

Band Names  
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INT: BAND PRACTICE ROOM - DAY

Here is a room with red walls and guitars hanging on them. JUSTIN, 20 and with dreadlocks sits behind a drum kit, holding two sticks. His friend LARRY, 20, with long hair and wearing a guitar plugged into an amp, faces him.

JUSTIN  
That was a great jam session, man.

LARRY  
Yeah, we rock. I guess the next thing is to finally decide on a band name...

JUSTIN  
I've had a few ideas. How about Acid Death? Or maybe Spider Fang?

LARRY rubs his chin.

LARRY  
Na. Too cliched.

JUSTIN  
You try, then...

LARRY  
How about 'The Bo-bations'.

JUSTIN's eyes widen.

JUSTIN  
No.

LARRY  
You seem certain...

JUSTIN grips his sticks, tight.

JUSTIN  
I'm more than certain. I actually hate it. In fact I hate it so much it makes me want to punch someone.

LARRY clicks his fingers with confidence.

LARRY  
Dr. Boogaloo's Biscuit Boobaloo.

JUSTIN  
No!

LARRY  
Peter Peppay's Pied Pango.

JUSTIN hits the snare drum, hard with his stick.

JUSTIN  
Shut up!!!

LARRY  
Mr. Rabble's Biscuit Babble?

JUSTIN throws one of his sticks at LARRY.

LARRY  
Ow! What was that for??

JUSTIN throws his other stick at him.

LARRY  
OW!

JUSTIN  
Sorry, sorry... All better, now.

LARRY  
(nervously)  
The Sweeley Bo-Heeleys?...

In a rage, JUSTIN throws his snare drum at LARRY's face. It then crashes to the floor as LARRY rubs himself better.

LARRY  
WHAT THE HELL??

JUSTIN  
Oh man! I'm so sorry!

LARRY  
Uncle Sprinkle's Fantastical Fandango?

JUSTIN rubs his temples.

JUSTIN  
(tired)  
... Fine... We're calling ourselves, a brutal death metal band, 'Uncle Sprinkle's Fantastical Fandango'. I'll just phone the bassist and tell him.

JUSTIN grabs a phone from his pocket and dials a number.

JUSTIN  
Yo John, me and Larry have finally decided on our band name: 'Uncle Sprinkle's Fantastical Fandango'... Yep, it makes me want to punch someone, too... You think we should change it... I'm sorry, my mobile's going weird... You think it's good? Is that what you said? No? Ok, bye!

JUSTIN pockets his phone.

LARRY  
(seriously)  
Justin... I know John didn't like that name... Why did you do that for me?

JUSTIN  
I just don't care any more. That's all.

LARRY  
So... We're playing later as USFF?

JUSTIN  
(darkly)  
Yes.

INT: MUSIC CONCERT - NIGHT

On a stage lit up by many changing colours and behind a drum kit is JUSTIN. On his left is the axe-wielding LARRY and on his right is bassist, JOHN (20) with long hair. At the front of the stage and holding a mic is punk-haired singer, REGGIE (20). On the floor area are 50 AUDIENCE MEMBERS of all ages, lit up in red.

REGGIE  
Hello, London! We are... We are...

JUSTIN  
Just say it and move on.

REGGIE  
We are... Uncle Sprinkle's Fantastical Fandango.

The AUDIENCE are silence. Then a couple of MEN start hitting each other.

REGGIE  
I knew this would happen...

JUSTIN  
Ignore them.

REGGIE  
There will be no fighting in this venue!... Apart from in the mosh pit..

The two now bloodied MEN stop fighting each other and nod to REGGIE.

REGGIE  
Anyway, here's Uncle Sprinkle's  
Fantastical Fandango's first song,  
'Sweeley Bo-Heeley!'

The MEN start beating each other again. Then two more join in.  
Then two more. Soon enough, a mass brawl breaks out.

JUSTIN  
Just play, it's not our problem.

JUSTIN hits his sticks four times, then plays extreme metal  
along with LARRY and JOHN. Then REGGIE starts screaming.

REGGIE  
MR. RABBLE'S BISCUIT BABBLE! MR. RA...

Someone throws a beer bottle at REGGIE, he falls over and the  
band stop playing. JOHN then walks up to LARRY and kicks him,  
just the once.

JUSTIN  
Ok. Let's change our name.