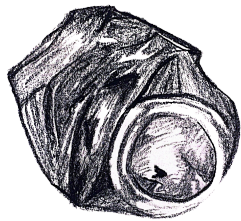


Showtime  
Summer 2024

Standpipe Production Co.



Production team: Julia Bennett, Will Fynes,  
David Rhoads

Cast: Colin Busick, Will Fynes, Andy  
Heineman, Henry Oliver, Zach Taylor

## Sound Check

*(ANDREW stands DSC and directs flow of band traffic counterclockwise around the stage, unsatisfied with every arrangement.)*

ERIC: Feeling yourself yet?

ANDREW: Who said that...? A little to the left.

WILLIAN: Well -

COLIN: I'm blocked.

*ERIC: (Shakes bottle of pills) Ibuprofen?*

ANDREW: (Incredulously) And poison the temple?? Okay everyone, big step back.

ERIC: We need you over here... for just a sec... Maybe.

ANDREW: Where's DAVID? I don't usually play for the sound check.

COLIN: Call-

ANDREW: Not a fan of that tone. A little more warmth would do it.

COLIN: I saw a youtube video about guitar tone, actually. And actually, it's JUST the

string tautness and the height of the bridge. Just those two things.

ERIC: No way.

WILLIAN: Whey.

COLIN: All this nonsense about wood tone and, you know, all that other stuff, its crap! And its the same thing for amps, it's WAY simpler than people make it out to be. WAY simpler.

WILLIAN: Whey!!

COLIN: *(glances warily at green)* It's just the, it's just the... the size... of the amp. You know, the construction, the wood, the... the height. I got it figured out. The tone. I'm warm. I mean, I wouldn't worry about how warm or cold my tone is. Thank you but I'm- the warmth is good.

*ERIC: (looks at Blue)* You said your mom is coming to this one? When she came to the show in San Antonio I had a sacred, SACRED experience on that drum kit.

*(points at drum kit)*

*ERIC: That drum kit.*

COLIN: Did she say anything about it?

ERIC: her name again?

WILLIAN: Who?

ANDREW: Selena Tampered-Jones

COLIN: *(Nods at green)* That's his mom. I meant-

WILLIAN: No, it isn't. Not my first mom, not my real mom I mean. Look, don't get me wrong, Selena Tampered-Jones did right by me. Took me in when she didn't have to. She cared for me and loved me and fed me. Well! But when you know there's someone out there where by who you are FROM- I mean are born from... you have to always wonder about them and where they are. So really, Selena Tampered-Jones *is* my mom, but I have another one out there too. I think about her.

ANDREW: Can I get a little more of me in here?

COLIN: Excellent! *Just* what I need..

ERIC: Is Cath in the back?

COLIN: I don't know if I see him..

WILLIAN: When did -

ERIC: He got in yesterday, took the train.

WILLIAN: Train.

ANDREW: He got in *Yesterday*.

WILLIAN: Beatles. Paul. *(sings)* Yesterday..

COLIN: Oh he flew?

ERIC: No the train

ANDREW: You could all use a little more training.

WILLIAN: I know I had the list in my sock, can you guys look on the ground -

ANDREW: You don't know?

ERIC: *(Concerned)* Know what? The order?

WILLIAN: No, I have the order but it's the set list I'm missing

ANDREW: That's the order.

WILLIAN: What's the order?

ERIC: *(helpfully, as though to a child)* The set *is* the order.

ANDREW: Right.

ERIC: Right.

WILLIAN: Right. SO can you -

*(Beat, where everyone halfheartedly looks around while Blue plays with intensity)*

ANDREW: *(pats self down)* Not here.

COLIN: *(explodes)* Please please please I can't hear can't hear over the sound of you guys talking I need to be able to hear so i can tune i need to be able to tune so i can hear i swear to god if you guys don't stop talking i'm going to walk out right now -

ERIC: My uh, my buddy asked to join. Did he tell you? Remember... Breakfast last week?

ANDREW: No.

ERIC: Oh, well - he wants to join, and I told him I'd ask, not that this is me asking, I'm just telling you - but he wants to join, and he said he'd sort of, well, come by tonight and see how we sound, you know -

ANDREW: No... I told you no. No. No more room.

ERIC: *(trying to understand)* So you're telling me -

ANDREW: No one told me anything.

ERIC: I'm telling you now. I'm not asking about it *right* this second, I'm just telling you-

ANDREW: Yes. No.

ERIC: Maybe DAVID -

WILLIAN: He doesn't get lost. He doesn't use maps.

ANDREW: He DOES. Last week, when DAVID and I were driving to the Kuadros Event Center for that *(beat)* meeting?

COLIN: Meeting?

ANDREW: A meeting that we'd both been to *many* times. A meeting where we had shared laughs and stories and a meeting that allowed us to really see each other. And DAVID, well, he said he knew the way. He promised. We drove all night that night. We never got there.

WILLIAN: Got to where?

COLIN: Get lost.

ERIC: No, got lost.

WILLIAN: No, use maps.

ERIC: On the road out of Eagle Pass,  
remember? All lefts.

COLIN: Yeah, that's where we ended up.

ERIC: We *got* there. It was the *getting out* -  
All lefts.

## **Song 1**

(ZACKERY enters during the song, puts down the  
guitar he's holding, DAVID hands him another one.)

ZACKERY: (*Contentedly*) West bestern time feel.

ANDREW: Who are you?

ZACKERY: I was at breakfast. Last week.

ERIC: And, why not?

WILLIAN: I had one the other day.

ZACKERY: I had two.

WILLIAN: Little toasts?

ERIC: I had just enough time for one.

ZACKERY: Such a shame.

ANDREW: There's a difference between taking  
time and actually... resting with it.

COLIN: Half or quarter? If we're talking a  
pause...

ANDREW: You don't pause... you breathe. You  
exist. You find yourself in that state of  
being.

ERIC: And you can tell somehow?

ANDREW: *Because* I've experienced it before.  
Many times. Many times.

ZACKERY: Name one.

ANDREW: It's not about the specific thing or  
the... its not about the essence of it. It's  
not essentialism... or how we choose each  
other! Or... our experiences. Yeah, it's not  
about the experience as it was... Okay, fine, I  
can tell you about one. (*Steps forward into  
spotlight*) I had a marble in my hand. One of  
those little pebbles with the universe inside  
it. I was laying there, floating really, when  
I heard some gentle bell. And just beyond my  
tender hand, which was still cradling that  
marble, a universe itself, a long headed

finch perched on the windowsill... and I saw that it saw what I saw, what i had; peace. So... I gave that marble up. I gave it to the grackle. I gave it to god.

WILLIAN: Why are all the best guitarists left handed? Answer. They are NOT!

ERIC: Isn't Eric Clapton left handed?

WILLIAN: Johnny Carson.

ZACKERY: Not a guitarist.

COLIN: Not anything.

ZACKERY: Johnny Carson could be a *bassist* maybe. Not a guitarist.

ANDREW: Bassists in bands are notoriously conniving and toxic.

COLIN: Meaning:

ANDREW: Nothing. Meaning nothing.

COLIN: Oh ok. Okay. A low nothing? *\*Rumbles menacingly*

ERIC: Did someone call DAVID already -

WILLIAN: Where *did* we eat all those breakfasts last week. The toast, and the wobbly eggs, and the dried fruit, prunes, apricots maybe, and the limp sausages, and the little - oh shit, what were those things - the little, um, little cups of, little bowls like, filled with some warm, some sort of warm -

ERIC: Muesli?

WILLIAN: No, not ringing a bell, but the hard boiled ones, and the melting pats of butter, and the drying slabs of jerky outside -

ZACKERY: Not in Eagle Pass.

WILLIAN: *(Wide-eyed)* In the past...

COLIN: No, it was *in* the past, last week.

ANDREW: Eagle Pass was a fucking disaster.

ZACKERY: It was fine.

ERIC: Finally... DAVID.

*(David arrives)*

DAVID: I...I...

ANDREW: Yeah its all about you, huh.

COLIN: I heard you took the train, idiot.

ZACKERY: Where's that Les?

ERIC: We're definitely Les one tonight.

DAVID: No, uh, no, I counted, and I'm sure -

COLIN: Four guitars. Four. Not Five.

ZACKERY: For now.

ERIC: Not un-Les we a-Paul-ogize.

COLIN: For who?

ANDREW: For whom.

ZACKERY: For sure.

WILLIAN: Four swore.

ERIC: Abraham Lincoln.

*(Does old voice)*

ERIC: Many men have tried. They sure did they  
wallow *\*breaks accent* Or whatever *\*chuckles*  
That was probably what he sounded like.

COLIN: Thats not-

*(ANDREW has been glaring at ZACKERY for the  
entirety of this exchange)*

ANDREW: Who are you? No, seriously. Some  
hotel bellhop is going to waltz on stage and  
take control? You have any idea how hard I  
worked to get this sound?

ZACKERY: I'm not trying to take control. I've  
never made any power play for lead fucking  
head of this band.

WILLIAN: Top hat...

ANDREW: Not in so many words.

ZACKERY: How many then?

ANDREW: It's unspoken. It's *felt*.

ZACKERY: Oh, sure

ANDREW: No, you do. You really do. Or did.

*(In unison)*

When then?

Last week! At breakfast! You said -

I said pass the salt.

Demanding!

Control!

Pass the salt.

That's a power play to you?

ANDREW: It was a power play *with* me. And you lost, because I pretended like I didn't hear you.

COLIN: So four guitars then.

WILLIAN: DAVID??

*(walks on, immediately walks off)*

ERIC: Look everyone! It's the king of pop, Michael Jackson!

COLIN: Stop saying that. Where did I put the fifth guitar?

ERIC: We have four. Four beautiful kids. Gosh, they're a handful, so it takes a village, but we manage.

WILLIAN: We're all mothers in that way.

ANDREW: Like Selena Tampered-Jones is to our good friend.

ERIC: Did she show after all?

COLIN: No.

ZACKERY: There's no familial- there's not a camaraderie there?

WILLIAN: We should make a go-daddy account and have like a band website. We could have pictures of each of us and a full band photo. And try and-

COLIN: Where's DAVID?

*(WILLIAN kicks over his beer)*

ERIC: Uh oh!

ZACKERY: Spillage.

COLIN: What'd you do?

ANDREW: If this affects my tone, I-

WILLIAN: Hey! Hey! Look! A Meess!

COLIN: Which one.

ZACKERY: Wow, this could go on all day.

ERIC: What could?

ZACKERY: This.

WILLIAN: Tell me about it.

COLIN: Can you make sure to get beer everywhere so DAVID has more to clean up?

ANDREW: I want him on his hands and knees.

ERIC: Was that your PBR or mine.

ZACKERY: It was mine, and it wasn't a PBR... I don't drink that shit.

ERIC: Can we get liquor with our drink tickets?

WILLIAN: We got drink tickets?

ERIC: We got a few.

ANDREW: We don't have any more drink tickets.

I do.

*(A man pushes his way out of the crowd to the edge of the stage and stares at WILLIAN, who locks eyes with him and holds his gaze for...a while)*

ANDREW: This song... this is a song. A song about will. A song about won't. A song... to offer up as penance for each of our evil, shriveled hearts.

ERIC: You wrote this one?

ANDREW: Is that what I said?

ERIC: I just think that *that* preview describes *my* song a little better than this one, is all.

ANDREW: That's all?

ERIC: Yes. That's all.

ANDREW: Your song is about smoking hash at the park.

ERIC: NO. IT ISNT.

## Song 2

WILLIAN: My keys are sticking.

ERIC: That's the lonestar.

ZACKERY: My shriveled heart needs to get its hands on another drink.

WILLIAN: My heart's not shriveled.

ANDREW: Yes it is. And it is a choice that each of us make every single day. We have to decide (and that's the BIG one) that we're capable of being better and that we are willing to engage in the search for our gracious self.

### Song 3

COLIN: Can someone check and see if my out cable is in?

WILLIAN: In cable -

COLIN: Out cable. In.

WILLIAN: Oh!

ERIC: I think its -

WILLIAN: (shuffles through cables) I... want to be on a boat right now.

ZACKERY: Yacht rock is over.

ERIC: But we're here. Let's just put on the best show we can!

WILLIAN: Can someone please help me route this, I'm-

COLIN: In!!! In! Out to in.

ZACKERY: I'm losing it.

COLIN: What!? Did we lose a guitar? I only see four...

WILLIAN: Don't say that brother.

DAVID: (hands him one of two guitars he's holding) Five.

ERIC: Did you count his?

WILLIAN: (Finally gets the cable plugged in) I'm in, Ocean's aweigh!

COLIN: Wait - start over. One, two, three, four -

ZACKERY: Can we get on with it?

DAVID: Wait, just... here. Okay.

ANDREW: So full of yourself man.

WILLIAN: I want to play a horn. On a boat. Right now.

COLIN: *(Pacing around the stage)*  
One...Two...Three...

ERIC: I saw a bugle on facebook marketplace yesterday.

WILLIAN: Can I see...? *(Realization)* The sea!

ERIC: I just got my SCUBA certificate actually. Picture this: First dive, silt: massive, visibility: zero. Bumped around down there for 20-25 minutes or so before the scuba lead signaled us up. Actually, he had to tap each of individually because the visibility was so bad. Couldn't see a thing. *(Snaps both fingers and delivers like a punchline)* Guess that's why no one's seen Nessie. *(Returns to previous form)* It was bad where we were, but visibility in the Loch is- It's like pitch black and brown. My mom used to have this 'catching the loch ness monster' CD, which is how I know that. I cranked that disc.

WILLIAN: What is a loch?

ERIC: A narrowing of the sea.

ANDREW: Concert D everyone.

## **Song 4**

ZACKERY: Why don't bars have more riker mount display cases?

COLIN: Bar owners usually don't have time for other things.

ERIC: Except drinking.

COLIN: Yeah, except drinking.

ANDREW: I'm going to quit drinking. No seriously, I'm worried its affecting my songwriting.

ZACKERY: Considers himself a poet.

WILLIAN: Harummph!

ANDREW: It affects my sound.

COLIN: And my playing.

ZACKERY: Cheers.

ERIC: Near miss... Near miss...

WILLIAN: I never miss.

ZACKERY: My uncle... he dated a lot of women when I was younger, most of them Miss AmERICA pageant contestants... He quit drinking one

time because Miss Virginia asked him to. She said she couldn't see herself raising a family with someone who started drinking at 10AM sometimes. Said she didn't want a family full of boozers... And then six months later they broke up. He never picked it back up, though.

ANDREW: We don't care.

ERIC: It's a nice story. Really makes you think... *(Looks at drinks, considers, and places it gently in the garbage to avoid spilling it)*

COLIN: How?

ZACKERY: Alcohol kept Miss AmERICA's runner up out of my uncle's arms.

WILLIAN: I've had worse.

ZACKERY: Name one.

COLIN: Your little sister?

ANDREW: You're a little sister.

COLIN: Teetotaler.

ANDREW: Black sheep.

COLIN: Chest-sleeper.

WILLIAN: Bigot!

ANDREW: I'm not. In fact, I feel better now than I have in a long time. I don't know if its the *NOT DRINKING*, the cold showers, or the electrolytes or magic, but I'm reeling, feeling like myself. Really in-tune.

ERIC: Speaking of - is this next one CABDGG?

COLIN: No, CGEABB.

ERIC: So, CAGEAB.

ZACKERY: Not quite.

ERIC: Say it *slowly*.

COLIN: CGE -

ERIC: GGE -

WILLIAN: C!

COLIN: First string C.

ERIC: Second string?

ZACKERY: For life.

ERIC: The note?

ZACKERY: Hint of bitterness.

COLIN: In C? No way. A minor, maybe, but...

WILLIAN: Yeah and definitely not in broad daylight.

ANDREW: Not to bring it back up, but I think y'all should stop drinking too.

COLIN: You just want to pull everyone down to your miserable, claptrap level, huh? Well, I won't. I'm going to stand here and drink my beer, and my whiskey neat, and my fiji water, and be perfectly happy!

*(Beat after COLIN roars this diatribe)*

ERIC: Maybe we *should* stop drinking so much.

ANDREW: Shut up.

WILLIAN: One time we played a gig and there was a rep from Hotarbor— you guys know the ginger beer company? Anyway, we got a bunch of free ginger beer that night. Burned my throat.

COLIN: I hate ginger beer.

ZACKERY: I prefer real beer.

ERIC: One time we played a gig and there were two British people there.

WILLIAN: One time we played a gig and I turned on my guitar. What a difference that made!

COLIN: One time we played a gig and really wished we hadn't. You know which time I'm talking about?

All: Waco.

## **Song 5**