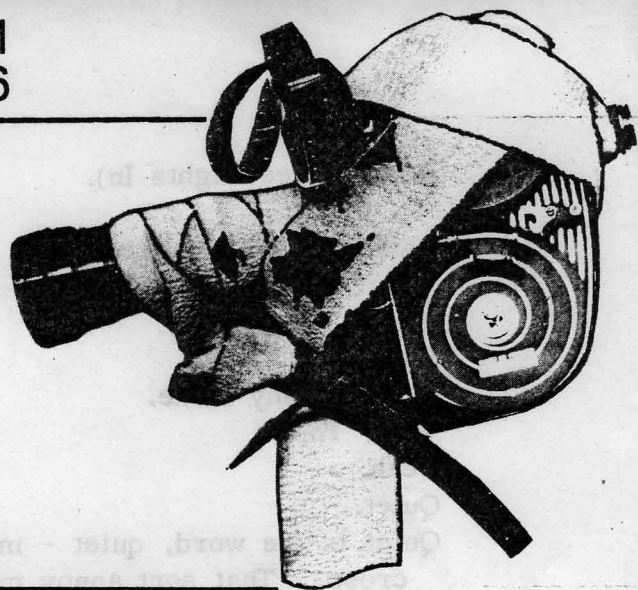


LONDON
FILM MAKERS

CO-OP EVENTS



MONDAY 28th JANUARY - 6.30p.m. VIDEO TAPES BY IAN BOURN.
.....

LENNY'S DOCUMENTARY.

"What's the matter? What's wrong with that, eh? Most people would like to do their own documentary (well perhaps you wouldn't, but you're thick anyway). I mean, we can all dream, can't we?

"I bet you'd like to be interviewed in one of them chat shows, or in the street. Tell Monty What's-his-name where to stick his microphone.

"Well?

"Yeah I know that, but if I did get the chance, I'd be ready wouldn't I. I'd have all the answers. Anyway, what do you do? Go home, sit and watch telly, then go to bed? Yeah. See, that's nothing. Normal? What do you mean, it's normal? It's boring that's what it is. Dull. How do you do it? I mean, don't you get fed up with it?

"Yeah? Well that's alright for you. Me....well put it this way - it's like a hobby. Yeah. Lots of people've got hobbies. So that's my one. Right? So let's change the subject."

Lenny, on the defensive, to Brian. Later, at home, Lenny stews in his own juices.

FROM THE JUNKYARD.

Thoughts.

Caged, captured creatures in a zoo. An ornate mantelpiece with mirrors. A massive piece of furniture - cockney gothic - due for the scrapyard. Worthless. Out the back, in the dark, never seen the light of day. Due for demolition - scrap. The dark side of East End ties - family bondage. Dark mahogany varnish. Honour, loyalty, morality, dignity confused in duty, tradition and familiarity. Reality seen through smoke, beer, men's talk and junk. Junk which, because it's old, is good, right and saved. A vast complicated cargo of trivia. The family goes back and everyone is accounted for, good or bad, and has value in the history and tradition. A vast heap of junk.....Maggie, Nanny, Johnny, Lenny, Terry, Millie, Florrie, Dolly, Molly, Bertie, Bobby, Billy, Mummy, Ronnie, Reggie, Charly, Daddy, Sally, Patty, Rita, Chas, Eth, Dot, Jill, Joe, Ted, Sid, Babs, Tom....
.....make yerself at home.

B. 29 (Three Nights In).

Have you ever noticed?

What?

Him.

Who?

He's a funny bloke.

Who - Phil?

Yeah.

Quiet.

Quiet is the word, quiet - more like non-fucking-existent. What a creep. That sort annoy me. Coming on all meek and mild when I call it just plain bloody ignorance. He mopes about. What I say is 'if you don't put nothin' into anythin' you don't get nothin' out'. He's just a misery.

He's shy.

Shy? SLY is what I reckon. He's been working here for two years - bloody peculiar.

Do you reckon he's a bit....?

I wouldn't be surprised.

THREE TAPES BY IAN BOURN

Lenny's Documentary 45 mins.

From The Junkyard 25 mins.

B. 29 (Three Nights In) 20 mins.

Programme starts at 6.30 pm, Monday, 28th January.

