

129 CONTD.

COMPERE

(off CAMERA)

Alright, then, move back! Listen, if you push forward you're really gonna kill someone - now be sensible and move back! Do you want us to call off the Concert?

Another wave of screams: PAUL nods.

CHARLIE reads a comic, using his drums as a lectern, while BARRY picks a spot on the side of his face, glancing at the results in the mirrored surface of his guitar.

COMPERE

(OFF CAMERA)

That's better. That's it ... now it's just you down here in the front, move back and sit down. Well done, that's it

The HOUSE MANAGER, a harrassed looking individual in evening dress, hurries over to the curtains. STOKER sits by his feet, wondering whether or not to use his turn-ups as an ash-tray.

COMPERE

(to MANAGER, poking his head through curtains)

That's as good as you're going to get it.

The MANAGER turns to the GROUP -

MANAGER

We're ready.

STOKER stubs out his cigarette on the floor, CHARLIE throws his comic to one of the ROADIES, and BARRY rubs his face clean with a few practice smiles.

COMPERE

Okay, that's fine ... now don't all rush forwards, just stay where you are, alright?

(pause)

Okay - Ladies and Gentlemen, Flame!