

EMORY

The Boys in the Band · Audition sides · p. 83-85

EMORY. I admit his name is not so good – but he is absolutely beautiful. At least, he was when I was in high school. Of course, I haven't seen him since and he was about seven years older than I even then.

MICHAEL. Christ, you better call him quick before he dies.

EMORY. I've loved him ever since the first day I laid eyes on him, which was when I was in the fifth grade and

he was a senior. Then, he went away to college and by the time he got out *I* was in high school, and he had become a dentist.

MICHAEL. *(With incredulous disgust.)* A dentist!

EMORY. Yes. Delbert Botts, D.D.S. And he opened his office in a bank building.

HAROLD. And you went and had every tooth in your head pulled out, right?

EMORY. No. I just had my teeth cleaned, that's all.

(DONALD turns from the bar with two drinks in his hands.)

BERNARD. *(To himself.)* Oh, I shouldn't have called.

MICHAEL. Will you shut up, Bernard! And take your boring, sleep-making icks somewhere else. *Go!*

(MICHAEL extends a pointed finger toward the steps. BERNARD takes the wine bottle and his glass and moves toward the stairs, pouring himself another drink on the way.)

EMORY. I remember I looked right into his eyes the whole time, and I kept wanting to bite his fingers.

HAROLD. Well, it's absolutely mind-boggling.

MICHAEL. Phyllis Phallic.

HAROLD. It absolutely boggles the mind.

*(DONALD brings one of the drinks to ALAN.
ALAN take it, drinks it down.)*

EMORY. ...I told him I was having my teeth cleaned for the Junior-Senior Prom, for which I was in charge of decorations. I told him it was a celestial theme and I was cutting stars out of tinfoil and making clouds out of chicken wire and angel's hair.

(A beat.)

He couldn't have been less impressed.

COWBOY. I got angel's hair down my shirt once at Christmastime. Gosh, did it itch!

EMORY. ...I told him I was going to burn incense in pots so that white fog would hover over the dance floor, and it would look like heaven.

COWBOY. ...And it made little tiny cuts in the creases of my fingers. Man, did they sting! It would be terrible if you got that stuff in your...

(MICHAEL circles slowly toward him.)

I'll be quiet.

EMORY. He was engaged to this stupid-ass girl named Loraine whose mother was truly a real "see-you-next-Tuesday"!

MICHAEL. Don't digress.

EMORY. Well, anyway, I was a wreck. I mean a total mess. I couldn't eat, sleep, stand up, sit down, *nothing*. I could hardly cut out silver stars or finish the clouds for the prom. So I called him on the telephone and asked if I could see him alone.

HAROLD. Clearly not the coolest of moves.

(**DONALD** *looks at ALAN. ALAN looks away.*)

EMORY. He said okay and told me to come by his house. I was so nervous my hands were shaking and my voice was unsteady. I couldn't look at him this time – I just stared straight in space and blurted out why I'd come. I told him...I wanted him to be my friend. I said that I had never had a friend who I could talk to and tell everything and trust. I asked him if he would be my friend.

COWBOY. You poor bastard.

MICHAEL. SHHHHHH!

BERNARD. What'd he say?

EMORY. He said he would be glad to be my friend. And any time I ever wanted to see him or call him – to just call him and he'd see me. And he shook my trembling wet hand, and I left on a cloud.

MICHAEL. One of the ones you made yourself.