

112 CONTD.

The Control Booth is littered with half-empty cups of coffee and cans of coke, balanced precariously on ultra-modern recording equipment. The MIXING ENGINEER is working on the PLUG-IN CIRCUIT BOARDS of the control desk. ANGIE sits nattering with a GIRL FRIEND.

RUSSELL lies with his feet up in a corner, forging the GROUP's autographs on a pile of 10 x 8 glossies.

The atmosphere is one of claustrophobic boredom.

BARRY
 (shouting from Studio, holding
 up empty can of coke)
 Pass us a coke, Russ.

Without looking up from his work, RUSSELL feels into the Coke box by his side. He glances down to find it empty.

112A INT. DRAYCOTT STUDIOS - STUDIO FLOOR. NIGHT.

112A

BARRY
 (shouting)
 I said pass us a coke!

RUSSELL
 (mimes from Control Booth)
 We're out of it.

RUSSELL carries on signing, ANGIE leans over and presses the talk key.

112B INT. DRAYCOTT STUDIOS - CONTROL BOOTH. NIGHT.

112B

ANGIE
 He says they're out of it.

BARRY
 (shouting into Amp Mike)
 Well go and get some more then!

RUSSELL
 (without looking up)
 In a minute.

BARRY resumes his magazine with a disconcerted grunt.