

“Cry Cry Cry”

HIPOCKETS: They wrote to me.

BUDDY: Decca did?

HIPOCKETS: Uh huh.

BUDDY: They want me to go back there?

HIPOCKETS: You have as much chance of getting back in there as that fella Ray Charles has of singing in the White House.

BUDDY: You got the letter?

HIPOCKETS: You wouldn't want to see it boy.

BUDDY: Oh man...

HIPOCKETS: He said he was given instructions to record you country and you wanted to record rock and roll.

BUDDY: Yeah well... it sure was some mix up.

HIPOCKETS: Buddy... How many times have I got to say this? You had a contract with a 'country label', they're successful with 'country', they only know 'country'; and they couldn't change their style any more than you could change yours.

A moment, BUDDY sees the sense in that.

HIPOCKETS: He did say you were unique though.

BUDDY: Is that a compliment?

HIPOCKETS: Not the way he put it.

BUDDY: (Defiant) Yeah, well I'm just going to forget about Decca now.

HIPOCKETS: So what next Hotshot?

BUDDY: I don't know, but I'm not going into another one of them contracts unless I can play my music my way.

HIPOCKETS: Hell, Buddy your kind of music's got a coloured feel to it.

BUDDY: So?

HIPOCKETS: So when record companies hear your demos they think they're

dealing with a coloured group.

BUDDY: I'll take that as a compliment.

HIPOCKETS: Yeah well you go out there and find a coloured record company to take you seriously.

BUDDY: Hipockets, I don't give a damn what colour they are, I just need somebody to see things my way. I want to play my music my way.

HIPOCKETS: (Frustrated) Buddy wipe that mist off your glasses and see sense boy. If you quit playing this rock and roll - you can make yourself a big country star.

BUDDY: (Adamant) Hipockets...! I don't want to be a country star.

A moment.

HIPOCKETS gives up. BUDDY turns to leave.

HIPOCKETS: Hold on, hold on there hotshot. There's a guy right over the border in Clovis New Mexico, Norman Petty, runs a recording studio. He's a bit like your high school principal, but he's a perfectionist and he'll experiment. D' you reckon you can put up with that?

BUDDY: [REDACTED]

HIPOCKETS: [REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]
[REDACTED]

BUDDY: Sure, what else have I got?

HIPOCKETS: The hell if I know. Come on hotshot, lets try and get you some work. You sit down here an' we'll do ourselves an interview.

BUDDY is truly impressed and has never done an interview in his life before.

HIPOCKETS: I'll tell you this for nothing though Buddy, you're the nicest guy in the world until it comes to music, then you're as stubborn a critter as I've ever come across... (HIPOCKETS has faded down the record to talk into the mic, and, without pause, changes his tone seamlessly to his 'on air' voice) ...you're tuned to KDAV the voice of Lubbock Texas; I'm Hipockets Duncan and an old friend of mine has made some time in his busy schedule to drop in to see me right here in the studio, Lubbock's own Buddy Holly - say hello Buddy.

BUDDY has no radio technique.

BUDDY: Hi.

HIPOCKETS: I hear you been runnin' around some, tourin' an all.

BUDDY: (Shakes his head) No we ain't!

HIPOCKETS gestures for him to agree.

BUDDY: Oh, yes sir, that's right, we sure ain't been loafin' around.

HIPOCKETS: Where can the folks out there get to see your next performance Buddy.

BUDDY: Shityou know we haven't ...

HIPOCKETS: (Whispers) Not into the mic.

BUDDY: Well sir, we're just gonna take it easy you know, do some writing and then hopefully we'll go back into the recording studio.

HIPOCKETS: Sounds good... so you're catching up with things back home.

BUDDY: Yes sir, that's right.

HIPOCKETS: Helping out your brothers in the tiling business?

BUDDY: (Away from mic) No!

A look from HIPOCKETS.

BUDDY: Yes sir, now and again.

HIPOCKETS: And no doubt enjoying having your wonderful Ma look after you.

BUDDY, very embarrassed, pulls away from the Mic.

BUDDY: (Away from mic) Aw no... not on the radio.

HIPOCKETS drags him back to the mic.

BUDDY: Well I sure am eating right.

HIPOCKETS: Thank you, Mr. Duncan, for dropping in and the very best of luck for the future.

BUDDY: Thank you, Mr Duncan.

BUDDY shakes HIPOCKETS' hand, and in his enthusiasm delays HIPOCKETS from talking into the mic. After a moment HIPOCKETS manages to get back to the mic, laughing as he speaks.

Buddy Holly side 2

52

BUDDY, JERRY and JOE mimic their particular instruments, expecting recognition from MARIA ELENA. But she does not recognise them even though she works for the publishing company which handles their music.

MARIA ELENA turns down the radio.

MARIA: I take it you like it?

BUDDY: It's ok.

MARIA: Ok? It's great, I love Buddy Holly. You know we publish his music.

BUDDY keeps a straight face.

BUDDY: No....do you really?

MARIA: Yeah we do.

JOE: (Thinking on his feet) And the Chickets!

MARIA: Yeah we publish all of the...

JERRY: (Thinking on his feet) And the Chickets!

BUDDY: (Thinking on his feet) what d'you lurve about Buddy Holly?

MARIA: Oh everything; you know, the beat, the rhythm; it's great to dance to.

BUDDY: Do you go dancing?

MARIA: Sure, I do.

BUDDY: Where'd you go?

MARIA: Anywhere. The Cellar, or sometimes the Extasis.

BUDDY: (Thinking on his feet) Hey I'm going there tonight...

JERRY: (Thinking on his feet) What's...

BUDDY: Maybe you'd like to come with me, you know we'd have a meal first ... then go on to the dance.

MARIA: (A problem) Well, it's not that easy, you know, I have to ask my Aunt if it's ok, but many times she won't allow it.

BUDDY: She got a phone?

MARIA: (Attitude) Sure she's got a phone, she works here; she runs Latin American music.

BUDDY: Then you call her and tell her you're going out...with me.

MARIA: Hmmm... are you a musician?

JOE and JERRY shake their heads.

BUDDY: (Modest) Oh - you could say.

MARIA: Ah... my Aunt she doesn't like musicians.

BUDDY: But I thought you said she works in music.

MARIA: I think that's why she doesn't like them.

BUDDY grins and hands MARIA the phone receiver.

BUDDY: You call her and ask her if its ok and tell me if it's alright when I come out from seeing Murray Deutch.

MARIA: (He's cute – in a funny sort of way) Well... Ok.

BUDDY: Good.

BUDDY moves towards MURRAY'S office SL.

BUDDY: Fellas...

MARIA: Excuse me; have you got an appointment with Mr Deutch?

BUDDY: No, I just thought he might be free.

MARIA: Oh No, no, no, wait just a moment, I try for you.

MARIA ELENA presses a button on the phone.

BUDDY, JOE and JERRY, enjoying her ignorance, sit on the sofa, crossing their legs at the same time in a practiced routine.

MARIA: Mr Deutch it's reception, there's somebody here to see you... (TO BUDDY) can I have your name please?

All grin. Then BUDDY gets up and moves to her, followed by JOE and JERRY.

BUDDY: Buddy... Holly!

MARIA: Oh sure.....

JOE and JERRY are nodding.

MARIA ELENA almost drops the phone in shock.

BUDDY: I'll just go right on in shall I?

JERRY: Got you one good there, didn't he.

MARIA ELENA, embarrassed, and a little upset, nods her head. BUDDY and the boys smile as they move towards the office. BUDDY stops and turns to MARIA ELENA.

BUDDY: Say, what's your name?

MARIA: (Embarrassed) Maria Elena.

BUDDY: Well... I'm going to marry you Maria Elena.

JOE and JERRY laugh. BUDDY turns on them.

BUDDY: Shut it....!

He turns back to MARIA ELENA.

BUDDY: An' I mean that.

MARIA ELENA is stunned - JOE and JERRY look on, shocked.

BUDDY moves towards MURRAY'S office as MURRAY enters to him, hurriedly putting on coat and hat, sweating in his rush to get out.