

One Man Band

By

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FADE IN:

EXT: A BASEBALL FIELD - AFTERNOON

The scene opens to reveal a tall white man in his 30s, dressed in bright primary colors, with a multitude of instruments strapped to his back. He resembles that of a ONE MAN BAND. Smooth dirt collects beneath his foot as he digs his toe in nervously, the diamond shaped field being a new stage for him. He'd only ever played at metro stations and street corners, so a baseball field is a big step up. Hundreds of eyes are on him now, he hopes to make a good impression.

ONE MAN BAND

(nervous)

Am I good to start?

MAN 1

We'll give you a signal to start. You've got one minute.

The ONE MAN BAND double checks that his instruments are all tied and connected correctly and adjusts his bowtie. Low murmurs can be heard from the dugout, players glancing at him and turning to mumble to their fellow players. He can't see their expressions from all the way over here, but he's not sure he'd want to.

MAN 1

(giving a thumbs up)

You're a go!

It's now or never and the ONE MAN BAND reaches for his guitar. He takes in a deep breath and smiles, this is it. He strums his guitar and blows his harmonica strapped to his jaw. Occasional bangs of his drum and toots of horn

sound out from his back, multiple instruments being heard at once. Different notes and tunes all flowing together into one clear sound. His sound. All limbs working at once to dance and play exciting melodies for the crowd above. Once he had finished, he took a deep breath. The ONE MAN BAND had done it.

A silence washes over the crowd. Were they upset or just in awe? Suddenly, a fan in the second row laughed, another chuckled and shook their head, a few turned to each other and murmured and pointed. The few voices turned to many and they all seemed directed towards him. It was overwhelming.

WOMAN 1

(snide)

What was that? It sounded like he just dropped all of his instruments.

MAN 2

(mocking)

What a clown, and I don't just mean the outfit.

MAN 3

(disappointed)

Was that it? This is why bands should have multiple members.

The ONE MAN BAND couldn't hear what they were saying, but he didn't need to, he could tell they aren't supportive comments. The players weren't much better, a couple chuckles here and there and avoided disinterested gazes. He was crushed, this was his big shot and it bombed despite his best efforts. He lowered his head as he trudged off the field in defeat, the murmurs and chuckles continuing in the background.

MAN 1

Sorry man, tough crowd.

The ONE MAN BAND gives him a weak smile and drifts out into the lobby, looking for the nearest exit to just go home. To his surprise, he stumbled upon a TEENAGE GIRL who had made her way over to him. She had chocolate brown skin, dark bouncy coils, and a violet hoodie with black jeans. Behind her was a small group of children, maybe eight elementary schoolers.

TEENAGE GIRL

Excuse me, you were the man that
played at the end of the game
right? With all the instruments?

The ONE MAN BAND nodded his head, slightly confused.

TEENAGE GIRL

(gestures to the kids behind her)

Well, I'm a junior counselor at a
summer camp with these kids and
they really liked your
performance. They all told me they
wanted to say hi to the 'music
man', if that's alright?

The ONE MAN BAND was shocked. He looked down behind the TEENAGE GIRL at the shy kids, one hugging onto her leg. The TEENAGE GIRL crouched down and encouraged the kids to go say hi, insisting he won't bite. The ONE MAN BAND followed suit. One by one the kids got over their shyness and a bright beaming smile washed over their faces, excitedly running up to the man and asking him questions, poking his instruments, and chattering with each other.

KID 1

Hi Mr. Music Man! I really liked
your music earlier!

KID 2

OOO what does this do?

KID 3

Can I hit your drum?

KID 4

Can you play something for us?

The ONE MAN BAND was slightly overwhelmed but loved the children's excitement. The players and adults in the crowd might not have liked his performance, but these kids did. Seeing their bright smiles and admiration, that made it all worth it. He was happy someone enjoyed his music.

ONE MAN BAND

Unfortunately, I have to go home now, the stadium won't let me play a second time. But, if your counselor allows it, maybe I could play for you all at your camp one day.

TEENAGE GIRL

I'm sure we can arrange something.

KID 1

YAY! Mr. Music Man!

KID 5

Are you joining our camp?

KID 6

Is Mr. Music Man coming back with us?

TEENAGE GIRL

(laughs)

Alright kids, that's enough questions for Mr. Music Man. We'll see him another day. Say goodbye to Mr. Music Man!

ALL KIDS

(loudly)

Bye Mr. Music Man!

ONE MAN BAND

(waves)

Goodbye, it was nice to meet you
all!

The ONE MAN BAND opens his hand to find a small pink rock that one of the kids gave him. He looks at it for a moment and clutches it in his fist, securing the small gift in his pocket. His once gloomy frown, now a warm smile. He had something to look forward to.