

# Band fa !

a play by

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--WHO--

JACK & BRAD  
Best Friends since Seventh Grade;  
ages 14-18

--WHERE--

The bedroom of JACK's boyhood home,  
in the Detroit suburb of  
Hazel Park, MI

--WHEN--

October 1984 - September 1988

--ACT 1--

Preshow MUSIC:

The Go-Gos- "We Got the Beat"

Eurythmics- "Sweet Dreams (Are Made of This)"

Nena- "99 Luftballons" (German version)

Erasure- "Oh, L'Amour"

Depeche Mode- "Never Let Me Down Again"

AT RISE: JACK's bedroom, in the Detroit suburb of Hazel Park, MI. A pair of bunk beds, dresser, desk, turntable with dual cassette deck. A TV and VCR, somewhere. The back wall is covered with pictures of "Days of our Lives" star, Kristian Alfonso, clipped from various "soap" magazines.

A large wall calendar shows today's date: October 18, 1984.

14-year-old JACK and BRAD practice their band instruments-- most likely something by John Philip Sousa. They conclude their piece then sit in silence a moment.

BRAD

So... What do you wanna do now?

JACK

I don't know... What do you wanna do?

BRAD  
I don't know, I asked you first.

(Pause.)

JACK  
You wanna listen to some records?

(HE puts a record on the  
turntable.)

MUSIC: Josie Cotton- "*Johnny,  
Are You Queer?*"

THEY listen a moment.)

BRAD  
Oh my God, Jack! This song *totally* reminds me of seventh  
grade... God, that was (spells it out) so-o-o-o long ago!

JACK  
Tell me about it.

BRAD  
I can't believe we've known each other for *two whole years*  
already! (beat) 'member back in seventh grade when we  
first met? That bunch of girls was talking about which  
jeans they liked best: Calvins or Jordache?

JACK  
And you were like, "Fuck those! I like *Sergio Valenté's*  
better 'cause they make your ass look hot!"

BRAD  
And you were like, "Oh my God! I can't believe you just  
said that."

JACK  
I was not.

BRAD  
Oh my God, you totally were! You were all freaked out just  
because I said "fuck" and "ass."

JACK  
*Shut up!*

(THEY listen to the music.)

BRAD

'member when Max had a crush on Boy George? He was like, "You guys, that girl from *Culture Club* is so hot." And we were like, "Um, Max... His name is Boy George..."

JACK & BRAD

"... 'cause he's a boy!"

BRAD

Max was *always* a Total Dweeb, I swear. I 'member he used to think the porno mag *Oui* was called "O-U-I."

JACK

He did?

BRAD

What do you expect? I mean, anybody who watched *Square Pegs*...

JACK

Hey! I watched *Square Pegs* and I'm not a dweeb.

BRAD

I don't know... You knew all the words to that *Valley Girl* song, didn't you?

JACK

*Shut up!*

BRAD

God, that was (spells it out) so-o-o-o long ago!

JACK

Tell me about it.

(Pause.)

BRAD

So... You wanna see it or what?

JACK

What?

BRAD

*You know...*

(Pause.)

JACK

Where'd you find it, anyways?

BRAD

At my next-door neighbor's... It *totally* freaked me out when I saw it.

JACK

And you just *took* it?

BRAD

I never saw one before... Have you?

JACK

No.

BRAD

I always wondered what they were like, you know what I mean? I thought it would be fun for us to look at it together... So I just stuck it down my pants and got the hell outta there!

JACK

Won't your neighbor know it's missing?

BRAD

I doubt it... There were a few, so I took the best one.

JACK

How'd you know it was the best?

BRAD

I don't know... I just thought it looked pretty good.  
(beat) You wanna look at it?

(Pause.)

JACK

I guess... Since you went to all the trouble.

(BRAD reaches into his book bag and takes out a copy of *Playgirl* magazine-- the November 1984 issue, with Jon-Erik Hexum on the cover.)

He presents it to JACK, who  
stares at it in silence.)

BRAD

Well, go on... Open it.

(JACK opens the magazine and  
begins slowly turning through  
the pages.)

So... What do you think?

JACK

I don't know...

(HE turns a couple pages.)

What's the big deal about a bunch of naked guys?

BRAD

Here, let me see it...

(HE takes the magazine.)

Oh my God! Look at that guy... Holy shit!

JACK

What?

(BRAD holds up the magazine.)

BRAD

Do you think *we'll* look like that when we grow up? (beat)  
He's pretty cute, right?

JACK

I don't know... I don't really judge other guys. (beat) I  
wouldn't mind *looking* like him, I guess.

(Pause.)

BRAD

Well... If you were a *girl*, would you think he was cute?

JACK

If I was a *girl*? I guess I might. (beat) Would you?

BRAD

Probably... If I was a *girl*, I mean.

(HE flips through the pages.)

BRAD (cont'd)

That guy's got a big one... I wonder if mine'll ever get that big.

(HE turns another page.)

Gross! That guy's got a hard on.

JACK

Where!?

BRAD

Look!

(HE shows JACK the picture.)

JACK

That's sick! I can't believe they can show that kinda stuff.

BRAD

I know, it's *disgusting*...

(JACK turns the page.)

Wait! Let me see that again.

(BRAD looks at the picture, again, then flips through the pages some more.)

He's kinda cute, huh?

JACK

He's okay. (beat) I think the other one's cuter, though.

BRAD

Which one?

JACK

The one you just passed... On the last page.

(BRAD turns the page back.)

BRAD

He's okay... I think my guy's cuter.

(Pause.)

JACK

So what about the guy on the cover? Isn't he in here somewhere?

BRAD

Duh! He wouldn't be on the cover if he wasn't, would he?

(BRAD flips through the magazine looking for Jon-Erik Hexum.)

JACK

He looks kinda familiar... Who is he, anyways?

BRAD

His name is Jon-Erik Hexum... He was in this made-for-TV movie with Joan Collins called *The Making of a Male Model*.

JACK

I don't think I ever saw it.

BRAD

You're kidding me? I *loved* that movie! It was (spells it out) so-o-o-o good!

JACK

I think he used to be on a TV show called *Voyagers!* I watched it with my Dad back in fifth grade.

BRAD

Here he is... On page thirty.

(HE presents the magazine with a flourish. JACK's face drops in disappointment.)

JACK

That's it?

BRAD

What do you mean, "That's it?"

JACK

He's not even naked... I thought that was the whole point of *Playgirl*: naked guys.

BRAD

All the other guys are.

JACK

Yeah, but who cares about them? They're nobodies.

BRAD

My sister Janelle says they never show full-frontal on the celebrities... It's bad for their careers.

JACK

That's so lame! They could at least show his butt or something...

(JACK tosses the magazine  
aside.)

What a rip-off!

(THEY sit in silence for a  
moment.)

Now what're we gonna do?

(Pause.)

BRAD

I'll be right back...

(HE crosses to the door.)

JACK

Where you going?

BRAD

I gotta go to the bathroom...

(HE eyes the magazine lying  
on the floor.)

I better take something with me to read.

(HE picks up the magazine.)

I might be a while...

(MUSIC: Cyndi Lauper- "She  
Bop.")