

STELFOX

"A couple of words of advice for all you hopefuls out there in unsigned bands... Fuck off. Seriously, your parents are right, you may as well spend your guitar-string money on lottery tickets, your chances will be much the same."

"You see, there's one thing you have to understand about the music industry. We have no obligation to make art. We have no obligation to make political statements. We have no obligation to make good records. We have an obligation to make MONEY."

"I mean, do these shoes look like the shoes of someone who gives a fuck about the Velvet Underground?"

"Now, in order to make money, we may sometimes have to make art. We may have to sometimes make political statements. Sometimes we may even have to make good records."

"Our record company receives half a million demos a year. We sign just ten of them. And who makes these choices? Who is responsible for dividing the wheat from the chaff and providing the soundtrack to your short life on this planet? Us, the elite, the chosen few, the best of the best. The A&R men"

"Roger, why do you have a copy of the fucking Menswear album? I looked into signing them a couple of years ago. There's some good tunes on that. It's four o'clock in the morning. My colleague Roger and I are brainstorming producer ideas. How about Mike Hedges? No. I find some of his mixes a bit middly."

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ROGER

"Middly? You know too much..."

STELFOX

"Not enough top or, you know, bottom end. What about the guy who produced London Calling? What's his name?"

ROGER

"Stevens... Something fucking Stevens... Guy Stevens! Mother fucking Guy Stevens! He'd be great There is a problem, however.

STELFOX

"What? Is he a wanker?"

ROGER

"I don't know... Bastard died in 1981"

STELFOX

"Dickhead!... What's happening with the rage album?"

ROGER

"Fuck knows, its all gone Colonel Kurtz. The crazy bastards upriver, beyond the law, been in a residential studio for the last six months now at a thousand quid a day and David hasn't heard a fucking note or shitting lyric yet."

STELFOX

"Whats David done this past year? Signed a proper load of turkeys?"

ROGER

"This new Rage album wants to make ABBA's Greatest hits sound like Sonic fucking Youth or he's finished."

STELFOX

"Fucking nasty."

ROGER

"If he goes they might offer you his job."

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STELFOX

"What? Head of A&R? No... They might offer it to you!"

ROGER

"No... No, you've got... you know... Seniority and that stuff..."

STELFOX

"Right... Right I'll get the drinks in..."

STELFOX

(Narration)

"Last year, 1996, the turnover of the British music industry passed the, billion. Pound. Mark for the first time ever!"

"Boom times. But there is always competition. Imagine you're standing on wafer-thin-ice beneath your feet, you can see the sharks circling, terrible sharks, with hypodermic needles for teeth. These are your colleagues, your friends."

"Roger and I both have to live with an uncomfortable statistic: at some point in the coming year, one of us will probably be fired... I have no intention of that being me."