

The Color Wars

by

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Scene 1

SAM is being interviewed for a T.V. show about music history and his band.

SAM

Damnit, I'm gonna start a band! A band about change! A band about... saving the world. A band about knewsle identity. My knewsle is the ever present short orange knewsle. My dad and mom both had short orange knewsles, so no surprise there. Despite neither of my parents ever playing music, I picked up the forenza at a young age. In the middle grades, I met Quinn. Quinn had a short blue knewsle, but played the meanest forenza I had ever seen. We had to team up and make music together.. We never questioned the fact that we had different knewsles but when we first started play, our audience would be very strange and divided. I remember going to this long orange knewsle club and people cheered for my intro but booed when Quinn came out. They would even let us stat our set. It was madness. This happened more often then you'd believe. For a brief moment we considered splitting up because of this. But who are these people to judge us? Damnit, we want to play together and we're gonna do it. Then it hit me. We went to a a costume party at a friends house. Everyone had all sorts of bizarre outfits on but they were all interacting and having a good time. At the end of the night, when people left, some would take their masks or capes off and suddenly realize the person they'd been dancing with all night had a different knewsle than them. After than we showed up at our next concert dressed in matching fat, slinky, purple knewsles that were clearly fake. The audience has been nothing but welcoming ever since. Who knew costumes could be such powerful equalizers.