

Scream the Part

By A. C. Zito

"Your band plays in five minutes, Martinez." Martinez looked at his band trying to think of what to say. It was time to get serious.

"Okay," he said to them, "This is our one chance."

"No its not..." Greg muttered under his breath. He brushed the black strand of hair away from his eye.

"Shut up, Greg! Did it look like I was talking to you?"

"I'll do anything you say!" Greg was their one and only groupie on *Dead Eyes*, their badass screamo band. So Martinez believed Greg when he said he would do anything. He knew what he meant by *anything*.

"Okay," Martinez said again, "like I was saying: this is our one chance. We've got the whole world looking at us now. And we can't mess up! We *won't* mess up!"

"What? You said that last time, Marty. And Jesus still vomited all over table two."

"I didn't eat fish before this gig, this time, guys! I promise; I won't hurl again!" Martinez knew Jesus was lying. He smelled the sushi on his breath from a mile away and could see the tiny remnants of raw fish still clinging to the gaps in his teeth.

"But you love fish!" Sandra giggled out as she tossed her drum sticks around in her hands.

The Steel Jaws were practically breathing down the band's necks as they walked out of makeup. They were all dressed in white unlike every other team who were all dressed in black. It made them stand out. And Martinez didn't like that. Not one bit!

Sandra dropped one of her drumsticks as they began to file out, letting it hit the floor. She kept her eyes fixed on their lead singer. Martinez knew she had the hots for him.

God, why is my girlfriend such a skank he thought to himself.

"What? Did you all just get baptized or something?" She stated as she let the other drum stick hit the floor. She dropped it, purposely. Martinez looked at her like she did it purposefully. It most definitely *was* purposefully.

She's probably hoping he'd pick them up for her so she could get a whiff of his hair Martinez thought, sulkily.

Malique, the head singer, replied:

“What? I didn’t hear that on the account that the judges have already seen how well we stand out and are already ready to give us first place for being most *stylish!*”

“*DEAD EYES ARE THE MOST STYLISH!*”

“Shut up, Greg.” Martinez stated, feeling the atmosphere was getting droll.

“Don’t criticize when you can’t handle the truth!” Tim, their drummer, chimed in.

“Don’t listen to them, Sandra. We’re almost on, we need to stay focused.” Sandra nodded at Greg in agreement.

“You’re right,” She said, trying to look like a cross between angry and constipated. But Malique wasn’t buying it. He was too focused on other things. Like, for instance, Jesus wasn’t looking too good. Martinez began to notice it too.

“You alright, mate?” Martinez asked. He nodded but didn’t say anything. His face was looking awfully green.

“*Uh-oh,*” Malique muttered, “*Fish-boy’s* ready to get another standing ovation from table two again.

“YOU SHUT UP!” Sandra screamed out. Tim dropped both of his drum sticks as he stepped forward.

“You don’t talk to Malique that way!” Sandra reached down, picked up one of her drumsticks, and then dropped it again, stating:

“Oh yeah?”

“Yeah!” Tim blared out. And then it came. Jesus hurled all over Tim.

The band on set, finished up, and a voice on the speaker came on, stating:

“Coming on stage next is... *Dead Eyes!*” But *Dead Eyes* was nowhere to be found. Unless you looked out the back door into the back alleyway of the club; there, a fight was taking way. And *Dead Eyes* was looking *death* in the eyes as trouble stirred.