

# **Feed The Whales**

*The Saga of the Boy Band Oreo*

*By Don Zolidis*

## Cast of Characters

ANNOUNCER: an announcer.

DR. BLISS: The tour promoter. Not really a doctor.

HARMON: His assistant. Not all that bright.

GRANNY: The evil 4H Den Mother and sponsor of the Askaloosa County Fair.

JUJU: A psychic. Sort of.

MYRA the SLOTH-GIRL: Part sloth, part girl. Mostly bad singer.

MYRA'S MOTHER: Her mother.

LEDA: A girl with dreams of making it big.

ROGER: The plumber, drafted into the boy band Oreo.

LUCIEN: The son of a former Menudo cast-off.

INGA: The stylist. Cruel and unyielding.

JOAQUIN: The choreographer. Equally cruel and unyielding.

SHUD: Escaped from a mental institution. A cannibal.

SASHA: An interviewer for Teen Beat magazine.

GIRLS: A lot of screaming girls, fans of the boy band Oreo.

LOCATION: Somewhere near Askaloosa County, Alabama, wherever that might be.

TIME: The present.

*(A dark stage. Theme music from VHI's Behind the Music plays.)*

ANNOUNCER

They were the greatest boy band ever to play the Askaloosa County Fair. They would reach the pinnacle of stardom, only to see it slip through their fingers. Four boys, four lonely boys, brought together by the dream of one man, Dr. William Bliss. This is their story: Oreo.

*(More theme music. Lights up on a silhouette of ROGER, sitting in a chair, facing the audience.)*

ROGER

Man, Oreo was like a band, but it was like more than a band, because it had like... it had stuff in it... I mean, sorta like, our idea was to put, you know, like a creamy filling in it, but then like, it changed, you know? Talking is hard.

LUCIEN

I was just along for the ride. And when it took off... man. Man.

BRIAN

I wasn't even supposed to be in the band. I mean, I'm not even really a boy.

ANNOUNCER

The dream began near an abandoned warehouse sitting on top of a swamp that used to be a coal mine in the salt flats of Askaloosa, Alabama.

*(Lights fade on the three performers and rise on a bare stage. DR. BLISS enters, talking into a phone.)*

DR. BLISS *(into a cellphone)*

I know. I know. Well we'll think of something.

*(He hangs up his phone.)*

Shoot.

*(GRANNY, the sweet 4H den-mother enters from the opposite side of the stage.)*

GRANNY

Why in tarnation did you call me all the way out here?

DR. BLISS

Well Sheila—

GRANNY

Call me Granny. Everybody round here does.

DR. BLISS

Okay, Granny—

Do I know you?  
GRANNY

I'm Billy Bliss. The tour promoter—  
DR. BLISS

You're gonna have to speak up.  
GRANNY

The TOUR PROMOTER—  
DR. BLISS

I'm not deaf, you idiot! Stop shouting.  
GRANNY

Right. Uh... we've run into a spot of trouble for our act for the county fair.  
DR. BLISS

What county fair?  
GRANNY

The one you're running.  
DR. BLISS

In my day we had respect for our elders. Now you go fetch me a switch off that tree and I'm gonna whup that smart mouth off your face. You got me?  
GRANNY

You just asked me a question and I answered it.  
DR. BLISS

Who are you again?  
GRANNY

The tour promoter.  
DR. BLISS

You oughta treat me with a little more respect.  
GRANNY

I'm sorry, Granny.  
DR. BLISS

I ain't your Granny.  
GRANNY

DR. BLISS

Right. Um...

GRANNY

If I was your Granny, you'd a been brought up right and you'd be wearing pants that fit.

DR. BLISS

Anyway, the band that I booked for the fair—Mister Mister—

GRANNY

What?

DR. BLISS

That's the name of the band: Mister Mister.

GRANNY

Mister who now?

DR. BLISS

It's the same word twice. They're a band.

GRANNY

How come I never heard of `em?

DR. BLISS

They were big in the eighties. They do that song: Broken Wings.

*(he sings a little bit of the song)*

So take these broken wings and learn to fly again, learn to live so free...

GRANNY

They sound horrible.

DR. BLISS

Well, they can't make the show. They won't be able to perform at the fair.

GRANNY

So you're telling me you don't have a mainstage act for the Askaloosa County Fair.

DR. BLISS

No, ma'am.

GRANNY

Call me Granny.

DR. BLISS

No Granny I don't.

GRANNY

Now you listen to me you little muskrat dropping, I may seem awful sweet on the exterior, but underneath this friendly Granny face is a cross between a viper a shark and a gigantic mound of fire ants that just got kicked by a three year old, and I will lay a whuppin' on you so hard your ancestors will wake from their graves and spit out the rest of their teeth, you understand me?

DR. BLISS

Um... no?

GRANNY

You get a band for the show or you don't get to see my nice side any more. Oh I baked you some cookies.

*(She gives him cookies.)*

You got two weeks till the show.

*(She leaves.)*

ANNOUNCER

Now, William Bliss wasn't one to let a little something like failure stand in the way of success. He had the determination of an alley cat trying to annoy other people in the alley.

*(HARMON enters.)*

HARMON

So what are we gonna do?

DR. BLISS

Will you stop annoying me?! Please! I'm trying to think!

ANNOUNCER

Harmon was Billy Bliss' right-hand man. They had grown up together in the sludge swamp just on the outskirts of town. And Harmon always had an idea.

HARMON

I got an idea.

DR. BLISS

Not now, I'm trying to think.

HARMON

Let's bring in a circus. A monkey circus.

DR. BLISS

A monkey circus?

HARMON

Yeah, and we... we set `em on fire at the end and run. That'll be cool.

DR. BLISS

No.

HARMON

Suit yourself. Hey I got another idea.

DR. BLISS

Harmon, please—

HARMON

What if we made a boy band out of zombies?

ANNOUNCER

After a little bit of research, the zombie idea was scrapped. But they did retain the boy band structure.

DR. BLISS

How hard could it be to put together a boy band? You just get some boys and make a band out of them. They don't even have to have any talent. You just put them through a synthesizer and you make `em dance a little bit. It's art, you know? It's art. I feel a stirring in my soul.

HARMON

It was that bad Mexican food we had.

ANNOUNCER

And so, with a little preparation, Oreo was launched. The first task: finding the members of the band. An open call was placed in the local newspaper for talent.

*(If you would like to read more, please e-mail me at [don@donzolidis.com](mailto:don@donzolidis.com) Please state your name, where you are, and what school if any you are affiliated with. Scripts are free, but rights are \$35 per performance.)*