

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: Is he any good?

HIPOCKETS: Yeah he's OK. He made a hit of "Party Doll" for Buddy Knox and now he's recording a young fella called... (no recognition) ...Orbison I think. You want me to put you in touch?

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: I'll bet. Ok Buddy, thanks so much 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.