

Everywhere At Once/ Series of 6

Steve sipped his coffee, gazing out of the coffee house window. The rain was really coming down, he was hoping he closed the windows at the house before he left. He shifted in the rickety wooden chair almost making a dash for the door, he didn't know why he agreed to meet "The Great" Simon Plim, music producer extraordinaire. Steve had realized long ago that the music business just wouldn't let him in. He'd made records back when the industry was golden... coke, blow jobs and *lim-o-sines* seemed to pave a path to everyone's door but his. He was not even sloppy seconds. He'd played with quite a few prominent bands, he knew the taste of fame enough to know how it starved you out with promises.

Like the addict he was when Simon rang him up, he jumped like a desperate old whore, he was... now, he was starting to feel bad about his decision. He should've stayed at the flat with his dignity and his cat. He had a steady job as a flight attendant, his good looks had always been an asset.

He thought ruefully about his old bandmate, that ugly wanker *Todd*, still touring the world without him, Hollywood made a documentary about him! *Todd from a piss poor roadie to iconic bass player of a band that never even charted!* He succeed while Steve delivered drinks to rich wankers.

A slap on Steve's back knocked him back into the conscious world. "Lost in thought, are ya mate?" Asked the still slick and dapper uber producer of everyone from Stevie Nicks to Springsteen...fuckin' Springsteen, "The Boss", *like an ominous shadow eclipsing Steve's star*, he was!

"Oh, yea, now! How are you Ace," Steve responded with a handshake trying unsuccessfully to rev his engines but he'd been made so many promises before, he could not seem to get the juices flowing.

"I'll speed it along-I've got a boy, much like yourself thirty odd years ago, I think he could top the charts but he's missing something-I think you are the one to help him."

A kind of bile rose in Steve's throat. Fuckin' cunt- he thought to himself...dodgy bastard. Simon Plim, a man who had all but ended Steve's music career now asking a favor!

Steve was speechless but he found his voice. "If you couldn't sell me years ago, why am I so helpful now Simon?" He took a swig from his coffee cup, wishing it was whiskey.

Simon ordered a tea and got comfortable. "Back in the day there were too many blokes like you...a "Boss" on every corner...but there's only one ya know. You've been playing in every port so to speak...writing some good stuff, you have a fresh perspective but a weathered soul, people like that."

Steve took the flight attendant gig because then he could afford to travel and play all over the world, he couldn't stop performing and he'd made connections, without an agent, thank you very much.

Simon added, "I listened to your stuff on Spotify, iTunes...you might as well make some money and help this kid," Simon suggested firmly. He sipped his tea and gave me a hard look, adding, "you're getting a little long in the tooth for slinging drinks in the friendly skies, mate."

He proceeded to outline his master plan to me and frankly it sounded like a win/win. When the machine wanted you there was nothing you could do to stop them and when they weren't interested...you might as well just disappear.

At 50 years of age...well, better late than never.

