

Rock Concert  
by  
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INT. STAGE - DAY

A band consisting of a SINGER, GUITARIST, BASSIST, and a DRUMMER (all in their fifties with long hair, and wearing makeup) play heavy and rhythmically complicated music on an indoor stage. Colourful lights shine on them. Behind them are stacks of amplifiers. In front of them is a 100 strong CROWD going wild.

SINGER  
(singing)  
Woo! Yeah! We rock! We rock hard!  
Aaaaah, yeah! Yeeeehah!

The song finishes and the BAND pose in rocking positions. Think Usain Bolt when he wins a race, only with dramatic swings of hair. The SINGER then stands more normally and addresses his AUDIENCE.

SINGER  
Wow! It's really hot in here, isn't it?? You must be an ultra hardcore audience, huh? Once again, thank you all for checking us out.

The AUDIENCE chant 'We love the Self-Absorbed Rockers'! over and over again.

SINGER  
Wow. You really are the best S.A.R. fans we've ever known! Coming up next is our brand new track 'We're Better Than Everyone, So Keep on Rockin'. Hope you enjoy! And hopefully I won't faint from these scorching temperatures!

The band play music again.

SINGER  
(singing)  
We're better! We're better than everyone! Our rocking makeup artist is the best in town. And the haters who try and pull us down? We're real, THEY'RE the clowns!

A MAN in the CROWD shouts.

MAN  
That rhymes so well!

The SINGER stops and wipes his forehead. He then falls over like a skittle. The song continues. Lyrics are heard from somewhere.

SINGING

And we know we are! We are S.A.R.! We  
are the most badass self-indulgent  
djent!

The GUITARIST and BASSIST put their instruments on the floor  
and walk to the casualty. The DRUMMER stops playing. The  
music continues, however.

SINGING

Woo.

The AUDIENCE are outraged.

AUDIENCE

(chanting)

Fakers! Fakers!

INT. BACK STAGE - DAY

The four BAND MEMBERS are in a small room. In it is a table  
with snacks on it. Knocking on the door is heard. The SINGER  
opens it to reveal a FAN (15) in jeans. The FAN starts a  
conversation with a wide smile.

FAN

Wow, it's SO cool to be allowed to  
meet you! That was a great show!

The SINGER nods nervously.

SINGER

Thanks.

FAN

And all those people who accuse you  
of lip syncing? I don't buy it.  
You're just good at performing when  
unconscious, that's all.

The SINGER gives a thumbs up.

SINGER

I know, right...

FAN

Right! You're not one of those toss  
pots who fake everything, I know you!

The SINGER nods again.

SINGER

There you go.

The FAN shakes his head in disbelief.

FAN

I mean the people say you've been winging everything for the last five years because you're too old to play music anymore, and that you're complete nob heads, doofuses, morons, whatever? Can't stand them. But not as much as I can't stand stupid twat fakers. But you're not fakers.

GUITARIST

Thank you.

The FAN squints his eyes in concentration.

FAN

Just one thing: How the hell DID you keep singing after you fainted?

SINGER

Errr...

FAN

Can you show me how to do it, please?

SINGER

I'm sorry... Really tired.

FAN

I really would love it if you could show me.

The FAN removes a mobile phone from his pocket.

FAN

I'd love to be able to film it... I mean... you're the self absorbed rockers, right? You love attention!

GUITARIST

(coughing)

It's not that we love attention, we just keep thinking about ourselves. Big difference.

FAN

I see.

The BASSIST makes a point with his finger.

BASSIST

And of course, it hurts when you fall over.

FAN  
 Why DO you keep singing about  
 yourselves, anyway? I mean I like it,  
 obviously. But everyone else? I've  
 heard people call you a bunch of  
 dickheads...

The DRUMMER backs away.

DRUMMER  
 Wow.

SINGER  
 Ummm...

FAN  
 And they say the way you keep rhyming  
 dumb words together makes you sound  
 like a bunch of stupid children.

DRUMMER  
 Fair point.

The SINGER shakes his head in disbelief.

SINGER  
 What?? Are you serious?? Our rhymes  
 rock the socks of clocks!

FAN  
 THAT was good.

SINGER  
 Thank you!

FAN  
 But a small part of me died inside.

BASSIST  
 Come on. How can it be that bad?

FAN  
 I don't know. It's really hot in  
 here, isn't it?

SINGER  
 Oh I know! Don't get me started...

The GUITARIST whispers in the SINGER'S ear.

GUITARIST  
 If we knock him out, we can say he  
 fainted...

The FAN widens his eyes.

FAN  
Anyway, got to go. Keep on rocking.

The GUITARIST approaches the FAN, but he faints. Then so does the BASSIST, SINGER and DRUMMER.

FAN  
This looks bad.

A door opens to reveal the MANAGER (40), wearing a suit.

MANAGER  
What's happened, here?

FAN  
I'm just a fan, that's all...

MANAGER  
Oh you're a fan? So you had to kill them all like a mad stalker?

FAN  
Eh?

MANAGER  
Dear God, it's John Lennon all over again...

FAN  
They literally all fainted at the same time!

The MANAGER faints. The FAN twiddles his thumbs.

FAN  
I'm just going to go...

The FAN faints.