

BRIDGE

by

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OPEN ON A BLACK BACKGROUND SHOWING THE TITLES. IAN AND STEVE ARE CHATTING AND JAMMING.

FADE IN.

IAN AND STEVE ARE SITTING IN A NON-DESCRIPT RECORDING STUDIO WITH THEIR INSTRUMENTS, PROBABLY GUITARS. A RECORDING ENGINEER, JULIO, SITS BEHIND THE GLASS.

IMOGEN WALKS INTO THE AREA BEHIND THE GLASS. STEVE SEES HER AND IMMEDIATELY STOPS TALKING. IAN CONTINUES BUT SOON SEES THERE'S NO REACTION COMING FROM STEVE. HE'S NOT SURE WHY BUT SUSPECTS IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH IMOGEN. IMOGEN TURNS ON THE MICROPHONE.

IMOGEN: Sorry I'm late. Are you ready for a take?

IAN: Ready.

PAUSE.

IMOGEN: Steve?

PAUSE.

IAN: He's ready.

PAUSE.

IMOGEN: If you say so. Julio, are we set up for a take?

JULIO: Say the word.

IMOGEN: OK, so we're recording "Promises" first. Off you go.

IAN AND STEVE START PLAYING THE INTRO TO THE SONG AND WHEN IT GETS TO THE BIT WHERE STEVE IS SUPPOSED TO SING, HE DOESN'T. IAN AND IMOGEN LOOK CONFUSED. IMOGEN PRESSES THE MICROPHONE BUTTON IN THE BOOTH.

IMOGEN: Steve, shouldn't you start singing there?

STEVE KEEPS PLAYING.

IMOGEN: Steven?

STEVE KEEPS PLAYING.

IAN: Steve?

STEVE STOPS PLAYING

STEVE: Yes Ian?

IAN LOOKS BETWEEN STEVE AND IMOGEN.

IAN: Nothing.

STEVE GOES BACK TO PLAYING.

IMOGEN: Why aren't you talking to me Steve?

PAUSE.

IMOGEN: Steven!

STEVE KEEPS PLAYING.

IMOGEN: This isn't funny. Do you know how expensive renting a recording studio is?

IAN: I can sing lead vocals.

STEVE: I thought you were my friend.

IAN: I..... am, (to IMOGEN) aren't I?

IMOGEN: Steve, stop being such a child and just tell me what's wrong.

PAUSE.

IMOGEN: Tell me!

STEVE: You forgot my birthday!

PAUSE.

IMOGEN: What?

STEVE: I turned 31 last week. You didn't even mention it.

IMOGEN: I'm the producer, Steve. I didn't even know you had a birthday.

STEVE: We were going to have all our friends together and have a nice dinner and go out afterwards.

IMOGEN: Steve...

STEVE: But what did you do? You burnt all my T-shirts in the garden, then packed and went to stay with your parents. Why? Huh? Why?

JULIO: I don't think he's talking about you...

IMOGEN: Shut up Julio. Steve, did your girlfriend leave you?

STEVE DOESN'T REACT. IAN GOES TO SAY SOMETHING, THEN REALISES HE HAS NOTHING TO SAY, THEN GOES BACK TO FIDDLING WITH HIS GUITAR.

IMOGEN: Ok, Steve, here's what you're going to do: you're going to concentrate all your hate for your girlfriend...

STEVE: But I don't hate her - I love her.

IMOGEN: They're basically the same thing. And you're going to take all of that and put it into your performance. You're an artist, Steve, you thrive on this stuff! This is your poetic essence!

IAN: Do I thrive on it?

IMOGEN: Yeah, a bit.

IAN LOOKS PLEASED WITH THAT.

IMOGEN: So get out there and show us what you're made of. Yeah?

STEVE: Yeah.

IMOGEN: Yeah?!

STEVE: Yeah!

IMOGEN: Great! Let's do a take. Roll it Julio.

STEVE AND IAN START PLAYING. STEVE STARTS SINGING WHEN HE'S SUPPOSED TO AND IT SOUNDS GREAT. HALFWAY THROUGH THE SECOND LINE, ANDY ENTERS THE BOOTH.

ANDY: Sorry I'm late, did I miss anything?

STEVE IMMEDIATELY STOPS SINGING BUT

KEEPS PLAYING. HE GIVES SOME DIRTY
LOOKS AT ANDY.

ANDY: Isn't he supposed to be singing at this point?

THE END