



RSC

Warehouse

DONMAR THEATRE

Royal Shakespeare Company
in Pete Atkin's

A & R

A play about rock music
July 27, 28, 29, 31. Aug 1, 2.

then in repertoire
01-836 6808



The Warehouse is the Royal Shakespeare Company's new London small auditorium. It has been specially built in the Donmar Theatre, 41 Earlham Street, Seven Dials, Covent Garden.

A & R
by
Pete Atkin

Cast in order of appearance:

WILL, a recording engineer	BARRIE RUTTER
BARRY, a pop singer	DAVID SHAW-PARKER
ROB, a session pianist	PETE ATKIN
PHIL, a session bass guitarist	CHARLES WEGNER
RONNIE, a session drummer	NIGEL GARVEY
AMY, a singer with the rock band Blueprint	AINE RAITT
GEORGE, Blueprint's manager	MICHAEL BERTENSHAW
JAKE, a session musician, arranger & songwriter	DAVID THRELFALL
ROBERTSON, editor of a music magazine	NICK le FREVOST

Setting: A small run-down recording studio, belonging to TFM Records.

Time: Wednesday 1st September 1976

Act One: Morning

Act Two: Afternoon

Directed by Walter Donohue
Designed by Douglas Heap
Lighting by Brian Vigney
Original music written by Pete Atkin
Sound by John Leonard
Stage Manager Giles Barnabe
Deputy Stage Manager Diana Durant
Assistant Stage Manager Caroline Howard

Act One is approximately 1 hour 10 minutes

Act Two is approximately 55 minutes

There will be one interval of 15 minutes

First performed at the Traverse Theatre Club, Edinburgh, on 18th August 1977.

The RSC receives financial assistance from The Arts Council of Great Britain.

This cast list is 2p.

We regret that smoking is not permitted in The Warehouse.

At The Warehouse Bookstall there is a selection of playtexts, magazines and books about the theatre, on sale during the interval.

Donmar Theatre: Licensees Donmar Productions Ltd.
Managing Director: Ian B. Albery

We would like to thank the following for their help on this production:

Polystyrene cups kindly given by Insul Pak Ltd.
Tea bags kindly given by Brooke Bond Oxo Ltd.
Telephones supplied by The Post Office.
Sounds and Record Mirror magazines kindly supplied by Spotlight Publications Ltd.
Melody Maker and New Musical Express Magazines kindly supplied by I.P.C. Magazines Ltd.
Silver Spoon Sugar given by British Sugar Corporation.
Carrier Bag kindly supplied by The Midnight Shop, Knightsbridge.
Spectacles supplied by G.W. Dixey & Son Ltd.
Private Eye Magazine kindly supplied by Private Eye.
Fader Knobs supplied by Penny and Giles Ltd.
Tape Machine loaned by TRAD Electrics Ltd., Watford.
French Cigarettes supplied by Gauloises, the cigarette of France.
Thanks to Alan Kiddle for his technical advice.
Many thanks to John Moore Sound Equipment.
Many thanks to Pye Records for all their help.

This theatre is associated with The Thames Television Playwright Scheme.

For the RSC at The Warehouse:

Associate Director - Howard Davies
Literary Manager - Walter Donohue
Administrator & Licensee's Representative - Maggie Whitlum
Assistant Administrator - Sally Barling
Production Manager - Andrew Tansley
Chief Electrician - Brian Wigney
Assistant Electrician - Eddie J. Freed
Chief Stage Technician - Terry Round
1st Stage Technician - Keith Clarke
Production Wardrobe Supervisor - Magot Forster

Publicity Officer - Veronica Allen
Publications - Ellen Goodman
Promotion - Gillian Ingham
Press Representative - Ruth Kaplan (01 379 6721)

Resident Playwrights - Ron Hutchinson, James Robson

For the Donmar Theatre:

Theatre Consultant Ian B. Alberty
Technical Services by Donmar Hire & Sales
Manager (01 836 3221) Jonathan Ogden
Master Carpenter - Harry Pegg
Chief Engineer - Stan Coppin
Chief Electrician - Howard Cohen

All booking & management enquiries to:
Donmar Theatre Manager (01 836 1371) Shirley Duff-Gray
Albery Theatre, St Martins Lane, WC2

In the event of having to evacuate the building, there are two exits:

At the front on the right of the auditorium leading to Earlham Street.

At the rear on the left of the auditorium leading to Shorts Gardens.

Please follow the instructions by the management & staff.

TOP 20 SINGLESSEPTEMBER 4, 1976

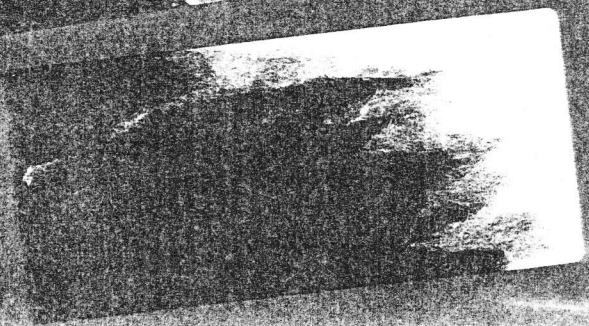
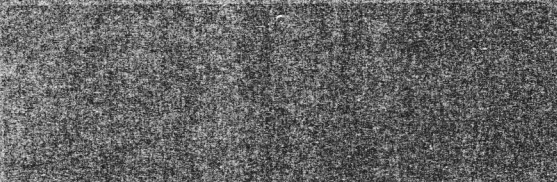
- | | |
|---|------------------------------|
| 1. DANCING QUEEN | Abba |
| 2. LET 'EM IN | Wings |
| 3. DON'T GO BREAKING MY HEART | Elton John & Kiki Dee |
| 4. WHAT I'VE GOT IN MIND | Billie Jo Spears |
| 5. A LITTLE BIT MORE | Dr. Hook |
| 6. IN ZAIRE | Johnny Wakelin |
| 7. EXTENDED PLAY | Bryan Ferry |
| 8. THE KILLING OF GEORGIE | Rod Stewart |
| 9. YOU DON'T HAVE TO GO | Chi-Lites |
| 10. JEANS ON | David Dundas |
| 11. 16 BARS | Stylistics |
| 12. YOU'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER LOVE LIKE
MINE | Lou Rawls |
| 13. YOU SHOULD BE DANCING | Bee Gees |
| 14. DR. KISS KISS | 5000 Volts |
| 15. HERE COMES THE SUN | Steve Harley & Cockney Rebel |
| 16. (LIGHT OF EXPERIENCE) DCINA DE JALE | Gheorghe Zamfir |
| 17. NICE AND SLOW | Jesse Green |
| 18. AFTERNOON DELIGHT | Starland Vocal Band |
| 19. HEAVEN MUST BE MISSING AN ANGEL | Tavares |
| 20. NOW IS THE TIME | Jimmy James & The Vagabonds |

Top 20 compiled for Music Week, Billboard and BBC from a panel of 300 shops by British Market Research Bureau.

"A & R"

by

Pete Atkin



" A & R "

("Artists and Repertoire")

by

PETE ATKIN

A Play with Songs

in Two Acts

All rights whatsoever in this play
are strictly reserved
and all applications
for permission to perform it, etc.,
must be made in advance,
before rehearsals begin, to:

Judy Daish Associates,
Globe Theatre,
Shaftesbury Avenue,
London W1V 7AA.

PETE ATKIN
19, Archfield Road
Bristol BS6 6BG

CHARACTERS:

BARRY, a pop singer who had one big hit record
three years before the time of the play

WILL, a recording engineer

AMY, singer with Blueprint, a rock and roll band
that once showed much promise

GEORGE, manager of Blueprint

JAKE, a session musician, arranger and songwriter

ROBERTSON, a music journalist, editor of a monthly
music magazine

PHIL, a session bass guitarist

ROB, a session pianist

RONNIE, a session drummer

SCENE:

The smallest and least well-equipped studio in a
complex belonging to T.F.M. Records, on the outskirts
of London.

TIME:

Wednesday, 1st September, 1976

Act One: Morning

Act Two: Afternoon

The first performance of "A & R" took place on 18 August 1977 at the Traverse Theatre, Edinburgh, when the cast was as follows:

BARRY	Martin Black
WILL	Michael Carter
AMY	Mandy More
GEORGE	Terry Gilligan
JAKE	Paul Dalton
ROBERTSON	Paul Haley
Musicians	Robert Pettigrew Chris Murray Mike Shearer Ronnie Goodman

The production was directed by Chris Parr and Peter Lichtenfels, and designed by Grant Hicks.

The present version of "A & R" was first performed on 28 July 1978 in a production by the Royal Shakespeare Company at the Warehouse, in the Donmar Theatre, Covent Garden, when the cast was as follows:

BARRY	David Shaw Parker
WILL	Barrie Rutter
AMY	Anne Raitt
GEORGE	Michael Bertenshaw
JAKE	David Threlfall
ROBERTSON	Nick Le Prevost
PHIL (bass guitarist)	Charles Wegner
ROB (pianist)	Pete Atkin
RONNIE (drummer)	Nigel Garvey

The production was directed by Walter Donohue, and designed by Douglas Heap.

ACT ONE

SCENE:

THE STAGE IS DIVIDED INTO TWO AREAS, THE RECORDING STUDIO ITSELF, AND THE CONTROL ROOM. THE STUDIO IS THE LARGER. EACH HAS ITS OWN ENTRANCE, AND THERE IS A SOUNDPROOF CONNECTING DOOR, AND A LARGE SOUNDPROOF WINDOW BETWEEN THE TWO. THERE ARE NO OUTSIDE WINDOWS.

IN THE CONTROL ROOM IS THE MIXING CONSOLE, TAPE MACHINE(S), METAL CUPBOARD OR FILING CABINET, TWO TELEPHONES ON A SMALL TABLE, SOME SEATING AROUND THE EDGE, AND A LARGE, REVOLVING, RECLINING, CASTOR-MOUNTED CHAIR FOR THE ENGINEER. IN THE CONSOLE, PREFERABLY ON A FLEXIBLE STALK, IS THE MICROPHONE FOR TALKBACK INTO THE STUDIO; THIS IS PRACTICAL, AND IS CONTROLLED BY THE ENGINEER, AS ARE THE RED WARNING LIGHTS IN THE STUDIO. THE ROOM IS LITTERED WITH TAPE BOXES, MUSIC PAPERS AND TECHNICAL MAGAZINES. THERE IS AN OPEN TOOL BOX STANDING PROMINENTLY ON THE DESK.

IN THE STUDIO, THE CHAIRS HAVE BEEN STACKED AND PUT TO ONE SIDE. NEAR THEM ARE ONE OR TWO TALL STOOLS. AT LEAST FOUR MICROPHONE STANDS AND SOME MUSIC STANDS ARE ALSO TO ONE SIDE. THIS HAS BEEN A PERFUNCTORY GESTURE TOWARDS MOVING THINGS OUT OF THE WAY OF THE OVERNIGHT CLEANERS, SHOULD THERE HAVE BEEN ANY. THERE HAVEN'T, AND AS A RESULT YESTERDAY'S LITTER, FULL ASHTRAYS, ETC., REMAIN. THE PIANO, AMPLIFIERS AND DRUM KIT ARE AS THEY WERE LEFT AT THE END OF YESTERDAY'S SESSION: STILL MIKED UP. BUT THE GUITARS THEMSELVES AND THE CYMBALS FROM THE DRUM KIT ARE MISSING.

THE CONTROL ROOM IS LIT, BUT THERE IS ONLY MINIMAL WORKING LIGHT IN THE STUDIO.

(WILL COMES IN TO THE CONTROL ROOM WITH A PIECE OF REPLACEMENT EQUIPMENT, AND RESUMES REPAIRING SOMETHING UNDERNEATH AND IN THE DEPTHS OF THE CONSOLE.)

(AFTER A FEW BEATS, BARRY ENTERS THE STUDIO, CARRYING HIS GUITAR CASE, WHICH HE PUTS DOWN NEXT TO HIS AMPLIFIER. HE LOOKS THROUGH THE WINDOW FOR WILL, BUT DOESN'T SEE HIM. HE GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: What're you doing? Has something else gone wrong?

WILL: Mornin'. No. I reported the fault after we finally gave up yesterday, but Maintenance have been in Number Three all night sorting out the new 32-track.

BARRY: Can you fix it on your own?

WILL: Trust Uncle William. If I can get at it. It's only bad connections, I think. They never cleaned it properly after it had all that beer poured into it.

BARRY: Are we going to be able to get anything done before we have to clear out?

WILL: I should think so. I'll check the bookings in a sec.

(THE MUSICIANS ENTER THE STUDIO, CARRYING PLASTIC CUPS OF TEA. THE BASS GUITARIST CARRIES HIS GUITAR IN THE CASE, THE DRUMMER CARRIES HIS CYMBAL CASE, AND THE PIANIST CARRIES A BAG OR BRIEFCASE CONTAINING SCORES, PARTS, LYRICS, ETC. THEY TALK SOTTO VOICE. THEY PUT DOWN THEIR CASES, START TO UNPACK, TAKE CHAIRS FROM THE STACK, LOOKING AROUND FOR LIGHT.)

WILL SEES THEM AND GOES TO SWITCH ON THE STUDIO LIGHTS.)

BARRY: So long as we don't have to keep stopping and starting, I suppose.

(BARRY GOES BACK INTO THE STUDIO AND UNPACKS HIS GUITAR. THE MUSICIANS CONTINUE TO UNPACK, PLUG IN, TURN ON, TUNE UP, FIT CYMBALS, ETC.) IN A BUSINESSLIKE WAY, DURING THE COURSE OF THE OPENING SCENES.)

BARRY: Is my list of tunes amongst your stuff?
(TO PIANIST) I couldn't find it when I got home.

ROB: Oh.

BARRY: Will's just going to find out how long we've got.

ROB: Oh yes. Here you go.

BARRY: Ah, thanks. It might not be long, so we may have to move a bit sharpish.

PHIL: Well, we won't make any mistakes, Barry.

BARRY: When I play a bum note, it's creative.

(BARRY GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: All right?

WILL: Just on done.

BARRY: Why don't they look after this place any more? People are still paying to use it.

WILL: No, there's no outside hiring now. It's only compnay artists who are using it until they start the conversion.

BARRY: It's crazy. The new studios are too bloody antiseptic. They close this and there'll be nowhere at all that's funky.

WILL: OK. I'll just go and check the book for you.
(STANDING UP) Do you want some tea?

BARRY: Have we got time?

WILL: Time? For tea? Call yourself a musician?

BARRY: I'm the only one who does.

WILL: Do you guys want some tea?
(TALKBACK)

(THE MUSICIANS SHAKE THEIR HEAD, INDICATING THE CUPS THEY HAVE ALREADY.)

BARRY GOES INTO THE STUDIO, LOOKING AT THE LIST.

WILL GOES TO LEAVE THE CONTROL ROOM, BUT BARRY CHANGES HIS MIND JUST AS WILL IS AT THE DOOR AND CALLS AFTER HIM.)

BARRY: Can you make that coffee, please, Will?

WILL
(TALKBACK): (WHINING WAITRESS) Sorry, love, coffee's off. 'E's phoned the man to come and mend the machine, but until 'e comes it's either tea or a sockful of hot water.

BARRY: OK, fine. I'll have a sockful of hot water. No sugar.

WILL
(TALKBACK): Suit yourself.

(WILL GOES OUT OF THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: Yeah. Let's do "Boogie" again to start off with. We were beginning to get a good feel on that last night.

(THE PIANIST SORTS OUT THE PARTS FOR "NOT BORN TO BOOGIE" AND HANDS THEM TO THE OTHER MUSICIANS.)

It's the uptempo ones I'm really most concerned about getting down, if we've only got a little while. Anyway, I need to sing something that'll get my tubes open, this time in the morning. (HE COUGHS.)

PHIL: Oh yeah, that one.

(BARRY GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM AND STUDIES THE TAPE BOX.)

(WILL RETURNS WITH TWO PLASTIC CUPS OF TEA.)

WILL: There you go.

BARRY: That was quick.

WILL: The machine works better with only one thing to concentrate on.

BARRY: (TASTING IT) Strewth! Mmm, delicious. What's the score, then?

WILL: Well, apparently it's booked for Blueprint from ten till ten today.

BARRY: So we haven't even got time to start.

WILL: No, no, hang on. They haven't turned up yet. At least, Amy's here somewhere, apparently, but none of the others are. So I should plug away until they show up.

BARRY: If you reckon it's OK.

WILL: Sure.

(WILL BUSIES HIMSELF WITH TIDYING UP AFTER THE REPAIR, PUTTING AWAY THE TOOLS, AND THEN THREADING THE TAPE, PREPARING TO RECORD.)

BARRY: It's the old Blueprint song I thought we'd have another go at to start off with.

WILL: Oh good. That was going well yesterday.

BARRY: Yeah, you were getting a good sound. Will you be able to get that sound again today?

WILL: I can only make it sound the same if you play it the same.

BARRY: That first album of theirs is bloody marvellous.

WILL: The original demos are even better.

BARRY: I'd never heard it until a couple of months ago. I picked up all their albums from the Press Office. The recent ones are really messy and half hearted though.

WILL: I know. They used to be a fantastic band.

BARRY: What's happened to them?

WILL: Oh, TFM did all the wrong things for them. Spent too much money.

BARRY: I traded the albums in. Kept the first one, though.

(WILL TAKES A MICROPHONE INTO THE STUDIO TO ATTACH IT TO A BOOM STAND. BARRY FOLLOWS HIM.)

WILL: OK like that?

BARRY: Fine.

WILL: Are you sure you wouldn't be better facing the band?

BARRY: No, I like to have the music behind me. Feels more like an actual gig.

WILL: Do you want cans?

BARRY: Shouldn't think so. Didn't need them yesterday.

(WILL RETURNS TO THE CONTROL ROOM,
SHUTTING THE DOOR.)

WILL:
(TALKBACK)

Can I have a bit of drums on their own,
Ronnie, please ... Now just the tom-toms ...
OK. Do you want to run a bit, just to check
the levels? I've kept the marks from last
night, but best to check. I'll stop you when
I'm ready.

BARRY:
OK.

WILL:
(TALKBACK)

When you like.

BARRY:
(SINGS)

I was born in nineteen fifty-six
When I was just turned twelve years old
The first two chords of Blue Suede Shoes was
all it took
Yeah, from then on I was sold

From then on I was growing up
And the music kept me sane
All the time when I was Tryin' To Get To You
And ridin' on my Mystery Train

They tried to tell me rock and roll would never
last
I said - You're crazy

(DURING THIS RUNTHROUGH, WILL MAKES MINOR
ADJUSTMENTS TO THE CONTROLS, CHECKS THE
LEVELS, ETC.)

AT ABOUT 'TRYIN' TO GET TO YOU', AMY BURSTS
INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

AMY:
(MOST OF THIS INAUDIBLE OVER THE MUSIC)
Hey Will! What's going on? That's our song!
What's happening?

WILL:
(TALKBACK)

OK, OK, OK. Hold it, hold it.

(THE MUSIC FIZZLES OUT QUICKLY, THOUGH BARRY
CARRIES ON SINGING THE SONG TO HIMSELF, OFF-
MIKE, AFTER THE BACKING HAS STOPPED.)

WILL:
Hiya, Kid. I didn't think you were ready to
start yet, so I told him he could carry on
until you arrived. Can you let him finish
this number? He'll finish up now you're here.

AMY:
Yeah. No, it's OK. I was just outside and
I head the song.

(GEORGE COMES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM).

GEORGE: There's no reply.

AMY: I told you there wouldn't be.

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Barry, looks like Blueprint time.

AMY: No, no, let him do it.

BARRY: I'll just go and find out what's happening.
(BARRY GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: Hello. Sorry about this. You're Amy Daniels.

AMY: Yeah. Hi!

BARRY: Barry Singer.

AMY: Yes, I know.

BARRY: Very pleased to meet you.

AMY: I'm sorry to barge in.

BARRY: No no no, it's me that's barging in.

AMY: This is George.

BARRY: Hello, George.

GEORGE: Pleased to meet you.

BARRY: Sorry to be in your way. The lads'll be clear in a couple of minutes. You know what sessionmen are like when you tell them they can go.

AMY: No, no, carry on, please.

BARRY: Are you sure?

AMY: Yes.

BARRY: Well, it would be great if we could just finish this one.

AMY: No, you can take as long as you want. Really. We won't be needing the time.

BARRY: Are you serious?

AMY: Yeah.

GEORGE: It does look like we shan't be able to make use of the studio. Not today, anyway.

WILL: What are you doing then?

AMY: Tell you later.

BARRY: Well, that's terrific. I would have finished off last night if things hadn't kept packing up on us in here.

AMY: Yeah, it's sad they don't care about this little place any more.

GEORGE: Shall we go over the road, then, and have a coffee? You can tell me what happened?

AMY: Hang on, George. I told you, anyway.

(BARRY GOES BACK INTO THE STUDIO).

BARRY: Panic over, chaps. We can have the studio. All day if we want it.

PHIL: I've got a session upstairs here at seven. Ronnie has too.

BARRY: Oh, it won't take that long. It's just that we don't have to do it all in ten minutes flat.

PHIL: I'm sure you could do it flat. I'm not sure about ten minutes, though.

(BARRY GOES BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM).

AMY: I never really thought of you as into our kind of stuff.

BARRY: Well, no I wasn't. But a few months ago I was singing "Can't Let You Go" for the eight hundred and nineteenth time, and I thought - Jesus, I can't go on doing this for ever. So I talked to Freddie about it, and he said, OK, book some guys, book some time, try out some thing and we'll talk about it. That's why this place is so useful. To try things out.

AMY: Right.

BARRY: you don't mind me doing it, do you?

AMY: Good heavens, no. Quite the opposite.

BARRY: I really enjoy singing it.

AMY: We used to open our set with that song. Gets you right into the mood straight away.

BARRY: Exactly. Shall we put one down then, will?

WILL: Righto.

AMY: OK if I.. listen?

BARRY: Sure. It won't be as good as Blueprint, though.

GEORGE: Can I get an outside line on this one?

WILL: No, the other one.

AMY: I told you, they won't be there, George.

GEORGE: I'm not calling them. You go over to the caff, if you like. I'll be over in a couple of minutes.

AMY: It's OK. I want to hear him do our song.

ROB: What did we decide about the rhythm in the middle bit?

BARRY: It stays four to the bar.

AMY: Do you remember our version, Will?

WILL: Is the Pope a Catholic?

AMY: He should have me singing the harmony on this.

WILL:
(TALKBACK) How were the cans, everybody?

PHIL: Too much drums.

WILL: Suggest it to him, then.

AMY: No, I couldn't.

GEORGE: It's nothing to do with her.

WILL: Go on. Ask him. He won't say no.
(TALKBACK) Hey, Barry, before you start. Do you fancy some harmony on this one?

AMY:
(TALKBACK) It was just an idea. You must say No if you don't want to.

BARRY: No, I think that would be really good.

AMY: Oh, great.

(AMY GOES INTO THE STUDIO.)

GEORGE: (TO PHONE) Freddie Wheeler's office, please.

BARRY: We might be the next Elton and Kiki.

AMY: I don't know about tha ...

BARRY: Only joking. Duos could be the next big thing, though.

AMY: Now you're sounding like Freddie.

BARRY: Heavens forfend! Right! Let's do it then.

AMY: Yeah, great! Just for old times' sake.

(WILL GETS UP, TAKES OUT A MICROPHONE, MAKES THE NECESSARY CONNECTION, THEN COMES INTO THE STUDIO TO CONNECT IT AND SET IT UP.)

AMY: Flip would be knocked out to know someone else was doing the song.

BARRY: I did change a chord. I slipped in a sneaky little minor.

AMY: Doesn't matter to me.

BARRY: Would he object?

AMY: Shouldn't think so. He might pretend he did. "Chuck Berry never uses minor chords" he'd say. "Do you realise," he used to say, "Do you realise that on all of Elvis's recordings for Sun there's not a single minor chord?"

BARRY: Is that right?

AMY: He was such a purist, Flip.

WILL: He had all those Scotty Moore licks off, though. Perfect.

AMY: We used to have some laughs. Did you every play ina regular band?

BARRY: No. Well, that's to say, not a gigging band like yours.

WILL: You're going to want cans now, aren't you?

BARRY: I guess so.

AMY: Please, Will.

(WILL HANDS THE HEADPHONES TO THEM AND PLUGS THEM IN.)

AMY: A bit of a sing is just what I need right now, even at this hour of the morning. Who's George talking to, Will?

WILL: Nobody at the moment. He's holding on for Freddie

AMY: Better tell him to sit down then.

BARRY: He might be coming over here. That lot in Number Three are his latest fave rave signing.

AMY: Well, he certainly won't be at the office yet. It's too early. He doesn't get in till half past eleven, and he goes to lunch at half past twelve. Back at half past three in time for tea, and home at half past four.

WILL: Four o'clock Firdays.

BARRY: Do you want to hear us sing a bit together?

WILL: Run it through and I'll take it anyway. You never know (HE GOES BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM) ... if it's really terrible, I'll I'll ... probably kill myself.

BARRY: That's what I like about Will - real commitment. Hey, Will, do you want to be President of my Fan Club?

WILL: No thanks, I've seen your fan. Set?

(TALKBACK)

BARRY: (AS ELVIS) Yeah, like it's cool ... like, it moves me. Let's get real, real gone for a change.

WILL: (TO GEORGE) What versatility! Not only can he not play the guitar, he can also not do impressions.

BARRY: Are you talking about me again, Will?

WILL: I said 'Super". When you like. Here comes the red light.

("NOT BORN TO BOOGIE")

BARRY:
(SINGS)

I was born in nineteen fifty six
When I was just turned twelve years old
The first two chords of Blue Suede Shoes
was all it took
Yeah, from then on I was sold

From then on I was growing up
And the music kept me sane
All the time when I was Tryin' To Get To You
And ridin' on my Mystery Train

BARRY &
AMY (SING):

They tried to tell me rock and roll would never
last
I said - You're crazy, you're just livin' in the
past

And if you're Not Born To Boogie
Just get your hands offa my rock and roll
If you're Not Born To Boogie
There's no way to explain if it just ain't in
your soul
So if it's not your bag
Why can't you let me be
Why don't you quit your drag
And set the music free?

(INSTRUMENTAL VERSE)

BARRY:
(SINGS)

The music's changed a bit since then
But then again maybe not that much
'Cause all it takes is just two chord of
Blue Suede Shoes
And I'm right back in touch

BARRY &
AMY (SING):

The music's changed but the Vibrations are
still Good
It still comes through for me just like I knew
it would

But if you're Not Born To Boogie
Just get your hands offa my rock and roll
If you're Not Born To Boogie
There's no way to explain if it just ain't in
your soul
So if it's not your bag
Why can't you let me be?
Why don't you quit your drag
And set the music free?
Let my music be
Let my music be
Let my music be

(A PAUSE AS WILL STOPS THE TAPE, RUNS IT BACK,
ETC.)

BARRY: How was that, Will?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Not too bad. A bit ragged here and there.

AMY: Well, that's rock and roll, innit?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Do you want to listen to it, or do you want to do it again while it's fresh?

AMY: Oh yes, let's do it again straight away. The ending wasn't so hot. I was just beginning to hit a groove.

BARRY: Better have a listen.

AMY: Oh. All right.

(BARRY AND AMY GO INTO THE CONTROL ROOM,
FOLLOWED BY THE MUSICIANS.)

BARRY: It's a good idea to check exactly where we were untogether before we do it again. Don't you think?

AMY: Sure. Had a good feel, though.

BARRY: Who did? I don't know, these musicians ... Why did you say 'For old times' sake'? Don't you do it any more?

AMY: We don't do anything any more. We hadn't worked for the whole of this last year.

GEORGE: Oh, come on, Amy, that's not ture. You turned work down.

AMY: What, that fly-blown tour of Europe playing support to that heavy metal brigade? What joy that would have been, three months on the road. They only offered it to us so's they could cadge our PA.

GEORGE: Yeah, well. You played the TFM Sales Conference.

AMY: Oh yes, that's always one to look forward to.

GEORGE: At least it gave you a chance to play.

AMY: Of course, we would have played at that open air do, if the organisers had been together enough to let us go on before the Council pulled the plugs out.

GEORGE: Well, you didn't have an album out this last year, did you?

AMY: That's not our fault. It was a perfectly good album. It's insane Freddie should have been allowed to stop it going out.

GEORGE: He had his reasons. TFM haven't dropped you.

AMY: Oh year, they let us in here to try some things out. Bid deal! Honestly, George, you can't be surprised at Flip and Brian. The only thing I don't understand is why I didn't quit.

WILL: Hey, kid, are you serious?

AMY: Mmm. I used to love you, but it's all over now.

WILL: That's a shame.

BARRY: You're on your own, then, now?

AMY: Yeah. It's been on the cards a long time, really

GEORGE: I just wish they'd told me they were splitting, that's all. It looks to me like they were just going to let me find out.

AMY: They wouldn't do that. They'd have told you. They only decided yesterday. A day or two either way is hardly about to bring on a major crisis. No one at TFM is going to dissolve into hysterics. Least of all Freddie.

GEORGE: We did have this studio booked.

AMY: Don't worry about it, George. Barry here can make good use of the time.

GEORGE: But they're going to have to be told. And I must try to get in touch with that guy from Rock On, tell him not to come now.

AMY: Oh, I'd forgotten he was coming today.

GEORGE: I will just try Freddie again.

AMY: Oh, cool it, George. It's still too early. You know it is.

BARRY: Come to think of it, it's the weekly A & R meeting on Wednesdays. That's where he'll be.

GEORGE: Oh, that's true.

AMY: 'In a meeting'. Of course. That usually means he's in the bog, or cadging a fag next door, or feeding the meter.

GEORGE: They do have these meetings every Wednesday.

AMY: Once a week seems a bit often, considering Freddie only has a thought once a month.

WILL: And his thought last month was to remember he hadn't had a thought the month before.

GEORGE: You're a bit unfair to poor old Freddie sometimes you lot.

AMY: Poor old Freddie! What do you mean? You're supposed to be on our side!

GEORGE: Well, it's not his fault every time something cocks up at TFM. You can't blame him for everything that goes wrong.

AMY: I can have a damn good try. That's half an A & R man's job - taking the stick and carrying the can.

WILL: Well, Freddie is just about half an A & R man.

BARRY: Have you every thought of going into show business?

WILL: I am in show business.

BARRY: Why is it I keep forgetting?

GEORGE: Well, I wouldn't want Freddie's job.

AMY: Me neither. What worries me is why he should.

GEORGE: Well he did all right by Mr. Singer here.

BARRY: Oh, don't mind me. I don't have many illusions left. It's three years since my one and only hit. It's kept me in work, one way or another, ever since, but I don't kid myself. A classic case of "The Song, Not The Singer".

AMY: If you'll pardon the expression.

BARRY: That was the headline on my last Melody Maker interview.

AMY: Oh, very generous of them.

BARRY: Well, it was true. Anyway, it's all publicity.

AMY: People used to say that sitting in the stocks.

(GEORGE DIALS ANOTHER CALL.)

WILL: Are you wanting to do anything today then, Amy?

AMY: No, I told you.

WILL: I just wondered why you'd come in.

GEORGE: (PHONING) Hello? ... Sorry? ...

AMY: Oh. No, it was just that I'd asked someone else to come into the session today, and I couldn't get in touch to tell them not to bother. So I thought I'd better

GEORGE: (PHONING) Oh, is that you, Sandra? ... Hello, it's George ... How are you? ...

BARRY: It was Freddie that signed you too, then, was it?

AMY: Yeah. They were just beginning to build up this studio complex then, modernising it and all, and he used that to persuade us to go with TFM. We had a lot of companies after us.

WILL: Debt collection agencies, mostly.

AMY: We were practically auctioned off, after the music press damn near killed us with kindness.

BARRY: That's right. You were supposed to be the New Beatles.

AMY: Itsn't it crazy, what they'll say?

GEORGE: (PHONING) Are there really? Yes ... Look-

BARRY: I remember all that stuff about you, though, because it was just that time that my single was beginning to break. The only period of my life when I read every music paper every week.

WILL: You shouldn't do that, you know. You'll go blind

GEORGE: (PHONING) Yes, is he there? ... It is rather urgent.

AMY: Oh, you'll have to do better than that, George. 'Rather urgent' is only Grade Five Priority in that office. Actually, Barry, it's partly your fault we ended up at TFM.

BARRY: How do you mean?

AMY: Well, they held you up as a wonderful example of what they could do for us. I remember seeing you on Top of The Pops.

BARRY: Oh Jesus.

AMY: We thought we'd get on there and be really subversive.

BARRY: They'd cut it out if you did anything even remotely outrageous.

AMY: Oh, that never occurred to us. Barney just wanted to have Pan's People dancing on top of his piano so he could look up their skirts.

GEORGE: (PHONING) Well, if you do see him would you ask him to call me at the studios? ... Yes. Thanks. Bye. (HE HANGS UP). Right.

AMY: What?

GEORGE: Aren't you going to listen to this take?

AMY: We've been waiting for you, George?

GEORGE: Oh, sorry.

AMY: Oh, sorry, Barry.

BARRY: It's OK. No sweat. All right, Wilberforce?

(WILL LEANS ACROSS TO THE TAPE MACHINE. AS HE IS ABOUT TO TURN IT ON, JAKE COMES IN TO THE STUDIO, CARRYING A BRIEFCASE. HE LOOKS AROUND AT THE INSTRUMENTS, AND REALISES THEY DO NOT BELONG TO BLUEPRINT. HE LOOKS AT THE PARTS ON THE PIANO.)

AMY: It's OK. Go ahead and run it. I'll hear it later.

(SHE GOES INTO THE STUDIO, SHUTTING THE DOOR BEHIND HER.)

WILL: (TO GEORGE) I didn't realise Amy knew Jake.

(WILL TURNS ON THE TAPE. THE PLAYBACK OF "NOT BORN TO BOOGIE" IS HEARD AT THE LOWEST POSSIBLE VOLUME THAT IS COMPATIBLE WITH ITS BEING RECOGNISABLE.)

AMY: Did you get there in time yesterday morning?

JAKE: No problem.

AMY: I tried to call you last night.

JAKE: The session went on till after two. That's why I'm late this morning. I figured you wouldn't mind too much.

AMY: It doesn't matter at all. Still, it's nice to see you.

JAKE: Every session I do for that cow, I swear I'll never work for her again. But who could afford not to, with all that overtime? She kept the whole string section there while I completely re-did the arrangement. Called out a copyist. Can you imagine what that all cost? And all for a pissy little song written by her latest cradle-snatch job. She wants me to go in again this afternoon, so I can't stay long.

AMY: That's OK. We are definitely splitting up. I saw Flip and Brian last night.

JAKE: Oh I see.

AMY: They just want to be working.

JAKE: I might as well piss off then.

AMY: Why don;t you hang around for a bit?

JAKE: Why? What's happening?

AMY: It's Barry Singer. He's doing some demos. You know, the guy who had that hit two or three years ago. You know - (SINGS) "Oh baby, it'll be OK ..."

JAKE: Hey, that's your song playing.

AMY: Yeah, it's me singing the harmony too.

JAKE: He's changed that chord to the relative minor, the way I said you ought to.

AMY: Yeah, it sounds OK. I always quite fancied doing that song of his, with some extraharmonies on that (SINGS) "Na-na-na-na ... on that bit.

JAKE: Ah, but it's not rock and roll, though, is it?

AMY: We'd make it rock and roll. Well, there ain't no band no more. It's a relief, actually, the way it's been dragging on. Flip and Brian didn't want me to feel they were abandoning me personally. It's the group they're leaving, not me. Mind you when there are three of you left in a group and the other two leave, it's hard to avoid a certain implication ...

JAKE: Did you know Barry Singer was going to be in this morning?

AMY: No, of course not. What are you doing tonight?

JAKE: I've got a session at Olympic. Just piano.

AMY: What about the weekend?

JAKE: Fairly clear at the moment. Unless Madame decides she wants to start from scratch on the whole album.

AMY: They wouldn't let her do that, would they?

JAKE: They might have to. I'm not going to work Sunday though. There comes a point when however much they're paying you, it's just not worth it.

(AT ABOUT 'OLYMPIC', BARRY STANDS UP AND SIGNALS TO WILL THAT HE'S HEARD ENOUGH. WILL TURNS DOWN THE VOLUME, STOPS THE TAPE AND RUNS IT FORWARD TO THE END OF THE TRACK.)

BARRY: That'll be all right.

WILL: You're the boss.

BARRY: I want to say hello to Jake Simonson.

(BARRY AND THE MUSICIANS GO BACK INTO THE STUDIO.)

AMY: How does it sound? Do it again, yes?

BARRY: No, it's fine. No, I just wanted to meet this guy.

AMY: Oh. Jake Simonson, Barry Singer.

JAKE: Hello.

BARRY: I can't believe it, after all this time. I've been trying to make contact with you for the best part of three or four years.

JAKE: Yeah, well, I keep pretty busy. You can't always pick and choose when you work.

BARRY: Oh, sure. Still, fantastic. It always seems crazy that you and I should never have met. But now I .. don't know what to say!

JAKE: Yeah.

AMY: Sorry, I don't understand.

JAKE: He recorded a song of mine once.

AMY: Oh I see.

BARRY: A bit more than that. It was Jake who wrote my one and only Greatest Hit. Didn't you know? Sorry, I assumed that you

AMY: You never told me you'd written a Number One Song, you rotten sod. I was talking about it just now and you never said a word.

JAKE: It was ages ago. I can't even remember writing it.

BARRY: It was originally on an album by Moon raker, the band Jake used to be with.

AMY: Well, I knew you were with a band once, but I didn't know you made an album.

JAKE: Well, you have that in common with several million other people.

AMY: Yes, but why didn't you say?

JAKE: Look it's eight years since I wrote it. It's got nothing whatever to do with where I'm at now. I mean, Barry did a great job on it ...

BARRY: I only sang it.

JAKE: Well, whoever arranged it did a great job. It was a shrewd commercial idea to beef it up like that.

BARRY: I can't take the credit for that either.

AMY: What was your version like?

JAKE: For heaven's sake, please. I don't want to think about the goddam song.

BARRY: I know how you feel. There are times when I wish more than anything else in the world that I didn't have to do it. But it's the only thing anybody knows me for, so if I don't do it, they just yell for it until I do. Now I most often do it early on, to get it out of the way. Do myself out of a guaranteed encore, of course, but still. It's a problem when you're only known for one thing.

AMY: Yeah, like Procol Harum can never get away without doing "Whiter Shade of Pale".

BARRY: Or Ralph McTell always having to do "Streets of London."

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Yes, and the Queen always having to do ... oh now, sorry, she's the only one who doesn't sing that.

AMY: This room is bugged! There must be a microphone somewhere!

WILL: What's she brought Jake in for? Was he joining the band or something?

GEORGE: Hardly. I don't know. Nobody tells me anything.

AMY: Exactly what sort of material is it you're looking for, Barry?

BARRY: I don't really know. I only know that the middle-of-the-road kind of stuff I've been doing just doesn't cut it any more. If you'd seen some of the things I do, you wouldn't be seen talking to me. I do this version of "Light My Fire" where I pretend to whip the audience up into a frenzy. It just doesn't work in a velvet suit.

AMY: It's the rocking stuff you're after, is it?

BARRY: No, it doesn't all have to be "Not Born To Boogie". Anything that I can .. do something with.

AMY: I'm sure you'd like some of Jake's recent stuff.

JAKE: He'll have had enough of my stuff.

AMY: Oh come on, you lap it up when someone picks up on one of your songs.

JAKE: It depends who it is. Sorry, I didn't mean

BARRY: (LAUGHS) No, no, it's OK.

AMY: I know one you should play him.

JAKE: What's that?

AMY: That one .. (SINGS) 'I've got a long way still to travel in the morning/And I ought to go"

JAKE: I know the one you mean.

AMY: I thought you did.

BARRY: Do you want to sing it?

(JAKE SHRUGS)

BARRY: Do you do it on piano?

JAKE: Better on guitar.

BARRY: Borrow mine.

JAKE: Yeah?

BARRY: Feel free.

(AMY PICKS UP BARRY'S GUITAR AND HANDS IT TO JAKE)

BARRY: I didn't realise you played guitar.

JAKE: I don't ask anyone to pay me for it. I'm not really a singer.

AMY: Oh, get on with it.

JAKE:
(SINGS)

So this is where you live beneath your lightbulb
Behind your window and the landlord's faded chintz
As I look out I wonder how I ever got here
Another night, another day thrown to the winds
I got in this morning early
And I haven't slept since two days ago
I've got a long way still to travel in the morning
And I ought to go

(WILL HAS COME INTO THE STUDIO AND IS STANDING JUST INSIDE THE DOOR. JAKE SEES HIM THERE AND STOPS PLAYING.)

WILL: What's going on then?

AMY: He was singing a song.

WILL: Oh, is that what it was? Anyone want coffee?
(HE COUNTS FIVE.) Tea? (HE COUNTS TWO.) Five coffees, two tea. Five coffees, two teas. (HE STOPS SUDDENLY ON HIS WAY OUT.) Oh shit, sorry, no coffee. (NO RESPONSE FROM ANYONE.) Right, five teas, two teas. Five teas, two teas. (HE GOES OUT THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM.) (TO GEORGE): Coffee, George? Five teas and three teas, five teas and three teas ... (WILL EXITS THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: Do you want to sing the rest of it?

AMY: Go on. Sing it.

BARRY: Have you got a demo of it?

JAKE: No, I haven't. Not that one.

BARRY: Well, we could get Will to put it down oh no, he's gone for the tea.

It's a very different kind of lyric
to 'Can't Let You Go'.

- JAKE: I was only about sixteen when I wrote that.
- BARRY: I take it you don't write lyrics any more .
like "Na-na-na-naa, na-na-naa-na-na, na-na-na.."?
- JAKE: It served its purpose.
- BARRY: Oh, absolutely.
- AMY: Good song, though, don't you think?
- BARRY: Yes, yes. I'd like to have a copy to listen to.
- JAKE: Allright, I'll put it down for you, if you want.
But that's an old one too. If you want? I'll
play you a new one. (HE IS ALREADY PLAYING THE
RIFF TO "OVER THE HIGH SIDE")
- BARRY: Sure. What sort of thing are you doing these
days?
- AMY: Is this the one you played me?
- JAKE: No, another one.
- BARRY: Go on then. Play it. If I really hate it,
I'll
- JAKE: Pretend you like it anyway.
- JAKE: The chorus needs to be multi-tracked really.
- AMY: We'll imagine it.
- BARRY: (OVER THE INTRODUCTION): I like that kind of rif
- JAKE:
(SINGS)
Summer nights we'd hang around our usual crowd
Doing our best not to get home early
Killing time by kicking walls and talking loud
Doing our level best to look surly
We laughed at the same old stories time and again
Together so much we believed we'd be always frien
- (HE STOPS PLAYING)
- JAKE: This is where the chorus comes, where it wants
to be block harmony.
- BARRY: OK.

JAKE:
(SINGS)

But what can I say to you now?
What can I say to you now?
It's been a long long time
Too long

(HE STOPS PLAYING AGAIN).

JAKE: Sounds a bit feeble with just one voice.

BARRY: No, no. I can see how that would work.

AMY: When did you write that?

JAKE: Yeah, well, it repeats that, and then there's another verse and chorus the same.

BARRY: I really like that. That's very much the kind of thing I'm looking for.

JAKE: I thought you didn't like the other one.

BARRY: No, I do, but this is more ... right. Do you fancy putting a version of this down?

JAKE: OK. Can I use the lads, here? It's very simple I've got some chords.

BARRY: Sure. Give them something to do.

JAKE: I could overdub the harmonies.

AMY: Why don;t we sing the harmonies?

JAKE: You reckon? How's your sightreading, Barry?

BARRY : Ah. It's not complicated, is it?

AMY: You don't ask me what my sightreading;s like.

JAKE: No, I don't

AMY: Was that a little joke? I do believe that was a little joke, Barry.

JAKE: All right, I'll scribble some dots. Won't take long.

(WILL COMES IN WITH THE TEAS ON A TRAY. ANOTHER PLASTIC CUP CONTAINS SUGAR CUBES.)

WILL: Here you go then, steaming delicious Brown Windsor tea, with lumps - add your own sugar. I bring news! The man is supposed to be coming at lunchtime to look at the machine! ... What! Does this silence betray speechless joy? Or is it breathless expectation? Unspeakable despondency? Radib indifference? Not even indifference? How can you be so cynical and insensitive to modern technological aspirations? (HE PUTS DOWN THE TRAY.)

BARRY: What the hell are you on about, Will?

WILL: Sorry, guv, got carried away. Us technicians, you understand.

PHIL: It's so hard to get good staff nowadays, donchaknow?

BARRY: (TO JAKE) Oh yes, and watch the bass player.

WILL: What's going on, then?

AMY: We're thinking of songs for Barry. We want to put down one of Jake's new ones for him to listen to.

WILL: Oh, all right, no problem.

AMY: No, he;s got to do some dots first.

JAKE: We will need another mike.

WILL: Very good.

(WILL GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM TO FETCH A THIRD MICROPHONE.)

GEORGE: What are they doing?

WILL: They just want to put something down.

GEORGE: What, Amy as well?

WILL: Yup. Better watch it, George, could be a whole new band forming before your very eyes. History is made of such moments.

(WILL TAKES THE MICROPHONE IN TO THE STUDIO AND SETS IT UP. GEORGE FOLLOWS HIM, TENTATIVELY, TO SEE WHAT IS HAPPENING. HE STAYS ON THE SIDELINES.)

I told him yesterday, he should do some other Blueprint songs.

- BARRY: The only trouble with that is that if Freddie was involved with you back then, he's not really going to have an open mind about those songs.
- AMY: Oh no, Freddie's got an open mind - well, it's more of an open space, really.
- WILL: Oh, very good.
- AMY: A lot of our best numbers he wouldn't let us include on the album, because he thought they didn't fit our image.
- WILL: There's still a great unreleased album among those demos.
- GEORGE: There weren't that many songs that weren't used.
- AMY: That is a bit of an exaggeration, Will. But still, what the hell did he know about our image? He never once turned up to see us work until after the rot had set in.
- WILL: Those first demos of yours are still the best things you did though. The actual album versions weren't as good.
- AMY: Are you sure that's not hindsight, Will?
- WILL: Oh no. I fish them out every so often and have a listen. They are in the store. Just to remind myself.
- AMY: Where were you that day, George?
- GEORGE: I was going over the contract with the solicitor.
- AMY: We put down about every song we knew.
- WILL: Barney's fingers!
- AMY: Yeah! Flip was the only one who was miserable, because he couldn't get rid of the hum of that crappy little amp he used to have.
- WILL: Those tracks are releasable apart from that hum.

AMY: We thought, Shit, this has got to be the future.

WILL: I'd only been working here a little while. I couldn't believe it. Thought I'd found the New Beatles.

BARRY: Oh, that old story.

AMY: Those were the days.

BARRY: Oh, that old story.

AMY: No, those days were.

WILL: You should hear those tapes again, Amy. I'll get them down. They'll cheer you up.

AMY: No they wouldn't.

WILL: What was the one you cried when you were singing?

AMY: Oh yes. 'Just In Passing'.

BARRY: What, that little Fleischer and Gray song?

AMY: Yeah.

BARRY: You didn't do that with Blueprint, did you?

AMY: Oh no. No, that comes from the period in my life when I thought I might become Ella Fitzgerald.

WILL: But you couldn't get it done on the National Health.

AMY: No, I demanded to be allowed to sing it that day, and they had to indulge me. Whipped out me book with all the words and chords in

BARRY: Oh, you're another one of these people with a famous notebook, are you?

AMY: Absolutely. I've still got it. Take it everywhere. Be prepared. (SHE PRODUCES IT). It's like taking your harp to a party, except there's no portorage fee.

(SHE FINDS THE SONG IN THE NOTEBOOK AND SHOWS IT TO BARRY. HE PROPS IT UP, AND PICKS UP HIS GUITAR, TRYING THE CHORDS (UNAMPLIFIED).)

BARRY: Why did you cry when you sang it?

AMY: Self pity. They guy I'd been living with had just turned me out. He was ridiculously straight. He thought going into the music business was only one step away from going on the game. The only thing that actually made me feel better was getting stuck into 'Milkshake Mademoiselle'.

BARRY: Sing it then.

AMY: What, 'Milkshake Mademoiselle'?

BARRY: No, this one.

AMY: Can you play it?

BARRY: I've got the chords here.

AMY: Just give us a chord of whatever it is to start.

BARRY: G.

AMY:
(SINGS)

Where are you?
 You just happened to cross my mind
 And I wondered what you're doing
 Not like not so very long ago
 When I would sit an hour or so
 Watching the handle on the door
 Imagining you increasingly near
 Too happy to fear
 You might not come at all
 Sitting watching the wall
 Just like this
 Oh, the hours I'd waste
 Waiting to be happy with you
 Oh, the time that I traced
 The steps you'd be taking
 Who
 Would have believed that I could have kept
 Any memories still?
 I forgot you at will
 Just for the asking
 But where are you this minute?
 I only wondered
 Just in passing

AMY: Yeah, but is it rock'n'roll?
 Can you imagine Freddie's face, if we'd said we
 wanted to do something like that on the album.

WILL: He'd have sprained his brain.

AMY: We mustn't be so nasty to Freddie.

GEORGE: You do overdo it a bit sometimes

AMY: No, at least he is consistent. If he thinks something's OK ... there's bound to be something wrong with it.

GEORGE: You'll have to take things seriously one of these days.

AMY: Why? No, but he was right to think that getting on the Rick Fargo tour wouldn't do us any good.

JAKE: Huh! I toured in Rick's backing band once. His management are a load of gangsters.

AMY: They wanted us to pay them three grand for the privilege of playing the support spot. Freddie wasn't having any, but George wore him down in the end, didn't you, George? What's three grand to TFM.

WILL: Nothing to what they're lashing out on Whatstheirnames, up in Studio Three. They've got the studio booked twenty-four hours a day, seven days a week, just so they can come in any time they feel like it to lay down the odd concept album, without having to staunch the flow of their immaculate inspiration by spending three quarters of the day setting up their synthesizer showroom.

JAKE: Is that right?

WILL: Artsy-fartsy, mystico-tricksy, technique-for-its own-sake garbage.

JAKE: That keyboards player is the original digital computer. The fastest bore in West Eight. He plays any number of things I wish I could play, but nothing I wish I had.

BARRY: How are you doing on those dots?

JAKE: Here you go. Here's yours. I'll just copy the chords for the lads.

BARRY: (TO WILL, AS HE STARTS BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM) Hey, Will, are you going to get those Blueprint demos out?

WILL: I can do.

BARRY: Yeah, I'd like to hear them later on, if we have time.

WILL: You're not doing this immediately, are you?

BARRY: No, Jake's still doing the chords.

WILL: All right, I'll get them now, while I remember.

(WELL EXITS THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM)
(BARRY PLAYS THE GUITAR TO HIMSELF AGAIN,
LEAVING GEORGE AN OPPORTUNITY TO SPEAK TO AMY.)

GEORGE: (QUIETLY) Amy, can you come through here a minute?

AMY: What? Well, we're

(GEORGE GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM AND SITS DOWN. AMY FOLLOWS HIM RELUCTANTLY.)

GEORGE: What do you think you'll be doing, then?

AMY: We're doing this one of Jake's, it;s a new

GEORGE: No, I mean the group, Brian and Flip. I mean, is this one of their periodic fits of pique, or is this really it? Do I go ahead and wind everything up?

AMY: I think you can quite safely "wind everything up" You make it sound like we were a city corporation

GEORGE: It's all very well for you to talk, Amy, but there's more to it than you probably realise. You can all leave the band behind you, but I'm still responsible for sorting out the bills and the equipment and the money. The thing is, why I ask what you want to do, assuming that this is final with Brian and Flip, is ... TFM have taken up the option on another Blueprint album. I got a cheque for the advance yesterday.

AMY: You're joking! You're joking! You mean they want to pay us to do another one, after they said the last one was unreleasable?

GEORGE: I suppose they think: In for a penny

AMY: Talk about adding insult to injury!

GEORGE: Be that as it may, I suppose you're technically the sole member of the band now. So the advance on this album could be transferred to you, so lon as you still wanted to make an album. You could form a new Blueprint.

AMY: Oh, come on, George. Blueprint was ... Blueprint

GEORGE: It's only a name.

AMY: Well, I'm not about to keep the name alive like that.

GEORGE: It's not even a very good name. You long ago ceased to have much connection with the blues. But at least a few people have heard of it. I mean, from a marketing point of view, not many people have heard of Amy Daniels. There are so many new acts all the time, there's a lot to be said for a name that rings a bell or two.

AMY: Yes, but I'm not even sure I want to carry on singing. The band was my only reason for being in the music business, and now there's no band, I don't feel ... There's not much reason for me to stay in it.

GEORGE: You're going to have to make your mind up.

AMY: Right now? Today? Look, it's as much of a shock to me as it is to you. Maybe more. If it wasn't for the band getting together, I'd probably still be ...

GEORGE: Married?

AMY: Oh, thanks a lot, George. I joined this band to sing, and lately I've spent more of my time not singing. A complete waste. I could have been spending the time not writing a novel, or not designing oil rigs, but I didn't. Largely thanks to you, I've spent it not singing.

GEORGE: I see. Fair enough. So long as I know.

AMY: No, you don't see at all.

GEORGE: Well, whatever happens, you won't want me to sell the truck before Friday, will you?

AMY: What's Friday?

GEORGE: We're moving.

AMY: Oh, of course. I forgot,

GEORGE_ I've arranged it with Charlie. And Barney's going to help humping the gear.

AMY: Do you want me to do anything?

GEORGE: No thanks. We'll be OK.

AMY: I still think you're crazy to give up that flat.

GEORGE: Yes ... well.

(WILL COMES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM WITH THE ORIGINAL BLUEPRINT DEMO TAPES, A COUPLE OF BOXES.)

WILL: Here you go. (HE HANDS THE BOXES TO AMY, BUT SHE ONLY LOOKS AT THEM? DOESN'T TAKE THEM). We can listen to them this afternoon.

AMY: Sure.

(JAKE GIVES COPIES OF THE CHORDS TO "OVER THE HIGH SIDE" TO THE MUSICIANS.)

(AMY GOES INTO THE STUDIO.)

JAKE: It's just twice through the whole thing.

PHIL: Including the intro?

JAKE: Yeah, with tag on the end. The only dodgy bit is the two spare bars before the chorus comes in. That's the two bars before the tacet second time through.

ROB: We play those two?

JAKE: Yes. Play the first beat of the tacet bar.

ROB: Oh, yes, sorry you have written it.

JAKE: (TO PIANIST) The feeling is sort of sixths.

ROB: Right.

JAKE: Let's try this harmony.

(JAKE AND BARRY AND AMY STAND ROUND THE PIANO.)

(TO PIANIST) Give us a chord of A.

JAKE & BARRY & AMY: (SING)
What can I say to you now?
What can I say to you now?

AMY: Hang on, hang on. (TO PIANIST) Can you just give me my starting note. (THE PIANIST PLAYS IT FOR HER.)

JAKE: You start on the tonic. A

AMY: (SINGS THE NOTE.)

JAKE: Try it again.

JAKE &
BARRY &
AMY (SING): What can I say to you now?
What can I say to you now?
It's been a long long time
Too long

JAKE: (CHECKING BARRY'S PART) Yeah. Watch out
for that C natural. It's the seventh in the
D minor seventh.

BARRY: (SINGS) Long, long time (WITH THE PIANIST PLAYING
IT FOR HIM.)

WILL
(TALKBACK) Can you sing into your mikes, please?

JAKE: Separately?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) No, all together.

(JAKE AND BARRY AND AMY MOVE ACROSS TO THEIR
MICROPHONES.)

JAKE: (TO PIANIST) Give us two bars of A.

JAKE & BARRY
& AMY (SING): What can I say to you now?
What can I say to you now?
It's been a long long time
Too long

(THEY REPEAT THIS,) BUT ARE INTERRUPTED BY WILL.)

WILL:
(TALKBACK) That's OK. Are you singing the lead on this,
Jake?

JAKE: Yeah.

WILL
(TALKBACK) You wanna run it one time?

JAKE: Take it anyway.

BARRY: I'm bound to sod it up.

JAKE: (TO THE MUSICIANS) Yeah, don't forget the tacet,
gentlemen, second time around.

WILL:
(TALKBACK) OK. Rolling.

("OVER THE HIGH SIDE")

JAKE (SINGS): Summer nights we'd hang around our usual crowd
 Doing our best not to get home early
 Killing time by kicking walls and talking loud
 Doing our level best to look surly
 We laughed at the same old stories time and again
 Together so much we believed we'd be always friends

But what can I say to you now?
 What can I say to you now?
 It's been a long long time
 Too long

(AMY MOUTHS TO BARRY DURING JAKE'S FIRST CHORUS
 'SHOULDN'T WE HAVE COME IN THEN?'. BARRY MOUTHS
 BACK 'NO, NEXT TIME'. AMY RELIEVED.)

JAKE & BARRY
 & AMY (SING): What can I say to you now?
 What can I say to you now?
 It's been a long long time
 Too long

JAKE (SINGS): We both got weekend jobs to raise the money down
 Me for my first guitar, you for your bike
 But in the end I didn't even know when you left
 town
 I tried to call you once, but - you know what
 it's like
 No one at your number knew your name
 For all I knew you'd gone over the high side in
 the rain

JAKE & BARRY What can I say to you now?
 & AMY (SING): What can I say to you now?
 BAND TACET) It's been a long long time
 Too long

(BAND PLAY)

What can I say to you now?
 What can I say to you now?
 It's been a long long time
 Too long
 Too long
 Too long

Amy: I knew I wouldn't get it.

AMY: I knew I wouldn't get it.

BARRY: Don't worry. You weren't alone.

AMY: Isn't it fun singing harmony.

JAKE: I think that works.

(TO WILL) How was that?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Not bad. Come and have a listen.

(AMY, BARRY AND JAKE GO INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: What did you say that was called?

JAKE: "Over The High Side"

BARRY: Oh. I was just going to say that "over the high side" was the only bit I didn't understand. Why didn't you call it "What Can I Say To You Now?" or something?

JAKE: "Over The High Side" is more ... right.

BARRY: Well, it's your song.

JAKE: That's right. Take it or leave it.

AMY: Oh come on, that's not the point.

JAKE: What you're implying is that if I changed the title and changed that phrase, I'd have a more commercial song.

BARRY: I don't know about that. I don't think it's a potential single.

JAKE: OK, so forget it. I know the problem. I get it from publishers all the time, especially since I don't record myself. What do you do with a song like that?

BARRY: Why don't you record?

JAKE: I only write for myself. If someone else wants to use it, great. If not, that's OK too.

BARRY: I don't believe anybody ever writes anything without there being just the sneakiest trace of a desire for someone somewhere to read it or hear it some time or other. I'm not accusing you of being morally dishonest or anything ...

JAKE: Sounds like you are.

BARRY: No, but to write a song is a very .. public sort of thing to do. I mean, a song doesn't really exist until it's sung, out loud. I don't know, I'm not a writer.

JAKE: Look, "over the high side" is a phrase the Hell's Angels use about going off the road, and the whole song kind of grew out of that phrase.

BARRY: Amy, what do you think?

AMY: I don't think it matters whether you understand the phrase or not. Some of my favourite records I don't understand, not in a literal sense.

JAKE: Look, forget it. It's only a song. Let's sing something else.

BARRY: Sorry. I need to hear a song a few times. The sense of what you mean is clear enough.

AMY: It's only rock and roll, innit?

JAKE: What you mean is "it's not even rock and roll".

AMY: Oh, is that what I mean?

(JAKE GOES INTO THE STUDIO)

BARRY: The first time I heard "Can't Let you Go" it didn't strike me as the kind of thing I could do. It was Freddie's idea. He'd always thought the song could be a hit, and he was just waiting for the right singer. Once I'd demoed it, it was obvious.

JAKE: We all have a lot to thank Freddie for.

BARRY: Right. He effectively plugged it himself too. Really got behind it. Called up all kinds of people.

(PHONE RINGS. WILL ANSWERS.)

AMY: Well well well. I had no idea Freddie had that much imagination.

WILL: (TO PHONE) Yeah. (TALKBACK) Paging Mr. Simonson, paging Mr. Simonson. Telephone call in the lobby for Mr. Simonson.

(JAKE COMES BACK THROUGH CONTROL ROOM)

Out in the corridor.

JAKE: Odds on it's Madame wanting me there five minutes ago.

(JAKE GOES OUT OF THE CONTROL ROOM.)

(GEORGE CALLS AGAIN.)

AMY: Don't you think "Can't Let You Go" would work with a bit stronger rhythm?

BARRY: I'm probably even less objective about it than Jake. Performing it is just a kind of reflex action for me. I can't afford to think about it. Not that there's all that much in it to engage you intellectually.

(HE DOES A CARICATURE OF HIS NIGHT-CLUB-TYPE PERFORMANCE.)

(SINGS) Oh baby, it'll be OK
We'll be together some sweet day
You know I'll love you come what may

AMY: (LAUGHS) Fantastic! Hey, look, I really do want to have a go at singing that, you know.

BARRY: Far be it from me to stop you.

AMY: No, I mean now. Your guys know it, don't they?

BARRY: Sure. But I shouldn't think Jake would be very pleased, not from the way he was talking.

AMY: Oh, he won't mind. Do it while he's out. Give us some foldback, Will.

(AMY GOES INTO THE STUDIO. BARRY FOLLOWS HER.)

(TO MUSICIANS) Can you play Barry's Greatest Hit for me? I want to give it a whirl.

ROB: What key?

AMY: Same as the record.

(ROB STARTS TO PLAY THE INTRODUCTION. BASS AND DRUMS JOIN IN.)

(TO BARRY) Sing the harmony!

BARRY: Make a change from the tune.

("CAN'T LET YOU GO")

AMY (SINGS): Oh, baby, it'll be OK
 We'll be together some sweet day
 You know I love you come what may
 We shall be together come what might

Oh, baby, it will be all right
 We'll be together some sweet night
 I can't give up without a fight
 'Cause soon or late we're bound to find a way

I know it's easier said than done
 But, baby, you will see
 We shall come through
 And we shall be for always like I always knew
 we'd be

AMY & BARRY:
 (SING) No-no-no-no, no-no-no-no-no no-no I can't let
 you go
 No-no-no-no no-no-no I can't let you go
 No-no-no-no, no-no-no-no-no no-no I can't let
 you go
 No-no-no

(THE SONG PETERS OUT AS THIS POINT, AS JAKE HAS COME BACK IN THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM. HE SIMPLY STANDS IN FRONT OF AMY. NOT SPEAKING, BUT MAKING IT VERY PLAIN THAT HE WANTS HER TO STOP. HER INITIAL REACTION IS TO TREAT THE WHOLE THING AS A JOKE, BUT SHE QUICKLY REALISES THAT HE IS NOT JOKING. THE BAND'S PLAYING FIZZLES OUT WHEN THE VOCALS STOP.)

AMY: What the hell's the matter with you?
 JAKE: What do you mean?
 AMY: Why'd you stop us?
 JAKE: I didn't stop you. Did I say anything?

(BARRY AND THE MUSICIANS EXCHANGE SHRUGS.)

AMY: Huh! Oh no! What do you think you're playing at? It's not your session.

JAKE: It's my song.

AMY: No it's not! It's public property!

JAKE: I told you quite clearly I never want to hear it again.

AMY: You can't be serious! You must hear it all the time, on radios, in shops, aeroplanes, in the lift ...

JAKE: So do it when I can't hear it. It drives me crazy.

AMY: It must be unbearable for you to know that every time you hear it in public there's another couple of quid racking up on your PRS account. You can't be that ashamed of it.

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Look, er, why don't we all think about some lunch?

AMY: That's a good idea. Hey, Dumbo, are you going to grab something to eat before you go to Madame's session?

JAKE: She's cancelled. That was her on the phone.

AMY: So you don't have to rush off.

JAKE: I guess not. Not much point in staying, though, is there?

AMY: I'm asking you to.

BARRY: Yeah, let's make an early start this afternoon. We haven't exactly done a huge amount of work this morning.

WILL Too bloody true, sunshine.. Some of the people who use these studios can make an entire album in one morning. I did one last week. It was a cheapo cheapo version of Little Richard's Greatest Hits, performed in minute print by Rockaroonies, or something. All session guys. And these two blokes who arrived on a Honda 50. They were the record company. The Honda was the office. They got a balance in ten minutes and recorded straight onto the two-track

WILL: One of the blokes spent the entire time looking at his watch and saying "Carm on, carm on, this is costing eight-one pee a minute, not including V.A.T., that's eighty-five quid so far you've only done five songs."

He'd nearly went berserk when the piano player said he'd like to hear one back because he thought he'd goofed the solo. "Listen to it? Listen to it?" he said, "At eighty-one pee a minute? You must be joking, son. Buy the bloody record when it comes out and listen to it. I never noticed nuffink wrong. Get on wiv the next on."

They did twelve tunes in three hours, ready to go. And they had eight minutes to spare. "Christ!" he said, "That's nearly seven quid!" Can't you do summink else? Carm on!" So they jammed on a twelve bar for three minutes, instrumental. I bet they put it on the album. Call it 'Tribute To Little Richard'. And I bet they claim the writers' royalties for themselves.

PHIL: That is if they pay any writers' royalties.

AMY: Oh, they have to, don't they?

WILL: Course they do. Those guys will probably sell the tape outright to some cheap label.

PHIL: Yeah, well, Little Richard won't make anything out of it.

WILL: He'll make a few bob out of the ones he wrote. He'll get his statutory percentage.

BARRY: Maybe I should try to write myself a song.

JAKE: Maybe you should have written "Can't Let You Go".

(THE MUSICIANS EXIT THE STUDIO.)

WILL RETURNS TO THE CONTROL ROOM TO TURN OFF SWITCHES.)

WILL: Bloody musicians.

AMY: When Flip and Brian were writing a song, they used to find a good chord sequence first, and then work something out over the top of that. Most often they just used a standard sequence.

BARRY: Like a twelve-bar blues?
 AMY: Yeah. Or the old C, A minor, F, G seventh.
 BARRY: It is amazing how many songs are written over that sequence.

(BARRY GOES TO THE PIANO AND PLAYS THE SEQUENCE OVER TWO BARS, ROUND AND ROUND, STANDING UP.)

(NB: WITH THE EXCEPTION OF THE OPENING AND CLOSING "DREAMP QUOTE, AND "TWO SILHOUETTES", EACH QUOTE IS JUST TWO BARS LONG, OVERLAPPING AS NECESSARY.)

AMY (SINGS): Dream, dream dream drea

AMY &
 BARRY (SING): Dream, dream dream dream

AMY (SINGS): When I want you in my arms

BARRY (SINGS): She was only sixteen, only sixteen

AMY (SINGS): Maybe baby, I'll have you for me.

AMY: (OVER AN 'EMPTY' SEQUENCE) Come on, your turn.

BARRY (SINGS): Come-a come-a down dooby-doo down down

BARRY & AMY
 (SING): Come-a come-a down dooby-doo down down

AMY (SINGS): They all laughed at Christopher Columbus
 (SILLY LAUGH OVER THE NEXT TWO BARS.)

BARRY (SINGS): Blue moon, you saw me standing alone

AMY (SINGS): Why do lovers break each others' hearts?

BARRY (SINGS): Send her victorious, happy and glorious

AMY (SINGS): Listen

BARRY & AMY
 (SING) Oo-wah-oo, do you want to know a secret?

JAKE (SINGS): (SITTING DOWN, ACROSS THE STUDIO)

Every day, it's a getting closer

AMY & BARRY
 (SING): Going faster than a rollercoaster

JAKE (SINGS): Penny Lane there is a barber showing photographs

AMY (SINGS): You see ee-ther and I say eye-ther

BARRY (SINGS): Each time we have a quarrel it almost breaks my heart

AMY (SINGS): Took a walk and passed your house

AMY & BARRY & JAKE (SING): Late last night

AMY (SINGS): All the blinds were pulled and drawn

AMY & BARRY & JAKE (SING): WAY DOWN TIGHT

AMY (SINGS): la la la la la la laa

AMY & BARRY & JAKE (SING): Two shilhouettes on the shade, Be¹-doo
Two shilhouettes on the shade.

JAKE (SINGS): Listen oo-wah-oo

AMY : (INTERRUPTING) No, we've had that one.
(SINGS) I wish I was in Dixie, hoorah, hoorah

JAKE (SINGS): In our mountain greenery where God paints the scenery

BARRY (SINGS): By yon bonnie banks and by yon bonnie braes

AMY (SINGS): Way down upon de Swanee Ribber

JAKE (SINGS) Listen

JAKE & BARRY (SING): Oo-wah-oo, do you want to know a secret?

AMY (SINGS): Hello, hello, who's your lady friend?

BARRY (SINGS): Who put the bomp in the bomp-ba-bomp-ba-bomp?
Who put the ram in the rama-lama-ding-dong?

(THERE IS AN EMPTY SEQUENCE AS THEY ALL TRY TO
THING OF ANOTHER ONE.)

AMY (SINGS): Dream

AMY & BARRY & JAKE (SING): Dream dream dream, dream.

BARRY: Maybe that's what I should try then.

AMY: The trouble is everything ends up sounding like (PLAYS THE CHORDS AGAIN? AND SINGS) Dream, dream dream

BARRY: Oh, mine wouldn't. Mine would all sound like (SINGS) Blue moon, you saw me standing alone

(BARRY GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

You coming for something to eat then, Will?

WILL: Oh thanks very much. Very kind of you. Yeah. You going over to Fingle's?

BARRY: But of course. What's the Special Wednesdays?

WILL: Oh no, you don't want that.

BARRY: You coming with us, George?

GEORGE: I'll be over in a bit. I should try Freddie again.

WILL: Too late. He'll have been and gone. He'll be at lunch by now.

(BARRY GOES OUT THROUGH THE STUDIO.)

AMY: Are you coming then?

JAKE: Oh, what the hell?

AMY: Yeah, come on. Have a coffee at any rate. Tell you what, I'll even buy you one.

JAKE: You certainly know how to show a fellow a good time.

(AMY AND JAKE GO OUT OF THE STUDIO.)

GEORGE: All that stuff with Jake was a bit .. heavy, wasn't it?

WILL: Would she sing that song just to provoke him?

GEORGE: Don't ask me. I didn't even know they were ... together. Did you?

WILL: Nothing surprises me any more.

GEORGE: I had no idea he was so moody from watching him MD that jingle session Amy did for him.

WILL: No. He's no fool. No one'd work with him. He's just enjoying himself today. What are you going to do, then, George? Look for another band?

GEORGE: No, I couldn't go through all that again. I could never approach it with the same stupid optimism. I used to have visions of history repeating itself with Blueprint as the Beatles and me as Brian Epstein.

WILL: So what went wrong?

GEORGE: We weren't turned down by Decca.

WILL: Are you coming?

GEORGE: Oh ... yes, why not? Let him call me.

WILL: That's the spirit. You show him, George.

GEORGE: Right, well, there's not much point me hanging around long this afternoon. Might as well get back early and beat the traffic. Do some packing.

WILL: Oh, where are you going?

GEORGE: We're moving. Day after tomorrow.

WILL: What? Where are you moving to?

GEORGE: Well, the estate agent calls it Dulwich, but actually it's Peckham.

WILL: Bit of a comedown from Bloomsbury.

(THEY ARE ALMOST AT THE STUDIO EXIT WHEN ROBERTSON ENTERS THE CONTROL ROOM.)

GEORGE: Yes, well, it was always expensive there.

WILL: Difficult parking.

GEORGE: Exactly.

WILL: Hallo. What's he want? Is he looking for you?

GEORGE: What? Christ, I'd forgotten him. He wasn't supposed to be coming till two.

(GEORGE GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

GEORGE: Hallo, er, I wasn't expecting you to be here just yet.

ROBERTSON: Hi.

GEORGE: I tried to call you earlier on.

ROBERTSON: Yes. No. I came over early to sit in for a while in Number Three with, er, whatstheirnames, but there's something very wrong with the new 32-track

GEORGE: This is rather embarrassing. I'm afraid I may have wasted your time. I'm afraid they've dropped me right in it, so to speak.

ROBERTSON: Cancelled, have they?

GEORGE: No, it seems they've taken the decision to break up. I've only discovered it this morning, myself, so you can understand ...

ROBERTSON: Who's this working in here, then?

GEORGE: Oh it's Barry Singer. He's doing some things, making use of the time.

ROBERTSON: Oh.

GEORGE: I'm sorry. Yeah, Amy's the only one of our lot here.

ROBERTSON: No. OK. Well, it's not really worth me going back to the office.

GEORGE: There wouldn't be a story in the break-up, would there?

ROBERTSON: No, not really.

GEORGE: I mean Amy is here. You could talk to her about it.

ROBERTSON: Why? Is she going to go solo, or what?

GEORGE: To be honest, I couldn't tell you. You could ask her yourself.

ROBERTSON: Yeah, well, OK. We are doing a special issue in November on 'Women In Rock'. I might be able to fit her into that.

GEORGE: Oh, I see. Oh, well, good. Yeah.

ROBERTSON: Where is she? Is she, er....?

GEORGE: She's just over the road, at Fingle's Caff.

ROBERTSON: Oh right. Well, I've got several calls to make.

GEORGE: I'll go over and make sure Amy doesn't disappear.

ROBERTSON: Right. I may see you over there. If not, back here in a bit, yes?

GEORGE: Fine. Well, I'm glad I didn't get you over here for nothing.

(ROBERTSON SITS DOWN BY THE PHONES.)

(GEORGE GOES INTO THE STUDIO, REJOINS WILL AND THEY GO TOWARDS THE DOOR, TALKING SOTTO VOICE)

ROBERTSON: That depends, doesn't it.

GEORGE: He's going to make some calls. He'll maybe see us over the road. He's the bloke from Rock On. It was him that wrote the piece that called them the next Beatles.

WILL: I don't know if Fingle's have custard pie on Wednesdays.

(WILL AND GEORGE GO OUT)

(ROBERTSON HAS PICKED UP THE PHONE TO MAKE A CALL WHICH FAILS. HE REPLACES THE RECEIVER, AND STANDS UP, LOOKS AROUND NOSILY, AND WANDERS INTO THE STUDIO. HE GOES OVER TO THE BASS GUITAR, THE AMP AND THE INSTRUMENT, SITS DOWN, PICKS IT UP AND PLONKS A FEW NOTES.)

BLACKOUT

END OF ACT ONE

ACT TWO

(DURING THE INTERVAL, THE PIANIST COMES BACK INTO THE EMPTY STUDIO AND PLAYS ALONE AT THE PIANO. HE BEGINS BY IMPROVISING AND THEN TAKES OUT OF HIS CASE A SONG COPY OF "AMY'S BLUES" WHICH HE PLAYS THROUGH, EXTENDING IT INTO MORE IMPROVISATION. DURING THE COURSE OF WHICH THE DRUMMER COMES BACK SITS DOWN AT HIS KIT AND STARTS TO PLAY MORE OR LESS INDEPENDENTLY, SINCE THE PIANIST HAS LAPSED DIFFIDENTLY OUT OF TEMPO AT HIS ENTRANCE. BUT THEY QUICKLY PICK UP FROM EACH OTHER AND DROP INTO THE RHYTHM OF "TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST", AS BARRY AND THE BASS PLAYER COME IN.)

BARRY: (OVER THE MUSIC) Hey! That's "Traitor In Our Midst".

ROB: Right.

BARRY: It sounds so much better at that tempo.

PHIL: More like "Pretzel Logic".

(THE MUSIC STOPS)

BARRY: Yeah. Only slower than that, even. And heavier.

(THE BASS PLAYER GETS READY TO PLAY.)

I knew there was a way to make that song work. Let's forget about the Dave Praeger song. I want to put this one down.

PHIL: Do them both.

BARRY: No, I don't want to give Freddie too much to listen to. No, let's do "Traitor In Our Midst". I knew there was something there. What was that tempo again?

(THE PIANIST STARTS TO PLAY AGAIN. THE BASS AND DRUMS JOIN IN. BARRY PICKS UP HIS GUITAR.)

Yeah. More like "Yer Blues". Maybe even slower than that. Dirtier.

(HE STARTS TO PLAY, TRYING TO LOCATE THE KEY.)

Christ, what key are you in?

ROB: B flat.

BARRY: Ferchrissake make it something I can play in.

(THE PIANIST MODULATES INTO G MAJOR.)

(BARRY FINDS THE KEY.)

That's more like it

(THE PLAYING DEVELOPS INTO A TWELVE-BAR BLUES JAM.)

(WILL AND GEORGE ENTER THE STUDIO, FOLLOWED BY AMY AND JAKE.)

BARRY: (TO WILL ON HIS WAY THROUGH INTO THE CONTROL ROOM) Can you give us some foldback, Willard?

(WILL GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM AND PUTS UP THE VOLUME. GEORGE FOLLOWS HIM INTO THE CONTROL ROOM. AMY AND JAKE STAY IN THE STUDIO, JAKE TAKING NO PART.)

(SINGS AS IF IMPROVISING)

Well, I woke up this morning
It was half past eight o'clock
Yes I woke up this morning
It was exactly eight twenty-eight by my
Japanese digital ay-larm clock
Well, I had to be in to the studio early
'cause we had to get finished off and
someone else was coming in, but, oh, I
could not find my other sock

oo-oo-oooh

Oo-oo-oooh I got those lost sock blues

(REPEAT TWICE)

AMY: (JOINS IN THE 'OO-OO-OOH' ETC, IN HARMONY WITH BARRY TO THE END OF THIS CHORUS, AND THROUGH THE NEXT CHORUS, WHICH IS THE LAST, ENDING IN A BIG, DRIBBLING FINISH.)

AMY: Hey, that was great.

BARRY: (QUELLING THE APPLAUSE) Oh please, please. Just a little something off the top of my head. Some of us, you know, the music in us just years to be set free, to take flight upon the air, or whatever terms apply at the moment of creativity.

PHIL: So long as it's not in B flat.

JAKE: (THE MESSING ABOUT IS OVER - GETTING DOWN TO BUSINESS.) Listen, that other song, the one I did a bit of - do you want me to put you down a version.

BARRY: Which one? Oh, that one, yes.

JAKE: "Long Way To Go In The Morning".

BARRY: Yes. I'd forgotten about that. Would you mind? I would like to take that away and listen to it.

JAKE: OK. No trouble. I could scribble some chord and put the band on it if you like.

BARRY: Oh sure. Make them earn their keep.

JAKE: Is anyone else coming in?

AMY: No. We had it booked the whole day.

JAKE: (FETCHING HIS CASE AND TAKING OUT MANUSCRIPT PAPER) I was going to say, obviously, if you've got to get your other stuff done, you know

BARRY: No, there's only one more of my things I have to get down. "Traitor In Our Midst".

JAKE: Who's is that?

BARRY: Mickey McCormack.

JAKE: Oh yeah. Is it one of his heavy ones?

BARRY: Ish.

(PAUSE AS JAKE STARTS TO WRITE CHORDS.)

AMY: Look, um - why don't I sing it?

JAKE: What?

AMY: Would you mind, Barry? Only that Robertson character's coming any time, and it would mean I don't have to talk to him so much.

JAKE: Not that guy from Rock On magazine?

AMY: Yeah. George arranged it.

JAKE: That one-man Pseud's Corner? The only man in the history of rock and roll to describe Chuck Berry as 'poignant'?

AMY: Right. So you see why I don't want to talk to him.

JAKE: But if the song's intended for Barry, it's better that it should be a bloke on the demo.

AMY: It's the same song.

BARRY: I don't mind.

JAKE: But it's a bloke's song, really.

AMY: You don't have to change any of the words for me to sing it, do you. I sing it better than you anyway. What makes it a bloke's song, anyway, any more than ... (TRIES TO THINK OF AN EXAMPLE.)

JAKE: "Can't Let You Go",

AMY: Yes.

BARRY: It's up to you. I don't mind.

JAKE: OK, you do it. It's OK.

(HE TEARS UP THE PART HE HAS BEGUN TO COPY.)

AMY: What're you doing?

JAKE: You sing it in B flat. I do it in A.

BARRY: You don't have to do that. Rob and Phil can transpose.

JAKE: I'll do it properly.

(HE STARTS AGAIN ON A NEW SHEET)

(PHONE RINGS. WILL ANSWERS.)

WILL: Yeah, talk to me.

JAKE: Have you got a capo with you?

BARRY: Sure.

JAKE: The picking uses open strings.

BARRY: You don't have to make excuses.

JAKE: I'm not making excuses.

WILL: Oh all right. If I can. (HE HANGS UP.)
(WILL GOES INTO THE STUDIO.)
Look, er, are you wanting to do anything in the next five minutes?

AMY: Well, pretty soon. Jake's only scribbling some chords.

WILL: Only bananas are being gone by several parties in Number Three. Whatstheirnames have turned up wanting to work, and everything's still to cock. I'll go and play Senior Engineer. Shan't be five minutes.

AMY: Hurry back, Will
(WILL TURNS BACK AS IF HE'S CHANGED HIS MIND ABOUT GOING.)

WILL: After all this time ...

AMY: Don't hang about. Go on.

WILL: So be it.
(WILL EXITS THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM)

AMY: George has dumped me in it again.
(BARRY GOES TO HIS GUITAR CASE TO FIND HIS CAPO.)
(THE BASS PLAYER PLAYS UNAMPLIFIED.)
(JAKE WRITE CHORDS.)
(AMY GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

AMY: Well, where is he then?

GEORGE: He's making some call. He can stay till about half three, he said.

AMY: Christ.

AMY: What have you let me in for, George?

GEORGE: Listen, it could be a terrific opportunity for you, as it turns out. If the band has broken up

AMY: The band has broken up.

GEORGE: Well, then, you're going to need all the help you can get to establish yourself as a solo artist. And here you are, you can be part of an Rock On cover feature, as yourself. As Amy Daniels. Not as an incidental part of Blueprint. I mean, from a marketing point of view, not many people have heard of Amy Daniels.

AMY: So you said.

GEORGE: Right. Well. Oh, look, it's not going to hurt your head that much. The readership of Rock On is exactly the people who buy Blueprint records.

AMY: An Amy Daniels record might not be like a Blueprint record.

GEORGE: It took three vodka and tonics to persuade him Blueprint were still worth a couple of hours of his time. If he'd known it was only ... Oh, forget it, then. It's no skin off my nose.

AMY: Where the hell's Will? We want to do some work.

GEORGE: Right. You can tell him you have to work. You can make excuses.

AMY: You could have made the excuses for me, George.

AMY: I'm sorry, George. It's just too soon today. I don't know what I think myself. Apart from anything else.

GEORGE: Yeah. You're right, it's not that important. No point in making an enemy of him, though, yeah?

JAKE: Ronnie, I'll just give you the number of bars, OK?

RONNIE: Fine.

(ROBERTSON ENTERS THE STUDIO, LOOKS AROUND AT THE MUSICIANS, AND CARRIES ON INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

AMY: (SEEING ROBERTSON COME INTO THE STUDIO.) Shit.

ROBERTSON: (TO GEORGE) I assumed there'd be no one in the studio, after what you said.

GEORGE: No, no, it's OK.

ROBERTSON: Is there somewhere we can go for a chat?

AMY: Well, actually, I'm going to be singing in a minute.

ROBERTSON: Oh, are you?

AMY: Yeah.

GEORGE: You can't do anything till Will gets back. This is Amy Daniels. Louis Robertson.

ROBERTSON: Hi.

AMY: Hello.

ROBERTSON: Right.

(HE SITS DOWN AND SETS UP HIS CASSETTE TAPE RECORDER FOR RECORDING, TESTING IT, ETC.)

Have you been, er, filled in about what I'm doing

AMY: You mean 'Women In Rock'?

ROBERTSON: Right.

AMY: Are you going to be taping this?

ROBERTSON: Testing, testing. Yes. You don't mind, do you?

GEORGE: No, no.

ROBERTSON: Right.

AMY: Hang on a sec. Will there be a chance for me to check the transcription at all?

ROBERTSON: Our girls are very accurate.

AMY: Nothing personal, but it's more a matter of taking things out of context, isn't it?

ROBERTSON: I understand. Right. So. It's a bit of a shock to hear that Blueprint is no more. Is that right?

AMY: (LOOKING AT GEORGE): Yes.

ROBERTSON: But it's an ill wind, etcetera, and it fits in even better with what I'm doing to talk to you on your own.

AMY: Great.

ROBERTSON: So what now?

GEORGE: Like I say, she's putting down one or two things for Barry Singer to listen to.

AMY: Just demoing somethings of Jake's.

ROBERTSON: Oh, I see. You're not working with Barry, er, Singer.

AMY: No, no, no. He's just using the time to finish off what he didn't do yesterday. When I came in this morning, he was doing one of our old songs, actually. I sang the harmony on it with him.

ROBERTSON: No chance of a duo with Barry, er ...

AMY: No. Just fooling around.

ROBERTSON: What's the Jake Simonson connection, then? Is he working with Barry?

AMY: No, he came in to help Blueprint with the band charts, that's all. I couldn't get hold of him last night after we finally ... dis-banded. Little musical joke there.

ROBERTSON: Oh yes. Sorry. It's been used before. You were saying ... Jake Simonson.

AMY: What do you mean? That's it.

ROBERTSON: I mean, how did he get to be involved? How did he come to agree to work with you? Did he express an interest in your music, or what? Or did you approach him?

AMY: The kind of stuff he's writing these days is very different from the kind of thing he arranges and MDs. He'd like very much to be able to ... But what's this got to do with 'Women In Rock'?

ROBERTSON: Simply that you were central to Blueprint ...

AMY: Hardly 'central'.

ROBERTSON: ... and I wondered whether the direction Blueprint was moving in is the direction you yourself will move in now. Work with Barry, er, Singer? Will you form a new band, or what?

AMY: I don't know. It's all happened too recently. I have been asked to audition for a new TV series.

GEORGE: You have?

AMY: Only a small part. Not singing.

GEORGE: When was this?

AMY: (DISMISSING IT) Oh, the day before yesterday. I'd forgotten all about it. It won't happen, anyway.

ROBERTSON: Do you want to talk about the break-up of Blueprint?

AMY: George, can you go and see what's happened to Will?

GEORGE: Oh. All right.

(GEORGE GETS UP AND LEAVES THE CONTROL ROOM A LITTLE RELUCTANTLY.)

AMY: Look, I told you. There's not much to say. It happened. In many ways it was inevitable. I'm sorry there's no juicy story. Nothing for the New Of The World.

ROBERTSON: Why inevitable? Was it a mutual decision?

AMY: Yes, of course.

ROBERTSON: What about the guys who left the band last year?

AMY: We all understood their reasons.

ROBERTSON: Including ... whatsisname ... your manager?

AMY: It all goes back to being built up too far too soon.

ROBERTSON: But can you honestly say you weren't pleased with all the publicity at the time?

AMY: Oh sure. But we never really had a chance to pay our dues.

ROBERTSON: You mean you weren't up to it?

AMY: We might have turned into something useful. We were over praised, and it was just too easy to believe what they all - what you all were saying about us.

ROBERTSON: "The next Beatles."

AMY: Bloody stupid.

ROBERTSON: I'm sorry. If I'd known how you felt, I'd have said you were rubbish.

AMY: (LAUGHS) Thanks. But don't you see, it forced us into playing the wrong type of gigs. At that time, the whole pub band scene was a new .. energy source, and the press just trampled it to death with enthusiasm.

ROBERTSON: How?

AMY: It stopped us playing in pubs. Pushed us into concerts and cut us off from the energy. So we spent a whole year doing support spots in front of crowds who didn't give a damn about us. Quite rightly, the way we were playing. Ending up with TFM shelling out three grand to get us onto that Rick Fargo tour a year ago. Since then we haven't worked for a year.

ROBERTSON: Go back to the pubs then.

AMY: We can't, because the agency is still demanding an inflated price for us. And it all stems from all that fucking publicity three years ago. All we ever were was a promising little band.

ROBERTSON: But can you really put all the blame onto the publicity? You've admitted it yourself that the agency and TFM have screwed you up as well.

AMY: That's only because they believed the reviews too.

(WILL AND GEORGE COME INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.
(BARRY COMES IN TO THE CONTROL ROOM FROM THE STUDIO.)

WILL: Sorry, Amy. Did you miss me?

BARRY: Carm on, carm on, this is costing eighty-one pee a minute.

(WILL QUICKLY AND EFFICIENTLY CHECKS THE EQUIPMENT, THROWS THE NECESSARY SWITCHES, AND PREPARES FOR RECORDING.)

ROBERTSON: So you're saying there's a kind of conspiracy to destroy talent.

AMY: No, I never said anything like that at all.

ROBERTSON: I wasn't clear what you were saying.

AMY: Shall I say it again?

ROBERTSON: It certainly wouldn't make any sense. The music business needs artists to feel happy. All of us, the music press, record companies, we depend absolutely on the artists, we f.....

AMY: Feed off them?

ROBERTSON: Oh come on, be fair.

AMY: I just don't see what all this has got to do with 'Women In Rock.'

ROBERTSON: Well, you're a woman ...

WILL: That's true.

ROBERTSON: And you're in Rock. That's all. I'm simply interested in the real reasons for Blueprint's break-up. You say it wasn't personal difference So.

WILL: It's a whole commonwealth of multifarious, malevolent inadequacy.

AMY: Exactly.

WILL: More or less exactly.

AMY: I've got to do some work. (TO BARRY) Has Jake finished the scribbles?

BARRY: Yeah, go ahead. They're waiting for you.

(AMY GOES INTO THE STUDIO, CLOSING THE DOOR.)

AMY: Oh boy.

JAKE: On form, is he?

AMY: I can't cope with it, you know. What's wrong with me?

GEORGE: Barry, do you know Louis Robertson? Barry Singer.

BARRY: No, I don't think we've

ROBERTSON: Yes, indeed, we met once at the Grosvenor House.

BARRY: (NOT REMEMBERING) Oh yes.

JAKE: OK gents? It's a two-to-the-bar feel. Six bars of B flat in, then three times through as written down to the rall at the third time bar. Take the last chord from me.

ROB: Do you want me in from the top?

JAKE: (THINKS ABOUT IT) No. Come in on the last six bars of the first time through, OK? Brushes on this, I think, Ronnie. Not much more than a tick first time round. (TO A MIKE). Did you get all that, Will?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Yeah. Hang on a sec. Can you give me a bit of brushes on the snare?OK

(WILL CONTINUES TO ADJUST THINGS. THE STUDIO WAITS FOR HIS GO-AHEAD.)

ROBERTSON: (TO GEORGE) I think it is very say that Blueprint should feel they have to call it a day

GEORGE: Yes.

WILL: (TO BARRY) There's only about eight minutes left on this tape. Shall I get a new one?

BARRY: That's OK. There's only one more I want to do after they've done this. Go over any bum takes.

GEORGE: Yeah. Of course, there hasn't been a regular line-up since a year ago. It's very difficult.

ROBERTSON: It often occurs to me that survival is nine points of the law in the music business.

GEORGE: Oh, we survive.

ROBERTSON: Yes, of course.

WILL:
(TALKBACK) OK. OK? Here comes the red light.

("A LONG WAY TO GO IN THE MORNING")

AMY (SINGS): So this is where you live beneath your light bulb
 Behind your window and the landlord's faded chintz
 As I look out I wonder how I ever got here
 Another night, another day thrown to the winds
 I got in this morning early
 And I haven't slept since two days ago
 I've got a long way still to travel in the morning
 And I ought to go

I knew you better in the instant I first saw you
 I should have known there'd be no more, just there and the
 'Cause talking easily and waiting for the waiter
 It was clear we'd never meet to talk again
 And the waiter never showed
 But we talked on as if we had something to prove
 I've got a lot of ground to cover in the morning
 And I ought to move

If I stayed it wouldn't make things any better
 A few more hours wouldn't tell you who I am
 And I'd only have to try and leave you sleeping
 Pick my way between the wardrobe and the gram
 And try not to turn and look back
 As I push the loose doorhandle down slow
 I've got a long way still to travel in the morning
 And I ought to go

(AT THE END OF THE SONG THEY WAIT UNTIL WILL
 SIGNALS WITH A WAVE THAT IT WAS OK FOR HIM,
 WHEREUPON JAKE IMMEDIATELY PUTS DOWN THE GUITAR
 AND GETS UP TO GO INTO THE CONTROL ROOM. AMY
 STAYS AT THE MICROPHONE.)

AMY: Shouldn't we do it again?

JAKE: It was OK, wasn't it?

PHIL: Nice one.

AMY: Wasn't I late coming in on the last verse?

JAKE: I don't think so.

AMY: I was wondering about the ending, whether we
 shouldn't repeat the last two lines of the last
 verse, and only slow it down the second time.

JAKE: I've tried that. It doesn't work so well.
 Makes it less sort of spontaneous.

(WILL WINDS BACK THE TAPE.)

(JAKE GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM. AMY FOLLOWS.)

BARRY: That's great. Thanks very much. (TO AMY)
Really nice.

AMY: I think I should do it again really.

JAKE: I'll leave you a copy of the chords, if you
like.

BARRY: That'd be great. Thanks.

AMY: I think I could do a better one.

JAKE: You won't do it any better than that.

AMY: Well thanks.

JAKE: You know what I mean.

BARRY: It's only a demo. If you sang it any better
I'd be intimidated.

JAKE: Besides, Barry wants to get on, don't you?

BARRY: There is just one more I want to do.

AMY: Aren't we going to listen to it?

ROBERTSON: That's a bit different from the kind of
thing you've been doing with Blueprint, isn't it?

AMY: We've been trying a few new things.

BARRY: Like me As Mr. Zimmerman says, "He not busy
being born is busy dying."

ROBERTSON: Yeah. Is that more the direction you want to
move in?

JAKE: I don't think one song qualifies as a direction.

ROBERTSON: It has the same sort of feel as that Amazing
Rhythm Aces' road song - "The End Is Not In Sight

JAKE: Jesse Winchester.

ROBERTSON: Yeah, but the Aces' was the original. It
captures the isolation of being on the road very
well. The ... distorted emotional pressures, the
special kind of ...

JAKE: Poignancy?

ROBERTSON: Yeah, if you like .. of being a woman in those
circumstances.

AMY: You're talking as if I wrote it. Jake wrote it.

- ROBERTSON: I appreciate that. But don't you think it's an indication of how sexual attitudes are actually changing that more and more songs which had previously been thought of as exclusively male (or female, for that matter) are no longer limited in that way?
- AMY: I hadn't thought about it.
- BARRY: There might be something in that.
- ROBERTSON: It's the kind of thought that made us decide there might be a bit more mileage in the Women In Rock idea than meets the eye.
- AMY: That's the line you're going to be taking in this feature, then, is it?
- ROBERTSON: We just thought it would be interesting to see how the sexual attitude situation is panning out currently.
- JAKE: It would be interesting to see if you could make that comprehensible.
- ROBERTSON: (NOT SURE HE HAS UNDERSTOOD THE MOTIVE OF JAKE'S REMARK): Right. For instance, Amy, the reason I'm interested to know more about the band's break-up is to discover what you all propose to do now and see if you case is any different from the fellers'.
- AMY: Well, I don't think it is, particularly. We're all equally pissed off that it's come to nothing in the end.
- GEORGE: That's right.
- ROBERTSON: The fellers are all staying in the music business, are they?
- AMY: Yes, one way and another. They're not about to go into insurance, or grave-digging, or whatever.
- GEORGE: They haven't all got specific plans, though.
- AMY: No, but ...
- ROBERTSON: Right. But you are thinking about leaving the music business.
- AMY: What do you mean? Where did you get that idea?

ROBERTSON: You were talking about acting in some TV series.

AMY: I haven't even said I will do the audition yet. That's how definite that is.

ROBERTSON: But it's not a foregone conclusion that you will stay in music. Is that fair?

AMY: I suppose so. But that doesn't mean I mean, it's easier for the other guys. They are all players. I'm not.

ROBERTSON: So you think that if you were an instrumentalist too, then your situation would be exactly the same as the blokes'?

AMY: Right.

ROBERTSON: I wonder.

JAKE: She's telling you.

ROBERTSON: Don't you think a woman would have to play twice as well as the average man to be asked in the first place?

AMY: No, I don't think that's true. Not these days. I really don't.

BARRY: I don't know about that. I mean it's not exactly sexual discrimination, but if you ask a woman player to join a band, it does look as if you're trying to make some kind of gesture, or statement.

AMY: Rubbish.

ROBERTSON: I think he's right. I mean, can you think of an actual example of a woman player who is simply a member of a band? Eh?

AMY: (SHE CAN'T THINK OF AN EXAMPLE, AND GROWS ANGRY PARTLY AT ROBERTSON, PARTLY AT HERSELF). You're not after my opinion. You're just testing out your own theories, your own preconceived ideas.

ROBERTSON: I'm not trying to put words into your mouth. I am a bit mystified that you should jump to the defence of the residual male domination in the industry.

AMY: I'm not defending anything, I just

ROBERTSON: What I'm getting at is that it seems to be taken for granted that the blokes in the band stay in the music biz, while you are compelled at least to consider some of the other options, even though ...

AMY: But it's not ...

ROBERTSON: ... even though, in terms of individual talent, they're by no means necessarily superior to you.

GEORGE: He may have a point.

AMY: It's not as simple as that. For one thing, they were all in music long before we formed Blueprint. Music has been their lives.

ROBERTSON: Isn't music your life now?

AMY: That remains to be seen.

ROBERTSON: Ah, so you couldn't say you were ever really committed to music?

AMY: It was more than just music. It was the band I was committed to. The people.

ROBERTSON: But the people have all gone. Is that then the end of your commitment then?

AMY: You talk about commitment as if it was some kind of contract.

ROBERTSON: There isn't much point in me comparing your position with the blokes' if you were never really serious about music.

AMY: Serious? Singing with Blueprint is the only thing I've done in my whole fucking life that was serious.

(AMY GOES INTO THE STUDIO.)

ROBERTSON: I didn't phrase that very well, did I?

WILL: Frankly - no.

GEORGE: I'm afraid you've picked a bad day for her.

JAKE: Don't make excuses for him. She'd be entitled to react the same way any time.

WILL: Tea? Tea?

(WILL EXITS THE CONTROL ROOM FOR TEA.)

ROBERTSON: You may find this hard to believe, but the only reason I ask these questions, the only reason I'm in this business ...

JAKE: What business is that?

ROBERTSON: .. the only reason is the fact that I do actually care. I said you wouldn't believe me. What do you take me for? You think I get pleasure out of seeing promising bands like Blueprint break up? How should I? What makes you think the music means more to you than it does to me? I grew up with the music just the same as you.

JAKE: Oh yeah? What music did you grow up with then?

ROBERTSON: The same as everyone else in the early sixties.

JAKE: What, like Bobby Vee and Helen Shapiro?

ROBERTSON: No, you know. America R & B. Chuck Berry.

JAKE: Not early Presley?

ROBERTSON: No. Anyone who says that the world changed for them the day 'That's All Right Mama' came out is either at least thirty five years old or else a cultural poseur. And you sure as hell don't remember the fifties.

JAKE: I bloody do. I played for Kirkside Juniors' First Team in my second year.

ROBERTSON: You know what I mean.

JAKE: But that doesn't make me a cultural poseur.

ROBERTSON: I never said that. But your remark about Presley implied that I was.

JAKE: Bloody hell.

ROBERTSON: Why have you got it in for the press? You've never been that badly treated, have you?

JAKE: All the more reason why I should be objective.

ROBERTSON: We've probably got more in common than you think.

JAKE: Oh yeah?

ROBERTSON: I've been a musician too.

JAKE: Really?

ROBERTSON: Yeah, I played bass in a band for three years.
 JAKE: But you stopped.
 ROBERTSON: Yeah, I had to.
 JAKE: Oh, you weren't really serious about it.
 ROBERTSON: We were only semi-pro, but it was serious, all right. The Melody Maker gig came up, so I moved down here.
 JAKE: So it was piss-or-get-off-the-pot time.
 ROBERTSON: Yeah.
 JAKE: And you got off.
 ROBERTSON: If that's how you want to see it.

(WILL COMES BACK WITH TEA.)

BARRY: Look, Will, I've changed my mind about the other one I want to do.
 WILL: Doesn't matter to me.
 BARRY: I want to have another go at 'Traitor In Our Midst'. The one we tried yesterday.
 WILL: Oh yeah.
 BARRY: It was still way too fast. I've had some ideas about it. All right?
 WILL: Sure (HE REFERS TO THE TAPE BOX.)

(GEORGE GOES INTO THE STUDIO WITH A CUP OF TEA FOR AMY.)

GEORGE: Listen, Amy, if you do decide you want to give up music and do this TV series ...
 AMY: It's not going to happen.
 GEORGE: But you've got this audition, you said.
 AMY: It's not a readymade answer to anything.
 GEORGE: That's not what I'm saying. What I mean is, I won't insist on hanging onto a piece of whatever you do decide to do next. Not unless you want me to.

AMY: Oh, George. I can't stand the way the band has just ... dissolved.

GEORGE: What's to be done? When it was good, it was great. But when it got bad ...

AMY: It was still pretty good.

GEORGE: I hope Flip and Brian have remembered all their gear belongs to the group. We haven't touched the album advance, fortunately, so we could pay that back ... if TFM don't want to transfer the contract to you as a solo.

AMY: Oh God.

GEORGE: And the truck and the equipment will easily cover the debt, so that should all sort itself out.

AMY: What debts?

GEORGE: I'll go through it all with you. Close the accounts. We mustn't let all this crap stop us being friends, Amy.

AMY: No. It's all right. I'm just confused. In a way it's as if everything I've done these past three or four years has just come to nothing in the end.

GEORGE: But it hasn't come to nothing. You're not right back where you started.

AMY: I thought I would be, you see. But in a funny way, I feel glad. All those crucial things we argued so much about, that seemed so important at the time, they don't seem to matter at all. The only things that matter now seem to be the things I took for granted at the time.

GEORGE: I'll give you a bell the next couple of days. If you want me to talk to Freddie about the contract for you .. It seems a waste to let a perfectly good contract lapse. The money, and all.

AMY: Oh, I don't know. It all takes so much ... organisation.

GEORGE: Speaking of which, I might as well get going. Beat the traffic.

AMY: (AFTER A PAUSE) Thanks, George.

(GEORGE GOES INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: (TO GEORGE) OK if I do this last one?

GEORGE: Oh certainly. Carry on. We'll be out of your way. We're off shortly.

WILL: What was that last one called?

(BARRY GOES INTO THE STUDIO.)

JAKE: 'A Long Way To Go In The Morning'.

BARRY: All right, lads, I want to have another go at 'Traitor In Our Midst'. I want to take it at that slower tempo you had going, Rob.

ROB: Oh, OK.

AMY: What a schmuck!

BARRY: What? Oh, you mean him.

AMY: I hate interviews. I've mostly only done interviews with the rest of the band. They only wanted me there for the photocall.

BARRY: Oh, he's not the worst. Some of them are really ingratiating.

AMY: They're all frustrated superstars.

BARRY: And I want to stick in a guitar solo.

PHIL: (SHARP INTAKE OF BREATH) Ooh, I don't know about that.

ROB: At the end, over the fadeout?

BARRY: No, I want to end it clean. I want a whole verse of guitar straight after the middle eight. Or however many it is.

ROB: Yeah, it's eight, for once.

BARRY: OK? Will, you set?

(THE MUSICIANS NOD AS THEY MARK THEIR PARTS.)

(AMY GOES BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM, SHUTTING THE DOOR.)

JAKE: This 'Women In Rock' idea is a bit hackneyed, isn't it?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) This is heavier, right?

(BARRY NODS. WILL ADJUSTS ACCORDINGLY.)

ROBERTSON: It's been done before, yes, but things are changing all the time.

JAKE: There's any number of things you could be doing special issues about.

WILL:
(TALKBACK) (INTERRUPTING JAKE'S LAST SPEECH, ROLLING THE TAPE AND SWITCHING THE RED LIGHT).
OK. When you like. Rolling.

("A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST")

BARRY:
(SINGS) Well OK - You're supposed to be the boss
But how can you pretend that nothing's changed
How can we continue?
Seems there's little point in trying
'Cause nothing is the same
All the talk is bitchy
Tempers are frayed
And trigger-fingers itchy
And I get no co-operation
What I need is cooperation
Somehow
Right now

All I know is someone's done the doublecross
And all I know for sure is it's not me
I can't stand the aggro
Knowing someone here is lying
Me I'm in the clear
Why can't you trust me?
I was never here
Why should they try to bust me?
And how come you never asked me?
Why did you never ask me
Somehow
Until now?

Oh I guess I should have seen it coming
Ever since that first time on the run
Ever since you first carried a gun

(INSTRUMENTAL)

Too bad - 'cause now there's no time to be lost
 Split up right away, don't use the phones
 Boy what a fiasco
 Just when everything was humming
 But every second counts
 Now we've been seen here
 If they choose to pounce
 They mustn't know we've been here
 And it looks like the party's over
 Seems like the whole deal's over
 Somehow
 Right now

Oh it feels like I hardly know you
 It feels like I never knew you
 Somehow
 So what now?
 So what now?
 So what now?

(AT THE END OF THE SONG, WILL WINDS THE TAPE
 BACK A LITTLE WAY AND CHECKS SOMETHING WHILE
 THE MUSICIANS WAIT.)

WILL:
 (TALKBACK)

Hang on a sec.

PHIL:

So what now?

BARRY:

Assuming that we don't have to do that again,
 that'll be it, I should think.

ROBERTSON:

Who wrote that song? Do you know?

JAKE:

Mickey McCormack, the guy from Scallywag.

ROBERTSON:

Used to be. They've split up now.

JAKE:

(SURPRISED) Have they?

WILL:
 (TALKBACK)

Is OK.

(THE MUSICIANS START TO PACK UP.)

BARRY:

Invoices to TFM, lads, as per. Book 'em for
 two three hours (LOOKS AT WATCH).

PHIL:

All right to leave my stuff here? I'm upstairs
 in the morning.

RONNIE: Yeah, me too.

BARRY: Is that OK, Will?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Feel free to clutter up my beautiful studio with your wretched musical instruments.

BARRY: Rob, can you stick around for the mix.

ROB: Oh, OK. For a bit, anyway.

BARRY: Thanks a lot, you guys. I'll see you soon, no doubt.

(THE DRUMMER AND BASS PLAYER PACK UP QUIETLY AND LEAVE THEIR KIT AS IT WAS AT THE START OF THE PLAY. THEY GO OUT OF THE STUDIO WHEN THEY ARE READY, DURING THE COURSE OF WHAT FOLLOWS, ACKNOWLEDGING THE PIANIST AS THEY GO. HE STAYS AT THE PIANO WORKING ON SOME PARTS.)

JAKE: That's really good, Barry

BARRY: Thanks.

ROBERTSON: That's certainly different from what you've been doing, isn't it?

JAKE: No very poignant.

BARRY: I'm trying out several different type things. Some of the other things might surprise you too.

ROBERTSON: How would that go down at the Wheeltappers'?

BARRY: No, you've got to move on. It's piss-or-get-off the-pot time.

ROBERTSON: It's a very nicely ambivalent song.

BARRY: Ambiguous.

ROBERTSON: I can imagine Scallyway doing that.

BARRY: Mickey's demo has a very strong Elmore James type feel

ROBERTSON: No really blues harmonies, though.

BARRY: I suppose not.

ROBERTSON: It's an interesting song.

BARRY: Glad you like it. It's time I extended my range a bit

ROBERTSON: Who do you feel the traitor to be as you sing it? What's the key to the image?

BARRY: Oh, it's better left unspecified, isn't it?

ROBERTSON: It's just that you sing it with a good deal of...

JAKE: Poignancy?

ROBERTSON: No - passion. As if it's you who's betrayed.

JAKE: That's called acting.

ROBERTSON: That's one of the marvellous things about song as a form, isn't it, the range of expressive possibility within a single phrase, the density and complexity of expression available?

JAKE: Oh for Chrissake!

ROBERTSON: Sorry?

JAKE: What a wank!

ROBERTSON: What?

JAKE: Why don't you ever write about something real? The million and seventeen different ways there are to get ripped off in this stupid business?

ROBERTSON: It's not as simple as you think it is.

JAKE: Oh Bull Shit. It's dead simple. You print exactly what the record companies want you to print, because if you don't, they won't advertise and you'll be nowhere.

ROBERTSON: No, that's ridiculous.

JAKE: You could really shake things up. You're an editor. You've got your own magazine.

ROBERTSON: Technically, yes, but I don't have that much autonomy.

JAKE: Rock On won't last. None of them do. Cream, Let It Rock, Streetlife. If it's going to die anyway, live dangerously. You could really make yourself a reputation. Be a reporter, for fuck's sake. Nobody wants to read about the semi-fictional squabbles that pass for revelations in the weeklies.

ROBERTSON: But how do you know anybody wants to read the kind of thing you're talking about?

JAKE: How do you know they don't unless they get the chance? What makes you think anyone wants to read your pseudo-intellectual drivel? No amount of that crap is going to persuade anybody to shell out three or four quid on an album.

ROBERTSON: We don't exist as an extension of record companies' promotion departments. By the time our reviews come out ...

JAKE: I don't understand you. You've got the power to do everybody a favour and make a name for yourself at the same time, and all you can come up with is ...

ROBERTSON: I think you overestimate what I can do.

JAKE: The difference between you and me is that I'm motivated by fear of failure and you're motivated by fear of success.

ROBERTSON: I think it's the other way around. It suits you better to pretend that you're a failure. You dress and behave as if you were struggling to make it.

JAKE: I'm not a rock star.

ROBERTSON: The royalties off "Can't Let You Go" alone must have been enough to see you all right in your old age.

JAKE: I never made a fucking penny out of "Can't Let You Go"

ROBERTSON: (NOT BELIEVING HIM) Do me a favour.

GEORGE: Look, let's not have any unpleasantness. Mr. Robertson is here at my invitation.

ROBERTSON: I've got to go.

AMY: What do you mean, you never made a penny out of "Can't Let You Go"?

ROBERTSON: Are you serious?

JAKE: Yeah, of course. We formed Moonraker when we were still at school. Then we left and went semi-pro, and played a couple of big festivals in '68. You remember how it was then, the whole album scene opening up after Sgt Pepper. Practically anyone who wanted a recording deal could get one, but we were still green enough to think it was big deal.

This guy came up to us at one festival and really impressed us. We just wanted to play. And this guy was a businessman, suit and all. But he had long hair, right? He got us a deal, no sweat, and we thought, Hey! he can really do it. We signed absolutely everything over to him and felt really relaxed about it. There we were - new contract, which meant all new gear and twenty quid a week each - good money then. Publishing was all sewn up too. Lots of advantages having everything under one roof, he said. Sure, we said, goes without saying.

In the end it was our man that went. Without saying. We did make the one album. Sprite Records it was. A tiny independent company. They were taken over by someone else and we were dropped. So there we were, no manager, no agent no deal, no publisher, no twenty quid a week. Just like that. The gear was repossessed and we never saw our man again.

But I was lucky. I went more or less straight into session work. There was even more around at that time than there is now. Plus I studied arranging. I did Rick Fargo's big hit album in '72 and he asked me to go to the States with him, in his tour band. Three months on the road. That's when I wrote the song Amy did. And it was while I was there that Barry's hit record came out. I didn't even know he'd done until I saw it in the charts.

BARRY:

I had tried to call you.

JAKE:

Yeah. Well, my first thought was, Hey, fantastic! I mean, that was my song at Number One! But then I got to wondering about the ins and outs of that publishing deal, and whether 'd get the money OK. It was going to be a lot of bread, especially after it broke in the States.

When the whole Sprite thing originally flew apart I used to spend whole days just walking miles and miles, rehearsing huge speeches of blind outrage. But that sort of thing just makes a hole in your life, and I was doing pretty good. But the hit record brought it all back.

I called up the other guys who'd been in the band, and got them to fish out the contracts and have someone look at them. It turned out we had indeed signed away the whole fucking caboodle. Everything. Forever. For our twenty quid a week. So long as they had paid us one twenty quid, the rest was all theirs.

That's it.

- ROBERTSON: It still happens, that kind of thing. Specially with bands. Not so much as it did, but there's always someone gets stars in their eyes on sight of a contract, and doesn't think it's worth a lawyer's fee to get it looked at.
- JAKE: Well, you'd never know it to read the music press. People drive into bridges on the motorway, and all you get is mealy-mouthed crap about the strain of touring.
- ROBERTSON: That's what you want me to write about, is it?
- JAKE: Not necessarily.
- ROBERTSON: Well, what are you going on about then? No one's going to think twice about buying a record they want just because they know the writer's been ripped off. We're always doing pieces about how to sell your song, set up a group and always say - never sign anything until it's been looked at by someone competent. But that doesn't stop people signing their lives away. Some people just are stupid.
- JAKE: We don't all have the benefits of a university education.
- ROBERTSON: What do you want? Do you want a sort of Amnesty International campaign for ripped-off songwriters? You'd have no trouble getting that contract overruled. Retrospectively even.
- BARRY: That's right. There have been several cases of unfairly restrictive contracts wiped out.
- ROBERTSON: You know that. It just suits you better this way. You've done bloody well. You don't want the injustice put right because that would rob you of your best opportunity for self-pity. You don't really want me to write about it, do you? No, that would make you look an idiot. But you want to be able to go on thinking of yourself as a martyr. Why else should you let TFM get away with bloody murder?
- AMY: What's TFM got to do with it?
- ROBERTSON: It's TFM who've got control over that material. It was a subsidiary of Grossinger Electronics that took over Sprite Records in '70. And TFM took over Grossinger in '71 or '72.

AMY: I don't believe it. It would be. Did you know? (JAKE DOES NOT ANSWER.)

ROBERTSON: You bet he knows. If you hadn't done so well out of the music business, you couldn't afford to be so childish. Look, I've got to go.

GEORGE: Maybe if I give you a bell the next couple of days we can arrange something in more ... suitable surroundings, if there's a time when you and Amy can get together.

AMY: Sure.

ROBERTSON: You've got my numbers, have you?

GEORGE: Yes.

ROBERTSON: OK.

GEORGE: I'm sorry it's been so ... unconstructive today. You do understand.

ROBERTSON: Yes, don't worry about it. (TAKES A CARD OUT OF HIS POCKET AND HANDS IT TO BARRY.) Would we be able to get together some time and talk about the new stuff you're doing?

BARRY: Oh. I'd be very pleased to. Yeah, that'd be good.

ROBERTSON: I'm at one of these numbers most of the time. Or you'll be able to leave a message.

BARRY: Right. Thanks.

ROBERTSON: Have you got a lawyer?

BARRY: Yes?

ROBERTSON: Give his number to Mr. Piognancy. See you.

BARRY: Bye.

GEORGE: Bye.

(ROBERTSON EXITS THE CONTROL ROOM. SHORT PAUSE IN WHICH WILL LEANS BACK ON HIS CHAIR IN A HUGE STRETCHING YAWN.)

WILL: Sheeeeeee-it.

BARRY: I really had no idea, you know, man.

JAKE: It's all right. How could you? Why should you?

BARRY: I did try to get in touch.

JAKE: I would have been in the States.

BARRY: You were away a long time.

JAKE: That was the other thing. I freaked out on the tour once or twice, from sheer fury at the injustice. Wrecked a couple of hotel rooms. Not that that attracts a lot of attention on a Rick Fargo tour. I was just worn out with going over and over it in my mind. I just wanted to be quiet.

AMY: You are an idiot. Why have you never done anything about all that?

JAKE: Leave it alone.

BARRY: Listen, I'll be in touch with you about that song.

JAKE: Oh, ferchrissake, I said leave it alone.

BARRY: No, no, no. 'Long Way To Go In The Morning'.

JAKE: Oh. Sorry. Yeah, and the one I did this morning. 'Over The High Side'.

BARRY: I'll listen to them and give you a ring.

JAKE: OK.

BARRY: I don't have your number.

(JAKE WRITES HIS NUMBER ON THE CORNER OF A PIECE OF PAPER TEARS IT OFF AND GIVES IT TO BARRY.)

JAKE: I've got an answering machine.

BARRY: OK. Thanks. I'll be in touch. (JAKE NODS.)

JAKE: See you, Will.

WILL: No doubt.

(JAKE GOES INTO THE STUDIO, ON HIS WAY OUT. AMY FOLLOWS HIM. HE SORTS OUT AND GATHERS TOGETHER THE PARTS THAT BELONG TO HIM FROM THOSE ON THE MUSIC STANDS.)

AMY: I never did understand how you could write parts for drums.

JAKE: That silly bugger doesn't understand the half of it.

AMY: Doesn't he?

JAKE: No, he doesn't. That's the trouble with all those guys. They oversimplify everything.

AMY: Which direction are you headed in?

JAKE: Towards Olympic.

AMY: Oh.

JAKE: Why?

AMY: It's all right. If you were going towards town I was going to cadge a lift.

JAKE: Sorry.

AMY: That's OK.

JAKE: I'll see you some time, then.

(JAKE EXISTS THE STUDIO.)

(AMY PAUSES AFTER JAKE LEAVES AND THEN WANDERS BACK THROUGH THE CONTROL ROOM AND EXITS.)

BARRY: Shall we mix those things, then, Will? It shouldn't take too long, should it?

WILL: Nah, be a doddle. I'll just put some of these microphones away.

(WILL GOES INTO THE STUDIO, DISCONNECTS TWO OF THE MICROPHONES, TIDIES THE LEADS AND STANDS, PICKS UP HEADPHONES, TIDIES LEADS, ETC. GEORGE FOLLOWS HIM.)

GEORGE: I feel such a berk, asking that guy to come in, and then all that. It must have looked like I set him up.

WILL: I wouldn't lose any sleep over him.

GEORGE: It's a bugger about Whatsisname and that song, though, isn't it.

WILL: Oh, he's all right. He'd done a deal with the Mystery Tramp.

GEORGE: I'll pretend I know what that means. Anyway, I'm off.

WILL: Beat the traffic.

GEORGE: Right. I hate moving. I always end up leaving the packing till the last minute. Nothing depresses me so much as packing. Except unpacking. We've got boxes still packed up from when we moved in.

WILL: I don't know why you want to leave that flat.

GEORGE: It's expensive.

WILL: Yeah, but ...

GEORGE: The truth is, the real reason we're moving ... You remember all the trouble I had persuading TFM to put up the three grand for us to go on the Rick Fargo tour last year?

WILL: Yeah?

GEORGE: Well, I didn't.

WILL: You didn't what?

GEORGE: Persuade them. To put up the money.

WILL: So - oh, you didn't? Not on your own? You're crazy.

GEORGE: I know, I know.

WILL: Golden Rule Number Nineteen: Never use your own money for anything.

GEORGE: I know I'm an idiot. But I really did think that tour would get us over the hill. I knew the risk I was taking. I shall have to tell Amy.

WILL: You mean she doesn't know?

GEORGE: Not yet. We'll sort it out. It doesn't matter, it really doesn't matter. A bloke I knew in college is starting a new agency. I might go in with him. With what I've learned these last few years, I'd be an asset to him. I don't know what Amy'll do. Has she gone?

WILL: Don't ask me.

(GEORGE FOLLOWS WILL INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

BARRY: Thanks very much for letting me use the studio today.

GEORGE: Oh, that's OK. No problem. I'm sorry you didn't have it a bit more ... unhindered.

BARRY: No, no, I enjoyed it. Especially singing with Amy. Tell her to get in touch. We might do that again.

GEORGE: Yes, I will. I'll tell her. I'd give you my number, but there's no phone at the new place.

BARRY: I'll get in touch through Freddie.

GEORGE: Oh yeah. OK. See you.

BARRY: Bye.

WILL: See you, George. Hang loose and be cool.

(GEORGE LEAVES THROUGH THE STUDIO.)

BARRY: Can we do 'Not Born To Boogie' first?

WILL: Don't you want to do them in tape order?

BARRY: No, I want to see if it sounds as good as it felt this morning.

WILL: Bloody artists.

(WILL THREADS TAPE, ETC, AS NECESSARY, AND RUNS THE TAPE BACK TO FIND THE RIGHT TRACK.)

'Traitor In Our Midst' was better than this, you know.

BARRY: Was it?

WILL: Oh, it's OK. But this sounds like you're trying too hard for something. Trying to be what Blueprint was, instead of being yourself.

BARRY: What about those demos then?

WILL: No, I was wrong about them. They're not what you need either. I was just being sentimental.

BARRY: You mean they're not that good?

WILL: Oh, they're OK. But it's not what they are; it's what they stand for. 'Traitor In Our Midst' may not be exactly what you need, but it's closer than 'Boogie'.

BARRY: I still want to listen to it.

WILL: Sure. I'm not saying you shouldn't.

BARRY: Me wanting to do 'Not Born To Boogie' is a bit like Amy wanting to do 'Can't Let You Go' I suppose.

WILL: Not quite.

BARRY: No. Maybe not.

WILL: But then again. On the one hand, (A); but on the other hand, (A).

BARRY: I had no idea about Jake, you know.

WILL: No. Me neither. It's a good example of "what doesn't kill you makes you stronger."

BARRY: Nietzsche.

WILL: Gesundheit.

BARRY: It did occur to me. You know when Freddie Wheeler pushed that song, got me to record it, plugged it himself and everything. Do you think he knew all the time that TFM would be getting a hundred per cent of the writer's royalties?

WILL: What, Freddie? He's not smart enough, is he?

BARRY: He wouldn't have to be smart. (PAUSE)
We've always got on pretty well.

(AMY COMES BACK INTO THE CONTROL ROOM.)

AMY: Has George gone?

WILL: Yeah. He said he'd call you.

AMY: Poor George. What are you doing now?

BARRY: Mixing.

AMY: Oh, I'll leave you to it.

BARRY: We're doing "Not Born To Boogie" first. You didn't hear it this morning, did you?

WILL: We could listen to those demos later on.

AMY: Oh no. I can't go back there again. I love that song. What's the movie that comes from?

WILL: Oh, '2001: A Space Odyssey', isn't it? Either that or 'I Was A Teenage Werewolf'.

AMY: It's a great song.

(AMY GOES INTO THE STUDIO, GOES OVER TO THE PIANO, LA-LA-ING UP TO THE END OF THE VERSE, WHEN SHE MOVES TO THE REMAINING MICROPHONE)

("AMY'S BLUES" ("JUST FOR ME"))

AMY (SINGS): Oh please, professor, would you take a request?
I just know that you can make it
I need to hear the music I love the best
I'm pretty certain you can fake it

Play me a song that's kind of bluesy-feelin', loose
and reelin', choose it easy-rollin'
'Cause what I'm needin' right now is somethin' I
can really put my heart and soul in
Just let those blue notes ring loud and clear
'Cause when I sing the blues my blues disappear
So won't you play one just for me

I've sung in pubs, I've sung in clubs, for scouts
and cubs and boozy businessman conventions
In army halls, at debby balls, and other choice
venooz too numerous to mention
I've sung all kinds of song in my time
But right now any other song is a crime
So come on, just one time for me

This kind of music will not be denied
If you try to fight it, it'll drive you crazy
But go with the flow, and ride with the tide
You'll come out fresh as a daisy

So roll those changes round, that same-old sound
is what I crave to save my sinkin' spirit
It only takes a little while to make me smile every
time I hear it
Right now I need a song that's alive
A song to tell the world I'm gonna survive
This time
This one's just for me
Oh please, professor
This time
This one's just for me

(SHE PAUSES AFTER THE SONG IS OVER, AND
THEN TALKS TO WILL INTO THE MICROPHONE.)

AMY: Will? You didn't happen to have a tape
running on that ... did you? by any
chance?

WILL:
(TALKBACK) Sorry, love. We're set up for mixing, anyway.

AMY: Yeah, I know.

(PAUSE)

Will?

WILL:

(TALKBACK)

Whassat?

AMY:

Do you think I can do it?

WILL:

(TALKBACK)

Do what?

AMY:

Not sing.

BLACKOUT

END OF PLAY

Traverse plays

Antony and Cleopatra

Edinburgh

Ned Chaillet

Cancellations of productions at the Edinburgh Festival have long been a part of the dramatic season. At the main festival this year the foreign contributions were badly reduced when Melina Mercouri was forced to cancel her appearance as Medea because of illness, so when the State Theatre, Stuttgart, presented only one of their three announced performances of Heinrich Kleist's *Das Katchen von Heilbronn*, that performance became the entire foreign theatre offering.

On the fringe one of the most promising for years was to have been Billy Connolly's new play, *When Hair was Short and Time was Long*. Its withdrawal from the Traverse Theatre's programme, where it was to have received several performances after midnight, highlighted a new trend this year. With the lengthening of the pub hours there are significantly fewer late-night presentations.

Of the surviving shows at the Traverse I have seen two. Both have been a surprising, and contrasting, emphasis on music, perhaps reflecting another new feature of the festival, a season of pop concerts by "new wave" performers including the Adverts and Elvis Costello.

Pete Atkin's play *A & R* standing for the music industry's phrase "artists and repertoire" comes most directly to grips with contemporary music. The play is about a recording session. The characters are singers, musicians, an engineer, a manager, and an ageing music journalist, and throughout the action there is the halting progression of "takes" and false starts as the songs are recorded and the personal stories of the characters are revealed.

With a neatness too rare to be called classical, Mr Atkin has unified the events of the

play so that the action convincingly lasts just the length of the performance. His characters are vivid, ranging from completely silent musicians reading the music press to a woman singer whose band has just broken up, an embittered song writer and a singer trying to recapture the sound that gave him a No 1 hit.

In the production by Chris Parr and Peter Lichtenfels both the tedium of recording and the satisfaction of creating are suggested. While the sense of actual life in Mr Atkin's play too grinding for some members of the audience, who left before the interval, I found the whole detailed exactness of the writing and performance thoroughly fascinating.

For the most part the acting is excellent, and there is good musicianship. Only the singing sometimes fails to convince, and the songs are a bit odder than Mr Atkin acknowledges. In the group harmonising, however, and in the clarity of Mandy More's singing, *A & R* seems destined for the top 10 of the Edinburgh fringe, and deservedly for its moments of inspired observation.

The production by Paines Plough of David Pownall's new play, *Richard III, Part Two*, is a considerably more ambitious and dense work. Mr Pownall does not hesitate to include as characters George Orwell immediately after he wrote 1984 and Richard III and his entire royal circle. The subject is clearly stated as history and the tendency of victors to rewrite it in their own favour. Put in the framework of a game played in the year 1984, it presents a version of Richard III's life considerably unlike that approved by Henry Tudor.

From time to time the action evolves into music, the company dropping their characters to pick up a dulcimer, flute or drum and add songs which range from madrigals to a satirical negro spiritual, bringing humour and effectively broadening their dramatic message.

It is a multi-talented and innovative company which

Edward Adams directs. Stephen Boxer's intelligent portrayals of Richard and Orwell dominate, but he gets thorough support, and there are lovely characterizations from Fiona Victory and Harriet Walter.

Prospect Theatre Company's two productions of the love affair of Antony and Cleopatra are now the main theatre events at Edinburgh and tickets are hard to come by, although the great popular success of the festival thus far is the production of *Carmen*. Shakespeare's Antony and Cleopatra, with Dorothy Tutin as Cleopatra and Alec McCowen as Antony is the more standard of the two, with John Dryden's *All for Love* as its complementary partner.

Toby Robertson, directing Shakespeare, has failed to find the chemical combinations to stir any real passions, his lovers have their best moments with others and the most impressive displays of affection are the brief moments when Antony confronts Octavius Caesar, played with an impressive, calculating precision by Derek Jacobi. The stylization of the production is subdued to Prospect's *Pericles* and only the costuming, touches of the make-up and hints of incest between Octavius and his sister Octavia, hint at the audacious theatricality of which Mr Robertson is capable.

Perhaps because the men show more loyalty, and seem to have the stronger bonds, it is Timothy West's performance as Enobarbus, Anthony's faithful general, which is most perfectly formed. Despite a limp as a result of an injury, Mr West strides the stage with determination, cajoling every bit of humour from the part, and he makes Antony's decline completely visible.

Because Mr Robertson keeps the staging clean, using the Assembly Hall as a vast Elizabethan theatre and presenting most of the action on the thrust of the stage, he makes the story quite clear, retaining the sense of the play without offering more than an occasional insight.

Listen to this one

A & R
Warehouse

Irving Wardle

With the exception of Sam Shepard's *The Tooth of Crime*, this is the only play about music written by a musician that I have seen; and although the style is rock, I was for once glad that I had left my earplugs at home, at Pete Atkin's piano playing is as enjoyable as his dialogue.

A & R consists of a chunk of dead time for a group of people with busy lives. It takes place in a seedy recording studio which happens to be vacant for the day because the band that booked it has just broken up. Amy, the band's lone survivor, wanders in with her manager and gives another group the OK to use the place, and the rest of the piece consists of numbers played for fun and conversation so naturalistic that it seems to have been taped.

This is an illusion. The piece in fact is dramatically highly charged and contains three interweaving plot lines. There is the question of whether Amy will give up singing; of whether Barry, the other group's vocalist, will make a comeback; and whether Jake, an embittered songwriter turned hack arranger, will swallow his bile and reconquer the charts. The three find a shared focus in the figure of a pseud's corner rock journalist who

arrives to interview Amy. She accuses him of destroying her band by "trampling them to death with enthusiasm".

In the play of an outsider, that journalist would probably have been a villain. Here he is only slightly ridiculous, and completely honest: above all, he is marginal. Likewise, there would have been conclusive developments deciding the future careers of the three artists. Here, nothing is decided. There are dramatic events and discoveries arising out of the material, but at the end of the session the musicians drift off into a limbo of uncertainty and compromise, having achieved nothing, except that they have spent the day making music. Which is where Mr. Atkin gets the priorities right. In a play like David Hare's *Teeth 'N' Smiles*, the music is there for an argumentative purpose. In *A & R* it is the main reality, the reason for everything else that is said and done, and the success of the play is that it takes you some way into sharing this compulsion.

Walter Donohue's production confirms David Threlfall (who plays the waspish Jake) as the RSC's most exciting discovery of the year. There is also a glorious, brazen-voiced performance by Ann Raitt, and session work by Barrie Rutter and David Shaw-Parker which turns the amplifiers and control boards into objects with the humdrum reality of the kitchen sink.