through research, legislation, donation, every little bit helps. No dollar amount is too small. No time spent volunteering too little. Am I bugging you? I don’t mean to bug ya. (laughs to himself) Okay, Kev, play the blues. (laughs) That’s ridiculous. We can’t do that.

(Enter Kevin via the stairs.)

Kevin: There he is. The Jake to my Elwood.

Chris: We’re on a mission from God.

Kevin: (laughs) I liked that.

Chris: I thought you would. (they hug)

Kevin: What are you doing? (he sees the TV) Let me guess: Episode Six.

Chris: Best one, yep. You were always more of a Seven Man.

Kevin: Loves me some Magical Mystery Tour.

Chris: You want a beer? (starts to take off his guitar)

Kevin: Sure. No, I got it. It's still in the same place, right?

Chris: Yeah. (Kevin exits upstage) (louder) Thanks!

Kevin: (offstage) No problem.

Chris: So how's the place?

Kevin: (offstage) Good. We have a good amount of space. And lots of light. That's what Alli says. Girls are obsessed with the amount of light in a place! It's crazy!

Chris: Now you're back in the dungeon!

Kevin: (returning) My natural environment. I'm like a mole. I don't need light. You've gotta come over some time, we've been meaning to have a housewarming but, it just hasn't happened.

Chris: Well it's only been seven months.

Kevin: I know. Man, what the fuck happened? Time flies. Feels like a month.

Chris: How's Alli doing?

Kevin: Good. She's cool. Hates working for the man but who doesn't? How's Catherine?

Chris: She's good. She's assisting this well known photographer. She likes that. And it's good for her, for what she wants to do.

Kevin: That's great.

Chris: Yeah...

Kevin: How's your job going?

Chris: I'm basically a glorified proofreader. But it's fine. It's stupid. I don't care. How'd that Short turn out?

Kevin: It was fun. I wrote a whole bunch of stuff and then they picked what they wanted.

Chris: Sounds easy.

Kevin: Yeah. It kinda was...(takes a drink from his beer)

(Slightly awkward silence)

Kevin: So, what's up? You know I've been meaning to call you—

Chris: No, likewise, we needed a break—

Kevin: Absolutely—

Chris: I just wanted us to get back in touch—

Kevin: Likewise—

Chris: 'Cause it's been too long—

Kevin: No, totally, it has been—

Chris: And, you know, reconnect—

Kevin: No, yeah, we should—

Chris: So that's why I put out the call—

Kevin: And I'm glad you did. 'Cause if you hadn't I would've. It's just crazy it's been so long.

Chris: Absolutely...

Kevin: So what are you thinking?

Chris: (drinks) Full stadium tour. We'll get Pearl Jam to open for us.

Kevin: Sounds like an idea.

Chris: Yeah. And then for the second leg, when we go to Europe—

Kevin: Naturally.

Chris: I figure The Stones could open.

Kevin: I'm sure they'd be more than happy to.

Chris: Yeah, what else they got going on?

Kevin: Nothing. Counting their money.

Chris: Oh, they have people who do that for them.

Kevin: Yeah, well, what have our people been doing?

Chris: Getting drunk and lazy.

Kevin: Yeah, our people were never very reliable.

Chris: No. A bunch of drunk bastards.

Kevin: (mock) Hey, those are our people!

Chris: Yeah, we never should've given them health insurance.

Kevin: It was a bad move. I told you it'd bite us on the ass.

Chris: I know, I'm too nice.

Kevin: This is the music business, there's no time to make friends—

Chris: I hear you, it's true—

Kevin: 'Cause they'll stab you in the back and then piss on your corpse.

Chris: That's harsh.

Kevin: That's showbiz, baby...

Chris: Ravi got us a gig.

Kevin: Bonnaroo?

Chris: Oh absolutely. (laughs) No, it's a benefit concert.

Kevin: Live Aid?

Chris: No.

Kevin: Bridge School Benefit?

Chris: Close.

Kevin: Tibetan Freedom Concert!

Chris: (laughs) No! It's a benefit concert for autism.

Kevin: I'm listening.

Chris: Of course you're listening, you dick!

Kevin: Sorry. Continuee.

Chris: S'il vous plait.

Kevin: Je vous en prie.

Chris: (laughs) It's a benefit concert for autism. Against autism. You know what I mean. At the State Theater. Lost of acts. Lots of bands. A good cause. And miles of blow.

Kevin: Now we're talking.

Chris: No, I think it's a good—I know it's a good cause and it'd be an excuse, a good excuse, for all of us to get back together in this dark room. I mean, how lonely does that drumkit look?

Kevin: It does look pretty lonely.

Chris: Hasn't been played in months. And play some songs together. That's it.

Kevin: It's a good idea.

Chris: I think so.

Kevin: What did the other dudes say?

Chris: I haven't talked to them. I thought I should ask you first.

Kevin: (gives him a look)

Chris: What?

Kevin: Look who you're talking to.

Chris: They're all down for it.

Kevin: Thank you.

Chris: Bobby and Tim said yes. Will said he'd do it if you do it. We gotta keep an eye on Willy.

Kevin: Oh, why's that?

Chris: Boozing big time.

Kevin: Really?

Chris: Yeah. I found him passed out in the bathroom next to the toilet.

Kevin: That's not good. When was this?

Chris: (thinks) Two weekends ago.

Kevin: Shit.

Chris: That's part of why I called you.

Kevin: Well, goddamn it, what's the deal? Is he just depressed?

Chris: I think that's part of it. You know him better than anybody.

Kevin: Yeah, I'll talk to him. I'm back from the dead and ready to reconnect. The Professor is at the top of my list.

Chris: Good.

Kevin: What about Timmy?

Chris: Tim? Tim's fine. Busy painting all the time. The whole house smells like paint.

Kevin: When is this benefit?

Chris: October twenty-something. You know what it coincides with?

Kevin: (lying) What's that? Halloween?

Chris: Nope. It's right about the same time ten years ago when we, you and me, started a little outfit known as Sandbox.

Kevin: Jesus. How the fuck do you know that? Ten years. Fuck.

Chris: It's not hard. Sophomore year. Right after the ROTC dance, that's October. Ten years.

Kevin: Man, we're getting old.

Chris: We are. First time we all played together.

Kevin: (sarcasm) And it was magic.

Chris: Yeah.

Kevin: I do have one stipulation for this benefit.

Chris: Okay.

Kevin: No Ride.

Chris: (McCartney, Anthology) That's a good song.

Kevin: (George Harrison, Anthology) Well what do you do when you got all them songs and you want to write new songs.

Chris: It Is a good song.

Kevin: I think I'll vomit if I play that song.

Chris: (laughs) Jesus. I don't care. We don't have to play it.

Kevin: Fantastic.

Chris: But we do have to play Creep.

Kevin: (laughs) Yeah. There you go.

Chris: I've got some new stuff I've been working on. You wanna mess around a bit?

Kevin: Sure. Sadly, I don't have any guitars here.

Chris: Just use my acoustic.

Kevin: All right. (hands in his pocket) Oh, right, before I forget: keys. I've been meaning to get these back to you.

Chris: Oh. You know what: just hold on to them.

Kevin: I really don't need them.

Chris: Yeah, but who cares? I don't care.

Kevin: You could give them to Catherine or somebody.

Chris: She's already got her own set. You know what, why don't you just hold on to them, I lock myself out all the time (lying), I lose keys, this way I can call you and you can help me out.

Kevin: (confused) All right. What have you got?

Chris: I've got some bits of songs and a whole bunch of lyrics. (pulls out his notebook, lays it on the coffee table)

Kevin: Okay.

Chris: We gotta finish this album at some point. A lot of these are old stuff we never completed.

Kevin: Yeah, we should do that. It's something real and concrete.

Chris: Exactly.

15. (Blackout everywhere except light only on Bobby behind his drumkit.)

Bobby: The one thing we always had whenever we played was this immediate connection: it always just gelled. And I'm happy to say that like swimming, or riding a bike, or masturbating, once you learn how to do it you don't forget it. And it doesn't suddenly go away overnight. Our rehearsals leading up to the benefit were pretty loose. I couldn't believe we had ten years coming up. Where did time go? But it was just about having fun. Even Chris dropped any sort of strictness. It felt good to get back behind the skins. (kisses his drumkit) It never crossed my mind to come get the boys and take them away. I knew at some point we'd reconvene, and leaving them here was also my subtle way of saying, "Oh, we'll be back." But I wouldn't've used them anyway even if I had them. I wasn't in the mood to practice. There would've been no feeling in it. I can't play if I don't feel it. I need the guys. Then I feel like I'm part of something bigger and not just masturbating. I don't know why I'm talking about masturbating so much—

Will: (comes on from stage right) Just stop saying it!!

Bobby: What? Masturbating?

Will: Well played.

Bobby: Touche.

Will: Means to touch. (he exits right) Peace out.

Bobby: First time in my life I'm living with a woman: my girlfriend, Sam. And I must say I'm enjoying it much more than I thought I would. To go from this Animal House to forty-seven different types of moisturizers in the bathroom is quite a switch. But it feels better. Feels better than never having any toilet paper in the house and just using paper towels. Or discovering one day that your blue shower curtain is now black and instead of

taking the time to clean it, throwing it out and buying a new one. Or taking pictures of your biggest and best shits and posting them on the fridge for all to enjoy. Thanks, Will.

Will: (offstage right) It was you, asshole!

Bobby: Oh, yeah. It was me. I'm very classy. I'll take the army of moisturizers instead. 'Cause you know what else they're good for? (he smiles)

Bump

Music:

Video: Sandbox playing onstage in a theater at the Autism Benefit Concert. They have great fun. Chris gives a speech between songs. Then they get back to rockin'.

16. (Lights up. Night. The lads are returning to the house after the benefit concert. They carry all their gear back in from the upstage rear: guitars, bass, drums, keyboards, amps, milk crates full of pedals, etc.)

Will: I think we cured autism!

Bobby: I think we kicked autism's ass!

Tim: All this time they've been spending all this money on research—

Kevin: When all they needed was to get Sandbox back together. (laughs)

Tim: Exactly.

Chris: What a great show. Great feel. The whole thing.

Will: I think I can pinpoint the exact moment autism was cured: during my Salamander solo I felt a prickly sensation all over my body and the hairs on the back of my neck stood up—

Kevin: (Keith Richards) I saw a light, thought we were on.

Will: Yes! I think you've discovered what happens—when a band—a rock band—cures a disease like we did tonight: it goes to Keith Richards. He takes on that disease, 'cause for him it doesn't matter.

Kevin: Polio?

Will: Keith Richards has it.

Tim: Small pox?

Will: Keith Richards has it.

Bobby: Syphilis?

Will: Keith Richards. He takes away the worst incurable diseases we have on the planet.

(Bobby goes and gets beers)

Kevin: It's nice of him to do that.

Will: Well, ya know, he doesn't even know.

Kevin: Oh, no?

Will: No. He just goes in for a check up and the doctors tell him, "Keith, you now have Herpes."

Kevin: Keith, you're now Autistic. (laughs)

Will: (laughs) Exactly. (Bobby hands out beers.)

Chris: So what's our game plan?

Tim: For what?

Bobby: Dudes,

Chris: Finishing the album, playing—

Bobby: I have a small announcement to make. Is that door shut? (the one leading upstairs, Will looks)

Will: Yeah. What's up?

Bobby: Everyone keep this on the downlow, all right? Because she doesn't know yet—

Tim: Oh—

Bobby: I'm asking Sam to marry me tomorrow.

(Small beat of silence as they all take in the news.)

Kevin: Cool.

Will: That's great.

Tim: Congratulations. (goes and hugs him)

Chris: Wow. That's great.

Kevin: Great news, man. (hugs him) Awesome.

Will: Really cool. So happy for you. (hugs him)

Bobby: Thanks, thanks.

Chris: That's awesome, brother. (hugs him)

Bobby: Thanks, thanks.

Tim: It's great, Bobby.

(Enter Ravi)

Bobby: Ravi, shut that door. (he does so)

Ravi: I forgot you guys have gay orgies after your shows.

Will: (quietly) Bobby's asking Sam to marry him.

Bobby: All right. Keep it quiet.

Ravi: You are? Well that's FANTASTIC!

(All Five "Shhh" him. Ravi gives Bobby a big hug.)

Ravi: Mate, that's great news. Brilliant! It's about time.

Tim: Awesome. Awesome.

Will: (joking) I don't know why we're all congratulating him. She hasn't said yes.

Chris: (missing the joke) Well, she will, asshole.

Ravi: Cheeky. (Will smiles.)

Bobby: Come here, you little bitch.

Will: (runs away, around the couch) I'm a delicate flower—(Bobby tackles him across the couch, they land on it. They're laughing.)

Bobby: Just for that you're not invited to the wedding.

Will: What wedding? Who knows if there's even gonna be one? (Bobby tickles Will)

Kevin: Right on! There you go, Will. Stick to your guns!

Bobby: (points at Kevin playfully) You're next.

Kevin: What'd I do? (they all move to sit down.)

Bobby: Aiding and abetting.

Kevin: Him? Never.

Chris: What brought this on?

Bobby: Well I was figuring we wouldn't all be together I don't know when, so I thought I'd just tell you guys now, that way I wouldn't have to call everybody up and have the same conversation over and over again.

Chris: I meant asking her to marry you.

Bobby: Oh. I don't know. I love her. We live together now. So what's the difference?

Kevin: True.

Ravi: I think it's superb. How long's it been now?

Bobby: Oh, God...(looks at Will) Three? Four years? (Will nods Yes) It's been a while.

Tim: We should go out celebrating but we can't.

Kevin: You've shackled us. We're just gonna have to get drunk and not talk about this.
(All look to Will.)

Will: What are you looking at me for?

Kevin: Notorious—

Tim: It's true—

Bobby: You are—

Kevin: You always get drunk and spill the beans.

Will: When have I ever—

(Enter Catherine and Alli via the stairs.)

Catherine: (covers her eyes) Hello? (uncovers) I guess the orgy's over, Al.

Alli: That fast, hun?

Catherine: Did you break it up, Ravi?

Ravi: Yes. When I came down here it was just a lubed up mess of appendages in every direction.

Alli: Kinky.

Bobby: That's been part of our post-show routine since what?

Kevin: The late eighties.

Tim: It's a stress reliever.

Alli: So does this mean you guys are gonna play more?

Catherine: (over eager, girlie, groupie) Yeah, come on, the fans want to know!

Alli: (ibid) Thousands of twelve year old girls waiting with baited breath!

Bobby: Where are all these twelve year old girls?

Will: I don't know.

Kevin: Oh, they're all I watch.

Alli: I bet.

Catherine: Are we going to go out or what?

Ravi: Absolutely. I just have to call Skylar.

Kevin: Skylar?

Will: Skylar?

Alli: Who's Skylar?

Bobby: A new bird.

Ravi: Exactly, mate. Excuse me. (he exits upstairs.)

Catherine: Well let's go.

Chris: Absolutely. One sec.

Alli: We'll be upstairs. (Catherine and Alli exit upstairs following Ravi.)

Kevin: (to Chris) What's up?

Chris: I just wanted, while I have all of you here. So, what do you think?

Bobby: About what?

Chris: Us! The Show tonight.

Bobby: Oh, it was good.

Will: Yeah, a good show.

Kevin: It was cool.

Tim: I had fun.

Chris: Should we do one for real then, in honor of our tenth?

Will: We could.

Tim: I suppose.

Kevin: What about recording the new songs?

Chris: We could do both. I'm just saying a gig for the tenth, but yeah we should—

Kevin: I think we should focus on recording the songs we never got down. Finish the album. That's a real concrete thing that we can accomplish. Together.

Bobby: (to Kevin) But let's still play the show.

Chris: (to Kevin) All right?

Kevin: Okay. Set it up.

Chris: (to Will and Tim) You guys cool with that?

Tim: (looking at Kevin, they share a knowing look) I think it's a good plan.

Will: (The Three Amigos) What can I say about such men! (back to normal) I'm down.

Chris: (claps his hands together, he's controlling his excitement) Great!

Bobby: All right. Let's get the hell out of this cave.

Chris: Absolutely.

Kevin: It's great news, amigo.

Bobby: Thanks.

Chris: You guys coming?

Tim: I can't. I wish I could.

Will: Nah.

Chris: You getting up early?

Tim: Yeah, like five.

Kevin: Jesus! That's when I go to bed.

Bobby: (to Will) What's the story? (goes to him, puts his arm around Will)

Tim: Yeah. Gotta catch the light.

Kevin: Well that's cool. Professsor?

Will: No thanks. I'm cool.

Bobby: You sure?

Kevin: Come on, don't be a beetch.

Will: Nah, I'm really exhausted.

Chris: We'll see you later. (He and Tim exit upstairs.)

Kevin: All right. Suit yourself. (He exits upstairs.)

Bobby: You cool?

Will: Of course. Why not?

Bobby: All right. (he hugs Will) Love you, brother.

Will: Awesome news tonight.

Bobby: Thanks. (out of hug) I'll talk to you tomorrow.

Will: Cool.

Bobby: (looks at Will a moment which makes Will uncomfortable) All right, babies. Peace out.

Will: Adios.

Bobby: (turns back, pokes his head over the stairs) (Kevin Spacey, *The Usual Suspects*) And like that—(he blows on his fingertips, then turns unseen)

Will (as Bobby exits): He's gone. (the door shuts. Will laughs to himself at Bobby's joke)

(Will stands center a moment and takes in the new silence. He then goes to his milk crates, riffles through cords, pulls out a silver flask, unscrews the top, sits down on the couch, and takes a long drink.)

Bump.

Music:

Video: Tim painting outside in the early morning hours. Will sits in his cubicle at work. The Lads working on the album in the basement. Tim painting. Will clearing a paper jam from a copier. More album work: what looks like serious discussions. Tim painting. Will pouring from his flask into his coffee mug in his cubicle. More album work. Etc.

17. (Lights up. Early evening. Chris, Kevin, Will, Bobby. Kevin finishes a guitar solo which they are obviously recording.)

Chris: It needs to have more of a Big Pink/Basement Tapes feel.

Kevin: I don't know what that means.

Chris: It just seems forced right now. More organic.

Will (a little bit drunk): I thought it sounded pretty good.

Chris: There's something missing. I didn't feel it.

Bobby: We should move on—

Chris: Look, Bobby, we can't move on. Okay? We need to get this solo—nail it—then we can move on.

Bobby: We've got other stuff to do.

Chris: Yes, but I want to get this. Okay?

Kevin: Look, mate, (George Harrison, Anthology) I'll play whatever you want me to play or I won't play at all. Whatever it is that will please you, I'll do it.

Will: Nice.

Chris: I just want to get this.

Kevin: Well how many times you want to do it?

Chris: As many as it takes. Until it's perfect.

Kevin: Well, okay? Look, I've played this how many times now?

Will: Mmm...(checks laptop) Fourteen.

Kevin: Fourteen. Now, I don't think it's gonna get any better. In fact, I think it's only gonna get worse.

Bobby: Chris, we got it. One of those will work.

Chris: (sighs) All right. Fine. What's next?

Will: (reading off a list) We have to...Lay down the bass for Shine, drums on Wonderland, vocals on Little Katie, Stranger Than Fiction, Tigerfood, my piano part on Moonlight, sonic landscape on Why Not Laugh.

Chris: What do you want to do?

Bobby: I've gotta pee.

Kevin: I don't care. You want to do your piano part?

Will: Sure. Just let me grab a beer. Anybody?

Kevin: No, I'm good.

Chris: I'm fine. (checking list) We've also gotta figure out a bridge for Shine 'cause right now we got nothing.

Kevin: (exhales cig) That's easy.

Chris: You know, you say that, but it takes time. And may I remind you, anytime you say that it ends up taking eight hours to figure out.

Kevin: No, but that's easy.

Chris: There you go! We're fucked. That bridge will take 'til Tuesday.

Kevin: No it won't. Believe me.

Will: (returns, drinking a beer) Why are we fucked?

Chris: He said the bridge to Shine would be easy.

Will: Why would you say that?

Kevin: Because it will be!

Will: May God have mercy on your soul.

(Enter Tim via the stairs.)

Tim: I sold my first painting! (he hoists his arms in the air triumphantly)

Kevin: Wow, nice job.

Chris: Congrats.

Will: That's great news.

(Bobby re-enters)

Bobby: What's up?

Tim: Sold my first painting today.

Will: (holds two beers) Beer?

Tim: Absolutely. (grabs it casually as he walks by)

Bobby: That's fantastic. Your show was today. Fuck!

Tim: It's cool.

Kevin: Shit, that's right. I totally forgot.

Tim: Just a group show. No big deal.

Will: Why didn't you remind us?

Tim: I left postcards around. On the fridge.

Kevin: I wasn't paying attention, I should've been there, we should've been there. I'm sorry about that.

Will: Yeah.

Bobby: Totally.

Tim: It's no big deal. You guys were working.

Kevin: Yeah but we could've taken a few hours and gone to the show.

Chris: Yeah, well, there's only so many hours in a day.

Bobby: Speaking of which, I gotta get out of here in like forty minutes.

Kevin: Yeah. I gotta leave in a half-hour too.

Chris: Well when the fuck—(he stops himself)

Will: How much?

Tim: Seventeen hundred bucks.

Kevin: Wow, that's great.

Bobby: Awesome—

Tim: Yeah, I know—

Will: Cool. Which one was it? Was it...(nudges)

Tim: No, it wasn't the one of you.

Will: Damn it!

Tim: It was a landscape. (Holds out hand) "Sunrise Across The Big Red Plain".

Kevin: (laughs) Good title.

Tim: You bet your ass.

Bobby: Who bought it?

Tim: You know, I don't know. I'm sure I'll find out.

Will: That's awesome. Whoever bought it.

Bobby: Yeah, it doesn't matter.

Kevin: No, not at all.

Tim: As long as it wasn't my mom, ya know?

Kevin: No, no—

Will: No way—

Bobby: Not a chance—

Chris: So are we gonna get to work or what?

(Everyone looks at each other. Lethargy has set in.)

Kevin: I mean, we can. I have to leave shortly.

Bobby: Me too.

Kevin: But you don't need us to do Will's solo.

Chris: No. But...(put off sigh, grabs To Do sheet) We do need you for Shine, Katie, Wonderland, Moonlight, Stranger Than Fiction, Tigerfood—

Kevin: And we'll get to those. Next time.

Chris: Next time? You know, we only have so much time. There's only so many hours in a day! And the show is next week which we have to rehearse for.

Bobby: True.

Kevin: I thought we were rehearsing Thursday and Monday?

Chris: We are! But that's two whole days! Where the fuck is the sense of urgency to finish this thing?!

Tim: We'll finish it.

Kevin: The album will get done.

Chris: Yeah? When? 'Cause I don't see us getting together to work on this for what, two weeks?

Bobby: We've got the show.

Chris: I know!

Kevin: It'll get done when it gets done.

Chris: What? In six months? Nine months?! A year?! I'd like to get this thing done Now! Then maybe we can play some shows and actually have some fucking FUN!

Kevin: What, you want to play more?! How's our show selling by the way? How's the demand for Sandbox?!

Chris: It's selling. You know what? You guys record whatever you want—

Tim: Come on, Chris—

Chris: --do whatever you want.

Bobby: Don't be a dick.

Chris: I'll see you on Thursday.

(Chris exits via the stairs, he slams the door. Silence.)

Will: (plays keyboards, messes around with U2's One a little bit, subtly) He does have a point. We need to finish this thing.

Kevin: I couldn't agree with you more.

Bump

Music:

Video: Kevin and Alli grocery shopping, doing laundry, maybe watching a movie. You know, couples living together stuff.

18. (Lights up. Evening. Alli's and Kevin's apartment. Post-movie watching.)

Alli: (as she gets up) Lynch just isn't my cup of tea. I prefer Altman.

Kevin: (deals with DVD, etc.) That's like comparing apples and...apples on acid. You can't do that.

Alli: (she goes upstage and gets two glasses of water) I'm not comparing them. I'm saying I like one better.

Kevin: And I'm saying you're a fool.

Alli: That might be. But if I'm a fool then what does that say about you?

Kevin: (light) That I'm just using you for your body.

Alli: (light) (she sits on couch) Oh, is that all this is?

Kevin: Yeah, it's just about sex.

Alli: Boy, I should be having more orgasms then.

Kevin: Very funny. (drinks)

Alli: I'm not kidding. (she takes a long drink. Kevin sits slightly stunned. Then Alli smiles and laughs) Your face! What did Sam say about that PBS show?

Kevin: It's about ninety percent certain I'm scoring it.

Alli: That's great.

(Kevin crosses his fingers. His cell phone vibrates and rings on the coffee table. Alli checks the display) Chris.

Kevin: (pained expression) Ooo. No, I can't. (she silences the phone)

Alli: So childish. You should talk to him.

Kevin: (moves to the easy chair) I'll see him Thursday.

Alli: You guys should talk about things.

Kevin: It's better if we don't talk right now.

Alli: You've gotta tell him how you feel.

Kevin: It's not that easy, see. There's lots of ins and outs. Ups and downs.

Alli: Yeah. Whatever that means. Why don't we just go out to dinner, the four of us?

Kevin: No. That wouldn't be fair to you and Catherine.

Alli: (maybe she flips thru a magazine) You guys are worse than girls. You hold grudges.

Kevin: There's no grudge. It's one of those things Chris needs to let go of. He hasn't come out of that space yet. He knows, but he's still in denial.

Alli: You do realize it's just a band, right?

Kevin: You don't have to tell me that. The whole idea of a rock 'n roll band is dead anyway.

Alli: Well that's why I like my John Mayer. (she holds up a picture of him from her magazine)

Kevin: (laughs) Yeah. He is the future of rock 'n roll. Just him. No one else. All because he wrote one song that makes panties moist. Doesn't matter what size, geographic location, even language, all a girl has to do is hear (he picks up his acoustic guitar and plays the Your Body Is A Wonderland opening vamp) Moist panties. Right on the spot. All the way from sea to shining sea.

Alli: (ignoring him, nose in magazine) Are you happy with the new album?

Kevin: It'll be good. (he keeps messing with his acoustic) Solid.

Alli: Nine point nine on Pitchfork?

Kevin: Nine point nine nine nine nine nine nine.

Alli: Hey, you never know. Look at Arcade Fire.

Kevin: You get the Pitchfork seal of approval. Next thing you know, you're huge.

Alli: HUUUUUUUUUUUUUGE!

Kevin: HUUUGE! (he plays peppy guitar stuff) Huge, huge, huge, huge, huge, huge...huge, huge, huge, huge, so fucking huge...(ends with a harmonic)

Alli: I don't understand why you guys can't just play once in a while.

Kevin: It's complicated.

Alli: Or you guys make it complicated.

Kevin: Could be.

Alli: (head pops up) What's that you're playing?

Kevin: What? Nothing. Just noodling. (he was inadvertently playing Ride)

Alli: It sounds familiar.

Kevin: I don't think so.

Alli: It's something.

Kevin: I don't know.

(Alli tosses down magazine on the coffee table.)

Alli: You wanna go to bed?

Kevin: Sure. I could go to bed.

(Alli goes to the CD stuff.)

Kevin: What are you doing?

Alli: Never you mind.

Kevin: I refuse to have sex to John Mayer. (Alli laughs) Seriously. I'll put on my chastity belt.

Alli: Ooo, kinky. (she runs upstage) You coming?

Kevin: (begrudgingly, half-joking) Yeah. (he slowly gets up, walks upstage)

Alli: Oh, shit.

Kevin: What?

Alli: Would you put out the garbage.

Kevin: Do I have a choice?

Alli: Not really. (she exits upstage)

Kevin: (as he exits with a bag of garbage stage right) (Danny Glover, Lethal Weapon) I'm getting too old for this shhhhhhh—

Bump

Music:

Video: The boys onstage playing their 10th Anniversary Show. A shot of the audience: their big gig is poorly attended. The lads are not having fun. Jump to: A UPS driver delivers a box to Big Red. Catherine answers the door. Opening the box on the kitchen table. New Album: another Tim painting, Sandbox, How Then Shall We Live? Chris gives a look, kisses Catherine, off for a jog. Will looks at the album, sits, takes a sip of coffee alone – he doesn't look well. Close-up of the album cover.

19. (Lights up. Friday evening. Basement. Chris, Kevin, Tim, Ravi.)

Ravi: I like it. It doesn't have any rockers like Ride but I like it a lot. (to Kevin) Sorry.

Kevin: What are you sorry about?

Ravi: I know how much you loathe that song.

Kevin: I don't hate it. It's a good song.

Chris: What do you think?

Tim: It's more interesting than Big Red. The sound's better. The songs are better. Even the painting—

Kevin: Knew that was coming—

Tim: Much better. What do you say?

Chris: It has some good stuff on it. Better than before. But not great, ya know?

Ravi: I think it's great.

Chris: You're biased.

Ravi: You're goddamn right I am.

Chris: It could've been great. The seeds are there. Maybe we just didn't have the time or the effort, the full effort, to put into it. For whatever reason. But, that said, I like a lot of the stuff, and I think it's definitely moving forward. It's a step in the right direction.

Kevin: Musically?

Chris: Yeah, musically. How else? We make music. So that's what we do. Musically.

(Enter Bobby via the stairs.)

Bobby: Sorry I'm late. A year away and already—I'm never getting married again.

Ravi: Why? What happened?

Bobby: Just bullshit. It's nothing. Stupid. I won't bore you with it. I need a big old toke off that joint and I'll be fine.

Chris: Where's Will?

Tim: No idea.

Kevin: Haven't seen him.

Ravi: He'll be here I'm sure.

Bobby: Maybe he got stuck at work.

Chris: It's almost nine. Should I try his cell?

Tim: No. He'll be here.

Chris: What'd you think?

Bobby: Of what?

Chris: How Then Shall We Live?

Bobby: (exhales smoke) Oh, that. Yeah, huge piece of shit. (Kevin almost does a full spit take, that caught him by total surprise.)

Chris: What?

Tim: Right on.

Ravi: You can't—

Bobby: (to the coughing and laughing simultaneously Kevin) You all right, there? You gonna be okay? Just breathe, nice and easy. You want me to be your Lamaze partner, 'cause I will—I don't care what people think—I really don't (hoo hoo hoo, ha ha – Lamaze breathing)

Chris: You don't like it?

Bobby: No, it's cool. It could use more drums.

Tim: You thought Olatunji's Drums of Passion could use more drums. (Ravi laughs)

Bobby: And it could! So could Metallica's Black Album and Zeppelin Four.

Kevin: (regrouping) You're forgetting The Who Isle of Wight.

Bobby: Man, that shit is crazy.

Ravi: Kev, what'd you think of (holds up album)?

Kevin: I think Shine is the best song we've ever written or recorded. And that's something to be proud of. (he looks at Chris)

Ravi: You're absolutely right.

Chris: I'm glad. I thought you hated it.

Kevin: No. I don't hate it. I don't want to do it again, I'll tell you that much.

Tim: Yeah.

Bobby: I hear ya.

Chris: So what are we gonna do with it?

Bobby: What do you mean?

Chris: I think we should send it out.

Tim: (laughs) Out where? (Kevin laughs)

Chris: To labels.

Bobby: Labels? Why? We've been through that.

Chris: Yeah but this album sounds better. And it's totally different from Big Red.

Kevin: All the record labels are dying.

Chris: So what do you want to do? Just do nothing?

Kevin: Why don't you just throw it on our website and throw it up on iTunes, see what happens.

Bobby: Nothing. (laughs)

Kevin: Right. (laughs)

(Tim laughs too)

Chris: I'd still like to send it out to some labels: Nonesuch, Epitaph, Astralwerks—

Kevin: Knock yourself out, but I think it's a waste of your time.

Chris: Ravi, how many downloads of Ride have we sold?

Ravi: Total?

Chris: Yeah.

Ravi: Almost ten thousand.

Kevin: You know how big the web is? Ten grand. That means nothing.

Chris: (to Kevin) So you don't want to do Anything?!

Tim: (seriously now) I think that we should not worry about the album and get back to playing the occasional live gig here in town—

Chris: (sarcastic) “The occasional.” Great.

Kevin: Well that's what it has to be. Maybe once, twice a month.

Chris: That's pretty piss poor.

Kevin: Look, Chris, it's not all or nothing. It's something or nothing.

Bobby: It's a good idea.

Chris: What we need is to try for one last big push: get out there and Play Play Play, Support this album, maybe do a summer tour—

Kevin: Are you fucking insane?! We just did a tenth anniversary gig for how many people? (to Ravi)

(Ravi looks away from Kevin, he knows the numbers were pathetic but he feels bad for Chris.)

Kevin: What do you think's gonna happen? Go on Tour!? Send it to Labels!? Look, I'm sorry that you can't—

(Enter Will via the stairs.)

Bobby: (interrupting Kevin) Kev, come on—

Tim: (interrupting Bobby) We should play and just have fun! It's supposed to be fun!

Will: Fun! It is supposed to be fun!

Chris: Where've you been?

Bobby: The Professor!

Ravi: You all right, mate?

Will: I am hammered.

Tim: What time did you start drinking?

Will: Two. Give or take.

Kevin: (laughing) You started drinking at two? Why?

Will: (on cue) (Belushi, Animal House) Why not?! (smiles)

Ravi: Long day?

Will: Ah, there she is: How Then Shall We Live. Our new baby. Pride and joy. Chris's eyes. Kev's ears. Bobby's cock. And Tim's feet. Ravi, you get the lips (he does a kiss to him).

Ravi: Thanks, mate.

Kevin: What do you get?

Will: I get the elbow. The funny bone. (he bangs his elbow down on the coffee table)

Kevin: Whoa—

Bobby: Jesus—

Ravi: Careful, brother—

Chris: Take it easy—

Tim: Will, come on—

Will: (goes right into it) I sat in my little piece of shit cubicle today and I put on my little headphones and I listened to this album straight on through while I ate my tuna sandwich and Sunchips and Gatorade. And right afterwards, I got up, left the office, went straight to The Burren and started drinking Jamesons and—

Kevin: (laughs) Jesus—

Will: --Guinness—(he sees the TV) Rooftop Concert. Episode Eight. (back into it) Many Jamesons and many Guinnesses—GuinnI. And it finally hit me—I think it actually hit me when I left the office—

Chris: You just left?

Will: Yes.

Chris: And didn't go back?

Will: No.

Ravi: Did you tell anybody?

Will: (smiles) Good cover. (points to him. Tim smiles.)

(Kevin smiles to himself. Chris is blank. Ravi laughs. Exit Will, the door shuts quietly.)

Kevin: (laughing, smiling) Wow.

Bobby: (blown away) Man.

Tim: (exhausted) Well.

Ravi: (joking) What a nutter.

Chris: That boy needs some help.

Kevin: Not anymore. (Chris and Kevin look at each other. End with Chris seated couch center.)

Bump

Music:

Video: Chris seated on the couch center in the same position smoking a cigarette.

20. (Lights up. Daytime. Chris remains in the same position smoking a cigarette. He brings the cigarette to his lips, the same exact thing happens on the video screen. The video version slowly fades out. He writes down in his notebook. Picks up his acoustic guitar, plays a few chords he's trying out for the song. Stops playing, crosses words out, writes new words. Enter Catherine via the stairs.)

Catherine: There you are. I thought you quit those. (Chris takes a drag off his smoke)
What are you working on?

Chris: A song.

Catherine: (sarcastic) Well, no shit. Can I hear it?

Chris: It's not ready yet.

Catherine: What kind of song?

Chris: I guess technically it's a ballad, but I see it as an anthem.

Catherine: An anthem? Wow. What's it sound like?

Chris: It sounds like...One. (just realizing this) It actually sounds exactly like One.
(laughs)

Catherine: Well that's a good song.

Chris: Yeah. And it was good the first time around. (laughs) I can't believe I did that. That's ridiculous.

Catherine: Well it happens to the best of them.

Chris: No, it doesn't. It's a Ringo move. Kev would never do that, he would've caught me way early on—

Catherine: Don't be so hard—

Chris: And steered me in the right direction...(he is lost in thought)

Catherine: You should shower before we go to Suzie's. You look terrible. (smells him) Whoo! And, boy, you are ripe. What've you been doing down here?

Chris: (not listening) What?

Catherine: You all right?

Chris: Yeah.

Catherine: A shower'll wake you up.

Chris: Where are we going?

Catherine: My sister Suzie's? We're having dinner with all of them: Frank and Jack and Carol.

Chris: I don't think I can do that.

Catherine: Sure you can. (Chris remains out of it) Baby, you've gotta move on. It's just a band.

Chris: (triggers him) It's not just a band! It's my life! That band, that band was my life. It was my Job! It was Everything! And now it's gone. Like a fart in the wind. (Catherine laughs) And I've got nothing, nothing, don't laugh—

Catherine: I'm sorry.

Chris: Don't laugh at me. How can you—

Catherine: I'm not. Just the fart thing was funny.

Chris: Well sure it's funny. Farts are always funny. That's what Kev and Will always say, flatulence is always funny.

Catherine: It's true.

Chris: Bodily functions are funny. A dump. A poop. A toot.

Catherine: (laughs) That's a good word.

Chris: Sure. They're all great words. I've heard them all. I've lived with these knuckleheads for ten years. That's a lot of poop and fart and crapping your pants to go around. And it's always funny.

Catherine: You'll write more songs. You can do your own thing. You can go back to school, for English or Music.

Chris: What else have I got up my sleeve? I can write lyrics. And I can come up with some chords, but every song we wrote somehow involved "the band." My lyrics always changed. And for the better. I'm not that good a songwriter—

Catherine: You are. You're just in a rut. It's a Ride is a great song.

Chris: (laughs) That's Kev's song.

Catherine: I thought you wrote it.

Chris: I wrote some lyrics and little bits here and there. The melody: Kev. The big hook: Will. The middle eight: Bobby's idea. Even that build bass crawl, that came from Timmy. Truly a group effort.

Catherine: Yeah, but you sang it.

Chris: (laughs) Yeah. But you can cover up a lot when you've got Will and Kev singing backup. I've been trying to write a song to get us back together and the best I can do is rewrite One (he laughs to himself) That's when you know it's time to hang it up.

Catherine: Is that what happened to The Beatles?

Chris: (he's joking) Yeah, they realized they were rewriting old Buddy Holly songs and that was the end.

Catherine: I thought it was Yoko?

Chris: No. It wasn't her fault. (turns serious and pensive) It was nobody's fault. It was just Life, ya know. Luck and life.

Bump

Music:

Video: On screen the oldest photograph of the full band but just Bobby fades in (like in Back to the Future or The Beatles Anthology) (for the “look” of the picture see The Phish Book, page 81)

21. (Lights up.)

Bobby: (dismantling his drum kit, he then takes them offstage left, as he talks) I was the last to join. It’s always the drummer. Nobody can ever find a good drummer. And you really can’t have a band without a drummer. (he chucks a drum off left) Tim used to come over to my apartment sophomore year to buy pot off my roommate, Luke Johnson, and he’d—

(Enter Tim. He fades in on the photo.)

Tim: --And I’d always hear you banging away in the next room. I don’t know how you guys didn’t get kicked out of that apartment.

Bobby: It was a miracle.

Tim: (packing up his bass and pedals and amp) Yeah. So I asked if you wanted to come play with us—

Bobby: And I still haven’t seen my twenty-five bucks.

Tim: (laughs) We couldn’t find a drummer. I mean we could find drummers but not a good drummer—

Bobby: Ahem. (still packing up)

Tim: A Great drummer.

Bobby: A-thank you.

Tim: Someone good enough for Kev. So I said, “Well, what do I get if I bring in a great drummer?”

Bobby: Fifty bucks, he says.

Tim: Right. So I made a cool fifty.

Bobby: And I haven’t seen a dime since.

Tim: You snooze you lose.

(Enter Will. He fades in on the photo so the three of them are now shown.)

Will: I didn’t get anything for joining.

Bobby: You got a life! (from across stage)

Will: Oh, is that right?

Bobby: Yep. We pulled you out of loserdom.

Will: (packing up his keyboards) I don't know about that. But you did pull me out of a pit. I was playing in the pit orchestra for this production of Into The Woods because my—

Bobby: Gay!

Will: --because my music teacher—

Bobby: Gay!

Will: --my music teacher, Professor Lawrence—

Bobby: Gay!

Will: You done?

Bobby: Yeah.

Will: He asked me to play and I was only a Sophomore so I couldn't say no. So Kevin saw the show for some reason—come to think of it, I have no idea why 'cause he hates musicals. Do you know why Kev would've seen Into The Woods?

Bobby: Gay!

Tim: No idea.

Will: Any idea?

Bobby: No. Gay.

Will: So anyway, he was there and then he asked me afterwards if I wanted to come play with them and I said sure, let's see how it goes. And that's it. Before that I don't know. I mean Kev and Chris started the band, just the two of them, playing coffee shops, parties, open mics.

Tim: Yeah, two acoustic guitars.

Bobby: They wrote good tunes together.

Will: Yes they did.

Bump

Music:

Video: In the photograph slow fade out of Bobby, Tim, and Will. Simultaneously, in the photo, slow fade in of Chris and Kevin.

22. (Lights up. Dusk. Chris and Kevin in mid-hug. The photo slowly fades completely away.)

Chris: Good to see you.

Kevin: You too, brother, what's happening?

Chris: Not too much. Your pedals. (Milk crate on the coffee table)

Kevin: Yeah, I can't believe I forgot those. Do you have any smokes?

Chris: Yeah. You out?

Kevin: Actually, I'm trying to quit. (he lights up)

Chris: Yeah, I can see that.

Kevin: Yeah, well...

Chris: (amazed) You're quitting? You?

Kevin: That's the plan. (he sees the TV) What's this? Episode One? We never watch Episode One.

Chris: Yeah, I know. Wait. You're quitting smoking? Kevin Patrick O'Donnell. The man who's been smoking since you were what, fifteen?

Kevin: Pretty much. Half my life.

Chris: And now you're quitting. Just like that (snaps his fingers)? No fucking way.

Kevin: Yeah.

Chris: Never gonna happen.

Kevin: Thanks for the vote of confidence.

Chris: It just won't. Impossible.

Kevin: What can I say? We'll see.

Chris: What brought this on?

Kevin: I'm feeling it. (chest)

Chris: This was Alli's idea.

Kevin: Of course.

Chris: You're such a pussy.

Kevin: Absolutely. Mmm (cig). Like meat and potatoes.

Chris: You really think this'll happen?

Kevin: I don't know. It's gonna have to. She threatened to take away sex.

Chris: No. Really?

Kevin: Absolutely. She's not fucking around.

Chris: Man, if I'd known that's all it took, I would've taken away sex years ago.

Kevin: I just would've used Bobby.

Chris: That's true.

Kevin: He's a big hunk of man-love.

Chris: You're not gonna live on beer and cigarettes and cheeseburgers anymore?

Kevin: No. Tofu and water and herbal jazz cigarettes.

Chris: She making you quit that too?

Kevin: No. That'd be crazy talk. I'd draw the line.

Chris: Well that's cool.

Kevin: Yeah. What's up with Catherine?

Chris: Oh, it's good. It's the same. She basically lives here now.

Kevin: How's that?

Chris: It's good. Ya know. Lots of moisturizers, I'll tell you.

Kevin: Welcome to my world.

Chris: I mean, Jesus. I think the only thing I have in that bathroom is a bar of soap and a toothbrush.

Kevin: I hear ya.

Chris: But we're moving out of here. Getting a place together.

Kevin: Oh, great. When?

Chris: The First. Will and Tim are out of here on the First too.

Kevin: They got a place together, right?

Chris: Yeah. They found a two bedroom.

Kevin: So Big Red's going bye bye?

Chris: Yeah, it looks that way. We'll always have Paris.

Kevin: Texas.

Chris: Exactly...(small silence, awkward)

Kevin: How's teaching going?

Chris: Well, ya know, those who can't do. (Kevin laughs) You still scoring?

Kevin: Yeah, I just did a documentary about Beards.

Chris: Like Beards? (motions to his face)

Kevin: Yeah.

Chris: And AudioTech during the day still?

Kevin: Someone's gotta rent high end audio equipment to this city.

Chris: Might as well be you. (laughs)

Kevin: Might as well be me. (laughs)

(Small silence.)

Chris: You know we got reviewed on Pitchfork.

Kevin: Really? That's funny. How'd that happen?

Chris: Ravi just sent them a copy.

Kevin: He's quite the Indian.

Chris: He's a self-starter.

Kevin: So let me guess. Six point nine?

Chris: (laughs) Eight point one. Hm?

Kevin: (straight) Wow. We're indie darlings.

Chris: Right up there with Sufjan.

Kevin: (laughs, Lennon, Anthology) Where are we going, fellas?

Chris: (ibid) To the top, Johnny.

Kevin: (ibid) And where's that, fellas?

Chris: (ibid) To the top-o-most of the pop-o-most!

Kevin: (laughs) You're goddamn right. That's pretty funny.

Chris: I thought you'd enjoy that.

Kevin: So what, have the hipsters been flocking to our website?

Chris: Yeah we've gotten some more hits but, ya know, who the fuck knows?

Kevin: We selling anything on iTunes?

Chris: No. Ride sells some.

Kevin: That's good.

Chris: Yeah.

Kevin: (looks around) The room looks so fucking naked. I don't think I've ever seen it looking like this since we first moved in.

Chris: It's true...I forgot to tell you, I tried to write a song, ya know, to get us back together—

Kevin: (worried about where this is going) Oh yeah?

Chris: Ya know, a big let's-come-together-and-pull-thru-this tune.

Kevin: (worried) Mm hm.

Chris: I worked on it for like three hours: melody, lyrics, the whole deal, had a bunch of stuff, played through it a couple times and realized I'd just rewritten One (laughs).

Kevin: (relieved, laughs) It's easy to do.

Chris: What a jackass.

Kevin: (laughing) Remember when Bobby brought us that tune—(laughing thru it. Chris too, knows where it is going) and he said he'd been working on it for weeks! He didn't want to bring it to us until it was done, so we could hear it in its—

Chris: (laughing) Its full glory!

Kevin: --And it turned out after like the first twelve bars, probably the first four, we looked at each other, and it was exactly—

Chris: Exactly—

Kevin: The exact same melody as Let It Be!

Chris: To a T!

Kevin: He ripped it off directly!

Chris: He just sped it up.

Kevin: That's right. He just sped it up. It wasn't even a little different. He didn't even move it to like C minor. It was C major straight through, exactly the same. Just faster. (laughs)

Chris: First and Last time he brought us a song. (laughs)

Kevin: Yeah. That was it...(their laughter dies down) Good drummer, though.

Chris: Absolutely.

Kevin: Not surprising 'cause they're in everybody's DNA. Every band since is just trying to do what they did. But in all this time, all this technology, no one's been able to do it better.

Chris: It's too bad we weren't born sixty years ago.

Kevin: No shit. 'Cause the whole idea of a band is dead. A hundred years from now, two hundred years from now, all that will matter, from this period of time, the Rock 'N Roll period, these fifty years—

Chris: Is The Beatles.

Kevin: The Beatles, that's it. And it's funny to see it slowly die out. (just realizing, finds it funny) Maybe we should have been THE Sandbox?

Chris: We might have been more successful.

Kevin: Yeah. It was the THE that was holding us back. (laughs)

Chris: Add a THE: record deal.

Kevin: Is that how it works? What were we thinking?

Chris: It's about the music, brah.

Kevin: (laughs) Yeah. Demographics and marketing (puts finger-gun in his mouth and blows himself away) What time is it?

Chris: (checks watch) Ten to five.

Kevin: Shit. Alli. I gotta get out of here.

Chris: All right.

Kevin: I like that you still wear a watch.

Chris: Yeah, well, what can I say?

Kevin: Very twentieth century.

Chris: I guess I'm just old fashioned. (Kevin picks up the milk crate full of his pedals, moves to go) So, you know, we can still get together and talk.

Kevin: That's pretty gay.

Chris: Yeah, I knew it the second I said it.

Kevin: But I hear you. You're right.

Chris: Cool.

Kevin: Have your people call my people and we'll figure it out.

Chris: Sounds like a plan.

Kevin: For what it's worth—

Chris: (interrupts) Babies...I know.

(They look at each other. Then Kevin turns and walks up a few stairs.)

Kevin: Oh. Fuck. (he stops, turns back, checks his pockets) Almost forgot. (He tosses Chris his house keys. Hold for a couple seconds, they look at each other. Then Chris playfully tosses the keys up and down in his hand. He smiles. Kevin smiles.) Later.

(Exit Kevin via the stairs. The door shuts. Chris takes in the empty room for a few beats, tosses the keys in his hand. Then he goes, flicks off the light, walks up the stairs and shuts the door—the door slam should be amplified, much louder than normal.)

Bump

Music:

Video: The passage of time: fall to winter to spring to summer. In between the seasons we see shots of Kevin and Alli cooking a meal together (perhaps lobsters). Tim painting a portrait of Will in their new apartment. Chris and Catherine in a new apartment arranging furniture or painting walls. And finally a shot of Bobby looking at himself in a full length mirror in a handsome black tuxedo. Shot of a church in summertime.

23. (Lights up. Daytime. Outside. The couch, chairs, etc should all be gone so the room is bare. Downstage of the room stand Kevin and Will, both dressed in black tuxedos.)

Will: Here you go. (hands him a cigarette)

Kevin: Thanks. (they light up) You got any gum?

Will: (pats himself down) No. (takes a drink from his water bottle)

Kevin: Gorgeous day.

Will: Yeah, it is.

Kevin: How's your job going?

Will: Fantastic.

Kevin: Should I even ask what you're doing. It's all science stuff, right?

Will: You don't want to know. It would bore you to death.

Kevin: I'm sure.

Will: But I love it.

Kevin: All that matters really.

Will: You bet your ass.

Kevin: How 'bout the ladies?

Will: I'm working on that.

Kevin: Oh, yeah, what's going on?

Will: I got nothing. But this is a wedding after all, right?

Kevin: And you're the best man.

Will: There you go.

Kevin: Pussy falling out of your pockets.

Will: That's the plan.

(Enter Tim, also in a black tux.)

Tim: Hey, can I bum one?

Will: You know, you guys are incredible. (giving Tim a cigarette) Everybody quits except me, and all you do, every time I see one of you is bum smokes off me (lights Tim's)

Tim: Thanks.

Kevin: Oh, is your vagina hurting?

Will: Yes, it is in fact. My vagina's in horrible pain. (Enter Catherine and Chris: fancy dress, black tux. Will doesn't see them) My vagina is killing me. My vagina has cancer.

Catherine: (only heard Will's last line) Well then...

Kevin: Hey!

(Hellos, hugs, general excitement exchanged)

Catherine: I guess your vagina's gonna need some chemotherapy.

Will: (embarrassed) Exactly. Yes. Thank you. I'll get right on that.

Chris: How you guys doing?

Kevin: Good.

Tim: Can't complain.

Catherine: That's nice. Such a beautiful day for a wedding.

Kevin: Yeah, it is.

Will: Absolutely.

Chris: Gorgeous.

Tim: Typical summer day. (all look at him for a fraction)

Catherine: Where's Alli?

Kevin: Inside. Holding a pew for all of us.

Catherine: You left her inside all alone? Shame on you. (She takes Chris's hand to go. He stops.)

Chris: I'm gonna try Ravi real quick. I'll be right in. (She gives him a look, then exits.)

Will: Where is Ravi?

Kevin: She's not alone. What the fuck was that for?!

Chris: (calling cell) Don't worry about it.

Kevin: There's a full church in there. She knows people. It's not like I left her in MaryAnne's full of jackass frat boys!

Will: You want another cigarette?

Kevin: No. I'm good. Anybody got any gum?!

Tim: No.

Kevin: Chris, you got gum?

Chris: No. (snaps cell shut) I got nothing.

Will: No Ravi?

Chris: No. Straight to voicemail.

(Enter Bobby, in a nicer black tux.)

Bobby: What's up, motherfuckers?

(All are excited by his arrival.)

Kevin: Hey, man. (hug)

Chris: What's up, amigo? (hug)

Bobby: Not a whole lot.

Tim: Looking spiffy. (hug)

Bobby: Thanks. We all do. Boy, do we clean up well. What's that?

Will: It's water. Relax. What are you doing out here? (hug)

Bobby: I saw you guys through the window, I was bored out of my skull. Thought I'd come out and say Wuz up. When was the last time all five of us, I mean the original founding members of Sandbox were together?!

Kevin: (sarcastic) Look out for the press.

Chris: It's been a while.

Tim: Yes, it has.

Bobby: It's so good to see you guys.

Chris: You too.

Kevin: Absolutely.

Bobby: You got the rings?

Will: What rings?

(Bobby smiles, then Will smiles.)

Kevin: Seriously, you got the rings?

Will: Don't worry about it. I have the rings. They're safe. (Enter Alli, Will doesn't see her) I've been keeping them up my ass for two weeks so they're (he sees Alli) nice...and...warm.

Alli: Well that's good, Will.

Will: Yeah. I'm not gonna speak from now on.

Chris: Hey, Alli.

Alli: Hey, Chris. (they kiss, hug) Bobby, what are you doing out here?

Bobby: I got twenty minutes. Relax.

Alli: Robert Emmett Krueger—

Bobby: That's not my middle name—

Alli: Get yourself back inside before I shove this handbag up you ass.

Bobby: Yes, ma'am.

Kevin: Ooo, kinky.

Bobby: See you guys later. (exit Bobby)

Alli: You been smoking?

Kevin: Me? No.

Alli: (she smells him) Smells like you've been smoking.

Kevin: Will was smoking.

Alli: Can we go inside?

Kevin: I'm just gonna try Ravi again. (calls on cell)

Chris: Very UnRavi-like.

Alli: Come on Best Man, Timmy: you guys are my escorts. (takes an arm from each)

Tim: Yes, ma'am.

Will: My lips are sealed.

(Exit Alli, Tim, Will.)

Chris: Anything?

Kevin: Nothing. (Enter Ravi far stage right, on his cellphone) Oh, wait. There he is.

Chris: You got him?

Kevin: No, he's right there. (Chris turns around and sees him. Ravi finishes his call.)

Ravi: (into his cell) Thank you very much. Yes. Great. Cheers. (and he snaps his cell shut. Kevin holds his arms out.)

Ravi: Sorry, mate.

Kevin: What the fuck?

Chris: We've been trying you.

Ravi: (hugs Chris) I know. Sorry. I have unbelievable news. (hugs Kevin)

Chris: What's up?

Ravi: I have brilliant news concerning...(Chris and Kevin lean forward, waiting)

Chris: Yeah?

Ravi: Your former band...

Kevin: Sandbox?

Ravi: Yes. I didn't know if I was allowed to speak its name.

Kevin: No, it's fine.

Chris: Yeah, it's dead. Don't worry about it.

Ravi: I didn't know if it was like that Harry Potter villain, what's his name?

Chris & Kevin: Voldemort?

Ravi: Voldemort! Yeah!

(Chris and Kevin laugh.)

Kevin: Man, are we dorks.

Chris: No shit.

Ravi: I was just now talking to this guy, Greg Mulhearn, from Arnold Worldwide, who are a huge advertising agency—

Chris: (remembering) Oh, yeah.

Ravi: And they handle a lot of big clients, one of which is Volkswagen, and Volkswagen wants to use one of your songs, Sandbox, in a huge international ad campaign! (excited, he smiles, holds out his arms and waits for a jubilant response)

Kevin: What?

Chris: From How Then Shall We Live? What song?

Ravi: (not the excited response he was hoping for, drops his arms) Ride.

(Kevin laughs. Chris joins in laughing. Kevin and Chris really laugh, keep laughing and laughing. Ravi joins in the laughter too although he's unsure as to why they're laughing.)

Ravi: So what do you think?!

(Chris and Kevin look at each other, smile, laugh, shake their heads in amazement.)

Chris: How much money? (laughs to Kevin)

Kevin: How much of the song do they want to use? (laughs to Chris)

(Chris and Kevin keep laughing, they can't help themselves. Ravi sort of chuckles.)

Ravi: Um, what are we laughing about?

Bump

Music: (Lennon, Anthology: "Let's go back, back, back, back, back")

Video: All videos from the show but shown in reverse and sped up: flashing images. End and hold on a shot not yet seen, of an empty daytime college music rehearsal room.

24. (Lights up. Drum kit. Keyboards. Bass. Amps. Two guitars. All set up differently from the way they have been onstage all show. Bobby sits behind his drumkit messing about. Tim on bass. Will behind keyboards. Kev, with electric guitar on, talks to Will as Will dabbles and gives some ideas. Chris pulls papers out of his backpack. This is the first time Sandbox—the full five—ever played together. Obviously, the lads look younger which could be achieved with cheaper rumpled clothing, hats, maybe longer hair, big glasses, etc.)

Chris: All right. I think we got Proud Mary down, and She Said.

Kevin: Don't forget Cinnamon Girl.

Bobby: And Loving Cup.

Chris: That's right. Should we try an original? (he hands out pages)

Bobby: What's this?

Kevin: Sheet music.

Bobby: Sheet music? There's no sheet music in rock 'n roll!

Chris: Let's just try it. What do you say?

Bobby: Sure.

Tim: I'm game.

Will: (to Kevin) Ooo, nice charts.

Kevin: Thank you very much.

Chris: This is Kevin's song.

Kevin: We both wrote it.

Bobby: (reading) "It's a Ride"

Kevin: It needs some work.

Tim: That's cool.

Will: Good thing I brought my A game.

Chris: Here. Let's go over this.

(And as they learn the song still pictures of the band show up on screen. Maybe ten or so that go in reverse chronological order. While watching the pics we hear recordings from The Beatles Anthology, Chapter 8.)

Ringo (48:51): Well I think it shows as an absolute fact that we were going different places, ya know. Ya know I've mentioned it before, the energy for The Beatles was waning. Ya know we put in a thousand percent and then it was dwindling now to like, oh dear, do we have to turn up? Do we have to do that thing again? I want to do this, John wants to do that, and ya know George was off and ya know people would—and ya know we had families—

McCartney (49:19): --And I remember thinking of it like army buddies. One of the songs we used to love in the past was “Wedding Bells.” (sings) ‘Those wedding bells are breaking up that old gang of mine.’ And this idea that you’d been army buddies but one day you’ll have to kiss the army goodbye and go and get married, act like normal people. It was a bit like that for The Beatles. We always knew that day had to come.

(The opening Hard Day’s Night chord—G7 sus 4 over D—clangs as we hold on the earliest photo of Sandbox. The same photograph as earlier in the act except now all five are shown together in the picture.)

Chris: All right. You guys wanna try this?

Will: Let’s do it.

Tim: Ready for blast off.

Kevin: (to Chris) Here goes nothing.

Chris: (to Kevin) Come on. This is gonna be fun.

Kevin: Or disastrous.

Bobby: Let’s fucking do this. (He hits his drumsticks together, counts off) One, two, three, four!

(Blackout.)

Bump

Video: Onscreen we watch the new thirty second ad for the Volkswagen Beetle. The music uses the “It’s a Ride” chorus, but the sound is different. Instead of Chris, Kevin, and Will singing, the voices are somebody else’s. And the orchestration of the song is different. It has been recorded anew, basically turned into a watered down version of “Ride” utilizing only the chorus and even chopping that up.

Right after the advertisement ends:

25. Lights up onstage. The Boys play the original, full-on Sandbox version of “It’s a Ride” and it is pure Fun for all.

THE END

“It’s a Ride”

A carpool lane stuck in gridlock
A commuter train jammed full
The streets are packed with people
Everybody on a hook

Look around, look around
It’s a hell of a mess
Look around, look around
Can this be progress

Hey mister bus driver, let me off, ‘cause I gotta flee
Before this whole maze becomes my reality

It’s a Ride, It’s a Ride
it’s not what you’re taught
It’s a Ride, It’s a Ride
get your ticket your first thought
It’s a Ride, Ride, Ride, Ride

See the man making mergers
Losing worker bees
See the woman selling gossip
Our new currency

Turn away, turn away
It’s a mangled mess
Turn away, turn away
Mouths of decadence

We’re all sitting in the same lifeboat, at the edge of the world
But so few can see we’re dying when we’re giving birth

It’s a Ride, It’s a Ride
it’s not what you’re taught
It’s a Ride, It’s a Ride
get your ticket your first thought
It’s a Ride, Ride, Ride, Ride

(bridge – guitar/jam thing)

It's a Ride, It's a Ride
All you need to know
It's a Ride, It's a Ride
Enjoy the picture show
It's a Ride, Ride, Ride, Ride

It's a Ride, It's a Ride
It's a lot of fluff
It's a Ride, It's a Ride
Think I've seen enough
It's a Ride, Ride, Ride, Ride

Will's tag coda line: "Gawd, it shure was purty..."

Kevin's tag coda line: "Case fucking closed." Or "Kay? Kay."

Sandbox
the albums

Demo – Demolicious (poor quality, recorded in college)

1. It's a Ride
2. Big Jim
3. The Day Professor Joe Lost His Mind (The Freeway Song)
4. The World is Our Clam
5. Sad Undergrad

1st Album – Big Red Days

1. It's a Ride
2. The Sweetest Parakeet
3. My Red Thermos
4. Gimme a Drug Song
5. Sonny Underground
6. The Lightbulb I Carry
7. Salamander
8. Under the Affluence
9. Welcome to 21
10. Blessed Be Me

2nd Album – How Then Shall We Live?

1. Shine
2. Stranger Than Fiction
3. Tigerfood

4. Hop a Train to Wonderland
5. Dissertation Bum
6. Little Katie
7. Lazarus
8. A Taste of Moonlight
9. Bali Blues
10. Talk Me Downtown
11. Why Not Laugh

A Note on Artwork/Poster: a good image for this show would be Elliott Landy's famous 1968 black and white photograph of The Band seated on a bench, their backs to the camera, at the pond behind Big Pink. But instead of a bench it should be the basement couch from the play. And instead of black and white it should be in color. The rest can be more or less the same.