

*(LUCIEN, a wannabe boy-band star, recounts his origins.)*

LUCIEN

If my Dad could see me now... he uh... this is hard to say... He was the twelfth member of Menudo.

*<what's that?>*

They were an all-Hispanic boy band that lasted from the late 70s to the early 90s. When Menudo came calling for you, you went. No questions asked. They raised the boys in a commune in Brazil. From the age of ten until you turned eighteen you were one of them, body, mind, and soul. My father—he—

*(He gets choked up.)*

It's so horrible, they forced him out at seventeen—he had a receding hair line. That was how it was with Menudo, if you weren't young and cute, you weren't worth a darn. He didn't have any skills, he didn't know anyone, all he knew how to do was smile, lip-synch and shake his pelvis. That doesn't prepare you for a life on the outside. But he survived, and he trained me. And he said to me, 'son, avenge me. Become the boy band star I was meant to be. Show them all. Show the world what we can do.' That poor, poor, bald angel.