

Clarinets Rock

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This is very silly.



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Clarinets Rock

BEACH.

ERNEST BLUMBERG is performing his clarinet solo to an excited audience. It is his greatest work.

Arty shots of him playing, his fingers, the beautiful scenery...

AUDIENCE MEMBER 1

(to friend)

Heâs good, isnât he?

AUDIENCE MEMBER 2

Simply superb!

Ernest builds up into a crescendo, and stops.

The audience applaud.

AT BRIDGE, ALEXANDER PERKINS LIES IN WAIT.

ERNEST

Thank you, thank you! Itâs been a pleasure to play for you!

AUDIENCE

Encore! Encore!

FANATIC

We love you Ernest!

ERNEST

Haha, thank you, but no, I havenât the time! But I shall be here from Wednesday to Friday, same time, same place! Be there... or be square! Youâve been a wonderful audience, thank you.

He takes his music and leaves.

The water laps around the music stand.

He walks to the bridge.

Out jumps ALEXANDER

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ERNEST
(in disgust)
Get out of my way, commoner!

He tries to push past, but Alexander blocks all attempts.

ALEXANDER
Ernest? Don't you remember me?

Ernest looks at him closely.

ERNEST
Um...

ALEXANDER
It's me, Ernest! Alexander!

ERNEST
Oh! Yeah... you're... that guy!

ALEXANDER
We performed together for 6
years! How can you-

ERNEST
They were a great six years!

ALEXANDER
Uh, yeah... I heard about you in a
report of successful solo
careers. Nice crowd you have.

Ernest smirks. We see them.

ALEXANDER
But, Ernest, old friend, I have a
proposition for you.

ERNEST
Oh, yes? Do tell.

ALEXANDER
I'd like to reform our band.

ERNEST
No.

He storms past.

ALEXANDER
But we'd be brilliant together!

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He pulls out the rocks.

ERNEST

No! And you still use those? I shouldâ ve dumped you the moment you sold your drumkit. But no, I had faith you knew what you were doing... No wonder we stopped selling records.

ALEXANDER

But listen!

He plays the rocks.

ALEXANDER

Examine how the echoic consonance gives a sense of immersion, how it could provide cross-rhythms to your melody which distinctly lacks a bass, see how-

ERNEST

Alexander. Theyâ re ROCKS.

He turns, and leaves.

Alexanderâ s eagerness turns to fury.

ALEXANDER

Iâ ll get you! You donâ t know the power of the rock side!

He holds them up. An ethereal power emits itself from them.

The audience vanish.

Alexander cackles evilly, before vanishing also.

CUT TO:

VILLAGE STREET.

ERNEST walks down. He doesnâ t notice that there is no life. He whistles to himself.

ERNEST

Oh, I wonder how young Rogerâ s violin lessons are going? I simply must pay him a visit.

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He walks up to Roger's gate, then realises nobody is there.

ERNEST

Is so quiet...

He looks around. There is no life.

He runs.

Along a road.

Down an alleyway.

There is nobody.

He runs across a football pitch for good measure.

CUT TO:

LIVING ROOM.

He sits on the sofa, hugging his knees. He flicks through several channels of static, completely alone.

CUT TO:

BEACH.

He returns, having lost hope. The seats are empty.

He looks down. A note is written in the sand.

Rocks Rule.

Ernest is appalled.

ERNEST

Alexander did this...

He looks determined.

ERNEST

He has to be stopped! He's taken
away my audience! There's nobody
left to listen to me!

He looks downheartened.

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ERNEST

But what can I do?

He looks around. He looks at the clarinet. He looks around. He looks back at the clarinet.

He grins.

He plays like heâs never played before.

ALEXANDER is dragged back into existence.

ALEXANDER

I will, I will, ROCK Y-... what?

ERNEST

Youâre good, better than I ever thought of you, Iâll give you that. But youâre no match for my clarinet!

He plays more. Alexander falls back, covering his ears in agony.

He holds up the rocks. Laser beams fly from them.

Ernest dodges them.

A fight/dodge scene ensues.

Ernest falls and the clarinet is on the other side of the beach.

-More lasers-

He considers the move, and makes a dive for the clarinet.

ERNEST

Well played! But youâre forgetting one thing!

ALEXANDER

WHAT?

ERNEST

...Clarinets rock.

A constant laser beam is emitted from the clarinet. It hits Alexander in the chest, who falls and is obliterated. The rocks fall onto the sand.

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He goes over to the rocks, and sucks up the power from them with the clarinet.

He blows a powerful note. Everyone appears.

ERNEST

That encore you asked for. Still interested?

Much enthusiasm from the audience.

Ernest jumps in front of them, and plays a rock tune.

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