

WE'RE SUPPOSED TO BE SINGING TONIGHT! 2 EXTRACTS

1. GILLIAN IS SEATED ON AN UPRIGHT WOODEN ARMCHAIR NEAR THE WINDOW. SHE HOLDS A HAND MIRROR UP TO HER FACE AND IS INSPECTING THE BACK OF HER THROAT.

TREVOR IS SEATED ON THE END OF THE BED OR ON A CHAIR NEAR THE BED. HIS RIGHT HAND AND WRIST ARE BANDAGED. HE IS LOOKING THROUGH CONTACTS ON HIS MOBILE.

THEY HAVE BEEN ON TOUR FOR A VERY LONG TIME AND IT'S SHOWING.

THERE IS AN ATMOSPHERE OF DESOLATION, OF ENNUI.

GILLIAN: My throat's sore.

TREVOR: Yep. Right.

GILLIAN TRIES A FEW BARS OF A SCALE.

GILLIAN: This tour has ruined my voice.

GILLIAN AGAIN TRIES A FEW BARS OF A SCALE

GILLIAN: How long have we been touring?

TREVOR: For years and years and years.

GILLIAN CONTINUES TO INSPECT HER THROAT IN THE HAND MIRROR.

GILLIAN: God help us.

TREVOR: We have to vacate the hotel in half an hour. They're cleaning my room already.

GILLIAN: (INSPECTING HER THROAT): There's mucus all down the back, Trev. Trevor.

HER BREATH HAS STEAMED UP THE HAND MIRROR. SHE WIPES IT WITH HER HAND. SHE LOOKS AT HER THROAT AGAIN.

GILLIAN: What's that? There's something there, at the back of my throat. What is it? Can you see?

SHE ADVANCES ON TREVOR, LEANS OVER HIM, HER MOUTH WIDE OPEN FOR HIM TO INSPECT.

GILLIAN: Can you see anything?

TREVOR: Where?

GILLIAN: At the back. I saw something. I saw something. Like a lump.

SHE OPENS HER MOUTH WIDE FOR HIM TO HAVE A LOOK. HE RELUCTANTLY HAS A LOOK.

TREVOR: I can't see a lump.

GILLIAN: I saw something.

SHE GOES TO WHERE THERE IS MORE LIGHT AND INSPECTS
HER THROAT AGAIN.

GILLIAN (CHECKING HER THROAT): Aaah.

TREVOR: Give it a few minutes, I'll try Vic again.

GILLIAN: (INSPECTING HER THROAT): Good God.

TREVOR: He's only popped out for a moment.

GILLIAN: (TESTING HER VOICE): Hah! Hah!

TREVOR: He says so on his message – on his voice mail.

GILLIAN: My God, you make me sick, Trevor Bayton. Look at you. Why does this have to happen to me? We're in the last weeks of this never-ending interminable ruddy tour, we've a recital in Liverpool this evening - and my pianist has to get drunk, fall over, and sprain his wrist.

TREVOR: I wasn't drunk.

GILLIAN: You could hardly stand up. We came out of that pub, you were reeling.

TREVOR: It was the carpet downstairs in the hall.

GILLIAN: Blame it on the hotel, won't you? You were out of your mind. What there is of it. A bloody pianist with a broken wrist.

TREVOR: It's not broken. It's sprained, that's all.

GILLIAN: Can't play the piano though, can you? We've a recital in Liverpool in six hours.

TREVOR: I'll try Vic again in a couple of minutes.

GILLIAN: I don't want Vic.

TREVOR: Vic? Vic's very good.

GILLIAN: He thumps.

TREVOR: He's one of the best pianists I know.

GILLIAN: Bang, bang, bang. Bang, bang, bang. A night with him, I feel as if I've been through fifteen rounds with Mike Tyson. (MORE OR LESS TO HERSELF - REFERRING TO TREVOR'S JACKET AND TROUSERS): God, do you have to wear that awful tweed jacket, and those blue cord trousers? Oh, never mind. Forget it. What time's the train?

TREVOR: Twelve seventeen. They're expecting us at four thirty.

GILLIAN STARTS TO TRY A FEW SCALES.

TREVOR: You think we could try Gerald?

GILLIAN: No.

TREVOR: He's a wonderful pianist. You and he together.

GILLIAN: No.

TREVOR: You've never had a better, Gillian.

GILLIAN: I am never ever working with Gerald Jenkins again. We're married fifteen years. I make a home for him. And he walks out, goes off with that Pauline Ellis woman with the Royal Philharmonic. That bloody cello wedged between her legs, that's what attracted him to her. Then she goes off with the First Violin. And Gerald goes off with that Branwen Roberts harpist woman - a lot of good it'll do him.

TREVOR: The fact is we've got to find someone, Gillian.

GILLIAN: I'm not working with Gerald.

TREVOR: I do think he's available just now.

GILLIAN: I wouldn't have him accompany me if he paid me.

(Cont'd)

2. TREVOR: Hello. Hello, Vic! Vic! Vic, I've sprained my wrist. Gillian and I are in Liverpool tonight. Can you help us out?

GILLIAN: He's got to. (SHOUTING): You've got to help us out, Vic!

TREVOR: (INTO THE PHONE): What? I can't hear you. (TO GILLIAN): Shut up a moment. (INTO THE PHONE): I sprained my wrist. Fell over. Yes. Oh. Oh. Oh, right.

GILLIAN: He's got to do it. (SHOUTING): You've got to do it!

TREVOR: (INTO PHONE): No. No. Oh. Oh.

GILLIAN: For God's sake!

TREVOR: Ah. Yes. Yes. I've suggested that. (TO GILLIAN): He says try Gerald.

GILLIAN: No!

TREVOR: Gillian is not too keen. I know. I know. No. Martin's still in hospital.

GILLIAN: For God's sake!

TREVOR: Barry? (TO GILLIAN): He says try Barry. (INTO THE PHONE): No. No.

GILLIAN: (SHOUTING): Why can't he do it?

TREVOR: (TO GILLIAN): Branwen Roberts. (INTO THE PHONE):
Yes, ok. Well thanks anyway - have a good time. Bye.

HE RINGS OFF.

GILLIAN: Branwen Roberts?

TREVOR: Vic is taking her to Rome for a few days. It's her birthday.
They're flying out tonight.

GILLIAN: He's going to Rome with Branwen Roberts? With Branwen Roberts the harpist? Branwen Roberts the harpist is Gerald's latest. She's Gerald's. My husband's. What does she think she's up to? Going off with Vic? Going to Rome with Vic? Where's this leave Gerald? I suppose he's found himself some other bit of skirt, has he? Some flighty trombonist or French horn player. All that blowing and sucking - Gerald goes in for that in a big way - can't resist all that. I'm living on my own from now on. Live on your own, that's what I say. No one to walk in and out on you.

TREVOR: Vic says try Barry?

GILLIAN: Barry?

TREVOR: Barry Stevens.

GILLIAN: Barry's dead.

TREVOR: No, he's not.

GILLIAN: He is. He's dead.

TREVOR: Where did you hear that?

GILLIAN: It's common knowledge. I read it in the Musicians Union magazine. In the obituary.

TREVOR: Barry Stevens?

GILLIAN: He's dead.

TREVOR: Are you sure?

GILLIAN: I'm telling you.

TREVOR: I can't believe it.

GILLIAN: I saw it.

TREVOR: You'd think Vic would have known.

GILLIAN: Vic?

TREVOR: Vic said try him, try Barry. You'd think he'd have known if he was dead.

GILLIAN: Well, he's probably forgotten.

TREVOR: He's forgotten?

GILLIAN: His mind is totally obsessed with that Branwen Roberts. He's forgotten.

TREVOR: He's forgotten Barry Stevens is dead?

GILLIAN: Lust can have a most debilitating effect on a man's mental faculties,
Trev. Even you must know that.

TREVOR: I'll phone him then, just in case, shall I?

GILLIAN: Yes, yes.

HE DIALS AND LISTENS.

TREVOR: I didn't know he was dead.

GILLIAN: Well, don't go on about it.

TREVOR: I'm shocked. What's he die of?

GILLIAN: I don't know. If he answers the phone perhaps you can ask him.

TREVOR: (INTO THE PHONE): Hello. Barry? (TO GILLIAN): It's his voice mail. (SPEAKING TO BARRY'S ANSWER MACHINE): Barry? It's Trevor Bayton. Are you able to phone me back, Barry, old chap? As

soon as possible, if you can, old man. Gillian Pearce-Williams and I are doing a recital in Liverpool tonight, but I've sprained my wrist, fell over, tripped on the hotel carpet, see -

GILLIAN: Oh God.

TREVOR: (CONTINUING): We need a pianist fast, see. We're wondering if you can help out. If you can't, don't worry.

GILLIAN: He's dead, how many times do I have to tell you?!

TREVOR: I'm sorry if you're dead, old man – that is if this isn't the right time for you and all that.

GILLIAN: He's dead, he's dead.

TREVOR: If someone else plays back this message, my message, next-of-kin or someone, I'm very sorry if I may have upset you or anything. Anyway, Barry - Barry, old chap - I do, do hope you get this message - it'd be great to hear from you, even if you can't help Gillian and me out.

GILLIAN: I am going mad.

TREVOR: Cherio, old man. Oh, Gillian sends her love. Fingers crossed. Goodbye.

HE RINGS OFF.

TREVOR: Let's hope he rings back. That'll be a relief, eh? I think we

ought to try Gerald.

GILLIAN: No!

(Cont'd).

END OF EXTRACTS