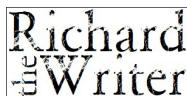


Elisha

As recorded by the Internet of Things

Compiled and edited by

Richard Jefferis



Self-published in Australia by Richard Jefferis,
aka Richard The Writer.

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are fictitious. Any resemblance to actual persons,
living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Typeset, printed and bound by Richard Jefferis

www.richardthewriter.download

Tuesday 15th October 2019

The following advertisement was posted online to www.515n0w.co.uk/opportunities and www.musojobs.co.uk at 20:04 GMT and 20:09 GMT respectively:

Second Clarinet, 515N0W Orchestra

Full-time, The Enclave, O2, London

Conductor Kaji Anwa-Michel

Formed in 2008, 515N0W is reimagining the orchestral experience for a new generation – challenging perceptions, championing innovation and taking a rich variety of music to the widest range of audiences.

515N0W performs around 150 concerts every year, primarily at its home venue at The Enclave as well as occasional tours around the UK and abroad. Additionally subsections of the orchestra work with charitable and educational organisations as part of its *Music As Therapy* program. In 2016 a relationship was established with the Falcon music label to create an ongoing series of recordings for traditional and streaming media.

A clarinettist is required to:

- * Sit as Second Clarinet, doubling on any Bb, C, D and Eb clarinets as required.
- * Maintain the high standard of professional playing and musical and artistic excellence required by the Orchestra.
- * Familiarise oneself with the relevant parts, including solos, in advance of the first rehearsal and performances.
- * Support professionally any Leaders and Conductors engaged by the Orchestra.

Applicants should aim to meet a majority of the following criteria:

- * Outstanding professional orchestral and solo playing

abilities.

- * Knowledge, passion and appreciation of the range of repertoire performed by the Orchestra.
- * Ability to proactively support the First Clarinet and undertake the responsibilities of the First Clarinet from time to time.
- * Ability to self motivate and work collaboratively as part of a diverse team.
- * Ability to provide constructive musical feedback to colleagues, deal with sensitive issues and establish high standards of performance.

Application in the first instance by email only to the HR Manager, Janel Kantara, at janelk@515n0w.co.uk attaching a detailed résumé of music training and experience. Applicants with no professional experience should also attach an mp3 of not more than three minutes in duration of a piece of their choice.

515NOW is an equal opportunity employer

The following email was received by the mobile phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 21:01 GMT (mood:neutral; marketing keywords: music, jobs, clarinet, matches):

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: alerts@musojobs.co.uk
Subject: Job Vacancy Alert

Hi Elisha!

Your daily “Clarinet Jobs” profile has identified 1 (one) new vacancies matching your conditions. Use [*this link*](#) to review your matching vacancies. Use [*this link*](#) to edit your alerts and profile.

Good luck!

The Muso Jobs Team

At 21:02 GMT 12 tracking apps on the mobile phone noted the email had been opened. Fourteen seconds later 19 tracking apps noted the musojobs.co.uk webpage was accessed from the phone. Thirty eight seconds later 19 tracking apps noted that the login credentials corresponded to the user associated with this phone.

| At 21:04 GMT 19 tracking apps noted the following website was accessed:
www.515n0w.co.uk – time on site:11m17s

| From 21:19 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between the
phone associated with Elisha Houghton, located in Gloucester, UK, and Niall
Allingham, located in Pasadena, USA, GMT-8.

21:19 Elisha: hey hon u awake yet?
21:20 Niall: heyyyyy babes :) was gonna call u later wassup
21:20 Elisha: u heard of orchestra called 515now?
21:24 Niall: nah
21:24 Elisha: web says orch in london, need clarinet, am thinking
applying – what u think?
21:25 Niall: what about us? u cant come here if ur working london
21:25 Elisha: I need job, whats happening with u?
21:26 Niall: like totally awesome! agent says vp of music at netflix
liked one of my pieces, thinking of meeting me, its
gonna happen for me soon babe yay :D
21:27 Elisha: what happened with that soundtrack for that diner
advert you were working on?
21:31 Niall: diner schminer who gives a shit about commercials
blah netflix baby thats were its at :) big time :) :)
21:32 Elisha: when will vp meet u?
21:34 Niall: soon babes agent working on it
21:37 Elisha: I think im gonna apply
21:38 Niall: what about us babes?
21:39 Elisha: can always quit when you hit big time and come over –
maybe easier to get job with california orch if im with
one in uk prob wont get it anyway but good audition
experience
21:41 Niall: if u say so babes hey gotta run – doing a lunch with
someone
21:41 Elisha: k love u talk soon
21:44 Niall: love u2 babes mwuh

| Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as “Lounge”
commencing 21:49 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha
Houghton and Fiona Houghton (mood: Elisha-tense, Fiona-relaxed; marketing
keywords: mother, child, tea, office, contract, warehouse, orchestra, music,

| *London Philharmonic, 515NOW, Millennium Dome, classical music, pop music, commute, bridge, ...):*

Elisha (*faint*): Hey, mum, making some tea. You want one?

Fiona: Oh, yes, please dear.

Elisha: Dad not back yet? It's nearly 10!

Fiona: He's still at the office, working on that contract. It's due to be signed tomorrow.

Elisha: Oh right, that's that one to develop the old warehouses round the docks?

Fiona: Yes.

(*faint indecipherable sounds*)

Fiona: What have you been up to?

Elisha: There's an orchestra job I'm thinking of applying for. In London.

Fiona: That's nice, dear. Is it the London Philharmonic?

Elisha: No, it's one I've never heard of before. It's got a weird name, 515now.

Fiona: Now what?

Elisha: No idea, but I've looked at their website and they seem to be based at the O2, you know, what used to be the Millennium Dome in London. They do a mix of classical and popular music. They seem reputable, been going since 2008.

Fiona: So if you get it you'll be moving to London?

Elisha: Have to. Bit of a long commute otherwise. Anyway, I probably won't. I never got past the first round of the two auditions I've been to and the other three I didn't even get to audition. There you go.

(*footsteps*)

Fiona: Thank you, dear. What about Niall?

Elisha (*normal*): Yeah, Niall, Jesus. I guess I'll cross that bridge when I get to it. I'm going back up to my room, try and write a stunning cover letter to gloss over my thin résumé. Night!

Fiona: Good night, dear. I'm sure you'll get this one. You're so talented you deserve to be recognised.

| *At 21:54 GMT Elisha's phone received an SMS advertising discounted classical music DVDs which was deleted.*

At 21:55 GMT Fiona's phone received an SMS advertising second hand office furniture which was deleted.

At 22:03 GMT 19 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query:"how to write a stunning cover letter" – time on site:13m26s

www.hrprofessional.co.uk/cover_letters – time on site:3m39s

www.wordpress.com/blogs/killer_resume – time on site:2m7s

www.facebook.com (login credentials match phone credentials) – time on site:1m14s

www.snuffysjobs.com – time on site:6s

www.musiciansunion.co.uk/how_to_stand_out – time on site:4m52s

www.funnycats.com – time on site:28m12s

www.instagram.com (login credentials match phone credentials) – time on site:58m22s

Wednesday 16th October 2019

| *At 15:22 GMT the following email was sent from Elisha's phone (mood:formal; marketing keywords: clarinet, 515NOW, résumé, Guildhall School of Music, ...):*

To: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Vacancy for Second Clarinet
Attachment: Elisha_Houghton_resume.pdf

Dear Janel

I would like to apply for the seat of Second Clarinet with the 515N0W Orchestra. I attach my résumé in support of this application.

To briefly summarise, I am 28 and left Guildhall School of Music four years ago with an Honours Degree in Music and a Masters Degree in Performance. Since then I have worked with several orchestras as a freelance clarinettist and I am currently the first reserve for the Gloucester City Orchestra in the event they need another clarinet. I also perform once a month with the Windy Strings Jazz Quartet which is a local Gloucester jazz band. I have several videos of both my orchestral and jazz performances on my website www.elishaclarinet.co.uk and my YouTube channel ElishaClarinet.

I believe my background of commitment to music and the clarinet amply demonstrate the first two and the fourth criteria given in your role specification. The third and last are more difficult to demonstrate but I have for the last four years privately tutored seventeen children and two adults on the clarinet and my positive feedback and supportive instructional style have enabled eight of those children to achieve grade 7 in their music studies and three to achieve grade 6. Sadly, due to a variety of circumstances, predominantly financial, four of my tutees abandoned their music tuition. I am currently tutoring two children and one adult. I also work as a fill-in music teacher at a local Secondary school.

I look forward to having the opportunity to demonstrate via auditions that my skills on the clarinet will enhance 515N0W's goal of challenging perceptions, championing innovation and taking a rich

variety of music to the widest range of audiences.

Elisha Houghton MA, BA Hons
Clarinetist

| *At 15:42 GMT the following SMS message was received by Elisha's phone, source hidden.*

Unknown: Looking for a new and exciting job that unleashes your potential and excites your creativity? Visit [this link](#) to revitalise your resume today!

| *At 15:42 the SMS was deleted.*

| *At 16:39 GMT the front door security camera recognised Jeremy Houghton approaching and unlocked the door (mood:happy).*

| *Partial transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 16:40 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Fiona Houghton, Jeremy Houghton and Elisha Houghton (mood:Fiona-surprised, Jeremy-happy, Elisha-surprised; marketing keywords: home, early, honey, docks, contract ...)*

Fiona: Hello, Jeremy, you're home early.

Jeremy: Hello, honey, yes. The docks contract is finalised and signed which is a huge relief. I thought I'd come home early as I'm not taking on any more major tasks. I'm easing down now.

Fiona: You mean you've ...?

Jeremy: Yes. We've finally agreed a date.

Fiona (*mood:pleased*): Oh, excellent. When?
(*footsteps*)

Elisha: Hey, dad, you're back early.

Jeremy: Mmm, sweetie. I'm glad you're here as I wanted to talk to you both. You know your mother and I have been talking about early retirement and going on a world tour? Well, I've been in discussions with the other

partners and this afternoon I formally signed the partnership dissolution agreement. I cease to be a partner on 31st December.

Elisha (*mood:pleased*): Hey! That's so cool, congratulations!

Jeremy: Well, it is and it isn't. It is early retirement as I'm only 57 but my long term plan was to retire at fifty so I am seven years behind schedule.

Elisha: So you're a little late, so what? Don't beat yourself up about it. We must do something to celebrate!

Fiona: Why don't we go out to dinner?

Jeremy: Yes, that's what I was thinking. The Thai Orchid at the Cross in town?

Fiona: I'll ring them and book a table.

Elisha: Have you finalised your plans yet?

Fiona: Not yet. It all depended on when they would let your father go. We were thinking it would be in the spring of next year so we'd start in Europe but ...

Jeremy: That's right, but as it is officially the end of this year I don't know that I want to tour Europe in the middle of winter. Perhaps we'll start in Australia or South America?

Fiona: Perhaps we could talk to the travel agent on Saturday?

Elisha: Can I come to Rio with you? I've always wanted to go to Rio. When's the carnival?

Jeremy: Not this time, sweetie. This is the sort of thing you plan for as you build your career not something you start with before you even have a career. You need to pay off all your student debt first as well.

Elisha (*mood:defensive*): Hey, I've been applying for jobs. I even applied for one this afternoon but you know what it's like, there aren't that many orchestras and they only have three or four clarinets. I should have taken up the violin, there's twenty or thirty of them in most orchestras. Better chance of one of them dying.

Jeremy: That's not a nice thing to say, Elisha.

Elisha: Well, it's true. There are loads of musicians and very few jobs so people hang on to them like grim death when they do land one, especially with the well known ones. There's, like, a thousand applicants for every seat with the Berlin Philharmonic.

Jeremy (*mood:sad*): You just have to keep trying, Elisha. Never give up. It's very similar with the law and the top London firms. That's why I ended up in a small partnership in Gloucester. Never give up. You won't be unemployed forever.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): I'm not unemployed. I have my students and freelance work. Admittedly I only average out about £20 a week better off than unemployment benefit but I'm not one of the great unwashed. I'm more of a self employed sole trader on restricted hours.

Jeremy (*mood:tense*): Yes, well, we won't start that discussion again. So, where is this job you've applied for?

Fiona: I've booked at table for 7 o'clock. It's in London. Is that all right?

Jeremy (*mood:confused*): We're having dinner in London?

Elisha: Nooo dad, the orchestra's in London.

Jeremy (*mood:relieved*): Ahh, I'm with you now. Not the Royal ... ?

Elisha: Oh I wish. No, it's a small orchestra that operates out of the O2 in Greenwich.

Fiona: It used to be the Millennium Dome, dear. You remember? We went there in 2001.

Jeremy: Yes, I remember. But I seem to remember that place was huge. Wouldn't it sit 10 or 15 thousand people? Why would a small orchestra have such a large venue? They must be very popular.

Elisha: No, you're thinking of the main arena which is where they hold big rock concerts. The orchestra has a small hall at the back called The Enclave. I think it holds 700 people.

Jeremy: Hmph. What is the name of the orchestra?

Fiona: The 515N0W Orchestra.

Jeremy: What an absurd name for an orchestra. Are they any good?

Elisha: I don't know. I haven't heard of them either and I haven't found any recordings online yet. Well, not free ones, anyway.

Jeremy: But they have recordings for purchase? That is a positive, at least. So, if you get this job you'll be moving to London?

Elisha: I'd have to. London's a long way. I bet you'll be glad to

see the back of me, anyway.

Fiona (*mood:tense*): Of course not, dear. We're only to happy to have you here.

Jeremy (*mood:tense*): Although we didn't really expect you to move back here after six years at university in London.

Elisha (*mood:alert*): I couldn't stay in London, you know that dad. Not without a decent job. Rents are so expensive there.

Jeremy: Yes, well, zero rent is very affordable. Still, I hope you do get this job, Elisha. You can't spend the rest of your life freelancing.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): No, I guess not. Oh, dad, are you terribly disappointed in me?

Jeremy (*mood:shock*): Good god, no. I'm very proud of you, we both are. No, I wasn't being critical of you. I was more thinking about when you get the job, you'll be moving so the house will be left empty. Fiona, dear, do you think we should find a short term tenant? We don't want squatters moving in and turning the place into a drug den.

Elisha (*mood:relaxed*): You do realise I probably won't get the job? I've applied for five and only got two auditions and I didn't get past the first round for those.

Jeremy (*mood:relaxed*): You need to think positively, girl, like your sister. She took that course in hospitality and started waitressing and now she is the manager of the Novotel in Birmingham.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): You think I should go waitressing again? I had enough of that when I was at uni.

Fiona: I'm sure that's not what your father means, dear.

Jeremy: No, I don't see you running a hotel. It's not your métier. Perhaps if you broadened your scope to other areas of the music industry?

Elisha (*mood:surprise*): You mean a rock band? No one plays clarinet in a rock band!

Jeremy: No, I was thinking more along the lines of something stable with long term prospects.

Elisha (*mood:sad*): You think I should give up playing and become a teacher? I couldn't do that full time, at least not in a school, it's too depressing. Maybe I should just move to London and try to do private tuition full time.

Jeremy: No, I'm not saying you should give up playing. You're too good and it would be a waste of all those fees as well. Concentrating on private tuition might be an option, particularly if you build a solid reputation. Or perhaps something in the recording industry?

Elisha: Nah, recording's out, it's dying. There's too much home production and streaming and it would be difficult fitting in my own three hours of practice a day if I was teaching full time. I suppose I could always go busking.

Fiona: Oh no, dear, don't do that. It's dangerous on the streets. You never know what might happen. I'd worry so.

Elisha: There's no need to worry. You'll be off swanning around the world, enjoying yourself. You'll have no idea what I'm up to!

Jeremy: And there's Niall, as well. Perhaps you should go to America and try to get an orchestra job there. I hear they pay better and there are more orchestras.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): I'm not so sure I still want to go to America. It seems to be getting more and more violent and divided. Seriously, look at who they elected President.

Fiona (*mood:alert*): But you are still going to marry Niall?

Elisha (*mood:uncertain*): I suppose. But he doesn't seem to be getting anywhere as a composer either. Ohh, I don't know. Let's hope I get this job, hey. Can we talk about something else? I'm starting to get depressed.

Friday 18th October 2019

Transcript of video blog (vlog) posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 19:03 GMT:

Hey guys, Elisha Clarinet here! Hope you're all doing good and you're doing lots and lots of practice. Don't forget it's better to practice a little every day than it is to practice a lot one day then leave it for weeks. Speaking of practice, I did a vlog about that, ohh, six months ago, something like that, and it isn't getting the views it should. What are you guys doing out there? Practice, practice, practice!

Enough of that. Quite a few of you have posted recently about tuning your clarinet. Particularly about tuning for outdoor playing now that Autumn is here, or Fall for you viewers in America, so that's what I'm going to be covering today. We'll do a review of basic tuning then talk about tuning for outdoors because the weather changes everything. Don't forget though, if you like me and my videos, click the 'like' below and subscribe! Let's try and get up to 15,000 subscribers by the end of the year. Wouldn't that be cool?

Before we get on to tuning though, there's something else that I need to talk about because there've been more than a few posts on the subject recently from people who've watched some of my performance videos. Not all guys I might add. Some of you girls have been commenting on my outfits as well, so I'm going to lay it on the line for you. I am a serious classically trained musician not some sexed up little bimbo on MTV so when I'm playing with my jazz band I dress appropriately in, like, jeans and a sweater or something like that. I am not going to wear a skin tight leotard or anything like that. People come to listen to our music not watch me cavorting round in my underwear. If you want that sort of thing then watch the Pussycat Dolls or Cardi-B or whoever. And, for the record, when I'm performing with an orchestra I have to wear whatever the dress code for that orchestra is and that's usually a full length black dress, so stop posting about it. It's not going to happen. I've said it once and I'll say it again, I am a serious musician. Judge me on my playing not my clothes, or lack of them. And, yes, Josh of Michigan, yes, I am talking to you. Believe me when I tell you I will never ever wear sequinned stockings or a tail, OK? Stop asking.

Speaking of my jazz band, we're doing a gig on Saturday evening next week, that's, umm, the 25th I think, no, the 26th of October so if you are anywhere near Gloucester, here in England, then drop by and say hello. Admission is only £5 and we start at 7.30.

OK tuning. Oh, yeah, I ought to say where we're playing. We're playing at The Old Barge in Gloucester Docks. That's me and the guys who are the Windy Strings Jazz Quartet, doing some trad jazz and some modern jazz and maybe mixing it up a little with some fusion or maybe not. Maybe we'll just take a classical piece and improvise around it, who knows. Depends how we feel on the night. Whatever. It'll be a fun evening so come along if you can.

Now on to tuning your clarinet. We covered the basics in a video about a year ago so it's time we did a rehash of that and I'll also talk about tuning for outdoor playing. First up, your clarinet probably came with two barrels. If you compare them you'll find one is a little longer than the other. Assemble your clarinet with the longer barrel to begin with.

Next you absolutely need to warm up your clarinet. If you tune it cold it'll go out of tune after a few minutes playing. The way to warm it up is to play some long notes, starting in the lower register then moving to the middle register, like this.

(music)

The warmth of your breath warms up the clarinet so do that for at least three minutes then you can tune it effectively. For that you'll need a good quality electronic tuner and I'll put a link in the comments to where you can get one if you don't already have one. I use one of these. It's got no fancy bells or whistles but it is spot on every time. Incidentally, make sure your tuner is calibrated to concert A, which is 440 hertz which is standard.

OK. Use your tuner to check low G, then middle G then upper G, like this.

(music)

Then middle B.

(music)

Now, you'll probably find that you got slightly different readings for each of those notes. Most clarinets vary slightly between registers so

that is to be expected. The better the clarinet the less the variation, but the important thing is that the four notes are fairly consistent in being sharp or flat. If they'll all over the place then, seriously, think about buying a better clarinet because you'll never be able to tune the one you have.

Great. Mine, as you saw, is playing a little sharp so to tune it, I pull the mouthpiece a little way out of the barrel which makes the tube slightly longer and flattens the whole instrument.

There, that's probably enough. Now try middle G again. If it's still off adjust the mouthpiece again and keep doing that until you are spot on.

(music)

Yeah, mine's about right now. That's for middle G. Check low and high G as well and middle B and make some tiny adjustments so all four notes are as close as you can get them.

(music)

Yeah, mine is spot on on all four notes so it's tuned. Cool. Now, I was sharp so I pulled the mouthpiece out a little. What if I was flat? That's why you have the shorter barrel. Swap them over and warm up again then repeat the process. It's pretty easy, isn't it.

So why have two barrels? Surely once the clarinet is tuned with the right barrel it'll never go that much out of tune to need the other barrel, yeah? Wrong!

If you only ever play indoors then you'll probably be fine with just the one barrel because indoor temperatures don't vary that much. If you play outdoors then you'll find the range of temperatures between a hot summer day and a cold winter evening will mean you need to swap barrels. I don't really understand the physics of this but I'm told that when the air is hot the sound waves created by the reed travel faster and when it's cold they travel slower. So, on a hot day outdoors the clarinet will sound sharper than indoors and on a cold day it'll sound flatter.

The solution? If you're going to play indoors then tune indoors. If you're going to play outdoors then tune outdoors and you will probably need to use the other barrel.

Incidentally, never use an old fashioned tuning fork for tuning outdoors. Being metal it expands or contracts with the air temperature so it will go sharp or flat as well. So, that's about it. Tuning is pretty simple really, and it's worth getting into the habit every time you play, even if you are going to just fool around on your own for a while.

Hey, before I go, as you know if you've been watching my vlogs I do some freelance work with orchestras but a vacancy has come up with an orchestra in London and I've applied for it. I'll let you know in my next vlog if I even get an audition and if I do I'll try to get some video of how the audition went, if they let me. They may not. Sometimes they're touchy about these things.

Also, and I don't know when this is going to happen, but I've had a Chinese clarinet manufacturer email me asking if I'll road test one of their clarinets and post a video about it. I said sure, why not, so they're sending one out. When it arrives I'll do a vlog comparing theirs, which I think sells for around £50 to £60, with mine which is Buffet Crampon R13 dual bore which is about the best you can get and most professional clarinetists use them. Incidentally, the Buffet doesn't come with a mouthpiece, you have to get one separately. I use a Vandoren CM1405 BD5 Series 13 Black Diamond which I chose because it gives a really rich dark sound without making my lips sore. Together they cost me a little over £2600 so it'll be interesting to see how it compares with the £50 Chinese one.

I don't know when that'll be since things take a while to arrive from China but subscribe to my channel and you'll get an alert every time I post a vlog! You know it makes sense.

Hey guys, thanks for watching! See you all next time! Stay happy!

Monday 21st October 2019

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara, Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor and the laptop computer associated with Malcolm Beeton reported the following emails:

Time: 14:13 GMT

To: Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor

From: Janel Kantara

Cc: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Hi Jason, Dennis

The good news is we have had a positive response for the Second Clarinet. The bad news is the numbers. Applications are still coming in but after a week we've had 87 from applicants with professional orchestra experience and 219 (no, that's not a typo) from inexperienced players who've supplied a demo plus the usual dross who can't read advertisements.

How do you guys want to handle this? Is it feasible to aim for the first round of auditions at the beginning of December?

Janel Kantara

HR Manager, 515NOW

Time: 14:15 GMT

To: Malcolm Beeton

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: Second Clarinet – post-termination arrangements

Hi Malcolm

I've reached a termination settlement with Aiofa McGuinness which entails her departure on Sunday 1st December. I'm hoping to run the auditions in that first week of December which means we're very likely to be short a Clarinet for the pre-Christmas concerts. Do you want to squeeze the process and hope for someone who can start immediately

or will you authorise a stand-in for a month to 6 weeks? If the latter I need to know as soon as possible. Also if I can guarantee at least a month's work we should be able to find a first rate freelancer.

Will you be wanting to be involved with the auditions for both the full time and the freelancer or just the full timer?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 14:19 GMT
To: Janel Kantara
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – post-termination arrangements

Janel – book a stand-in and guarantee a month with a possible second month. I'm not prepared to sacrifice quality for expediency at this stage.

I'm tied up on 2nd and 4th December and all the following week but I do want to be involved in the 2nd round. Let me know how that pans out time-wise.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 14:59 GMT
To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Dennis – are you able to review the 219 demos on your own in the time-frame or shall I ask Chrissie to give you a hand? I'll scan the experienced ones for any no-nos.

Janel – We'll probably end up auditioning 75 or so experienced so if we take that to 90 with 15 inexperienced we should be able to do the 1st round in one day if we do 10 an hour. It'll be a long day but we

should whittle them down to half a dozen or so and perhaps do the 2nd round the next day with an offer the same day.

Is that feasible enough for you? Dennis and I can handle the 1st round of auditions. I assume Malcolm will want to be involved for the 2nd round?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 16:03 GMT
To: Jason Molina; Janel Kantara
From: Dennis Naylor
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

I can handle the demos – shouldn't take more than an hour or two since most won't be worth listening to. I predict we'll be lucky to find 15 worth auditioning.

First week of December is fine with me except I have a hospital appointment on the 4th.

Janel – I'll let you have the manuscripts for the excerpts for the auditions by the end of this week.

Dennis Naylor
First Clarinet, 515N0W

Tuesday 22nd October 2019

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara, Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor and the laptop computer associated with Malcolm Beeton reported the following email:

Time: 10:24 GMT

To: Malcolm Beeton; Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Thanks for that guys. I'm pencilling in Mon 2nd Dec for the 1st round and Tues 3rd for the 2nd and subsequent rounds. Hopefully we'll have a decision that day and the successful candidate won't have to give 3 months notice ...

The resumes and demos are in the cloud (3 more demos arrived overnight): <cloud\515N0W\applications\2019\2nd_clarinet>

Enjoy!

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Thursday 24th October 2019

Transcript of Zoom meeting initiated by Niall Allingham at 23:37 GMT, from Pasadena, USA GMT-8. Participants: Elisha Houghton, Gloucester, UK (keyword tracking blocked):

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Hey hon, what's happening? What's with that stuff around your face?

Niall (*mood:happy*): Hey babes, love you too. It's, like, a beard. It's, like, the cool thing right now. Makes me look intellectual, yeah?

Elisha (*mood:relaxed*): You looked intellectual enough before, it kinda makes you look, I don't know, fluffy, I guess.

Niall: You no like?

Elisha: I'll get used to it I guess, not that I see you much these days. What time is it there? It's, like, coming up to midnight here.

Niall: Umm, 'bout a quarter before 4. Yeah, I should have called before but I've been, like, so, I don't know, stressed, I guess. What you up to? Did I wake you?

Elisha: I was just watching some stuff on YouTube, hon. So what's stressing you? You're sounding awfully American.

Niall: Hey, I'm in America, how am I supposed to sound?

Elisha: I thought the Americans like English accents. How come you're stressed?

Niall (*mood:tense*): Oh, man, it's this job, OK. This auto dealership wants this jingle for their commercial and I've, like, done it four times and they still don't like it. Man, they're such losers. It's getting cold here too and you know how much I hate the cold. Like I couldn't go to the beach today it was so cold.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Four? Are you losing your touch or something? Play them to me.

Niall: K

(*music*)

Elisha: They should have gone with the first one, that was pretty cool, catchy. The second one wasn't too hot but the other two weren't bad.

Niall: Whaddya mean, weren't bad? They were all good!

Elisha (*mood:calm*): Hey, yeah, I thought they were good but, you know, it doesn't matter what I think. That dealership is paying you so it's what they think that matters. They are paying you, aren't they?

Niall: Yeah, a grand two. Like, for that they should be happy with anything I give 'em.

Elisha: Twelve hundred? Come on, hon, that's more than what you usually get for a commercial and it's not like you've had many of those in the last few weeks. Hey, what happened with Netflix?

Elisha: Hon? Niall? Shit, you've frozen.

| (*connection broken*)

| (*connection re-established*)

Niall (*mood:happy*): Hey, babes! What happened?

Elisha (*mood:relaxed*): We lost the connection, so are you going to redo their jingle?

Niall: Meh, I guess. Hey, when you coming over? It's been, like, a few months since we got together. I'm missing you babes.

Elisha: It's been over a year. You came back to England at the end of August last year. Remember? For your mother's funeral?

Niall: Oh, yeah. Wow, that long huh?

Elisha: Yeah, that long. Anyway I can't come over. I don't have any money unless you're going to pay for my ticket.

Niall: I wish, babes. Money's tight here too. Been struggling to make the payments on the Camaro. Wanna ask your dad?

Elisha: He's retiring in a few weeks and they're off on a world tour. I don't think he's going to want to fund me on a trip to California. Maybe if I get that orchestra job, hey, when did you get a Camaro? How can you afford that? Aren't they expensive?

Niall (*mood:tense*): Chill, babes, chill. It's all about image. Like these dudes here, man, you've gotta look the part or they don't give you the time, know what I mean? It's all hustle and making the action.

Elisha (*mood:terse*): How much are the repayments?

Niall: Hey, babes, it's cheap, you know. I got it off this guy I know. It's a repo.

Elisha: What's a repo?

Niall: A repo? It's, like, a repossession, you know, like someone couldn't make the payments so they took it back.

Elisha: And you can't make the repayments either? How much are they?

Niall (*mood:stressed*): It's cool, babes, it's cool, I'm managing it, OK? They ain't gonna repo this baby, no way.

Elisha: Niall, why won't you tell me how much the repayments are?

Niall: It's another world here, babes. It isn't like England. It's all about image. Hey, I've gotta run, I've gotta see someone about a thing.

Elisha: Hey, Niall, no, don't go. I want to ask you something.

Niall: OK, babes. If I'm late, I'm late. Anything for you, babes.

Elisha: Yeah, sure. Listen, umm, You went to the States, like, three years ago, yeah?

Niall: Wow, has it been, like, three years already? That's far out.

Elisha (*mood:focused*): Yeah, it's been three years, and you're a composer and you went there to make your name as a composer ...

Niall: And it's gonna happen, babe. Trust me, it's gonna happen.

Elisha: ... and we had this deal, didn't we.

Niall: Oh man, this is the place for deals, you should see some of the deals going down with movie soundtracks ...

Elisha: And the deal was when you started to make money I'd come over and join you and we'd be together, remember?

Niall: ... and games soundtracks, that's where it's happening right now, babes, games, computer games.

Elisha: So here's my question, hon.

Niall: Yeah?

Elisha: If you can afford to buy a Camaro how come I'm still here in England?

Niall (*mood:guilty*): That's your fault, babes.

Elisha: What do you mean, that's my fault?

Niall: You're the one trying to get work with a British

orchestra. Like that one you applied for a few days ago. If you get it you'll be staying in London so don't you go telling me that it's my fault you're not coming to America. How many American orchestras have you applied to, huh, how many?

Elisha (mood:irritated): Oh come on, don't give me that bullshit.

There's only been one vacancy for a clarinet in a California orchestra in the last three years and I applied for it. You know that and you know they gave it to a Californian. I can't invent jobs in California and there's no point in going to Boston or Chicago or wherever. I'm still living with my parents when I should be living with you and I need a job which is why I'm applying to British orchestras. Be realistic, hon. And anyway, we had a deal and when did that change?

Niall: It hasn't changed, Eli. When I'm making enough money as a composer I promise you that we'll get a condo together down near the beach and have a swell time.

Elisha: Aren't you already living in a condo near the beach? And you've got a flashy car. So what's happening, Niall? Why am I still here in England? Don't you want me over there with you anymore?

Niall (*mood:flight*): Of course I want you here, babes. I dream about you every night and when it happens for me I promise you'll be over here like a shot and everything will be, like, awesome. You just gotta trust me, OK. You do trust me, don't you, Eli?

Elisha: (*mood:ambivalent*): I guess.

Niall: Heyyyy! Babes, listen, I gotta run. I'll call you in a few days. Love you.

| (*connection broken*)

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Sure you do. Like always.

Friday 25th October 2019

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 00:14 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Jeremy Houghton (mood:Elisha-sad, Jeremy-distracted; marketing keywords: travel, coffee, kombucha, China, ...):

Elisha: Hi dad, you're still up? You know it's after midnight?

Jeremy: Oh, hello, sweetie. Yes, I'm not going to worry about being late for work anymore. I'm winding things down. I was just looking through some travel brochures.

Elisha: Fancy a coffee?

Jeremy: Oh, no thanks. I'm off to bed in a minute. What have you been up to?

Elisha: I've been on a call with Niall.

Jeremy: That's nice. How is the lad? Finding work yet?

Elisha: I'm going to get a kombucha, back in a mo.

Jeremy: OK, sweetie.

(indecipherable sounds)

Elisha: So where's this brochure for?

Jeremy: China. Our current thinking is we'll leave between Christmas and New Year and go to Australia for a month or so. Perhaps start in Perth then do the East coast then move up through Malaysia then over to Japan then China, although I'm not sure I want to be in China in February.

Elisha: Pretty cold there at that time of year, I guess.

Jeremy *(mood:concerned)*: Is everything all right?

Elisha: Yeah, I guess.

Jeremy: You guess? Don't you know? Is it Niall?

Elisha: Why not go to India after Malaysia then go to China later in the year?

keywords: India, Malaysia, China, travel; mood: inappropriate; marketing opportunity aborted

Jeremy: It's a possibility. Is he making you unhappy?

Elisha: I ... don't know.

Jeremy *(mood:focused)*: Ah.

Elisha: He seems to have changed, you know, since he's been in America. He used to be this really sweet guy with all this music going on in his head but now he just seems to be some sort of American, I don't know, hustler, I

guess.

Jeremy: I see.

Elisha: Can people really change that much?

Jeremy: I'm a lawyer, not a psychiatrist but I've known a lot of people in my life. How old is he now?

Elisha: 27.

Jeremy: And he went to America three years ago or thereabouts?

Elisha: Uh huh.

Jeremy: Yes, a difficult age. I've read that although people's bodies may be mature by their late teens with most people their minds are not fully set in their adult way until their mid to late twenties. So, yes, I would think it is entirely possible that Niall has changed as he transitioned from 24 to 27 at the same time as transitioning from England to America. I've never been there but I believe California is significantly different to England. Is he making you unhappy?

Elisha: I don't know that he's making me unhappy, but for sure he isn't making me happy. I get the feeling he doesn't want me to be with him in California and I really don't see him ever coming back to England.

Jeremy: Ah. Well, there's no need to give me the details. I am a different person to you and see things in a different way, but one thing I will say is I am a lawyer and I have seen all too often what happens when people, usually starting out with the best intentions, no longer see eye to eye. I am not a romantic man and I've handled my share of divorces.

Elisha: So you think I should break up with him?

Jeremy: That's not for me to say. He seemed a pleasant enough lad on the few occasions that I met him but I am not the one intending to leave the country to be with him. All I can realistically say, Elisha sweetie, is that you are 28, almost 29. Give some thought to the next twenty nine years. If he isn't making you happy now, will he be making you happy in 2048?

Elisha: Jesus, 2048. I'll be older than you are now. That's, like, forever away.

Jeremy: It may seem like that but believe me, Elisha, it goes

very very quickly.

Elisha: Maybe I should talk to mum.

Jeremy: Probably a good idea as she'll share the female perspective but do bear in mind one thing.

Elisha: What's that?

Jeremy: Her views will always be coloured by her desire for grandchildren, and you are nearly 29 and your sister is unlikely to be fulfilling her hopes in that direction.

Elisha: Oh, don't be too sure. I zoomed her a few days ago. She and Bethany have been thinking about having a baby. They're tossing up between adopting and finding a donor.

Jeremy: Really? When were they thinking of telling us?

Elisha: After you get back from your trip, I expect, although knowing Simone they'll probably end up with jet-skis instead. Hey, I'm going to bed.

From 15:31 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between the phone associated with Dennis Naylor, located in Woolwich, UK, and Jason Molina, located in Bromley, UK.

15:31 Dennis: Jason I find myself unable to decide, given that we'll be listening to around 90 renditions of varying quality, between Mozart's Adagio from Clarinet Concerto in A, K. 622 II and Busoni's Elegia for Clarinet and Piano for one of the extracts. Do you have a preference?

15:59 Jason: Definitely the Busoni. I find that Mozart piece a little tedious and will probably kill myself after 20 or so.

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara, Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor reported the following emails:

Time: 16:31 GMT
 To: Janel Kantara; Jason Molina
 From: Dennis Naylor
 Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Attached are the extracts for the auditions.

I'm about halfway through the demos – only 3 worth listening to so far. I should finish them by the middle of next week.

Dennis Naylor
First Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 16:35 GMT
To: Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Dennis, please make sure you do finish the demos as early as possible next week. If we're going to make 2nd Dec for the 1st round and give the candidates a month to prepare I need to get the invitations out by Friday of next week at the latest.

Jason – how are the experienced resumes coming along?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 17:00 GMT
To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

I confess I haven't started yet. I promise, cross my heart and hope to die, to look at them on Monday. Are we having a Christmas party this year?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

Saturday 26th October 2019

Extract from integrated transcripts of recordings made by a smart cash register at a geo-location identified as The Old Barge in Gloucester Docks and an activated internet-capable sound mixer in the same general location, commencing 18:54 GMT. Initial participants identified as Derek Delaney and Eric Watson (mood:Derek-cold, Eric-happy; marketing keywords: police, law, order, property development, ...):

Eric: Hey, Del, how's it going? Cool, you're setting up.

Derek: Eric.

Eric: It's going to rain later. Probably won't get a big turnout tonight.

Derek: Yes.

Eric (*mood:puzzled*): Hey, man, you OK? You don't seem your usual happy self?

Derek: I have some bad news.

Eric: Yeah? What's that then?

Derek: I'll tell you when the others get here.

Eric: OK, that's cool. Want a drink?

Derek: Best not. I might lose my temper.

Eric (*mood:amused*): Woah, that bad, huh. I'll definitely need one myself then. Back in a tick.

(external security camera identifies Elisha Houghton at entry; timed at 18:57 GMT)

Eric: Hey, Eli, how's it going? I'm getting a drink, want one?

Elisha (*mood:introspective*): Oh, hey, great, thanks. No, I'm good. I brought my water.

Eric: You're going to need something stronger, I reckon. Old Del's on the war path.

Elisha: Oh no. What have I done now?

Eric: Dunno, he won't say. Just said he had bad news.

Elisha: Maybe his son's in trouble with the police again.

Eric: Yeah, could be. Said he'd tell us when we're all here.

Elisha (*loud*): Hey, Derek! How's it going?

Elisha (*normal*): OK, he's not talking to me. Must be something I've done.

Eric: Don't stress about it. You know what a grumpy old bummer he is. We're going to have a small crowd tonight, it's going to rain.

Elisha: Yeah, I had a weather text about that. So what are we

playing tonight? I'm in the mood for some soulful trad,
nothing too jumpy.

| *(external security camera identifies Jamie McGrath at entry; timed at 19:01 GMT)*

Eric: Guess we'd better go talk to Del. Hey, Jamie.

Jamie (*mood:relaxed*): Hey, Eli, Eric. How's tricks?

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Derek's in a bad mood so don't piss him off tonight, OK.

Jamie: He's always in a bad mood. It's that trumpet. Makes him tight-lipped and acid-mouthed. He should get a banjo like me. Happiest instrument ever invented! Hey, Derek, how's it hanging?

Derek: Good, you're all here.

Jamie: Hello to you too.

Derek: Don't piss me off tonight Jamie, I'm really not in the mood for it.

Elisha: What's the matter, Del? Eric said you've had some bad news? Is it Martin again?

Derek: As if you don't know. Why couldn't you have given us some warning?

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Me? What did I do?

Derek: Jeremy Houghton's your dad, isn't he.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Yes, but what's that got to do with anything?

Derek: The bastard's shut us down.

(mixed sounds)

Elisha: What do you mean, he's shut us down?

Derek: Matty showed me the letter. The barge has until the end of the year to move elsewhere. Matty's gutted. He's given his life to his barge and now he's got two months to shift it or it'll be broken up, and we've got nowhere to play once it's gone.

Eric (*mood:confused*): What are you talking about?

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Is this about the redevelopment of the warehouses?

Jamie (*mood:unidentifiable*): Bugger.

Derek: Yeah, you and your bloody dad.

Elisha (*mood:hurt*): Hey, don't blame me or my dad. He's just one of the lawyers who worked on the contracts. Blame the developers.

Derek: You could have bloody warned us though, Eli.

Elisha (*mood:angry*): I didn't know, OK. I'm not one of the lawyers and

I don't get consulted. If I'd known I'd have told you but I didn't so don't you go getting angry with me. If you're going to get angry with anyone take it out on the Council. They're the ones who're doing the redevelopment.

Jamie: Eli's right, Derek. She's nothing to do with the Council or the developers and now that you mention it, I seem to remember reading something about redevelopment in the local paper a few months back. It's just an unfortunate coincidence. We'll find another venue to play. There's got to be a pub round here somewhere that'll play jazz.

(external security camera identifies Angie Farnby and unidentified male at entry; timed at 19:11 GMT)

Eric (*mood:tense*): Look, guys, people are starting to arrive. We need to all calm down and decide the music and get set up. We've got a show to do.

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 22:33 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Jeremy Houghton, and Elisha Houghton (mood:Jeremy-relaxed, Elisha-sad; marketing keywords: property, travel, relationships, ...):

Jeremy: Hello, sweetie. You're back early. How was the gig?

Elisha: Terrible. Oh, dad, you could have warned me.

Jeremy (*mood:puzzled*): Warned you? What about?

Elisha: Getting rid of the barge for the redevelopment. It's really upset the guys. Me too.

Jeremy: You mean the barge in the docks? What's that got to do with you?

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): That's where we play. At the Old Barge. We've been doing it for nearly four years.

Jeremy: I thought you played at the Barge Inn out at Quedgely?

SMS message received on phone associated with Elisha Houghton from Niall Allingham at 22:35 GMT.

Elisha: No, dad. We've always played at the barge in the docks. The Barge Inn only does Country and Western music.

Jeremy: Oh. I didn't know that. You know I only like classical music. Well, I'm sorry sweetie. If I'd made the connection I would have warned you but I didn't. You

Elisha: will be able to find somewhere else to play, won't you?
Yeah, I guess although Derek in particular isn't in the mood to go looking at the moment. That's why the evening was so crap, we were all over the place. Oh well. Where's mum?

Jeremy: She's gone to bed. All the travel brochures were giving her a headache.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): I don't bloody believe it!

Jeremy (*mood:confused*): Why would I make something like that up?

Elisha: No, I've had a text from Niall.

Jeremy (*mood:relieved*): Oh yes? Good news I hope.

Elisha (*mood:angry*): That freaking lying shithead of a bastard arsehole boyfriend of mine has only dumped me and moved in with some bitch in Santa Monica!

Thursday 31st October 2019

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara, Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor reported the following emails:

Time: 15:35 GMT

To: Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Guys, I really need your lists of candidates for the auditions! If you don't get them to me by tomorrow at the latest we'll have to postpone.

Please, please, please make this a top priority!

We will be having a Christmas party but I'm not going to do anything about it until after you guys give me your lists so there's an added incentive!

Janel Kantara

HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 15:48 GMT

To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor

From: Jason Molina

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

A pretty please would be nice, Janel :)

I'll give you the list of experienceds tomorrow morning, I promise.

How about the party at your place?

Jason Molina

First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 17:04 GMT

To: Janel Kantara; Jason Molina

From: Dennis Naylor

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

There have been some good ones in the 2nd half of the pile which has slowed me down. I've still got another 30 or so to listen to and 16 selected so far. I should have my list for you before tomorrow's concert.

Dennis Naylor

First Clarinet, 515N0W

Friday 1st November 2019

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara, Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor and the laptop computer associated with Malcolm Beeton reported the following emails:

Time: 11:26 GMT

To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor

From: Jason Molina

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Janel – I've been through the resumes for the experienced players and attach my list of 71.

Dennis – if we limit the 1st round to 90 that means 19 inexperienced. Is that OK or have you found more than 3 more?

Jason Molina

First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 15:44 GMT

To: Jason Molina; Janel Kantara

From: Dennis Naylor

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

We had a bit of a domestic crisis at home this morning – one of the dogs was hit by a car and we had to rush her to the vet – so I still haven't had a chance to review the last 30. Shall we run with the 16 I have selected or do you want to wait? I can probably review them after tonight's concert.

Dennis Naylor

First Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 15:47 GMT

To: Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Oh no! Which of your doggies was it and is she badly hurt?

Let's run with the ones you've decided on and forget the last few.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 15:52 GMT
To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Sorry to hear about your dog Dennis. I hear vet's bills can be exorbitant.

If Dennis has 16 I can cut my list to 64 which would mean only 8 hours for the 1st round instead of 9. What do you want to do Janel?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 15:59 GMT
To: Janel Kantara; Jason Molina
From: Dennis Naylor
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

It was Petra, the labrador. One of her front legs was broken and she's quite shaken up but she should be fine. The vet is putting a plate in her leg sometime this afternoon and I'm going to have to take out a second mortgage for the bill.

Dennis – you cut 3 and I'll cut 4. Saving an hour sounds excellent since we'll probably overrun by an hour or 2 anyway.

Attached is my list of 12.

Dennis Naylor
First Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 16:01 GMT
To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Janel – drop the last 3 from mine.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 17:04 GMT
To: Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor; Malcolm Beeton
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Thanks guys. I'll get the invitations out tomorrow.

The auditions will be as follows:
1st round: Monday 2nd December in 8 groups of 10, starting at 10am
2nd round: Tuesday 3rd starting at 10am
3rd round, if needed, that same afternoon.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Sunday 3rd November 2019

The following email was received by the mobile phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 14:29 GMT (mood:neutral):

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: Application for Second Clarinet

Dear Ms Houghton

I am pleased to inform you that you have been selected to audition for the above role.

Please review the remainder of this email and confirm your attendance by 9am on Thursday 7th November either by email or telephone. If confirmation has not been received by that time the offer of audition will be withdrawn. Please note that you will be expected to provide your own instrument.

First Round Auditions:

These will be held on Monday 2nd December in groups of ten. You will be notified of your group and session time after your confirmation of audition acceptance. The first round will be blind and you will be invited to play one or more excerpts from the list below without accompaniment. You will be notified at the completion of your group's session whether or not you have been selected for the Second Round.

Second Round Auditions:

These will be held on Tuesday 3rd December commencing at 10am. This round will also be blind and you will be invited to play one or more excerpts from the list below without accompaniment. You may also be requested to play a variation of an excerpt. You will be notified at the completion of the Second Round whether you have been selected for interview or for a Third Round of auditions.

Third Round Auditions:

In the event of the panel being unable to decide on candidates for interview, a Third Round of auditions will be necessary and will be held in the afternoon of Tuesday 5th December. You will be invited to

play a piece composed specifically for this audition without preparation as well as one or more of the excerpts before the Selection Panel. You may be accompanied by one or more members of the 515N0W Orchestra at the Selection Panel's discretion.

Lunch will be provided for those invited to participate in the Third Round auditions should they be necessary. Please note that the 515N0W Orchestra is unable to reimburse candidates' travel or accommodation expenses.

Wishing you every success,
Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Attached are the excerpts for the following pieces:

Bartók – The Miraculous Mandarin, Op. 19

Berlioz – Symphonie Fantastique, Op. 14

Busoni – Elegia for Clarinet and Piano

Kodály – Dances of Galánta

Lindberg – Klarinetconcerto

Nielsen – Symphony No. 5, Op. 50

Prokofiev – Peter and the Wolf, Op. 67

Ravel – Boléro

Respighi – Pines of Rome

Rimsky-Korsakov – Le Coq d'Or

Schubert – Symphony No.8 in B minor

Stravinsky – The Rite of Spring

| *At 14:36 GMT 14 tracking apps on the mobile phone noted the email had been opened.*

| *At 14:37 GMT the following voice mail was left on the phone associated with Janel Kantara from the phone associated with Elisha Houghton (mood:excited):*

Elisha: Hello, umm, this is Elisha Houghton and, umm, oh, that's H-O-U-G-H-T-O-N, umm, Elisha. I'm ringing about the audition for the Second Clarinet and ahh, yes, I would like to confirm that I will be attending. Ummm, thank you.

Partial extract of transcript of recording made by smart ducted air heating unit identified as "HSX-218QS994-2018PPB16A-X299T" located in Gloucester, UK, commencing 14:38 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Fiona Houghton, Jeremy Houghton and Elisha Houghton (mood:Fiona-disgusted, Jeremy-relaxed, Elisha-excited; marketing keywords: Prague, Sedlec Ossuary, audition, backpacker, hostel ...):

Fiona: When I suggested the Czech Republic I was thinking more about the wonderful architecture of Prague not a church made from old bones and skulls.

Jeremy: Well of course we can spend some time in Prague. I'd love to explore the place myself but ever since I was a lad I've fancied visiting the Sedlec Ossuary. You know there are apparently over 40,000 human skeletons there?

Fiona: Well, I think it's horrible. You can go there if you want but I ...

(sound of loud thumping)

Elisha *(breathless)*: Mum, dad, hey, you'll never guess!

Jeremy *(mood:alarmed)*: What's happened sweetie?

Elisha: I've got an audition! With that orchestra!

Fiona *(mood:excited)*: Oh, that's excellent, dear. Is that the one in London?

Jeremy *(mood:alert)*: Congratulations! When is it?

Elisha: At the beginning of December. Look.

(faint indecipherable sounds)

Jeremy: Looks like they've had a lot of applicants if they're auditioning in groups of ten. Where will you stay? Oh, bugger, why's the screen gone blank? I hate these damned fiddly things. Here, you sort it out.

Elisha: You just put it to sleep, dad. Here, and don't touch that button on the side.

Jeremy *(mood:annoyed)*: Which one? There're three.

Elisha *(mood:amused)*: All of them.

Fiona: Can I see?

Jeremy: In a moment, dear. Eli, if you get a second audition, where will you stay?

Elisha: I was ...

Fiona: Of course she'll get the second audition. What second audition, by the way? Have you applied somewhere else?

Jeremy (*mood:tolerant*): No, it's the same outfit. Sounds like they're having three auditions. Here, see for yourself.

Elisha: I probably won't get through to the second audition but I was thinking if I did maybe I could stay with Peta. I think she's in Islington. I'll text her later.

Jeremy (*mood:puzzled*): Do I know Peta?

Elisha: I doubt it. She was a friend at uni but not a close one. I'm sure she'd let me sleep on her couch for the night though. If not, I can always go to a backpacker's hostel.

Fiona: Well, I'm so pleased for you, dear. I just know this is the beginning of great things for you! Have you told them you'll be going?

Elisha: I phoned just now but it went to voice mail so I left a message. Do you think I ought to ring again and speak to this Janel person directly, maybe tomorrow?

Jeremy (*mood:thoughtful*): Hmm, you don't want to seem too eager. Makes you sound desperate. It wouldn't hurt to send a confirmatory email though. That would make you seem reliable and conscientious.

Elisha (*mood:happy*): Onto it! Any idea about trains to London?

| *At 14:46 GMT Elisha's phone received an SMS advertising discounted parking at Gloucester railway station which was dismissed.*

| *The following email was sent from the phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 14:54 GMT (mood:neutral):*

To: janelk@515n0w.co.uk

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Application for Second Clarinet

Dear Janel Kantara

Thank you for your email offering me an audition for the seat of Second Clarinet. I confirm that I will be attending on Monday 2nd December 2019.

Thanks again

Elisha Houghton

At 14:58 GMT 19 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query: "trains from gloucester to london" – time on site: 2m16s

www.thetrainline.com/train-times/gloucester-to-london-paddington – time on site: 1m19s

www.southwesternrailway.com/train-times/gloucester-to-london-paddington – time on site: 0m57s

www.google.com query: "buses from gloucester to london" – time on site: 0m18s

www.busbud.com/en/bus-gloucester-london – time on site: 3m:22s

From 15:27 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between the phone associated with Elisha Houghton, located in Gloucester, UK, and Peta Khan, located in Lewisham, UK.

15:27 Elisha: Hey Peta :) How's you? Any chance of staying with you 2nd Dec?

15:31 Peta: Who is this?

15:32 Elisha: Elisha, you know, from uni – aren't I in your contacts anymore?

15:34 Peta: Didn't you play the trumpet?

15:35 Elisha: Nooo lol clarinet – don't you remember me?

15:40 Peta: Kind of – it's been a while.

15:42 Elisha: Hey, sorry to have bothered you. My bad.

15:44 Peta: Okies.

At 15:45 GMT 19 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query: "backpackers hostel london" – time on site: 0m16s

www.tripadvisor.com.au/hotelslist-london-backpacker-hostels-zfp135464.html – time on site: 3m5s

www.booking.com/hotel/gb/london-backpackers.en-gb.html – time on site: 2m28s

www.facebook.com – time on site: 1m12s

www.instagram.com – time on site: 54s

www.515n0w.co.uk – time on site: 2m51s

Transcript of Duo video conversation initiated by the phone associated with Peta Khan, located in Lewisham, UK, at 16:08 GMT with Elisha Houghton, located in Gloucester, UK.

Elisha: Hi Peta

Peta: Oh yeah, now I remember you! Hey Elisha. I'm sorry I didn't remember you. You're looking good. Have you lost weight?

Elisha: Yeah, no, you look good too Peta. Hey, I'm sorry to have bothered you. What's it been? 6 years?

Peta: Something like that. Didn't you go on to do your Masters?

Elisha: Yeah. You know, we should have stayed in touch. What's happening with you now?

Peta: Oh I was never in the same league as you, Elisha. I struggled all the way through and barely scraped a pass. You always were a high flyer.

Elisha: But you stayed with your flute, didn't you?

Peta: I haven't touched it for years. I'm married now, with a little toddler!

Elisha: Oh wow! Boy or girl?

Peta: A little boy. His name's Sanam. He's got a bit of a cold at the moment. I was just putting him to bed when I got your text. That's why I didn't immediately ...

Elisha: Sanam? That's an unusual name.

Peta: It's an Indian name, Elisha.

Elisha: Ah, of course, silly me. How come you married an Indian? I seem to remember you always went for blonde beefcake.

Peta: We all change when we meet the right one, Elisha. Are you married, too?

Elisha: No, I'm, umm, not in a relationship at the moment.

Peta: But you're still playing the clarinet?

Elisha: Yes, same old, huh! That's why I texted you, actually, but it was a silly idea.

Peta: You want to visit us?

Elisha: Well, I did sort of have that idea but I didn't know you'd be married with a family.

Peta: I'll have to talk to Joshil about it but I'd love to see you again. We can talk about old times.

Elisha: Umm, well, I've got an audition in London coming up and if I get through to the second round, well, it'll be the next day, so I was, you know, kind of hoping ...

Peta: Yes?

Elisha: Well, you know, maybe sleeping on your couch for the

night.

Peta: Ahh, I see.

Elisha (*mood:embarrassed*): Yeah, I know, it was a stupid idea. I probably won't get through to the next round anyway.

Peta: Well, I'll ask Joshil. When is it again?

Elisha: Umm, the 2nd of December, it's a Monday, but I'm asking too much of you both. You've a kiddie, you don't want to be bothered with strangers sleeping on your couch.

Peta: You're not a stranger, Elisha. We were friends once, even though we lost touch. I didn't delete you from my contacts though. My phone got run over and I lost everything on the SIM.

Elisha: Oh god, yeah, I hate it when that happens.

Peta: And I'm touched that you haven't deleted me from your contacts. I think that is a sign, you know, a sign that we are destined to remain friends even though our lives may keep us apart. I will talk to Joshil.

Elisha: No, no, no, it's too much of an imposition.

Peta: I will talk to him but I have to go now, Sanam is crying. I'll text you, OK?

Elisha: Ahh, umm, OK, yeah, sure. Great, thanks, Peta.

Peta: Until we talk again, Elisha. Bye.

Elisha: Bye

| *connection broken*

Elisha (*faint*): Oh god, I hope they don't make me eat curry.

Monday 4th November 2019

Forty three tracking apps on the tablet associated with Janel Kantara recorded the opening of the email from Elisha Houghton at 09:57 GMT.

The following email was received by the mobile phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 15:01 GMT (mood:friendly; marketing keywords: rolls, tractor, personal injury, Christmas carols):

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: juliek@gco.co.uk
Subject: Availability in December?

Hi Elisha

Brett rolled his tractor over the weekend and has broken his arm. I know it's short notice but will you be available to fill in for our Carols In The Park concerts on Sundays 1st, 8th, 15th and 22nd December? Each should last around 1½ hours although they will be outdoors in a marquee.

Regards
Julie Kavanagh
Personnel
Gloucester City Orchestra

From 15:22 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between the phone associated with Elisha Houghton, located in Gloucester, UK, and Jeremy Houghton, located in Gloucester, UK.

15:22 Elisha: You busy dad
15:23 Jeremy: Not unduly
15:23 Elisha: Glos City want me for some dates in dec
15:27 Jeremy: Excellent
15:28 Elisha: Should I accept?
15:28 Jeremy: If you want the money
15:29 Jeremy: Which I imagine you do
15:29 Elisha: ha ha – what of I get London job and they want me start right away?

15:31 Jeremy: Ah, now I understand. A quandary.
 15:33 Elisha: May lose London job if can't start when they want but won't get paid if turn down Glos job and don't get London job
 15:36 Jeremy: Not to mention breach of contract and never working for Gloucester City again if you need to
 15:36 Elisha: Exactly – what to do?
 15:41 Jeremy: You have no alternative. Explain the situation to GCO. If they still want you it will be with the proviso you will be unable to fulfil all their dates should you get the other job
 15:42 Elisha: bummer :(for sure I will end up with neither
 15:45 Jeremy: I'm sure Tescos won't mind you busking outside again for a few weeks. Jolly carols and Christmas cheer and all that nonsense. Help them sell more mince pies
 15:46 Elisha: :(:(:(:(:(
 15:47 Jeremy: There is an alternative
 15:48 Elisha: Tell me tell me tell me
 15:51 Jeremy: If you can get your law degree in 8 weeks there will be a vacancy here. I can put in a good word for you
 15:52 Elisha: Oh ha bloody ha ha. Is it too late for me to be adopted?
 15:54 Jeremy: I daresay that couple we talked to 28 years ago might still be interested.
 15:55 Elisha: :((((((((((((((((

| At 16:34 GMT the following email was sent from Elisha's phone (mood:friendly):

To: juliek@gco.co.uk
 From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
 Subject: re: Availability in December?

Hi Julie

I've seen Brett driving his tractor. I'm surprised this hasn't happened before. Is he badly hurt?

About the fill-in, I've got an audition with a London orchestra on Dec 2nd and if I get the seat they may want me to start quickly. So, I can

definitely do Sun 1st but you'll appreciate I can't commit to the other three until after the audition. Sorry.

Elisha

Transcript of video blog (vlog) posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 19:19 GMT:

Hey guys, Elisha Clarinet here! Hope you're all doing good and life is treating you well. I am, like, totally excited as you can probably see. Why? Stay watching guys. All will be revealed to those who wait patiently.

Or impatiently, I guess. The key here is in the waiting, not the patience. Don't click ahead as I've got a couple of updates for you.

I last posted a couple of weeks ago and that Chinese clarinet I said I'd be reviewing still hasn't arrived. I don't know if it will before Christmas or not but when it does get here I'll let you know. I'm just as curious as you guys!

Speaking of Christmas, I'm doing a Carols In The Park concert with the Gloucester City Orchestra on Sunday 1st December if anyone would like to come along. I don't know which park yet or what time it starts. I'll post those details in the comments below just as soon as I know myself. Should be a great evening. Last year's was, like, so totally awesome even though it rained and there's a link to the video of that here.

Oh, it's a free event as well so you've no excuses. Well, I guess not knowing where it'll be is an excuse but you know what I mean. Actually no, there aren't that many parks in Gloucester so just visit them all. It'll be the park with a big marquee and a bunch of cold looking musicians, ha ha ha.

As always, if you like me and my videos, click the 'like' below and subscribe! It'll be awesome to get to 15,000 subscribers by the end of the year. Fingers crossed, hey!

OK, question and answer time. I've been reading your comments. Yes,

I do. I read all of them and there are some that I want to talk about today which are to do with the 515N0W orchestra I told you about in my last post, the one I've applied to.

Some of you have asked why I'm applying for orchestra jobs when I've got my students and freelancing work and the occasional bit of busking when I'm short of cash. Some of you have also been asking what my ambitions are since I'm still so young. Well, thank you for that. I'm 28 and frankly that isn't so young, really. Anyway, ambitions and applying for jobs, well, they're kind of related in fact. Yes, I am making money although not much and although I say that money isn't everything it would be nice if some kind organisation would sponsor my vlogs, hint, hint. Some influencers make a fortune but I guess I'm not really an influencer. Anyway, I'm rambling. What are my ambitions? Well, I guess in the shortish term I do want to be part of an orchestra because in the medium term I want to be a soloist and long term I want to be a soloist with some of the top orchestras and conductors. It would be so cool to be the soloist with, say, the Berlin Philharmonic or the New York Symphony. Yay! Go Elisha! But I'll never get to be a soloist through freelancing or through teaching so I have to do the grunt work first in an orchestra.

Some of you have also been asking why I'm applying to little, third rate orchestras like 515N0W and that is a serious topic I want to talk about. It's very wrong of you to call 515N0W a third rate orchestra. As far as I can tell the people who are saying this are basing it on the fact that the orchestra has a funny name and that it's based at The O2 and I'm not having any of that. That's just being mean. I've tracked down a couple of their recordings, the links are here

and here

so check them out. Let's talk about the name. 515N0W. OK, I admit I don't know why it's called that but that's no reason to put them down. Take the Berlin Philharmonic Orchestra, for example. Berlin is just a place and philharmonic means devoted to music so their name just means a bunch of people in Berlin who like to play music. Big deal. The name itself doesn't have anything to do with quality. What about Symphony? Well, a symphony is a complicated piece of music in four movements but putting that word in the orchestra's name doesn't

mean they only play complicated music of four movements. The Boston Symphony also play popular music although when they do that they do it under the name The Boston Pops but it's still the same orchestra. Or look at this link

It's the Danish National Symphony Orchestra playing the theme to a western movie, which is my second point. Some of you seem to think that being in The O2 somehow degrades the 515N0W Orchestra. Why? Just because they're next door to a big arena for rock music and surrounded by cafes doesn't make them a bad orchestra any more than playing in a football stadium would. Guys, don't judge 515N0W by their name or where they are, judge them by their music. I really don't want any more comments like those because I don't want the people who read your comments to think bad things about you, OK. Be cool, guys, and be nice. Let's move on to why I'm excited!

Ooops, that was supposed to be a drum roll, but it didn't ... oh, there it goes. Just let me try that again ...

Yes! My good news! The 515N0W Orchestra has asked me to audition! Yay! Woo hoo!

See this? It's a printout of their email. I've scrubbed out when the auditions are because I really don't want any of you turning up to heckle me or give me your love and support, no offence guys, but there it is. Since I haven't done a post on what to expect at an orchestra audition I thought I'd give you a quick run down using this as an example. I'm also planning to record some video while I'm actually at the audition for a future vlog so you can see the chaos and everything. So let's look at what they've said in the email.

First of all, there are two or three rounds of auditions. That's normal. I've heard of some going to five rounds. Looking at this they're running the first round in groups of ten so we're probably looking at no more than five minutes playing per person plus a little time for the panel to make their selections, go to the toilet or whatever. Also, I'm guessing, since they're doing groups of ten and expect to do the first round in a day that they have maybe 70 people to listen to which probably means they didn't get that many applicants. They'll probably end up selecting around one person from each group to go through to

the second round the next day. See this?

Blind is what it says. The auditions are blind. What that means is that each person has to play behind a screen so the panel can't see them. I've been to a couple of auditions and it's really freaky because I'm used to seeing an audience but here you have to give your best to a boring grey panel in the middle of a stage. It sucks big time but we all have to do it so it's fair. It's also fair because the panel have to judge on what you sound like not whether you're a guy or white or whatever. Another thing, and I'm sure this used to happen a lot. The orchestra world is kind of small so there's a real possibility that one of the people on the panel taught you at some point or may even be related. Now obviously they'll know you've applied but they won't know which of the 70 or so people you are. By the way, if they're really serious they'll get us to take our shoes off so they don't hear us walk out. Guys walk differently to women and they wear different shoes and you can tell.

Look at this, down at the bottom, here

see that list? These are what are called excerpts. These are short pieces which the panel will ask me and the others to play so they can compare like with like. This list is just the titles but they also sent me the sheet music so I can practice the pieces before the audition. That's nice of them, don't you think? No, not really. All it means is that they're auditioning some players who don't have a lot of experience and may not already know the pieces they want to hear. Some orchestras expect you to know them all already. I confess I don't know all of them myself. Some of them I do. Like this one, the Busoni Elegia, wow. Like I played that for my audition to Guildhall, it's beautiful. Guys if you play the clarinet then you should learn Busoni, trust me. Looking through the list, I know, umm, maybe four or five very well, a couple I could play straight from memory. I've played most of the rest before although not recently and there's two I've never even heard of. Lindberg's Klarinetconcerto and Respighi's, I don't even know how to pronounce that. Res-pig-hi? Re-spigh-hi? No idea. I'll have to find out in case I have to talk about it. Lindberg is a modern composer, I know that, but I don't know the Klarinetconcerto which I guess is pretty embarrassing really. How can a clarinetist not know a clarinet concerto?

Anyway, so that's my job between now and the audition, practice all twelve of these excerpts even though they may not ask me to play them all so I can go out and be totally awesome to a grey cloth covered board.

Who'd be a musician, hey. Maybe I should have taken up rock guitar. Oh, guys, yes, that's another ambition. One day I intend to learn to play the saxophone. It's kind of like a clarinet but more butch and aggressive! See you next time, guys, and don't forget to like and subscribe!

Tuesday 5th November 2019

| *The following email was received by the mobile phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 09:18 GMT (mood:friendly). At 11:02 GMT 19 tracking apps noted the email had been opened.*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: juliek@gco.co.uk
Subject: Availability in December?

Hi Elisha

Brett has a few scrapes as well although I believe the tractor isn't even scratched (not that one more scratch would be noticeable) but he can't play with his arm in plaster.

Can I definitely book you for Sunday 1st December, usual terms?

Sadly I can't leave the other dates open as it wouldn't be fair to Sandy who is available on those dates. I'm sure you understand.

Wishing you every success for your audition.

Regards
Julie Kavanagh
Personnel
Gloucester City Orchestra

| *At 11:34 GMT the following email was sent from Elisha's phone (mood:friendly):*

To: juliek@gco.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Availability in December?

Hi Julie
Consider me booked for Sunday 1st Dec and give my best to Sandy. :)

Cheers
Elisha

Wednesday 6th November 2019

Transcript of Zoom meeting initiated by Niall Allingham, 06:26 GMT, from Santa Monica, USA GMT -8. Participants: Elisha Houghton, Gloucester, UK (keyword tracking blocked):

Elisha (*mood:confused*): What the hell?

Niall (*mood:happy*): Hey babes!

Elisha: Niall? What the frig? What time is it?

Niall: It's about half after ten, hon.

Elisha (*mood:irritated*): It's bloody half past six! In the frigging morning!

Niall (*mood:contrite*): Sorry babes, forgot the time difference. Just wanted to say hi. It's been a while.

Elisha (*mood:annoyed*): You wanted ... What? You're kidding me. You wanted to say hi?

Niall (*mood:defensive*): Sure babe. What's wrong with that?

Elisha (*mood:angry*): What's wrong with that? What's wrong? I don't frigging believe this.

Niall (*mood:puzzled*): You don't believe what, hon?

Elisha: Jesus Christ, Niall! You texted me, like, what, ten days ago or whatever it was, out of the blue and dumped me 'cos you're moving in with some bimbo in Santa Clara or whatever and now you're zooming to say hi? I don't frigging believe you. Piss off.

(meeting terminated by Elisha Houghton)

(meeting requested by Niall Allingham)

(meeting rejected by Elisha Houghton)

(meeting requested by Niall Allingham)

(meeting rejected by Elisha Houghton)

(meeting requested by Niall Allingham)

(meeting accepted by Elisha Houghton)

Elisha (*mood:angry*): Stop it! I don't wanna talk to you. Get lost.

Niall: But I didn't mean it, babes. I was only joking.

Elisha (*mood:unidentified*): What? I'm ..., you ..., I mean ..., what?

Niall (*mood:placating*): I was just upset with you, hon. I didn't mean it. You're my girl!

(meeting terminated by Elisha Houghton)

(meeting requested by Niall Allingham)

(meeting rejected by Elisha Houghton)

| At 06:29 GMT 19 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the contact Niall Allingham had been blocked.

| At 06:33 GMT 19 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.wheresthatphone.com – time on site:1m3s

www.geolocator.com – time on site:2m58s

www.rexiespetgrooming.com – time on site:0m48s

| At 06:38 GMT 20 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the contact Niall Allingham had been unblocked.

| Transcript of Zoom meeting initiated by Elisha Houghton, 06:38 GMT, from Gloucester, UK. Participants: Niall Allingham, Santa Monica, USA (keyword tracking blocked):

Niall (*mood:relieved*): Eli! Hey!

Elisha (*mood:tense*): Where are you at the moment, Niall?

Niall (*mood:tense*): What do you mean, babes?

Elisha: I mean, like, where are you? Right now. I can see you're sitting somewhere, so where are you sitting?

Niall: On a recliner, hon, out back.

Elisha: Out back where?

Niall: Where I live. What's your problem?

Elisha: Oh, just wondering.

Niall: So we're all good now, babe?

Elisha (*mood:cold*): So you're at your place in Pasadena?

Niall: Sure, hon. Where else would I be?

Elisha: So, let me get this absolutely straight in my mind. You're sitting in your recliner, in your back yard, where you live in Pasadena. Yeah? Is that right?

Niall (*mood:wary*): Ahh, yeah, sure, babes.

Elisha: So you're not, in fact, at 1492 William Hickok Boulevard in Santa Monica then?

Niall (*mood:anxious*): Hell, no. I'm in Pasadena. Where the hell are you?

Elisha: OK. And I imagine you've never heard of anyone called RexieMaye Zimmerling?

Niall (*mood:cautious*): Ahh, no, can't say I know anyone by that name.

Elisha: Right. So how do you account for the fact that your phone is currently reported by geolocation at 1492 William Hickok Boulevard in Santa Monica and that that address is both the residential address of said RexieMaye Zimmerling and also the registered office for Rexie's Creative Pet Grooming? She looks quite nice, incidentally, in a cheap, trashy, sluttish sort of way, at least in her profile picture. Did she pay for those boobs herself or did you?

Niall (*mood:aggressive*): What? You're checking up on me? I don't believe this! You are checking up on me. Man, that is, like, so unreal, like, so totally out of ...

Elisha (*mood:calm*): Niall.

Niall: ... order! Like where do you get off checking on me? Shit, Elisha, what have I ever done to you to make you do ...

Elisha: Niall.

Niall: ... this kind of shit to me! I'm your fiance, for Christ's sake!

Elisha: Niall.

Niall (*mood:angry*): What?

Elisha: You're full of shit, Niall, you know that? Go fuck yourself.

| (*meeting terminated by Elisha Houghton*)

| *At 06:41 GMT 20 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the contact Niall Allingham had been blocked.*

| *At 06:41 GMT 20 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the contact Niall Allingham had been deleted.*

| *At 06:42 GMT Elisha's phone was shut down.*

| *At 06:45 GMT Elisha's phone was connected to a charger: battery level 41%.*

| *At 08:16 GMT an SMS message was sent from the phone associated with Peta*

| *Khatri to Elisha.*

| *At 14:11 GMT Elisha's phone was booted and the charger disconnected: battery level 100%.*

| *At 14:12 GMT six SMS messages were downloaded, including the following from Peta Khatri:*

Peta: Hey, R said all good :) looking forward to seeing you again :) :) text me the date again would you.

| *At 14:21 GMT the following SMS was sent from Elisha's phone to Peta's phone.*

Elisha: Awesome :) Monday 2 dec – what's your address?

Thursday 7th November 2019

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara, Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor reported the following emails:

Time: 15:39 GMT

To: Jason Molina; Dennis Naylor

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Hi Jason, Dennis

I've had 76 audition confirmations. 1 person declined and I haven't heard from the other 3. Do you want to choose 4 more to bring the total back to 80?

Janel Kantara

HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 15:47 GMT

To: Janel Kantara; Jason Molina

From: Dennis Naylor

Subject: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Your decision, Jason.

Dennis Naylor

First Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 16:02 GMT

To: Janel Kantara; Dennis Naylor

From: Jason Molina

Subject: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

We had a lot of very capable and experienced players apply so I would be very surprised if we can't pick one of them. Let's run with the 76.

Personally I'd rather cut the last group to 6 rather than have 4 groups of 9. That way we can be out of there half an hour early. What do you two think?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 16:11 GMT
To: Janel Kantara; Jason Molina
From: Dennis Naylor
Subject: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

Sounds good to me.

Dennis Naylor
First Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 15:47 GMT
To: Dennis Naylor; Jason Molina
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Second Clarinet – good news and bad news ...

I'm assuming you're happy with a final group of 6, Dennis. I'll get that organised.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Saturday 9th November 2019

| *At 12:28 GMT the following email was received on Elisha's phone
(mood:formal):*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: Second Clarinet Auditions
Attachment: the_o2_floorplan.pdf

Dear Ms Houghton

Thank you for confirming your attendance at the audition for Second Clarinet with this orchestra.

As previously notified, the first round of auditions is on Monday 2nd December and will be held in groups. You are assigned to group E and your designation will be E2. You will be notified if you are selected for the second round audition at the end of your group's session.

Group commencement times are:

Group A	10am
Group B	11am
Group C	12 noon
Group D	1pm
Group E	3pm
Group F	4pm
Group G	5pm
Group H	6pm

Due to limited space at The Enclave, please report to my assistant Kathy at the stage entrance to The O2 Arena at least 15 minutes prior to the commencement time for your group. Once assembled, your group will then be taken to The Enclave 5 minutes before your audition commences. Late arrival *will* result in your being unable to audition. Please wear footwear that is easy to remove.

Note: The O2 Arena stage entrance is most easily accessed through Entrance F to The O2 dome which is located on the North side. A

map of The O2 is attached. Directions to The O2 can be found on the website for The O2.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Sunday 10th November 2019

| *The following email was sent from Elisha's phone at 15:19 GMT (mood:neutral):*

To: Janel Kantara
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Second Clarinet Auditions

Dear Ms Kantara

Thank you for your email regarding the audition for Second Clarinet. I have made careful note of my group designation and the other details.

I maintain a website and YouTube channel through which I provide information and assistance on music and the clarinet to those who follow me. I am hoping that it will be possible for me to record some video of the audition process. Obviously I would not record any of the auditions themselves but my subscribers would be very interested in a 'behind the scenes' impression, in particular those who will be auditioning for orchestras in the future.

Kind regards
Elisha Houghton

| *At 15:22 GMT the following SMS was received on Elisha's phone:*

XinghiCon: Hi there! This days Social Media is critical to the success of any business enterprise and Xinghi Consulting absolutely 100% guarantee to drive viewers 100% more your site! Learn how *here!*

| *At 15:22 GMT the SMS was deleted.*

Monday 11th November 2019

| *The following email was sent to Elisha's phone at 12:01 GMT (mood:negative):*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Second Clarinet Auditions

Dear Ms Houghton

I regret photography, either still or video, is not permitted at The Enclave and any covert attempts to do so will result in legal action being taken either by the management of the 515N0W orchestra or our recording partners.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Monday 18th November 2022

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by the phone associated with James McGrath to Elisha's phone, 17:32 GMT*

Elisha (*mood:distracted*): Hi, Jamie, what's up?

Jamie (*mood:relaxed*): Hey, Eli, how's it going? Hope I'm not interrupting you?

Elisha: No, all good. I just finished with one of my students.

Jamie: Yeah, I had a feeling you had a student on Monday afternoons. Which one was it?

Elisha: Breanne. She's only 12 and she could be really good.

Jamie (*mood:amused*): But ...

Elisha: Huh?

Jamie: I felt a 'but' at the end of the really good.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Yeah, you're right. She could be good but she'd rather play football than practice. So what's happening?

Jamie: Just rang to let you know we're not playing Saturday. The barge'll be gone.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Wow, that was quick.

Jamie: Yeah, Matty's sold it to some outfit in Evesham that does longboat hires. Apparently they're going to convert it into some sort of AirB&B holiday thing on a permanent mooring.

Elisha: Hey, sounds pretty cool.

Jamie: It's being towed away Friday morning, about 10ish, if you want to go watch, maybe say goodbye.

Elisha (*mood:sad*): Yeah, it's pretty sad really. We've had some good times on that barge. Are you going?

Jamie: Probably. It's, like, the end of an era. Could be the end of Windy Strings as well.

Elisha: Oh, bummer. So no sign of another venue?

Jamie: Nah. Derek's looking but no one's interested. Pubs want rock bands but you can't do rock with a banjo, clarinet, trumpet and double bass and none of us are into that anyway.

Elisha: So I guess it's back to busking outside Tescos again for me then. Hey, maybe we could all go busking, you know, as a band.

Jamie: Nah. Been there, done that, not doing it again.

Something'll come up. Anyway, I'll be off. Customer's picking up his mower tomorrow morning so I really ought to fix the damned thing. See you Friday, maybe?

Elisha: Yeah, see you Friday. Is Derek still pissed with me?

Jamie: He's pretty much over it now. Wasn't your fault anyway, he just gets a bit over emotional. See ya.

Elisha: Yeah, see you.

Friday 22nd November 2019

Transcript of vlog posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 12:49 GMT.

Hey guys. It's been a couple of weeks since I last posted on my vlog and I was thinking I really ought to let you know how things are going but I don't think I'm going to be posting this 'cos I'm in, like, a really bad place at the moment, you know, emotionally. Everything's just going all wrong at the moment and I'm really starting to question myself and my values and where I'm at and where I'm going and what I want and, like, well, just everything. So, yeah, I think I'm just doing this vlog to talk and I'm not going to post it which, I guess, is why I haven't even brushed my hair or put on any makeup or anything and I'll probably cry soon anyway, so yeah, no, I won't be posting it. But then, maybe I should. The problem with all this social media shit is that everyone tries to make out how wonderful everything is in their lives and it's all so fake, just total bullshit really. I've heard that other people watch shit like this and get depressed because their lives aren't that great and some even try to kill themselves so maybe I ought to post this so you know that shit happens to everyone, including me and, Jesus, is some shit happening to me right now. Everything's going to shit and I'm like, feeling really vulnerable and ...

... yeah, told you I'd probably cry. Sorry about that. If I do post this I'll edit that bit out. Yeah. So it's, like, after 11 in the morning here on a cold, wet day. Umm, yeah, it's about 11:15 and, yeah, I was supposed to be somewhere at 10 but I just couldn't face it. You guys know I'm with this band, Windy Strings Jazz Band and we play on this barge in Gloucester Docks except it's all over. Like, there's some development thing going on and the barge has been sold and it was being towed away at 10 and I was going to go say goodbye but I just couldn't face it so I'm here instead. So yeah, the band's probably finished. Yeah, I know it wouldn't go on forever, but it's like one more piece of crap on top of everything else, you know? I don't know if I told you guys this but my boyfriend, you know the guy I've told you about, the composer who went to America? Anyway, he dumped me a few weeks back then he calls me at, like 6 in the morning like nothing has happened. I guess he wanted to get back together or something but, get this, he was calling from the house of this woman he's moved in with. Can you

believe it? I really know how to pick 'em, don't I. Anyway, yeah, I could handle that. I've been dumped by better guys than him so I can handle that, it's just, like I said, I'm feeling really vulnerable because of this freaking audition, that one I was telling you about in the last vlog. They sent me the excerpts and I've been practising them and, like, some of them are really easy and there's a couple I was playing, like ten, fifteen years ago and this is kind of where it's all going wrong, because, like fifteen years ago I was a different person. I mean, I'm 28 now, 29 in January and fifteen years ago I was, like 14, 15. I don't know. I mean, guys, can you remember when you were 14? Maybe you're 14 right now, but when I was that age the only thing that mattered was how my friends saw me, what they thought of me. I remember on my fourteenth birthday I got all these presents and stuff but the only thing I really wanted was to see my friends put pictures of me on their Facebook pages saying it was my birthday and how cool I was. I guess I wanted them to acknowledge me as being worth something to them or some shit like that but I spent most of the day just watching Facebook until eventually two of them did and it made me so happy. Pathetic really, but that's my point. I'm not the same person now. I don't need Facebook friends to give meaning to my life any more and that shows up in my playing. Like, Berlioz, the *Symphonie Fantastique*. I was, I don't know, maybe 16 when I last played that and it's one of the excerpts for this audition, right. I know the piece, I've played it many times but here's the thing. I'm not the same person I was back then and I know I'm a better player than I was then but, I don't know, it's kind of hard to be totally objective to your sound and I'm feeling, I don't know how to put this, I'm feeling, umm, I guess, I'm feeling I have nothing new to say about it, no new interpretation or perspective. I'm heading into an audition and if they want me to play it it's just going be a tired old rendition because I've changed and the way I play's changed but the music hasn't, you know, and I've somehow got to get back into my fourteen year old head because my 28 year old head can't handle it, you know? I guess this doesn't really make any sense but there's that other piece as well, that *Klarinetconcerto* by Lindberg and that's really doing my head in. I can't play it! It's unbelievable how that piece is destroying me, my sense of worth, my identity. I know it's wrong, there's more to me as a person than just playing the clarinet but, like, I've never had a piece I couldn't play before and I'm, like, wow, Elisha, you are useless, you're a waste of time and it's freaking me out, you know. It's like I've built

myself up in my head as this, like, awesomely great clarinettist who's going to be the greatest soloist in the world and suddenly there's this music that I can't play and this other music that I can't interpret and I'm like, where am I? Who am I? What am I without my clarinet? And there's, like, all this self doubt and shit going round and round in my head and this freaking ex-boyfriend is there in my head as well, telling me I'm a failure and maybe I should go be a dog groomer in California and get my tits pumped up and my band is being snatched away from me and I'm, like, what the fuck is going on here and I've got this bloody audition in, like, ten days and ...

OK, sorry guys. I'll edit that bit out as well, after. You don't want to watch some emotional girl crying because she thinks she's a failure. And yeah, I'm going to post this because I'm realising that this shit happens to everybody and you all need to know that it happens to other people and not just you. I'm finding it really hard with these excerpts, things I've been playing for a really long time, it's hard to get a different perspective on them and it's hard not to fall into these mental traps where you just think about all the negative things or the things that are wrong with them or, I don't know. Anyway, we all do it, some maybe more than others, but we all do it and it's been really therapeutic for me to just, you know, talk to you guys about this, and maybe if you see me going through this shit it'll help you cope when you have to go through it. And, yeah, so that's what I'm struggling with and now I'm just talking in circles. Obviously this isn't how I would want to prepare for this audition. I should have, could have, should have, hell, I don't know, whatever, but yeah, this is where I'm at and I just wanted to let you guys know. I'm going to go practice some more, who knows, maybe it'll come together, I don't know. Later, guys.

Oh, yeah, that Lindberg piece, yeah, maybe I should explain why I can't play it. I checked out the full manuscript online and it's about 20 minutes long but the excerpt I've got is, like 2 minutes, but here's the thing. There's nowhere to breathe! The notes are just one continuous flow and if I breathe anywhere I'll have to drop a note and I haven't got enough breath to play it through. I watched this guy play it on YouTube and he used this technique called circular breathing so, like, when you start to run out of breath you fill your cheeks with air and keep playing while breathing in through your nose and, I mean, like, I've heard of that but I've never had to learn how to do it. Sax players

do it but I've never heard of a clarinettist doing it so, yeah, the great Elisha isn't as great as she thought she was, yeah. But then, I guess, no one ever is as great as they think they are and, yeah, that's why we practice all the bloody time so we get better all the bloody time. Anyway, I'm feeling a little better now I've bared my soul to you guys so I'll go do some more practice. I'd more or less made up my mind not to turn up for the audition but, hey, talking to you guys has made me realise, I guess, I just have to tough it out. Maybe that's been my problem, maybe it's all been too easy for me, up to now, and I was feeling like I was fourteen all over again and all that mattered was that these people on this audition panel had to like me but, yeah, you know what? They don't. I'll still be Elisha whether they like me or not and that's the reality of it. I'm not going to get through to the second round but, hey, I'll be better prepared for the next audition with the next orchestra and that's the way it is. Later, guys, and thank you for listening. Keep it real, OK.

Monday 25th November 2019

Transcript of phone call initiated by the phone associated with Derek Delaney to Elisha's phone, 19:04 GMT

Elisha (*mood:cautious*): Hey, hi, Derek.

Derek (*mood:pleased*): Hello Elisha. How are you?

Elisha: I'm good thanks. So what's up?

Derek: I've found another venue for Windy Strings.

Elisha (*mood:excited*): Hey, wow! Awesome. Well done. Where is it?

Derek: It's The Wheatsheaf out at Hucclecote. You know it?

Elisha: Umm, yeah, I've been there a couple of times. I didn't think they were into live music?

Derek: It was sold a few months ago and the new owners want to change its image with live music but they don't want rock bands. They want to stay more upmarket. I showed them some of the videos you have of us on your website and the new manager was quite impressed. He wants us to play every Tuesday evening.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): Ahh, that could be a problem. What time?

Derek (*mood:tense*): 7 'til 9. Why is that a problem?

Elisha: I have a student on Tuesday evenings. 6 to 7.

Derek: Can't you change that?

Elisha: 'Fraid not. He's my only adult and he's holding down two jobs. That's the only time he's free.

Derek (*mood:cold*): I see. And you wouldn't consider dropping him?

Elisha (*mood:irritated*): No. Perhaps we could get The Wheatsheaf to go for 7:30 instead? I should be able to get out there by then.

Derek: I can but ask.

(*call terminated*)

Elisha: And goodbye to you, you old sod.

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 17:53 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Sue Li and Katrin Shandel. (marketing keywords: semester, Taiwan, vacation ...)

Sue (*mood:tense*): Katrin. I speak with you please?

Katrin (*mood:calm*): Of course, Sue.

Sue: Soon is end of semester. I am returning Taiwan for vacation.

Katrin: That'll be nice for you. See your family again. When will you be back?

Sue: I am not being back.

Katrin: Oh, OK. Don't you have another year of uni?

Sue: Yes, one more year. However, when I return I am living with others. So sorry.

Katrin: Ahh, I understand. So you're giving notice?

Sue: Please?

Katrin: When is your last day here?

Sue: Ah. I have flight for December 13 so I am not needing room after.

Katrin: Oh, that's fine. That's, what, two and a half weeks. No problem.

Sue: Please?

Katrin: All good, Sue. I hope you have a lovely Christmas in Taiwan.

Sue (*mood:relieved*): Yes, thank you. I go to my room now, thank you.

Transcript of Duo video conference initiated by the phone associated with Derek Delaney, at 20:06 GMT with James McGrath, Elisha Houghton and Eric Watson.

Derek (*mood:tense*): Hi everyone, we need to talk.

Jamie (*mood:amused*): I'm guessing about this new gig.

Elisha (*mood:withdrawn*): More likely about me. Am I out?

Eric (*mood:concerned*): You been a naughty girl then, Eli?

Jamie: If she has it'll be the first time ever.

Elisha: Hah, that shows how little you know.

Derek: It is about the Wheatsheaf gig. I've just got off the phone with the manager. He's not willing to change the times. Something to do with Council by-laws or something.

Eric (*mood:puzzled*): So what's the problem?

Elisha: Me. I can't make it for 7. I have a student.

Eric: So shift the student.

Elisha: I can't. It's the only time he can make it. He works two jobs as it is.

Derek: Well, the manager said he'd increase how much he's

paying us.

Jamie: How much is he paying, just out of interest?

Derek: He was offering £150 for the night but he's willing to increase it to £175.

Eric: £176 would be better. Divides by four more easily unless you weren't thinking of dividing it equally, Del.

Jamie (*mood:disgusted*): £44 for the night? That isn't much.

Derek: It's £44 more than we were getting at the Barge.

Jamie: Yeah, but we could do what we liked at the Barge. I'm going with Eli here. I'm not kissing the man's arse for a paltry 44 quid.

Eric (*mood:amused*): So how much do you want to kiss a man's arse, Jamie?

Jamie (*mood:amused*): 75 at least, mate. 100 if it's you, sunshine.
(*laughs*)

Derek (*mood:irritated*): Oh, shut up the pair of you. The bottom line is we're not going to get anything unless we start at 7 and that's down to Elisha.

Elisha (*mood:irritated*): Well, I'm sorry, but I don't think it's fair to blame me.

Jamie: I don't think it's fair to blame Eli either. If you had some other commitment you wouldn't do it either, Derek. It's not Eli's fault you have no life.

Derek: That's entirely beside the point, Jamie, and you know it. It's about commitment to the band.

Jamie (*mood:irritated*): That's bull, Del. It's got nothing to do with commitment. We're all in the band for the fun of it otherwise we'd never have done, what, four years at the Barge for no pay. If we were committed we'd have found paying gigs long ago, maybe even a recording contract.

Elisha: There's another thing, Derek. What if I was able to shift my student but one of us couldn't make a particular Tuesday?

Eric: Good point, Eli. How long would this be going on for?

Derek: They're talking three months to begin with and if their takings improve then extending it but we'd have to be there every Tuesday. We can't go missing dates. We'd have to be reliable or we wouldn't get the extension.

Jamie: So tell them to get stuffed.

Derek (*mood:controlled*): That kind of attitude isn't going to get us anywhere. I haven't found anywhere else that'll take us and if word gets out we're difficult to work with no one will take us.

Eric: Guys, calm down. We need to think about this seriously, not fly off the handle. Is there a workable solution or isn't there?

Derek: There's a very simple solution. Elisha needs to get off her high horse and change her student's time. I don't know how much she charges but I'm sure it's less than £44.

Elisha (*mood:annoyed*): I charge him £25 for the hour but that's not the point. If I was only interested in money I'd have joined my dad at his law firm.

Derek: That's no help. If it wasn't for him we wouldn't be in this situation.

Eric: Oh shut up, Derek. You know damned well it was nothing to do with Elisha's dad.

Jamie: Besides, it would be better for Eli to get the £25 every week indefinitely rather than £44 for a few weeks and get a bad reputation.

Eric: Eli, Hucclecote isn't far from you. How long would it take to get there?

Elisha: Oh, 20 minutes maybe. Longer if it's raining although I could probably do it in 10 minutes if my dad will lend me his car.

Eric: So what's the problem? The rest of us can start at 7 and Eli can join us when she can. We can easily do 15 minutes without a clarinet.

Derek: The contract says to start at 7. If she starts later then we'd be in breach of contract.

Eric: Oh, that's a bugger.

Elisha: Just a sec, I wanna ask my dad something.

Jamie (*mood:amused*): Ohhhh, this is serious. She's setting the law onto them!

Eric: I can see Derek's point of view, though, Jamie. This will give us more exposure and could lead to bigger and better gigs.

Derek (*mood:calm*): That's right.

Jamie (*mood:sarcastic*): Wembley Stadium here we come.

Elisha: Dad said to ask if the contract is with the Windy Strings or with us as a four individuals.

Derek: The Windy Strings, why?

Elisha: He says if it's the Windy Strings then so long as there's a band called the Windy Strings it doesn't matter how many are in it, contractually.

Eric: So you're saying if the Windy Strings starts the gig as a trio and ends as a quartet we'd be OK?

Elisha: Yeah.

Derek: I'm not happy about that.

Jamie: You're never happy, Del, it's that trumpet. You'll be wanting to dock Eli for the fifteen minutes she isn't there as well.

Derek: Well, ...

Jamie: You're a tight bastard.

Elisha: I don't mind ...

Eric: No-one's docking anyone anything. If they do, I quit.

Derek: Oh for God's sake, this is getting ridiculous.

Jamie: Let's just make it a trio then, and we'll split Eric's cut.

Eric: Yeah, right. And you think their takings will increase with just a trumpet banjo duet? Get real, mate.

Elisha: I'm getting lost here. What are we going to do?

Eric: It's really simple. We take the contract and Eli starts when she gets there or we don't.

Jamie: I'll go with that. Eli or nothing.

Elisha: Well, if you guys put it like that, I'm in if dad'll lend me the car.

Derek: So that's the decision?

Jamie: It's three to one Del. Democracy has spoken, live with it.

Eric: One little thing, guys. I've just checked my calendar. New Year's Eve is a Tuesday.

Derek: So?

Eric: Me and the wife are going away for New Year's.

Derek: Oh for God's sake.

Elisha: That reminds me, I'll be in London the first Monday of December and there's the tiniest of possibilities I might not be back on Tuesday.

Jamie: And I'm going to be away as well.

Derek: When?

Jamie: No idea, I just didn't want to be left out when it comes to holidays.

Derek: I give up. To hell with the bloody Wheatsheaf. I really don't care anymore.

Eric: I've just had another idea.

Derek: I couldn't care less.

Elisha: What is it, Eric?

Eric: Why don't you ask your dad to negotiate a better contract for us?

Jamie: Hey sweet! Now we're moving into the big leagues with a contract dispute with management. This is the big time guys! Do you think it'll get into the papers?

Derek: I've just about had it up to here with you retards.

Elisha: Dad said he's happy to since he didn't realise about the Barge. If he had he'd have built in some sort of provision for us. He'll go round and see the manager tomorrow afternoon if you want.

Eric: Awesome!

Jamie: Sounds pretty cool.

Derek: And how much will that cost us?

Elisha: Dad said he'll do it for nothing so long as you are nice to me.

Jamie: That's the end of that then. Derek's never nice to anyone.

Derek: Sod off, Jamie.

Jamie: So be nice to Eli. Prove you can do it. 50p says you can't.

Derek: Sweet Elisha of the awesome clarinet. It is an honour to know you and a privilege to play with you. So give me my 50p, then, bastard.

Jamie: I'll give it to you out of my first gig's pay. Hey, Derek.

Derek: What now?

Jamie: I'm impressed. Can I go now?

Derek: Yeah, bugger off.

(Jamie exited the meeting)

Elisha: What's the manager's name?

Derek: Alastair Stoneham. So your dad's really going to negotiate for us?

Elisha: Sure. Talk to you tomorrow. Bye.

| *(Elisha exited the meeting)*

Tuesday 26th November 2019

The following exchange of emails commenced at 15:22 GMT between the laptop associated with Julie Kavanagh and Elisha's phone (mood:neutral):

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: juliek@gco.co.uk
Subject: re: Availability in December?

Hi Elisha

I attach the program for next Sunday's Carols In The Park concert. Do you want the sheet music to prepare in advance or are you sufficiently familiar with the carols?

Regards
Julie Kavanagh
Personnel
Gloucester City Orchestra

To: juliek@gco.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Availability in December?

Hi Julie

No, there are no surprises there. I can sight-read on the night. You haven't told me which park the concert is in yet.

Cheers
Elisha.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: juliek@gco.co.uk
Subject: re: Availability in December?

I'm sorry Elisha. It's at the Westgate Park, down by the boating lake and starts at 6.30pm. The weather forecast is looking good (fingers

crossed lol)

Regards
Julie Kavanagh
Personnel
Gloucester City Orchestra

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 17:48 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Fiona Houghton and Jeremy Houghton (mood:Fiona-relaxed, Jeremy-relaxed, marketing keywords: slot machines, piano, church organ ...)

Fiona: Ahh, you're home dear. Dinner won't be long. How did it go?

Jeremy: Quite well, I think. Is Elisha here?

Fiona: She's upstairs, in her room.

Jeremy (*loud*): Elisha, I'm back!
(*thumping sounds*)

Elisha (*mood:tense*): Hey dad, how'd it go?

Jeremy: I think it went well although Mr Stoneham was surprised to meet with a lawyer.

Elisha: I bet. So have you agreed anything?

Jeremy: It's not for me to agree or disagree, that's down to the parties I represent.

Elisha (*mood:impatient*): Yes, dad, but what did you agree?

Jeremy: A 7:30 start initially as, in fact, the by-laws pertaining to licensed premises with live music require a 10:30 finish. I rather got the impression Mr Stoneham wanted the music to finish early to encourage patrons to use the slot machines.

Elisha (*mood:pleased*): Wow, that's awesome. Wait 'til I tell the guys.

Fiona: You said initially, Jeremy. What else is there?

Jeremy: He also agreed to an increase in the remuneration. He's now offering £200 for the evening, payable in cash with no deductions although you must pay for any drinks or food you consume.

Elisha: Seriously?

Jeremy: Yes, although there are conditions.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): Ahh.

Jeremy: He's withdrawn the 3 month minimum period and

wants it on a week by week basis, with a week's notice by either side and he also specifies a four piece band although he's agreed that the specific members can be flexible.

Elisha (*mood:cautious*): So what exactly does that mean?

Jeremy: It means four people have to turn up and play but they need not necessarily be you or any of the others. In other words, one or more of you can be absent so long as you have a substitute musician.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): That could work. I know Sandy could fill in for me and the others probably know people as well. Do they have to be the same instruments?

Jeremy: That was not specified so, by implication, any suitable instrument would be acceptable.

Fiona (*mood:curious*): What instruments wouldn't be suitable?

Jeremy: Oh, I don't know. Perhaps a piano or church organ as there would be transportation difficulties.

Elisha (*mood:happy*): This is so awesome. Thanks dad! Are there any other conditions?

Jeremy: Only that the contract is to be signed by Friday and the first performance will be next Tuesday. I'll get one of the girls in the office to type up the draft in the morning.

Elisha: I'd better tell the guys. Who has to sign it?

Jeremy: The band leader, which is Derek, isn't it?

Elisha: Yes. You're so cool, dad, thanks. Oh, next Tuesday? Oh, it doesn't matter. I won't get through to the second round of auditions anyway.

Jeremy: Ahh, is that next week? Do you want me to negotiate a later start date?

Elisha: No, it shouldn't be a problem, although I'd better let Sandy know, just in case.

Twenty tracking apps recorded the following Group SMS sent from Elisha's phone to the phones of Derek Delaney, James McGrath and Eric Watson at 18:29 GMT.

Elisha: Guys, dad saw that guy and new deal is – 730 start £200 a night start next tues but no min period is to be on wk by wk basis and must have 4 musos but doesn't

have to be us specifically – what you reckon?

20 tracking apps recorded the following SMS sent to the phone associated with Sandy Belmont, located in Gloucester, UK, at 18:31 GMT

Elisha: Hey Sandy, how do you fancy being in a jazz band?

The following SMSs were exchanged between the phones of Elisha Houghton, Sandy Belmont, Derek Delaney, James McGrath and Eric Watson.

18:31 Jamie to Elisha: Sounds good to me, tell your dad he's a hero
18:32 Sandy to Elisha: I'm already in a jazz band
18:32 Derek to Elisha: When can I see the contract?
18:33 Elisha to Sandy: I'll send draft contract tomorrow when its typed
18:33 Elisha to Derek: I'll send draft contract tomorrow when its typed – signing is Friday
18:34 Sandy to Elisha: Contract for what?
18:34 Elisha to Sandy: Sorry my bad – sent you wrong msg – I didn't know you were in a band – which one?
18:34 Elisha to Jamie: I've already told him but will tell him you said so anyway
18:35 Jamie to Derek: Happy now?
18:36 Derek to Jamie: I want to see the contract first.
18:36 Sandy to Elisha: Birdlip Trad Quintet – we play at the Ploughman at Birdlip every other Sat.
18:36 Derek to Elisha: I don't understand about 4 musos – explain
18:37 Elisha to Sandy: My band's got a gig every tues but we have to have 4 musos – was hoping you'd stand in for me when I can't make it – pays £50 each a night
18:38 Elisha to Derek: We gotta have 4 ppl but if one of us can't make it he's happy for a stand in
18:40 Sandy to Elisha: 50??? I'm in lol – Birdlip pays 50 for all five of us – who's your band?
18:41 Eric to Elisha: So does that mean I have to find a dbl bass for new years and if I do who gets the 50?

18:41 Elisha to Sandy: Windy Strings – used to play at barge in
glos but now closed – moving to
Wheatsheaf in Hucclecote

18:42 Eric to Derek, Jamie: What do you think?

18:42 Elisha to Eric: Yes and that's between you and your
replacement

18:44 Sandy to Elisha: Don't they do that funky fusion modern
jazz stuff?

18:44 Derek to Eric: It does sound like a good deal but I want to
see the contract before committing.

18:45 Elisha to Sandy: Yes but you can handle it

18:45 Jamie to Eric: Doubt we'll get a better offer – and Eli gets
to keep her student

18:46 Sandy to Elisha: Not so sure – need to hear band before I
commit

18:47 Eric to Jamie: Yeah fair point – OK I'm in

18:47 Elisha to Sandy: That could be a problem since I may not
make it next tues

18:48 Sandy to Elisha: Are you for real? You expect me to
improvise live with a band I don't know in
a style I'm not familiar with?

18:49 Eric to Elisha: Your dad done a good job Eli. Thank him
for me.

18:50 Elisha to Eric: Will do

18:50 Elisha to Sandy: £50 – cash on the night and you can see
some recordings on my website

19:23 Sandy to Elisha: That's piss easy :D I'll be there. What time?

19:24 Elisha to Sandy: I won't know until Mon eve if I can't make
it so will let you know then. Cheers hon.

19:26 Sandy to Elisha: Is this related to why you couldn't do the 3
carols concerts in Glos?

19:27 Elisha to Sandy: Yeah – I'm auditioning for an orch in
London.

19:28 Sandy to Elisha: Bitch :) I applied for that one in Cardiff 3 4
months ago – didn't even get an audition :(

19:29 Elisha to Sandy: Well you've got to have some talent, even in
Wales :D

19:30 Sandy to Elisha: Up yours – you'll let me know Monday?

19:31 Elisha to Sandy: Yes – prob won't get to 2nd round but hey

19:32 Sandy to Elisha: Knock em dead hon, I need the money lol

Wednesday 27th November 2019

The following email was received by the mobile phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 09:51 GMT (mood:neutral):

To: delaneyfamily@gmail.com
From: office@hbzsolicitors.co.uk
Cc: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Musicians' Performance Contract
Attached: delaney_wheatsheaf_contract_draft.pdf

Dear Mr Delaney

Please find attached a draft contract regarding the provision of live music by the Windy Strings Jazz Band at the Wheatsheaf Inn for your consideration.

We are advised that the contract is to be signed by both parties on or before midday on Friday 29th November 2019 so some urgency would be appreciated.

Kind regards

C Miland
for
JM Houghton
Senior Partner
Houghton Barton Zuckland Solicitors

The following exchange of SMS messages took place between Derek Delaney, Elisha Houghton, James McGrath and Eric Watson commencing 11:02 GMT.

11:02 Derek to Jamie, Elisha, Eric: I have the contract. It is 6 pages of dense legalese. Do any of you want to read it?
11:03 Elisha to Derek: I've read it.
11:05 Eric to Derek: Not me, I trust you – are you happy with it?
11:15 Jamie to Derek: Nah, I trust Eli's dad – you gonna sign?
11:18 Derek to Elisha: Your dad thinks it is a fair contract?
11:19 Elisha to Derek: Yes

11:31 Derek to Jamie, Elisha, Eric:
I've signed it and I'll drop it in to Eli's dad's office this afternoon.

11:32 Eric to Derek:
Awesome!

11:33 Jamie to Derek, Eric, Elisha:
Actually I'm having second thoughts.

11:34 Derek to Jamie, Eric, Elisha:
Jesus now what?

11:35 Jamie to Derek, Eric, Elisha:
Only joking :D :D :D

11:36 Derek to Jamie, Eric, Elisha:
Would someone please smash that banjo over his head?

11:44 Derek to Jamie, Eric, Elisha:
I have written a letter to Jeremy Houghton thanking him for his help. I would also like to thank Elisha as well so, thank you Elisha.

11:45 Elisha to Derek, Jamie, Eric:
<blush> :)

11:47 Jamie to Derek, Eric, Elisha:
Now look what you've done – you've embarrassed the poor girl.

11:49 Elisha to Derek, Jamie, Eric:
btw if I can't make it next Tuesday Sandy will stand in for me. She's a great clarinettist and is my stand in for Gloucester City Orchestra and plays with the Birdlip Trad Quintet. Be nice to her OK

11:50 Jamie to Derek, Eric, Elisha:
As we have the contract now we don't need you anymore anyway – is she cute?

11:51 Elisha to Jamie, Derek, Eric:
<raspberry>

Sunday 1st December 2019

At 21:13 GMT the front door security camera recognised Elisha Houghton approaching and unlocked the door (mood:tired).

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 21:13 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Jeremy Houghton (mood:Elisha-tired, Jeremy-relaxed; marketing keywords: car keys, tea, Felix Francis, dress ...):

Elisha: Hey dad.
Jeremy: Hiya sweetie. How did it go?
Elisha: Not too bad. My playing was a little off though as my fingers were cold. Here's the car keys.
Jeremy: Oh, just leave them on the bookcase.
Elisha: I'm going to make some tea. You want any? Where's mum?
Jeremy: She's gone to bed. Oh, yes, thanks.
Elisha: Bag or leaf?
Jeremy: A bag will be fine, thanks. You look tired.
Elisha: I am tired. Back in a mo.
(long silence)
Elisha: There you go. What are you reading?
Jeremy: It's a novel by Felix Francis, you know, Dick Francis' son.
Elisha: Any good?
Jeremy: Not bad, actually.
Elisha: Mmm, I needed that. God it was cold. Oh, could you give me a lift to the bus station in the morning?
Jeremy: Certainly. What time?
Elisha: Oh, when you go to work will be fine. I want to catch the 10 o'clock bus.
Jeremy: Your audition's at 3, isn't it? Why not take the train? It only takes an hour and a half or so.
Elisha: I would but it's nearly five times the price. The bus is only £18 each way.
Jeremy: I see. Have you packed yet?
Elisha: Pack? What for?
Jeremy: Won't you need a change of clothes for Tuesday, just in case?

Elisha: I guess. It seems a bit pointless though.

Jeremy (*mood:thoughtful*): I see.

(*long silence*)

Jeremy (*mood:hesitant*): How are you, umm, feeling, about this, umm, audition?

Elisha: Can't you guess? It'll be like the others. I'll do the first audition and someone else will play better or sound better or whatever and then I'll come home. I think I'll cry off seeing Peta. I'd rather come back and do this jazz gig on Tuesday. Buck up my spirits.

Jeremy: I, umm, watched that video you posted.

Elisha: Oh yeah? Which one?

Jeremy: The one where you talked about how you were struggling with your practice and those excerpts.

Elisha: Ah, that one.

(*long silence*)

Elisha (*mood:sad*): It's funny. I feel like you've been spying on me which is stupid really since I posted it on YouTube for the world to see.

Jeremy: Ah, yes. Well, it's often said that it's easier to talk to a stranger than someone who knows you. Umm, your mother saw it first. We were worried about you.

Elisha: Worried? Why?

Jeremy: You've been so down these last few weeks. It's not like you. Normally you're a fairly happy person but we've seen a change in you. We thought it was Niall to begin with.

Elisha: Ah.

Jeremy: You could have talked to us, you know?

Elisha: Mmm.

(*long silence*)

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): I'm 28, you know. I'm supposed to be a grown up independent modern woman. I shouldn't go running to my parents with all my little problems. Daddy, Daddy, make it right for me. Life's not like that.

Jeremy: Well, it's my experience of life that you get whatever help you can from wherever you can, but that's by the by. You're of the first generation to grow up with the Internet at your beck and call so I daresay it's not unreasonable to turn to that anonymous mass. Having

watched your video I'm not sure either your mother or I could help anyway. Neither of us are musicians so neither of us have any experience of a crisis in our musical ability.

Elisha: That's true.

Jeremy: On the other hand, we've both had crises of confidence in other areas.

Elisha: Mum, maybe, but you? No, I don't believe that. You're always so capable, confident. Like with that contract for the band. You've never had anything to do with the music industry yet you calmly walked in and re-negotiated a better contract.

Jeremy: Well, perhaps. If you think about it objectively it's likely that if I had had experience of the music industry I'd have negotiated something much better but that's neither here nor there. I'm no stranger to negotiation so it was no hardship to negotiate this. My point is that I've worked in the law for a very long time and that in itself brings confidence.

Elisha: Practice makes easy, that's what they say.

Jeremy: Precisely. I've had a lot of practice but there were times when I was wracked with self doubt. I remember years ago when I was doing my law degree I simply couldn't make head nor tail of Trust Law and I was convinced I was going to fail and end up being a plumber or something,

Elisha: So how did you overcome that?

Jeremy: Actually that was a bad example. I still don't understand Trust Law. I just crammed my head with rote memorisation for the exams with absolutely no comprehension of more than the basic principles of Trusts. I managed to pass and I've avoided Trust Law ever since. That's the advantage of being a partner. You can simply hire the expertise you need when you need it.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): So what you're saying is that I should set up my own orchestra and pay someone else to play the Klarinetconcerto?

Jeremy: As I said, it was a bad example, but yes, it is possible that this particular concerto is one you'll never master.

I daresay every great musician has a blind spot of some sort but there is another possibility worth considering.

Elisha: That I'm actually, deep down, a crappy clarinetist?

Jeremy: No, of course not. If that was the case you'd have been found out long ago. Guildhall would have spotted it and never let you in let alone take the Masters. No, I was thinking the exact opposite.

Elisha: I don't get you.

Jeremy: Learning isn't linear, no one learns in steady increments every week. It's a process of ups and downs and plateaus. You start off and improve a vast amount early on then it plateaus and maybe you go backwards for a while as you learn something new and it messes with what you've already learnt. But then, suddenly, it all comes together and you get another jump forward. Until the next plateau.

Elisha: So what are you saying?

Jeremy: Something struck me when I watched that video. It wasn't just that you were struggling with a piece that required a new technique you haven't mastered. You were also struggling with things with which you were familiar.

Elisha: And ... ?

Jeremy: I wonder if, perhaps, rather than turning into a failure and setting up a dog grooming business, you are actually on the edge of a plateau and you're getting ready to move to a higher level. You said in your video that you thought you were a great player but everything was conspiring to show that you aren't. Perhaps you are on the cusp of becoming great and you simply have to apply yourself a little more to get around that cusp.

Elisha: Yeah, it would be nice to think that, wouldn't it. Hey dad, you're a great lawyer but your skills don't really lie in mentoring. Thanks anyway.

Jeremy: Well, yes. I confess that my parenting skills have been largely limited to making certain we had enough money to ensure you were able to follow your own path. It's a terrible thing to be unable to achieve one's destiny because you couldn't afford it.

Elisha: And whatever happens I'm still a pretty good musician

even if I don't ever become great. I'll get by in teaching or something. Anyway I'm off to bed. I've got to be up early.

Jeremy: Before you go, would you do something for me?

Elisha: Sure.

Jeremy: Pack two sets of clothes for your auditions and wear something different to travel in. Get changed just before the audition. If nothing else you'll feel better in something clean and tidy and if you do get through to the second audition it'll be good to be wearing a different outfit.

Elisha: Oh, dad, it's a blind audition. No one will see me.

Jeremy: Don't be so certain of that. At the very least there'll be someone telling you where to go and what to do who may be reporting back to the selection panel and they may well be filming you. After all, an orchestra is a visual thing as well as auditory. They'll want to be sure you won't scare the audience. What are you going to wear tomorrow?

Elisha: This dress. The one I use for the Gloucester orchestra.

Jeremy: No, don't. You've worn it this evening and it's crumpled and you won't have time to wash and press it. Wear something else.

Elisha: I suppose I could wear that pastel green one I had to wear for the Bristol Orchestra.

Jeremy: Do you like it?

Elisha: Yes I do but I rarely wear it. It's too formal for normal use and most orchestras want black.

Jeremy: Do you have anything else? Something for the second audition?

Elisha: No, not really. Can't I wear the green one again?

Jeremy: You still have the soul of a student, Elisha. If you want to be successful you have to look successful and with a women there is nothing like a different outfit every time you are seen to make you look successful.

Elisha: I'm a girl on a budget, dad. I can't afford loads of fancy clothes.

Jeremy: As I said earlier, my role as your father has largely been to make sure it wasn't money that stood in the way. You'll have finished the first audition by 4?

Elisha: Yes.

Jeremy: Then if you are through to the second round, go and buy something striking. My treat. There's bound to be a decent clothes shop nearby.

Elisha: But ...

Jeremy: I insist. I can't help with your music but I can help with your career, if only in a small way. If you are going to be great you have to look the part.

Elisha (*mood:sad*): Oh dad ... well, OK. Yes I will and thank you.

Jeremy: Good. Now go to bed. You can't play well if you are exhausted.

Elisha: Yes daddy. Goodnight ... Oh, dad.

Jeremy: Yes?

Elisha: I do love you. You know that, don't you?

Jeremy: Yes, and I love you too, sweetie. Goodnight. Oh, and one more thing, Elisha.

Elisha: Mmm?

Jeremy: I don't think you're going to be great. I think you're going to be phenomenal.

Elisha (*mood:happy*): You and me both, dad. Like, totally awesome!

| At 22:02 GMT Elisha's phone received an SMS from The Gap advertising a 10% discount on any dresses purchased online within the next hour.

| At 22:03 GMT 22 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.gap.co.uk – time on site:8m29s
www.google.com query: “clothes shops at the o2” – time on site:26s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shops/ – time on site:2m8s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shop/calvin-klein/ – time on site:39s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shop/gant/ – time on site:28s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shop/james-lakeland/ – time on site:1m1s
www.google.com query: “james lakeland stores” – time on site:3s
www.james-lakeland.co.uk – time on site:28m7s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shops/ – time on site:22s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shop/phase-eight/ – time on site:19s
www.google.com query: “phase=eight stores” – time on site:3s
www.phase-eight.com – time on site:23m44s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shops/ – time on site:16s
www.iconattheo2.co.uk/shop/ted-baker/ – time on site:19s

www.google.com query: "ted bakker stores" – time on site:4s
www.tedbaker.com/uk – time on site:16m0s
www.shein.co.uk – time on site:4m51s

Monday 2nd December 2019

| *Transcript of video recorded by Elisha's phone commencing 14:01 GMT.*

Hi guys. Well, today's the big day. I'm not allowed to record any of the actual audition but what I'm going to do is record the before and after and tell you what happened and how it went. I'm sorry if the recording is a little shaky but I'm, like, really nervous. And tense. Yeah, nervous and tense. See this?

This is North Greenwich Station which is actually pretty cool, not like most London stations which are old and dirty. I guess it was built specially for the Millennium Dome. Umm, it's, ahh, just gone 2pm and I have to be backstage at the O2 Arena no later than quarter to three. If I'm late I won't be allowed to audition so I've got less than three quarters of an hour to find it.

It's not looking good since I can't even see the O2. I thought it was straight ahead when you come out of the station but it isn't. Umm. Excuse me. Where's the O2?

(unidentified voice) The O2? Oh, it's umm, just around that corner. Over there. You can't miss it.

Thank you! Right, it's this way apparently. Should be just around this ...

Jesus! That's big. That's really big. Wow. It's kind of like a tent, a marquee, but it's huge! Wow. Look, guys, laugh at me if you want, but even though I know that the Arena holds something like 20,000 people I was expecting something way way smaller. Anyway, I'd better hurry up because I've got to find the way in then find the stage entrance to the Arena which I think is somewhere round the back and I really need to find a toilet as well. I'm so nervous I'm busting and I've got to change too. God, I hope they've got some water as well. My mouth's like, really dry.

Ahh, I think that's the main entrance. It kind of looks like a main entrance and, yes, there are people going in and out which is a good sign. And there's this line on the ground as well. See?

I don't know what it means but there's something written on the paving just up there. OK, that's weird. It says, look,

Greenwich still the centre of space and time. Well, OK. I don't know what that means either. It's a bit metaphysical I guess. Maybe it's for tourists. More to the point it doesn't say toilets this way. Ahh, yes, that's definitely the main entrance, over there.

OK guys. It's, umm, ten past two and I'm at the main entrance. Look at this.

That's how high this damned thing is. It goes way way up there and there's, like, this walkway that goes over the top of it. Jesus, I hope it's strong and not about to collapse. Anyway, the HR woman said I'd be prosecuted if I recorded inside the Enclave and I'm kinda scared that that applies anywhere inside the O2 dome so I'm going to stop recording now. I'll let you know how it goes after. Wish me luck, hey, fingers crossed.

| *Transcript of video recorded by Elisha's phone commencing 15:34 GMT.*

Hey guys. Well, it's all over, yeah, for real. I fucked it up, like, totally. I'm sitting in this cafe next door having some tea and a comfort muffin. They'll announce who's going though to the next round in, oh, 20 minutes or so so I guess I'll go back in just to make it official but it's all over. Hey ho. Oh, here's my tea.

Thanks.

Actually, this looks like a really nice muffin, though. See the shape? And these look like real blueberries, not just blobs of blue food dye. The tea's hot, too. Where's the sugar? Ah, here it is.

OK, so what happened? Well, I found the backstage entrance and registered. The girl looked totally bored but then I guess she would be. I was in the 5th group so she'll have seen 40 others already. There was a lavvy there too so I managed to have a pee and get changed and sort out my hair which was all windswept and messy. There was only just enough time to warm up my clarinet but I didn't have time to do

any practice. Then this Janel woman turned up and took us as a group over to The Enclave backstage area.

This tea is actually pretty nice. It's kind of like English Breakfast only it isn't. I should have asked what it was.

I was pretty nervous, actually, and I really felt out of place and self conscious. I'd changed into a green dress that I wore when I did a couple of concerts with the Bristol Symphony a couple of years ago and I felt like I stood out. The others were all in black, except one guy who was in jeans and a sweater and there's me in this green evening dress. Oh well. Anyway, I was second up so when the first guy went through I played a few scales and did some breathing exercises to try to calm myself. I swear he was in there for only a minute or so then Janel called me and told me to take my shoes off and not to say a word. I was to play the piece on the stand then she'd swap it with another and I was to play that. She said if I had any questions I was to signal her and we'd come back into the backstage area to talk. That's pretty much normal although it felt weird standing in front of a black curtain barefoot in an evening dress. The sound was a bit odd too, like maybe the curtain deadened it.

Still, I saw the first piece which was Busoni's Elegia for Clarinet and Piano which calmed me down a bit. I know that piece well so I started to play and that's when it all went wrong. I have no idea what happened, I had some kind of brain freeze or something. Anyway, I think it was in bar 15 my brain just blanked out and I played the F# with the E and the side F# not the conventional F# which got me a little flustered although I finished it.

Then there was a little pause while Janel changed the music and I stressed out about the Busoni then, you'll never guess. That second piece was only that Berlioz Symphonie Fantastique and my heart just sank. That's the piece I've been struggling to find anything new to say about and it just came out tired and depressed. It was crap, to be honest. Anyway, when it was all over I put my shoes back on, packed up my clarinet and ran away to hide. I really couldn't face sitting there with all the others. Oh, and let me tell you something. When you start as a group everyone's nervous but the atmosphere changes as people do their auditions and come back out to wait for the verdict. It starts

to get very tense and poisonous and it must be sheer hell for the last one to go. I really couldn't handle it so now I'm sitting here in a cafe in the middle of the afternoon in an evening dress with a cup of tea and getting funny looks. Maybe people think I'm a hooker or something.

It's nearly ten to four now so the last one should be finishing. I guess I'd better wander back and hear the bad news. Can't say I want to though but I 'spose I'd better make it official. Ciao for now.

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 15:44 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Jason Molina and Dennis Naylor (mood:Jason-bored, Dennis-bored)

Jason: That was the last one, wasn't it?
Dennis: Yes, E10. Only 26 to go, thank God.
Jason: That's the trouble with the first group after lunch. Makes me feel sleepy. Anyway, I've got three, E2, E4 and E5. How about you?
Dennis: I thought only E2 and E4 were of any interest.
Jason: You didn't like E5?
Dennis: I didn't like or dislike E5. I've written absolutely nothing down for him and I don't recall any impressions at all.
Jason: Not to worry. I'll cross him off. E2?
Dennis: Now he is my preference, I confess. I don't suppose you picked up that unconventional fingering in the 16th bar of the Busoni?
Jason: I admit I didn't, or if I did I didn't make a note of it.
Dennis: It changed the mood of that early middle section entirely. I'm not sure I liked that mood change but I was quite impressed whoever it was thought of it.
Jason: Interesting. What appealed to me with E2 was actually the Berlioz. I've heard it played a thousand times but there was just the faintest hint of an underlying sadness, almost a despair, which I felt gave a very interesting human counterpoint.
Dennis: Yes, I felt the same although I wrote down pathos but, yes, sadness. It was a very interesting interpretation.

Quite brave, actually, under the circumstances. I don't think I'd have risked it for an audition.

Jason: Yes, not your usual fare. E4?

Dennis: Competent, solid, businesslike, steady, nice tone. I can see this person as a very reliable Second Clarinet.

Jason: But not First Clarinet?

Dennis: Well, that's not for me to say. It is a factor for you to consider for when I retire but I'm inclined to think E4 doesn't quite have the panache for First Clarinet.

Jason: E2 though? Any potential for First Clarinet there?

Dennis: Hmm. I'm inclined to say yes but this one could also be dangerous. I have a feeling that there's a potential soloist in there, just bursting to break free. I wouldn't be surprised if this one didn't stay with us long enough to take over from me.

Jason: So, E2 or E4?

Dennis: If it was just me, I'd go for E2 and take the risk but the role is for Second Clarinet and you'll still be here when I've retired. You'll be the one living with the consequences.

Jason: You're taking this too seriously, Dennis. This is just the first round not the final decision and there was that one in the second group that would give E2 a serious challenge.

Dennis: True. I'll say E2 then. I'd like to hear him or her again. I'm inclined to think it's a her actually. There's a level of emotion there that men don't usually have.

Jason: Unless he's gay, Dennis, you never know. OK, E2 it is then. Kathy, could you take this note through to Janel, for me? I really must use the facilities before the next lot arrive. Could you get us some more coffee, as well? Thanks, sweetie.

| *Transcript of video recorded by Elisha's phone commencing 16:21 GMT*

Oh my God, guys! I still don't believe it! I've been standing outside the back of the O2 breathing in second hand cigarette smoke for, like, forever, just trying to get a handle on this! Oh my God! I'm through to the second round! Like, wow!

(unidentified voice) Oi, watch it!

Ooops, sorry, didn't see you there. My bad. Sorry!

(unidentified mumbling)

Yeah, I just knocked into that poor guy and spilt his coffee down his front. I hope it wasn't too hot. Hooo, yeah, I need to get a grip.

Oh, yeah, look at this!

It's my confirmation letter! See? It's got my name and everything! I'm to report to the backstage of the Enclave at 10am tomorrow for the second round. See? It's official! It's even been signed! How the fuck it happened I have no idea but who cares, hey? Who bloody cares? I'm in the second round and the slate's wiped clean. I'm still shaking! Oh my God!

That Janel doesn't like me though. I hope she isn't part of the panel for tomorrow. I was a little late getting back and the announcement had already been made and I wasn't there. She was so pissed off. Just as well I was in the green dress as I got mixed up with the next group coming in but she recognised me. Said something about how I should wait for the outcome and not go wandering off and how I need to take this seriously. Snotty bitch. Anyway, gotta go. I need to get another dress for tomorrow. Actually, I'm just going to walk around for a bit first until my knees stop trembling then I'll get another dress. Hey, did I mention I'm through to the second round? Cool huh!

From 17:52 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Greenwich, UK, and Jeremy Houghton's phone, located in Stroud, UK.

17:52 Elisha: Hey dad – thru to 2nd round yay :D have bought lovely dress – metallic silver evening maxi dress with long sleeves, wrap crossover waist and v neck – get mum to explain – it was £399 reduced to £99 :))

17:55 Jeremy: That is excellent news! We knew you could do it. What is wrong with the dress?

17:56 Elisha: Tiny tear in hem – guess someone caught it with heel

when trying on. Am waiting for bus to petas. Wish me luck for tomorrow.

17:57 Jeremy: Luck doesn't come into it. Your mother wants to know where you got the dress so she can look at it online.

17:58 Elisha: James lakeland at the o2 – never heard of it before but it's a pretty swanky shop – the other dress I liked was £1299.

18:06 Jeremy: That is a lovely dress, the one you bought.

18:07 Elisha: Yes :) made me feel like a princess :)

18:08 Jeremy: You are a princess, sweetie. Your mother sends her congratulations as well.

From 18:27 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in North Lewisham, UK, and Sandy Belmont's phone, located in Gloucester, UK.

18:27 Elisha: Hey Sandy, I'm thru to second audition :) :) You OK to play at wheatsheaf tomorrow?

18:28 Sandy: You really are a bitch :D Yeah, I'm good for tomorrow – does the band know and who do I talk to about the set?

18:29 Elisha: Am about to tell Derek – will get him to call you

18:29 Sandy: OK and great about audit hon :) hugs

From 18:30 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in South Lewisham, UK, and Derek Delaney's phone, located in Gloucester, UK.

18:30 Elisha: Hey Derek am through to 2nd round audition so won't be back for gig tomorrow. Sandy is good to go so could you ring her about the set? I think she's nervous.

18:31 Derek: OK

18:33 Derek: Well done

Transcript of voices recorded by Elisha's phone from 18:38 GMT. Voices not recognised.

(knocking sounds)

Elisha (*muffled*): Hi, Peta!

Peta (*muffled*): Hey, is that you Elisha? Wow, look at you! You're so sophisticated in that dress! Green always did suit you. How did the audition go?

Elisha: Thanks, Peta. Yeah, I'm through to the second round. Yayy!

Peta: Oh, hey, that's wonderful! Come in, come in. Sanam, say hello to Elisha. She's my friend from uni. Come on, say hello. Come back, oh, sorry, Elisha. He's a little shy with strangers. He'll be fine when he gets used to you.

Elisha: Oh, that's OK. I'm shy with strangers too.

Peta: Oh, before I forget. Do you have your phone with you?

Elisha: Yeah, it's in my bag.

Peta: Would you mind turning it off? Only Joshil won't allow anything connected to the internet in the house. He's a bit paranoid about it, you see.

Elisha: Oh, right, sure, yeah, just a sec.

(*indecipherable noises*)

| At 18:40 GMT Elisha's phone was shut down.

| *Transcript of recording made from internet activated smart interactive toy identified as "P9314-SPDRMN-pacq19-9s34158-201903" located in South Lewisham, UK, commencing 18:52 GMT. Participants identified as Sanam Khatri, Peta Khatri, Elisha Houghton, Joshil Khatri. (mood:Sanam-wary, Peta-tired, Elisha-happy, Joshil-tired)*

Sanam: Spiderman! Look, look!

Elisha: Oh, that's very nice, umm, Sanam.

Spiderman: My name is Peter Parkes, what's yours?

Sanam: Peter Parkes, Peter Parkes, Spiderman! My name is Sanam, what's yours?

Elisha: I'm Elisha.

Peta: He loves Spiderman. Can't get enough.

Spiderman: With great power comes great responsibility!

Sanam: You hold him.

Elisha: Ah, OK. Yes, I'll hold him.

Peta: It's time he went to bed. Come on, little man, bedtime for you.

Sanam: Five minutes! Five minutes!

Joshil: You heard your mother, Sanam. Go to bed, now.

Sanam: Nooooo. Gimme Spiderman!

Joshil: Yes. Bed.

Spiderman: Playing super hero is not a game!

Peta: I fed him earlier. I didn't want his routine interrupted. I'll put him to bed then get on with dinner. Sausages and mash alright? Come on, little man. Say night night.

Sanam: Night night, night night, night night, night night.

Joshil: Good night, Sanam. Give me a kiss.

Elisha: Ahh, good night Sanam, sleep well.

(long silence)

Elisha *(mood:uncertain)*: So, umm, Peta tells me you won't have any internet devices in the house?

Joshil: No.

Elisha: OK. Umm, why not? Don't you find it restrictive?

Joshil: Hah! I work in computers, in what is called Big Data or more properly data warehousing. I know how much data is collected from everything that happens on the internet and what it's used for. I'm not having my family spied on and manipulated like that.

Elisha *(mood:nervous)*: Ah, OK then. But isn't it just for some advertising?

Joshil *(mood:intense)*: At the moment, it is mostly advertising but there are companies using the data to try to manipulate people politically and, of course, who knows what future extremist governments might do in the future to control the population. And then there's all the sickos and criminals.

Elisha: Sickos? What sickos?

Joshil: Paedophiles, rapists and that lot. Like with this Spiderman doll. If it was internet capable a paedo could hack it and listen to Sanam, maybe even talk to him since the toy can talk. I'm not having that. I've got to protect my family.

Elisha:: Well, yes, I suppose. Hmm. So, umm, where are you from?

Joshil: Islington.

Elisha: No, I meant before that.

Joshil: Tufnell Park.

Elisha: Um, OK.

Joshil: Next you are going to say I speak very good English, for an Indian.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Well, umm, no.

Joshil: It's a very racist thing.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): What is? Speaking English?

Joshil: No, assuming from the colour of my skin that I'm Indian. I'm not. I am as British as you are. My family has been here for four generations. I have never been to India and I don't speak Gujarati. I'm a Londoner, born and bred.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): OK. Umm, I didn't mean to be racist. I was just making conversation.

Joshil: It is implicit in everything you do. You see a brown man and you have certain expectations of behaviours and attitudes.

Elisha: Well, umm, OK. Listen, I don't want to argue with you but isn't everyone like that? You see a woman and you have expectations that she'll be different to a man, or a child, or a drunk in the street. It's just a way of coping with everything going on around. I wouldn't have thought that was racist, just basic survival.

Peta: Is Joshie giving you the racism talk, Elisha? Don't let him bother you. He got turned down for a job today and he's convinced it was because he's Indian.

Joshil: And it was! When I went for the interview the guy looked surprised and said oh, you're Indian and the interview was very short. I tried to explain that I was British but he wouldn't listen.

Spiderman: Playing super hero is not a game!

Elisha: Ooops, sorry.

Peta: Stop giving Elisha a hard time. It's not her fault. I'm going to start dinner.

Joshil: Hmph.

(*long silence*)

Joshil: So, umm, Peta tells me you are an orchestra musician?

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Well, trying to be. I went for an audition today which is why I'm here. I've been called back for the second audition tomorrow.

Joshil: Ahh, I see, yes. And we are delighted to have you stay

with us. Can I ask you something about orchestras? I've always wanted to know.

Elisha: Yeah, sure, of course.

Joshil: Why do they have to be funded with public money? Surely if they are worth having then they should be able to support themselves, like a pop group or any business?

Elisha: Well, there are two reasons really. One is that some things which are considered to be good need to be supported collectively otherwise they'd never survive and the other is, I guess, historical, or at least the consequence of capitalism.

Joshil: But surely if something is good it will make money?

Elisha: Yeah, so you'd think. Tell me, do you take Sanam to the park? Let him play on the swings and roundabouts?

Joshil: Of course. It is good for his health and for developing social skills.

Elisha: Yeah, sure. So would you still take him if you had to pay £30 admission every time?

Joshil: What do you mean?

Elisha: If the Council didn't pay for the park's maintenance and facilities and so on that's what you'd have to pay to use it.

Joshil: £30? As much as that?

Elisha: Oh, I don't know how much it would be but you get the point. You'd have to pay something and parks aren't cheap to run. Plus they could sell the land for development so there's the lost profit there too. It's the same with leisure centres and public toilets and refuges for battered women and so on. Surely you wouldn't want a refuge to be a profitable business?

Joshil (*mood:curious*): How do you know so much about this?

Elisha: Oh, I did a research paper on orchestra economics for my Masters.

Joshil: I see. And the other reason?

Elisha: That's simple economics. We live in a capitalist society driven by growth and to succeed a business must be constantly reducing costs and increasing efficiency.

Joshil: Absolutely, and that is my question.

Elisha: Well, the thing is that reducing costs usually means

reducing labour costs and using technological advances when they are made. Like robots or something. The trouble is that orchestras have their roots in the 16th and 17th centuries and you simply can't replace the instruments or the people with modern technology. You could use a synthesiser, I guess, but the sound is still very different and there's always a machine-like quality about them. On the other hand, as the economy grows labour costs rise, but you couldn't possibly run an orchestra if you paid the musicians at the same rate they were paid in the 16th century. No one can get by on 10 shillings a year now. So orchestras are in a trap. They're kind of out-dated technology, still living in the 16th century but forced to exist in the 21st century. Labour costs of the orchestra are constantly rising but it's impossible to benefit from technology. It's really a no win situation and no one would go to a concert if they had to pay a couple of thousand each time. Well, a few would, but it wouldn't be economically viable, so what it really boils down to is the question, do we want to have classical music played on real instruments or not, just like do we want parks and leisure centres and refuges for battered woman? If we do then it has to be subsidised and supported.

Joshil (*mood:thoughtful*): You make a very good case. I hadn't thought of it that way.

Elisha: Actually, there's a lot less subsidy in the UK for orchestras than in Europe. It varies but in Europe orchestras are subsidised by 70 to 80% whereas in Britain it's never more than 30% and now with Brexit we're never going to be aligned with the rest of Europe. Most British orchestras are almost totally dependent on sponsorship by business which then begs the question, why would a business give money to an orchestra? They are, after all, in business to make a profit. Why throw away good money to no purpose?

Joshil: I suppose it's part of their image.

Elisha: Exactly. A company like, I don't know, Shell maybe, will give money to an orchestra, just like BetFred gives money to the snooker tournaments or McDonalds to

the Olympics, to try to influence public opinion. You know, it's like, we can't be that bad if we support the arts and sport. Buy more of our product and help music or sport or whatever. If it didn't work they wouldn't do it.

(faint wailing and cries)

Peta: Dinner's nearly ready. Where's Spiderman? Sanam refuses to go to sleep without him.

Elisha: Here it is.

Spiderman: I'm Spiderman. Weird things happen to me all the time!

Tuesday 3rd December 2019

| At 07:59 GMT Elisha's phone was booted: battery level 53%.

| At 08:00 GMT nine SMS messages were downloaded, including the following:

Jamie: Heard you've been audited and passed – awesome :) go Elisha!

ToysnMore: 15% discount on all interactive toys and dolls. Simply enter the code XMAS on *this* website

Simone: Mum told me about your audition – I'm impressed, about time my baby sis did something with her life lol. Hey, if orchestra ever performs in Birmingham, Novotel will give a big discount for a group booking. Call me Eli, been a long time since we talked.

| *Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 11:23 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Jason Molina, Janel Kantara and Dennis Naylor (mood: Jason-concerned, Janel-harassed, Dennis-thoughtful).*

Jason: Ahh, Janel. So that was the last of them?

Janel: Yes. I'm glad that's over. So, which one's going to be interviewed?

Jason: I thought they were all fairly good. Dennis? Your thoughts?

Dennis: Hmm. Janel, was the 6th one E2 yesterday?

Janel: I really can't tell you that, Dennis. This is a blind audition.

Dennis: I'm pretty sure it was. There's something about him. Or her.

Jason: So you're going for the 6th?

Dennis: Perhaps. There were a couple of others that I felt distinguished themselves.

Jason: Which ones were they?

Dennis: Tell me yours first.

Jason: Oh, OK. Umm, the 2nd, the 6th and the 8th.

Dennis: Now I thought you'd pick the 4th. He was the only one

to play the Klarinetconcerto all the way through without a breath.

Jason: Yes but he was fading at the end so it didn't sound that good, especially as the full piece goes on for another 10 minutes or so.

Dennis: Exactly, and that was, after all, the whole point of my including that piece. It would take many months of practice to get it perfect and I doubt anyone could crack it in a month. The key here was how well they disguised their breathing and you've picked the same three I have. They each managed to breathe without disrupting the flow and I doubt anyone would notice unless they were specifically listening for it.

Janel (*mood:irritated*): Oh God. So you've managed to get them down from 11 to 3? We're going to be here for the rest of the day. I'm going out for a smoke.

Dennis: You really ought to ...

Janel: No! Don't tell me to stop smoking! It's the only thing round here that keeps me sane.

Jason: Are we in fact down to three?

Dennis: I'd also consider the 1st if you'd been interested but you aren't. You said the 2nd, the 6th and the 8th?

Jason: Ah, yes.

Dennis: Then we're down to 3 as I have the same.

Jason: Any reservations?

Dennis: My problem is that after hearing eleven, I'm struggling to remember the 2nd. I wrote down that I didn't get the feeling of a strong primitive sensuality in the Stravinsky. There was a sensuality, or so I remember, but it wasn't strong.

Jason: Interesting. I'm trying to ... hmm, I think you're right. The very fact that I don't remember ... What about the other two?

Dennis: No, I have no reservations with either. They were different, to be sure, but both their interpretations and renditions were clearly defined and extremely well presented. I'd have no qualms if we offered the seat to either of them.

Jason: That's going to ... no, there is something. I can see it in your face.

Dennis: No, no.

Jason: I know you too well, Dennis. We've both been here since this orchestra's inception. Tell me.

Dennis: Oh ... it's more of a gut feeling than anything. I'm convinced that the 6th was that one from yesterday that I told you I thought was dangerous although it wasn't so apparent today. Whoever it is was more controlled, more ... conventional, shall we say. On the basis of what we've just been listening to the 6th and the 8th are well matched, but I can't help thinking about E2 from yesterday.

Jason: So you're saying we should offer the seat to the 6th?

Dennis: No, I'm not saying that. I'm saying, and only because you're forcing me to, that there is a quality peculiar to E2 that is worth exploring and it's quite possible that neither the 6th nor the 8th were E2. Perhaps E2 is one of the one's we've dismissed completely.

Janel: So how's it going?

Jason: That was quick.

Janel: Nervous desperation. Still on three?

Dennis: No, I think we're down to two.

Janel: Well, that's some progress and more than I expected. What do you want to do?

Jason: I think we're going to have to bring your son in, Dennis.

Dennis: I think you're right.

Janel: You mean ...?

Jason: Yes. A third audition.

Janel (*mood:sarcastic*): Oh, wonderful. Right, I'll go and tell Malcolm. Shall we say one o'clock?

Dennis: I need to find a printer but one o'clock should be fine.

Jason: Yes, one's fine with me, too.

Janel: I'll tell the candidates as well. Oh, which two?

Jason: The 6th and the 8th.

Janel: Right. I'll get the curtain removed and start the background checks. You've got the music?

Dennis: That's what I need to print. Since the 3rd audition isn't going to be blind can you tell me if the 6th was E2 from yesterday, Janel?

Janel: Sure. Actually I can tell you now who they both are. 6th

is Elisha Houghton and 8th is Ali Kumar. Let me see, umm, oh yes, Elisha was E2 yesterday as well.

Dennis (*mood:triumphant*): Hah! I knew it! A girl!

Janel (*mood:sour*): Yes and a troublemaker to boot. You know she walked out after her audition yesterday? Came back as part of the F group. A prima donna in the making there.

Dennis (*mood:contemplative*): You know that doesn't surprise me. I can hear it in her playing.

| *Transcript of video recorded by Elisha's phone commencing 12:07 GMT.*

Hi guys! You're not going to believe this! I'm not sure I believe it either but I'm one of the last two! Yes, they're having a third audition and there's only two of us. Wow!

Oh yeah, I'm back in the same cafe as yesterday and guess what? The barista remembered me! He said I looked a lot happier than yesterday, which was quite sweet of him. I'm just having black tea today since I don't want to get any wind or hiccups or clog up my throat. Anyway, so this is what happened. There were eleven of us for the second round and it went much the way they did yesterday. Barefoot and behind a curtain, but it went much better for me. You remember I was having so much trouble with that Klarinetconcerto by Lindberg? Well, after my little breakdown I figured I was never going to learn how to play it properly in the time so I worked out how to squeeze in some breaths by dropping a couple of 16th notes which looked like they wouldn't be missed. I'm glad I did because that was the first piece I had to play and I wasn't phased. I stayed cool and calm and played it the way I'd practised and it sounded good to me. I guess the panel thought it sounded good too, or maybe they just missed my dropping notes. After that was Stravinsky's Rite of Spring which is something I'm comfortable with. Some people don't like it. They consider it primitive but I find it, I don't know, exhilarating I guess. Also, after the telling off I got from Janel yesterday I hung around, I was 6th so it was, like, an hour before she came back and told me and this guy called Ali that we were in the playoffs. I was quite shocked, I think, since I've never even got through to a second round before but you know something? I've spent the last month or so convincing myself

that I was going to go out in the first round. I guess maybe it was a defensive thing, especially with all the problems I was having with the excerpts but ...

(unidentified voice) Excuse me, is this seat taken?

What? Oh no, all good. Help yourself. Where was I? Oh yeah. I woke up this morning and I realised I was, like, totally different. Knowing I was through to the second round was like some sort of breakthrough for me and, like, I really really want this job now. It's like I've come full circle from being, hey, yeah, I don't care to yeah, I want this, I really really want this. Like, getting the second audition was a major achievement but, it's already history. Now it's like, one on one, me against him. It's so close I can taste it, you know? OK, so what happens now?

(unidentified voice): What are you doing? I'm Nathan, by the way.

Yeah, hi. Umm, I'm recording something for my vlog. Listen, I'm kind of busy right now, OK?

(unidentified voice) Oh sure, yeah, no problem.

Yeah, sorry about that. I'll edit him out. OK. It's, umm, about twenty past twelve and the final round's at 1. It's an open audition which is great because there'll be no curtain. I'll be able to see the audience although there's only going to be four people but that's fine. I've had smaller audiences at the Barge. The only real problem is that I've no idea what I'll be playing. They've got some piece that's been written especially ...

(unidentified voice) So you're a musician?

What? Yeah. Hey, I'm trying to do this ...

(unidentified voice) Sorry, didn't mean to interrupt. Umm, I work for the O2. I'm one of the guides for the SkyWalk, you know, the climb over the top of the dome?

Yeah, that's great, but I'm, like, busy, you know?

(unidentified voice) No problem.

So they've got this piece which has been written just for this audition which has never been played before, apparently, and we don't get to see it in advance. Then we'll both be interviewed then they'll make a decision.

(unidentified voice) So what's your name?

Jesus. I'm Elisha, OK? And I play classical clarinet so I'm, like, really boring, OK? No fun at all, so leave me alone, OK?

(unidentified voice) Yeah, yeah, sure. No problem. It's all cool.

Now I've lost the thread. OK, I'll finish this off later.

(recording terminated)

(unidentified voice) So can I get you a coffee or something?

It's Nathan, right?

(unidentified voice) Yeah, and you're Elisha.

Yeah. Listen, umm, Nathan. Don't take this the wrong way, OK, but I'm really stressed right now and I've got this really really important audition coming up in about half an hour so I'd really appreciate some alone time, OK? You understand?

(unidentified voice) Yeah, sure, Elisha, yeah, I understand. Hey, Elisha, that's a pretty name.

Yeah, I'll tell my parents you liked it, OK. They chose it, not me.

(unidentified voice) Yeah, like, that's funny, yeah. So you've got an audition? That's, like, really cool. So umm, you want to go out after? Have a few drinks, chill, relax?

No, really, no, no way.

(unidentified voice) Oh, come on babe. Just a drink or two or three. Know what I'm saying? Hey, that's a really nice dress you're almost wearing there. It would look even better on my bedroom floor. What do you say? I'm not working this afternoon. C'mon, babe.

OK, that's it. I'm going. No. You stay here. Don't follow me.

(unidentified voice) (faint) What's the matter, hey? Can't take a joke? Shit, you bitches are all the same.

The following email was received by Janel's tablet at 12:29 GMT (mood:neutral; marketing keywords suppressed):

To: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
From: system@employmentservices.com
Subject: Social media analysis
Attached: transcripts_elisha_houghton.pdf

Thank you for using our services.

Analysis has been performed on the following social media accounts:

Facebook: elisha_houghton, elishaclarinet

Twitter: @elishaclarinet, @jazzedupelisha

YouTube: elisha_clarinet

LinkedIn: Elisha Houghton

Instagram: #elishah, #elishaclarinet

Analysis period: 2014 to 2019

Personality Matrix derived from keyword analysis; frequency and context (range: 1 to 5):

Emotional stability	3.5
Extraversion	3.2
Openness to experience	2.6
Conscientiousness	4.7
Agreeableness	3.9

Content analysis:

Attitude to employers	positive
Creativity	positive

Attention seeking	medium
Deceptive content	none
Sexual content	none
Alcohol content	very low
LGBQ content	very low
Smoking and drug content	low
Political content	low
Gun related content	very low
Political orientation	right to centre right
Communication skills	very good to excellent
Literacy	graduate to post graduate
Images flagged for inappropriate content	none
Text flagged for inappropriate content	none
Frequency of SM posting	below average for age group
Image perception among followers	positive to very positive
Number of SM followers	below average

**Alert: unusual frequency of postings and other communications during anti-social hours indicating possible sleep related issues

**Alert: unusual frequency of postings and other communications relating to music indicating possible obsessive personality

**Alert: unusual frequency of mobile phone and ipad battery levels below 20% indicating lack of attention to detail and/or low technical awareness

Transcripts of the five most recent postings for each social media platform attached.

We hope this informs your recruitment process.

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 13:47 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Malcolm Beeton, Jason Molina, Janel Kantara and Dennis Naylor (mood:Malcolm-relaxed, Jason-relaxed, Janel-concerned, Dennis-tense).

Malcolm: Sorry I couldn't make it for the music part. I've been on the phone to Sergey for the last 2 hours.

Jason: Problems with our noble sponsor?

Malcolm: I've no idea what the conversation was about. I think he just wanted to chat. OK, so this is the Second Clarinet, isn't it? We've got two to interview?

Janel: Yes. Elisha Houghton and Ali Kumar. Ms Houghton will

be up first.

Malcolm: You got the analyses? Anything of interest?

Janel: I've printed copies for you, together with her resume. A quick summary. She's 28. unmarried, a graduate of Guildhall, both Bachelors and Masters. Some work freelancing with orchestras although none of the majors. She also does some private tuition work and plays regularly with a jazz band. The social media analysis is fairly typical for a musician, although somewhat atypical for someone in her age range in that she appears to have few vices. What is interesting is her lack of criticism of either Goldsmith's or any of the orchestras she's worked with.

Jason: Or she doesn't talk about her vices at any rate. Look at that, anti-social hours. We work in the evenings, what do you expect?

Janel: Exactly so, no, I don't see any issues there. What does concern me is one of the transcripts. Umm, the one dated 22nd November this year.

(rustling)

Malcolm: Hmm. So you think she's emotionally unstable?

Janel: This is what's puzzling me. She's 3.5 for emotional stability which is slightly above average yet this post would suggest she should be in the low 2s, perhaps even in the 1s.

Jason: Obviously you didn't do maths at school, Janel. 3.5 is the average but we have one item with a low score so that must mean, mathematically, that the rest of the values compensate. In other words, she has a higher emotional stability score overall that is being brought down by this one post.

Malcolm: So you don't think it's significant?

Jason: Not in the least. Look, you're not seeing the bigger picture. She's a young woman with little real experience of orchestras and she's having problems with some of the excerpts. We've all been there, the only difference is that when I was that age we didn't post about it on the internet.

Malcolm: Fair point, and orchestras are rampant with emotionally unstable people. Actually, it's this other

one that concerns me more. The, ah, 4th of November. About a third of the way down, where she talks about her ambitions.

(rustling)

Dennis: Hah! What did I tell you, Jason?

Janel: What did you tell Jason?

Dennis: I got a sense during the first round that this player had a sense of individuality. She wants to be a soloist and here she's openly admitting it.

Malcolm: And what concerns me is that if we offer her the seat she's unlikely to stay long.

Dennis: Not necessarily. She says that's her ambition but notice she's seeing it in the medium term and, judging by her playing, I don't think she's matured enough yet. She's getting there but she hasn't yet learned to trust her instincts. I suspect she still sees them as a flaw, something to be overcome rather than nurtured.

Malcolm: Be that as it may, we still have the commercial realities to consider. I don't want the expense of freelancers and another round of auditions if she decides to cut loose in the next couple of years.

Jason: Actually, Malcolm, I think you're being a little harsh here. Whoever we give this seat to may well not survive probation. That's the risk we take with everyone.

Malcolm: Hmm, perhaps. Any other points?

Janel: I do think it's interesting that she's defending us in that transcript. She'd only just been told she had an audition. It does suggest a high degree of loyalty which may counter what you're saying about leaving to go solo.

Malcolm: Ah well, let's wheel her in and have a look at her.

(long silence)

Jason *(very faint)*: Phew, look at that dress!

Dennis *(very faint)*: Shhhh!

Janel: Take a seat, Elisha. Now, let me introduce us. I am, as you know, Janel Kantara, the HR Manager. This is Malcolm Beeton, Managing Director of the Orchestra. Jason Molina, First Violin and leader of the Orchestra

...

Jason: Hello Elisha.

Elisha (*mood:nervous*): Hello.

Janel: ... and Dennis Naylor, First Clarinet, to whom you would be reporting if we offer you the seat.

Dennis: Hello.

Elisha: Hello.

Malcolm: Perhaps, Jason, if you start off?

Jason: Certainly, Malcolm. First, let me thank you, Elisha, for coming along and entertaining us with your playing. You're a very fine musician.

Elisha: Thank you.

Jason: You had six years at Guildhall?

Elisha: Yes, umm, that's right. I did my degree then went on to do my Masters in Performance.

Jason: And how long before that were you playing the clarinet?

Elisha: Oh, umm, I first started with the clarinet when I was, umm, 12, although I played the recorder a bit when I was younger.

Jason: So that's, what, 16 years now?

Elisha: Yes.

Jason: And in that time have you mostly concentrated on classical music?

Elisha: I've played a lot of classical music but I've also played a fair amount of jazz. I play with a jazz band at the moment, in fact.

Jason: Yes, I saw that on your resume. What style of jazz does your band play? Traditional?

Elisha: No, we are more of a modern, funk fusion style jazz band.

Malcolm: I'm sorry, what does that mean? Modern funk fusion? Fusion with what?

Elisha: Ahh, yes, that's rather difficult to explain. We often take a classical piece, for example, and use it as a theme but we fuse it with a lot of improvisation and non-classical rhythms and harmonies. It's complicated by the makeup of the band.

Malcolm: Would you explain that?

Elisha: Well, there's me on clarinet, obviously, but we also have a trumpeter, a double bass and a banjo. It's not a conventional line up.

Malcolm (*mood:bemused*): I see.

Dennis: Tell me, Elisha. You have extensive classical training coupled with what I imagine to be extensive experience of improvisation in an unconventional jazz setting. What did you think of the piece we gave you for the third audition?

Elisha (*mood:startled*): Oh, gosh. Wow. That was ... strange.

Dennis: Strange? How so?

Elisha: I don't know. It just felt ... I can't put my finger on any aspect of it in particular. Umm. How can I explain what ... You know sometimes in a film or on TV you get live action mixed with animation? So you're seeing a real person but there's bits of it that are animated?

Dennis: You mean like in Lord of the Rings, for example?

Elisha: Yes, exactly. And you know, no matter how well the animation has been done, you can always tell? Something's not quite right, you know, not quite human enough, if that makes sense?

Dennis: And that's how you felt about that piece? It was like a less than perfect animation?

Elisha: Umm, I'm really sorry if I'm being insulting to anyone. I don't mean to be. It's just that I've never seen that piece before and that's how it felt as I was playing it.

Dennis: That's absolutely fascinating. I must tell my son that.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): I'm sorry?

Dennis: I'd better explain. It was actually an experimental piece created by my son. Well, not him exactly. He's doing his doctorate in Artificial Intelligence and he's been training one of his creations to write music. I'm intrigued that you felt the piece wasn't quite human.

Malcolm: Excuse me, Dennis, but I wonder if we could move things along?

Dennis: Of course.

Malcolm: Now, Elisha, I leave the technical aspects of your music to Jason and Dennis and they assure me that you have the skills to perform at the level required by this orchestra. I do, however, have one question. Where do you see yourself in, say, five or ten years?

Elisha: Well, um, I would very much hope to be a clarinettist with a reputable orchestra such as 515N0W for at least

the next five years although I would hope to have moved up to First Clarinet within ten years.

Malcolm: So you have no plans for, say, a solo career?

Elisha: Plans? No. I would like to be a soloist but I have no plans in that direction right now. Honestly, I don't see that happening in the immediate future. After all, I'm only 28 and I have relatively little experience.

Malcolm: So if we were to offer you the seat of Second Clarinet and you accepted it we could reasonably expect you to remain with the orchestra for a considerable period of time?

Elisha (*mood:tense*): Are you offering me the seat?

Malcolm: We've yet to interview the other finalist so, no, I'm not in a position to make such an offer.

Elisha: Ah, OK.

Janel: You haven't answered Malcolm's question, Elisha.

Elisha: I'm sorry. Yes, if you offer me this seat I would expect to stay for quite a long time.

Malcolm: Thank you. Well, that's enough from me. Any more questions Jason, Dennis, Janel?

Jason: Yes, I have another, if I may.

Malcolm: Go ahead.

Jason: Elisha, in the first round one of the excerpts was from the Symphonie Fantastique by Berlioz. I was intrigued by your choice of interpretation. There was a definite air of melancholy underlying it's normal exuberance. Can you tell me about that.

Elisha (*mood:panic*): Umm, well, umm, erm, well, Berlioz was a drug addict.

Jason (*mood:excited*): Ahh! Of course. Yes, I should have realised.

Janel (*mood:confused*): Realised what? I don't understand.

Jason: Berlioz was an opium addict. In fact it's very likely that he composed a proportion of the Symphonie Fantastique while under the influence. That's what Elisha was trying to convey. That sense of desperation, of crisis and inevitability that every drug addict must experience at some point in their addiction. Isn't that right, Elisha.

Elisha (*mood:relief*): Oh, absolutely.

Dennis: And I have to say I am impressed at your courage for

portraying that during an audition.

Elisha: Umm, thank you.

Malcolm: Any more questions? No? Elisha, perhaps you have a question you would like to ask us?

Elisha: Well, umm, yes, if I may.

Malcolm: Oh yes?

Elisha: Why is the orchestra called 515N0W? It seems a very strange name.

Malcolm (*mood:surprised*): That's on our website, isn't it?

Elisha: I looked on every page but I didn't see it. Perhaps I overlooked ...

Janel: Actually, I don't think it is. I know it's something we've talked about but I'm pretty sure we've not done anything about it yet. After all, the website's only been live for eleven years.

Malcolm (*mood:cross*): Hmm. Well, Elisha. As I'm sure you know most orchestras are named after the city in which they're based. Unfortunately we formed in 2008 and there already was a London Symphony, a London Philharmonic and a Greenwich Symphony so we took a more creative approach to our location.

Elisha: Umm, I'm sorry, I don't understand.

Malcolm: We're in Greenwich. As in GMT?

Elisha: GMT? I, umm, ...

Jason: You know what GMT stands for?

Elisha: Greenwich Mean Time, isn't it? Oh! You mean that Greenwich is this Greenwich? I always thought it was someone's name.

Jason: No, it's this place. The Royal Observatory is just down the road and that's where time is measured from as well as latitudes.

Dennis: Longitudes not latitudes.

Jason: OK, longitudes then. So as you go East or West of Greenwich the time changes so it's so many hours before or after GMT or Greenwich. And the same with your place.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): So how does that become 515N0W?

Jason: We're in The O2 and The O2 is 51.5 degrees North of the equator and zero degrees West, hence 515N-0W. We say now but it's actually n zero w. It's just another way

of saying Greenwich. I suppose we could have said zero degrees East but it isn't as easy to say.

Elisha: Oh, right, I get it. That's kind of clever, I guess. Whose idea was it?

Malcolm: I don't really know. It came up in a meeting and somehow stuck.

Elisha: Oh, right! (*pause*) So that's what that writing outside means! Greenwich, centre of space and time or something.

Dennis: Absolutely. And that line is the Greenwich meridian. All space and time on Earth is based around that line. East, West, before or after GMT. Everyone sets their clocks by it and ships and aeroplanes navigate by it.

Elisha: That is so cool! My dad'll be fascinated by that.

From 14:09 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located at The O2, UK, and Fiona Houghton's phone, located in Gloucester, UK.

14:09 Fiona: Any word yet? I'm all on tenterhooks here

14:10 Elisha: Had interview – other guy still in his

14:11 Fiona: How are you holding up?

14:12 Elisha: My head hurts, I have tummy ache, my eye has started twitching and I'm staring blankly at a wall trying not to think about anything at all but apart from that I'm fine

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 14:17 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Malcolm Beeton, Janel Kantara, Jason Molina, Dennis Naylor (mood:Malcolm-thoughtful, Janel-blank, Jason-thoughtful, Dennis-relaxed)

Malcolm: Right. Well, let's see if we have a quick consensus. I'm for Ali Kumar. Janel?

Janel: I'm for Kumar as well.

Malcolm: Jason?

Jason: Elisha Houghton.

Malcolm: Hmm. Dennis?

Dennis: Elisha.

Malcolm: Bugger. Right. I just need to make a quick phone call, give me a few moments. Hello, Bertie? Malcolm. I'm still tied up in this selection process. Can we push our meeting back? An hour? Excellent, cheers. OK, where were we? Oh yes. My reason for Ali Kumar is that I see Elisha Houghton as a risk. I suspect if we offer her the seat she'll move on when Dennis retires in a couple of years if she isn't promoted to First in his place. We'll then have to recruit for both Clarinets. Your thoughts, Janel?

Janel: Personally I think she could turn out to be something of a liability. I was not impressed that she disappeared before the end of her first round group's audition and I don't think she dressed appropriately for either day of auditions.

Jason (*mood:surprised*): I thought it was a nice dress. What did she wear yesterday?

Janel: Some slinky green number that was only mid calf. At least it was pastel.

Jason: Well, I do wonder if we shouldn't encourage a little more colour. I'm inclined to think it might help our image rather than hinder it. What about you, Dennis?

Dennis: The candidate or our image?

Jason: The candidate. Why do you favour Elisha?

Dennis: Musically, of course. She is at least as good technically as Kumar and some way ahead when it comes to emotional interpretation but, you know, I'm fascinated listening to Malcolm and Janel. I'm struck that neither of you are putting Kumar forward. This entire discussion is about Elisha and whether or not she should be offered the seat. It's almost as though Kumar isn't here. If he gets it it'll be by default, not because he's better.

Janel: I don't know that that's entirely the case, Dennis.

Dennis: Isn't it? I also notice that both of you are rejecting her for reasons of your own making. Malcolm suspects she'll do something in the future but has no solid foundation on which to base that and, frankly, I have no idea why you, Janel, would think she'll be a liability. After all, Janel, you're an administrator, not a musician.

Janel (*mood:irritated*): I really don't see the relevance of that.

Jason: You have a point there, Dennis. You and I have both been through auditions and I dare say you did too, Malcolm, before you moved over to admin.

Malcolm: Actually, no. I never did get as far as an audition which is why I moved into admin.

Jason: Really? I never knew that. Anyway, the atmosphere backstage during an audition can get very nasty and I daresay Elisha simply opted to go for a walk or something instead. Based on what I've seen today I would doubt very much that she was contemptuous enough to simply walk out. What do you think, Dennis?

Dennis: Oh absolutely. I remember years ago at, I think, my second audition, there was a fist fight over something undoubtedly trivial. As regards her dress, well, Elisha is a pretty enough young woman and why can't she dress in a becoming way? Personally I'm tired of all these people dressed in shades of black or scruffy looking music students.

Janel: We have a dress code, Dennis, as do all orchestras and anyone wishing to be a member of that orchestra should expect to have to dress in accordance with that orchestra's code.

Dennis (*mood:sarcastic*): I didn't know we had a dress code for auditions, though. When did that happen?

Janel (*mood:angry*): You know exactly what I mean and I don't think it's unreasonable to expect someone to audition in a manner appropriate to the orchestra. And whilst I am not a musician I have suffered through many more auditions than either of you and I know full well what the atmosphere is like. I have no objection to her leaving the backstage area but she should have let myself or Kathy know before leaving.

Dennis: Indeed, it would have been polite, but I imagine you weren't there and that Kathy was busy with the next group. Certainly I would be reluctant to condemn someone for a minor slip-up like that.

Malcolm (*mood:distracted*): Yes, yes, yes, I really don't think we can condemn the girl for finding somewhere quiet. I'd like to go back to something you said, Jason, about adding

a little colour. Do you think it would improve our public image?

Jason (*mood:surprised*): You've rather caught me unawares there, Malcolm. Umm, let me see, well, just off the top of my head, umm, as you know, the conventional wisdom is that with classical music the audience's attention should be on the music and not the performers. Unlike the proverbial children, we should be heard but not seen. But it occurs to me that we are not a true classical orchestra. Over the past three or four years we've had an increasing program of non-classical music which is proving to be rather popular. Which, of course, is why we're increasing it. Perhaps it's time we gave some thought to changing our visual image accordingly. Why do you ask?

Malcolm: When you said that, about adding some colour, I remembered a fleeting thought I had during Ali Kumar's audition which was how ... drab he seemed after seeing Elisha Houghton. Not that I can fault the man in any way. Black suit, white shirt, black tie, very presentable, very respectable and very ... dull. Perhaps we should look into audience perceptions and expectations and re-examine our dress code.

Dennis: A touch of colour and flamboyance certainly hasn't done André Rieu any harm.

Malcolm: Yes, good point. We'll find some time in the next week or two and discuss this more fully. Now, Second Clarinet. Dennis, I take your point about my suspicions. They're not allayed, of course, but you're probably right.

Dennis: She was, you may recall, quite aware of her lack of experience and I'm sure she knows that in two years time she'll still be lacking in experience, not that she'll know I'm retiring. I think the risk is small.

Malcolm: Indeed, indeed. Hmmm. Yes, I am persuaded. So, we're agreed? Elisha Houghton?

Jason: Yes.

Dennis: Definitely.

Janel: Oh, if we must.

Malcolm: Excellent. Wheel her back in and I'll make her the

offer.

Dennis: (*mood:mischievous*): If she's still out there, Janel.

Janel: Oh, ha bloody ha.

(*footsteps*)

Dennis (*mood:pensive*): You know, I rather get the impression Janel doesn't like the girl. I wonder why?

Jason (*mood:amused*): Oh, who knows what goes on inside her head, but coming back to the idea of changing the orchestra's image, Malcolm, how about asking Elisha to dye her hair? She's something of a muddy blonde. I think she'd be more visually striking if her blonderness was enhanced.

Malcolm (*mood:agitated*): Good God, no, we couldn't possibly do that. God only knows what employment legislation we'd be contravening. A dress code is one thing but body parts? Out of the question. It's only a short step from that to demanding plastic surgery.

Jason: It was only an idle thought.

(*footsteps*)

Malcolm: And a rather stupid one. Ah, here she is. Ms Houghton, I do apologise for keeping you waiting.

Elisha (*mood:strained*): Umm.

Malcolm: Well, I won't beat about the bush. Ms Houghton, we have reached a unanimous decision and I am delighted to formally offer you the seat of Second Clarinet with the 515N0W Orchestra.

Elisha: Oh God.

Malcolm: Oh Lord, umm, I think you'd better sit down. Jason, give me a hand ...

Elisha: I'm sorry, my knees ...

Jason: That's OK. You just sit there for a few moments. Would you like some water?

Dennis: Here.

Elisha: Thank you.

Dennis: Take your time, don't spill it.

Janel: I'm sorry to press you, but are you accepting or declining our offer?

Dennis: I think it's a fair bet she's going to accept, Janel. Give her a few moments.

Janel: Well, Mr Kumar is waiting ...

Malcolm: Elisha? Do you accept the offer?
 Elisha: You're giving ... me, offering me the seat?
 Malcolm: Yes. If you want it. Umm, do you want it?
 Elisha: Oh, thank you, thank you.
 Jason: Yeah, I think that's a yes.
 Janel: Right. I'll be back in a few moments.
 Malcolm: Elisha, you just sit there and collect yourself for a bit.
 When Janel comes back we'll go through a few formalities.
 Elisha: Umm.
 Dennis: Would you like a tissue or something?
 Elisha: No, I'm ... no, thank you. I'm sorry. It was just a bit of a shock.
 Jason: Yes, I cried too when I landed my first seat as well. No shame in that. These ordeals are incredibly stressful.
 Malcolm: Welcome on board, Elisha.
 Dennis: Did you really cry, Jason? I didn't think you had it in you.
 Jason: Yes, I did and I'm not ashamed to admit it. I sat in the toilets in a borrowed tuxedo and bawled. What did you do?
(indistinct voices)
 Dennis: I threw up. Fortunately not on anyone on the panel but it was a near thing.
 Jason: Oh, that's gross.
 Malcolm: Yes, well, we need to move things along. Why's Janel taking so long?
 Jason: I think that's her now.
(footsteps)
 Malcolm: Is all well, Janel? Was that shouting I heard?
 Janel: Yes, he was a little upset. He'll be fine when he's calmed down. Have you agreed a start date yet?
 Malcolm: We were just about to discuss that. When is the stand-in committed up to?
 Janel: The last concert before Christmas. I kept it open after that.
 Malcolm: Excellent. Now, Elisha, you don't have a period of notice to work, do you?
 Elisha: Umm, no. I'll have to make some arrangement with my students though. And my band.

Malcolm: Quite. Now, let me see. The 1st of Jan's a public holiday and we're back with concerts on Friday the 3rd. I suggest you start on Monday 30th December. We'll make that a day of orientation and you'll then have a couple of days to prepare for rehearsal on the Thursday and the concert on Friday evening. Is that agreeable to you?

Elisha: Umm, whatever you say.

Malcolm: Excellent. Janel, could you organise the paperwork and let Anya know about the 30th?

Janel: Of course. Elisha, I'll post out the contract of employment, pay rates and so forth in the next day or so.

Malcolm: Excellent. Right, well, I'll be off. I have a budget meeting. It's been a pleasure meeting you, Elisha, and I look forward to many years association with you.

Elisha: Umm, thank you.

(footsteps)

Jason: I'll be off as well. Congratulations, Elisha, I'm looking forward to working with you.

Elisha: Yes. Umm.

(footsteps)

Janel: Right, well if you'll come with me, Elisha, I'll swipe you through security and back into The O2. I'm sure you have many things to do.

Dennis: It's OK, Janel. I'll escort Elisha out. I rather think she needs a few more moments to come to terms with this.

Janel: As you like.

(footsteps then long silence)

Dennis *(quiet)*: How are you feeling? A bit overwhelmed, hmm?

Elisha: I ... can't ... quite believe it.

Dennis: Oh, you'll get used to the idea. You've probably been completely focused on us on the panel but look behind, out there. That's the auditorium. It's all empty and quiet now but on concert nights it's usually full. Come over here with me, I want to show you something. *(pause)* There. See that? It's your seat, right next to mine, and your home for the next few years. I hope you'll be as happy here as I have been.

Elisha: Ohh ...

(sound of muffled sobbing)

Dennis: Ahh, yes, umm, yes, there, there. Cry all you want, best to let it all out. Don't worry about my jacket, it'll dry, although if you could just squeeze a little less ... ah that's better. I can breathe again.

From 16:03 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Fiona Houghton's phone, located in Gloucester, UK, and Elisha's phone, located in Greenwich, UK.

16:03 Fiona: It's been 2 hours and not a word so I imagine you didn't get it. I'm so sorry dear. You'll get the next one I'm sure.

16:07 Elisha: Sorry mum I should have msgd but I'm too exhausted and emotionally wrung out – am sitting staring at the Thames trying to come to terms with it.

Transcript of phone call initiated by Fiona Houghton's phone to Elisha's phone, 16:07 GMT

Elisha (*mood:flat*): Hello mum.

Fiona (*mood:alarmed*): It's only a job Elisha. Don't do anything silly. Do you want me to drive to London and get you?

Elisha: No, it's OK. I'll get the bus. I'm just feeling very tired at the moment and completely overwhelmed. It hasn't really sunk in yet.

Fiona: Elisha, listen to me. This doesn't mean you're a failure or anything like that. Promise me you'll stay well back from the water.

Elisha: There are fences mum. I'm not going to fall in. I'm not, like, four anymore.

Fiona: You promise me you'll stay inside the fences?

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Of course I'll stay inside the fence. What do you think I'm going to do?

Fiona (*mood:careful*): These things happen, dear, but it's not the end of the world. It's just a minor setback.

Elisha: I've no idea what you're talking about. You think I'm going to jump in the water or something?

Fiona: Well you can be highly strung sometimes and I worry

about you.

Elisha: There's nothing to worry about, mum. I got the seat.
I'm happy. Just totally bloody knackered.

| *(silence then automatic volume suppression activated)*

| *(connection terminated)*

Elisha: Mum? You there? Hello? Mum?

| *From 16:11 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between
Jeremy Houghton's phone, located in Gloucester, UK, and Elisha's phone, located
in Greenwich, UK.*

16:11 Jeremy: Your mother would appear to have finally succumbed
to mental illness. Am about to phone a psychiatrist.
What on earth did you say to her?

16:11 Elisha: I told her I got the job

16:12 Jeremy: I knew you would. Congratulations. Suggest you stay in
London as it is a mad house here.

16:13 Elisha: Oh dad :D Can you pick me up at bus stn?

16:14 Jeremy: Of course. Let me know what time. Get something to
eat on the way as there'll be no dinner here tonight.

16:14 Elisha: :D:D:D can we get pizza?

| *At 16:14 GMT Elisha's phone shut down. Battery level 1%*

Wednesday 4th December 2019

Tracking apps on the tablets associated with Janel Kantara and Anya Enderstrom reported the following emails:

Time: 10:02 GMT
To: Anya Enderstrom
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Orientation

Hi Anya

We've filled the Second Clarinet seat. Are you available on Monday 30th Dec for orientation? Her name is Elisha Houghton.

Also Indira Mahdri, the fill-in Clarinet, will finish after the concert on Sunday 22nd Dec so could you retrieve her tablet and terminate her credentials?

Thanks

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 10:09 GMT
To: Janel Kantara
From: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: re: Orientation

No problem, Janel – I've scheduled Elisha Houghton for 1pm on 30th and noted the demise of Indira Mahdri.

Allt gott

Anya Enderstrom
Orchestrator/Librarian, 515N0W

Time: 10:14 GMT

To: Anya Enderstrom
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Orientation

Hi Anya – thanks.

Incidentally, although your English is very good, 'demise' is the wrong word here. It means she's died which, as far as I know, she hasn't. 'Termination' would be the right word, or perhaps 'cessation'.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 10:16 GMT
To: Janel Kantara
From: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: re: Orientation

My dictionary says 'demise' means 'the end or failure of something'. Is it wrong?

Anya Enderstrom
Orchestrator/Librarian, 515N0W

Time: 10:17 GMT
To: Anya Enderstrom
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Orientation

OK, I didn't know that but demise is still the wrong word. We usually only use it when someone dies – like 'following her demise the rest of the family went into decline'.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 10:18 GMT
To: Janel Kantara

From: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: re: Orientation

What if the orchestra goes into a decline after Indira leaves? Would not demise be right then?

Anya Enderstrom
Orchestrator/Librarian, 515N0W

Time: 10:19 GMT
To: Anya Enderstrom
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Orientation

That was probably a bad example and, anyway, the orchestra isn't going to decline after Indira leaves. Don't worry about it. I know what you mean and that's all that matters. :)

Actually, the important things are that Indira doesn't get to keep the tablet and she can't log in to the system after she's gone, dead or alive.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 10:20 GMT
To: Janel Kantara
From: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: re: Orientation

Are you saying if I don't get the tablet back she will be killed? I am not liking the sound of this.

Anya Enderstrom
Orchestrator/Librarian, 515N0W

Time: 10:21 GMT
To: Anya Enderstrom

From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Orientation

No, I'm not saying that. All I'm saying is that we need to get the tablet back and block her login.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 10:21 GMT
To: Janel Kantara
From: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: re: Orientation

Gott. I was going to do that anyway following her demise.
Anya Enderstrom
Orchestrator/Librarian, 515N0W

| *At 11:27 GMT Elisha's phone received the following email:*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: Second Clarinet
Attachment: employment_contract_2ndclar.pdf,
emp_contract_schedule_b.pdf, dress_code.pdf,
musicians_union_application.pdf

Hello Elisha

I am pleased to confirm your appointment to the seat of Second Clarinet with the 515N0W Orchestra with effect from 30th December 2019. Please note that your continued employment with the Orchestra is subject to the satisfactory completion of a probationary period of one year.

Please print, sign and return the attached Contract of Employment. I have arranged for you to undertake orientation on our in-house sound and library system at 1pm on Monday 30th December.

I also attach a Schedule to the Contract which details your base salary and rates and allowances for such things as apparel, overnight stays, overseas tours and so forth. Please note that, although the 515N0W Orchestra is classified as an ABO Category 2 Orchestra our pay scales are some 16% higher than those required under the Category 2 Agreement.

I also enclose details of our dress code and an application form for the Musicians' Union should you not already be a member.

The Orchestra will be undertaking a three day tour of Italy in mid April 2020 and a four day tour of Spain in September and you will need a valid British passport with at least six months remaining at the time of entry to those countries. If you do not have a passport, or it is nearing expiry, I would suggest, as a matter of some urgency, that you apply for one.

Finally, let me take this opportunity to welcome you to the 515N0W Orchestra and wish you a long and productive career with us.

Regards

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 12:02 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Fiona Houghton and Jeremy Houghton (mood:Elisha-alert, Fiona-relaxed, Jeremy-relaxed; marketing keywords: clarinet, bus, death, pizza, fridge ...)

Elisha: Morning! Lord, how long was I asleep?

Fiona: About 15 hours. How do you feel?

Elisha: I feel great, thanks. Anyone want some tea? I must have been really tired.

Jeremy: You were dead on your feet, sweetie. You even left your clarinet on the bus.

Elisha (*mood:panic*): Where is it now?

Jeremy: It's on the table, don't worry. Your phone was dead too so I put it on charge.

Elisha: Aww, thanks dad. I need tea, back in a mo.
 Fiona: Your pizza's in the fridge as well. You must be famished. You didn't touch it last night.
 Elisha: I don't actually remember anything after getting on the bus in London.
 Jeremy: You do remember getting the job, though, don't you?
 Elisha: Kind of, but I really really need some tea.
 Fiona: I'll make it, dear.
 Elisha: Ohh, thanks mum.
(footsteps)
 Jeremy: So when do you start?
 Elisha: I don't know. I vaguely remember them talking about it but ...
 Jeremy: And pay?
 Elisha: Oh, I don't remember that at all. I'm sure they'll pay me something.
 Jeremy: Did you sign anything?
 Elisha: Umm, I don't think so. I seem to remember the HR woman said she'd post some stuff out.
 Jeremy: Oh well. Hopefully you'll get it by the end of the week.
 Elisha: Hopefully. It would be nice to know when I start. Don't want to miss my first day.
 Jeremy: Quite. Presumably you'll be moving to London?
 Elisha: Oh, thanks mum. Mmm. What is it that makes cold pizza so yummy? I guess so. Haven't really thought about it yet.
 Jeremy: It's just that your mother and I were talking. Last night after you went to bed.
 Elisha: Oh yeah?
 Jeremy: Since you'll be moving out we're thinking of renting out the house while we're away then, when we come back, selling it and downsizing. We won't be needing a five bedroom house any more.. Not with just the two of us.
 Elisha: Wow, so you want me out as soon as? How long've you been plotting this?
 Fiona: It's not that we don't love having you here, dear, it's just that you are going to be 29 in a few weeks and, now you've got a decent job and everything, well, it's time you started living your own life.
 Elisha *(mood:downcast)*: Has it been really bad? Having me here?

Jeremy: Not at all. It's been delightful and, of course, we'll love having you come to visit and stay a while wherever we end up but, as you know, I'm retiring and you've a job now. Time for you to live your own life.

Elisha: I suppose. This could be a bit awkward, though.

Jeremy: How so?

Elisha: Well, I haven't really thought about it yet but I was kind of half thinking I might stay with the band now we've got a decent venue. I guess going up to London for rehearsals and concerts would be too much but maybe I could find somewhere in town and come down here on Tuesdays, do the gig and stay the night then go back Wednesday mornings.

Jeremy (*mood:focused*): You really need to give that idea some serious thought, Elisha. After all, you'll be working a full time job and you'll have a lot more practising to do as well, I imagine. And besides, I doubt that after expenses you'll make any money from the band. After all, any income from that will be on top of your income from the orchestra so you'll have to pay tax on it.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Oh. I guess I'm going to have some serious thinking to do. I've never paid tax before.

Jeremy: Believe me, it's a depressing part of life.

Elisha: I wonder how much I'll get paid? Where's my phone?

Fiona: On the table, dear.

| At 12:18 GMT Elisha's phone was booted. Battery level: 100%.
 | 24 tracking apps recorded 19 text messages and 3 emails were downloaded.

Elisha: Jesus, what a lot of crappy advertising. Just 3 texts from people wanting to know how I went and ... oh shit.

Fiona: What?

Elisha (*mood:anxious*): There's an email from Janel, at the orchestra. Oh god, do you think they've changed their minds? Maybe they meant to give it to that other guy and ...

Jeremy: You won't know until you read it, Elisha.

Elisha: Oh, Jesus effing Christ!

Jeremy (*mood:alarmed*): What is it?

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Oh thank God for that!

Fiona: What?

Elisha: She's confirming they're offering me the job. Oh Lord, my heart's still thumping. They want me to start on 30th December. Wow, not until then? I thought it would

be sooner.

Jeremy: The 30th? That's less than four weeks away, and there's Christmas. That doesn't give you much time to find somewhere to live at all.

Elisha: Four weeks? Isn't it still the middle of November?

Jeremy: It's the 4th of December today, Elisha. Your audition was on the 2nd.

Elisha: Oh yeah. Shit.

Jeremy: What else do they say?

Elisha: She's attached a contract and pay rates and stuff and, ohhh wow!

Jeremy: What?

Elisha: I'm going to be touring Italy! And Spain! Way cool!

Fiona: With the orchestra or on your own?

Elisha: With the orchestra. Where's my passport? Do I still have a passport?

Jeremy: It'll be upstairs with the rest of the documents. It should still be valid. Do they mention your pay?

Elisha: Just a sec, it's in one of the attachments. Let me see, ooohh wow. 21 thousand. That is so cool. That's more than any job I've ever had before.

Jeremy: £21,000? Is that all? In London?

Elisha: Isn't that a lot? Seems like a lot to me.

Jeremy: No, it isn't much at all, sweetie. And you'll have to pay tax on it.

Elisha: Oh, bummer. So how much do I really get?

Jeremy: Off the top of my head, probably only about 18. Say £350 a week.

Elisha: Well, that is a lot. I only make about a hundred a week at the moment.

Jeremy: But you live rent free here. Still, it is what it is and you may well be able to find some students in London.

Elisha: She says they pay above the ABO rates so I guess I should be able to live on it.

Fiona: What's ABO?

Elisha: The Association of British Orchestras. Jesus, the band! I forgot all about them. It was last night. I wonder how they got on. I hope Sandy coped OK.

(silence)

Elisha *(mood:pensive)*: No, there's no messages. I guess that's a good

thing, yeah?

Jeremy (*mood:gentle*): Ultimately, the band isn't your responsibility, Elisha. Most bands have members leave and others join. It happens all the time.

Elisha: I guess you're right. Four weeks, hey.

Jeremy: Just under. Might be an idea to sign the contract though, before they change their minds.

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Can they do that? Don't I have a contract. Surely they can't just change their minds?

Jeremy: Well, to mis-quote Groucho Marx, an unsigned contract isn't worth the paper it's written on so until it's signed they can do whatever they want.

Fiona: Are you sure that was Groucho Marx? I've a feeling it was Sam Goldwyn.

Elisha: Can I use your printer, dad?

Jeremy: Sure, it's in my office as usual. No, I'm pretty sure it was Marx. I think it was that film where he was trying to convince a rich widow to invest in his show.

Fiona: Then who was it who talked about the Sanity Clause?

Jeremy (*mood:puzzled*): What Sanity Clause?

Fiona: Whoever it was wouldn't sign a contract because there wasn't a Sanity Clause.

Jeremy: I'm not certain you can have a Sanity Clause in a business contract.

Fiona: Well that was the joke, you see. It was something to do with Christmas and whoever said it was playing on Santa Claus, or rather the fact that there is no Santa Claus.

Jeremy: I thought you said Sanity Clause, not Santa Claus.

Fiona: Exactly.

Jeremy: I'm confused.

Fiona: It's a sad day when a lawyer gets confused about clauses.

Elisha: There! I've signed it. They can't get out of it now!

Jeremy: I don't imagine they want to. After all, they put on concerts and they're a clarinet short. Would you like me to look over the contract?

Elisha: What do I do if it turns out the contract is screwing me over?

Jeremy: We sue.

Elisha: You won't be here and I'll be out of a job.

Jeremy: There is that. Maybe it would be better if I didn't.

Elisha: Go on then. I need to know now.

Fiona: They won't be doing anything wrong, Elisha. It's not in their interests. They're an orchestra not traffickers in human flesh.

Jeremy: They are planning to take our youngest out of the country, though. I wonder how much they'd get for her. Perhaps Italy is their gateway to the slavers in the Middle East. No, this looks like a perfectly ordinary employment contract although, Elisha, if you compose any music while in their employ they own the copyright.

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): What?

Jeremy: It's pretty standard, except it's usually about inventions and patents. Anyway, you have no ambitions as a composer.

Elisha: But does that include improvising?

Jeremy: You mean with the band? It's a moot point since you're leaving the band.

Elisha: But I might join another band.

Jeremy: Then it'll be an interesting legal point. At what point does fiddling on an instrument become a composition? Hmm, I might come out of retirement for that. It sounds interesting.

Elisha: But are they saying I can't join another band?

Jeremy: Oh, no. There's nothing about that. So long as you turn up for rehearsals and concerts you can do what you like the rest of the time.

Elisha: Except improvise?

Jeremy: In any practical sense they'll have to prove you did do the composition and there'd have to be some commercial point to it as well, such as the proceeds from performance of the composition. I suspect it's more aimed at you writing a successful symphony or perhaps a pop song. Or possibly something they feel the orchestra could perform themselves.

Elisha: Just a sec. Are you telling me to leave the band?

Jeremy: That's up to you but I think you'll find in practice it will be difficult to stay.

Elisha: Bummer. Do we have any stamps and envelopes? Do people even use those things anymore? Can't I just send them an image of the signed contract?

Fiona: Why not do both? That way they'll know immediately that you've signed and you can post the paper copy for their records.

Jeremy: This is interesting, talking about records. According to the schedule of pay rates you'll get one eightieth of any royalties from the sale and distribution of any orchestra recordings in which you took part, and that includes film soundtracks.

Elisha: Ooooooh. Maybe there'll be another Harry Potter movie and it'll go mega on Netflix and I'll become super rich! You can be my chauffeur!

Jeremy: If that ever happens I'm sure we can come to some arrangement.

Elisha: OK. Hey, I'd better go post it off. Oh yeah, mum. Did you really think I was going to kill myself?

Fiona: Well, you are 28, dear.

Jeremy: What's that got to do with anything?

Fiona: I've read that a lot of talented musicians die at 27. Like Amy Winehouse. I've been worried about you since you turned 25.

Elisha: But that's, like, drugs and stuff, mum. I don't do any of that and I don't know anyone who does. Well, except for Bernie at uni but he was an out and out stoner and he was a professor.

Fiona: Who knows, dear. Perhaps the drug explanation is a cover up for something more sinister.

Elisha: Mu-um! What kind of world do you think we live in?

Fiona: I'm sure there's a lot more that goes on than ever gets into the news.

Jeremy: Oh definitely. I could tell you things I've seen and heard in the legal profession that would make your hair stand on end.

Elisha: I'd love to stay and listen, dad, but I've got heaps to do. See ya!

(footsteps)

Elisha: Oh, do we have any stamps?

At 13:19 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Gloucester, UK, and Janel Kantara's phone, located in Greenwich, UK

13:19 Elisha: Hi Janel – have posted signed contract and I'm sending a pic of it as well – Elisha Houghton
13:20 Janel: Thank you

From 13:36 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone and that of Derek Delaney, located in Tewksbury, UK.

13:36 Elisha: How did it go last night?
13:38 Derek: Crap to start with but once Sandy relaxed it was OK – will you be back next week?
13:39 Elisha: Yeah, should be
13:51 Derek: So how did it go in London?
13:52 Elisha: Yeah – we need to talk
13:52 Derek: You quitting the band?
13:53 Elisha: I can't stay with the band when I'm in London
13:54 Derek: So you got that orchestra job?
13:55 Elisha: Yes
13:56 Derek: Congratulations
13:56 Elisha: Thanks
13:59 Derek: So what do we need to talk about?
14:02 Elisha: The future of the band I guess
14:03 Derek: That's my problem, not yours. I'll sort it – see you tues
14:05 Elisha: OK

At 14:11 GMT 31 tracking apps on Elisha's ipad noted the following websites were accessed:

*www.google.com query:“rooms to rent in london” – time on site:67m14s
london.craigslist.org – time on site:4m22s
www.google.com/maps – time on site:66m38s
www.idealflatmate.co.uk – time on site:19m34s
www.spareroom.co.uk – time on site:8m16s
www.rightmove.co.uk – time on site:12m41s
www.roommatesuk.com – time on site:11m52s
www.zoopla.co.uk – time on site:3m22s
www.nestpick.com/rooms-for-rent/london/ – time on site:1m02s
www.facebook.com – time on site:34s
www.youtube.com – time on site:47s*

The following SMSs were exchanged between the phones of Derek Delaney and Sandy Belmont.

15:02 Derek: Hi Sandy Eli got the job so you still interested?
15:03 Sandy: Yeah
15:04 Derek: Cool – remember not a word to her
15:06 Sandy: My lips are sealed lol

The following SMSs were exchanged between the phones of Derek Delaney, James McGrath and Eric Watson.

15:07 Derek to Jamie, Eric: Guys, Eli got the job – Sandy's in – you still up for what we discussed next wk?
15:09 Jamie to Derek, Eric: Awesome – yeah sure
15:15 Eric to Derek, Jamie: I always knew she would one day – I'm up for it – sure Eli will be there?
15:16 Derek to Jamie, Eric: She said she would be – remember, not a word, OK
15:16 Jamie to Derek, Eric: OK
15:16 Eric to Derek, Jamie: :D

At 16:01 GMT the following emails were sent between Elisha's phone and the laptop of Julie Kavanagh, location: Gloucester, UK.

To: juliek@gco.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: <no subject>

Hi Julie

You remember I was going for an audition with a London orchestra?
Well, I got it!

I don't start until 30th December so if you still want me for the other 3 Carols in the Park concerts, I'm available.

I'm afraid I won't be available for anything after that though.

Cheers
Elisha Houghton

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: juliek@gco.co.uk
Subject: <no subject>

Hi Elisha

That is excellent news! Congratulations :)

Unfortunately I have committed to Sandy Belmont for the three remaining Carols in the Park concerts.

I and all the musicians and staff at the Gloucester City Orchestra would like to thank you for all you have done for us and wish you every success for the future.

Fond regards
Julie Kavanagh
Personnel
Gloucester City Orchestra

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 18:06 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Jeremy Houghton and Fiona Houghton (mood:Elisha-sad, Jeremy-relaxed, Fiona-relaxed; marketing keywords: news, Brexit, dinner, rooms, rental ...)

Elisha: What you doing, dad?
Jeremy: Just watching the end of the news.
Elisha: Anything happening?
Jeremy: No, just the same old things that have been going on for years. At least the Brexit debacle is almost over.
Fiona: Dinner's almost ready. Five minutes.
Jeremy: You seem sad, sweetie. Is all well?
Elisha: I'm fine, I guess.
Jeremy: Having doubts? That's quite normal.
Elisha: Is it? Yeah, I guess. I've been looking online at rooms. Jesus, they're got expensive. Some are, like, £900 a month just for a room. No way can I afford that if I'm on £1400 a month.
Jeremy: I suspected it might be like that. What area are you

looking in?

Elisha: Around Islington. I know the area from when I lived there when I was at uni. I don't know South of the river at all but I guess I'm going to have to go South anyway, regardless of the rents. Getting across London on my bike will be horrendous.

Jeremy: The orchestra's in Greenwich? South of the river?

Elisha: Yeah. I guess I'd better start looking around that area. Some of the names I know, like Woolwich, Charlton, Lewisham but I don't know anything about them.

Jeremy: What about your friend Peta? Isn't she in Lewisham? Maybe she has a spare room.

Elisha: Ugh, no. I didn't really like that guy's she's married to. Seemed a bit freaky and I don't really want to end up being a free baby sitter either. I'm not good with toddlers, I don't have the patience. Besides, I'll have to practice during the day and she'll be there with the kiddie.

Jeremy: There's something else, though, isn't there.

Elisha: Yeah, I guess. I thought people would be happy for me.

Jeremy: Aren't they?

Elisha: I texted Derek about the band and he seemed cold. Told me the band was his problem and nothing to do with me. I'm kinda scared to tell the others. For sure Derek will have told them by now and neither of them has messaged me.

Jeremy: Ah.

Elisha: And I emailed Jenny at Gloucester City orchestra about the other three concerts and she gave me the brush off too. Oh, she thanked me but it was like she'd moved on already.

Jeremy: I'm sorry to hear it but, you know, Elisha, people are generally totally absorbed in their own lives and you're moving on without them. They're not pissed off with you, they're just thinking of how it will affect them and what they can do about it. How many of your uni friends are you still in touch with?

Elisha: Yeah, not many, I guess. Doesn't make me feel any better though.

Fiona: Dinner's ready.

Jeremy: You'll make new friends, sweetie. You're just moving on to better things and they're not. That's the way it goes, unfortunately.

Thursday 5th December 2019

The following advertisement was posted online to www.spareroom.co.uk at 22:22 GMT from the laptop of Katrin Shandel; location: Deptford, UK.

Deptford

Lovely furnished room in large quiet house at end of cul de sac. Suit professional single. Shared kitchen, bathroom, TV room, communal room, garden with 3 others. No smokers, no pets. Zone 2, close to St John's Station. Available from 15 Dec, min 6 mths.

£575pcm+bond+bills.

Email katrinshandel21@outlook.com with refs.

Friday 6th December 2019

Between 00:02 and 00:14 GMT, emails to elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk were generated in response to alerts set up on the following websites: roommatesuk.com, www.spareroom.co.uk and www.idealflatmate.co.uk

At 10:51 GMT 24 tracking apps recorded that these emails were accessed.

At 11:06 GMT the following email was sent from Elisha's phone, along with two others that were virtually identical.

To: katrinshandel21@outlook.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Room to rent

Hi

I saw your ad for a room on spareroom.co.uk. I was recently offered a seat with the 515N0W Orchestra in Greenwich, starting on 30th December and need somewhere to live. I am single, don't smoke and have no pets.

Janel Kantara, the HR Manager with the 515N0W Orchestra (janelk@515n0w.co.uk) will be able to confirm my appointment and start date. Unfortunately I can't give you any references from previous landlords as I've been living with my parents in Gloucester since I left Guildhall School of Music four years ago. Sadly I didn't keep their contact details.

Regards
Elisha Houghton.

Between 19:04 and 19:06 GMT 49 tracking apps on the laptop associated with Katrin Shandel recorded that 11 emails were opened.

At 19:23 GMT 49 tracking apps on Katrin Shandel's laptop noted the following website was accessed:

| *www.515n0w.co.uk – time on site:1m08s*

| *At 19:25 GMT the following email was sent from Katrin's laptop:*

To: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
From: katrinshandel21@outlook.com
Subject: Employee reference

Dear Janel

I have been approached by Elisha Houghton regarding rental accommodation.

Could you please confirm that she is employed by your organisation, whether this is permanent or casual and in what capacity.

Kind regards

Katrin Shandel

| *At 19:58 GMT 49 tracking apps on Katrin laptop noted the following website was accessed:*

www.tenantproof.co.uk – time on site:3m21s

www.whois.co.uk query “elishaclarinet.co.uk” – time on site:1m:06s

| *At 20:21 GMT the following email was sent from Katrin's laptop:*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: katrinshandel21@outlook.com
Subject: re: Room to rent: Deptford

Hi Elisha

Thanks for your interest in the room.

Normally I don't consider anyone without previous landlord references but I do appreciate the position you are in so I will, under the circumstances, consider you subject to satisfactory social media

reviews. I will need your permission to undertake such a review. Could you also let me know any other social media identities you have, both now and in the past, as a quick check shows that your domain elishaclarinet.co.uk was registered in March 2015, presumably around the time you finished at Guildhall School of Music.

Katrin Shandel

Saturday 7th December 2019

At 11:03 GMT the front door security camera recognised Jeremy Houghton approaching and unlocked the door (mood:happy).

Transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 11:03 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Jeremy Houghton and Elisha Houghton (mood:Jeremy-happy, Elisha-neutral; marketing keywords: party, clothes, climate ...).

- Jeremy: Hello, sweetie. You're up. Have a good time last night?
Elisha: Hiya. Yeah, we didn't go to that party in the end, just sat around chatting. Just made some tea. You want one?
Jeremy: Not at the moment, thanks.
Elisha: Been to the library? Where's mum?
Jeremy: She's off shopping somewhere. She needs clothes and things for hot climates. Yes. We're thinking of going to Indonesia and Thailand after Australia and I wanted to get some travel guides. Perhaps even Myanmar, then into China before heading off to India.
Elisha (mood:puzzled): Why not just look online?
Jeremy: The internet annoys me.
Elisha: Only because you don't use it. If you used it more it wouldn't annoy you.
Jeremy: I don't use it because it annoys me. If I used it more it would annoy me more. That laptop is bad enough but my phone ... I don't know how you can spend so much time on it. It's barely comprehensible and it does strange things. Anyway, call me old fashioned, but I prefer to read a book to some screen no bigger than a playing card.
Elisha: Yeah, you are old fashioned. The internet's here and it isn't going away although books are. A few more years and there won't be any books. Not paper ones anyway.
Jeremy: What a depressing thought. It doesn't bear thinking about. How's the search for somewhere to live going?
Elisha: Badly. I've applied for, like, twenty places but I've only had one reply and I can't decide what to do about that.
Jeremy: What's wrong with it?
Elisha: They want to check my old social media postings

because I don't have any up to date references.

Jeremy (*mood:puzzled*): Why would they do that?

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Oh, dad, you really are out of touch, aren't you!

Jeremy: With all things internet, yes, and I'm proud of it. How will old social media things help with references?

Elisha: Because they give you an idea of what someone is really like. A lot of people post things on the net that they really shouldn't.

Jeremy: In what way?

Elisha: Oh, you know, you've seen things about it in the news. Someone does something nasty and videos it then puts it on the net for their friends to laugh at. Like beating up someone at school or something.

Jeremy: Oh, yes. Wasn't there something the other day about someone kicking a cat? I think the RSPCA are prosecuting.

Elisha: Yeah? I didn't hear about that. Anyway, that's why people do social media searches. Some day that guy, I'm guessing it was a guy, will apply for a job or something and they'll find that video and he won't get the job because no one likes people who kick cats. These searches can turn up all sorts of things.

Jeremy: Can't he just delete the video?

Elisha: Nothing ever gets deleted on the net, dad. Even if Facebook or whatever does delete it, and they don't, there'll still be copies floating around. They'll be there forever.

Jeremy: Then it would seem rather foolish to post these things.

Elisha: Yup.

Jeremy: Ahh. The penny's just dropped. You've got things on social media you don't want found.

Elisha: Kind of.

Jeremy: What sort of things?

Elisha: Umm, you know, things.

Jeremy: No, I don't know. How would I know? I'm not even sure I want to know but I suppose I should. I am your father, after all.

Elisha (*mood:embarrassed*): Well, like, when I started at uni, I kind of, well, did some posts rating my boyfriends. Umm. I guess I wasn't too kind in some cases.

Jeremy (*mood:concerned*): I hope you didn't say anything that would land you in court for libel.

Elisha: Well, um, maybe, I guess. Depends if any of them end up going into politics or something. Anyway, this place I emailed about a room, the woman renting it out wants my old social media handles because I don't have any up to date references. In a way it's good because I guess I haven't heard from the other places because I don't have references.

Jeremy (*mood:puzzled*): But you're concerned she'll be upset by your old boyfriends?

Elisha: You never know but there could be other things as well.

Jeremy (*mood:serious*): What sort of other things?

Elisha: Well, it's difficult to remember. You know, you post things and forget about them a minute later. We were all doing it.

Jeremy: No, I don't know. I've never posted anything to social media in my life. But you remember something, don't you.

Elisha: Well, I guess.

Jeremy: Tell me.

Elisha: Umm, well, there was this one place I lived, like, only for a couple of months.

Jeremy: And ... ?

Elisha: Well, umm, there was a problem when I moved out and the landlord wouldn't give back the bond. You remember? I asked you what to do?

Jeremy: Yes, I do remember that. You won, as I recall. You got the full bond back.

Elisha: Yes and I remember boasting about it on Facebook.

Jeremy: Which I daresay is understandable.

Elisha: It was, like, nine years ago and it was all a misunderstanding but it's not the sort of thing a potential landlord is going to appreciate, especially when I don't have any recent good references.

Jeremy: Now I begin to understand the problem. And you think that post will still be on the internet?

Elisha: Definitely.

Jeremy: And a search of your old social media postings will find it?

Elisha: Well, here's my problem. I haven't used that Facebook account for, like, forever, but this woman wants all my old handles so it'll come up if I tell her about that one.

Jeremy: Then don't tell her. I'm not aware of any legal obligation to disclose any social media accounts. Just as you are not legally obliged to pass on any bad references. Be selective.

Elisha: But what if a search finds a link to that account? Won't it go against me for not disclosing it?

Jeremy: If you do disclose it that posting regarding the bond will be uncovered?

Elisha: I would think so. It depends how good the reviewing system is. It's possible this woman will do a cheap search which won't be in depth but you never know.

Jeremy: It seems to me that if you disclose this particular account then you will not get the accommodation. It follows that if you don't disclose it and it is discovered you will be no worse off than if you did disclose it. On the other hand, if you don't disclose it and it is not discovered then you might well get the room. Is that a fair summary?

Elisha: So you're saying keep quiet about it and hope no one notices?

Jeremy: Yes.

Elisha: OK. Makes sense.

Jeremy: Do you still post things that could have potentially negative consequences?

Elisha: God, no. I learnt about that a long time ago.

Jeremy: I'm not sure I like the sound of that. What did you do that caused this learning process?

Elisha: It wasn't me, dad.

Jeremy: Who was it then?

Elisha: This guy I knew at uni. It was during my 2nd year, after the bond thing. He got stoned and posted a video where he was shooting up and the cops arrested him the next day.

Jeremy: Shooting up? You mean heroin?

Elisha: Yeah. I wasn't part of that scene but I knew him. Well, knew of him rather than actually knew him. Anyway it got me thinking about how the police found out and

then tracked him down and only then did I realise just how easy it was to find out about people on the net. Since then I've been careful about what I post.

Jeremy: And you can't go back and clean up what you posted before?

Elisha: No, but I did stop using some apps and created new accounts for others. Then when I was halfway through my Masters it occurred to me to create my own website and have a YouTube channel as well so I could showcase my playing. I figured after a while no one would wonder about older accounts.

Jeremy: But this particular person is?

Elisha: Well, I don't have any recent landlord references so I guess she checked my domain to see how far back it went and realised that there'd be nothing there about renting when I was at uni.

Jeremy: Hmm. I wonder if the Orchestra did such a check?

Elisha: I don't really know. For sure they never asked me for any social media handles so if they did it was probably only on my email address. Maybe they didn't. I've heard some places don't. Maybe they weren't interested in older stuff anyway. After all, they were all students once as well.

Jeremy: I remember my days doing my law degree. We never got up to anything, there was never any time. When we weren't in lectures we were reviewing case law and precedent or arguing obscure points. I doubt we'd have used social media even if it had been around.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): You probably wouldn't have, dad, but everyone else would have.

| At 12:39 GMT the following email was sent from Elisha's laptop:

To: katrinshandel21@outlook.com

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Room to rent: Deptford

Hi Katrin

Thank you for your email.

I give you my permission to do a social media review.

Currently I only use my website www.elishaclarinet.co.uk, my YouTube channel ElishaClarinet, Facebook under my elisha@elishclarinet.co.uk email address and LinkedIn.

I used to use elishah1991@gmail.com, eli.houghton91@outlook.com and elishahoughton2773@guildhall.ac.uk. I also used Twitter as @elisharocks and @jazzedupelisha. I briefly used Instagram under the handle #elishah9191 but only for a couple of months. I was never interested enough to set up accounts with Reddit, TikTok, Pinterest or any of the others but I do have a Spotify account for accessing music.

Hope this helps. When can I see the room?

Elisha Houghton

*At 20:01 GMT 59 tracking apps on Katrin laptop noted the following website was accessed:
www.tenantproof.co.uk – time on site:4m38s*

Sunday 8th December 2019

Transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as “I9117-PFR99-50684-22212” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:27 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Shimon Litvik and Katrin Shandel (mood:Shimon-bored, Katrin-relaxed; marketing keywords: kettle, Christmas, garden, football).

Simon: Morning. Kettle's just boiled.
Katrin: Thanks.
Simon: How's the search for Sue's replacement going?
Katrin: Ugh.
Simon: That good, huh.
Katrin: No one's looking just before Christmas. I've only had perhaps ten responses.
Simon: And none of them viable?
Katrin: Two are possibles. Is Mandy up yet?
Simon: I think I saw her in the garden earlier, hanging out some washing.
Katrin: OK. When you've finished your breakfast do you want to join us in the TV room?
Simon: Sure. Will it take long? Only I'm supposed to be playing football in a bit.
Katrin: No, five minutes maybe.

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as “D7-N784428499 /59071: 022019” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:31 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Shimon Litvik, Katrin Shandel and Mandy Fenman (mood:Shimon-curious, Katrin-relaxed, Mandy-distant; marketing keywords: evenings (inactivity), mortgage ...).

Simon: So what's happening?
Katrin: As I said just now, there are a couple of possibles for Sue's room. I wanted to know what you thought and when they can come and see the place. I assume you want to at least meet them.
Simon: Oh any evening. Not Saturday though.
Mandy: Same with me. I'm at the shop most days but I don't do much in the evenings. What do you know about them?
Katrin: One is a man. He's 22 and a trainee accountant in

Woolwich. I'm not clear on why he's looking for somewhere else to live but his current landlord gave him a reasonable reference.

Simon: And the other?

Katrin: Yes, she's a bit iffy and to be honest if I'd had more responses I wouldn't be considering her but I've only had a handful so far and, well, some were pretty dire. One could barely string a sentence together and I don't think he managed to spell more than half a dozen words correctly.

Simon: So why not wait for more interest?

Katrin: It's the money. I'm paying the mortgage on this place as you know and I need the rents. The sooner I can get someone in the better. If I have to wait then I have to wait but the chap sounds suitable and the girl, well, you never know. At least she's well educated and literate.

Mandy: What does she do?

Katrin: She's a musician.

Simon: Oh, god. Please don't tell me she's a rapper or in a reggae band or something.

Katrin: If she were then I wouldn't consider her. I don't want any of that sort of riff raff in this house. She says she's got a job with the 515N0W orchestra although I've not yet had that confirmed.

Mandy: I've never heard of them. What are they? Swing or something?

Katrin: They're a classical orchestra so she has an element of respectability at least.

Simon: I think I've heard of them. Aren't they based at the O2 in Greenwich?

Katrin: Yes.

Mandy: She doesn't play the tuba or anything like that? Only I've heard they have to practice a lot.

Katrin: She plays the clarinet, which I believe is a fairly quiet instrument. I've looked at the orchestra's website and their concerts are in the evenings so if she does need to practice then she'd probably do that during the day and we're all out during the day.

Simon: Fair point. How old is she?

Katrin: 28. She's currently living with her parents in Gloucester

so ...

Mandy: 28 and living with her parents? Typical bloody millennial. Work shy the lot of them.

Katrin: Well, who knows. What I do know is she moved back with her parents after finishing at university. Perhaps it isn't that easy to find work as a musician. Anyway, she's got no references from past landlords but I did a social media search on her and nothing untoward turned up. Well, not to do with renting anyway.

Simon: Ohhh, so there was something interesting? Was it juicy? Is she kinky or something?

Mandy: Oh give it a rest, Simon. What did she do? Not drugs, is it? I've heard most musicians are on drugs.

Katrin: No, nothing like that. For a few months she and some of her friends posted ratings and comparisons of their boyfriends on Facebook. It's actually quite funny although if I was one of them I'd probably be quite offended.

Simon: I'm not sure I like the sound of this girl. That would be every guy's nightmare.

Mandy: I'm liking her more and more. It's time some of you guys knew what we really thought of you.

Katrin: Yes, I thought you might approve of that, Mandy. So, assuming they both get good employers' references when shall we meet them?

Simon: When does Sue move out? Next Friday, isn't it?

Katrin: Her rent's paid until then but she actually moved out yesterday. She should be back in Taiwan by now.

Simon: Not even a good bye? Just like my bloody ex.

Katrin: How about Thursday?

Mandy: Fine by me.

Simon: Yeah, me too. So are we done?

Monday 9th December 2019

| *At 10:38 GMT the following email was sent from Janel Kantara's tablet.*

To: katrinshandel21@outlook.com
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Employee reference

Dear Katrin Shandel

I am pleased to confirm that Elisha Houghton will be employed by this Orchestra as permanent Second Clarinet from 30th December 2019 and will be listed as such on our website from that date.

Regards
Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *At 18:22 GMT the following email was sent from Katrin Shandel's laptop.*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: katrinshandel21@outlook.com
Subject: re: Room to rent: Deptford

Hi Elisha

If convenient, perhaps you could view the house and the vacant room and meet with myself and the other tenants at 7:15pm on Thursday 12th December. The address is 190 Allenby Road, Deptford.

Regards
Katrin Shandel

| *Partial extract of transcript of recording made by virtual assistant pod identified as "Lounge" commencing 18:24 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Jeremy Houghton and Fiona Houghton (mood:Elisha-excited, Jeremy-relaxed, Fiona-relaxed; marketing keywords: bathroom, skipping, car, motorway, ...).*

Elisha: Ooh, ooh, I've just had an email from that woman about the room. She says I can come round and look at it on Tuesday, tomorrow.

Fiona: Make sure you check the bathroom, dear. Don't live anywhere with a dirty bathroom.

Jeremy: So one would assume that your social media review was satisfactory?

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Looks like it. Tuesday, though. I'll have to skip the band again. That'll really piss Derek off even more.

Jeremy: That can't be helped. You're moving on to better things and I'm sure he understands that. Do you want to borrow the car?

Elisha: Hmm, no. I think I'll take the bus again. I'll be coming back late and I don't like motorway driving at night. I think the last bus is around 9ish which should be plenty of time. I'll just email back. (*pause*) Oh, bummer.

Fiona: What is it, dear?

Elisha: I misread it. It says Thursday, not Tuesday. Shit. That means I've no excuse to miss the gig.

Fiona: I thought you liked playing with your band?

Elisha: I do, or I did. It's just everything's kind of changed now, you know? Like Derek and the others have gone all cold on me. I don't think I want to play tomorrow.

Jeremy: Well, that's your decision although, presumably, they have not made any arrangements to replace you?

Elisha: If they have no one's told me. I suppose I'd better go. It probably won't be that much fun but I can't let them down now. It wouldn't sit right.

Jeremy: And you are a better person for saying that, Elisha. Good for you.

Elisha: Who was it that said 'tis a far far better thing I do now than I have ever done before?

Jeremy: Hmm, I don't recall but it's not directly applicable. Whoever it was that did say that said it while waiting to be executed during the French Revolution. I don't think your challenge is quite at the same level.

Elisha: I guess not but it feels like it. Anyway, let me just reply to this email.

(*silence*)

Elisha: OK, done.

Jeremy: Do you think it likely that you'll take the room, Elisha?

Elisha: I don't know. It could be a dump and, anyway, there could be other people in the running. Maybe this Katrin person will give it to someone else. What do you think it meant anyway? Meet with myself and the other tenants? Does that mean she's a tenant as well?

Fiona: That would seem unlikely, unless she's also the agent for the landlord.

Jeremy: It could be she means those tenants other than you or whoever gets the room. I'd say it's fairly likely she owns the house and rents out rooms although it's possible she rents the entire house and sub-lets.

Elisha: I imagine I'll find out on Thursday.

Jeremy: When will it be available?

Elisha: Friday, I think. Just a sec.

(*silence*)

Elisha: Yes, Friday the 13th. That doesn't sound too good, does it.

Jeremy: Assuming she offers you the room and you like it, when do you think you might move in?

Elisha: I haven't really thought that far ahead, to be honest. I've just been hoping to find somewhere before the end of December. I suppose I'd have to take it pretty quickly as I guess she won't want to leave it empty for long and there's always people looking for somewhere to live in London. Which, umm, brings up another teeny, tiny little problem.

Jeremy: Yes. I've been wondering when this was going to come up. How much?

Elisha (*mood:apprehensive*): Well, if I get this place the rent's £575 a month and it'll be in advance and the bond will probably be the same. I don't know when I'll get my first paycheck from the orchestra so ...

Jeremy: So you want a loan from the bank of mum and dad?

Elisha: Umm, well, umm ...

Jeremy: Sorry, no. We're not going to lend you any money.

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Not even a little?

Jeremy: No.

(*silence*)

Fiona: Now you're just being cruel, Jeremy.

Jeremy: I know, but the look on her face is priceless, don't you think?

Fiona: Well, yes, it is. Go on, tell her.

Elisha: Tell me what?

Jeremy: We were going to give you £2500 as a Christmas present to help you get started with your career but I see no reason why you can't have your Christmas present a little early if you do decide to take that room.

Elisha (*mood:ecstatic*): Oh, dad, mum, wow, that's like totally awesome! Wow, thank you, thank you. You're sure that won't leave you short for your trip?

Jeremy: We might have to leave out a cruise around Antarctica but, frankly, I don't want to go there anyway. Britain's cold enough. By the way, we've booked our flight to Australia. We leave early on Saturday 4th January. We arrive in Sydney on the Sunday morning, or Sunday evening their time.

Elisha (*mood:upset*): Oh, but that means I won't be able to spend your last night with you. I'll be doing my first concert!

Fiona: Actually you will, dear. We're spending New Year with Simone and Bethany in Birmingham then we're flying down to London on that Friday. We've booked a hotel for that night in London and we've got tickets for your concert. We wouldn't miss it for the world.

Elisha (*mood:ecstatic*): Hey, that's great! You can come backstage after and meet the others!

Tuesday 10th December 2019

Extract from transcript of recording made by activated internet-capable sound mixer located at The Wheatsheaf Inn, Hucclecote, UK, commencing 19:28 GMT. Participants identified as Elisha Houghton, Derek Delaney, James McGrath and Eric Watson (mood:Elisha-flustered, Derek-irritated, James-relaxed, Eric-relaxed; marketing keywords: movie, Dirty Dancing, musicals ...):

- Elisha: Hey, guys. Sorry, am I late?
- Derek: We're due to start in about two minutes. I was afraid you weren't going to bother to turn up.
- Elisha: Yeah, no, I wouldn't do that. I just had to say goodbye to one of my students and it got a bit emotional. He's devastated.
- Derek: He'll get over it. Ready?
- Elisha: What's the first number?
- Jamie: We're doing a number from the movie Dirty Dancing.
- Elisha (*mood:incredulous*): Are you serious? Since when do we do musicals? What's that, the 80s?
- Eric: We're just trying something out, OK. Go with the flow Eli. Oh, congrats on the job, you know.
- Jamie: Yeah, awesome.
- Elisha: Well, OK. Thanks. Which number? I don't think I know any of the music from Dirty Dancing.
- Eric: You'll know it. They're all pretty simply anyway. Shh, Derek's about to introduce us.
- Derek: Is this thing on? Oh yes! Great. Good evening, ladies and gentlemen! For those of you who don't know, we're the Windy Strings Jazz Band and we're here every Tuesday evening. Over there on my left is Eric Watson on double bass. On my right is Jamie McGrath on banjo. I'm Derek Delaney on, as you can see, trumpet.
(*background noise; possible clapping?*)
- Derek: There's someone else with us here tonight. She wasn't here last week for our debut at The Wheatsheaf and before we get started I just want to tell you a little about her.
- Elisha (*faint*): Oh no, what's he going to say?
- Jamie (*faint*): Just chill, OK. You'll love it.
- Derek: About four years ago me and these guys used to just

hang around each others' houses making some noise and half thinking of putting a band together but too bloody idle to actually do anything about it. Then one day I went to Tescos and there was this girl there, fresh out of music college and doing some busking. She sounded pretty good and we got to talking and, to cut a long story short, she inspired us to get off our arses and actually do something. Her name is Elisha Houghton and she's been the driving force of this band since that day.

(background noise; possible clapping?)

Derek: The sad news though is that she wasn't with us last week and she's not going to be with us anymore but the good news, the really awesomely great news, is that she's joining one of the top London orchestras as their clarinettist. She's that talented.

(background noise; possible clapping?)

Derek: Like I said she's brilliant on the clarinet but I know, secretly, in her heart, she's always fancied playing the sax so when we heard she was leaving we went into what used to be Gloucester's biggest music store but is now Gloucester's only music store and there was this beautiful alto sax there for sale. Lovely it was so we had a whip round and we were, like, £900 short, something like that, so we didn't get it.

(background noise; possible laughter?)

Derek: So we went somewhere else and got Elisha a leaving present we could afford. Jamie, go on, give it to her. Yes, people, not a sax but probably a lot more useful in London than a sax would be. A new chain for her bicycle! Hey, we're struggling musicians, OK. But we did get it gift wrapped!

(background noise; possible laughter?)

Derek: Seriously, though, as a tribute to Elisha, and, hey, everyone, look at her. She's getting all embarrassed already! Hah! We're going to start tonight with our interpretation of a song from the movie Dirty Dancing by Bill Medley and Jennifer Warnes. Yeah, you all know it but I'm not going to inflict my singing on you but, like I said, as a tribute to Elisha, I'm going to recite the

first verse. OK? Ready guys? Here goes.

(Editor's note: text formatted for easier comprehension)

Now I've had the time of my life,

No, I never felt like this before.

Yes I swear, it's the truth,

And I owe it all to you.

'Cause I've had the time of my life,

And I owe it all to you.

Elisha, babe, it's not just me but all of us. We're really gonna miss you and, yeah, we've had the time of our lives and we owe it all to you. Thank you Elisha. I just know you're gonna slay them in London.

Thursday 12th December 2019

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 /59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 19:10 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Mandy Fenman, Katrin Shandel and Shimon Litvik (mood:Mandy-sarcastic, Katrin-irritated, Shimon-bored; marketing keywords: air freshener, cleaner, shoe shop, fumigation ...).

- Mandy: So now we know why he got such good references. They want him out, asap, and I can tell why.
- Katrin: Yes, he was a bit whiffy. I'll get the air freshener.
- Simon: We had a cleaner who smelt worse once. One of the guys in the office used to follow her round with a can of air freshener. She never did understand why. Eventually someone complained and she was replaced.
- Mandy: You should try running a shoe shop. Some people's feet stink something chronic. They try on a pair of shoes and I have to fumigate them after. I've heard it's worse in clothes shops. Sometimes they have to throw out stock 'cos of the smell. I know I've been in changing rooms that someone smelly's been in. I don't know how they let themselves go like that.
- Simon: Really? I thought women always smelled nice, but then that cleaner was a woman. I reckon that guy hadn't bothered to wash his clothes for a while.
- Katrin: Hopefully this girl will be better. For sure I'm not offering the room to him.
- Mandy: Thank God. I'm in the room next door.
- Simon: When's she coming?
- Katrin: Should be here any minute. Look, if you're both happy with her just give me the nod and I'll offer her the room straight away. No sense in wasting time and letting her find somewhere else. Should I open a window?

At 19:12 GMT the phone associated with Mandy Fenman received an SMS advertising Fenman Shoes in Deptford.

- Mandy: It's too bloody cold. She'll wonder why and think we're fresh air freaks or something.
- Simon: There isn't any fresh air in London.
- Katrin: You're probably right. Does the room smell OK? Ahh, that's probably her now.

Mandy: It smells like you've just sprayed air freshener.
 Katrin: Well, it'll have to do. If she says anything I'll explain.
(faint voices)
 Mandy: Oh, not another bloody text. You'd think there'd be some way to avoid getting ads for my own bloody shoe shop.
 Simon: At least it shows the system's working.
 Mandy: It's probably only me and no one else getting them.
 Katrin: Come on through and I'll introduce you to the others. Elisha, this is Simon, who has the room at the front ...
 Simon: Hello, Elisha, it's actually Shimon but most people call me Simon. Jewish, you see.
 Unknown: Hello, nice to meet you.
 Katrin: ... and Mandy who's got the other room at the back.
 Mandy: Hello.
 Unknown: Hi, nice to meet you too.
 Katrin: Right, well, I'll give you a quick tour. This is the TV room and through here is the lounge. It's probably more of a sun room but we get precious little sun here. Beyond is the garden.
 | *Face matching identifies 17 people flagged as Elisha with similar facial characteristics.*
 Unknown: Great.
 Katrin: Back this way is the kitchen and laundry. I'll show you the arrangements then we'll go upstairs.
(distant voices)
 Simon: Looks nice enough and she doesn't smell.
 Mandy: Yeah, but she could be noisy. Don't forget about that.
 Simon: True. I like that she didn't react when I said I was Jewish.
 Mandy: Hah, she's probably just got superb self control. Bet she's fluent in German.
 Simon: I just hope she's not as bitchy as you are.
 Mandy: I doubt it. She doesn't own a shoe shop in a depressed part of London. That would make Mother Teresa bitchy.
 Simon: Who's Mother Teresa?
 Mandy: You're clueless, you are. If someone doesn't play football you've never heard of them.
 Simon: If there was a footballer called Mother Teresa I would definitely of heard of him, her.

Katrin: Simon's a bit of a football fan, aren't you, Simon. Have a seat, Elisha.

Simon: It gives some meaning to my otherwise pointless life, yeah. Do you like football, Elisha?

Unknown: Umm, I played a little at school.

Voice characteristics matched to those of the visual characteristics associated with the mobile phone of Elisha Houghton and the email address elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk.

Katrin: Simon works in the Borough Surveyor's department ...

Simon: For my sins.

Katrin: And Mandy owns Fenman Shoes in the High Street.

Elisha: Oh, how nice.

Mandy: I can give you a small discount if you see any you like, Elisha.

Elisha: Great, thanks. I'll be sure to drop in one day soon.

Katrin: And I'm a Civil Servant. You, I believe, play the clarinet with an orchestra?

Elisha: Yes, that's right, although not yet. I start at the end of December.

Katrin: I imagine you must practice a lot then.

Elisha: I usually do three hours or so a day although I'll probably have to do more to begin with until I'm used to the style of the orchestra and their repertoire. Is that going to be an issue?

Katrin: That depends on when you do your practice.

Elisha: During the day. Performances are generally in the evenings so I'll have to practice in the early afternoons.

Katrin: That shouldn't be a problem then. We're all at work during the day, and so are the neighbours so you'd be able to practice in your room or in here. You'd have the house to yourself. What about weekends?

Elisha: I have to practice at the weekends as well but I can probably do that at the O2. Our concerts are Friday, Saturday and Sunday so it shouldn't be a problem.

Simon: And the clarinet isn't that loud, is it. Not like drums or electric guitar.

Elisha: That's right.

Mandy: And I'm guessing you're not a beginner, either. You don't take any drugs, do you?

Elisha: No, definitely not.

Mandy: That's a shame. I'm thinking I could use some.

Katrin: Mandy has a strange sense of humour. Don't take her too seriously. Now, the rent's £575 a month and there's a bond of £200 and we each put £25 into a kitty every week to pay for gas and electricity and so on. Will that be a problem at all?

Elisha: No, I can afford that. Umm, are you offering me the room?

Katrin: Do either of you have any questions?

Simon: Do you speak German, Elisha?

Elisha: Umm, a little. I couldn't hold a conversation in German but I know enough to play Wagnerian operas. Do I need to?

Simon: No, no, I was just curious.

Elisha: OK.

Katrin: Have you any questions?

Elisha: Yeah, umm, look, I don't want to be rude but there was a bit of a funny smell in that room. Is it always like that?

Katrin: Ahh. No. It's just that someone else came round to see the room not long ago and he, um, had a bit of a personal problem, shall we say.

Elisha: Oh right. Yeah, that's not very nice, is it.

Katrin: So would you like the room?

Elisha: The bed seemed comfy enough so yes, I'd like the room if that's OK.

Katrin: Great. When would you like to move in?

Elisha: How about this weekend?

Katrin: Perfect. Do you want to do cash or ...

Elisha: Whatever's easiest although I don't have much cash on me at the moment. Can I give it to you when I move in?

Katrin: Yes, that's fine. And we'll do the agreement then as well and I'll give you the keys.

Elisha: Awesome. Well, I'd best be off or I'll miss the bus back to Gloucester. I'll see you all on Sunday, then. Thanks!

Katrin: I'll show you out.

(footsteps)

Mandy: Gloucester? She didn't sound Scottish.

Simon: I'm pretty sure Gloucester's in Wales, not Scotland. I'll google it. Turn TV on.

Mandy: Funny, she didn't sound Welsh either.
Simon: Google Search Gloucester. Oh, look. It's just before
Wales.
Mandy: Cool. So she is English, then.

Saturday 14th December 2019

Transcript of video blog (vlog) posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 12:33 GMT:

Hi guys! Elisha of ElishaClarinet here. This is going to be a short posting today, just to let you know what's happening. Wow! Everything's happening so fast at the moment and I'm living in a huge sea of change! Doing this little update is helping me to stay orientated. Don't forget, as always, hit the Like and subscribe. Still hoping to get to 15,000 before Christmas but it's not looking likely. Hey, whatever. It's more intimate like this. Who wants a million subscribers anyway? I feel like I know most of you personally.

Umm, well, since I got the seat with 515N0W a lot of things have ended for me. I've left my band. Did my last gig a few days ago and they gave me a wonderful send off and I ended up playing for a bit with tears in my eyes but it was sweet. I've also ended with my students. Sadly one's giving up lessons altogether. One's moved over to my friend Sandy who's also replacing me at the Windy Strings and the other's looking around for another teacher. What else, umm, oh yeah, I've also finished with the Gloucester City Orchestra and told the school I do some occasional cover for that I won't be available next term. It feels very strange not having these things in my life anymore. I know I'm going to be working full time with 515N0W but I kind of get a feeling of emptiness for the future, you know? It's weird. It's like everything's coming to an end even though I know, in my head at least, that it's actually a new beginning. In a sense it's freaking me out a little. It's completely unlike when I left to go to uni even though that was a huge break from everything familiar as well.

Oh hey, yeah! I've found a place to live in London. It's only a room but that's cool and I move in tomorrow. Maybe one day when I'm a famous soloist I'll be able to afford to buy a house of my own but that's going to be a long way off. My parents are delighted, of course. It means I'll be out of their hair at last. They haven't said anything but I can tell. Oh yeah, that's another thing that's contributing to my feelings of dislocation. They're selling the house. They're off on a world tour and when they get back they'll buy somewhere else but the place I grew up in, that's been my base for the last twenty or so years

won't be here anymore. Someone else will be living in it. That's, like, so weird!

So, yeah, like I move out tomorrow and into my new place and my new life. New places, new people, new sights, new sounds. Wow. The only thing that's staying the same is me and my clarinet, and I guess I'll be changing as well. Yeah, I know it's really exciting and awesome and all but it's, like, scary too, really scary.

Well, that's it. Not a lot to update after all but ... oh, I don't know when I'll be posting again. Hopefully it'll be soon but everything's a little chaotic at the moment. I mean, like, I don't have much stuff, it'll all fit in my dad's car, but they're busy packing everything up to put into storage and having garage sales and all and I'm like, wow, everything's going! I'm like, but that's part of my life too, you know! Even though it isn't really, it's their life but, yeah, it's weird.

I'm going to go practice. That's way cool. That's, like, something solid in my life that never changes. Whatever happens I have to practice and it gives me a focus, a little pool of stability, so, yeah, I'm going to go practice. Oh, yeah, you remember that Chinese company was sending me one of their clarinets and I was going to review it for you guys? Still hasn't arrived. It's been, like, six weeks since they said they'd sent it. I know post from China isn't that great but six weeks! Hopefully it's going to arrive before the house is sold. Oh, that's something else I've got to do. Set up postal redirection. Not like I get anything in the post, I mean, like, who sends letters and stuff these days, yeah? But, my dad says I ought to, just in case, so I guess if the clarinet arrives after the house is sold it'll be sent on. I can't just tell them my new address, can I? Actually, no, I guess I can't, thinking about it. Whoever's shipping it probably can't change the delivery address now.

Oh yeah, and I'm going to need to get some new dresses. There's a particular dress the orchestra says I have to wear and I can get it from this place in the O2. They've given me an allowance in my pay to buy them and they say I should have at least half a dozen. I guess that's so I have a clean one for each performance which makes sense as it can get pretty sweaty playing for a couple of hours and there won't be time to wash them between performances. I'm hoping I'll have a locker

or something at work so I can keep a spare one there in case. I'm going to get them next week once I'm living in London. Oh yeah, hey, nearly forget. I'm, like, going to be sharing this house with some other people and one of them, like, owns a shoe shop! She said she'd give me a discount, which'll be so cool. I just hope they're in my kind of price range. Like 10% off a £1000 pair of shoes isn't going to help much, but I'm guessing she doesn't have those kinds of shoes. The shop's in the High Street, after all. I don't think I could wear £1000 shoes anyway. I'd be too scared of damaging them. Like, my last pair cost me £17.99.

Anyway, I'm going to go practice. Keep it real, people. See you next time. Oh and thank you to everyone who supported me through the auditions and those who sent really sweet messages. I love you too, OK. Mwah!

Thursday 2nd January 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 18:46 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Chrissie Hammond, Elisha Houghton, Dennis Naylor and others (mood:Chrissie-cheerful, Elisha-nervous, Dennis-cheerful, ...).

- Chrissie: Hello! You must be Elisha the new Clarinet. I'm Chrissie, First Oboe.
- Elisha: Hey, hi. Nice to meet you.
- Chrissie: I looked out for you in the dressing room but didn't see you.
- Elisha: Yeah, I'm a bit, you know.
- Chrissie: Yeah, dressings rooms can be overwhelming at first. At least we're not in with the guys. Or the strings.
- Elisha: So you sit next to me?
- Chrissie: Yup. We're the last row on the left, basically. Dennis, you, me and Adam, the other oboe. The row in front of us are the flutes and bassoons and the three rows in front of them are the violins.
- Elisha: Right. I was wondering. So on the other side are the rest of the strings and the brass?
- Chrissie: That's right. And in the middle, right in front of Kaji is where Jason sits. You've met him, haven't you? He's First Violin.
- Elisha: Yes, I have. He seems a nice guy.
- Chrissie (*mood:amused*): He is, although watch his hands. They tend to rove a bit.
- Dennis: Ahh, there you are, Elisha. I was getting worried. No one in the dressing room seemed to have seen you.
- Chrissie: She's a bit nervous, Den.
- Dennis: Understandable. Now, Elisha, before I forget. Do you have an E flat clarinet?
- Elisha: Ah, no. I've only got two B flats. This one and my spare. Do I need one?
- Dennis: You will do in a few weeks but not to worry, you can use mine. I'll let you have it after rehearsal.
- Elisha: That's very kind of you, thanks. Umm, how do I know when I need one?
- Chrissie: This is Adam, by the way. Adam, Elisha.

Elisha: Hi Adam.
Adam: Hiya.
Dennis: And that's Ron, Second Bassoon. Ron, say hi to Elisha.
Ron: Delighted. Welcome to hell.
Elisha: Umm, hell?
Dennis: He's got a funny sense of humour, take no notice. Ahh, here are the two Sues. Girls, this is Elisha, Second Clarinet.
Sue: Hi.
Sue: Hello.
Elisha: Hi, hi. Isn't it confusing having both flautists named Sue?
Dennis: Not really. Makes it easier in a way. Ron, where's Lauren?
Ron: She'll be along in a minute. I saw her going into her dressing room as I came out on stage.
Dennis: OK. So that's our little group, Elisha, stuck behind the strings.
Chrissie: I was just thinking, I've been here nearly 18 months and I still don't really know anyone on the other side. I've talked to two or three in the after-concert dos but it's like another world over there.
Dennis: I know. I've been here over 10 years and I know maybe half of them, mostly in the brass. One of the cellists has been here for almost as long as me and I've never spoken with him. In fact I don't think I've ever seen him at an after-concert do either. Hello, looks like Kaji's running late again.
Jason: Can I have everyone's attention? Everyone. Please. Kaji's running a little late. She should be here in a few minutes so there's no point in me starting the rehearsal in her absence. Shouldn't be too long. Chrissie, we'll hold off on the tuning until she gets here, OK?
Chrissie: Yeah, no problem, Jason.
Dennis: Speaking of tuning, Elisha, you're tuned to 440?
Elisha: Yes, of course.
Dennis: Good. We tune to 440 for the classical concerts on Fridays and Sundays but for the non-classics on Saturdays we tune to 443 hertz. It give a brighter sound. Rehearsals are usually 440 and for other

sessions we're told at the time.

Elisha: Ahh, right. I'll remember that. Coming back to the E flat clarinet, how do I know when that's coming up?

Dennis: Didn't Anya take you through that during your orientation?

Elisha: Umm, I don't think so. She spent most of the time talking about astrology and runes and ley lines and the rest of the time on how to search the score library.

Chrissie: Yeah, Anya can be a bit weird sometimes.

Dennis: Weird? She's completely Becontree!

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Becontree?

Chrissie: Yeah, two stops past Barking.

Elisha: I'm sorry?

Dennis: Becontree's two stops past Barking on the District Line.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): Oh.

Dennis: Bloody brilliant orchestrator though. Not only can she turn a score for a 100 piece symphony orchestra into something our little 35 piece orchestra can play but she does it the other way as well. You remember that film we did the music for, Chrissie? Oh, two years ago?

Chrissie: The Dishonourable Dutchman?

Dennis: No, it was, umm, ...

Sue: No Pride But Full Prejudice?

Dennis: That's the one. Don't expect you saw it, Elisha, it didn't even rate being called a flop. Anyway, the music for it was just a basic melody scribbled on the back of an envelope. Anya more or less had to write the whole thing from scratch. Did a damn good job of it as well. It was a shame the rest of the film wasn't up to the music. Speaking of films, you probably won't know this, Elisha, but this auditorium has a full recording studio quality sound system.

Elisha: No, I didn't know that but coming back to the E flat clarinet ...

Adam: What's really impressive is the noise cancelling.

Chrissie: Oh absolutely. I was in here getting ready to audition Adam when Ariana Grande was doing a concert in the Arena a few months ago. You could hear the thumping in the back 20 or so rows.

Elisha: I'm sorry, I don't follow ...

Dennis: When there's a loud concert in the Arena the noise comes through into The Enclave here. There are speakers built in around the back of the auditorium which cancel out the noise coming through so our patrons can't hear it. The back of The Enclave is only 30 feet or so away from the Arena and it's the biggest indoor concert hall in Britain so it's got an incredibly loud sound system.

Elisha: That's pretty impressive. Listen, about the E flat clarinet.

Dennis: Yes? What about it?

Elisha: How do I find out when it's coming up? Anya didn't say anything about that.

Dennis: Ahh, right. Yes. Well, at least she gave you a tablet. Did she explain about the two screens?

Elisha: Yes, she showed me how to display two pages of the score at the same time.

Dennis: Good. And the calendar?

Elisha: She showed me which icon to use but that's all.

Dennis: Right. Chrissie, could you open Elisha's calendar for me? You're closer.

Chrissie: Sure. There you go.

Dennis: OK. Now the calendar shows all the upcoming events for the next three months or so so to get the scores you just tap on the date and which score you want for that event. So tomorrow we've got Wagner's Tannhäuser and Dvořák Symphony Number 8. You see? So if you tap on the Dvořák you get the score for the Second Clarinet.

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Oh, right! That's so easy! What I've been doing is writing what's on the calendar on a piece of paper then searching the library.

Chrissie: Oh, there's no need for that. These tablets are fully integrated with the library and the sound system. The system even tracks the music and turns the pages on the display for us.

Elisha: And will it always give the scores for me, Second Clarinet?

Dennis: If you use your tablet. If you used mine you'd get the First Clarinet scores, unless you're filling in for me for some reason then you'll get the First Clarinet scores on

yours.

Elisha: Wow.

Dennis: It's a very impressive system and you know what?

Elisha: What?

Dennis: It didn't cost us a penny. It was given to us by our main sponsor and we get all the upgrades free as well. It all runs off a server upstairs somewhere. It's Russian, of course, but very impressive. All we have to do is showcase the system every now and then to other outfits that are thinking of buying it. Mind you, we'll be buggered if we ever go to war with Russia but if that happens I'm sure we'll have plenty of other things to worry about. Go back to the calendar for a moment. Right, scroll down a bit to the beginning of March. Ahh, there. You see that red dot next to the title?

Elisha: Yes.

Dennis: That means there's a change to your normal role for that piece. Open it and you'll see that you have to play the E flat role.

Elisha: Oh, right. I'm so glad you've shown me all this. I was freaking out at how complicated it all was.

Dennis: Well, yes, you would do. Our music library has the parts for every instrument for every score we've ever performed, plan to perform or were going to perform and never did, both in the original and in Anya's orchestrated version. Only Anya really understands it. It's my fault. I should have come in for your orientation as well.

Elisha: That's OK. I'm sure I'll get the hang of it now I see how easy it is.

Chrissie: It's actually a doddle and a hell of a lot easier than using paper manuscripts. Ohh, looks like our noble conductor has arrived at last.

Elisha: Is she often late?

Chrissie: She's never late for a concert and she's rarely on time for a rehearsal. Make of that what you will.

Jason: Can I have your attention, everyone? Thank you. Yes, you trombones as well, too, if you don't mind. That's it. We'll start the rehearsal in a moment. Chrissie, could you tune us?

Chrissie: Certainly Jason. Hey, Elisha, what are you doing after rehearsal? Fancy coming for a coffee and something to eat?

| *Transcript of recording made by Monitoring Station L102, located on the O2 Concourse Lower Level, directly outside the stage entrance to The Enclave. Participants filtered to include Chrissie Hammond and Elisha Houghton only. Affluence estimated to be: Chrissie-medium, Elisha-medium to low.*

Chrissie: ... any round here?

Elisha: Only the one next door. It seemed quite good. The muffins had real blueberries.

Chrissie: Yeah, it's not bad but I'll take you to my favourite which is on the upper level. It's hidden among some clothes shops so we can have a look at them too.

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 29 changed to display advertisement for Sweet Suzie Fashions, 30 metres further along.*

Elisha: Sounds good. Are rehearsals ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station L103*

Elisha: ... always like that?

Chrissie: How do you mean?

Elisha: Well, it seemed, I don't know, perfunctory I guess.

Chrissie: Oh right, yeah. That's because we only have the one rehearsal each week for the three concerts. At least this week we're repeating Friday's on Sunday. Usually we have different programs each ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station L104*

Chrissie: ... night.

Elisha: So are you married, Chrissie?

Chrissie: No, not yet. That's an engagement ring.

Elisha: Hey, congratulations. When's the big day?

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 30 changed to display advertisement for Eiffel Brothers Jewellers*

Chrissie: We haven't set one yet although we're thinking maybe next year. Are you in a relationship?

Elisha: Me, no. I was but we broke ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station L105*

Elisha: ... up a couple of months ago.

Chrissie: Oh no! Was it dreadful for you? What went wrong?

Elisha: I don't know, maybe, I guess. I'd hardly seen Niall for

the last 3 years anyway. He's a composer and went to America and although we Skyped and stuff we kind of just grew apart.

Chrissie: Oh yeah, tell me about it. These long distance romances. Been there, done that, broken heart every time.

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 31 changed to display advertisement for Exotic Destinations Travel*

Elisha: You know ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station L106*

Elisha: ... what's weird? I've had, like, other boyfriends and stuff and got over breakups but with this one, it's strange.

Chrissie: You mean you still love him? Who dumped who?

Elisha: He dumped me and I was, like, how dare you dump me, you know? Really angry but that's not the weird bit.

Chrissie: So what's the weird bit?

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U001 on O2 Concourse Upper Level.*

Elisha: Well, like, I basically haven't had a boyfriend for 3 years, OK, but for all that time I did have a boyfriend, except he was in America so I did have a boyfriend. But then he dumped me and, even though nothing actually changed because I didn't have a boyfriend to go out with or stay in with I didn't have a boyfriend anymore.

Chrissie: I don't follow.

Elisha: Well, that's the weird bit. Even ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U002*

Elisha: ... though he hasn't been around for 3 years, now he's officially not around I feel kind of lonely without him even though he wasn't there before. If you get me.

Chrissie: So, like, you were OK when you had a boyfriend who wasn't there but now he really isn't there you're lonely?

Elisha: Yeah. Like I said, it's weird.

Chrissie: Yeah, that is weird. So you in the market for another?

Elisha: Wow, I ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U003*

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 125 changed to display advertisement for The Mental Health Hotline*

Elisha: ... guess. Although it will be really weird to have a

boyfriend who's actually there. Like, someone I can touch while I'm talking to them.

Chrissie: So there's been no touching for, like 3 years? Wow.

Elisha: I know. I think I've forgotten what to do.

Chrissie: Girl, it'll come back to you very quickly.

Elisha: And that's a bit scary too, you know.

Chrissie: So you want me to ask Barry if he ...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U004*

Chrissie: ... knows anyone suitable?

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 124 changed to display advertisement for Blue Venus Lingerie*

Elisha: Barry's your ... ?

Chrissie: Yeah. He's a project manager with a London construction company. He knows lots of guys in construction

Elisha: Yeah, I don't know. I'm kind of more into the thoughtful intellectual types than muscle and sweat.

Chrissie: Honey, it's been 3 years. Sounds to me like you could use a bit of muscle and sweat. You can always look for

...

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U005*

Chrissie: ... an intelligent one later.

Elisha: I don't know. I've kind of got used to not having a guy around.

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 123 changed to display advertisement for Pumped And Beautiful Gyms*

Chrissie: Don't let Anya hear you say things like that.

Elisha: You mean she's ... ?

Chrissie: Yup. If she ever calls you sötnos, run.

Elisha: Sötnos? What's that?

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U006*

Chrissie: I'm not sure. I think it's Swedish for sweet nose or something like that. Anyway what it really means is that she's got her eye on you.

Elisha: Did she ever call you that?

Chrissie: Yeah, but I'm not that way inclined, and she's like 50 or something.

Elisha: Oh yeah, that's getting a bit old.

| *Smart Advertising Display Unit 122 changed to display advertisement for Forever Young Skin Care Centre*

Chrissie: You mean you might be interested if she was younger?

Elisha: Oh shit no. I tried that once at uni. Girl on girl isn't my thing.

Chrissie: Sweet, so we're ...
 | *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U007*

Chrissie: ... looking for a nice thoughtful construction worker with muscles.

Elisha: Or maybe one of the office workers. I really don't want anyone with builder's crack and calloused hands.

Chrissie: I'll talk to Barry. Hey, maybe the four of us could go on a double date. How about tomorrow after the concert?

Elisha: Tomorrow? No, that's way too soon. I ...
 | *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U008*

Elisha: ... need to get my head around this first.

Chrissie: Oh, come on. It's just a guy and me and Barry'll be there just in case.

Elisha: No, really, I can't. My parents are off on a world trip. They'll be gone for months and they're coming to my first concert. I can't just bugger off after and leave them.

Chrissie: When are they flying out?

Elisha: Saturday morning.
 | *Smart Advertising Display Unit 119 changed to display advertisement for Exotic Destinations Travel*

Chrissie: So how about Saturday night, then?

| *Recording switched to Monitoring Station U008*

Elisha: I don't know. Look, Chrissie, these are my first concerts. I'm stressed enough as it is.

Chrissie: Yeah, I guess. So where are they heading first?

Elisha: Sydney, Australia. They arrive around 9 in the morning on Sunday.

Chrissie: Well, here we are. The only cafe in the O2 that doesn't monitor your conversations, or so they say. 9am Sunday huh? That's a long flight.

Sunday 5th January 2020

| *The following tweets were posted to Twitter at 04:13 GMT.*

World Health Organization (WHO)

@WHO

#China has reported to WHO a cluster of #pneumonia cases – with no deaths– in Wuhan, Hubei Province. Investigations are underway to identify the cause of this illness. 4:13 am · 5 Jan 2020

reply:

World Health Organization (WHO)

@WHO

WHO is closely monitoring this event and will share more details as we have them.

WHO is working across the 3 levels (country office, regional office, HQ) to track the situation. #pneumonia #China. 4:13 am · 5 Jan 2020

Thursday 23rd January 2020

Transcript of recordings made concurrently by the phones of Elisha Houghton and Chrissie Hammond commencing 13:08 GMT (mood:Elisha-bored, Chrissie-agitated). Location identified as Zizzi's At The O2.

Chrissie: Hiya hon, sorry I'm late. Been here long?
Elisha: Oh, a few minutes. I've ordered you a latte.
Chrissie: Thanks. Jesus it's cold out there. I don't know how you can bike to work in this weather.
Elisha (*mood:amused*): The pedalling keeps me warm.
Chrissie: Doesn't all that traffic bother you?
Elisha: Oh, I come along Olympian Way, you know, beside the river then cut up Waterview Drive and skip in to the O2 round the side next to the Body Shop. That way I miss most of it. It's going back after that's scary.
Chrissie: Ohh, the Body Shop! Yeah, haven't been in there for, like, forever.
Unknown: Latte and a kombucha?
Elisha: Oh, mine's the kombucha. Thanks.
Unknown: You're welcome.
Chrissie: Thanks! So what do you mean, scary?
Elisha: Yeah, no, like when I go home after the concerts it's late and there's all these tramps and dropouts dossing in dark corners and under bushes and stuff. I nearly ran over one last Sunday. They freak me out to be honest.
Chrissie: Yeah I can imagine. Hey, I heard a couple were found dead last week. Down by the Arena loading dock.
Elisha (*mood:shocked*): No! Oh, that's terrible!
Chrissie: Yeah, they must have frozen during that cold snap.
Elisha: You mean a couple in, like, a married couple?
Chrissie: Dunno. Doubt it. Anyway, they were just tramps. If they got themselves jobs they wouldn't need to sleep rough in the loading dock.
Elisha: Yeah, I guess. Hey, I heard there's now something like 600 people with that flu thing in China.
Chrissie (*mood:disinterested*): Yeah? So long as it stays there, huh. Isn't there, like, 5 billion people in China? 600 isn't many.
Elisha: Apparently it's spreading. I read there's now cases in

Hong Kong, Taiwan, Macao and a couple of other places.

Chrissie: You worried it's going to turn up here? So what if it does? We get the flu every year.

Elisha: Oh, I doubt it'll turn up here and even if it does we've got a better medical system, but I'm a little worried about my parents. I haven't heard from them since they left.

Chrissie: Aren't they in Australia?

Elisha: I don't know. They went to Sydney first and then they were going to go over to Indonesia and up into China but I don't know when. They could still be in Sydney or they could already be in China. They're probably still in Australia but they might have even gone to Hong Kong. It isn't that far away.

Chrissie: So text them.

Elisha: I did, and I emailed, but neither of them's too good with technology. I don't even know if they can connect outside England. Dad said he'd look into it but the last couple of weeks before they went were chaotic so maybe he didn't.

Chrissie: Oh, they'll be fine, hon. If something happened you'd have heard. Australia's fairly civilised, after all.

Elisha: But what about Indonesia? And what if they're in China and they've caught this flu and the authorities there don't want the rest of the world to know a couple of Brits have been infected. I've heard they can be really paranoid about these things.

Chrissie: Oh, you worry too much. They're fine. Even if they are in China what are the odds of them catching it? Hey, what happened with Greg?

Elisha: Nothing.

Chrissie: Didn't he call you after?

Elisha: I didn't give him my number.

Chrissie: So what was wrong with him? He seemed cute enough.

Elisha: Yeah, I guess, in a weird sort of way but he didn't do anything for me.

Chrissie: You're going to die an old maid, you know that? Here am I getting all these guys for you and you don't bother to even make an effort.

Elisha: One. That's all you've found so none of this all these guys stuff. Anyway, I can find my own guys, thank you very much.

Chrissie (*mood:amused*): Yeah right, hon. Listen, I need a pee so you drink up while I'm gone then we'll go over to the Body Shop, OK?

Elisha: Yeah, OK.

| *At 13:23 GMT 26 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:*

| *www.google.com query:"chinese flu australia" – time on site:1m17s*

| *Transcript of recordings made concurrently by the phones of Wayne Marchant and Chrissie Hammond commencing 13:24 GMT (mood:Wayne-nervous, Chrissie-irritated). Location identified as Zizzi's At The O2.*

Wayne: Umm, excuse me.

Chrissie: Yeah?

Wayne: Umm, that um, girl you're sitting with? Ahh, isn't she, umm, Elisha Houghton? With the, umm, 515N0W Orchestra?

Chrissie: Yeah. What of it?

Wayne: Oh, nothing. Sorry.

| *Transcript of recordings made concurrently by the phones of Elisha Houghton and Chrissie Hammond commencing 13:26 GMT (mood:Chrissie-excited, Elisha-confused). Location identified as Zizzi's At The O2.*

Chrissie (*loud whisper*): Hey, don't look now but you've got yourself a fan club!

Elisha: What?

Chrissie: See that guy? Over there, the nerdy one with the glasses? Don't look, he'll see you!

Elisha: How can I see him if I don't look?

Chrissie: Shhh! Don't let him see you looking, OK

Elisha: OK, I see him. On his own, in the green jumper, fiddling with his phone?

Chrissie: Yeah, that's him. He just asked me if you're Elisha

Houghton. With the orchestra. Way coooool, girl.

Elisha: I've never seen him before in my life. How does he know who I am?

Chrissie: He's probably seen you at one of the concerts and your name's in the program. I think he wants to talk to you.

Elisha (*mood:panicked*): You didn't give him my phone number did you?

Chrissie: Noo, of course not. But you see how he keeps looking over? So what do you reckon? He nerdy enough for you? He looks the thoughtful intelligent type although I think he is sweating a bit.

Elisha: Well, I guess, maybe, but I don't know him. You talk to him since you're so interested.

Chrissie: Oh, he's not my type, hon, and he wasn't the least bit interested in me anyway. Besides, I've got a guy. Not looking for another.

Elisha: And neither am I, Chrissie.

Chrissie: He doesn't look the type to come over and talk to you with me here. I'd say he lacks confidence. You probably like that in a guy since if Greg lacked anything it wasn't confidence. Hey, tell you what.

Elisha (*mood:agitated*): No, Chrissie. Don't!

Chrissie: Don't what?

Elisha: Don't invite him over. I don't want to talk to him.

Chrissie: You are such a wimp, Elisha. OK, I won't invite him over. You stay here though.

Elisha: What? Why? Where are you going?

Chrissie: I'm going to the Body Shop and you're going to stay here and talk to him when he comes over.

Elisha: What? Are you effing serious? I'm coming with you!

Chrissie: No you're not. You're staying here. There's a guy over there who wants to get to know you so you stay here and talk to him. What's the worst that can happen?

Elisha: But ...

Chrissie: Meet me in the Body Shop, and don't forget rehearsals. See ya!

Elisha: Chrissie! Wait ... oh, shit.

Transcript of recordings made concurrently by the phones of Wayne Marchant and Elisha Houghton commencing 13:30 GMT (mood:Wayne-nervous, Elisha-alarmed). Location identified as Zizzi's At The O2.

Wayne: Umm, excuse me.
 Elisha: Yes? Hello?
 Wayne: Umm, you're Elisha Houghton, aren't you? With the, umm, 515N0W Orchestra?
 Elisha: Umm, I guess.
 Wayne: Hey, hi, yeah, oh, I'm Wayne. I like your playing.
 Elisha: Oh. Well, umm, thank you.
 Wayne: Umm, can I maybe buy you a kombucha? Maybe join you for a bit?
 Elisha (*mutter*): God-damned Chrissie!
 Wayne: I'm sorry?
 Elisha: Yeah, no, look, I've, umm, I'm due at rehearsal in a minute.
 Wayne: Oh, sorry. Look, I thought you were brilliant in the, um, La Valse. Sorry.
 Elisha: So you were at last Sunday's concert?
 Wayne: Umm, yeah.
 Elisha (*mood:relaxing*): And you like Ravel?
 Wayne: Ravel? Yeah, right, yeah I do.
 Elisha: Well, that's nice.
 Wayne: Yeah, nice, ha ha. So, umm, can I join you?
 Elisha: Well, umm, yes, I suppose so. But I've got to go in a minute.
 Wayne: Sweet. So, umm, a kombucha? Or maybe some tea?
 Elisha: No, not right now, thanks. So have you been to any other concerts?
 Wayne: Umm, Skehezaradee
 Elisha: You mean Scheherazade? Rimsky-Korsakov?
 Wayne: Yeah, that one. You were brilliant in that as well.
 Elisha: Thank you. So you are a fan of classical music?
 Wayne: Umm, I, yeah, erm, I'm a fan of you.
 Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Oh. Well, umm, that's nice, I guess. But you must have liked classical music or you wouldn't have seen me at the concert.
 Wayne: Umm, yeah, I guess. And you play with great style and passion. Have you been playing for long?
 Elisha: About 15 years.
 Wayne: I, umm, admire your commitment, to have, umm, spent half your life playing the clarinet.
 Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Well, I suppose. How do you know it's been half

my life?

Wayne: Oh, umm, well, even though you look younger I'd estimate your age to be 29.

Elisha: 29? Well I am 29 but that's a very funny age to estimate.

Wayne: Yeah, like, umm, well, 30 seemed too old for someone with your smooth skin.

Elisha: My smooth ... ? You're serious?

Wayne: Please don't be alarmed. I, umm, was only trying to compliment you.

Elisha (*mood:suspicious*): So how do you know how smooth my skin is since you haven't actually looked at me yet?

Wayne (*mood:panicked*): Umm.

Elisha (*mood:angry*): What's going on here? Stop looking at your phone and look at me.

Wayne: Umm.

Elisha: And why do you keep your phone pointing at me? Are you filming me?

Wayne: Umm ... hey, give me back my phone!

Elisha (*mood:afraid*): What the hell is all this? Shit. This is what we've just been saying and, oh my god, it's writing what I'm saying now! What the hell? Why does it say you're to say please don't be alarmed? Why the frig shouldn't I be alarmed? You're a god-damned frigging creep! Keep away from me or I'll call the frigging police! I'm out of here!

Friday 24th January 2020

Transcript of video blog (vlog) posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 16:31 GMT:

Hi guys! Elisha Clarinet here. I'm posting this to warn all the women out there about this seriously creepy app I've come across. It's called Talk2Her and it's, like, just so far out creepy and I'm still so ... angry ... that I'm struggling to talk about it. See this?

This looks like a conversation that's been written down, yeah? But it isn't. Oh shit no. It's a frigging script to be followed and it's, like, how to pick up women! Can you believe that? Look, at the end,

even when I'd snatched the guy's phone off him it was still prompting him about what to say. I'm not joking. Look, this is what happened, and what I've been able to find out, but you know what's maybe even creepier? If you're female you can't even find it online! You can only find it if you're a guy! Jesus, this is sick. Listen, I was in this cafe yesterday and this guy came up and asked me if I was Elisha and did I play with my orchestra? I'm, like, hey, an autograph hunter. That's so cool, my first autograph! Then he started saying lots of nice things about me and my playing but, get this, he didn't know how to pronounce Scheherazade, even though he said he loved it. Like, if he'd been at the concert he'd have heard it announced, right? Even if he'd only read it before. Anyway he's saying these things and, like, he even said I had smooth skin. Like who says that after a couple of minutes, you know? Anyway, here's the thing. Not once did he even look at me. He keep looking at his phone all the time and he was saying these things like he was really cool and confident but he was nervous as hell. It didn't make any sense and he held his phone in such a way that it was always pointing at me while he was looking at the screen. It was really creepy and he was making me scared so I snatched the phone off him and saw all this shit.

Anyway, I ran out of there and, yeah, I forgot to throw his phone back at him. I didn't realise I still had it until I found my friend Chrissie. We started looking at it and found out the name of the app but when we tried to find it online we both got 404 page not found errors. So, when I got to rehearsal I was still, like, really stressed out, and told my

boss and he looked for it and found a website for the app, which was really weird and I'll tell you about it in a minute. But what he did was get most of the people in the orchestra to go to the website and, get this, only the guys could! So after rehearsal I talked to the woman who does all our IT stuff and she played around and figured out that the website checks who is trying to access it and only lets them see the page if they're a man. If they're female or unspecified then they can't get to see the site. See this?

This is a screenshot from the laptop of one of the people I share a house with, and he's a guy so he got to see the site. You see here?

This is where it explains what the app is. What it does is you give it a woman's name and phone number or a photo if you have one and it searches the online databases where all your likes and dislikes and habits and all that shit are stored for information about that woman then it uses an AI system to work out a script to pick her up. Jesus, that is so creepy but it gets worse. Apparently it listens to her voice and watches her face to pick up what her emotions are and adjusts what it tells the guy to say so I guess if she's interested it follows the same line of chat and if she isn't it'll try something else. If you look at that guy's again and read the script, umm, here

you see it's trying to calm me down when I started to get angry when I realised something bad was going on? And you know what is maybe even more insulting? There's a fee you have to pay for each woman you try to pick up and, get this, it's \$29.95. That's US dollars. I don't know what it is in pounds, but, for frig's sake, they're basically saying any guy can pick me up for just \$30? This is ... I just ... don't know how disgusting and creepy and ughhhhh this all is. To all the women out there who watch this, be warned! Be careful.

Now I know there'll be guys who watch this vlog and go ... hey, I need to get me this app. Seriously, guys, don't. It's been tried on me and I can tell you, if you get caught, which you will because you won't be cool enough to get away with what you have to say. If you are cool enough then you don't need this app anyway. But, trust me, if you get caught you will have blown your chances forever and we will be telling all our friends. You will not get away with it.

Monday 27th January 2020

From 10:47 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK, and Simone Houghton's phone, located in Birmingham, UK.

10:47 Elisha: Hiya have you heard from mum and dad recently?
10:49 Simone: No – have you?
10:49 Elisha: Nothing since they left UK – am worried
10:51 Simone: They'll be fine – Aus is fairly civilised and wed here if anything bad has happened.
10:52 Elisha: I guess – how are you?
10:54 Simone: Busy
10:54 Elisha: OK

The following email was sent from Elisha's phone 11:04 GMT (mood:worried; marketing keywords: Australia, novels):

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Where are you?????????

Just seen in the news that Aus has its first case of this novel virus thing – are you guys OK? I haven't heard from you since you left. Have texted and sent emails – WHAT IS HAPPENING????? I'm getting really worried!!@! Why don't you reply?

Thursday 30th January 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 18:47 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Dennis Naylor, Chrissie Hammond, Adam Sanders (mood:Elisha-tense, Dennis-relaxed, Chrissie-relaxed, Adam-distracted).

Elisha: Hi Dennis. How are you?
Dennis: I'm good thanks. Yourself?
Chrissie: Hey, Dennis.
Elisha: I'm fine.
Dennis: Heard from your parents yet?
Elisha: No, not a peep. I'm starting to get worried. This virus thing is in Australia now.
Dennis: I believe it's only 2 or 3 cases so I wouldn't think your parents will be affected.
Chrissie: And even if they are it's only, like, a bad cold. Are they still in Australia or have they gone to China yet?
Elisha: I don't know. That's what's so worrying. It's not like either of them to not let me know.
Dennis: I think it's a lot worse than a bad cold, Chrissie. I've heard that it is a biological weapon that escaped from a lab in China.
Chrissie: If it was worse wouldn't people be dying from it?
Doesn't seem like much of a weapon to me.
Adam: I've heard that too although it seems to me more likely the government's testing the weapon on their own people. You know what the Chinese are like.
Dennis: Surely if they were testing it it wouldn't be spreading all over Asia? Makes more sense if it escaped. If they were just testing it would be on a controlled group.
Chrissie: Maybe it only affects Asians, like through their DNA or something since it doesn't seem to be spreading outside Asia.
Elisha: It's in Australia. It was on the news. Anyway, didn't it start in a fish market?
Chrissie: Maybe its only affecting Asians in Australia. Any Asian DNA in your bloodline?
Adam: All you'd have to do to test something like that would

be to release it in a public place and let it spread naturally. A fish market's probably a good place, especially if it has a smell.

Elisha: Not that I know of, and aren't people dying from it in China? You really think it's a biological weapon, Dennis?

Dennis: That's what the Americans are saying. It's just occurred to me, though. If the Chinese were testing it wouldn't it make more sense to test it in America? If it worked they'd be part way to world domination straight away and if it didn't, well, it's just another virus. No one would know where it came from.

Chrissie: Oh, it's all just a load of sensationalism by the press. Seriously guys, if it was a weapon it seems pretty bloody useless. Anyway, rehearsal's about to start.

Adam: Actually Africa would make more sense to me since huge numbers of people dying from some virus wouldn't even make the news.

Dennis: Which ties in with it escaping from a lab.

Adam: Although if it is a weapon maybe they're just testing the spreadability on their own people at the moment and if it's as contagious as they hope then they'll mutate it to be more deadly before releasing it in America.

Elisha: Guys, please! You're freaking me out. My parents are out in that area somewhere. For all I know they could be in a Chinese hospital!

Jason: Chrissie? Could you give us the tuning?

Friday 31st January 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:54 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Katrin Shandel (mood:Elisha-sleepy, Katrin-irritable; marketing keywords: tooth, dentist, tea, aspirin ...)

Elisha: Oh, hello!

Katrin: Morning. Just got up?

Elisha: Yeah.

Katrin: All right for some. Wish I could sleep half the day away.

Elisha: Sure, work evenings and give up any chance of a social life and you can. Tooth still hurting?

Katrin: Yeah, I suppose, not that I have much of a social life anyway. I'm seeing the dentist at 11:30.

Elisha: Want some tea or aspirin or anything? What time is it now?

Katrin: Almost 11. No thanks. I'll be off in a few minutes. Is this your dirty crockery?

Elisha: Nope. I wash mine up directly after, just like the house rules say.

Katrin: Hmm. Probably that bloody Simon. He's a man and men are always messy. Seen the news today?

Elisha: No, not yet. 'Scuse me, need a teabag. Anything exciting?

Katrin: The BBC are saying there's 2 cases of that 19th novel virus thing in Britain.

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Are they white people or Asians?

Katrin: No idea, they didn't say. Why?

Elisha: Nothing, only a guy at work was saying maybe the virus only affects Asians.

Katrin (*mood:puzzled*): Why would it only affect Asians?

Elisha: Well apparently the Americans are saying its a biological weapon and it seems to be spreading round Asia but not much around the rest of the world. There's, like, thousands in China and none here. Well, two, and I don't think there's any in the rest of Europe.

Katrin: I haven't heard that one although I did hear that there's one of those crazy American religious fruitcakes

claiming it's God's retribution on idolaters and
homosexuals. I think he's got it mixed up with AIDS.
Anyway, I'm off.

Elisha: Hope they fix your tooth.

Katrin: He'll probably take the damned thing out, knowing my
luck.

(sound of footsteps followed by sound of washing up)

Tuesday 1st February 2020

| *The following email was received by Elisha's phone at 08:16 GMT
(mood:relaxed; marketing keywords: phone, international coverage, Jakarta, ...):*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: re: Where are you????????

Hello Sweetie

We're fine, no need to worry. Got your emails today although our phones aren't working. It seems we have to pay extra for international coverage and I didn't think the need was there. I'm in an internet cafe in Jakarta and your mother is shopping somewhere. We're in Indonesia and it's just after 3 in the afternoon so it'll be 8am in London so you won't be up yet, I'm sure.

We didn't stay long in Sydney as it seemed to be just a hot humid version of London so we decided to move on after a couple of weeks. We flew to Makassar for a 15 day tour of the island of Sulawesi which was very interesting and we arrived in Jakarta yesterday. Your mother will tell you all about it in another email if she can prise herself away from the shops. Would you like a carved wooden elephant as a late birthday present? What's this about a virus? Are you ill?

Love, Dad

| *The following email was sent from Elisha's phone at 10:19 GMT (mood:relieved;
marketing keywords: elephant, picks, virus, ...):*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Where are you????????

Hey! I've been worried about you cos I haven't heard from you at all since you left and I was afraid something had happened to you. By the sound of it you're both fine and having a lovely time :) I'd love a carved wooden elephant so long as it's not life size :D Tell mum I'm

looking forward to her email and I want to see lots of pics.

Haven't you heard about this virus that's spreading all around the world? It started in China a few weeks ago and they said on the news that there are now 11 people in England with it and a few thousand in China and countries around there. Are there many in Indonesia?

I don't expect it's anything to worry about although some people are saying it's a biological weapon the Chinese have been working on but I think that's probably nonsense since it doesn't seem to do much except give people the flu for a week or two. I thought biological weapons were supposed to make your skin peel off and your organs rot in a few hours. Anyway, I heard there were cases in Aus and since I hadn't heard from you ...

I am well and I love being with the Orchestra :) It's just totally awesome and hey, we're off to Italy in 6 weeks for a tour which will be incredible :D

Ciao, vi amo entrambi, love you both :)
Eli

From 10:32 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK, and Simone Houghton's phone, located in Birmingham, UK.

10:32 Elisha: Just had email from dad – they're in Indonesia and are fine

10:35 Simone: Told you

Wednesday 2nd February 2020

| *The following email was received by Elisha's phone at 08:41 GMT
(mood:relaxed; marketing keywords: virus, China, hotel ...):*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: re: Where are you????????

Hi Sweetie

We haven't heard anything about any virus from China and neither has the hotel concierge so it probably isn't spreading to Indonesia. Actually, it could well here as viruses are fairly rampant and people don't seem to worry too much about health and hygiene. I haven't been able to find any English language newspapers yet.

Tomorrow we're off to the island of Sumatra for a week or two then we're heading for Malaysia. I believe Kuala Lumpur is very progressive so they may well have an English newspaper or two. After Malaysia our plan, such as it is, is to spend a while in Thailand then Myanmar then on into China. Hopefully whatever viruses they have will have disappeared by then. In any event it will be interesting to see if the Thai food in Thailand resembles in any way the Thai food in England.

By the way, I had a look at your YouTube channel yesterday while waiting for your mother. What did you do with that chap's phone? Technically you could be charged with theft as your video is an admission of guilt.

Love, Dad

| *The following email was sent from Elisha's phone at 10:33 GMT (mood:relaxed;
marketing keywords: internet, cafe, virus, SARS ...):*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Where are you????????

Hiya :):)

You probably won't get this until you find another internet cafe but at least I know you're alright.

I'm not sure what the name of the virus is as they keep changing it. It started off as flu then became novel virus then 2019 novel virus and I think someone called it SARS 2019 for a while but I thought SARS was all over and done with. Anyway, you're probably right and it'll all be over by the time you get to China. I'm told Chinese food in China is nothing like Chinese takeaway here and you'll probably end up eating pickled chicken feet or something exotic and disgusting lol.

I've got my first outside gig this afternoon. About 8 of us are doing tunes from kids cartoons at Great Ormond Street Childrens Hospital to entertain the kids who are seriously ill. I expect it's going to be quite sad. Still, in April we're doing Peter And The Wolf at a posh school in Catford as part of their Music Department's program which will be fun. Apparently Hugo Latimer from that childrens TV show is coming in to narrate. Also the principles are going to record the soundtrack to an upcoming film next week. I'm not involved since I'm only Second Clarinet but the film is called Wasted Twice Nightly which doesn't sound particularly interesting. I've never heard of anyone who's in it either. Still, I imagine it'll make some money for the Orchestra.

Oh yeah, that guy's phone. I thought of that myself – I'm not your daughter for nothing :D – and went back to the same cafe the next day and left it on a table. Hopefully someone will have handed it in. I even wiped my fingerprints off it lol. I did think about taking it to the police but after a while I realised that even though it was really creepy it probably isn't illegal. After all, it's more or less the same as asking a friend what to say to someone else. Maybe if he was trying to defraud me or something but since the police don't really give a toss about rape they're hardly going to worry about a pick-up app :(

Hope you have a lovely time in Sumatra.

Love, Eli

Sunday 23rd February 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 18:32 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Dennis Naylor, Elisha Houghton and Chrissie Hammond (mood:Dennis-relaxed, Elisha-disappointed, Chrissie-irritated).

- Dennis: Ahh, Elisha. Did you get the email?
Elisha: The one from Malcolm? Yes, I'm so disappointed.
Chrissie: What email's this?
Dennis: Didn't you get it? It was sent to everyone.
Chrissie: Dunno. I had a row with Barry and haven't checked my emails yet. What's it about?
Elisha: The trip to Italy's cancelled.
Chrissie (*mood:surprised*): Oh bummer! I was looking forward to that. What's happened?
Dennis: They've had a surge in cases of this COVID thing and they're locking everything down. Everyone has to stay at home and not go out, except to get food.
Chrissie (*mood:irritated*): Are you serious? How many cases have they got then?
Elisha: I looked it up on the net. It's only 80 or so but it's, like, quadrupled overnight.
Chrissie: So they've shut the whole country down because 80 people have got the flu? Are you kidding me?
Dennis: They haven't shut the whole country down, just the area affected but we were going to do a concert there which we obviously can't do now and Malcolm is worried it's going to spread further. The other two concerts weren't far away and he doesn't want any of us put at risk.
Chrissie: Shit! Let me check my email.
Elisha: Yeah, I imagine it would be pretty difficult if the whole orchestra came down with flu at the same time.
Dennis: Very. I can't say I'm actually unhappy about it. It's a lot easier for me if we stay in London.
Elisha: You mean your diabetes?
Dennis: Yes. It's always been difficult coming back into Britain with my syringes and so on but now we're out of Europe I'll have to go through Customs to get into Italy

and it'll be even worse.

Elisha: I never thought of that.

Dennis: And why would you?

Chrissie: At least there's nothing about Spain in here.

Dennis: Not yet.

Elisha: What do you mean?

Dennis: I was talking to Jason earlier. Malcolm is worried about Spain as well. They're got a lot more cases than Italy and he thinks they'll lock down soon as well. It's a bit early yet since the tour isn't until September but if the numbers keep rising the way they are at the moment then he might have to cancel Spain as well.

Chrissie: So how many have they got in Spain? 100?

Dennis: I believe it's nearly 1000.

Chrissie: Wow. Still, Spain's a big country.

Elisha: Any idea what we'll be doing now that we're not going to Italy?

Dennis: No, I don't know. We may give the same concerts here instead but there'll be problems with that as well.

Elisha: What sort of problems?

Dennis: Well, the last few times we've been on tour we've rented out The Enclave to get a little extra income. It could well be we have this time as well and cancelling that could be costly. I'm glad I'm not Bertie.

Elisha: Who's Bertie?

Dennis: Bertram Entwistle. Our accountant and tour manager. It's his job to organise these things and he'll be tearing out what little hair he has left trying to break contracts and travel arrangements with minimal cost.

Elisha: Have I met him?

Dennis: I doubt it. He's very rarely here. He spends most of his time working from home.

Chrissie: Is he a big guy with a bushy beard and no dress sense?

Dennis: Umm, yes, he's fairly big and he does have a beard.

Chrissie: Only I saw him coming out of Malcolm's office earlier. He looked furious.

Dennis: I imagine he would be. Ahh, I can see Jason and Kaji waiting in the wings. I think we're about to start tonight's performance.

Saturday 14th March 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as “D7-N784428499 /59071 : 022019” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 13:02 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Shimon Litvik (mood:Elisha-surprised, Shimon-irritated; marketing keywords: weight loss, coffee, football ...).

Elisha: Oh, hello. I thought everyone was out.
Simon: Yeah, fat chance.
Elisha (*mood:relaxed*): Just came down to get something to eat. You want some coffee or anything?
Simon: Nah, thanks. TV channel up one.
(*long silence*)
Elisha: So, umm, no football today?
Simon: Effing season's been cancelled, hasn't it.
Elisha: How do you mean?
Simon: Premier League. They've only gone and cancelled the rest of the season. No more football.
Elisha: I didn't know you played in the Premier League. I thought you played for a local team.
Simon: Yeah, I do and we're not cancelled but we don't have a game today.
Elisha (*mood:disinterested*): Oh, right.
Simon: When we don't have a match we usually watch the Premier League on TV at the clubhouse, you see.
Elisha: Ahh. So why did they cancel? Because of COVID?
Simon: Yeah. The losers are scared it'll spread in the crowds watching the matches.
Elisha: It's a risk, I suppose. The Cheltenham Festival's still on though. At least I think it is.
Simon: Like I said, they're losers. Why cancel the whole bloody season, though?
Elisha: I think they're probably expecting the numbers to go up, like they have in Italy and Spain.
Simon: But it's just a cold. Everyone gets colds in winter. That's what I don't understand. Why cancel the whole bloody season just for a cold?
Elisha: I kind of know how you feel. We heard yesterday that Spain's declared a state of emergency so our tour in

September has been cancelled and that's 6 months away. We should have been going to Italy next week but that was cancelled a few weeks ago. I guess that means the people at the top are worried it's going to get worse.

Simon: Yeah, but they've got a lot of it. We haven't.

Elisha: Last I heard it was only 7 or 800 and Italy's, like, 10,000. TV Google search latest COVID numbers UK. Oh, sorry, were you watching that?

Simon: Nah. Don't even know what it was. Nothing but crap on the telly these days.

Elisha: Wow! 1800. That's, like, tripled. Jesus.

Simon: Yeah, but we've got, what, 65 million people. It's a drop in the ocean.

Elisha: TV Google search latest COVID numbers Spain. Yeah, but I've heard each infected person can infect ten others in just a day or two so those 1800 could infect 18,000 and they'd go on to infect 180,000 and so on. Whoa. Look at that. That's probably why they've called a state of emergency. 38,000 is a lot of sick people.

Simon: Yeah, but they aren't really that sick, are they. Not like bubonic plague or cancer or something. No one's actually died from it, have they.

Elisha: They have in other countries and there was that guy in, oh, London I think it was, last week. He died.

Simon: But he was, like, 95 or something and was pretty sick already. You want to watch anything?

Elisha: Me? No, I'm off in a minute.

Simon: TV off. So you're still performing?

Elisha: Sure, although I'm going to practice there for a few hours first and I want to stop off at the market on the way.

Simon: Deptford Street Market? You like it?

Elisha: Yeah, it's pretty cool. I didn't know they still had street markets these days.

Simon: It's been going downhill for years. Used to be massive when I was a kid. Now it's just cheap clothes and junk.

Elisha: Well, cheap clothes is what I want so I'm not complaining.

Simon: Have you been to Mandy's place yet?

Elisha (*mood:cautious*): Yeah. I had a look in the window. Haven't been inside though.

Simon: What do you think?

Elisha: Umm, not really my style.

Simon (*mood:amused*): Yeah, I think you have to be at least 70 to buy her shoes.

Elisha: Well, old people need shoes too, I guess.

Simon: To hear her rack on about it you'd think she only sold the latest fashions. She should widen her stock, get some stuff for younger people.

Elisha: To be honest, I don't think people our age would go there anyway. Still, catch you later.

Simon: Think I'll go down the pub. See if anything's happening there.

Wednesday 18th March 2020

| *Transcript of phone call from Janel Kantara to Elisha Houghton, 11:24 GMT.*

Elisha (*mood:curious*): Hello, Janel, how's things?

Janel (*mood:tense*): We've run into a small difficulty, Elisha. Dennis has gone into hospital.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): Oh my god! What's wrong? Is it serious? Was he hit by a car or something?

Janel: I'm not entirely sure what's wrong, but it's related to his diabetes. You know he's diabetic?

Elisha: Yes, I did know. He told me when I joined. He wanted me to know in case he started to look funny during a concert. He keeps a bag of jelly babies sellotaped to the underneath of his seat just in case.

Janel: Ah, right, I didn't know that. Anyway, his wife assures me it's not major but they want to keep him under observation for a day or two.

Elisha: Well, I hope he's OK. Do you know which hospital? I'd like to go visit him. Take some grapes and stuff, you know.

Janel: I confess I don't know, which is remiss of me as we'll be sending him flowers and a card from the Orchestra. The thing is, Dennis may not be well enough for Friday's concert.

Elisha: Ahh. I didn't think of that.

Janel: Our normal procedure when a principle is off is for the Second to take their place and a freelancer brought in to cover the Second if we can't work around it.

Elisha (*mood:tense*): Oh yes?

Janel: The thing is, Elisha, you are new to the Orchestra and still under probation so perhaps it is undue pressure on you to substitute for the First Clarinet so soon. We've got Gershwin's Rhapsody In Blue opening the evening. I understand that it begins with quite a difficult opening clarinet solo. Are you confident you can manage that or shall I get in a freelancer to cover Dennis?

Elisha (*mood:anxious*): Rhapsody In Blue? Yes, I've done that before. Um, for a concert at Guildhall when I was with the

student orchestra.

Janel: So you are confident you can perform it on Friday? It's not a problem if you aren't.

Elisha: Yes, I can do it.

Janel: I'm sure you can, but can you do it well enough for 515N0W?

Elisha: Yes, I'm pretty sure I can.

Janel: Only pretty sure?

Elisha: I'm certain I can. Definitely.

Janel: Right then. I'll talk to Anya and see if we need a Second for the evening or if we can manage without. We may be able to manage with an oboe here and there.

Elisha: So I'll be standing in for Dennis for the entire concert?

Janel: Of course. My concern was only with the Rhapsody In Blue solo. The rest of the program is well within your reach, I'm sure.

Elisha (*mood:elated*): Great, thank you!

Janel: You should be able to access the First Clarinet scores on your tablet fairly quickly. I'll tell Anya to make that a priority. Right, goodbye.

Elisha: Bye.

| *The following emails were sent and received by Elisha Houghton:*

Time: 11:39 GMT

To: Janel Kantara

From: Elisha Houghton

Subject: Dennis hospital

Hi Janel

Could you let me know which hospital Dennis is at as I'd still like to visit him.

Elisha Houghton

Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 11:40 GMT
To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Awesome news!

Hey Mum and Dad – where are you now? Have you reached Thailand yet? Are you having a fabulous time?

I've some awesome news which is quite sad as well. Dennis, the First Clarinet, is going to be off sick for Friday's concert so I'll be Acting First Clarinet for the night! And guess what, we're starting off with Gershwin's Rhapsody In Blue which means I'll be starting the whole concert off with a clarinet solo :D :D :D You know the one, with that long rising, slurred opening. Wow! Who'd have thought I'd be doing a solo so frigging soon! I'm nervous as hell already!

Anyway, let me know where you are and that you're healthy. Apparently they've cancelled the football here because of this COVID thing which is really pissing off Simon (you know, that guy I live with, lol) as he's a football freak.

love, Elisha

Time: 11:51 GMT
To: Elisha Houghton
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Dennis hospital

Woolwich General Hospital

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Partial transcript of recording made by Hospital Patient Basic Monitoring System identified as "Woolwich General Hospital Trust PBMS 4187 ser no 00019188221", located in Woolwich, UK, commencing 18:22 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Dennis Naylor (mood:Elisha-tense, Dennis-surprised, marketing keywords suppressed).

Elisha: Ahh, there you are! I've been looking all over for you.
This is a big hospital!

Dennis: Elisha? What on Earth are you doing here?

Elisha: Visiting you, of course. How are you?

Dennis: Oh, I'm fine.

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Yeah right. Hospitals are so desperate for business they take just anybody these days, yeah?

Dennis (*mood:amused*): Well, yes, actually they do. It's just precautionary. There's nothing wrong with me.

Elisha: Oh, I brought you some grapes. I don't know why but it's traditional. So why are they taking precautions? Is it COVID?

Dennis: Oh Lord, no. Thanks for the grapes. No, my doctor changed my insulin dosage and I came over all faint this morning and fell and cracked my head on the floor. Rosie panicked and called an ambulance. I'm fine now, head like a canon ball, but they're worried about concussion. I'm scheduled for an MRI scan in the morning.

Elisha: Oh, is that all? I thought it was serious. Give me back the grapes, then.

Dennis: No chance. They're mine now. Help yourself though, they look plump and juicy.

Elisha: Probably coated with sulphates. Still, you're in the right place if you get an allergic reaction.

Dennis: So you're taking my place on Friday or are they bringing in an outsider?

Elisha: I'm doing it although Janel didn't seem to think I was up to it.

Dennis: That's because she's not a musician. I was hoping they'd get you to cover for me.

Elisha: Well, you'll probably be out by then anyway. The MRI scan'll be fine.

Dennis: Now I know you'll be covering I'll make damned sure I'm not feeling up to a concert on Friday. The experience will be good for you. Do you know who'll be coming in to cover you?

Elisha: I don't know. Janel just said a freelancer.

Dennis (*mood:pensive*): Probably Indira Mahdri if she's available. She filled in for you before you started.

Elisha: Oh yes?

Dennis: If it is then get to know her. She's Professor of Woodwind at Goldsmiths and someone you could very usefully network with. You need to get to know influential people if you're going to make it as a soloist.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): A professor? What on Earth would a professor be doing freelancing?

Dennis: Well, I don't pry into people's lives but I do know she likes the extra money even though she's an academic. Being Indian she's probably got a lot of relatives. Regardless, she knows a lot of people in the orchestra world and is well respected.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): I'll be extra nice then.

Dennis: Trust me on this. Talent alone won't get you far, unfortunately. You need to know the right people as well.

Elisha: OK. So how are you amusing yourself here? Any nice nurses?

Dennis: They're all nice, at least the ones I've seen, although they're rushed off their feet at the moment. They've got a lot of COVID cases apparently. One of them told me they've now got a ward set aside just for them.

Elisha: Really? Is it that bad?

Dennis: I don't know, to be honest. They're probably just being careful since no one really knows much about COVID since it's so new. Anyway, it's depressing just thinking about it. Rosie and I are thinking of having a barbecue for some friends when there's a sunny day in April. Would you like to come?

Elisha (*mood:astonished*): Me? Wow. Gosh. I'd love to.

Dennis (*mood:pleased*): Excellent. I confess I have an ulterior motive. I have a couple of old clarinets that I cherish and I rather think you are one of the few who'd appreciate them for what they are and not just their monetary value. I'd like to show them to you.

Elisha: I'm honoured, but couldn't you just bring them to The Enclave one day?

Dennis: I suppose I could but one of them is very old and delicate. Besides I'd like to have you at our barbecue. Rosie wants to meet you as well.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Actually I rather thought she'd be here. Why does she want to meet me?

Dennis (*mood:embarrassed*): Well, I rather suspect she thinks I'm a dirty old man and wants to reassure herself you are a talented clarinettist and not some bimbo. She'll be back later, I expect. She went home to feed the animals.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Oh, you're not a dirty old man, Dennis! Why would she think that? I think you're rather sweet.

Dennis: Oh, I do hate being called sweet, and I have no idea why she would think that. I've always found the minds of women to be completely mystifying.

Elisha: Yeah, we work hard at that. So tell me about these clarinets of yours.

Dennis: No, that can wait until you see them. Are you feeling confident about the Rhapsody In Blue intro?

Elisha: Actually, I'm nervous as hell, but, yeah, I'm pretty confident too.

Thursday 19th March 2020

Email received by Elisha's phone at 07:14 GMT (mood:indeterminate; marketing keywords: solo, soft drink, congratulations, Thailand ...). 31 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:21 GMT.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: Update

Hello Girls

Your mother and I are both well. Congratulations Elisha on your solo – we both know it will go superbly. I'm sure congratulations are due to you as well, Simone, but since we haven't heard from you in a long time we don't know what to congratulate you for.

The viral situation was not encouraging when we arrived in Thailand so, after discussions with the British Ambassador's assistant – a very nice man – we really only had three feasible options; either return to the UK or go on to either India or Sri Lanka, as China and much of Asia is no longer viable. Both are former British colonies – as I'm sure you both know from your (expensive) education – and thus English is widely spoken. Granted the medical facilities are likely not up to British standards but they are no doubt better than in surrounding countries and we have, at the present time at least, no need of them. We elected to go to Sri Lanka with the intention of perhaps heading back in the general direction of Europe. However, the point is now moot since Sri Lanka closed its borders on the 15th and we are unable to leave.

Do not imagine we are suffering as a result. We have found a house to rent near the beach at a place called Hikkaduwa which is several hours south of the capital Colombo. The house is fairly isolated and we have made friends with a local fisherman who supplies us with fresh fish daily. The cost of living here is very low – the house, although somewhat primitive, costs the equivalent of £80 a month! We intend to stay here in splendid isolation, much like Arthur C Clark did, and wait out the plague that is apparently encircling the world. There is an internet cafe in Colombo – from which I am sending you

this email – although we will not be using it often as I am convinced there are any number of viruses surpassing COVID in virulence incubating on the keyboard.

We trust all is well in England for you both.

Incidentally, your mother's mobile phone was stolen in Thailand so if either of you get requests from her phone for money to be sent, do not send any. My own mobile phone was destroyed when it fell out of my pocket in Myanmar and was run over by a United Nations aid truck. Neither has been replaced as we have both discovered a new level of tranquillity in no longer being at the mercy of electronic gadgets. Perhaps we will both end up as Buddhists although some electric lighting in the house would be useful.

Much love to you both, Mum and Dad.

Friday 20th March 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 12:21 GMT*

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: ** URGENT **

As some of you may already be aware, the Prime Minister has ordered all concert halls to close with immediate effect, along with restaurants, cafes, nightclubs and similar venues, due to the risk of transmission of the COVID-19 virus among the public.

Consequently all concerts, including tonight's, and rehearsals at The Enclave have been cancelled until further notice. All external engagements are similarly cancelled.

There will be a meeting for all staff; musicians, administration, stage and front of house at 6pm this evening. Please note that the Prime Minister has also announced that everyone in the United Kingdom must implement 'social distancing' when outside the home. This means keeping a distance of at least two metres from any other person at all times.

Consequently, when attending tonight's meeting, the stage is to be considered off limits. We shall be using the seats in the auditorium. Please ensure that there are two empty seats between each person and that only alternate rows are used.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Saturday 21st March 2020

Transcript of video blog (vlog) posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 13:22 GMT:

Hi guys, Elisha Clarinet here on a cold, wet, windy London afternoon. Hey, guess what. You remember that Chinese clarinet I was going to review? It's finally arrived after, what, 5 months, something like that. See this cardboard box?

That's it. I haven't opened it yet so I suppose it is possible it isn't the clarinet but it's the right size and it's from China so, yeah. I won't open it yet. I'll wait until I'm ready to review it and open it then and show you what's inside. I guess I'm kind of not in the right head space at the moment as well. Things are a little difficult here at the moment 'cos of COVID. Like, yesterday, I was supposed to be doing my first solo with the Orchestra. My principal's off sick, nothing too serious OK, so it's not like I'm taking advantage of his suffering, OK, it's just that when someone's off sick the Second usually takes over for the night. Anyway I was going to open the concert with Gershwin's Rhapsody In Blue which is a nice piece. Still, yesterday afternoon there I was psyching myself up and trying to control my nerves when I get this email from the Director of the Orchestra. The concert's cancelled because the government is shutting down all entertainment venues so this COVID stuff doesn't spread. Yeah, I can see the sense behind it but couldn't they have waited just one more day? Then, just as I was beginning to come to terms with it not being my big day after all, things got worse. Just a sec.

That's better, I was getting a little dry. Don't worry, it's only water. I'm not turning to alcohol to ease my sorrows. Anyway, we all had to go in for a meeting and, well, they didn't say this directly but the general tone of the meeting was that the Orchestra could be in trouble. It all depends on how long we're shut down. I can't tell you the details because that wouldn't be right but the 515N0W Orchestra relies a lot on sponsorship and ticket sales. As the Director explained it, we're going to have trouble if we get no ticket sales for an extended period. He didn't say how long but I kind of got the impression it would be weeks not months. Apparently the overheads of running an Orchestra are high. We'll still have our funding from the Government although

that will be reviewed in April and if they think we're no longer a going concern we'll lose that as well since it only covers about 10% of our costs. There's no way they'll increase it to cover all our deficit. The Director seemed to think we'd only be shut down for a week, maybe two, and there are enough reserves to cover our pay for a while. I know I shouldn't be selfish about this but to be out of work again after only three months isn't a fun prospect. And that isn't the only problem. The Enclave is completely shut down. No one can go in, not even the admin staff who're going to be working from home. It's the same with The Arena, probably a lot worse since they're a hell of a lot bigger than we are but here's the thing. I've nowhere to practice until Monday when the people in the house I share are back at work. Normally I do my weekend practice at The Enclave but I can't get in. What's going to be a real pain is when the Orchestra gets back to performing and I've been missing 2 days practice a week. I'll sound like shit.

I know some of you don't get it about practising, but I remember reading once about a jazz pianist, I can't remember his name. He said that if he missed practising for 1 day he noticed it. Missed 2 days the critics noticed and 3 days the audience noticed and it's absolutely true. At this level we can't afford to miss practising. My fingers start to lose their agility and my lips lose their sensitivity and my general coordination goes to pot. I don't mean, like, I start walking into things and falling over all the time, but the precise coordination I need to play my clarinet so it's absolutely spot on starts to drift and a sixteenth note ends up being a fraction too long or a tiny bit off pitch.

Anyway, so there you have it. I can't practice and I'm on the verge of losing my job. I guess there's going to be a lot of unemployed musicians around soon if they don't reopen the concert halls and pubs fairly soon. Yeah, I know. I am one of the lucky ones. I really do know that. I have a salary and it'll keep going for a while longer whereas there are all these other musicians who depend on cash on the night for a gig, like in pubs and so on and they're probably already in trouble but if the Orchestra doesn't start up again soon I am going to be in deep shit. If I can't pay my rent I'll be out on my arse and I can't go back to my parents' house since they've sold it. I guess I'll have to go cap in hand to my sister again and beg for a job working in her hotel but I've been there and done that and I don't know that I can

face cleaning rooms on minimum wage again.

Anyway, I'm sure you all have your own problems and don't need to listen to me wingeing about mine. I'll review the Chinese clarinet maybe next week and get it posted. Don't forget, if you like my vlogs then like and subscribe. Stay clear of COVID guys! See you next time.

Hey, I'm still here! I was about to post this when I had a brilliant idea! I don't know why I didn't think of this earlier but I'm going to go busking again. That way I can get to do some practice and maybe make a little cash on the side. Just thought I'd add that thought to this vlog so it was upbeat rather than downbeat. I'll upload this then get out on the streets. Awesome, guys!

Sunday 22nd March 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as “D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 11:33 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Mandy Fenman (mood:Elisha-relaxed, Mandy-relaxed; marketing keywords: watching, Queens Gambit, orphan, chess ...).

Elisha: Hiya. What you watching?
Mandy: It's called The Queen's Gambit.
Elisha: Any good? What's it about?
Mandy: Yeah, I guess. This orphan turns out to be a chess prodigy. I'm kind of enjoying it but the chess bits I can't make any sense of.
Elisha: So who's that?
Mandy: He's the American chess champion and he's coaching her to play the Russians.
Elisha: In bed?
Mandy: They've only just gone to bed. There, you see? He's woken up and he's already going on about chess.
Elisha: I'd be pretty pissed off if I was in bed with a guy and he woke up and started going on about chess.
Mandy: She is too by the look of it. Hey, did I see you down in the shopping centre yesterday? Down by the hardware store?
Elisha: Yeah. I was doing some busking. Figured I could get in some practice there and maybe make some money at the same time.
Mandy: And did you?
Elisha: I got plenty of practice. Bugger all money though.
Mandy: Yeah, I'd of thought you'd have been better off outside the supermarket. Lot more people round there.
Elisha: That's where I went to start with but there was already someone there.
Mandy (*mood:curious*): Was that the old guy with an accordion? I've seen him there a few times.
Elisha: No, this was a youngish guy with a guitar. He was pretty damned good actually, kinda cute looking as well although he was really scruffily dressed.
Mandy: So did you talk to him?

Elisha: I was going to. I wanted to ask if you need a licence to busk around here but, well.

Mandy: But what? Too shy?

Elisha: Oh no, but, well, when I got up closer I found, well, he had a BO problem.

Mandy: Oh don't talk to me about smelly people. I deal with their feet.

Elisha: This guy was wearing some old boots but, well, anyway. I'm hoping to get there before anyone else does today although I've probably left it a bit late. Still, the main thing is to get in some practice and the great thing is I don't need a permit. I looked it up online.

Mandy: Can't you practice at work any more?

Elisha (*mood:resigned*): No, they've closed down the concert halls because of COVID.

Mandy: Are you serious?

Elisha: Sure, haven't you heard? Since Friday. I can't even go there to practice.

Mandy: So it's begun, has it?

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): What's begun?

Mandy: I was watching a documentary about it on Facebook. There's this global conspiracy of Jewish paedophiles who are trying to take over the world and they're using COVID to distract our attention. That's if there really is a virus. A lot of people who know about these things are saying it doesn't really exist.

Elisha: You what? How's closing down live music venues going to help Jewish paedophiles?

Mandy: It puts people out of business so the Jews can get in and buy the businesses cheap and control the economy.

Elisha: Well, maybe they can get control of the venues but they're still going to need to run concerts and so on otherwise they won't make any money. But paedophiles?

Mandy: No, they don't need musicians. They're going to run the venues as kiddie brothels and make their money that way. It's being coordinated by the Democrats in America.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): The Democrats? Are you kidding me?

Mandy (*mood:intense*): I've never been more serious in my life. Turns

out it's the brainchild of that Hilary Clinton. She is a Jew, after all. And a mother.

Elisha: I thought she was Pentecostal or something and, anyway, wouldn't her being a mother mean she was against paedophiles? This isn't making any sense to me.

Mandy: That's why they have to do it under cover, don't you see that? When Hilary Clinton lost the election they had to change the whole plan and they came up with COVID.

Elisha: I'm lost. So are you saying that Clinton was openly planning to set up child brothels for Jews as part of her election strategy?

Mandy: Not openly, but her husband is the mastermind. Him and Obama, but these people who made the documentary are on to it. Apparently after making everyone panic about the virus for a few months they're going to announce there's a vaccine and the children will have to be vaccinated first. That's when they're going to take the kids away and traffic them into the sex trade.

Elisha (*mood:unconvinced*): Hold on a moment. Just supposing this is all true, how is a vaccine going to help take the children away? Won't parents get upset when they take their children to the doctor for the vaccination and the kids disappear?

Mandy (*mood:fervent*): No, no, no. They've thought of that. The parents will get the vaccine as well, except it won't be a vaccine, it'll be one of those drugs that make people compliant and agreeable to anything.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): So why not just put it in the drinking water? Wouldn't that be a whole lot easier?

Mandy: No, you don't understand. I'm not explaining it very well. Look, I'll get that documentary for you to watch, just a sec. It'll all be clear to you then.

Elisha: Listen, I'd really love to stay and watch it with you, OK, but I really need to get out to the supermarket before anyone takes my pitch, you know.

Mandy: You can't live in denial forever, Elisha. They've already taken your job away and they'll be after your ovaries next. Please, watch the video and hear the truth. It'll

freak you out about how much you've been taken in and lied to by these people.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): Why would Hilary Clinton want my ovaries?

Mandy: To breed more children, of course!

Elisha: Yeah, of course. It's not like half the world's population are female, after all. Listen, I've got to go.

Mandy: I'll text you the link.

Elisha: Yeah, you do that. See you!

| *At 12:22 GMT Elisha's phone received an SMS advertising a new movie streaming service from Disney which was dismissed.*

Tuesday 24th March 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 11:38 GMT*

To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: ** IMPORTANT **

The Government announced yesterday that the nation will be 'locked down' with effect from midnight on Thursday 26th March with all non-essential businesses required to suspend operations. It is my understanding at this time that the lock down is expected to last no more than four weeks.

Be that as it may, what is significant, and which will be of great assistance to The 515N0W Orchestra, is that the Government has also announced a 'furlough scheme' under which all employees will have 80% of their wages and salaries subsidised by the Government during the lock down period. The net effect of this scheme is that The Orchestra will remain financially viable for the immediate future and that all staff will continue to be paid at 100% of their base rate. Unfortunately, because we are unable to conduct supplementary performances, such as recordings and external programs, we are unable to remunerate staff for these performances and activities.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 18:27 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Mandy Fenman and Katrin Shandel (mood:Mandy-worried, Katrin-distracted; marketing keywords: bacon, cheese, omelette, ...)*

Mandy: Hi Katrin. What're you doing? Smells nice.
Katrin: A bacon, cheese and onion omelette.
Mandy: Awesome.
Katrin: Have you eaten yet?
Mandy: No, not yet. I'll, umm, wait 'til you've finished.
Katrin: OK.

Mandy: So, um, I guess you've heard about this lockdown?

Katrin: Yes. I'm not sure how it's going to work yet. My office is trying to organise the IT people so we can work from home.

Mandy: You can do that?

Katrin: Probably. Most of what I do is paperwork and meetings. Well, all of it really. Be good if it works. Save me a 45 minute trip each way.

Mandy: Yeah, that would be good although it's going to be awkward for me.

Katrin: Why's that? Ahh, right. You run a shop.

Mandy: Exactly. Can't sell shoes if I can't open the shop and no one's allowed out anyway.

Katrin: Stand back. I'm going to flip the omelette ... ha, it worked! Sometimes doesn't. So you get to have a holiday. Lucky you.

Mandy: I've tried that with pancakes. They usually end up on the floor or draped over the side of the pan. So, listen, umm, about the rent ...

Katrin (*mood:alert*): Oh yes?

Mandy: Well, I've got the rent and overheads on the shop to pay as well and, well, with no customers, umm, ...

Katrin (*mood:aghost*): Oh God, I've just realised! You can't sell anything so you've got no income.

Mandy: That's right. So paying the rent here is going to be a bit awkward. I've got a bit of cash I can use for the time being since I won't have to buy stock but it's not going to last long.

Katrin: And you're already a week behind.

Mandy: Well, there's that too.

Katrin: This could be awkward. Come into the lounge and we'll talk about it while I have my dinner.

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:31 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Shimon Litvik, Katrin Shandel and Mandy Fenman (mood:Elisha-tense, Shimon-bored, Katrin-tense, Mandy-worried; marketing keywords: news, COVID, problem, group ...).

Elisha: Hi guys, I was hoping you'd both come in. I want to talk to you all. TV off.

Simon: She's been making me watch the news. It's full of this bloody COVID stuff. Boring.

Katrin: Is it urgent, Elisha? Only Mandy's got a problem.

Mandy: Do we have to talk about it as a group?

Katrin: They may have some ideas. Sadly I'm lacking any at the moment.

Simon (*mood:gleeful*): Oh, goody! Is it a juicy problem, Mandy? Found a boyfriend at last and he wants unnatural sex acts from you? Come on, give us all the details!

Mandy (*mood:irritated*): Oh go stuff yourself, Simon. I'm never getting involved with a man again and you know it.

Katrin: No, it's nothing like that. It's about the lockdown.

Elisha: That's my problem as well.

Simon (*mood:disappointed*): Oh Jesus. Dull dull dull.

Katrin (*mood:worried*): You can't pay the rent either?

Elisha: No, I can pay the rent. For a while anyway. The Orchestra's going to keep paying me, at least until it goes bankrupt and I'm hoping the lockdown doesn't last that long. They're saying on the news maybe four weeks at most.

Katrin: What about you, Simon? How's the lockdown going to affect you?

Simon: I'll be working from home. The Council's setting up VPNs so we can all access the system. I'll be able to stay in bed while processing planning applications. I love COVID!

Katrin: I'll be working from home as well but Mandy can't run her shop from home so she's not going to have any income. I'm guessing the furlough scheme doesn't apply to shopkeepers?

Mandy: No, unfortunately.

Katrin: And you'll be on furlough as well, Elisha?

Elisha: Yes.

Simon: So what's your problem?

Elisha: It can wait. How's Mandy going to pay her rent if she has no income? Are you going to evict her?

Simon: She can't evict her, Eli. Weren't you listening to the news?

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): How do you mean?

Katrin: Yes, what do you mean, Simon?

Simon: The Government's freezing evictions for the duration. Landlords can't evict tenants for any reason and especially not for rent arrears.

Mandy: Are you serious or is this another of your bullshit leg pulls?

Simon: It was on the news. Google it.

Katrin (*mood:alarmed*): But how the hell do I pay the mortgage if my tenants aren't paying their rent?

Mandy: Is that on commercial leases or just domestic ones?

Simon: I would think it'll be on commercial leases as well. After all, there're going to be tens or hundreds of thousands of small businesses with rent to pay and no money coming in. Maybe there's going to be a mortgage freeze as well.

Elisha: So you think that would apply to the Orchestra too? I don't know how much they pay in rent for The Enclave but it's not going to be cheap.

Simon: Hey, I don't have all the answers, OK. For some reason the Cabinet doesn't consult me. Britain would probably be a better place if they did but they don't.

Mandy (*mood:relieved*): Thank God. If they did, football would be compulsory for everyone.

Simon: And we'd all be better for it. Healthy activity, team spirit and all that crap.

Elisha: But how's Mandy going to pay her rent?

Simon: I imagine she'll just have to owe it to Katrin until such time as she's earning again and Katrin'll just have to wear it in the meantime. Just like when you're between tenants, Katrin.

Katrin (*mood:depressed*): This is going to be a bloody nightmare, I can tell. What if it goes on for months?

Elisha: Surely it won't go on that long? This virus'll probably mutate into something harmless.

Mandy: There is no virus. Like I was telling you on Sunday. It's all a conspiracy to destroy the British economy.

Katrin (*mood:dismissive*): Yeah, yeah, yeah. That's a load of nonsense and you know it, Mandy.

Simon: That's right. The Government's destroying the economy

well enough on its own without needing the help of a virus.

Elisha: I don't think any of this is helping. Surely the best thing to do is hope it's all over quickly and if it turns out not to be then we can think up longer term strategies but we haven't even started the lockdown yet. It's not 'til Friday. Isn't your omelette getting cold, Katrin?

Katrin: What? Oh, probably. I've lost my appetite anyway. I suppose I'm going to have to talk to the bank in the morning. I just know I'm not going to get any sleep tonight. I hate crises.

Mandy: I've just been looking it up online. Simon's right. All evictions are being frozen, commercial as well. They're also saying here, Katrin, that the banks have been told to negotiate on mortgages if people can't make their payments. What they're not saying though is that rents are cancelled, which is a bugger. If this goes on for a long time how am I going to pay the arrears on both this place and the shop? It's not like my sales are going to suddenly go up when this is all over.

Simon: Oh, you never know. Maybe everyone in Deptford will be pacing their floors worrying about how to make ends meet and when it's over they'll come rushing to you to replace their worn out shoes.

Mandy: I bloody hope so. Still, it's a relief to know I'm not going to be evicted from either. I was worrying about that. I'd better go and talk to Alf tomorrow, make sure he knows.

Elisha: Umm, who's Alf?

Mandy: He owns the shop. Or rather the building. I rent the shop from him.

Simon: So are we all sorted?

Katrin: I suppose so although I think it's all just got a lot more complicated.

Simon: Why? If you evict Mandy for unpaid rent you've lost that money plus however long it takes to find another tenant. At least this way you know you'll get the rent sooner or later and that the bank can't hassle you.

Katrin: I suppose, if you put it that way.

Mandy: I still don't know how I'm going to find the arrears

though. I guess it all depends on how long it goes on for.

Simon: You'll think of something. Maybe you could sell the shop and Katrin will find you a job with the Ministry of whatever it is you work for.

Mandy (*mood:sarcastic*): What a wonderful prospect. I'm going to my room.

Elisha: Before you go, Mandy, there's still my problem we need to discuss.

Katrin (*mood:resigned*): If we must. What is it Elisha?

Elisha: I need to practice. Whatever happens I have to practice but I can't leave the house now. Or at least I can't leave after Friday and you'll all be here as well and by the sound of it you and Simon will be working from home as well.

Katrin: Oh. I hadn't thought of that either. How much practice do you have to do?

Elisha: Three or four hours a day, every day.

Simon (*mood:alarmed*): You are joking.

Elisha: Nope. I'm a professional musician and we have to practice. A lot.

Katrin: Well, there's nothing we can do about it. We're just going to have to manage as best we can.

Simon: Couldn't you practice in Mandy's shop? It will be empty after all. Hey, maybe you could rent it off her for a while? That would solve her problem as well.

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): I couldn't afford to pay much.

Mandy (*mood:gloomy*): No it wouldn't work. Alf's a cantankerous old bastard and he lives in the flat above the shop. He wouldn't allow it. Besides, we're not allowed to go out except for the doctor or to buy food. I daresay the police will be checking on shops and stuff.

Elisha: So what'll I do?

Katrin: Like I said, you'll just have to practice here and we'll try to work around it although what we're going to do when I've got a meeting I don't know. You'll probably have meetings as well, Simon.

Simon: Yeah, probably. That's a point though. Can't have loud music blasting out when I'm talking to my boss or the other surveyors. Maybe you could do your practice

around our meetings, Eli?

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): I guess I'll have to although it's not ideal.

Katrin: Nothing about this situation is ideal. I think I'm getting a migraine.

Mandy: If you and Simon are going to be having video conferences all the time are we going to have enough bandwidth on our internet connection? After all, I'm not going to have anything to do except watch TV all day.

Katrin: I really don't care any more. I'm going to lie down.

Mandy: I'm off to my room as well. I'm too depressed to do anything else.

(*footsteps*)

Simon: Looks like it's just you and me again, Eli. Are you going to make me watch more of the news?

Elisha: Nah. I'm going to my room as well. Why's Mandy never going to get involved with a man again?

Simon: Actually that's pretty sad, really. I don't know the whole story but a few years ago she got divorced and got involved with some guy she met on the internet. Katrin told me he claimed he was in fear of his life over some debt and talked Mandy into selling her house to help him. She ended up giving him something like 70 grand and never heard from him again. That's why she lives here in one room. He cleaned her out.

Elisha (*mood:appalled*): Are you serious? How could anyone do such a thing?

Simon: Yeah, bit of a bastard, wasn't he. Katrin said Mandy ended up going to the police but they couldn't find any trace of him. He'd been using a false name and all that shit.

Elisha: Oh the poor woman. No wonder she believes all these conspiracy stories. It's a wonder she trusts anyone.

Simon: Yeah, I wouldn't.

Elisha: So, ahh, why are you here, if you don't mind me asking? You must be on a reasonable salary, surveyor with the Council. How come you rent a room?

Simon: Ahh, that's a sad pathetic story as well. My ex got the house and half my salary. Can't afford to live anywhere else.

Elisha: Your ex? You were married?

Simon: Yup. Not a lot else to say really. Bad mistake on my part, I guess.

Elisha: I'm so sorry. Umm, did you have any children?

Simon (*mood:sad*): Yup. A boy, he's five now. Marcus. I call him Mackie. That's why I'm never here on Sundays. I don't expect I'll be seeing him for a while.

Monday 30th March 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 15:09 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Katrin Shandel, Shimon Litvik (mood:Elisha-distracted, Katrin-annoyed, Simon-curious).

Elisha: Hey, hi, Katrin. Am I playing too loud?
Katrin: As a matter of fact, yes. We need to talk.
Elisha (*mood:apologetic*): Oh. I'm sorry. Umm, you'd better come it.
Simon: I heard voices. Anything exciting going on?
Katrin: I've had one of the neighbours round.
Simon: Ahh. About Eli, I'm guessing.
Elisha: Oh dear.
Katrin: It seems the neighbour is working from home as well and I daresay some of the others are too. The houses both sides are boarding houses too so we've got a lot of neighbours. I can't afford to piss them all off. I'm sorry.
Simon: Do you mind if I sit on your bed, Eli? Only our landlady sees fit to only provide one chair per room.
Katrin: That's to discourage tenants from having too many guests. Speaking of which, Simon, why are you here? This is Elisha's room.
Simon: Oh I'm bored out of my skull. Planning applications aren't that interesting to begin with but when you're on your own they're mind numbing. Besides, I might be able to help.
Katrin: There's very little to help with, unfortunately. I'm getting complaints about the noise and, I have to confess, I'm bothered as well. Classical music isn't my favourite and I find it very distracting.
Elisha: So what can I do?
Katrin: I'm afraid you're going to have to stop.
Elisha (*mood:tense*): But I have to practice!
Simon: And what are you going to do about it anyway, Katrin? You can't evict her, after all.
Katrin: I really think you should go back to your room, Simon. This doesn't concern you.
Elisha: No, please, I don't want any trouble over this. Maybe

Simon has some ideas?

Katrin: It seems a very clear cut situation to me, Elisha. You can't practice here, in the house, as you're causing a disturbance, and you're not allowed out. Not until the lockdown is over.

Elisha: But ...

Simon: That's not exactly true, though, Katrin. We are allowed out. To buy food and exercise and so on.

Katrin: Which isn't exactly helpful, Simon, unless you're suggesting she practices in Tesco's car park?

Simon: No, she probably can't do that. Someone would spot her and she'd be fined millions. I suppose the garden's out, as well. Too close to the house. Hey, I know. What about the nature reserve at the end of the road? Or down by the river?

Elisha: No, it's a nice thought, but the sound carries more in open air so I'll just be annoying even more people.

Katrin: And what about when it rains? Hmm? Didn't think of that, did you.

Elisha: No, it would be difficult in the rain.

Katrin: Couldn't you stuff something inside? Deaden the sound?

Elisha: No, that doesn't actually work. The sounds come out through all the holes, not just the bell at the bottom.

Simon (*mood:thoughtful*): How about a lock up garage? There's a row of them in the next street.

Elisha (*mood:hopeful*): A garage would be OK. The sound'll be a bit weird but I'm sure I could manage. Do you know anyone who owns one?

Simon: Actually, no. I might be able to find out through the Rating Office, though.

Katrin: And she'd probably get arrested on the way even if one of them will let her use it, which they probably won't since I hear they're mostly full of drugs and stolen goods. I'm sorry, Elisha, but you're going to have to stop. Now, if you'll excuse me I have work to do.

Simon (*mood:reluctant*): Ah, well, I suppose I'd better get back to work as well. There's a rumour going round that the Council's monitoring keyboard activity to check we're actually doing something.

Elisha (*mood:sad*): Thanks for trying to help, Simon.

Simon: Wish I could have been more help. Sorry.

(*Four minutes later*)

Elisha: Yes? Oh, hi, Simon. What's up?

Simon: I've had a thought.

Elisha: Oh yes?

Simon: There's an old church not far away. It's not in use anymore. I have a feeling it's been deconsecrated but it's in a little park and it backs onto the railway line. I doubt anyone would hear you practice there.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): A church? The acoustics would be pretty neat but wouldn't I need to get permission or something?

Simon: I haven't been that way for a while but I'm pretty sure no one uses it anymore. It's probably locked up.

Elisha: But I'd be trespassing, wouldn't I? And I'm not allowed out anyway.

Simon: I guess technically you'd be trespassing but I doubt it would be an issue. After all, you're not going to damage it or steal anything, you're just a musician who needs to practice during the lockdown. I'm sure if anyone catches you they'd be sympathetic. It would be worth having a look at either way. And the good part is that it's only a mile away or so, so it's inside the limit allowed for exercising. All you'd have to do if the cops stop you is say you're out for a walk and they probably won't since it's all back streets to get there.

Elisha (*mood:enthusiastic*): It's an idea and I guess it wouldn't hurt to go for a walk and have a look. Where is it?

Simon: Head down Allenby Road and turn left into Cutters Road then cut through Old Tannery Lane just past the mosque. At the end of the lane is the park and the church is on the far side, near the tyre fitters.

Elisha: Sweet. I'll go and have a look. Nothing else to do anyway and I don't fancy sitting downstairs watching TV with Mandy. Want to come for a walk?

Simon (*mood:relieved*): Oh, what the hell. I'm just farting around on my computer anyway. I'll just go and log out.

| *Emails sent from Elisha's phone at 18:22 GMT (mood:polite; marketing keywords: Baptist, pastor, clarinet, 515NOW ...)*

To: winstonram@outlook.com
From: elishah@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: Deptford Baptist Chapel

Dear Pastor Ramcharan

My name is Elisha Houghton and I am the Second Clarinet with the 515N0W Orchestra in Greenwich. I live in Deptford, not far from the Deptford Baptist Chapel. According to a laminated page nailed to the door you are the Pastor and so I am writing to you with an unusual request.

Please don't think I am being deliberately rude or offensive but I walked past the Deptford Baptist Chapel this afternoon and it gave the appearance of no longer being in use on a regular basis. I was wondering if, assuming that the Chapel isn't used much, it would be possible for me to practice my clarinet inside?

As a professional musician I need to practice for at least 3 hours a day and, because of the lockdown I am unable to practice at home. Two of the people I share the house with are now working from home and several of the neighbours on both sides are doing the same. The Enclave at the O2, which is where the Orchestra is based, is completely shut down and, even if it wasn't, I can't travel that far because of the restrictions.

I appreciate this is an unusual request but if it's not too inconvenient, would you at least consider it?

Kind regards

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Emails sent from Elisha's phone commencing 19:02 GMT*

Time: 19:02 GMT
To: chrissieh@515n0w.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: How's it going?

Hey Chrissie

How's lockdown going for you? What are you doing about practice? I'm struggling to do any because my housemates are now working from home :(

Elisha

Time: 19:04 GMT

To: dennisn@515n0w.co.uk

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: How's it going?

Hey Dennis

How are you? Are you feeling OK? You never told me how the MRI went.

How are you coping with lockdown? Are you driving Rosie up the wall? lol

Elisha

Time:19:08 GMT

To: simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk

From: elishah@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: How's it going?

Hiya Simmie

What's happening with you guys and the hotel during lockdown? Do you have any guests?

The orchestra's shut down for the duration and I'm bored to distraction. Hey, what do you think of mum and dad living in Sri Lanka and becoming Buddhists? Is that cool or what? Mum'll look

great in orange robes although I don't think a shaved head will suit her lol.

love, Eli

Time: 19:16 GMT

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Update

Hiya

I don't know when you'll get this but I'm glad to hear you're both well. Yes, I did know that both India and Sri Lanka were part of the British Commonwealth so rest assured that the money you spent on my education wasn't wasted. Well, not entirely lol

Can you send some pictures of your house and the beach? It sounds idyllic although do you really not have any electricity there? I can't imagine life without my phone lol. Do you live on nothing but fish or do you get veggies and ice cream and stuff as well? Do you go swimming every day? I want to know all the details!

I don't know if you've heard but we're all in lockdown here. No one can go to work unless they're in an "essential industry" and we're not allowed out of the house except to buy food or go to the doctor. I'm not quite sure what to do if I get sick since I haven't registered with a doctor here yet and I've heard that GPs aren't taking on any new patients because of COVID. I guess I'll just have to go to a hospital. Still, I'm not sick so it isn't a problem at the moment and I guess by not going anywhere I'm not going to pick up any germs. Oh, and dentists have shut down completely so if someone gets toothache they've just got to manage on aspirin.

How's the weather in Sri Lanka? I imagine you're living beside some tropical beach surrounded by palm trees, silver sand and lots of sunshine. I won't tell you what it's like here. You know what March in England is like already.

Love Eli xx

Time: 19:19 GMT
To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: chrissieh@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: How's it going?

its a living hell!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!! i thought it would be kinda fun to move in with barry during the lockdown BIG MISTAKE!! he's got like 3 computers and 5 phones and he works like 15 hours a day cos of all these big constructions projects that have to be done but all the workers are going down with covid – i only see him when he sticks his head out for food or sleep and you can forget all about shagging lol hes to tired BORING !!!!!!!!!!!!!!! im seriously thinking of going back to my little apartment in hammersmith – just haven't figured out a way of getting there without being fined – getting plenty of practice in though since theres nothing else to do here – so what's happening with you?

XX

Time: 19:22 GMT
To: chrissieh@515n0w.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: How's it going?

Wow – sounds like you're not having much fun lol

I'm spending most of my time sitting in my room since I can't practice and if I go down to watch the TV I get regaled with endless conspiracy theories. I think I'm beginning to get a little stir crazy.

Elisha

Time: 20:02 GMT
To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
Subject: re: How's it going?

Hey Eli

It's really weird here. We've got a couple from the Netherlands and two businessmen from New York who're trapped here because they can't go back to their countries and we've got two other couples and four singles who're in quarantine. The Dutch couple are really nice but the two Americans ... Jesus they never stop complaining. And the ones in quarantine aren't allowed to leave their rooms. They're all in one corridor and there are guards posted to make sure they don't come out! Can you believe it? Their meals have to be left outside their doors and we're not allowed in to clean. We have to leave fresh laundry in the corridor and they put their dirty laundry out in plastic bags. I've got five staff off sick, 3 with COVID, one with food poisoning – fortunately she didn't eat here at the hotel – and one who seems to just be stoned all the time. Trouble is I can't sack him until this is all over. Who'd be in hospitality, hey?

Fair play to mum and dad – swanning around on the shores of the Indian Ocean while the rest of us battle the plague! Good for them.

Bethany had a cold. We were worried she'd got COVID and she got tested but she was over the cold before the results came back. Negative fortunately but she was worried she'd end up in hospital on a ventilator. She's such a hypochondriac!

We had a party of Buddhists stay late last year. They were here for a convention at the Buddhist Vihara here in Birmingham. Really lovely people although chef complained about all the vegetarian meals she had to prepare. I don't quite see dad embracing that lifestyle although mum probably could. I didn't think dad liked fish? Still, he'd probably live on fish just to be able to rent a house at £80 a month! Our cheapest room is £120 a night ...

Look after yourself little sis and don't worry, even without practice you'll still be talented.

Sim

Simone Houghton
Manager, Novotel Birmingham

| *Email received by Elisha's tablet at 20:03 GMT*

To: elishah@515n0w.co.uk
From: winstonram@outlook.com
Subject: re: Deptford Baptist Chapel

Hello Elisha Houghton

Thank you for your letter. I am told I should call these things 'emails' but I like the sound of 'letter' better. It is more friendly, I think.

I am not unsympathetic to your situation. I was a musician myself long long time back when the world was much simpler.

Do you know about 'zoom'? I do not but I have a helper who does. Perhaps if she emails you tomorrow we can set up a 'zoom meeting' in the afternoon? All I know about 'zoom meetings' is that they are no faster than any other meetings I have to attend. Perhaps God sends these things to try us.

Winston Ramcharan
Pastor, New Cross Baptist Church

| *Email sent from Elisha's tablet at 20:18 GMT*

To: winstonram@outlook.com
From: elishah@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Deptford Baptist Chapel

Dear Pastor Ramcharan

Thank you for your kind letter :)

I was born into this technological world and know no better but my father would most certainly agree with you.

I am available for a zoom meeting at your convenience and I already know, whatever the outcome, it will be a friendly meeting.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Tuesday 31st March 2020

| *Email received by Elisha's phone at 06:44 GMT. 31 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 09:55 GMT.*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: dennisn@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: How's it going?

Hello Elisha

I'm fine and the MRI scan told them nothing more than the beginnings of senility. As regards the lockdown, well, when you get to my age you appreciate anything that allows you to sit back and relax. Rose has been doing some painting, artistic not redecorating, and I have been re-reading Homer's Iliad and neither of us has left the house since the lockdown began. It's actually quite restful.

Dennis Naylor
First Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Email received by Elisha's tablet at 11:14 GMT.*

To: elishah@515n0w.co.uk
From: winstonram@outlook.com
Subject: re: Deptford Baptist Chapel

Hi

Is 2.30 OK?

Click *here* to enter Zoom meeting

Tricia

| *Transcript of Zoom meeting initiated by Tricia Ramcharan, 14:31 GMT.
Participants: Winston Ramcharan, Tricia Ramcharan, located in New Cross, UK, and Elisha Houghton, located in Deptford, UK (keyword tracking blocked):*

Winston: Dis tin workin, girl?
 Tricia: Sho, tak now.
 Winston: Oh, see her. Hello? Can you hear me?
 Elisha: Hello Pastor Ramcharan. I can hear you. Can you hear me?
 Winston: 'Ricia, I see no hear. Wat hapnin?
 Tricia: Up volume, old man.
 Elisha: Hello? Pastor Ramcharan?
 Winston: Ahhh, hello, Elisha Houghton. I can hear you!
 Elisha: Great.
 Winston: Excellent. Would you excuse me for a moment?
 Elisha: Sure.
 Winston: 'Ricia, goin grocery?
 Tricia: Yeh. Why? Need sumtin awah?
 Winston: Gimme Mars Bar, OK.
 Tricia: Sho, doh study it. You on call, man. Attend yo biznis.
 Winston: Call me Winston, by the way, and I shall call you Elisha. First names are so much more personal, aren't they. That's Tricia, by the way, one of my grand-daughters, Elisha. She helps me out with modern technology and various other odds and ends. I couldn't manage without her.
 Elisha: Ah yes.
 Winston: Do you have any children, Elisha?
 Elisha: No, I ...
 Winston: Ahh, you should, you should. They can be a great comfort when you are old. But then you are a musician, no doubt dedicated to your craft and no time for children.
 Elisha: Well, I ...
 Winston: But you are still very young, I see, so there is time for children in years to come. I remember when I was your age, I had no thought of children. My thoughts were only of music but then my family came to England and my thoughts became filled with my new land and all the joys and hurts that brought. You are with an orchestra, I believe?
 Elisha: Yes, I'm wi ...
 Winston: Wonderful things, orchestras. No doubt God in heaven above smiles down on orchestras as their beautiful

music soars into the Infinite. I was with a band in my youth. A steel pan band. Have you heard of those?

Elisha: Yes, they're ...

Winston: This was back in Trinidad, in the mid 1950s. Did you know skiffle was invented in Trinidad?

Elisha: Really? No ...

Winston: But you are too young to remember skiffle. It was the music of the poor for we had no money for musical instruments. I was born in 1941 and Trinidad was full of very poor people then. We had to make our own and in Trinidad there were a lot of oil drums from the oil industry so we made use of them. Do you know Lonnie Donegan?

Elisha: Umm ...

Winston: No, of course not but he was very big in your British music charts in the 50s. And Cliff Richard?

Elisha: Yes, I've ...

Winston: He started in skiffle but didn't become successful until he changed his style. Of course, skiffle was different here in England. No oil drums, you see. They used washboards and packing cases instead. Very clever. You play the clarinet?

Elisha: Yes, I do.

Winston: I had a friend who made his own clarinet from a length of brass pipe, or perhaps it was a saxophone? I've never been entirely sure of the difference.

Elisha: A clarinet is ...

Winston: Not that it matters, of course. These are just names. What is important is the sound and the making of music. A joyous harmony that uplifts the soul, am I right?

Elisha: Well, ye ...

Winston: Of course you agree. Why would you not? You are a musician, after all, and the making of music is doubtless God's purpose for you.

Elisha: Umm, exactly, which is ...

Winston: And yet, in these difficult times of plague and everyone confined to their homes in fear and trepidation there are still joyless souls who abhor the music that is God's gift to us all. Sad times, sad times indeed.

Elisha: So, umm, ...

Winston: Which brings us to the chapel in Deptford. You are right, of course. It is no longer used for worship as belief is in decline in Deptford as it is throughout England but it is still put to good use. Yes, indeed. Very good use.

Elisha: Oh, so ...

Winston: I was most fortunate to be offered the congregation in New Cross some years ago and many of those of my congregation in Deptford chose to come with me so there would be no services to disturb you but, as I said, the chapel is still put to good use as a free food kitchen for the homeless.

Elisha: Ah, so I can't ...

Winston: Which may be a problem for you as many are horrified by the presence of those less fortunate than themselves and there are many many less fortunate people in this part of London. Ahh 'Ricia, thank you. She has brought me a Mars Bar, what a wonderful girl. I have a fondness for sweet things and my teeth do not allow me to eat biscuits any more. Excellent. Now where were we?

Elisha: You were ...

Winston: Ah yes. The food kitchen for the homeless. Now, the kitchen starts around 6 in the evening, although we shouldn't really call it a kitchen as the food is prepared elsewhere and simply distributed from the chapel but it is convenient to call it a kitchen. Would you be wanting to practice your clarinet in the evenings?

Elisha: No, I ...

Winston: Excellent. We never bother to lock the place as there is nothing inside worth taking but you may find that our clients start to gather some time before 6 o'clock and may interrupt your concentration. If that is the case there is a small crypt below the chapel which you are most welcome to use although there is no light down there which may be a problem. Then again it may not. No doubt you are skilled enough to play your clarinet in the dark.

Tricia *(faint)*: ... torch.

Winston: Indeed, she may even have a torch. Excellent. So it's all settled. Good. I do like a happy solution. There are so few of them these days.

Elisha: I'm sorry? Are you saying ...

Winston: Well, it's been most delightful to talk to you, Elisha. Would it be too much of an intrusion for me to drop by and listen to you play one day?

Elisha: That would be ...

Tricia *(faint)*: Doan forget lockdown, old man.

Winston: Ah well. Perhaps when this lockdown is over.

Elisha: It would be my pleasure, umm, Winston.

Winston: Excellent. Well, until then, Elisha. Oh, Tricia would like to talk to you.

Elisha: Oh, umm, thank you Winston.

Tricia: 'Allo. I goan send you email confirming, 'Kay. An' I tell boss woman of kitchen expect you, 'Kay. Name be Jeremiah.

Elisha: Ahh, yes, thank you.

Tricia: No be thanking me, girl, you be thanking God.

Elisha: Yes, I will, Definitely.

Tricia: 'Kay. Go now.

(meeting ended)

The following email was received by the mobile phone associated with Elisha Houghton at 15:09 GMT (mood:neutral; marketing keywords: Pastor, permission, music, Baptist ...):

To: jemima369@live.com
 From: winstonram@outlook.com
 Cc: elishah@515n0w.co.uk
 Subject: re: Deptford Baptist Chapel

Elisha Houghton has Pastor Winston's permission to play her music at Deptford Baptist Chapel whenever she wants. And in the crypt.

Winston Ramcharan
 Pastor, New Cross Baptist Church

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as

“19117-PFR99-50684-22212” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 16:09 GMT.
Participants identified by voice recognition as Shimon Litvik and Elisha Houghton (mood:Shimon-bored, Elisha-apprehensive; marketing keywords: kettle, cuppa, driving, brothel, conspiracy ...)

Simon: Hiya, kettle's just boiled if you want a cuppa.

Elisha: Oh, yeah, thanks.

Simon: This working from home's driving me spare. No one to chat with except Madame Conspiracist and I can't take more than five minutes of that at a time. You heard the latest?

Elisha: Hmm? No, I don't think so. What is it now?

Simon: Birds aren't real.

Elisha (mood:surprised): Oh. OK. So what are they then?

Simon (mood-contemptuous): Apparently they're drones watching us all the time. Some CIA or FBI plot or something.

Elisha: Are you serious?

Simon: I'm not but she is.

Elisha (mood:puzzled): But aren't most birds out in woods and fields and things? What's the point of watching us where there's hardly anyone? Like, most people are inside buildings most of the time where there aren't any birds.

Simon: Yeah, exactly. Seems to me if you wanted to watch people all the time you'd be better off with rats or cockroaches. I read somewhere that no matter where you are in the world you're never more than 6 feet from a rat.

Elisha: Ugh, I hate rats. What I don't understand is why the CIA or whoever it is wants to watch us all the time anyway. I mean, like, terrorists are going to take precautions anyway, aren't they?

Simon: Yup. Still, it keeps her happy, I guess.

Elisha: Where is she now? I don't hear the TV going.

Simon (mood:amused): She's gone to check on her shop. Worried someone's broken in to it. I told her to ask one of the birds in the garden to go have a look but she didn't think that was funny. So what's happening with you?

Elisha (mood:apprehensive): Me? Oh, I emailed that pastor about the chapel. He said I could go there anytime to practice.

Simon: You don't look too happy about it. They want rent or something?

Elisha: No, I don't think so. Winston didn't say anything about rent or anything. Yeah, no, what bothers me is that they use the place as a food kitchen for the homeless in the evenings.

Simon (*mood:sarcastic*): Oh, right, got you. Yeah, you don't want to be messing with people like that. They're all total scammers and con merchants. You know most of them are millionaires?

Elisha (*mood:conciliatory*): Oh surely not. If they're millionaires why are they homeless?

Simon: They're not. They've all got fancy mansions and flash cars 'cos they live off welfare and all the money people give them and push drugs as well. All tax free too. None of them do any work except dress up in rags for a couple of hours a day and take whatever they can get. Free food too by the sound of it.

Elisha: But what about the ones you hear about who freeze to death in winter?

Simon: Nah, those are just drug killings. It's just the bloody liberal do-gooders who say they freeze to death. You don't want to believe them. Oh, you're not a liberal, are you?

Elisha: Me? No, I don't think so. I voted Tory at the last election although I'm not that impressed with the Prime Minister.

Simon: Yeah, me too. Trouble is this area's one of the safest Labour seats in the country so we get most of the dross. Argh, don't get me started on politics. So you're not going to go there to practice?

Elisha: I'm going to have to since I've nowhere else to go but I'm just a little nervous about it. Winston said they start with the free food around 6ish so I guess if I'm gone before then it should be OK.

Simon: Yeah, but take your phone with you. If anyone gives you any hassle just call the police.

Elisha: Won't they fine me for breaking lockdown?

Simon: Better that than being raped and murdered.

Elisha: Yeah, thank you for that happy thought. I feel a lot better now. Maybe it would be best if I didn't practice for a while.

Simon (*mood:relaxed*): Well, that's up to you but I don't really see how missing a few days would be that bad for someone at your level. You must be pretty bloody good to be in that orchestra.

Elisha: Actually, the better you are the more practice matters. I don't really know but I would think someone who plays football at the top levels needs to keep their eye in a lot more than someone who just kicks a ball around every now and then. It would be embarrassing to miss an easy shot at goal or something in the Cup Final because you haven't been to training for a week or 2.

Simon: I suppose. Well, I probably should be getting back to work. You know, I tried to learn the guitar when I was a kid. They were offering lessons at school and my mum wanted me to learn.

Elisha: You didn't like it?

Simon: Never understood it, to be honest. Had to learn all these chords and things. Never did see the point. Like keys. Seriously, what is the point of keys?

Elisha: You mean on a piano?

Simon: No, I mean those flats and things, like major and minor keys. Stuff like that.

Elisha: Umm, are you actually asking me or just blowing off?

Simon: Hey, if you can tell me, I'd love to know. Just no one could tell me the point. Everyone just said I had to learn them. Well, some of them anyway, the so called important ones, but no one could tell me why they were important or what the point was.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): You're serious? Your music teacher couldn't explain them?

Simon: Well, he wasn't really a music teacher. He was one of our science teachers. This is Deptford, after all. Like, all they had were 3 guitars.

Elisha: Woah, well, OK. Umm. Look, let's go into the TV room. I'll get a piece of music and try to explain it to you.

Simon: Sweet. I'll tell my boss I was doing some research.

| *Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 16:31 GMT.*

Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Shimon Litvik (mood:Elisha-thoughtful, Shimon-curious; marketing keywords: pop, Australia, football, keys ...).

Elisha (*mood:confident*): TV on. Umm, YouTube. Mike Brady, Up There Cazaly. Pause.

Simon: Up There Cazaly? Never heard of that one. Is it classical?

Elisha: No, it's a pop song from Australia. It's about football so you'll probably like it.

Simon: I didn't think they played football in Australia. Not real football, anyway.

Elisha: I wouldn't know. Anyway, this is a brilliant song for explaining about keys because it's simple. A lot of classical music does the same but hides what it's doing through layers of complexity. I wrote an analysis of this song at Uni. First, though, you need to understand that the different notes are separated by gaps so when you play a few notes on a guitar or a clarinet what you are really hearing is the gaps between them so each note is higher or lower than the one before.

Simon: Yeah, I know that much.

Elisha: And the gaps are either a full tone apart or a half tone apart. Actually, don't worry about that, it doesn't really matter. What matters is the pattern of the gaps.

Simon: You've lost me already.

Elisha: Yeah. OK. Right, you know there are 8 notes? A, B, C, D, E, F and G?

Simon: Yeah.

Elisha: Great. And there are some others which are the sharps and flats?

Simon (*mood:uncertain*): Yeah, but I don't really know what they are.

Elisha: OK, forget that then, since what you wanted to know about was keys. Let's talk about emotions instead.

Simon: Hey, I'm a guy. I don't have emotions. So my ex kept telling me, anyway.

Elisha: Of course you do, you just suppress them. When you play football, you're happy, right?

Simon: Yes.

Elisha: And when you work you're sad so you have emotions, OK.

Simon: Well, OK, if you say so.

Elisha: Good. Now music plays on your emotions. Some music makes you sad, some makes you happy, some puts you to sleep and some gets you all worked up and excited and some makes you want to dance. It's like if you want to put a baby to sleep you'd sing a lullaby rather than play some electronic dance music, yeah?

Simon: Well, yeah, obviously.

Elisha: Well, it's the key that the music is played in that sets the emotion of the music.

Simon: I don't understand.

Elisha: Of course you don't, which is why I've got this song to play you because it's in two different keys and brilliantly captures the different emotions. Just listen, OK. I'll play the first verse then the chorus and you'll feel the difference, emotionally.

Simon (*mood:sceptical*): OK

Elisha: TV, play.

(*music*)

Elisha: TV, pause. OK, that was the first verse. How did you feel?

Simon (*mood:unimpressed*): It's pretty crappy, isn't it. It's just elevator music.

Elisha (*mood:enthusiastic*): Absolutely. That first verse is in the key of D major, which is C sharp and F sharp. Now, D major is a fairly bland, innocuous key. It's simple and inoffensive which is what this first verse is. OK, he's put in some twiddly bits to try and make it more interesting but basically the singer is telling us he has to go to work to earn a living but he doesn't really care about that, it's just what he does between the weekends. Then he tells us he likes football and the weekends are when he's really happy. OK? It's really just a jingle and he's showing us through the music's key how trivial and pointless the weekdays are to him.

Simon: I'll take your word for it. You said this was a big hit in Australia? Christ knows why. It's garbage.

Elisha: It was a hit because of what's about to come and apparently it's sung by the crowd in every football stadium every weekend in Australia. After this verse

there's a descending sequence of heavy percussion over 3 bars during which the key changes to F major, which is just B flat, but F major is a power key. It's a key that expresses triumph. It's full of controlled fury that's all ready to explode and I'll bet even you, mister I'm a guy with no emotions, will feel the raw energy as he starts to sing about football. Ready?

Simon: Yeah, OK.

Elisha: TV play.

(music)

Elisha: TV, pause. Did you hear that? More importantly, did you feel that?

Simon *(mood:impressed)*: Wow. Jesus. Yes, I felt, I don't know, I guess, dragged along. That was ... powerful.

Elisha: That's right, and you had no control over it because it was the music doing that to you. Same singer, same song but everything changed. But that's not the end of it. I'll restart it and let it play through, OK. TV, restart.

(music)

Elisha: TV, stop. How was it this time?

Simon: If anything it was more powerful second time around.

Elisha: Actually that was just because you got the F major part immediately after the D major part with no interruption. What's clever here is that the composer lulled your emotions into complacency with the opening D major segment then reached inside your head and grabbed your emotions by the balls with the F major segment through the sudden transition of the key. By changing the key between segments he heightened the emotional reaction and made it even more powerful.

Simon: Are you serious? That's all because of the key?

Elisha: Well, no, not entirely. He's used a few other tricks as well. Like the verses are really just a piano but the chorus is full of heavy bass and drums with stacks of reverb and then there's the singing. In the verses it's just a single voice but the chorus is over-dubbed to sound like multiple voices to simulate a football crowd. He's also been clever with the words themselves. The verses are narratives as though he's sitting there quietly

chatting with you but in the chorus it's all chanted slogans, like a mob readying to break free. It's primitive, tribal, all about fighting and winning and all that macho stuff, but here's the thing. If he did all that with the drums and the words and so on but kept the song in D major it would be laughable. It only works because he shifted the key to F major.

Simon: Wow, I wish my music teacher had explained all that! I might have kept up with it.

Elisha: That's not all. The composer alternates the two segments so your emotions never settle down to any one thing. It puts you to sleep then jerks you into a fight then puts you to sleep again then jerks you up again. Listen to it all the way through. TV restart.

(music)

Elisha: TV, pause. Did you hear that? When the team runs out and kick a goal, how the mighty roar, and then back into the chorus where you feel the crowd roaring and you have to join in, then towards the end there's that howl before the final chorus and it ends with a final scream of the crowd's on your side. It's really a masterpiece of emotional manipulation.

Simon: I'm seriously impressed, you know. That's a great song! So what's cazaly, anyway?

Elisha: I think he was a famous Australian football player, but I'm not sure. Anyway, a good composer will choose whatever key is appropriate for the emotion and mood he or she's trying to convey. C sharp minor is really good if you want to show sorrow and despair. D sharp minor is even worse. It generates existential terror. I've heard it described as the music of ghosts. A minor on the other hand is plaintive and soothing. I don't know all the emotions for all the keys because I'm not a composer. I just play the stuff but even as a musician I'm affected. We all are. That's why, at the end of a concert, we can't just pack up and go home. We have to come back down to Earth again, just like the audience. I've even played a few times with tears streaming down my face.

Simon: That must be difficult.

Elisha: Actually, no, not really. It's when the music gets you all excited that it's difficult. You want to jump up and down and scream and shout but you can't. You have to keep playing as though nothing's happening. That's really difficult. Have you ever been to the Last Night of the Proms?

Simon: No, but I saw it once on TV.

Elisha: That must be hell for the musicians because there's so much energy coming back from the audience. How they keep it together I don't know but this is why live music is so much better than sitting alone listening to it on your headphones. The music stirs the emotions and the collective emotions of the audience as a whole stirs things up even more and that feeds back to the musicians which in turn affects the audience.

Simon: So you're saying, under the right circumstances, you could get a riot going?

Elisha: Absolutely and that's happened many many times. The power of music is incredible. Every dictator and revolutionary knows that. Well, every successful one anyway. Get the people to a rally then drive them crazy with the right music. Hitler was exceptionally good with that. That's why we have national anthems, for example. They're composed specifically to arouse our patriotic fervour.

Simon: God Save The Queen doesn't do that. Not to me anyway.

Elisha: Well, I guess that's because it isn't a national anthem. It's a monarchist anthem and, to be honest, not a very good one. Rule Britannia would be much better. Rule Britannia, Britannia rules the waves, Britons never never never shall be slaves. Good solid patriotic stuff. It was originally written in G major which is all about serious magnificence which is great for a national anthem although it's usually played these days in B flat major because that's a more joyful key. La Marseillaise was written in G major as well. That's another really powerful anthem. Aux armes, citoyens! Formez vos bataillons! Marchons! Marchons! Get your weapons, citizens! Form your battalions! Let us march! Let us

march! Ahh, those were the days!

Katrin (*mood:puzzled*): La Marseillaise? Why are you talking about La Marseillaise?

Elisha: I was just explaining to Simon about the power of music.

Katrin (*mood:interested*): Oh right. Hey, you know that bit in Casablanca? You know, the Bogart movie? Where thingy, the rebel leader gets angry because the German soldiers are singing in the bar and he gets the band to play La Marseillaise and the Frenchies start singing and drown them out? I love that bit!

Elisha: Yeah! I remember that bit. I know it's just a movie but it really shows the power of a great national anthem. Can you imagine the same scene in a British pub and the locals singing God Save The Queen? It just wouldn't work.

Simon: How about Waltzing Matilda?

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): What about Waltzing Matilda?

Simon: Isn't that the Australian National Anthem?

Elisha: I don't think so. I think it's just a folk song. Mind you, I can't think what the Australian National Anthem is offhand.

Katrin: Isn't it Australia The Beautiful?

Elisha: No, I think that's the American one.

Simon: TV Google Australian National Anthem. Oh, it's Advance Australia Fair. Can't say I know that. Waltzing Matilda would be better. TV Google American National Anthem.

Elisha: The Star Spangled Banner. Of course. You know, that's another awesome example of the power of music.

Katrin: You think that's a powerful song?

Elisha: Not particularly, although Americans seem to. Actually I was thinking of the Jimi Hendrix version from the 60s which became something of an anti-American anthem through its complete and utter contempt for the country and everything it stood for during the Vietnam War era. Hendrix couldn't get away with it today. Pure musical politics. Can you imagine the outrage if they'd had social media then? He'd be put in front of a firing squad.

Mandy: You're talking about the President? Listen, he's the only sane man left on this God forsaken planet! Can you imagine how things would be if that Hilary Clinton and her depraved lackeys had won the election?

Simon: Oh Jesus, is that the time? I have to get my report in to my boss immediately. Catch you all later!

Katrin: And I'm late for a meeting. Love to chat but, you know.
(*footsteps*)

Elisha: Hey, hi, Mandy. How are you? Hey, what do you think that bird is doing in the garden? It seems to be looking in the window.

(*faint footsteps*)

Mandy (*mood:confused*): What bird? Where? Elisha? Hey, where did everyone go?

At 19:23 GMT 32 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query:"skiffle" – time on site:0m26s

www.wikipedia.com "skiffle" – time on site:2m18s

www.youtube.com "skiffle" – time on site:13m36s

www.youtube.com "lonnie donegan" – time on site:7m53s

www.youtube.com "trinidad steel pan" – time on site:4m44s

www.google.com query:home made instruments" – time on site:12m49s

www.facebook.com – time on site:3m51s

Saturday 4th April 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 17:01 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton (mood:Elisha-unknown).

(music)

Elisha (*mood:startled*): What was that?

(silence)

Elisha (*mood:nervous*): Hello? Is someone there? Hello?

(silence)

(music resumes)

Elisha (*mood:frightened*): Hey! Who's that?

(silence)

Unknown: Hello. You must be Elisha.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): Oh Jesus!

Unknown: Oh, sorry. Did I startle you?

Elisha: You scared the living daylights out of me!

Unknown: Ahh. Sorry. I didn't mean to. I'm Jemima Fairbrother. I run the kitchen here. You are Elisha, umm, someone, aren't you? The one I got the email about?

(voice pattern tagged as Jemima Fairbrother)

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Yeah, I'm Elisha Houghton. I thought the person who runs this was Jeremiah?

Jemima: You must have got that from Tricia? Winston's granddaughter? Yes, she calls me Jeremiah for some unknown reason. I was wondering if and when I'd ever meet you.

Elisha: I must have got carried away and forgotten the time. I'm usually out of here long before you're due to arrive. I guess I'm starting to get used to this place, as well.

Jemima (*mood:puzzled*): How do you mean?

Elisha: Well, it's a bit scary, isn't it. Dark and echoey and kind of mournful.

Jemima (*mood:amused*): Well, I suppose so. I've been coming here for years so I'm used to the place. Was that you playing that music or was it a CD or something?

Elisha: No, it was me. I play the clarinet with an orchestra and Winston said I could practice here during the lockdown.

Jemima: Oh? Because of the neighbours?

Elisha: Yes.

Jemima: Makes sense, I suppose. Well, I'd best be unloading the car.

Elisha: I guess I should pack up now as well. I don't want to be in the way.

Jemima: Oh you won't be in the way. Stay as long as you want. Be nice to have a bit of music for a change.

Elisha: But what about all the, umm, people?

Jemima: There aren't many at the moment. Numbers are way down.

Elisha: Oh? Why's that?

Jemima: It's because of the new Government initiative, Everyone In. The Government's made every local council find somewhere for all the homeless to stay so they're not on the streets spreading COVID. Deptford was onto it right away since homelessness is a bit of a problem here. Or was, anyway. Let's hope it's a long term solution.

Elisha: You don't sound too hopeful.

Jemima: Oh, I've seen many a Government initiative come and go. There's always a lot of publicity to begin with then the costs start to mount up and things get quietly dropped. Mind you, Brexit's helped too.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): What's Brexit got to do with homelessness?

Jemima: Europeans aren't allowed in the UK anymore so most of them have gone back to their own countries, or at least somewhere else in Europe.

Elisha: I'm sorry but I really don't follow. Are you saying there were a lot of homeless Europeans here?

Jemima: Certainly. Probably half the homeless in Deptford were Europeans.

Elisha: You're kidding me. Surely it would have been a lot easier for them to be homeless in their own countries?

Jemima: Ahh, no. They came here for the contract work. Mostly in construction, mostly in London.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): No, sorry. I still don't get it.

Jemima (*mood:patient*): Well, it's pretty simple, really. When we were in Europe we had freedom of movement of workers . You knew that?

Elisha: Yes, I knew that. That was supposed to be one of the great benefits, wasn't it?

Jemima: Yup. The thing is, the Government decreed, oh back in 2011 I think it was, that any foreign workers in the UK shouldn't be a burden on the state so they weren't entitled to any benefits or housing assistance unless they had a job. If they didn't have a job they were supposed to go back to where they came from.

Elisha: Well, that makes sense.

Jemima: At some level I suppose it does, if only to a wealthy bureaucrat. In practical reality, of course, it just creates problems because a lot of the poorer and less educated Europeans came here to do the low level manual work that the Brits didn't want to do. Crop picking was one major area but here in London it's construction. Mostly unskilled or semi-skilled labourers for building sites. Now, big construction firms don't want to deal with hiring lots of individuals on a day to day basis so they offloaded that side onto agents. A company would tell an agent they needed, say, fifty labourers for a month on a particular site and it was the agents' problem to find them and get them there. But one significant issue is that the agents aren't employing the labourers, they're all casual workers and the agents deduct money from their wages for all sorts of things such as accommodation and clothing and so called administration fees and so on. As a result the labourers don't actually end up with much cash at the end of a job. Plus, when the job ends they're kicked out of the accommodation the agent's been providing and, since they have little cash and often poor English, they end up on the streets. Then, because they have no jobs they aren't entitled to any welfare so they end up coming to places like us. It doesn't help that the major charities have service contracts with the Government and local Councils and generally refuse to help these European nationals.

Elisha: But why don't they go home when the job ends?

Jemima: Oh, several reasons. One major one is that there may well be another job in a day or 2 or next week so it's

just a matter of hanging on for a while. Another is that they have families back wherever and what spare money they've had they've sent home. Usually they don't even have the money for travel.

Elisha: So why don't they put money aside so they can go home? I would.

Jemima: Yes, you probably would but I'm guessing from your accent that you are fairly well educated so you are probably quite good at budgeting. You probably don't have a hungry family at home needing every euro you can send them either. Besides, what are they going back to? If there was decent work for them back home they wouldn't be working over here in a foreign country in the first place. As long as they are here there's always the chance of another contract job. Anyway, it's not that much of an issue since Brexit. They can't come over anymore.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): You know, that makes sense of something.

Jemima: What's that?

Elisha: A friend of mine's boyfriend works in construction, on the management side. She told me he's having big problems finding workers and we thought it was because of COVID although not that many people have COVID and, from what I hear, even if they do have it most people aren't affected. I wondered about that.

Jemima: Yes, that'll be Brexit. 1 in 3 construction workers in London were from Europe and those casual workers have mostly dried up. It's much the same in rural districts with farming. There're going to be big problems when harvest time comes. Your average Brit can't handle picking strawberries all day for minimum wage. It's backbreaking work. Whoever's clever idea it was to leave Europe should be shot.

Elisha: Well, I voted to stay. I couldn't see any reason to leave and become isolated.

Jemima: Yes, me too, although apparently it was my generation that wanted out for some reason. Your generation mostly wanted to stay in.

Elisha: Ah well, I daresay we'll try to rejoin Europe in 20 years. So, umm, if you don't mind me asking, why are you still

running the kitchen if there aren't any homeless any more?

Jemima: That's the irony of it. Even though Everyone In is finding places for these people to live it isn't doing a whole lot about feeding them. What I'm hearing is that what food is provided isn't much and it's pretty bad quality so quite a few of them are coming back just to get something to eat. Plus, of course, there's all the ones who do have somewhere to live but can't afford food on top.

Elisha: But surely they're on unemployment benefit?

Jemima: Some are but a lot aren't. A lot of homeless or hidden homeless people have jobs but they don't make enough to make ends meet.

Elisha: I don't get that. Surely if you have a job it's just a matter of finding somewhere you can afford to live?

Jemima: Are you serious? Rents are sky high and going up fast and just because someone has a job it doesn't mean they get paid much. What about people on zero hour contracts? They might not get any work hours for days or weeks but they're classified as employed so they don't get benefits either. Some of the people we get here have 3, 4 even 5 jobs and still don't bring back enough to feed themselves. And landlords really don't like renting to the unemployed or people on multiple low paid jobs. This gig economy is really just a giant con. It keeps people off benefits while still providing a large workforce who'll accept just about any pay, however low. And that's before we've even mentioned the ones with addictions or mental health issues.

Elisha: So I guess they're not millionaires raking in endless handouts then.

Jemima: Who told you that crap?

Elisha: Oh, someone I know.

Jemima: I am so sick of narrow minded bigoted people like that. I just wish they'd spend a few days here with me and find out what it's really like.

Elisha: Still, with this Everyone In program it's got to be a big help.

Jemima: Yes and no. Everyone In only deals with the ones who

live on the streets whereas most of the homeless are actually what is known as hidden homeless. These are people who are homeless but don't live on the streets. Most of 'em actually have somewhere to live but it's only temporary, like a friend's couch or a homeless hostel. One of my regulars is a woman with 3 youngish children. She was a victim of domestic violence and managed to get into sheltered accommodation but her abuser tracked her down and she had to run away from there. She and her children live in a garden shed now. One of those wooden ones, 4 foot by 8 foot with no electricity and no heating. It belongs to a friend and it's free but she's got real problems now because the children can't go to school. Not only are they losing out on their education but she can't even do any part time work because they're in the shed with her all day.

Elisha: Yeah, I can see that would be kind of difficult. Surely they're still getting taught though? Aren't the schools doing the teaching over the net?

Jemima: And what if you can't afford a computer and internet access, or 3 computers in her case? How do you power the stuff from the back seat of a car even if you have it?

Elisha: Oh. I never thought of that.

Jemima: Well, if you'll excuse me, I need to set up. They're beginning to gather.

Elisha: Libraries have computers for the public. Couldn't that woman take her kids to the library for their lessons?

Jemima: Yes, she probably could except for one thing. The libraries are closed because of COVID.

Elisha: Oh yeah.

Jemima: Besides, you're usually only allowed an hour's access at a time. Sorry, but I have things to do.

Elisha: Oh, yeah, sorry. Umm, do you want any help?

Jemima: No, it's OK. I can manage. Besides, they don't know you.

Elisha: Why would that matter? Food's food, isn't it?

Jemima: Yes and no. When you reach rock bottom like they have you quickly learn not to trust anyone. If you really want to help you'll need to help every day, or at least on regular days, and build up some level of trust otherwise

they'll assume you're out to harm them in some way.
 Elisha: Harm them? How would I harm them?
 Jemima: Oh, I don't know. Maybe some'll think you're here simply to find a way to cut funding or stop some of them getting food. Who knows? One thing's for sure it's a rare day to find a stranger who's there to help. Could be they'll think you're an undercover policewoman looking for drugs or a social worker looking to take their kids away, I don't know.
 Elisha: Oh, I see. Well, it was nice meeting you. Umm, I'll get out of the way, OK.
 Jemima: Yes, no doubt we'll bump into each other again.
 | *(tablet shut down)*

| *From 20:14 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK, and Chrissie Hammond's phone, located in Bexleyheath, UK.*

20:14 Elisha: Hiya hon, what you up to?
 20:15 Chrissie: Hey :) I'm back at my place – too depressing with Barry
 20:16 Elisha: You still an item tho?
 20:17 Chrissie: For now lol know of any hot guys going spare?
 20:18 Elisha: The only guy I know going spare is Simon from my place but he couldn't cope with you
 20:19 Chrissie: :(how old is he?
 20:20 Elisha: Early 30s I think – and he has a son
 20:21 Chrissie: Oh forget it then – hate guys with baggage
 20:22 Elisha: lol – hey could you ask Barry something for me
 20:23 Chrissie: Sure but he's not going out with you
 20:24 Elisha: Don't worry he's not my type – could you ask him if his company employed workers from Europe?
 20:25 Chrissie: What for?
 20:26 Elisha: I was told something today and want to find out if its true
 20:27 Chrissie: OK
 20:51 Chrissie: He said yeah – like half his workers were foreigners but not anymore
 20:52 Elisha: Is that because of Brexit?
 20:53 Chrissie: Ill ask
 21:01 Chrissie: Yeah – why?

21:02 Elisha: Just wondered – thanks :)

At 21:16 GMT 32 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query:“homelessness in uk” – time on site:6m24s

www.google.com query:“homelessness and brexit” – time on site:2m41s

www.google.com query:“everyone in” – time on site:1m02s

Friday 10th April 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 13:21 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton (mood:Elisha-unknown).

(music)

(silence)

(sound of faint applause)

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): What the ...? Who the hell are you?

Unidentified: Hey, you play good.

Elisha (*mood:wary*): Thanks. The kitchen doesn't open 'til 6.

Unidentified: Oh, right.

Elisha: So, umm, come back later, OK?

Unidentified: Sure. You gonna play some more?

Elisha: Umm, yes, although I prefer to play on my own.

Unidentified: Cool. So what you doing? You, like, practising or something?

Elisha: Yes I am, so if you don't mind ...

Unidentified: I don't mind. Practise all you want.

(silence)

Elisha: I'd rather practice alone.

Unidentified: Yeah, I get you. So, what, you with some orchestra or something?

Elisha: Yes, I'm with an orchestra.

Unidentified: Yeah, thought so.

Elisha: I've seen you somewhere before. Do I know you?

Unidentified: Could be. I get around, round, round, round, I get around. Ooohh weee eee oooh.

Elisha: You what?

Unidentified: Beach Boys. Song from the 60s. Prob not your style, hey?

Elisha: I know the Beach Boys. Where do I know you from?

Unidentified: Can't say as I've ever seen you before. Maybe you met me in your dreams?

Elisha: Yeah, right. Listen, are you going to let me practice in peace?

Unidentified: Hey, total peace, OK. I'm not looking for trouble. Name's Raymond. Or Ray if you prefer.

| (*voice pattern tagged as Raymond Orray*)

Elisha: Great.

Raymond: You have a name?

Elisha: Sure.

Raymond: OK, no sweat. I come in peace. We all have secrets.

Elisha: Yeah, I remember now. You're that busker, aren't you.

Raymond: Nah, definitely not. I'm a busker but not that busker. I'm another busker. Whoever it was, it wasn't me.

Elisha: Yeah, it was. Outside the supermarket in the High Street. You were playing guitar.

Raymond: Oh, you meant that busker. I thought you meant some other busker. Did you give me any money?

Elisha: No I didn't.

Raymond: There you go then. That's why I don't remember you.

Elisha: Are you always this weird?

Raymond: You think I'm weird?

Elisha: Yes.

Raymond: I'm not the one doing concerts in an empty soup kitchen.

Elisha: Neither am I. For one thing I'm not doing a concert, I'm practising, and for another this isn't a soup kitchen, or not yet. It's a chapel and the pastor said I could practice here. It's not a soup kitchen 'til 6 and they don't do soup anyway.

Raymond: So you're not with the food people?

Elisha: No.

Raymond: Oh. So, umm, you haven't got any food?

Elisha: No.

Raymond: Not even some boiled sweets?

Elisha: No. Why would I have boiled sweets?

Raymond: I don't know, maybe to stop your mouth drying out.

Elisha: I've got a bottle of water for that.

Raymond: OK. 6 you said?

Elisha: Yes.

Raymond: So what time is it now?

Elisha: About half past 1.

Raymond: Oh. So if they don't do soup what do they do?

Elisha: Well, the one time I met Jemima she had bread and sausages.

Raymond: No duck?

Elisha: Duck? Why would they have duck?

Raymond: Oh, you know, like Jemima Puddleduck.

Elisha: Oh, ha ha.

Raymond: So, this Jemima. She run the place?

Elisha: She runs the food kitchen.

Raymond: And you run the rest of the place?

Elisha: No, I don't run anything. I just have permission to be here, that's all.

Raymond: So, like, who does run this place?

Elisha: Umm, I guess Pastor Ramcharan.

Raymond: He doesn't run it very well, though, does he.

Elisha: What do you mean?

Raymond: It's a bit of a mess, isn't it.

Elisha: It's not used anymore. Except for the kitchen.

Raymond: Right. And that's at 6.

Elisha: Yup.

Raymond: So when are you here?

Elisha: In the afternoons.

Raymond: Sweet.

Elisha: And my boyfriend's usually here, too. He's just gone into town for a few minutes.

Raymond: That's cool. I'm here in peace. No threat, OK. Just asking.

Elisha: Just so you're clear on that.

Raymond: Clear as muddy waters. So you're just practising?

Elisha: Yes.

Raymond: And you want me to leave you alone?

Elisha: Yes.

Raymond: I can relate to that. I shall bid you a fond farewell and leave you in peace to practice.

Elisha: Great, thanks.

Raymond: For the world is a stage and each must play their part. And it is my part to depart.

Elisha: Yes.

Raymond: And return at 6.

Elisha: That's up to you.

Raymond: Farewell, sweet muse.

Elisha: Bye.

Raymond: With your long blonde hair and your eyes of blue, the only thing I even got from you is sorrow. Parting is,

indeed, such sweet sorrow.
Elisha: For some perhaps.
Raymond: Well, since you're obviously not going to change your
mind, I'll be off.
Elisha: You're very observant. Bye.
Raymond: And you practice every day?
Elisha: Yes.
Raymond: Your boyfriend must be very tolerant.
Elisha: And protective.
Raymond: Well, bye.
Elisha: Bye.

Saturday 11th April 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 12:28 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Mandy Fenman (mood:Elisha-worried, Mandy-distant; marketing keywords: phone, purple, knob, couch ...).

- Elisha: Heya Mandy. Have you seen my phone anywhere?
Mandy: What does it look like?
Elisha: It looks like, well, like a phone, you know. Purple case with a knob on the back.
Mandy: You mean this one?
Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Ohh! Thank God! Where was it?
Mandy: Down the back of the couch.
Elisha: Way cool. Thanks. Oh bugger, the battery's flat.
Mandy: Is it 4G or 5G?
Elisha: Umm, it's 5G ready but I don't think 5G's been rolled out in this area yet.
Mandy (*mood:dark*): Better pray that it doesn't.
Elisha: Yeah? Why's that? No, don't tell me. 5G causes COVID, yeah?
Mandy: You can mock all you want but when 5G comes to Deptford and you catch it and die you'll be sorry you didn't listen to me.
Elisha (*mood:mischievous*): I thought you said that COVID was a biological weapon developed in China?
Mandy: Ah, no, I was wrong about that. Turns out it was actually developed in America by Hilary Clinton's biological warfare researchers at the Pentagon and released in Wuhan to try to wipe out the Chinese.
Elisha: Oh right, that makes much more sense. So how does that tie in with 5G?
Mandy: It's a sleeper virus of course.
Elisha: Oh, of course. How stupid of me. Umm, I know I'm going to regret asking this but how does it work?
Mandy: They put it in the water supply so it gets distributed to everyone then when the time is right it's triggered by 5G phone signals then everyone gets sick and dies.
Elisha: Silly me, I should have thought of that. So, umm, if

they're putting it in the water supply, how come it started in a fish market?

Mandy (*mood:exasperated*): Don't you know anything, Elisha? Fish have to be gutted and washed so Clinton's people sent batches of contaminated fish to Wuhan and the virus was washed from the fish into the drains and from there into the Chinese water system.

Elisha: So people in China drink water from the drains?

Mandy: (*deep sigh*) Their drinking water is recycled. Didn't you know that?

Elisha: Well, um, OK. So, ah, how did COVID get from China to the UK? Do we import water from them?

Mandy: Of course not, but we do import fish from China.

Elisha: Hmm. So we import fish from China that they imported from America? Why can't we just import them directly from America? Presumably they wouldn't be contaminated then since we are supposed to have a special relationship with America. Or are they selling the infected fish globally?

Mandy: One of the mysteries of global economics and trade. Like why do we have to import oil when we have our own North Sea oil? That's probably down to the Jews.

Elisha: Have you asked Simon about that?

Mandy: Oh, don't be absurd. He's one of them so he's hardly likely to tell me all about it.

Elisha: Fair point. So, ah, does China have 5G technology?

Mandy: Must do, otherwise they wouldn't have COVID, would they.

Elisha: But 5G is very new. Most countries haven't even begun to roll it out yet but they've still got COVID.

Mandy: You can't believe everything you read in the news Elisha. It's all controlled by the State and most of it is fake news.

Elisha: Right. So you have a source that isn't controlled by the State?

Mandy: Sure do. Right from the heart of Washington DC.

Elisha: That's so cool. So, umm, if you don't mind me asking, um, why you?

Mandy: What do you mean?

Elisha: I mean why are you getting this information and not,

say, me?

Mandy: Ohhh. It's because I'm a seeker.

Elisha: A seeker? You mean like in Harry Potter?

Mandy: No, well, yes, kind of. I'm a seeker of the truth, you see, whereas you are content to accept all the fake news that's floating around. You're pretty gullible, really, you know, Elisha. You'll believe any old nonsense. You even believe that COVID actually exists!

Elisha: It doesn't? So you mean it's safe to use 5G on my phone when it's rolled out?

Mandy: Oh Elisha. You see what I mean? How could you possibly believe 5G is safe?

Elisha: But didn't you just say that it's being used to trigger COVID? Surely if COVID doesn't exist it can't be triggered by anything, let alone 5G.

Mandy: And to think I used to think you were quite intelligent, Elisha. Obviously 5G can't trigger COVID since COVID doesn't exist but it does trigger pseudo-COVID.

Elisha: Ahh, my bad. So what is pseudo-COVID?

Mandy: Cancer.

Elisha: Cancer? You serious?

Mandy: As serious as, well, cancer, really.

Elisha: But isn't COVID like the flu?

Mandy: That's the deadly beauty of this global conspiracy. They developed a strain of cancer that looks like the flu but none of the flu treatments work because it's really cancer.

Elisha: And it's triggered by 5G?

Mandy: Absolutely.

Elisha: And you catch it from fish?

Mandy: Yup.

Elisha: So if we stop eating fish we wouldn't get this pseudo-COVID?

Mandy: I wish. It's too late now though. You've already got it in your body. That's why you shouldn't use 5G.

Elisha: OK. I'm guessing though that if you know about it then the Government does too so why are they still rolling out 5G?

Mandy: Because our Government is in league with the Chinese technology companies. If they stop rolling out 5G they

won't make the billions they're planning to make.
 Elisha: But if they kill us all off they won't be a Government of anything much then, will they.
 Mandy: They're going to bring in 100 million Chinese to replace us.
 Elisha: Why?
 Mandy: Because we'll all be dead.
 Elisha: But won't the Chinese die as well?
 Mandy: Oh of course not, Elisha! Think about it. What are the big pharmaceutical companies doing right now?
 Elisha: Well, I don't really know but I would guess they're trying to find a cure for COVID, or at least a vaccine.
 Mandy: Exactly. So when the Chinese get into the UK they'll all be given the cure.
 Elisha: But didn't you say that the Americans developed this COVID, or pseudo-COVID, to wipe out the Chinese? Why would they cure the Chinese when it's wiped out the Brits?
 Mandy: Because Bill Gates is working with the pharmaceutical companies, that's why.
 Elisha: I've forgotten. Is Bill Gates working with or against Clinton?
 Mandy: He's pretending to work with her but really all he's after is world domination.
 Elisha: Right. So by wiping out the British he'll be one step closer?
 Mandy: Spot on.
 Elisha: OK. Oh yeah, my phone's dead. Do you know what the time is?
 Mandy: Sorry, no. I smashed my phone because it was 5G capable, like yours. When the stores open again I'm going to get a new one that only works with 4G, that's if my application is approved
 Elisha: You have to apply for a 4G phone? I'm lost.
 Mandy: No no. I mean my application for this new Government funding thing. It's like the furlough system but for the self employed, like me. Only trouble is I can't apply until June.
 Elisha (*mood:bored*): Why's that? No, forget I asked. I don't really want to know. Listen, it's been lovely talking to you but I've

really got to go and practice. See you later.

Mandy: Yeah, bye.

(footsteps)

Elisha *(faint)*: Jesus, what a tool!

Mandy *(loud)*: I heard that! You'll regret not listening to me! Just you wait and see!

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 14:23 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Raymond Orray and Elisha Houghton (mood:Raymond-relaxed, Elisha-focused).

(music)

Ray: I know that tune. What is it?

Elisha: Oh, it's you. I had a feeling you'd be back. Did you sleep here last night?

Ray: Ooooh, you're keeping tabs on me, huh?

Elisha: Not at all. It's just that there's a couple of blankets on the floor over in the corner that weren't there yesterday. If they're not yours then whose are they?

Ray: Trapped by Billie Jo Spears. Yeah, I admit it, they're mine.

Elisha: Billie Jo Spears?

Ray *(singing)*: Come and look out through the window, that big old moon is shining down. Tell me now, don't it remind you, of that blanket on the ground.

Elisha: Did you just make that up?

Ray: I wish. No, it's an old country song.

Elisha: OK. I don't know it. So are they yours?

Ray: Yer, it's a fair cop, yer honour. Bang to rights, I am.

Elisha: So you slept here last night?

Ray: Ahh, yeah. You think I'm using this place to store second hand blankets?

Elisha: Sorry. I just like to get things clear in my mind.

Ray: My turn. Is that your phone over there?

Elisha: Yes it is. I'm charging it.

Ray: Ohhh.

(silence)

Ray: Nah, can't think of any songs about charging phones. There's that old ABBA one, ring ring why don't you

give me a call but not about charging. Funny that, don't you think.

Elisha: Why would someone write a song about charging a phone?

Ray: Love is a big part of most people's lives and there are endless songs about that. Phones are a big part too nowadays so it would make sense to sing about them as well.

Elisha: Wouldn't it be a bit boring?

Ray: Ohh, I don't know. Umm, here I stand, in the hall, my phone's not charged so my love can't call. Could be a great blues number. Or, my baby done left me 'cos my phone's never charged, there's no wood for the fire and umm, what rhymes with charged?

Elisha: Barged, ah, can't think of anything else.

Ray: Told you I wasn't a songwriter.

Elisha: So why did you spend the night here? If you don't mind me asking?

Ray: What if I do mind?

Elisha: Then don't answer. It's not a biggie. I was just curious.

Ray: I'm curious why you're curious.

Elisha: You're homeless, yeah?

Ray: I prefer footloose, it's less stigmatic, but, yeah, you could say that. I was dossing with a mate but then they locked everyone down and I couldn't face the prospect of living with him 24 7 so I went on the streets.

Elisha: Only someone told me there was this Everyone In program to provide somewhere to live for everyone who didn't have somewhere to live already.

Ray: Yeah, I got rounded up in that. Bit of a bloody liberty, I thought. Bit like the Gestapo.

Elisha: So didn't they find you somewhere to live?

Ray: You speak nice, you know. Well brought up girl, yeah?

Elisha: What's that got to do with anything?

Ray: Ohh, I dunno. Maybe, and I'm only guessing here, but maybe you think of somewhere to live as being like a nice little 2 bedroom house in the suburbs, or a neat little apartment in town. Central heating, fridge, freezer, bath, cute little lacy curtains, things like that?

Elisha: Well, I was thinking more of a room somewhere, but

yeah, I guess so.
 Ray: Yeah, a room. 'Spouse you could call it a room.
 Elisha: If it wasn't a room, what was it?
 Ray: An old warehouse with some plywood partitions and some mattresses.
 Elisha: That doesn't seem much.
 Ray: I'm no expert on homeless hostels but from what I've heard it was a little above average. Least we had a lav and a shower. They don't always.
 Elisha: We? How many of you lived there?
 Ray: Dunno. Never did a head count. Ohh, maybe 10 guys, I guess, a couple of women and 3 or 4 families. Seemed to be a lot of kids running round.
 Elisha: Wow.
 Ray: I managed 2 nights there. Jesus, the noise was bad. Didn't get no sleep 'cos of it.
 Elisha: How do you mean?
 Ray: You don't know much about the homeless, do you.
 Elisha: No, not really.
 Ray: Well, more than a few are druggies or alchies and some just have demons so they can go a bit crazy when the lights go out so they start yelling which wakes up the kiddies then their mums start screaming at everyone to shut up and that gets the nutters excited and they yell some more and so it goes all bloody night long. And half of them can't lie still for long. They have to get up and wander around to see what everyone else is up to. Bloody glad I weren't one of the women though, with all them freaked out guys. Anyway, I couldn't take it so I walked out. Been sleeping under bushes and stuff 'til I heard about this place.
 Elisha: I see.
 Ray: You gonna report me?
 Elisha: I'm just here to practice. No one said anything about reporting anything although Jemima might if she catches you.
 Ray: That the woman who does the food?
 Elisha: Yes.
 Ray: She said what happens when she isn't here isn't her problem.

Elisha: Oh, OK. You weren't here when I arrived.

Ray: Nah. Went back to the doss house for a shower and a shit.

Elisha: Too much information.

Ray: Sorry. Best time, though, around midday. Bet you can't imagine the queue for the lav first thing in the morning though. No hot water either although that's not a problem.

Elisha: Just a sec. You mean there's, like, only one toilet and shower for, what, 20 or 30 of you?

Ray: Yeah, that's the downside of this church. No shower.

Elisha: It's a chapel.

Ray: Same difference. Guess the vicar washed at home.

Elisha: Pastor. It's a Baptist chapel.

Ray: OK. So what about you? I figure you ain't homeless.

Elisha: No, although I do share a house.

Ray: With your boyfriend? I notice he ain't here today either.

Elisha: No, umm, he's busy.

Ray: K. Hey, I brought my guitar today. Kinda hoped we could play a bit together. Been a while since I played with anyone.

Elisha: I heard you playing at the supermarket. I thought you were quite good. Where did you learn?

Ray: Taught meself. One of my uncles bought me a guitar for my 14th birthday so I figured out how to play it listening to some CDs and the radio. How about you?

Elisha: Yeah, a little like that for me too.

Ray: That's a clarinet, isn't it? I played in a band once with a guy on sax and he said a clarinet was like a skinny sax.

Elisha: Well, they are similar, although a clarinet is a tube and a sax is a cone.

Ray: Yeah, he was on cones too. So what do you reckon?

Elisha: So how come you're homeless? Footloose I mean.

Ray: Oh you don't want to know about the shit in my life. Nice girl like you. Why're you charging your phone here and not at home?

Elisha: I live with someone who's convinced 5G causes COVID and I figured if I left my phone at home she'd break it. She's already smashed hers. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to. I don't want to embarrass you, but I

would like to know.

Ray: Hey, I've been through so much counselling I'm beyond embarrassment but 5G can't cause COVID. It's electromagnetic so it can't carry a virus. Cancer, maybe, but not a virus. It all started with my sister.

Elisha: 5G started with your sister?

Ray: I like you. You've got a sense of humour. Cool. No, I was away at uni, first in my family to go to uni by the way, Just getting there was an achievement. Kind of proud of that.

Elisha: Did you study music?

Ray: No, maths and physics. Scary, huh.

Elisha: Not really. I enjoyed maths and science at school. Did your sister go as well?

Ray: Nah, she went and got herself pregnant. She was, like, 16.

Elisha: Lots of girls get pregnant so how did that end up with you being homeless?

Ray: The thing is, our dad had a thing about blacks. Hated them, he did, so when he found out Kelly had been with a black man he kicked her out of the house.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): Jesus, I didn't think things like that happened these days. What did your mum do?

Ray: She had to go along with it. Dad was like that. Trouble was, Kelly kept it quiet until it was obvious and when dad kicked her out she went and found one of them back street abortionists.

Elisha: What on Earth for? You can get that done on the National Health.

Ray: Not at 5 months you can't.

Elisha: Oh, shit.

Ray: Anyway, that's what she did. Can't be changed now.

Elisha: So what happened?

Ray: She died. Haemorrhaged. Baby too. The guy's in prison now. Maybe he's out. I don't know.

Elisha: Oh. I'm so sorry. Were you close?

Ray: I guess. I was 20 she was 16 so no, not that close but close enough. Anyway my mum blamed herself and a couple of weeks later she razored her arms.

Elisha: You mean, she ...?

Ray: Yup. Suicide.

Elisha: Oh sweet Jesus. And your dad?

Ray: Oh that sod's still alive, far as I know. Haven't seen him since mum's funeral. Anyway, I went to pieces. Started drinking, tried a few drugs and just got deeper and deeper into depression. Quit uni and moved in with a friend until he couldn't stand me being around anymore and he made me see a psychiatrist who got me into an addiction program for the booze and stuff and a counselling program for the depression.

Elisha: And that's when you became homeless? Your friend deserted you?

Ray: God no, he was great. After a while I started to improve and Social Services helped me find a place of my own and found me a job. It was a pretty crappy job but it was better than nothing.

Elisha: So what went wrong?

Ray: It was in one of those big DIY stores, you know? Anyway, one day the manager accused me of stealing from the tills. I didn't. I put stock on the shelves, never went near the tills but he didn't believe me and I got the sack. Then there was some argy bargy with the unemployment but in the end they decided I did qualify and I got back into counselling because I was getting depressed again.

Elisha: So what went wrong?

Ray: They said it would take a week or 2 for the first payment to go into my bank account but after a month there still weren't any payments and I kept going back to the unemployment office and they kept giving me the runaround and saying they were paying it. I was just getting more and more depressed and more and more unable to cope and in the end when they eventually figured out that someone had made a mistake and my benefit was being paid into the wrong account I just couldn't handle it so I walked out of the benefit office, went back to my place, got my guitar and buggered off. Just walked away from everything. That was, like, 4 years ago.

Elisha: Jesus, that was brave of you.

Ray: No it wasn't, It was the coward's way out. I wasn't even brave enough to kill myself. I thought about it a lot and if I'd been able to figure out how to do it without hurting myself I probably would have but I couldn't. Anyway, so there you have it. Looking back it was probably the best thing for me.

Elisha: You reckon?

Ray: Yeah. Counselling sounds like a good thing but you know what I think? I think it makes things worse. You're forever going over and over what caused the problem, like, you know, my sister and her kid dying and my mum killing herself, and, yeah, I know this sounds bad, but counselling never lets you get past it. You have to go over and over it all the time and again with yet more bloody counsellors and you can't ever move on. When I walked away I had nothing, not a bloody thing, except the clothes I was wearing and my guitar and it was a living bloody hell. I knew nothing about living on the streets. Didn't even know how to find food or wipe my arse or avoid the little shits who like to beat up the homeless but I'm convinced now that having to go back to the absolute basics of survival is what got me out of my cycle of depression. I wouldn't say I'm the happiest person alive right now but I'm not depressed. I'm not living in some dark little rat infested corner of my mind, just a dark little rat infested corner of a chapel and that's way, way better.

Monday 27th April 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 14:18 GMT.*

To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: COVID Hospitalisation

I regret to inform you all that violinist Janice Longton-Smythe was taken to Lewisham Hospital yesterday with serious breathing difficulties and is currently in intensive care. She has tested positive for COVID. I have spoken with her husband, Kelvin, who has asked that, due to the extreme pressures currently on the nursing staff in intensive care, we wait until Janice is moved to a convalescent ward before sending flowers, get well cards and so on. I will, of course, keep you all up to date on this and will send flowers when the time is right.

I would also like to remind everyone that COVID is a serious illness that can afflict anyone of any age. At 66, Janice is in a higher risk age group but there is no age group with zero risk. Please continue to take every precaution in these trying times. Your health is very important.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Partial transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 14:19 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Orray (mood:Elisha-focused, Raymond-relaxed; marketing keywords: email, work, violin, hospital ...).*

Elisha: Hold it. I've had an email from work.
Ray: OK.
Elisha: Ohh, nasty. One of our violinists is in hospital with COVID.
Ray: Is she going to die?
Elisha: It doesn't say, just that she's in intensive care. I wonder which of the violins she is?
Ray: You don't know the people you work with?
Elisha: I know the ones who sit around me but, ah whatever.

No, I don't know her. The strings don't mix much with wind.

Ray: I'm string and you mix with me.

Elisha: Yeah but we're a duo not an orchestra. Just a sec.

| *At 14:21 GMT the following SMS was sent from Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK.*

Elisha: Hi Dennis – do you know who Janice Langton Smyth is?

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 14:31 GMT.*

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Janice Longton-Smythe

I am informed by Jason Molina, our First Violinist, that Janice is in fact 65 and not 66 as mentioned in my previous email.

I apologise for this error.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

| *At 14:47 GMT the following SMS was received by Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK.*

Dennis: I'm not sure but I think she's the older woman who sat next to Jason. I don't recall ever speaking to her though. Sad news – I hope she gets better soon.

| *Transcript of recording continued from 14:47 GMT ...*

Ray: Was that your phone?

Elisha: Probably. Look, you're rushing that chord change in the 29th bar. It's a dotted semi-quaver so you need to hold that note for just an instant longer then go into the change.

Ray: Hey, I'm trying, OK. It's pretty complicated.

Elisha: Sorry. Take a break while I check my phone. Ohh, Dennis doesn't know her either. He thinks she sat up next to the First Violin so that would put her in the front row of the violins so she'd be, like, 4 rows in front of me.

Ray: Wow, that's a lot of people. How many are in your orchestra?

Elisha: Only 35 but we're spread out along the stage and only 4 deep and I sit in the last row whereas she'll be more or less in the centre. I doubt I've ever seen much more of her than the back of her head. I wonder if I ought to send her a get well soon message?

Ray: If you don't know her then she probably doesn't know you.

Elisha: Hmm, maybe. There's only 2 of us clarinets, me and Dennis, but there are 10 violins so there's a good chance she's seen me at the end even though we haven't spoken. Da da da da daa, I think I'll send her an email when she's out of intensive care. Shall we try that phrase again?

Ray (*mood:downbeat*): I guess.

Elisha (*mood:sharp*): Hey, you don't have to practice with me, you know. You can always go and play your rock stuff to the rocks outside.

Ray: Yeah I could but I don't want to. I'm a bit like Dave Stewart to your Annie Lennox.

Elisha: Is that another of your references to obscure rock songs of the 60s?

Ray: I'd hardly call the Eurythmics obscure but yeah. They had a hit with Right By Your Side.

Elisha: Well, I play classical music professionally so that's what I need to practice and if you're going to be right by my side then you need to too otherwise we'll sound dreadful. Tell you what, let's give it another half hour then we'll take the theme and do some improv around it. Jazz it up a little.

Ray: OK.

Tuesday 28th April 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 11:18 GMT*

To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: Janice Longton-Smythe

I am delighted to let you all know that Janice is recovering and has been moved from intensive care to one of the wards and should be able to return home in the next few days.

Please do NOT send flowers. I am informed by Janice's husband that the hospital has placed a temporary ban on flowers as there is the possibility that pollen may aggravate things for those recuperating from COVID. The Orchestra has, however, sent a card and a box of chocolates.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Elisha Houghton at 11:31 GMT*

To: janicel@515n0w.co.uk
From: Elisha Houghton
Subject: I heard you weren't feeling very well

Hi Janice

Hospitals are unhealthy places! Hope you're feeling a lot better soon and you can go home :)

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Monday 5th May 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 10:33 GMT*

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Janice Longton-Smythe and others

I am delighted to let you all know that Janice is being released from hospital today. I'm told she is much recovered although she is still feeling weak. Importantly Janice has tested negative for COVID. Janice would like me to thank all those who sent messages and gifts and to let you know she will be responding personally when she feels up to it.

Sadly, however, two of our younger members, Chrissie Hammond (oboe) and Janov Kaminski (stage hand) have both tested positive and are isolating at their respective homes. I am sure you all join me in wishing them both well.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

| *From 10:48 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK, and Chrissie's phone, located in Bexleyheath, UK.*

10:48 Elisha: OMG Chrissie! I've just heard :(Are you OK?

10:49 Chrissie: Im pretty achy and my throat hurts but im ok just need to stay in bed for a while and rest

10:50 Elisha: Is Barry there to look after you?

10:51 Chrissie: Nah

10:52 Elisha: You want me to come over?

10:53 Chrissie: Shit no ill be fine

10:54 Elisha: You sure?

10:55 Chrissie: Sure im sure

10:55 Elisha: OK

10:58 Elisha: So how did you catch it anyway?

11:00 Chrissie: I was stupid

11:01 Elisha: lol so what did you do?

11:03 Chrissie: I went on an anti lockdown march cos im sick of
lockdown and its a breech of my civil rights – must
have picked it up their

11:04 Elisha: That was silly

11:05 Chrissie: Dont you start – barrys been giving me an earful

11:06 Elisha: lol

Wednesday 7th May 2020

From 10:48 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, UK, and Chrissie's phone, located in Bexleyheath, UK.

10:48 Elisha: Heya how you feeling today?

10:49 Chrissie: hey hon, woke up feeling awesome

10:50 Elisha: Great :) Make sure you stay isolated though – no more demos lol

10:51 Chrissie: I should hook you up with barry – u make a great pair

10:52 Elisha: Oh no – you keep him

10:53 Chrissie: Im bored already tho :(

10:53 Elisha: lol

Saturday 9th May 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 14:09 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Orray (mood:Elisha-irritated, Raymond-tense; marketing keywords: hell, mind, toothache, dentist ...).

(music)

Elisha: OK, stop. What the hell's going on, Ray? You're all over the place.

Ray: Sorry. I guess my mind's not on it today. Got a toothache.

Elisha (*mood:contrite*): Oh. Sorry. Is it bad?

Ray: Mmm. Had it for a few days now.

Elisha: You should go see a dentist.

Ray: Yeah, sure. As if.

Elisha: Sorry, wasn't thinking. They're all shut, aren't they.

Ray: Makes no odds. I couldn't pay anyway. Have to wait until it's bad enough to go to Emergency.

Elisha: My bad. I forgot you were ... but, hey, don't you get benefits and stuff?

Ray: Nah. I avoid those bastards like the plague. Never going on benefits again. I don't think I could handle it. They mess with your mind.

Elisha: So what do you do for money, then?

Ray: I go busking, maybe pick up a bit of casual work here and there. Only for cash mind. I get by.

Elisha: Oh, right. So have you got any aspirin or Nurofen?

Ray (*mood:dismissive*): I'll pick some up when we're done here.

Elisha: OK.

(music)

Elisha: Hold it. This isn't making any sense. We've been in lockdown for, what 6 weeks? Something like that. You haven't been able to busk and there's no way you've done any work. You've been here most of the time. How much money have you got?

Ray: Enough for aspirin. I just didn't get around to it yesterday.

(silence)

Elisha: How much money have you got?

Ray (*mood:irritated*): Enough. Come on, play.

Elisha: Show me your money, Ray.

Ray: Look, are we going to play or what?

Elisha: Ray.

Ray: What?

Elisha: Show me.

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:incredulous*): 7p? Are you serious? You've only got 7p?

Ray (*mood:defensive*): So why'd you think I'm dossing in a frigging charity food kitchen, then? I'm an eccentric millionaire?

Elisha (*mood:sad*): Oh, Ray. Why didn't you say something?

Ray (*mood:aggressive*): I don't beg. I may take handouts but I don't frigging beg. I do have some pride left. Not much, OK, but some, OK. Leave me alone. Stop hassling me!

Elisha: Ray, come on. Don't be like that. I'm your friend, OK.

Ray (*mood:angry*): So act like one and play the damned music!

Elisha (*mood:pacific*): Come on, Ray. Calm down. Let's just sit down and chill, OK. Everything's cool. We'll just sit here quietly and chill.

Ray: Oh fuck you!

(*footsteps*)

Elisha: Ray! Stop! Where're you going? Ray! Shit.

(*silence*)

(*17 minutes 29 seconds later*)

(*footsteps*)

Ray (*mood:contrite*): Umm, hey, Eli.

Elisha (*mood:cold*): Ray.

Ray: Listen, I'm, like, well, yeah, you know, umm. Yeah.

Elisha: You're what?

Ray: I'm, well, sorry, I guess.

Elisha: You guess? Well? Are you or aren't you?

Ray: Yeah, well, like, umm, yeah. I'm sorry.

Elisha: Ray. Look at me Ray. Come on, look at me.

Ray: What?

Elisha (*mood:intense*): Don't you ever fucking swear at me again. OK? Look at me, Ray. OK?

Ray (*mood:scared*): Umm, OK. Sorry.

Elisha: Right.

(silence)

Ray (*mood:worried*): Why are you packing away your clarinet? Are we finished?

Elisha (*mood:calm*): We are for today.

Ray: Oh. So, umm, you're going? Already?

Elisha: Yes. And you're coming with me.

Ray (*mood:relieved*): Where are we going?

Elisha: To get you some painkillers. You've got a toothbrush?

Ray: Umm.

Elisha: And a toothbrush. And some razors. I'm tired of looking at that scraggy beard of yours.

(tablet shut down)

Transcript of recording made by smart shopping trolley identified as "VIN28449XWW98BR100V" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 15:18 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Orray (mood:Elisha-relaxed, Raymond-bemused; marketing keywords: face, mask, bad, trolley ...).

Elisha: ... surname, anyway?

Ray: Oh, Sanger. What's yours?

(Raymond Orray also tagged as Raymond Sanger)

Elisha: Houghton. Don't forget your face mask.

Ray: Umm, I don't have one.

Elisha: But you have to ... OK. My bad. I should have realised. You wait here and I'll go in and get some. Stay with the trolley.

Ray: Why do we need a trolley anyway?

Elisha: I need to do a bit of shopping for myself. Won't be long.

Ray: OK.

(vague background noises)

(1 minute 19 seconds later)

Unidentified: Oi! You. Hop it. Go on.

Ray (*mood:nervous*): Umm, sorry, I'm just waiting ...

Unidentified: Oh no you ain't. We don't want none of your kind messing up the place. Piss off.

Ray: Sure. I don't want any trouble. I'm going, see?

Unidentified: Bleeding derros.

Unidentified 2: Oh, frigging leave him alone, Shane. Yer wasting yer bleeding time anyway. Stoned out of his head most likely. That kind's always out of their frigging heads. Crackhead most likely.

Unidentified: I'll crack his frigging head if he don't bugger off.

Unidentified 2: And get yerself back in the bleeding nick again? Don't be so bleeding stupid, Shane. Come on, leave the shit alone.

Unidentified: And don't you frigging come back, OK. I'm telling ya.

(2 minutes 41 seconds later)

Elisha: Oh, there you are! What are you doing over here?

Ray: I just went for a walk. Bit of fresh air, like.

Elisha: Well, OK. Here, put this on. No, these bits go over your ears. That's it.

Ray: Why's it different to yours?

Elisha: These are disposable ones. I made mine out of a piece of cloth so I don't have to keep buying more. You hang on to the rest of the packet. Come on, let's go in.

(34 seconds later)

Elisha: The pharmaceuticals and stuff are down the far end. Oh, it's just occurred to me. There isn't any water at the chapel. What do you do for water?

Ray: There's some public toilets down in Mitcham Road, and I can always go back to the hostel.

Elisha: Mitcham ... but that's, like, a mile away.

Ray: Yeah, pretty close really.

Elisha: OK, we'll pick up a container of water as well.

Ray: There's no need. I manage fine.

Elisha: But you've got to have water, you know, to drink and wash.

Ray: Hey, Eli, it's really nice that you want to get me these things but, like, you know, I can manage. I've been doing it for years and, well ...

Elisha: And what?

Ray: Well, lockdown'll be over soon enough and you'll be moving on. Back to your orchestra.

Elisha: So, what are you saying?

Ray: I'm saying, I guess, umm, well, when you move on I'll be back on my own again so there ain't a lot of point in

helping me out.

Elisha: Ahh. Well, I don't know what the future holds. Maybe the orchestra will fold and I'll end up on the streets as well but that's no reason why I can't help you now. After all, you're in pain.

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: So let me get you some pain killers or are you too macho for that?

Ray: OK, OK, some pain killers. Thank you.

Elisha: And since there's soap and razors and toothbrushes in the same aisle we might just as well pick up some to tide you over for a while. And there's bottled water in that aisle we just passed.

Ray: You don't give up, do you.

Elisha: Hey, if I was the type to give up I wouldn't have done 3 hours of practice every day for, like, 15 years. How about a towel as well? Do you have a towel?

Ray: OK, well I am the type who gives up so whatever you want, OK.

Elisha: I like your philosophy, my friend.

Ray: I'll tell you something else as well.

Elisha: What's that?

Ray: It's weird being with you.

Elisha: What do you mean?

Ray: All these other people, they're ignoring me.

Elisha: This is a supermarket, everyone ignores everyone else.

Ray: Yeah, no. What I mean is they're ignoring me. They're not giving me dirty looks and moving away. It's like they think I'm a normal person

Elisha: Well you are a normal person.

Ray: No, I'm a street person but I reckon they think I'm normal because I'm with you.

Elisha: Oh rubbish. It's just because you're wearing a face mask and no one can see that excuse for a beard you have.

Ray: Well, maybe.

Elisha: Ahh, here's the Nurofen. I'll get the extra large packet. Take a couple now.

Ray: But won't they think I'm shoplifting?

Elisha: Don't worry. I'll pay for them at the checkout.

Tuesday 12th May 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Bertram Entwistle at 16:22 GMT.*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: Future funding

Malcolm

I've had some disquieting news from Arnold Tilbury at MBX Systems. An Extraordinary Board Meeting has been called for Thursday to discuss their financial situation. It seems that they have been badly hit by the lockdown and one item on the agenda is to review their entire sponsorship program for 2020/21. As you know last January MBX committed to increasing their sponsorship from 4.0% of our cost base for 2019/20 to 4.85% for 2020/21 but that commitment is now in jeopardy. Arnold has promised to phone me as soon as the meeting is concluded but I thought I'd better give you the heads up straight away.

Bertie Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop of Malcolm Beeton at 16:34 GMT.*

To: Bertram Entwistle
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Future funding

Thanks, Bertie. This could potentially be serious. If we assume no direct income from ticket sales and other paid ventures, could you run the figures and give me an estimate of how long we can survive if MBX cut their sponsorship to 4%, 3%, 2%, 1% and 0%. I think it would also be prudent to assume our income from season ticket sales will drop to nothing. It's likely that a proportion of season ticket holders will renew on the presumption that things will return to normal fairly soon but we can't guarantee that, nor have we any idea at this stage of how long the pandemic will last. One would hope that the Government does not intend to wreck the national economy entirely

but we are, after all, a small business in a large economy and are, from a national perspective, expendable.

This also raises concerns in my mind about our other sponsors. Fortunately the Arts Council has renewed our grant for 2020/21 and already sent the first quarter's cash but the lockdown may well be affecting the liquidity of our other corporate sponsors, particularly those due to make payments in June. I'll make a few phone calls this evening and let you know what transpires tomorrow.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Wednesday 13th May 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Bertram Entwistle at 01:36 GMT.*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: re: Future funding
Attachment: ViabilityEstimates2020-21.xlsx

Malcolm

I attach the analysis you requested.

I have made four assumptions:

1. As you suggested, season ticket sales/renewals will be zero for the year.
2. All other sponsors fulfil their commitment and are prompt in their cash transfers.
3. Rent for The Enclave continues at the pandemic rate of 75% as per our negotiated agreement.
4. Wages and salaries remain unchanged from 2019/20. Specifically, there will be no pay rises, staff will continue to be paid at 100% and that the furlough scheme continues wage subsidies at 80%.

To summarise the analysis, if MBX drop their sponsorship to 4% we can remain viable for approximately 6 months. If they drop to 3% the time drops to a little under 5 months. 2% brings us down to 3½ months and 1% to about 8 weeks. If, as a worst case scenario, MBX withdraw from sponsorship entirely then we can realistically continue for approximately another 4 weeks without incurring debt.

Although limited, we do have options.

1. We can search for another sponsor. This is unlikely to be successful given the timescales and the state of the economy.
2. We can approach existing sponsors regarding an increase in sponsorship. However I have grave doubts about this as none seemed overly keen on increasing their sponsorships at the last round of negotiations, before the start of the pandemic. However, one or more

may be willing to do so rather than see us collapse. This is, of course, dependent upon their own viability during the lockdown.

3. We can renegotiate our biggest expense, namely rent of The Enclave. Unfortunately I don't see this as a serious option. The owners have already agreed to a temporary 25% deferral for the duration and they have their own costs to cover. Don't forget that every business within The O2 is in the same situation as we are and a handful of the smaller boutique shops and cafes have already closed down permanently and no doubt more will follow. It would not be in our interests if the owners of The O2 themselves file for bankruptcy. Moreover, as you know, we are not getting a 25% discount on the rent, it is merely a deferral. If this reduction were increased we would only be building up problems for the future when the deficit has to be repaid. Don't forget that BREXIT has significantly increased our costs of touring within Europe as the limitations imposed by the EU-UK Trade & Cooperation Agreement is going to make road haulage of our equipment dramatically more expensive.

4. We can cut wages and salaries to the level covered by the furlough arrangements. On a purely financial basis this would be a significant help and would extend our viability by perhaps 18 weeks after implementation but there are human implications which, fortunately, are outside my purview. I don't think cutting staff is a viable option unless The 515N0W Orchestra is to become The 515N0W Quartet. We also don't have the cash to pay for redundancies.

5. We can borrow. I do not know the extent to which we can borrow and it may well be very limited as the banks and other financial institutions will already be aware of the difficulties faced by the entertainment industry and will no doubt see us at significant, perhaps even excessive, risk of default. This option is also only a short term option as we will have interest and principle repayments to factor into future earnings and any loan(s) will necessarily have to increase as the lockdown continues. I'm getting a headache already from imagining the discussions with a potential lender regarding when we might be able to start repayments.

I am sorry that I have no better news for you.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop of Malcolm Beeton at 11:48 GMT.*

To: Bertram Entwistle
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Future funding

Thanks for staying up half the night to work on those figures, Bertie, it's much appreciated. I hope you were able to sleep when you did go to bed. I didn't.

Right, some good news first. I was able to speak with 4 of the other 5 corporate sponsors and 3 have assured me that their sponsorship will continue and that their funds will be with us on the due dates. Carshaltons have also assured me that their sponsorship will continue but are likely to be 3 or 4 weeks late with their contribution as their cash flow has been significantly affected.

The bad news, which may turn out not be bad news, is that I haven't been able to contact Sergey. His various secretaries say they don't know where he is which I find somewhat strange but then, as you know, Sergey is somewhat strange himself. Still, with the Vanofov Group as by far our most significant sponsor at 18½% I find it worrying that I can't speak with him. I'll keep trying.

Please let me know the moment you hear anything about MBX.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Thursday 14th May 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:40 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Mandy Fenman (mood:Elisha-blank, Mandy-annoyed; marketing keywords: news, conspiracy, COVID, transport ...).

Elisha: Morning.

Mandy: Have you heard the frigging news?

Elisha (*mood:taken-aback*): Hey, I've only just got up. So what's happened? Another conspiracy revealed about COVID?

Mandy: It is a bloody conspiracy all right. Government's only giving £1½ billion to Transport For London to keep them going for a few months.

Elisha: Well, OK.

Mandy: Is that all you can say about it?

Elisha: Umm, well, I suppose they must have a lot of running costs, diesel and stuff and they're not charging fares at the moment. What's wrong with that?

Mandy: What's wrong? I'll tell you what's wrong! Bloody Government's giving out so called emergency funding to the fat cats while us poor little bloody small business owners are left to rot.

Elisha: Umm, well, OK.

Mandy: And I bet your frigging orchestra is getting a massive handout as well. All that culture for the elite.

Elisha: Oh, I doubt that. Britain's not known for giving big payouts to the Arts. Anyway, I don't expect all that money's being used to give bonuses to the top management of Transport for London. It's probably to buy tyres and stop the trains rusting up. I need some tea, Want anything?

Mandy: Oh, yeah, some tea would be nice. But why don't they leave Transport For London to sort themselves out and give some of that money to small businesses?

Elisha: Well, I'm guessing that their thinking is that if Transport For London goes under then there'll be a lot of people out of work and no public transport for the rest of us when the lockdown's over. They'd probably

do the same if the whole shoe industry was about to collapse but I don't really expect they care if one little shoe shop folds. I'll put the kettle on.

Mandy: You sound just like a bloody Tory, you do. Put the bloody economy before people.

Elisha (*faint*): What was that?

Mandy (*loud*): You're a Tory.

Elisha (*normal*): Yeah. I voted for the Tories.

Mandy (*normal*): Are you serious? You didn't vote for Vicky Foxcroft?

Elisha: I don't know who she is.

Mandy: She's our Labour MP. She got something like 75% of the votes around here.

Elisha: So Deptford's a safe Labour seat? Last election I was in Gloucester which is solid Tory although I don't remember who the MP is.

Mandy: Jesus. Never thought I'd meet a bloody Tory voter!

Elisha: Don't worry, it's not contagious. Anyway, if she got 75% of the vote that means 1 in 4 didn't vote for her and there's 4 of us here so I'm the 1 in 4.

Mandy: I'm going to my room.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Oh, what about your tea?

Mandy: I've changed my mind.

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 13:01 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Orray/Raymond Sanger (mood:Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-relaxed; marketing keywords: sleep, tooth, tablet ...).

Elisha: Hiya! Sleep well?

Ray: Yes, thanks.

Elisha: How's your tooth?

Ray: It's good. Those tablets work a treat.

Elisha: Great. Hey, if you don't mind me asking, are you a Labour voter as well?

Ray (*mood:surprised*): Me? God no. I've never voted in me life. Couldn't even tell you who runs the Government.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Don't you think you ought to have a say, though?

Ray: Makes no bloody difference to me. All them politicians

are the same, think people like me are a drain on society.

Elisha: But wouldn't it help you if the economy was stronger? There'd be more jobs around.

Ray: Maybe for the likes of you but not for us. No one wants to give a job to a homeless person, 'cept something really crappy like washing cars or stuff. They don't trust us, think we're all druggies or nutcases. Besides, how can you get a real job when you don't have an address or decent clothes?

Elisha: But can't you use a mailing address or something?

Ray: Costs money, doesn't it. Same as a launderette. If you haven't got any money what do you do? Hey, I met a guy, ohh sometime last year, it was. He'd got a degree and everything, worked as a stock broker then lost his job over something. He never said what but he did a bit of time then got into drugs on the street. Got by doing a bit of selling, you know? He'll never work again, no one'll have him. Once you're on the street you mostly stay on the street since you need money to get off the street and there ain't no money for us as is on the street. Even if you do get a job it's low pay and they chuck you out at the first sign of trouble then you can't pay the rent and you're back on the street.

Elisha: But surely you want to get off the street, don't you?

Ray: I guess but there's no point thinking about it. I can just about manage with the busking and there ain't much else I can do, certainly nothing that'll get me a decent place to live.

Elisha: So you're planning to spend the rest of your life busking and living on the street?

Ray: Can't say there's much planning involved, Eli. Anyway, what are we playing today?

Elisha: Hmmm. I found an interesting piece of classical guitar music on the net. Redzic Radisevic's Sonata for clarinet and guitar in D minor. You know it?

Ray: Nah, but I'll give it a go.

Transcript of phone call between Bertram Entwistle's phone and Malcolm Beeton's phone commencing 19:23 GMT.

Malcolm: Bertie, hello. Tell me it's good news.

Bertie: I wish I could, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Oh God. How bad?

Bertie: Very bad. They've suspended all sponsorship agreements for the year.

Malcolm: Oh shit, shit, shit, shit, shit.

Bertie: Quite. The meeting finished about 20 minutes ago. Arnold's only just phoned me.

Malcolm: So we get nothing?

Bertie: None of the organisations they're sponsoring will be getting anything, not even the snooker which is their main event.

Malcolm: Bugger, bugger, bugger, bugger. Is it worth taking them to court? We do have a written agreement after all.

Bertie: We could and we'd probably win but it would take a couple of years and we'll be history before we'd even get to file the documents. Any joy with Sergey?

Malcolm: I haven't reached him yet. There is a rumour that he went back to Russia but I find it hard to believe since he was in his office in the Isle of Dogs only last week and the borders are closed. Bugger and damnation!

Bertie: Have you had any thoughts about the options I suggested?

Malcolm: I've thought of little else, Bertie. I have to agree with you about finding another sponsor and The Enclave. Neither of those are possible and I'm very reluctant to cut salaries.

Bertie: Which leaves the other two. Do you want me to start putting out feelers for a loan?

Malcolm: Yes. Don't commit to anything and keep it informal. Just get a sense of the market for the moment. I'll get on to our sponsors again. They just might be willing to stump up another 1% each. I'll get on to the Arts Council as well. They might be willing to give us a grant or an interest free loan.

Bertie: I'll have another look at the figures. We may be able to cut a few more corners or delay some payments.

Malcolm: Yes, you do that Bertie. Bugger it all! And this season started so well.

Bertie: I know. It's ... unfortunate.
Malcolm: Unfortunate? Is that all you can say?
Bertie: I'm a numbers man, Malcolm. I don't have your facility with words.
Malcolm: Then come up with some decent numbers, man! Do some creative accounting.
Bertie: I wish I could. For what it's worth I'm willing to take a token salary of £1 a month while the lockdown continues.
Malcolm: Decent of you, Bertie, but let's hope it doesn't come to that. We'll talk again tomorrow. Bye.
Bertie: Good night.

Monday 16th May 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 10:22 GMT*

To: Bertram Entwistle
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Future funding

Bertie

I've just got off the phone with Anne-Marie at the Arts Council. No go there I'm afraid. Apparently the Council has been inundated with requests for help from just about every orchestra, band, musician, actor, comedian, artist and what have you in the country and not a few from overseas. With every venue closed and the public in lockdown the entire performing arts industry is in dire straits. She tells me that the Minister has repeatedly brought the issue up in Cabinet meetings but it is fairly low on the agenda.

I've still not been able to locate Sergey. It has crossed my mind that he is deliberately making himself unavailable in order to avoid us and other organisations the Vanofov Group supports. I will keep trying.

Any news regarding possible loans?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Bertram Entwistle at 10:34 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: re: Future funding

I've had a few preliminary chats with finance organisations, keeping things vague and generalised, but they know exactly what I'm talking about and paint a bleak picture. Until they know when lockdown is likely to end they are reluctant to lend to any organisation with no income and no prospect of any income for the immediately foreseeable future.

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 14:38 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Orray/Raymond Sanger (mood:Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-tense; marketing keywords: hostile, badger, music ...).

(music)

Ray: Hiya.

Elisha: Hey, I was wondering where you were. Oh hi.

Unidentified: Hey.

Ray: Mate of mine from the hostel. Name's Badger.

(Voice pattern tagged as Badger)

Elisha: Hello Badger. I'm Elisha. Nice to meet you.

Badger: Hey.

Ray: He wanted to come see what we're up to, like.

Elisha: Oh, well we just play some music really. Do you play an instrument?

Badger: Bit o' fucking drums, like, when I can.

Ray: Hey, mate, I told you. No swearing. Eli don't like it.

Badger: Oh yeah. Soz.

Ray: Badger's been on the buses 'cept that's stopped now.

Elisha: I'm sorry? On the buses? You're a bus driver?

Badger: Nah, just travelling. Passenger, like. All over London.

Elisha: I still don't understand, sorry.

Ray: Badge has been travelling round on the buses 'cos they were free.

Badger: S'right. Sommat to do, like, only theys stopped.

Ray: They've started charging fares again. Started today.

Elisha: Oh, right. I didn't know that. I wonder why since we're still in lockdown?

Badger: Yeah.

(silence)

Elisha: So, um, you want to join in or just listen or what?

Badger: Yeah.

Ray: He ain't got no drums or nothing. So it's OK if he sort of just listens?

Elisha: I guess. Might get a bit boring though. What sort of

music do you like Badger?

Badger: Anyfing with drumming.

Elisha: Well, umm, OK. That's most music, really, I guess. And you can always add some percussion to music that doesn't have any.

Ray: OK, Badge, you wanna go sit somewhere at the end of the chapel?

Badger: K.
(*footsteps*)

Elisha: He can stay here with us, Ray. Don't be rude.

Ray: Nah, I'm not being rude. Just that he'll probably start hitting things and it can get annoying.

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): What do you mean, hitting things?

Ray: You know, like drummers always do. Tapping and banging and all. Drives you round the bleeding twist after a while. He can get a bit twitchy, too, like.

Elisha: Twitchy? Oh. You mean ... ?

Ray: Yeah. He's been clean for ... (*louder*) Hey, Badge, how long you been clean, man?

Badger (*faint*): 11 days.

Ray: Cool. So he needs something to keep his mind off it, like.

Elisha (*faint*): He's not dangerous, is he?

Ray: Nah. Gentle as a pussycat.

Elisha: So long as there are no mice around, huh? Well, umm, OK, I guess. So what shall we play today?

Ray: Up to you.

Elisha: How about some Tchaikovsky then? I've got the score for the Valse Sentimentale for Guitar and Clarinet here.

Ray: OK. (*loud*) Gonna do a bit of Tchaikovsky, Badge. Bit of culture for ya, mate. OK?

Badger (*faint*): Who?
(*music*)

| Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 16:04 GMT

To: Janel Kantara
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: Wages and salaries

Janel

I've been discussing the Orchestra's financial situation with Bertie and, to be honest, things are not good. One of our sponsors, MBX Systems, has been forced to pull out from sponsorship. Bertie and I are looking into other funding options but, as things stand at the moment, we are looking at the possible closure of the Orchestra in perhaps as little as four to five weeks.

One possible avenue, on which I need your advice, is to cut all wages and salaries. As you know, at present, the Government is subsidising 80% and the Orchestra is meeting its commitment to the remaining 20%. However, if we did not pay that 20% we would be able to extend the life of the Orchestra by some eighteen weeks. Whether or not the lockdown will continue for that long, I do not know, but we must consider it a possibility.

So, what is the legal situation regarding such a cut?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 18:34 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Wages and salaries

Hi Malcolm

I confess I've been expecting your email for a while now and legally we cannot unilaterally cut wages and salaries. There are really only two options here without terminating any employment:

1. Negotiate a new pay rate with each employee individually. A drawback here is that some may not be willing to accept a cut and there could be problems if word spreads that some members of the Orchestra continue on their old rate while others have been cut.
2. Negotiate a deferral of pay with each employee individually. As and when the Orchestra is in a position to do so the deferred portion can

be paid either as a lump sum or in instalments. Needless to say this would involve a contractual obligation.

I'm sure Bertie is in a better position to advise financially but if you anticipate the lockdown ending fairly soon then the second option would be preferable. If you anticipate the lockdown dragging on longer then the first would be preferred as it would reduce the Orchestra's ongoing liability for unpaid wages and salaries. Either way, the staff need to be involved and agree.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Wednesday 20th May 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 12:16 GMT.*

To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: COVID Hospitalisation

I regret to inform you all that clarinettist Dennis Naylor was taken to Woolwich General Hospital late yesterday evening with serious breathing difficulties and is currently in intensive care. He has tested positive for COVID.

I have also heard a rumour, as yet unsubstantiated, that one or two of our younger staff have been attending COVID parties with the aim of catching COVID and thereby gaining immunity. I am advised this as an extremely dangerous and foolish activity and would ask everyone to take every precaution regarding their health. COVID can be fatal.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 13:48 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Raymond Orray/Raymond Sanger and Elisha Houghton (mood:Raymond-cheerful, Elisha-worried; marketing keywords: hang, timing ...).*

(music)

Elisha: Hi
Ray: Hiya, was wondering where you'd got to. I'm getting the hang of this, I think.
Elisha: Yeah, I could hear you from outside. You're definitely getting the timing almost right.
Ray: Hey, what's up? You look worried.
Elisha: Oh, it's nothing. Just had an email from work.
Ray: Everything all right?
Elisha: You remember Dennis, the First Clarinet? I told you about him.
Ray: Yeah, I think so.

Elisha: He's in hospital. With COVID. Got taken in last night.
Ray: Oh, nasty. Is it serious?
Elisha: He's in intensive care.
Ray: Oh. You going to go visit him?
Elisha: I can't. Hospitals aren't allowing visitors at the moment. I wish I knew his wife's phone number. I'd like to ring her, see how she's holding up.
Ray: You want to skip practice today?
Elisha: Hmm? Oh, no. Shall we go over that Tchaikovsky piece again?
Ray: If you like. Hey, didn't you text this Dennis a few days ago, when that other woman had COVID?
Elisha: Yeah. So?
Ray: So maybe his wife's got his phone while he's in hospital.
Elisha: That's a good idea. Hey, thanks. I'll do it now.

| *The following SMS message was sent from Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, to Dennis Naylor's phone, located in Woolwich, at 13:54 GMT.*

Elisha: Hi Dennis – I've just heard. I'm sure you'll be back on your feet in a day or 2 :) Could you ask Rose to give me a call? I'd like to offer her any help I can. Hugs, Eli

| *Transcript of recording continued ...*

Elisha: Well, hopefully Dennis is well enough to read it or maybe Rose'll reply herself.
Ray: OK.
Elisha: So, no Badger today?
Ray: I ain't seen him since yesterday. He's still sleeping at the hostel.
Elisha: So he's homeless as well?
Ray: Yup.
Elisha: OK. You were right about him hitting things. He seemed to get right into it, banging away on the back of that pew. Did he play in a band?
Ray: No idea. Haven't known him for long and he don't talk much. Keeps himself to himself pretty much.
Elisha: Oh, OK. Right, well, shall we go over that piece again?

Thursday 21st May 2020

| *Emails sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton*

Time: 10:47 GMT

To: Bertram Entwistle

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Just a rumour but ...

I rang Anne-Marie again at the Arts Council and she told me that unofficial word has come down from the Arts Minister that the lockdown is going to end on 1st June. She believes the PM will make an official announcement in the middle of next week. Assuming this is true then it is excellent and most welcome news. I'm going to hold off raising the issue of pay with the staff until the rumour is confirmed.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Time: 10:49 GMT

To: Kaji Anwa-Michel, Jason Molina

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Just a rumour but ...

I have heard unofficially from the Arts Council that lockdown will end on 1st June and an official announcement will be made by the PM some time next week. Assuming this to be true and nothing untoward happens in the meantime, I am wondering if we should simply resume our published program of concerts on Thursday 4th June or if we should, perhaps, organise a special celebratory concert?

Any thoughts?

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Time: 10:49 GMT

To: Malcolm Beeton, Jason Molina

From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: Just a rumour but ...

MOST EXCELLENT NEWS!

I am starved of music and my soul welcomes a feasting! Let us create a spectacle in celebration!

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

Time: 11:03 GMT
To: Malcolm Beeton, Kaji Anwa-Michel
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Just a rumour but ...

About bloody time!

A Spectacular would be great but I anticipate a few difficulties, not the least of which would be how to handle the publicity on such short notice. We may also have to maintain social distancing within the auditorium which would, presumably, mean lots of empty seats. Also, would Anya be able to get the orchestrations done in time?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

Time: 11:44 GMT
To: Kaji Anwa-Michel, Jason Molina
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Just a rumour but ...

Jason's practical mind is right, of course. We can't announce anything until we know officially and we'll only have a week or so to publicise the event so it's best if we leave it. Also we'll run into difficulties with those patrons who already have tickets for the concert of 4th June. I dare say, too, that we'd have significant competition with end of lockdown specials from the big boys. The LSO and the Royal Phil are in a better position than we are for such things. Still, it was a nice idea

while it lasted.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Monday 25th May 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 13:12 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Orray/Raymond Sanger (mood:Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-relaxed; marketing keywords: teeth, toothache, Nurofen ...).

Elisha: Hiya, how you going?
Ray: Yeah, OK.
Elisha: How's your teeth?
Ray (*mood:dismissive*): Yeah, good.
Elisha: So your toothache's gone?
Ray: Mmm.
Elisha: Well, has it or hasn't it?
Ray: Yeah, no, well, not really.
Elisha: So you're still taking the Nurofen?
Ray: Yeah, kind of.
Elisha: What's it been since we got them? A couple of weeks?
Ray: Something like that.
Elisha: I know we got a big packet but you must be getting low. How many are left?
Ray: Dunno.
Elisha (*mood:impatient*): This is like getting blood from a stone. Do we need to get some more or not?
Ray: Nah, all good.
Elisha: OK, then, if you say so. What's with all that pile of crap over there by the door? Is it yours?
Ray: Nah. It weren't there when I went to the hostel and it was there when I got back.
Elisha: OK, so someone's dumped their rubbish here, then. I'll ask Jemima what to do with it later. Probably happens all the time. Why people can't put their rubbish in the bins I don't know but they dump it all over the place. Disused chapel's probably a prime target. Unless it's Jemima's, although I can't imagine what she'd want with old paint cans and a couple of frying pans. Looks like there's some lengths of piping there too. Hey, you look tired. Didn't you sleep well?
Ray: I slept well enough. How about you?

Elisha: I always sleep well. I have a clear conscience you see.
And a comfy bed. Just a sec. Weren't there 96 tablets in that packet?

Ray: Dunno, never counted.

Elisha: What's 96 divided by 14? Umm, well 30 goes into 90 3 times and 15 goes into 30 twice so that's 6 so call it 7 so you should be out of tablets if you're taking 8 a day.

Ray: Umm.

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Oh Ray, you are taking them, aren't you?

Ray (*mood:defensive*): Sure I'm taking them. Just not 8 a day.

Elisha: How many then?

Ray: Dunno.

Elisha: Why are you being evasive, Ray?

Ray (*mood:anxious*): I'm not.

Elisha: Well, you're hardly being precise. Where's the packet?

Ray: It's with the rest of me stuff.

Elisha: OK. Don't worry, I'm not going to go through your belongings. You say you have some left so I'll accept that. But you will let me know when you run out, won't you? It's no trouble to get some more and the dentists will open again soon, I'm sure.

Ray: Sure, no problem. So what'll we play today?

Elisha: What would you like to play? It always seems to be me who decides.

Ray: I don't mind.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Actually, it is always me who decides. Hey, I'm not being just, like, bossy, am I?

Ray: Nah, you're cool. I'm happy to play whatever.

Elisha: Seriously. Why don't we play something you would like? We can probably find the music on the net if I don't know it.

Ray (*mood:conciliatory*): It's all good, Eli. No sweat. You choose.

Elisha: Hmm. OK. Well, I don't want to make a thing out of it if I am being bossy. But you will tell me if you don't want to play something or there is something you do want to play, won't you.

Ray: Sure.

Elisha: Hmm. How about Debussy's Laurindo Almeida? The First Arabesque is for guitar and clarinet. I haven't played any Debussy for a long time.

Ray: Sounds good. I'll get me guitar.

(music)

(2 hours 13 minutes later)

Ray: Hey Badge. Where you been, man?

Badger: Around.

(unidentified clanking sound)

Elisha: So all that stuff's yours?

Badger: Yeah, been collecting, like. Found this bit o' sheet metal. Be great.

Elisha: Umm, so what's it all for? You going to sell it or something?

Badger: Nah, it's me drum kit.

Elisha: Your drum kit? I don't get you. You going to make some drums out of old paint cans?

Badger: Sure, 'cept they ain't paint cans. Them's ready mixed plaster tubs. Solid plastic, see.

Elisha *(mood:doubtful)*: Umm, OK.

Badger: Clean 'em up a bit theys'll be sweet as.

Elisha: But why do you need 3 of them?

Badger: One's for me arse an' them's make different sounds depending which way up they are.

Ray: Why don't you show us, Badge.

Badger: OK, only I only got one stick. Be better when I find another.

Elisha: But that's a wooden kitchen spoon.

Badger: Yeah? Cool. Give us a mo'.

(sound of scraping followed by banging)

Badger: See? Hit the rim an' it sounds like this ... hit the bottom of the other ... an' if I lift it wiv me foot it changes ... see? More echoey, like. Get a bit of rhythm going.

(sound of drumming)

Elisha: Hey, that's pretty cool. So what are the other things for?

Badger: Different sounds. The fry pan sounds like ... and the saucepan ...

Elisha: That's almost like cymbals, so what's the sheet of metal for?

Badger: Dropping. An' I can use the stone of the floor, as well.

(sound of drumming)

Badger: 'Course, it'll be better when I get another stick, like, 'less yous wanting one armed drumming like in Def

Leppard.

Elisha: Def Leppard? I don't know Def Leppard.

Ray: Old rock band. Their drummer lost an arm in a car crash, oh, back in the 90s, I think. Didn't stop him drumming.

Badger: That's 'cos he only did simple rhythms and don't forget 'e still had 'is feet. So what you reckon?

Elisha: Umm, I think that's very creative, umm, Badger. Hey, it's a bit like skiffle, isn't it.

Badger: What's skiffle?

Ray: It's really old rock, Badge, like from the 50s. They made their own instruments.

Elisha: Actually it's a lot older than that. I was reading about it on the net and the Pastor of this chapel used to play in a skiffle band back in Trinidad when he was a teenager. He played steel pan drums.

Badger: Oh, yeah, I heard of them, like over in Notting Hill. Dunno where I can get me hands on an old oil drum though. Maybe down the docks. You want a steel drum?

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Why would I want a steel drum? I play wind not percussion.

Badger: Like for the band, ya know. Reckon we can find someone as knows how to play it. Reckon I could figure it out meself wiv a bit of practice.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): What band?

Badger (*mood:patient*): Your band.

Elisha: I haven't got a band.

Badger: Nah I can see that but you're starting one, int ya.

Elisha: Umm, no. I'm already with an orchestra and Ray's a street busker. He plays on his own.

Badger (*mood:disbelief*): You what? You having me on?

Elisha: No, I'm not having you on.

Badger: So what the bleedin' hell you spend all yer time in here for?

Elisha: We're just practising. Because of the lockdown.

Badger: Well, fu ... shit! I fought you was starting a band.

Elisha: Sorry.

Badger: So I's just been wasting me bleedin' time? Gettin' all this shit together?

Elisha: Umm, well ...

(loud crash)

Elisha: Hey, there's no need to start throwing it all around.
Badger: Well what the eff else yous wanting me to do with it?
Elisha: Umm, well, you could stay, I suppose, and practice with us. That way when lockdown's over you'll be pretty proficient with your plaster tubs and things.
Badger (*mood:suspicious*): Pro what?
Ray: Proficient means bloody good, mate. She ain't being nasty. She's only trying to help.
Badger: Bah. You got any smokes? A smoke would be pretty bloody proffysent right now.
Ray: Sorry mate.
Badger: Ahh, shit. So what yous practising?
Elisha: Debussy's Laurindo Almeida.
Badger: So what's that when it's at home, eh? Some poncy shit, I reckon.
Elisha: I suppose some people might think that. So you're going to stay and beef it up for us?
Badger: Jesus. (*pause*) Yeah, reckon so. Not like I got much else to do

(music)

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, at 21:09 GMT.*

To: jemima369@live.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Can I ask your opinion?

Hi Jemima

I'm Elisha Houghton, the girl who practices the clarinet in the Baptist Chapel. We've met a couple of times. I was wondering, if it's not too much trouble, if you could give me your opinion about something?

I have a friend who's homeless and has been for quite a long time. At the moment he's staying in a hostel through this Everyone In program. The thing is, I try to help him out with small things like some painkillers for a toothache but he backs away and tries to pretend he doesn't need these things. Also he never expresses an opinion and

always defers to me, even though he seems almost protective. He stops his friends from swearing when I'm around, for example, as he knows I don't like swearing.

I've had a number of men friends in the past but they're usually quite opinionated and fairly assertive, if not aggressive, so I was wondering if this is anything to do with him being homeless? I have no experience with homeless people, you see, so I have no yardstick.

I appreciate you are a busy person so thank you for reading this regardless of whether you reply. :)

Elisha Houghton

Tuesday 26th May 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 10:39 GMT*

To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: Dennis Naylor

It is with profound sadness and regret that I am writing to inform you that Dennis Naylor, First Clarinet with this Orchestra, died from complications of COVID during the night. As many of you may know Dennis was diabetic and that was a contributory factor. Dennis leaves behind his wife, Rose, and son, William. I am certain the thoughts and prayers of us all are with his family at this distressing time.

After graduating from Goldsmiths in 1982, Dennis joined the Eastbourne Philharmonic Orchestra as Fourth Clarinet then served a brief stint with the Madrid Opera as Second Clarinet. In 1994 Dennis joined the Faculty of the Madrid Conservatoire of Music where he enriched the musical lives of his many students and met the lady who was to become his wife. In 2005 Dennis, Rose and William returned to the UK where he established a solid reputation as a private tutor in Wind instruments.

In 2008 Dennis took a risk and replied to an advertisement for an Orchestra in the process of being formed. That Orchestra had, at the time, only myself, two musicians and no name. As First Clarinet, Dennis was a powerful driving force behind the success of that Orchestra and all of us at the 515N0W Orchestra owe him a debt of thanks for his unstinting efforts and boundless optimism in making our Orchestra what it is today. Indeed, it was Dennis who first suggested the name 515N0W.

2008 was also the year in which my personal friendship with Dennis and my admiration for his talent and creativity began.

Rest in Peace, Dennis.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Jason Molina at 10:44 GMT*

To: All Staff
From: Jason Molina
Subject: Dennis Naylor

I am deeply shocked by the news of Dennis' death.

I was one of the two musicians when Dennis joined the Orchestra and our friendship began shortly thereafter. Alas, the other, Maureen Winvale, cellist, died in 2017 in a hang gliding accident at the age of 71.

I echo Malcolm's tribute to Dennis' efforts, optimism and talent and I would add that he was a true friend who was as unstinting in his (generally constructive) criticisms as he was in his praise. He will be greatly missed.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *At 11:09 GMT, 12 tracking apps on Elisha's tablet noted that two emails were received and opened.*

| *Recording made by Elisha's tablet, located in Deptford, commencing 11:16 GMT. Participants identified as Elisha Houghton and Shimon Litvik (mood:Elisha:distressed, Shimon:concerned).*

(faint knocking)

Elisha: Go away!

Simon *(muffled)*: Is everything OK, Elisha?

Elisha: Yeah, everything's just great.

Simon: Can I come in?

Elisha: Listen, I'm busy, OK? Later.

Simon: OK.

(pause then faint knocking)

Simon *(muffled)*: Elisha?

Elisha *(mood:strained)*: What?

Simon *(mood:cautious)*: Umm, are you crying?

Elisha: No, umm, it's just a video I'm watching.
(pause)
 Simon: I'm coming in, OK.
 Elisha: No, I ... oh, do you mind? I'd rather be alone.
 Simon (*normal*): What's the matter? Why are you crying?
 Elisha: I'm not ... oh, what the hell. Read this.
(pause)
 Simon (*mood:puzzled*): Umm, you're upset by an advertisement for bicycle accessories?
 Elisha: What? Oh no, not that one, that one.
(pause)
 Simon: Ahh. This ... um, Dennis is a friend of yours?
 Elisha: He's my boss, I guess. He's the other clarinet in my orchestra.
 Simon: I'm very sorry. Have to admit I wouldn't be that upset if my boss, umm, died but, umm, did you know him well?
 Elisha: No, only for a few months, but he was a really nice guy and ...
 Simon: Come on, give me a hug, there, that's better. Let it out. There, there. Yes.
(pause)
 Simon: Would you like a hankie?
 Elisha: Umm, there's some tissues on the window sill. Ah, thanks. Listen, I'm sorry about your shirt.
 Simon: That's OK, what's a few tears between friends, eh?
 Elisha: It was just such a shock, you know? I knew he'd got COVID and he'd gone into hospital but I never in a million years ...
 Simon: It says he was diabetic?
 Elisha: Yeah, he is, was, umm, yeah.
 Simon: Yeah, I've heard that COVID can be a lot worse for people with underlying health issues. Oooh, have some more tissues.
(pause)
 Elisha: Thanks. Your shirt's going to be ruined. Listen, I'll wash it for you.
 Simon: Oh there's no need. I'm sure our automatic can handle it.
 Elisha: He had faith in me, you know? He auditioned me and, well him and Jason, and well, yeah.

Simon: I'm sure he had faith in you. Why wouldn't he?

Elisha: He invited me round for a barbecue, this was before the lockdown, but that was nice of him, wasn't it.

Simon: Absolutely. My boss has never invited me round for a barbecue.

Elisha: And I guess, I guess I'll never see him again.

Simon: More tissues?

Elisha: No, it's OK. I'm just going to sniffle for a while.

Simon: You sure you're OK?

Elisha: Yeah, I'm OK. Just sad, I guess. Maybe a little lonely too, yeah, sad and lonely.

Simon: You're not alone here, Elisha. You've got me, and Katrin. Well, and Mandy, I guess but she's probably not going to be the best. Have you heard her latest?

Elisha: Hmm? Oh, er, no.

Simon: Genetically modified crops. Eat them and you'll get COVID.

Elisha: I didn't know diabetes made COVID worse. How can it do that? Isn't diabetes something to do with sugar?

Simon: So I believe but you never know how different things in the body interlink. Maybe it's something to do with the immune system.

Elisha (*mood:distant*): Do you think he knew?

Simon: Knew what?

Elisha: That he was going to die?

Simon: Oh, gosh, what a question. Umm, well, maybe when it was almost time, I guess.

Elisha: Rose must be terribly upset. I bet she never thought ... and what about his son? Do you think they've both got COVID now? Are they both going to die?

Simon: No, I'm sure they'll both be fine. And anyway, neither of them are diabetic, are they?

Elisha: Poor, poor man. I hope he wasn't on a ventilator. That must be terrible, not being able to breathe without a machine helping you. I hope he wasn't in pain. That's always seemed the worst part of dying to me, the pain. I wonder when the funeral will be. I'd like to go to his funeral, say goodbye. Oh, what about lockdown? Do you think I'll be allowed to go?

Simon: I seem to remember reading that we can go to funerals,

only we have to socially distance. I'll check it out for you, if you like.

Elisha: Yeah, would you? Thanks. I don't feel up to it at the moment. I guess it's the shock.

Simon: Umm, he's the First Clarinet?

Elisha: Yeah.

Simon: Which is one up from you?

Elisha: Yeah, there's only the two clarinets. Were, now there's only me.

Simon: So, um, I guess you'll be moved up to First Clarinet?

Elisha: Me? God no. They'll bring someone else in, if the Orchestra ever gets going again.

Simon: Why wouldn't they move you up?

Elisha: What? Oh, umm, yeah, I don't have the experience. I've only been there, like 4 months. I'm still on probation, for God's sake. Jesus, probation. That's probably on hold as well. I'm not likely to be working though probation while the Orchestra's out of action. Ahh, whatever. Yeah, they'll appoint someone else. Poor Dennis. I can't imagine someone else in his seat.

Simon: So are you feeling better?

Elisha: Yeah, thanks, you know. Umm, you can stop holding my hand now.

Simon: Oh, sorry. I, um, well, sorry.

Elisha: Hey, Simon, thanks for, well, coming in. It was really kind of you.

Simon: Hey, I couldn't let you cry all on your own. Not that I can do anything but a friendly shoulder ...

Elisha: Yeah, thanks. Are you sure you don't want me to wash your shirt?

Simon: Nah, don't worry about it. Can I get you some tea or something?

Elisha: Actually, I wouldn't mind some tea.

Simon: Coming right up.

Elisha: No, it's OK. I'll come down. Is Mandy watching TV?

Simon: I think so. She doesn't have a lot else to do.

Elisha: Right. I think I'll bring it back up here then. Hey, you'd better get back to work. Don't want you losing your job.

Simon: I'm happy to stay with you until you go off to rehearsal.

Elisha: Practice, not rehearsal. Oh, Jesus, I really don't feel up

to practise today. Hey, listen, thanks for everything, you know, but there's no need to stay with me. I'll be fine. I'm just a little sad. I think I'll just stay in bed for a bit.

Simon: Well, if you're sure ... ?

Elisha: Yeah, it's all good. And, um, thanks again, Simon.

Wednesday 27th May 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:31 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood:Katrin-cheerful, Elisha-sad; marketing keywords: kettle, news, lockdown, lift ...)

Katrin: Good morning! Kettle's just boiled. Have you heard the news?

Elisha: I've only just got up. What's happened?

Katrin: Lockdown's being lifted as from next Monday.

Elisha (*mood:alert*): Hey, that's awesome! So everything's going back to normal?

Katrin: No, not really. Shops and cafes and so on are still to stay shut but at least we can go out and do things. Apparently we're allowed to have groups of up to 6 people so long as they're outside.

Elisha: Oh. So concert halls are still closed then?

Katrin: 'Fraid so.

Elisha: Bugger.

Katrin: Mandy's pissed off too. She still can't open her shop up.

Elisha: What about dentists? They still shut down?

Katrin: I think so. You got a toothache?

Elisha: Me? No, I was just wondering. So does that mean you and Simon can go back to work?

Katrin: Well, maybe. They're saying if you can work from home then you should carry on but I guess it's down to management. My manager's having a meeting with his manager later today. I'm hoping I can stay home as it's so much more convenient.

Elisha: That'll go for the neighbours as well?

Katrin: Well, my boss doesn't decide for them ... oh, I see what you mean. You're saying about practising here again?

Elisha: Well, I guess. I mean I actually prefer practising at the chapel but if I don't have to then Pastor Ramcharan may say I can't use the chapel anymore. Our agreement was technically only for during the lockdown.

Katrin: Well, Mandy will still be here so you've got her as an

excuse and I'm happy to say I'm working from home even if I'm not if that helps.

Elisha: I might email him later.

Katrin: Ohh, probably not a good idea. It gives him the opportunity to say no. Good little Civil Service axiom here, carry on until you're officially told not to. Anyway, there's a good chance he'll have forgotten about you. I'm sure he's got plenty of other things to think about, saving souls and whatnot. Not like the chapel is used for much anyway. Hey, have you heard Mandy's latest?

Elisha: You mean the genetically modified crops one?

Katrin: Ohh, no, I haven't heard that one. I confess I tend to avoid her these days. So, what's she saying? If you eat GM veggies you'll put COVID in your DNA?

Elisha: I don't know. I haven't talked to her about it. Simon told me yesterday. I tend to stay clear as well.

Katrin: Well it sounds pretty stupid to me. Everything we've eaten for hundreds of years is genetically modified. We've been breeding animals and crops for centuries. Hey, I read just recently that Queen Elizabeth the First used to eat 2 or 3 entire chickens for dinner which sounds really greedy but apparently the chickens back then were more the size of pigeons. We've bred them to be a lot bigger.

Elisha: Hey, that sounds pretty cool. I've heard that carrots used to be purple not orange and that we get something like 10 times more grain from modern wheat than from the original wild wheat. So what's Mandy saying now?

Katrin: Face masks aren't to protect us from breathing in COVID germs, they're to help with face recognition.

Elisha: Wow. OK. Umm, how do masks help face recognition if half your face is covered?

Katrin: She did try to explain but I wasn't really listening. I think the basis of her argument was that face masks are more easily identified than noses and chins. Or maybe they've got chips in or something. I get confused talking to her these days.

Elisha: Oh, tell me about it! While I'm trying to explain the

faulty logic of 1 thing she hits me with 3 more and ties me up in a web of bullshit and I end up wondering how we got from where she started to where she ends up. I'm astonished that she can't see it's all nonsense.

Katrin: Yeah but I think it's really just fear. Inside she's scared to death of losing everything and maybe getting sick as well and she hides it by latching on to every stupid little thing as a way of blaming someone else. After all, it's much easier to blame Bill Gates or Hilary Clinton than it is to admit your own mistakes and take responsibility for screwing up your life. Especially when you've no ideas on how to fix your life.

Elisha: I suppose but I don't really understand that. OK sometimes my clarinet plays bad, like when I need to change the pads or something, but mostly when it's bad it's me. I'm being sloppy or something so I have to sort myself out.

Katrin: Mmm, I can see that but what if you couldn't see that it might be you? Wouldn't you just always blame the clarinet, or the people who made it?

Elisha: Yeah, I guess. So from Monday we can go out but there won't be anywhere to go?

Katrin: That's pretty much it, unless you want to go see friends or something. Oh, well. I suppose I'd better get back to work. Can't say I'm looking forward to commuting again or having to dress up. It's so much easier to work in pyjamas.

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 11:22 GMT.*

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Continuing viability of the 515NOW Orchestra

As many of you will no doubt know by now, some aspects of the lockdown are being lifted with effect from next Monday. Unfortunately concert halls, along with other similar venues, are to remain closed. Like many other orchestras, pop music bands, theatre groups and so forth this raises the question of our ongoing viability.

Approximately 47% of our funding comes from Government Grants and corporate sponsors. The remaining 53% comes primarily from direct ticket sales enhanced by occasional music projects such as film soundtracks with about 2% coming from the sale of CDs and DVDs. Because of the lockdown we have lost that entire side of our revenue. On the other hand, a significant proportion of our costs have also disappeared, such as lighting and air conditioning, printing and so forth or been substantially reduced, such as the rent on The Enclave.

Unfortunately, again due to the lockdown, one of our corporate sponsors has been put into a difficult financial situation and has been obliged to withdraw from sponsorship for this year. The net effect of this is that, as things stand at the present time, the 515N0W Orchestra has sufficient reserves to continue for approximately another three to four weeks. When our reserves are gone we will, in effect, be bankrupt and no longer viable as a going concern. The Orchestra's Management Team have been exploring other options and we have now reached the point where I, with the greatest reluctance, have to put to you our last remaining option.

The loss of our sponsor has cut approximately £57,000 a month from our funding. The Orchestra's payroll amounts to approximately £185,000 a month. At the present time the Government is funding a furlough system which subsidises the payroll by 80% which leaves the Orchestra with a net monthly payroll of some £37,000.

I am therefore writing to you with a proposal: That all staff, including myself and the Management Team, agree to a deferral in pay to the level subsidised by the furlough scheme until such time as the restrictions on concert halls are lifted. Once the Orchestra is in a position to earn revenue again that deferral can then be paid out of those future earnings.

This proposal will allow the Orchestra to continue for approximately twelve to thirteen weeks. I am confident the restrictions will be lifted within that time frame.

I would like all staff to consider this proposal and let me know whether or not you accept it as soon as possible. Please note that I require everyone to agree before it can be implemented. I will not

permit the Orchestra to operate a two tier pay system as that will be unfair and divisive. We sink or swim together as a team.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from Elisha's tablet at 11.41 GMT.*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Elisha Houghton
Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Dear Malcolm

I agree with your proposal.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Exchange of SMS messages between the phones of Elisha Houghton, located in Deptford, and Chrissie Hammond, located in Bexleyheath, commencing 11:42 GMT.*

11:42 Elisha: Heya – I've agreed to MB's proposal – you?

11:42 Chrissie: What proposal?

11:43 Elisha: About pay cut – check your email

11:46 Chrissie: Shit!!!!!!!

11:47 Elisha: Well its either take a pay cut or look for another job and I'm betting there's going to be fewer orchs around soon and more unemployed musos

11:48 Chrissie: (: (: let me think about this

11:54 Chrissie: I've agreed to – not a lot of choice buggered if I know how I'm going to pay my cred card tho

11:55 Elisha: Yeah same here but we'll get the pay back in a while just got to tough it out

11:56 Chrissie: :S :(

12:27 Chrissie: Looks like adam ron and lauren r agreeing too – not heard from the sues – bet stage hands don't tho they're on piss poor pay already

12:28 Elisha: Wonder when we'll hear? Could be out of work in 3 weeks

12:31 Chrissie: Oh f knows – hey wanna do something next week now ld is over?

12:34 Elisha: Is this another of your blind dates?

12:35 Chrissie: Naaaaa well maybe lol

12:36 Elisha: No thanks

12:37 Chrissie: Oh cheugy – have some fun while u still can

12:39 Elisha: Nah I'll give it a miss

12:41 Chrissie: Come on – you'll love him

12:42 Elisha: Seriously I don't want to

12:43 Chrissie: Y not?

12:45 Elisha: I'm kinda seeing someone

12:45 Chrissie: Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhh tell me everything!!!

12:47 Elisha: Nothing to tell really

12:48 Chrissie: lololololol is he cute?

12:49 Elisha: Yeah kinda lol

12:50 Chrissie: You shagged him yet?

12:51 Elisha: It's not that kind of relationship

12:52 Chrissie: Oh boring! You're making him up lol

12:53 Elisha: Anything to avoid your bloody blind dates lol

12:56 Chrissie: No I don't believe you – your not the type to make up something like that

12:58 Elisha: Yes I am

13:00 Chrissie: Nah – there's something going on here I can tell

13:01 Elisha: I've got to go practice

13:02 Chrissie: K

13:05 Chrissie: He's married isn't he

13:05 Elisha: Who?

13:06 Chrissie: lolololol you slut!

13:07 Elisha: I'm off to practice

13:07 Chrissie: K

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 13:39 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger, Badger (mood:Elisha-distant, Raymond-relieved, Badger-indifferent; marketing keywords: late, menopause, ...).

Elisha: Hiya Ray. Sorry I'm late.

Ray: Hey! I thought you weren't coming. Like yesterday.
Elisha: Yeah, sorry about that. I'm having a bad time at the moment. Oh, just a mo.

| *Exchange of SMS messages between the phones of Chrissie Hammond, located in Bexleyheath, and Elisha Houghton, located in Deptford, commencing 13:40 GMT.*

13:40 Chrissie: OMG its not Jason is it???????

13:41 Elisha: Jesus no way

| *Transcript of recording continued ...*

Elisha: Sorry, just a friend from work.

Ray: So what's up?

Elisha: You remember Dennis? The guy from work who went into hospital?

Ray: Yeah.

Badger: Nah.

Elisha: Oh hi, Badger. Didn't see you there. Anyway he died Monday night. I heard yesterday and it really upset me so I, well, I didn't feel up to practising. I'd of said but you don't have a phone.

Ray: Oh, shit. Sorry.

Badger: Yeah.

Elisha: And then today I got an email from the orchestra saying it's about to close down unless we take a pay cut.

Badger: Bleedin' capitalists.

(sound of drumming)

Elisha: It's not their fault. It's the lockdown. No one can go to concerts anymore so there's no money coming in to pay us.

Ray: Oh, that's bad. So, what, you going on benefits?

Elisha: Oh no, it's not that bad. Well, not yet anyway. No, it's, like, a 20% cut. I can probably get by and I've got my credit card if there's an emergency. Anyway, the lockdown's been partly lifted so with a bit of luck they'll lift the rest soon and we can start doing concerts again.

Ray: The lockdown's lifted? You serious?

Elisha: Yeah. From next Monday, although shops will still be shut. People can go out though. Hey, maybe you can start busking again.

Ray: Maybe. Although if the shops are still shut people won't be going anywhere much. So, umm, will you still be practising here?

Elisha: I guess so. People will still be working from home and, besides, it's more fun here with you. Both of you.

Ray: Sweet. So what you going to do if they shut down?

Elisha: You mean the Orchestra or the country?

Ray: The Orchestra.

Elisha: Jesus I don't even want to think about that. There are so few jobs in orchestras and I was lucky to get this one. If we shut down others will too and there'll be lots of us chasing hardly any jobs. I'll probably end up waitressing or something. 'Cept they're closed down as well. Best not to think about it, hey.

Ray: K. So what'll we play today?

Elisha: Oh, I don't know. You choose.

Ray: You know a lot more music than I do. I'm happy to go along with you.

Elisha: What about you Badger? What would you like?

Badger: Couldn't give a stuff, love. Whatever.

Elisha: Come on guys, help me out here.

(silence)

Elisha: Guys? Surely there's something ...

Badger: Umm. What about that thing we did day before yesterday?

Elisha: What was that?

Badger: That guy with the funny name.

Ray: Tchaikovsky.

Elisha: Oh, OK, if you want.

Ray: You liked it, didn't you?

Elisha: Sure. You want to work on that again?

Ray: Up to you.

Elisha: Well, OK. Right, let me get it up on the screen.

Exchange of SMS messages between the phones of Chrissie Hammond, located in Bexleyheath, and Elisha Houghton, located in Deptford, commencing 17:32 GMT.

17:32 Chrissie: So why won't you tell me?
17:33 Elisha: Nothing to tell – I just met this guy and I like him and I think he likes me but nothing's happened yet, is all.
17:34 Chrissie: So where'd you meet him?
17:35 Elisha: In church lol
17:36 Chrissie: Now I know you're taking the piss – ok I give up
17:37 Elisha: About time hon hugs

| *Exchange of email between the tablet of Elisha Houghton, located in Deptford, and the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton, located in Sutton.*

Time: 19:47 GMT
To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Elisha Houghton
Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Dear Malcolm

I know I'm the newest and most junior member of the Orchestra but have you considered pay-to-view live streaming of concerts over the internet? It could be a way of raising revenue.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 20:16 GMT
To: Elisha Houghton
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Hello Elisha

Being of a different generation to you, I'm only vaguely aware of live streaming and thought it was for the likes of pop stars such as Taylor Swift and their teenage fans. Tell me more. Thank you, incidentally, for being the first to agree to my proposal. I do appreciate your support.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 20:23 GMT
To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Elisha Houghton
Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Dear Malcolm

Well, yes, you are right to an extent in that people like Taylor Swift have literally hundreds of millions of followers but anything can be live streamed. I've seen live streams of kittens playing and traffic in a New York street, for example. A friend of mine once told me that some people who worked on the floor above the office kitchen set up a live stream so they could see when the coffee machine was free.

Anyway, I'm told that the sound system at The Enclave is recording studio quality so I would think it's a simple matter for someone who knows about IT to set up a video system so that our concerts could be broadcast onto the web. We'd also need to set up a payment system so that people who want to watch the concert can access the stream.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 20:32 GMT
To: Elisha Houghton
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

But would classical music concert-goers want to watch a computer based concert? Would they be willing to pay? Perhaps I am biased but isn't the classical music audience more discerning?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 20:49 GMT
To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Elisha Houghton

Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Well, I dare say they would probably prefer to go to the concerts but they can't, can they. I would imagine that those who would normally attend our concerts are sitting at home listening to their CDs instead – and those CDs are of the same digital quality as our recording system – and wishing they could be at a live concert. A live stream would be somewhere between the CD and the real thing.

As regards paying for the experience, all I can say is that people pay between £70 and £160 to attend one of our concerts. They probably wouldn't be willing to pay as much for a live stream but we could have potentially a much larger audience. After all, we only have 700 or so seats in the Enclave but if the concerts were streamed over the internet we have potentially a billion or more people around the world. I'm guessing that a full house at the Enclave would generate somewhere around £50,000 per concert. If we charged, say, £5 for a streamed concert we'd only need 10,000 viewers to match that which would be possible as we'd not be limited to just people in London. There'd be classical music aficionados in the USA, Russia, Japan and everywhere else. We could also offer other “specials” such as access to our archive of recordings, videoed interviews with Kaji and some of the musicians and so on. Perhaps even one with you, explaining the ins and out, the joys and pains of managing an orchestra.

Incidentally, we wouldn't need to generate £50,000 per concert. All we need is enough to get by until we can get our Enclave audiences back again. On the other hand, there is the potential to make a lot more in revenue if we can tap in to the global audience.

I'm sorry if I'm being a nuisance, it's just that I don't want to lose the 515N0W Orchestra. :)

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 21:12 GMT
To: Elisha Houghton
From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

You're not being a nuisance, Elisha. I don't want to lose the Orchestra either. You've given me a lot to think about, although I'm not convinced an interview with me would be much of a draw.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 21:31 GMT
To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I've had an interesting exchange with one of the youngest members of the Orchestra who has a more lively understanding of the internet than I do. Please read what she says and give me your thoughts.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Thursday 28th May 2020

Email received by Elisha's phone at 07:44 GMT (mood:upbeat; marketing keywords: Colombo, immigration, scuba, batik ...). 33 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:16 GMT.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: Update

Hello Girls

We had to come into Colombo today to deal with some minor immigration problem so I'm taking the opportunity to let you both know we are alive and well and loving it here. I've learnt to scuba dive and your mother has been taking lessons in making batik which is some sort of native artistic embroidery. We also found a man who had a motor from a lawn mower – which we think was stolen but we don't know anything officially – and he's converted it into a small petrol generator for us so we have lights after sunset which is good.

How are things back in England? There isn't much in the local papers about England but what there is doesn't seem good. What's all this about the country trying to get herd immunity?

Lots of love,
Mum and Dad

Email received by Elisha's phone at 09:01 GMT (mood:downbeat; marketing keywords: email, busy, hotel, COVID ...). 33 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:17 GMT.

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com, elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
Subject: re: Update

Hiya

Glad to hear all is well with you both. I've been meaning to email but things are very busy here as the hotel is full of people doing their

COVID quarantines which means they have to stay in their rooms and stay isolated. There's a handful of guards who are supposed to be enforcing this but they spend most of their time dozing while the guests wander from room to room and some go outside to smoke and god knows what else. Still, it's not my job to enforce their discipline. We just supply clean linen and food.

It turned out that Beth did have COVID but it was very mild and she's pretty much over it now, just a bit lethargic most of the time.

Any news on the sale of the house? I don't expect anyone's been able to go see it or make an offer.

Love
Simone and Bethany

PS we're thinking about visiting you for a holiday when the borders reopen. Beth wants to go to some Buddhist temples and stuff. I just want to lie on a beach in the sun :D

| *Email sent from Janel Kantara's tablet at 10:19 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I know nothing of streaming media although my 9 yr old son tells me it's all the rage so it's worth looking into.

My biggest concern at the moment is that we are lacking a Clarinet and there is every likelihood when we do come to stream a concert that there will be other members off sick or isolating.

We would also need to ensure that the musicians maintain social distancing and I'm don't know if the stage would be big enough. Can someone do the maths?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Jason Molina's tablet at 10:36 GMT*

To: Management Team

From: Jason Molina

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I am particularly struck by two comments young Elisha made – the potential for a global audience and the fact that any income from the venture would give us extra breathing space. I continue to disagree with you, Malcolm, on the likelihood of halls and theatres reopening soon. By their nature such venues have large numbers of people packed in closely for an extended period of time which would seem to be a perfect breeding ground for this virus. I think we should be anticipating reopening later rather than sooner and thus far, live streaming is the only suggestion we've had.

I have wondered if there would be any mileage in simply making video recordings of the Orchestra available online but as Elisha points out, people are already listening to the CDs and DVDs. I strongly suspect it's the 'live' aspect that would make this venture appealing. Perhaps we could give the option of downloading a recording of the live event after the event for those who were unable to be there on time?

I don't see absenteeism as a reason to reject this idea. We may well be able to get freelancers and, if not, I'm sure Anya could work out a solution.

I have no idea how we'd go about videoing the concerts though.

One last thought, assuming we go ahead with this, would we be live streaming occasional 'specials' or resuming our normal program of concerts to a remote audience? My gut says that we'll be outlaying whatever the cost of this is once so the more concerts we do the more revenue we'd generate from that one off outlay. I'm sure Bertie will have more to say on this.

Jason Molina

First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 10:48 GMT (mood:happy; marketing*

| *keywords: radar, scuba, stall, Deptford ...).*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Update

Hey!!!!

You've been off the radar so long I was beginning to worry all over again! Scuba diving huh – sounds way cool and I loooove batik. Get mum to send me some that she's made. There was a stall at Deptford Street Market that sold some batik although it probably wasn't authentic. Hey, maybe they'd sell some of mum's :) The market's not running at the moment though because of the lockdown but it's lifting on Monday so maybe the market will reopen.

Yeah, herd immunity – bit of strange one that. It was proposed early on but seemed to die a death which probably isn't the best metaphor but what the hell. I don't know – I know I voted for the Tories last time but what with Brexit and the way this COVID thing seems to have been ballsed up I'm having doubts. I have a nasty suspicion they were talking about herd immunity as an excuse for not bothering to do anything. For sure Britain was a lot slower than anywhere else in Europe to do anything and we seem to be lifting the lockdown sooner too. I think we've got a higher rate of infections as well although I don't look at the numbers much since it's too depressing.

Hey, guess what! I'm in another band! I couldn't do my practising at home when lockdown started cos people were working from home but a very nice Pastor from Trinidad lets me use a disused chapel and a couple of guys, guitar and drums, have joined me. It's fun :)

Maybe when the borders have reopened I'll have saved up enough to come out to Sri Lanka when Sims and Beth are there. It'll be an awesomely cool family reunion :) especially now you have electricity – I couldn't do without my morning toast lol. Do they have Marmite in Sri Lanka or should I bring my own?

Take care of yourselves and I love and miss you both hugs xxxxxxxxxx
Eli

| *Email from Kaji Anwa-Michel's tablet at 12:09 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

WE are ORCHESTRA and sole PURPOSE of orchestra is PLAYING MUSIC. If there is OPPORTUNITY then we should take opportunity. It is our DESTINY. Let US resume concerts AND do SPECIALS!

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

| *Email from Emilia Borgov's tablet at 12:10 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

The stage is 79 metres wide and 5 metres deep and therefore 395 square metres in area. Social distancing requires a minimum of 2m between each person and the next which, in the context of the orchestra, means each musician needs to be at the centre of a 4m diameter circle. This means the musicians will need a little over 12 square metres each. We have 35 musicians so that's an area of at least 420 square metres. Realistically 500 square metres would be better. In short, the stage isn't big enough.

Having said that we can improvise. One option could be to have some of the musicians, the Winds perhaps, sitting in the front row. The downside is that some of the musicians would have their backs to wherever the camera is. Another option is to have all the musicians in the stalls but I think that would look stupid and it would be difficult for the cellos and double basses.

Probably the best solution would be a temporary extension to the stage – extending it forward 2 metres would do the trick. This would impinge on the front row of seating but since no one will be there I don't think it'll be a problem. I'm sure the camera could be positioned in such a way as to hide that as well. I'd estimate the cost of extending

the stage to be in the region of £5000.

On the other hand, as Janel anticipates absenteeism, perhaps we could capitalise on that and deliberately restrict the Orchestra to, say, 30 musicians. That way the stage would just about accommodate them without modification, perhaps with a platform for Kaji to conduct from.

As regards the concept of live streaming generally, it seems to me that, if done right, we could capture a lot of the positives of a live performance without some of the negatives such as audience noise.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from Kaji Anwa-Michel's tablet at 12:15 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

NO NO NO NO NO!

Audience noise is NOT NEGATIVE!

Audience noise is integral part of live performance!!!

Remember 4'33" by Cage? Audience noise was the whole POINT!

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Jason Molina's tablet at 12:21 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

That's all well and good, Kaji, but we're not talking about artistic

integrity here, we're talking basic survival.

Would it be an idea to have an 'audience soundtrack' added to the stream, the way they do with canned laughter during sitcoms on TV?

I would suggest that we use a slightly reduced orchestra and avoid the cost of extending the stage. We're already down one clarinet and we could cut back on a couple of violins if push comes to shove. Perhaps percussion could be placed in the central aisle?

I'm also trying to think longer term to when all restrictions are lifted. It might well be an idea to offer live streaming of an attended concert for those who are unable to be at the concert or can't afford it so if we can work out how to stream without structural alterations it would be an added benefit.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Janel Kantara's tablet at 12:25 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I'm probably missing something here but isn't the extension to the stage because of social distancing not the streaming?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Jason Molina's tablet at 12:29 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Good point, Janel!

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Malcolm Beeton's tablet at 12:32 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I do like the idea of continuing live streaming once the restrictions are over and the audience is back. If it generates a reasonable income then that would be another revenue stream and thereby reduce our dependency on the caprices of corporate sponsors.

Also the more I think about it the more I am attracted to the idea of expanding our audience. We are an excellent, if small, orchestra and deserve a wider recognition.

We've still not had any input from Bertie but a, quite possibly very stupid, idea has crossed my mind. If the live streaming is successful I wonder if it might be an idea to expand the stage and reduce the seating? That way we could enlarge the orchestra, perhaps even to full size. If we can maintain our quality but with a 100 piece orchestra we would be a serious competitor to the Royal Phil and the LSO.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from Emilia Borgov's tablet at 12:40 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I'm afraid it is only a flight of fancy, Malcolm. We could justifiably extend the stage as a temporary measure due to the extraordinary circumstances but it would be outside the scope of our rental contract to make a permanent structural alteration. Long term we're stuck with The Enclave as it is.

We could move to another venue, I suppose, but we'd have to change our name. 51.5 North 0 West would be meaningless in, say, Gateshead.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Janel Kantara's tablet at 12:45 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I'm not moving to Gateshead. I was born there and have no intention of ever going back.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Malcolm Beeton's tablet at 12:51 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Relax, no one is moving to Gateshead.

I'm concerned that we've had no input from Bertie.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Bertram Entwistle's tablet at 13:01 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I'm sorry to have not got involved until now but I've been making

some enquiries on costs.

In order to stream, live or otherwise, we're going to need cameras. I watched a couple of my music DVDs last night and, to do a good job, we really ought to use at least three. A fixed camera to show the full orchestra and two to do close-ups of sections or individuals from either side. We also need to produce high quality video otherwise the project will be dead in the water.

Cost-wise we're looking at something in the region of £4000 to £5000 per camera plus at least as much for lenses, battery packs and so forth. We could use cheaper cameras but they don't have the quality or reliability. We may also need to enhance the lighting in the auditorium. I am not sure of this as it is quite possible the cameras can compensate.

We will also need a video mixing deck so that the video from each camera can be zoomed and faded to another camera 'on the fly' as it will be live. Such a mixing deck will probably cost in the region of £2000.

Furthermore, I am fairly certain we have no one currently employed who can operate and mix the cameras at a professional level which means we'll need to employ a Video Engineer. Such people command salaries starting at £45,000 pa and there is no guarantee we will be able to hire such a person in the next three months. I daresay we could bring in a contractor with a view to hiring a permanent Engineer further down the line but contractors are always significantly more expensive than employees and they wouldn't have the same commitment to quality outcomes.

There will also be the costs associated with setting up a monetised streaming site, perhaps another server and marketing. We can't live stream if no one knows about it.

In short, we're looking at an up front equipment cost of somewhere in the region of £25,000 plus the cost of extending the stage if we so decide plus an ongoing cost of, say, £6000 a month for a contract Engineer.

The proposal to reduce wages and salaries buys us about three months. Setting up live streaming would cost us about a month and has no guarantee of success.

Bertie Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Janel Kantara's tablet at 13:41 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I was getting quite excited for a while there which felt decidedly unnatural. Thank you Bertie for bringing me back down to Earth.

Having said that, speaking as a lay person who enjoys the music but knows nothing about it, if I sat in the audience having paid £70 or more for my ticket, would I not have a single fixed view of the stage?

What I'm getting at is, couldn't we just have a single fixed camera and stream from it without a Video Engineer doing all sorts of fancy effects? After all, we're probably only going to be charging a fiver and we're not looking for an Academy Award out of this. We know the sound will be excellent and isn't that really what matters?

I'm also wondering if we're asking the wrong question here. Perhaps we shouldn't be asking 'can we afford to do this?', we should be asking 'can we afford not to?'. After all, look at the consequences.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from Emilia Borgov's tablet at 13:57 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

It seems to me that if The Enclave is to remain closed for an extended period we're going to go out of business so it doesn't really matter if we shut down in three months or two. Implementing live streaming may well mean we can keep going. It may not but we're gone anyway.

On the other hand, if The Enclave reopens before we have to shut down then at worst we've spent some money on useless equipment and that won't be the first time. But, that equipment may well give us extra income further down the line. At the very least we can probably sell it secondhand.

Someone, I forget who, once said 'Fortune favours the bold'. I'm also told that the motto of the SAS is 'Who dares, wins' and I think it was Shakespeare who said 'Faint heart ne're won fair lady'.

I also remember watching the movie Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. At one point the two are at the top of a cliff looking down on a raging river with a posse of lawmen catching up from behind. The only way out is to jump off the cliff into the river and one of them says 'but I can't swim'. The other just looks at him and says 'don't be stupid, it's the fall that's gonna kill you'.

I say, let's do it anyway.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Malcolm Beeton's tablet at 14:00 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I much appreciate everyone's thoughts and comments and, on the face of it, live streaming would seem to be a sensible option given the circumstances. However, we must also bear in mind our ignorance on the technical side.

The future of our Orchestra is at stake here and this decision should

not be taken lightly. Therefore I propose we reflect on what has been said today and take a vote at 2pm tomorrow. Please email me at that time with a yes or no to the general idea of setting up live streaming.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Friday 29th May 2020

| *Emails from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton.*

Time:14:18 GMT

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

The vote is 5 to 1 in favour of continuing with the proposal to live stream concerts.

There are a large number of decisions that we'll need to make about the details as we work towards its implementation but it seems to me that we need to set up a camera system and a monetised internet streaming system before anything else becomes relevant. Content, pricing and so forth are empty concepts without a product or means of delivery.

Janel, could you find a suitable contractor for each of these two tasks? I suggest that we leave the choice of cameras and so forth to the contractor, subject to our approval, and that both give fairly strong guidance on the timescale within which they can become operational.

There may not be a light at the end of the tunnel as yet but at least we have found a match. Let us ignite it and see how brightly it burns.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Time: 14:25 GMT

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Wages and Salaries

I have now heard from every member of the Orchestra and I am now writing to confirm that we have unanimous agreement. Our wages and salaries will therefore reflect this on the next pay date.

At the risk of being premature, we are also looking into the idea of live streaming concerts to a fee paying Internet audience as a means of raising both awareness of The 515N0W Orchestra and additional revenue. I will let you know what eventuates.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 14:28 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger and Badger (mood:Elisha-focused, Raymond-intense, Badger-relaxed; marketing keywords: email, head, honcho, orchestra ...).

(music)

Elisha: Hold it, guys.

Ray: Did I play it wrong?

Elisha: No, no. I've just got an email for the head honcho of the Orchestra. Take a break.

(silence)

Elisha: Hey, awesome!

Ray: What's up?

Elisha: They're cutting our pay, which I was expecting but listen. They're looking into live streaming concerts. That was my idea! Isn't that so cool?

Badger (*mood:indifferent*): If you say so.

Ray: I guess. So does that mean you'll be going back to the orchestra?

Elisha: I bloody hope so. I'll be seriously pissed off if they start doing concerts again without me!

Ray (*mood:sad*): OK. So that's that, then.

Elisha: Hey, what's the matter?

Ray: Nothing. Hey, I'm happy for you. Cool.

Badger (*mood:upset*): Shit! I just twigged. Bugger.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): Twigged what? Hey, what's happening guys?

Badger (*mood:resigned*): You're pissing off. OK, see yas.

(faint clatter)

(footsteps)

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Badge? Hey! Where you going?

Badger: Dunno. Somewhere. Who gives a shit?

Elisha: Stop!

Badger: What?

Elisha: Come back.

(footsteps)

Elisha (*mood:bemused*): What the hell is happening here? Why are you putting your guitar back in its case, Ray?

Ray: It's over.

Elisha: What? What's over?

Badger: The band.

Elisha: What are you talking about?

Ray: You're going back to your orchestra.

Elisha: Well, maybe. They're only looking into it so nothing's decided yet. Ohhh. Now I get it. You think I'll go back to the Orchestra and forget about you guys?

Ray: Not like we're anything, is it. Just a couple of lousy street bums you mucked around with to pass the time, isn't it. You're going back to your real life with real people.

Elisha (*mood:upset*): It's not like that at all. Hey, come on guys. You're my friends. There's no need to break up because of this.

Badger: Yeah, c'mon Ray, mate. Little miss orchestra babe ain't got no time for the likes of us.

(footsteps)

Elisha: Stop! Both of you. Come back here!

(footsteps)

Badger (*mood:dismissive*): What?

Elisha: Sit down. Both of you. Now listen to me. Yes, I will go back to the Orchestra if they get this streaming going but you both knew I'd be going back when the concert halls open up again anyway. It's my job, OK, and it's what I love doing as well. No, don't go. Sit down. Listen. I don't know what they're planning but what we used to do was 3 concerts a week on Friday, Saturday and Sunday evenings and a rehearsal on Thursday evenings. That's all. The rest of the time I practice and that's what I'm doing here. Now, there's no reason why I can't carry on coming here and playing with you both. OK, I'm not sure we'll be able to carry on here once the lockdown's fully over but that's another matter

and we'll deal with that when the time comes but I don't see any reason why we can't continue playing together. We sound pretty good so why break it up?

Ray (*mood:cautious*): Umm, so you're saying you actually want to play with us?

Elisha (*mood:intense*): Of course I do. I wouldn't be here if I didn't.

Badger: Balls. You're here to practice. You'd be here with or without us.

Elisha: Well, OK, yes. That's how it started, for sure. Then Ray came along then you, Badger. Listen, guys. If either or both of you want to piss off, well, I can't stop you but don't do it because you think I'm pissing off because I'm not.

Ray: Oh.

(*silence*)

Ray: So what you reckon, Badge?

Badger: Dunno, mate. What you reckon?

Ray: Well, I dunno.

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:impatient*): Oh, for crying out loud, this is ridiculous. I'm going to practice and if you guys want to stay and play that's great but you're both free agents. Do what you bloody well want to.

(*silence*)

(*music*)

Ray: So, umm, what key are you in, like, umm, Eli?

Elisha: F

Badger: Ohh, what the hell. Did anyone see where me drumsticks went?

Ray: Over there somewhere, mate.

(*music*)

Elisha (*mood:elated*): So, umm, if we are a band then maybe we should have a name?

Ray: Up to you, Eli. Like always.

| *Email from Bertram Entwistle's tablet at 14:36 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton

From: Bertram Entwistle

Subject: re: Wages and Salaries

I don't know that it was good idea to tell the staff about the streaming idea yet, Malcolm. It may get people's hopes up prematurely.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email from Janel Kantara's tablet at 14:37 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Wages and Salaries

That was a nice touch, Malcolm. Telling the staff about the possibility of streaming gives them hope for the future of the Orchestra.

Something that has been worrying me is that the longer the closure continues coupled with a very real possibility of the Orchestra shutting down the more likely it will be for some of the staff to look around for other work in a more secure field. It would be ironic if we got the streaming up and running only to find half the Orchestra has resigned.

I have spoken with Clark at DesignRite who designed and maintains our current website. I explained our general thinking and he doesn't envision any problems extending the website and the ticketing system to include live streaming. He will need to liaise with the video contractor to ensure that the data feed formats (whatever they are) are compatible but assuming there are no compatibility issues he estimated we could have the system up and running within three days of getting the go ahead. He's sending me a quote later today.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Saturday 30th May 2020

Email received by Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, at 06:47 GMT. 34 tracking apps recorded that the email was opened at 10:46 GMT

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: jemima369@live.com
Subject: re: Can I ask your opinion?

Hello Elisha

Thank you for reaching out to me on such a delicate and personal matter. I would have replied sooner but I have full time work commitments and a family in addition to the work I do with Pastor Winston and I wanted to give you my full attention. I assume we are talking about Raymond here as you and he are the subject of much gossip and speculation in the food line. The arrival of Badger has only increased the speculation and, wishing you no offence, no little ribald humour.

An important point to realise is that the homeless are generally not born homeless, at least in this country, nor do they magically become homeless in an instant. Whilst the time period varies, most people become homeless after a period of anticipating homelessness. Many become homeless after being evicted from their homes and many others become homeless after leaving the military, prison or after a period in a hospital or mental health facility. A common reason among women is domestic violence.

Generally people then spend time living on the charity of family and friends. These people are labelled 'hidden homeless' and no one really knows how many of them there are. Sooner or later the charity of friends and family runs out – perhaps because of illness in the person giving aid or a new baby or any of a multitude of reasons including abuse. Frankly it is depressing just how many women and children turn to family and friends and end up being abused but that isn't relevant here. By the way, a lot of these hidden homeless actually have jobs. They just don't earn enough to make ends meet.

I bring up the pre-homeless stage for a reason. Imagine you, for

example, are struggling to get by, perhaps one pay day away from destitution, perhaps even closer, and you receive an eviction notice. In desperation you try to find alternative accommodation but with no success. As the day draws ever closer you get more and more desperate. Perhaps you have young children or pets. Then there is the knock on the door and several large unsmiling men, perhaps a policeman as well, push their way in and start shifting your belongings out. It is important to understand that they do not neatly stack your belongings in a removals van, they just throw them in the street. Things get broken, perhaps cherished mementos of good times past. Papers, photographs perhaps even your underwear get blown around the street. Other things get stained and torn by broken bottles and containers. In the end you, and those children and pets, are dumped on the pile as well. You sit there, knowing that every neighbour in the street is watching and knows exactly what is going on. Many are unsympathetic and blame you for your troubles. Perhaps some are even delighted to see you getting what you deserve. Then the men drive off, locking your (former) home behind them. You sit there, not knowing what to do – and, let's face it, few people actively plan to be homeless. Most try to find a way out or are paralysed by fear rather than actively plan for what happens after eviction. Then the vultures come. People start picking over your belongings and taking them away. How do you begin to stop them? Sooner or later you're going to have to abandon your belongings and there'll be none left if and when you are able to come back.

Or perhaps you've been in the military. You may have been successful and had promotions, you may not. Either way you suddenly find that the skills you have aren't valued in the private sector. Your discharge day arrives and you have nowhere to go and nowhere to live. Or you have been in prison or, as with Raymond, in care – you probably haven't even bothered to look for work since no one wants to employ an ex-con or a nutcase. Either way, military, prison, care, you are used to a regular routine then suddenly you are out on the streets, alone. No routine to fall back on, no comrades, no staff, no security.

In all these cases the person concerned doesn't suddenly and unexpectedly become homeless. He or she doesn't launch forth into homelessness with confidence, knowing that they'll be able to overcome any obstacles in their way. Instead, they become homeless

already in a state of despair and depression, mentally fragile, having already reached the end of their resources. They're not homeless through choice, they're homeless because there are no choices left to them.

Then their troubles really begin.

You're sitting on the pavement outside what used to be your home or outside the camp, prison or hospital gates. You're hungry but you have little or no money. You'll need to sleep soon but there's no nice comfy bed. You need the toilet but there's no lavatory to be seen. What do you do? You may end up in a public toilet. You may use the last of your money to buy food. You may find a park bench to sleep on, except it's got bars on it to stop people lying down. You may find a nice grassy area to sleep. All well and good, but what about your kids or pets? What about the few possessions you have managed to keep?

And then there's tomorrow. And the next day. The day after that. It's a pretty steep learning curve.

All the time you're getting dirtier and dirtier. After all, there's no nice clean bathroom just down the hall anymore. No kitchen with a kettle, fridge and a microwave. Basic hygiene becomes a major issue. Your clothes are getting filthy and torn. People see this. They start to avoid you. Pretty soon they start to get abusive. They're rude, derisive, contemptuous. Some will spit at you. Some will urinate on you while you try to sleep. In the middle of the night you may find a group of teenagers start poking fun then calling you names. Then they start to kick you or beat you with sticks. On rare occasions they might even set fire to you – it does happen. You eat what some kind stranger gives you even though you can't stand whatever that food is. If no one gives you any food you find some by going through rubbish bins. OK, it may be a McDonalds but it's three quarters eaten already and covered in god knows what else there was in the bin and there are ants on it. Maybe even a maggot or two. Still, there's a little left in that discarded can of pepsi, flat and there are things in it, but at least you have something to drink. OK, you'll have diarrhoea and stomach cramps, perhaps even hepatitis or whatever the person who discarded it had, but you'll still be alive. Oh yes, if you're a woman you may well have your period as well.

OK. You've survived a month. What's your state of mind? Are you still confident and relaxed about the future? Feeling the urge to be proactive? You look like shit and you stink. Your hair's a nightmare and your clothes are ragged and stained. You feel tired and lethargic all the time. You haven't had a decent sleep since before this began. Not only is the ground cold and hard there's the ever present risk of attack and perhaps serious injury so you're always on edge, always watchful. You haven't been eating too well either. When it rained you probably got soaked and it took a long time to dry out. If you had any addiction, even if only sugar or cigarettes, you've been suffering withdrawals. Are you feeling happy? Energised? Full of vigour? Is your mind stimulated and creative? Do you trust the people avoiding or abusing you?

Still, after a month you're learning the ropes. You're getting to know the hostels for the homeless, the free food stations, the public toilets that aren't locked at night. The only trouble is, that hostel you've gone to shuts its doors at 3pm and you didn't know what the time was. Another one has endless trivial rules and you can't go there tonight because you broke one of them yesterday without realising and got banned for a week. The third one you try is already full. You go to the nearest food kitchen which is a 2 mile walk away and they're shutting up because they've run out of food. There is another but it's 3 miles away. Still, the kind lady gives you the name of someone at the Council who may be able to help. You resolve to go and see that person the very next day. Except you didn't know it was the weekend. You've lost all sense of time other than day and night. When the Council reopens you have to go through a lengthy rigmarole of forms. You'll have to make a claim for benefits but you can't prove your identity because you lost your wallet or purse a long time ago. They want your bank account number but you can't remember it and your bank statements got blown down the street when you were evicted. They want you to be proactive and care when you are deeply depressed and have barely got the energy to sign the forms let alone run around and jump through hoops. It's pointless making any decisions because you don't have the resources to do anything about it and someone will stop you anyway; a policeman moving you on, a council worker with forms needing information you don't have any more, a well meaning social worker full of theory but still knowing nothing, a yobbo looking for some fun or to impress his mates. What's

the point, eh?

Are you beginning to get the picture, Elisha?

A few statistics for you. The average life expectancy in Britain is 76 for men and 81 for women. The average life expectancy for the homeless is 46 for men and 43 for women ~ it's a lot tougher for homeless women than for men, the risks are significantly higher but that's by the by. Homeless people are 17 times more likely to experience violence. 12 times more likely to commit suicide.

Raymond is one of the lucky ones. He has something to do all day which is to play his guitar whereas most don't and spend their days and nights largely zoned out. He's also one of the few who's found a friend who isn't homeless or on the edge of destitution but he won't trust you for a long time yet. Every minute of the day he'll be expecting you to turn on him like everyone else does or simply disappear from his life. He won't dare contradict you or say or do anything that might offend you. He won't ask you for anything because you might slap him down. He'll take what you give him, of course, but he'll hoard it. I suspect he takes some of those painkillers you got him just before you arrive so he doesn't show that his teeth still hurt but saves the rest for when you've got bored with him. I don't mean to be rude and I'm not saying you will get bored with him, I'm just telling you his point of view. As a busker he'll have had lots of people telling him how good he is and wanting to chat and be his friend but they'll never last long. Few will be back the next day. He has learnt a set of expectations, none good, and he's just waiting for you to fulfil them. Certainly he has no confidence or self esteem. They are the first things to go when you're homeless.

If I haven't bored you to distraction or scared you to death I imagine you're wondering what to do about this. Well, I don't know what your objectives are so I can't really advise but if you plan to be Raymond's friend for any significant amount of time then you'll need to be supremely patient and deeply understanding. Don't forget, when you've finished your music for the day and gone back to wherever you live with all its securities and comforts, Raymond's left in his world with all its insecurities and discomforts. It's not in his interests to change because he can't survive in your world without you.

Incidentally, the same applies to Badger.

Regards

Jemima Fairbrother.

| *At 11:31 GMT 34 tracking apps on Elisha's phone recorded that the email from jemima369@live.com timed at 2020:05:30:06:47 was reopened for 9 minutes 12 seconds.*

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 11:42 GMT.*

To: jemima369@live.com

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Can I ask your opinion?

Hi Jemima

I'm the daughter of a lawyer with hundreds of stories about life and I've been a poor student in some of the rougher parts of London but I hadn't realised until now just how insulated, protected and, well, naive I've been. Thank you for your email. It's been eye opening and has given me a lot to think about.

Elisha

| *Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 14:33 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger and Badger (mood:Elisha-withdrawn, Raymond-quiet, Badger-distant; marketing keywords: break, self ...).*

(music)

Elisha: Hold it guys. Let's take a break.

Ray: Is everything OK? You don't seem your usual self today.

Elisha: It's all good, just got a lot on my mind at the moment.

Ray: OK.

(silence)

Elisha: Hey, Ray, you got any of those Nurofen left?

Ray (*mood:cautious*): Umm, 1 or 2.

Elisha: I've, er, got a splitting headache. Couldn't spare me one, could you?

Ray (*mood:relieved*): Sure. I'll get a couple for you.

Elisha: Nah, it's OK. I'll get them. I'm closer. You stay there.

Ray (*mood:alarmed*): But ...

(*footsteps*)

Elisha (*loud*): Where are they?

Ray (*mood:helpless*): Ohh, in the side pocket of me rucksack.

Elisha: OK, found them. (*faint*) Jesus, still over half left. (*loud*) Yeah, can I have some of your water too?

Ray: Help yourself.

(*footsteps*)

Elisha: Let's give them a few minutes to work. So, umm, Badge. You still sleeping at that hostel?

Badge (*mood:surprised*): Me? Nah. Too much bleedin' hassle.

Elisha (*mood:curious*): What sort of hassle?

Badge (*mood:dismissive*): Oh, just shit and stuff, like.

Ray: It's OK, mate, she knows.

Elisha: Knows what?

Ray: Badge was a junkie. Remember? I told you he was clean?

Elisha: Oh, right. Sorry. Yeah, I'd forgotten. So, what, they were giving you hassle about that? You are still clean, aren't you?

Badge: Yeah, 25 days, not that anyone's counting.

Ray: There's a crackhead there now. That's why he quit the place. Temptation, like.

Badge: Yeah.

Elisha (*mood:alert*): Hey, you for real?

Badge: Yeah.

Elisha (*mood:gentle*): That was very brave, Badge. I'm proud of you. (*grunt*)

Elisha: So, um, where are you sleeping now?

Ray: Next door to me.

Elisha: You mean here? You're both here?

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: Oh, OK.

Badger (*mood:aggressive*): Hey, don't you goes thinkin' we's dossing together or nothing, OK.

Elisha (*mood:taken aback*): No, that never occurred to me.

Badger: S'right then.

Ray (*mood:amused*): Yeah, Badge ain't like that, is ya mate.

Badger (*mood:angry*): You shut yer bleeding trap, mate, right?

Elisha (*mood:conciliatory*): Hey, hey, calm down. Everything's good, OK?

Ray, be nice.

Ray: OK.

(*silence*)

Elisha: So, erm, Badge, how long have you been out on the streets?

Badge (*mood:withdrawn*): Shit knows.

Elisha: OK. Hey, listen, I don't mean to pry. If you don't want to tell me, it's OK. You've no reason to trust me.

Ray: Ohh, tell her, mate. She don't know your real name. 'Sides, Eli's one of the good guys.

Elisha: I'm glad you think so, Ray. Yes, I'm really glad.

Ray: Don't worry, Eli. He's not an ex con or nothing. He won't hurt you.

Elisha: It's all good, Ray. If Badge doesn't want to tell me that's fine. Shall we play some more?

Ray: Headache gone? That was quick.

Elisha: Oh, yeah. Good things those Nurofen. Shall we carry on or play something different?

Badger: Ran away from me foster home couple a times.

Elisha: I'm sorry?

Badger: That's why I don't tell people me name, like. Cops kept takin' me back.

Elisha: Oh, right. So, umm, yeah, OK.

Badger: Took me a while to figure that out. Huh, pretty effing stupid, hey. 'Course they'll take me back soon as they found out me name.

Elisha: So, umm, once you stopped giving them your real name you didn't go back?

Badger: Straight up.

Elisha: And you've been on the streets ever since?

Badger: Yeah.

Elisha: So, how long have you, umm, since you ran away last?

Badger: Couple o' years, like.

Elisha: So how old were you?

Badger: Dunno.

Ray: Oh, tell her, Badger. Ain't like you're gonna get sent back now.

Badger (*mood:sullen*): Bastards'll find some bleeding way, that's for sure.

Elisha: But surely, umm, I mean, you're, what, 20, 21?

Badger: 19

Elisha: Yeah, OK. So you're too old to be in foster care now anyway.

Ray: That's what I keep telling him but he won't have any of it.

Elisha: Well, it's OK. If Badger wants to be called Badger that's fine. It's as good a name as any.

Badger: Yeah.

Elisha: So, I'm guessing you must have been quite young when you ran away.

Badger: 15.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): You ran away at 15 and you've been on the streets ever since?

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:conciliatory*): Hey, no, that's cool. I wasn't threatening or judging you or anything. Just trying to understand.

Badger: Ahh, what do you care?

Elisha: I'm your friend, Badger, or at least I want to be, if you'll let me.

Ray (*mood:amused*): She'll get it out of you in the end, mate. She's worse than them bloody social workers. Just tell her and get it over with or she'll be on at you forever. Like with them bloody Nurofen.

Elisha: Tell me what?

Ray: Why he kept running away.

Elisha: I would imagine it's because he didn't like it there.

Ray: Yeah, that's for sure.

Elisha: Were they cruel to you, Badger?

Badger: Nah, they give me me feed and a place to sleep. Nice enough it was. Even had me own TV.

Elisha: So why did you run away?

Badger: You're a fucking bastard, Ray.

Ray: For sure, mate. But you ain't walked out of here, have ya. She knows mine, tell her yours.

Elisha: No, it's OK. There's no need for me to know. We can

be friends regardless.

Badger: Ahh shit. OK. The missus, see, she went off to her bleedin' evening classes. Every bloody week, see. 1 night a week, sometimes 2.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Evening classes?

Badger: Yeah. Reckon she did it deliberately, like.

Elisha: Ahh. So, um, what happened when she was at evening classes?

Badger: Bastard had me. Every time. Over the bleedin' kitchen table.

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Had you? I'm sorry, I don't ...

Badger (*mood:harsh*): Up me bleedin' arse, OK?

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): Oh Jesus.

Badger: So now you bleedin' know, OK.

Elisha: I'm sorry, Badger. I'm really sorry. Thank you for telling me. It was really brave ... yes, umm. Didn't you tell anyone?

Badger: Who? Cops don't give rat shit, social workers didn't wanna know. More work for them, most like. So I ran away.

Ray: And got taken back.

Elisha: Yeah, I can understand why you ran away. Hey, give me a hug, OK. You're free of all that now.

Ray (*mood:joking*): Hey, didn't give me no bloody hug.

Elisha: And that was very wrong of me. Give me a hug as well. There.

Badger: Hey, I didn't get no bleedin' kiss.

Ray (*mood:happy*): Don't push your luck, mate. I found her first.

Elisha (*mood:sharp*): Hey, stop that, OK. I'm not a piece of property.

Ray (*mood:cowed*): Sorry. Didn't mean anything.

Elisha (*mood:contrite*): Oh shit, I'm sorry. I didn't mean to be sharp with you. It's just some guys ...

Ray: That's OK. My fault. Just being stupid, like.

Elisha: Ray, c'mon. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings.

Ray: Nah, it's all good.

Elisha: Ray, come back. Come on, give me another hug. There. Forgive me now?

Ray (*mood:happy*): Well, yeah.

Elisha: Sweet. So shall we get back to the music?

Badger (*mood:puzzled*): Hey, did I miss something here?

Elisha: Oh, by the way. I've got a job for you two.

Ray: Oh yeah? What's that then?

Elisha: I was thinking. We've got ourselves a little band here, yeah?

Ray: Yeah, kind of.

Elisha: So why don't we go out and do some busking? As a band? See if we can make some money.

Ray: Well, OK. So is that the job?

Elisha: No, well yes, in a way, but what I want you 2 to do is come up with a name for us. We could make a sign so people know who we are.

Ray: OK, if you want. What name do you want?

Elisha: Well, that's your job. Come up with a name between you.

Badger: What if you don't like it?

Elisha: I'll like whatever you come up with.

Ray: Ohh, I dunno about that.

Elisha: Let me get this straight. You're happy to go out busking with me but you won't even try to come up with a name for our band? Is that what you're saying?

Ray: Well, umm.

Badger: He's bleedin' scared of you, like.

Ray: Oh yeah? And like you're not? Tosser.

Badger: Well ...

Elisha: Guys! No one's scared of anyone, OK? We're friends and we're all in this together.

Ray: So why don't you choose a name, Eli?

Elisha: Because I want you 2 to do it.

Ray: Ohhhhhh. So what you reckon, Badge?

Badger: Dunno, mate. What you reckon?

Ray: Ohh, I dunno. Reckon what we come up with she ain't gonna like. She's class, she is.

Elisha: You 2 really crack me up, you know that? You're like a pair of old women. We'll start busking Monday and I want a name by then.

Badger: Reckon I know where I can get us some paint, mate. Saw some cans by a bin couple of streets over.

Ray: Well, OK. Need a bit of wood too, or cardboard. Best go out and have a look after.

Badger: Yeah.

At 21:14 GMT 34 tracking apps on Elisha's phone recorded that the email from jemima369@live.com timed at 2020:05:30:06:47 was reopened for 11 minutes 38 seconds.

Monday 1st June 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 11:58 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger and Badger (mood:Elisha-happy, Raymond-nervous, Badger-wary; marketing keywords: supermarket ...).

- Elisha: Morning guys! Ready? I thought we might start down near the supermarket but Ray, you'd know better than me.
- Ray: Umm, yeah, supermarket's usually good. Or the shopping centre. Or wherever.
- Elisha: Cool. So have we got a name yet?
- Ray: Umm, sort of. Hey, what about your practice?
- Elisha: The busking'll be practice as well, and I'll come back here after to work on anything that needs working on. So what's the name?
- Ray: And you're thinking of busking when your orchestra's back?
- Elisha: Yeah, except when it's raining, unless we find somewhere inside.
- Ray: So how will you fit in your practice?
- Elisha: I'll manage. The name?
- Badger: All yours, mate.
- Ray (*mood:alarmed*): What you mean? You thought of it.
- Badger: You painted it. I'll be outside with me tubs and shit.
- Elisha: We've got a sign as well? Awesome! So what's our name?
- Ray: Umm.
- Elisha: Show me then.
- (*silence*)
- Elisha (*mood:controlled*): That's it? That's our name?
- Ray (*mood:fearful*): You don't like it, do you.
- Elisha (*mood:upbeat*): Um, well, it's, umm, different. Puddle Of A Cat. Not quite what I was expecting but it's umm, distinctive. And memorable. Definitely memorable. I don't think anyone's going to forget it in a hurry. Umm, how did Badge think of it?
- Ray (*mood:tense*): A cat pissed on his sleeping bag Saturday night so we

kind of thought it would, like, you know, commemorate the band, umm, yeah. Like the Queen launching a ship.

Elisha: Yeah. Puddle Of A Cat. OK. Umm, it kind of grows on you after a while. So does the pink colour. Umm, Yes. Pretty, ahh, vivid, huh. Well, it'll be interesting to see how the public take to it.

Ray: It said fuchsia on the can and I shaped the cardboard so it fits inside me guitar case. That way people can see our name when they toss money in.

Elisha: Yes, I saw that. Nicely done, too.

Ray: Thanks.

Elisha: Right, well, let's be off. We'll get you some new jeans as well, maybe a shirt. Those are getting a bit, um, scruffy.

Ray: Nah, they're all good. Perfect for busking. Don't want to look too rich and successful.

Elisha: I doubt we'll have a problem with that. Come on then.

Badger (*faint*): So did she like it or not?

Ray (*faint*): Not sure. I kind of think she did, though. Especially the colour.

(*tablet shut down*)

Wednesday 3rd June 2020

Transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:41 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Katrin Shandel (mood:Elisha-sleepy, Katrin-curt; marketing keywords: morning, time, bread, shopping ...)

Elisha: Hey.
Katrin: Morning. You're up early.
Elisha: Yeah. Things to do. Oh, there's no bread.
Katrin: Quite.
Elisha: Bummer.
Katrin: You know who didn't go shopping yesterday.
Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Oh, shit, it wasn't me, was it?
Katrin: The shopping roster is prominently displayed on the fridge. Is that your name?
Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Oh, thank God. Mandy, huh?
Katrin: I will be having words, don't you worry.
Elisha: I'm more worried about my toast, to be honest.
Katrin: There's some Ryvita in the cupboard.
Elisha (*mood:sad*): It's just not the same. The crunch is different and it's the wrong shape.
Katrin: Perhaps you could make that point to Mandy.
Elisha: I'm sure you'll do it better than me. Guess I'll have to have cereal, then. Is there any milk?
Katrin: Not much. Ahh, that's her now.
Elisha: Give her hell. No toast is pretty bloody serious.
Katrin: I will. Before I forget, incidentally, they said on the news that dentists will be allowed to reopen next Monday.
Elisha (*mood:distracted*): Oh really?
Katrin: You should get your tooth seen to.
Elisha: What? Oh, it wasn't my tooth. It's a friend of mine.
Katrin: OK.
(*footsteps*)
Katrin: (*faint*) Mandy! Can I have a word?
Elisha: (*loud*) Oh, Katrin, which dentist do you use?
Katrin: (*faint*) (*indecipherable*) in the High Street.
Elisha: Who? Oh, never mind.

| At 10:02 GMT 34 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:
| www.google.com query:"dentists in deptford" – time on site:31s

| Transcript of phone call initiated by Elisha's phone to Deptford Dental Clinic at 10:02 GMT. Participants identified as Prinjani Patel and Elisha Houghton (mood:Prinjani-tense, Elisha-relaxed).

Prinjani: Deptford Dental Clinic, please hold.

Elisha: Oh, sure.

(3 minutes 39 seconds later)

Prinjani: Hello? Hello?

Elisha: Oh, hello.

Prinjani: How can I help you?

Elisha: I believe you're reopening next Monday?

Prinjani: Yes.

Elisha: Um, good. I'd like to make an appointment, please.

Prinjani: Dentist or hygienist?

Elisha: Ah, dentist.

Prinjani: Which one?

Elisha: Umm, I don't know. I've never been to your clinic before.

Prinjani: I see. Is this an emergency?

Elisha: No, not really.

Prinjani: I see. We have no available bookings until the last week of July.

Elisha: Wow!

Prinjani: Non emergencies have been delayed due to the recent pandemic restrictions. Please hold.

Elisha: Oh, OK.

(1 minute 26 seconds later)

Prinjani: Hello. How can I help you?

Elisha: I, um, wanted to make a booking.

Prinjani: Are you the woman I was talking to a few minutes ago?

Elisha: Yes.

Prinjani: We have no available bookings until the last week of July.

Elisha: Well, I suppose I'd better book one of them then, please.

Prinjani: Mr Mansour or Mr Gilwahdi?

Elisha: Umm, either.
 Prinjani: I can let you have 11:20 on the 29th with Mr Mansour or 3:40 or 4 o'clock on the 30th with Mr Gilwahdi.
 Elisha: Umm, how about the one on the 29th?
 Prinjani: Your name?
 Elisha: Oh, I'm Elisha Houghton but the appointment isn't for me.
 Prinjani: I see. Who is the appointment for?
 Elisha: Raymond Sanger. That's S-A-N-G-E-R.
 Prinjani: We do not have a Raymond Sanger registered with us.
 Elisha: No, as I said we've never been to you before.
 Prinjani: I see. And is this the best contact number?
 Elisha: Umm, my phone, yes. He doesn't have one.
 Prinjani: I see. Your appointment is confirmed with Mr Mansour on 29th July at 11:20. You will receive an SMS reminder 24 hours before. Please attend 30 minutes prior to the appointment as there will be forms to complete. Thank you for calling.

(call disconnected)

Transcript of phone call initiated by Deptford Dental Clinic to Elisha's phone at 10:10 GMT. Participants identified as Elisha Houghton and Prinjani Patel (mood:Elisha-relaxed, Prinjani-tense).

Elisha: Hello?
 Prinjani: Raymond Sanger?
 Elisha: Is that the dentist?
 Prinjani: This is Deptford Dental Clinic calling for Raymond Sanger.
 Elisha: Yeah, hi. I spoke to you a couple of minutes ago about his appointment.
 Prinjani: Are you Raymond Sanger?
 Elisha: No, I'm Elisha Houghton. I made the appointment for Raymond.
 Prinjani: I see. Do you have Raymond Sanger's phone number?
 Elisha: No, he doesn't have a phone. That's why I rang for him.
 Prinjani: I see. So you are the best contact for Raymond Sanger?
 Elisha: Yes.
 Prinjani: Are you his guardian or carer?
 Elisha: Umm.

Prinjani: I can only speak with Raymond Sanger's guardian or carer if Raymond Sanger is not available.

Elisha: I'm his carer, yes.

Prinjani: I see. And your phone number is?

Elisha: It's this one. The one you rang me on.

Prinjani: I see. And your name?

Elisha: Elisha Houghton.

Prinjani: I see. I am ringing about Raymond Sanger's dental appointment on 29th July.

Elisha: Yes, I rather thought that. Is there a problem?

Prinjani: Raymond Sanger is not registered with this clinic.

Elisha: Yes, I explained that when I made the appointment. You said to come in 30 minutes before to fill in some forms.

Prinjani: I see. And you are Raymond Sanger's carer?

Elisha: Yes.

Prinjani: I see. Please ensure Raymond Sanger brings his National Insurance Number with him for his first appointment.

Elisha: Yes, of course. Is there anything else he needs to bring?

Prinjani: No. Thank you for calling.

(call disconnected)

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 11:02 GMT*

To: Management Team
 From: Malcolm Beeton
 Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I have at last been able to get hold of Sergey Vanofov! It seems he has been in Kazakhstan for the last few weeks on something hush hush to do with his aerospace division, BSpaceE. Quite how he manages to travel internationally with all these border controls in place I don't know but oligarchs lead different lives to us mere mortals. Still, the important thing is that he is back in London.

First the bad news. I explained about the financial straits that the Orchestra is in due to the restrictions imposed on concert halls and the like. He was very sympathetic but, alas, is unable to increase our sponsorship in the current financial year. It seems several of his

divisions are suffering as we are and those that aren't are facing significantly increased costs and labour shortages due to COVID. On the positive side, however, he has personally guaranteed that the Vanofov Group's sponsorship will continue as agreed and that the cash transfers will be made on the due dates. This alone is a great relief as the Vanofov Group is, as you know, our largest sponsor.

I also discussed with him our live streaming proposal which he felt could be quite beneficial. More importantly, however, he is able to provide us with some assistance in this. It seems his aerospace division is developing a proprietary new video system. However, the first batch of prototypes contained a manufacturing flaw which has rendered them useless for his purposes, whatever they are. Having said that, these cameras are at least as good as any video cameras currently on the market, even though they are performing at only 30% of the level required by BSpaceE. As these prototypes are of no use to him, he has offered them to us.

I have accepted his offer because, if they are, as he says, as good as anything currently available, we will not need to purchase any cameras. If it turns out that they are inadequate for us then we are in no worse a position than we were before. There are, incidentally, six of them, and they are all designed to be either hand held, mounted on a solid mount or a drone. They also communicate wirelessly with each other and their controlling server which means we won't need extensive cabling. Sergey will also supply us with a new server and the relevant software.

Emilia – As Stage Manager, the installation of the video system will largely fall on you. I've therefore given Sergey your address for the delivery of the cameras and server.

Janel – Any progress with a contractor for the video system?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 11:06 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: janelk@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

As yet I have had no success with a contractor. There are several in the London area but it seems that we are not the only organisation setting up a streaming system. I am hearing that two or three orchestras, several theatres and some ballet companies are doing the same. It could be a few weeks before a suitable contractor is available. I have begun to look further afield but London is the primary centre for such people.

It is good news about the cameras. I do wonder, however, if the software will be in Russian?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 11:46 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger and Badger (mood:Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-relaxed, Badger-indifferent; marketing keywords: today, outside, sun, door ...).

Elisha: Hiya. How are you both today?
Ray: Yeah good.
Badger: Humph.
Elisha: So what's with that guy outside? Sitting in the sun near the door.
Ray: Oh that's Eddie.
Elisha: Who's Eddie?
Ray: Just another derro like us.
Elisha: Hey, you're not derros. You're footloose. Don't put yourself down. So you know him?
Ray: Nah, he just turned up last night.
Elisha: So, what, he's sleeping here too?
Ray: Looks like it. He don't say much but seems they're shutting down the hostels and stuff.
Elisha: What do you mean?
Ray: You know, those places they opened up for us lot when

this here COVID started.
 Elisha: You mean Everyone In?
 Badger: That's what it were! We been trying to remember.
 Ray: Yeah. He said he'd been at the one in St John's Wood
 but they kicked him out Monday. Him and all the rest.
 Elisha: Why would they do that?
 Badger: Bleedin' lockdown's finished.
 Ray: Yeah, most likely.
 Elisha: So you're saying they pulled you all in off the streets
 because of COVID and now it's over they're kicking
 you back out on the streets again?
 Ray: Dunno. I guess.
 Elisha: But that's terrible!
 Ray: Not really. I reckon it's better on the street than in one
 of them bloody temporary sheltered accommodation
 shitholes. Mind you, the permanent ones're no better.
 Badger: Bloody right there, mate.
 Elisha: But isn't there something we can do about it?
 Ray: Ahh, sod it. No one cares anyway. Don't worry about it.
 So how'd it go yesterday?
 Elisha: Well, I think it's diabolical.
 Ray: Calm down, Eli. It's no sweat.
 Elisha: Hmm. Well, I suppose so.
 Ray: Yesterday?
 Elisha: You mean the funeral? Yeah, it was really sad. Nice
 service though, more of a celebration than anything. I
 was really pleased to see Malcolm and Jason from the
 Orchestra there as well as some of the others.
 Ray: Yeah? That's nice.
 Badger: Yeah.
 Elisha: I also got to meet his wife, Rose. She's Spanish and was
 really upset. She's having a terrible time at the moment.
 She can't face sorting out his things, you know, clothes
 and stuff. I guess she doesn't want to face up to him
 being gone. It must be terrible to lose someone you
 love.
 Ray: I guess.
 Elisha: Shit. Yeah, sorry. I didn't mean ...
 Ray: It's all good, Eli. Long time ago.
 Elisha: Well, OK. I offered to go round and help her although I

don't expect she'll take me up on it. She knew who I was though. Dennis had told her about me. Hey, they played one of Dennis' solo recordings during the service. It was very moving, very emotional.

(silence)

Elisha: Anyway, it doesn't matter now. It's all over. Poor Dennis is buried and that's the end of it. Life goes on.

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: So, ready for another foray into the real world?

Badger: You what?

Ray: Busking, mate.

Badger: Yeah, 'spose.

Elisha: Maybe we'll make more than £1.85 today.

Ray: Monday's are always naff. Listen, we should be splitting it 3 ways, not 2. You're part of the band as well.

Elisha: So we get 60p each instead of you 2 getting 90p? You sure you want to make that much of a sacrifice just for me?

Badger: You what?

Elisha: I was joking, Badge. I've got a job, don't forget. OK my pay's been cut but I've still enough to pay for my rent and food and stuff. You guys need that 90p more than I do. Save it up. Maybe you'll be able to buy a takeaway coffee at the end of the week. Come on, let's go. Shall we try the shopping centre today?

Ray: OK.

Elisha: Oh, before I forget. I've made a dentist appointment for you. It's not 'til the 29th July though.

Ray: Oh. Well, thanks, I guess. What's today?

Elisha: 3rd June. Apparently everyone's got toothache.

| *(tablet shut down)*

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 14:23 GMT*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I've telephoned Sergey again and he assures me that the software for the cameras is in English. Apparently the cameras were developed in his research facility in Norfolk for a project being developed in

conjunction with the British Government. Sergey has also assured me that these cameras are not being developed for military use and our using them will not contravene any British security regulations. They are quite simply commercially developed cameras that will one day find their way onto the market.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 16:01 GMT*

To: Management Team
From emiliab@51n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

My apologies for the delay in replying. I woke up feeling a little rough and I had a sniffle so I went and got tested for COVID. That took about six hours of queuing and some very painful digging in my sinuses with a large swab wielded by an overtly aggressive sergeant-major type nurse who most likely received her training from the Gestapo. I am now thoroughly exhausted and foul tempered and my head hurts, although the sniffle has gone away. Apparently it will take three days to get the results.

Excellent news about the cameras. I'm particularly intrigued by them being able to be fitted to drones although I don't know that swooping aerial shots of the Orchestra will be particularly interesting. I suspect the musicians will also have difficulty concentrating with a camera hovering in front of them. I'll let you know when they arrive.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

Saturday 6th June 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 /59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 11:01 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Mandy Fenman (mood:Katrin-curious, Mandy-distant; marketing keywords: Netflix, The Crown, royals, subscribe, Disney+...).

Katrin: Hi, Mandy, what are you watching?
Mandy: Oh, hi. Yeah, Netflix, it's a show called The Crown.
Katrin: What's it about?
Mandy: Oh something to do with the Royals.
Katrin: Any good?
Mandy: I'm not sure. I've only just started watching it. Hey, are we going to subscribe to that new one? Umm, Disney+?
Katrin: Not for a while yet, money's a bit tight. How are things at the shop?
Mandy: Slow. Why? Are you worried about the rent?
Katrin: Well, it has been 2 months.
Mandy: Yeah, I know. Look, I can give you a hundred now, on account. I'm sure things will pick up.
Katrin: OK, thanks.
Mandy: I'll just go and get my purse.
(footsteps)
Mandy: There you go.
Katrin: Thanks. I'll just make a note in your rent book. There. Now, that leaves you 10 weeks in arrears, which is a little over £1300.
Mandy (mood:alarmed): Oh Jesus, is it really as much as that?
Katrin (mood:focused): I'm afraid so.
Mandy (mood:worried): I owe a couple of grand on the shop as well.
Umm, are you going to evict me?
Katrin: Oh, it's a bit early for that. Besides, the ban on evictions was extended yesterday to the end of August.
Mandy (mood:relieved): Oh really? So I've got until then, then?
Katrin: Hmm, that really is the wrong way to look at it, Mandy. Don't think of the ban on evictions as being a rent holiday period. Now your shop is open again you really need to start paying rent again and find some way to clear the arrears. If you don't you could be owing me

somewhere in the region of £3000 plus whatever you'll owe on the shop rent. The longer you leave things the worse they'll get.

Mandy (*mood:sharp*): Well I can't magic up customers, can I.

Katrin (*mood:sharp*): And I can't magic away my mortgage repayments, Mandy. This is one of the aspects of running a retail business you need to face up to. You need to face your responsibilities and deal with the situation instead of just watching TV. You are normally open on a Saturday, aren't you?

Mandy (*mood:sullen*): I wasn't feeling too good, was I.

Katrin: Hmm. Well, that's your decision but the more rent that's owed when the eviction ban is lifted the more likely I am to give you an eviction notice.

Mandy: Are you threatening me?

Katrin: No, I'm not threatening you. I'm just making sure you are aware of the situation. I'm hoping that threats won't become necessary.

Mandy (*mood:angry*): Hey, I've got half a bloody mind to just walk out and find somewhere else to live. See how you frigging like that.

Katrin: Well, you are perfectly entitled to do that, although you do need to give me a month's notice and, of course, make sure the arrears have been cleared. And don't forget you'll be wanting a good reference if you're going to move somewhere else. Do I make myself clear?

Mandy: Yeah. Clear as bloody crystal.

Katrin: Good. Enjoy your show.

(*footsteps*)

Mandy (*mood:spiteful*): Bitch.

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 11:16 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger and Badger (mood:Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-relaxed, Badger-indifferent; marketing keywords: positive, wonderful, information ...).

Elisha: Morning guys! How are you both today?

Ray: Yeah, I'm good. You?

Badger: Yeah.

Elisha: I'm feeling very positive today. Today is going to be a wonderful day, I can just feel it. Shall we head off?

Ray (*mood:wary*): Yeah, umm, like, Eddie wants a word with you. Is that's OK?

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Eddie? That's the chap who's been dossing here, yeah?

Ray: Yeah, that's him.

Elisha: So where is he?

Ray: He's gone out for a piss, like.

Elisha: Too much information, Ray. I don't want to know about these things.

Ray: Well you did ask.

Elisha: And you could have just said he's popped out and will be back in a minute.

Ray: Oh. OK.

Elisha: Oh well. So what does he want to talk to me about?

Ray: Umm, well, it's like this, see.

Elisha: Yes?

Badger: We been talking, like.

Elisha: I imagine you have been since he's living here too. What about?

Ray: The band.

Elisha: OK. Well, I guess he doesn't want to complain about the noise. We don't play here anymore.

Badger (*mood:bored*): 'E saw us yesterday. Down the street.

Elisha: This is as clear as mud. Ohhh, don't tell me, he wants to join the band?

Ray: Well, yeah, kind of.

Elisha: What do you mean, kind of? Either he does or he doesn't. It's pretty much a binary situation.

Badger (*mood:puzzled*): A what?

Ray: This or that, no in-betweens. Like being dead. Either you are or you ain't.

Badger: You can be half dead.

Ray: Yeah but you're still alive, ain't you. You ain't dead.

Badger: 'Spouse.

Elisha: Oh, there he is now. Hello. You're Eddie?

Unidentified: Yeah.

(*unidentified voice tagged as Eddie*)

Elisha: Hi, I'm Elisha. Ray says you want to talk to me?
 Eddie: Yeah.
 Elisha: So ... ?
 Eddie: Umm. Yeah.
 (*silence*)
 Elisha: Umm, Badger said you saw us yesterday? Down the street?
 Eddie: Yeah.
 Elisha: OK. So, umm, what did you think? You liked us?
 Eddie: Yeah.
 Elisha: That's all you're going to say? Not you liked us a lot? A little? Some of it but not other bits?
 Eddie: Shit name.
 Elisha: Well, talk to the guys about that. They thought of it.
 Eddie: Shit name, guys.
 Ray: Yeah, so you said last night. Cheers mate.
 Elisha: Is that all you wanted to say to me?
 Eddie: Nah.
 Elisha: This is going to take a while, isn't it. I'm going to sit down.
 Ray: Eddie wants to join the band, like, don't you Eddie.
 Eddie: Yeah.
 Ray: Like, it's binary, isn't it. You do or you don't.
 Eddie: Yeah, binary. Straight up.
 Badger (*mood:irritated*): How the bleedin' hell you know what binary means?
 Eddie: Went to school, didn't I.
 Badger: I went to bleedin' school, an' all. Lot more recent than you. Ain't never heard of bleedin' binary.
 Eddie: Maths, isn't it. I was good at maths.
 Elisha (*mood:patient*): Guys, we're losing focus here. We've got to go soon if we want to get that pitch before that guy with the accordion turns up.
 Badger: OK.
 Elisha: So you want to join the band, Eddie?
 Eddie: Yeah.
 Elisha: Can you play an instrument?
 Eddie: I was in the school band, like. Trumpet.
 Elisha: Oh, that's great. Do you still play?
 Eddie: Don't have no trumpet, do I.

Elisha: Well, that could be a problem. We don't have a trumpet either. In fact, all we've got is a clarinet, a guitar and some tubs for drums. A trumpet would be good, balance the sound a bit but we don't have one.

Eddie: Oh, right.

Elisha: Sorry.

Ray: I told him that, didn't I Badge.

Badger: S'right.

Elisha: So why do you want to join our band, Eddie?

Ray: He doesn't get no benefits.

Elisha: Oh, OK. So what do you live on, Eddie?

Eddie: Was on disability.

Elisha: Because of your leg?

Eddie: Yeah. And me foot.

Elisha: Your foot? Umm, you don't have a foot.

Eddie: The other one. Half missing.

Elisha: Oh, right. So, if you don't mind me asking, how did you lose your leg and half your foot?

Eddie: Was working the oil rigs, up North.

Elisha: So there was an accident or something on the oil rig?

Eddie: Nah. Was working 3 weeks on 2 weeks off, see. Took the chopper back to Edinburgh.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): I'm not following this. The chopper crashed?

Ray: Eddie got a taxi into town and the taxi was hit by some bastard. Eddie lost his leg and part of his foot.

Elisha: Oh, I see. Nasty. So that was the end of working on the oil rigs, I imagine.

Eddie: Straight up. Company offered me work in the office but I can't do that.

Elisha: Why's that? You prefer the outdoor life?

Eddie: Nah. Dyslexic. Can't bloody read.

Elisha: Oh. I see. But you were good at maths?

Eddie: Didn't need to read for that. $X^2 + 5 = 14$ so x is plus or minus 3. Can do that in me head. Don't need to read or write nothing.

Elisha: Right. Yes, I can see that. So that's why you were good at music as well?

Eddie: Yeah.

Elisha: But I guess you can't read music?

Eddie: Nah. Play by ear, mostly.

Elisha: OK. So you were on disability benefit? Wasn't there any insurance or anything?

Eddie: Nah. Taxi was a cowboy. Didn't have no insurance.

Elisha: What about the other driver?

Eddie: He didn't stop.

Elisha: OK. So when did this happen?

Eddie: 5, 6 years ago.

Elisha: How old are you now, if you don't mind me asking?

Eddie: 44

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): So you've been homeless with half your leg missing for 6 years? That's dreadful.

Eddie: Nah, was living in Peckham. Had a flat, ground floor.

Elisha: Now I'm lost. How come you don't still have your flat?

Eddie: Lost me disability, didn't I.

Elisha: I'm sorry? How come?

Ray: He got re-assessed. They said he could work.

Elisha: Oh. Doing what?

Eddie: They lined me up a job as a parking warden. Said I could write out parking tickets, no problem.

Elisha: But you're dyslexic.

Eddie: Yeah.

Elisha: And don't parking wardens have to walk a lot?

Eddie: Yeah. Said I could walk OK with me crutch.

Elisha: I'm ... speechless.

Eddie: So when I refused the job, like, they stopped me disability benefits.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): Jesus.

Badger (*mood:indifferent*): They's all bastards.

Elisha: Well, yes. It seems rather harsh. Couldn't you appeal the decision or something.

Eddie: Went to Southwark Law Centre and they're taking DWP to court.

Elisha: OK. That sounds sensible. It's pretty obvious you have a case. When's the court case happening?

Eddie: Couple of years, maybe.

Elisha (*mood:outraged*): What? You're joking!

Eddie: Nah. System's log jammed. Too many bleeding cases and COVID's bugged everything.

Elisha: So you've got no income at all?

Eddie: Nah. Got evicted, ohh, six weeks ago when me savings

ran out. Been in a hostel ever since.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): I thought there was a ban on evictions.

Eddie: Was renting off a mate, private, like. Least I thought he was a mate. Turned out he wasn't. Wasn't officially there.

Elisha: Jesus.

Eddie: So can I join your band, love?

Elisha: Hmm. My name's Elisha, not love. Umm, I'd really like to help but we don't have a trumpet and another drummer would sound really bad. All beat and no melody. Can you play a clarinet? I've got a spare you could use.

Eddie: Nah. Tried one once but couldn't get the hang of it. Too fiddly with the old fingers and I'm getting arthritic now. Too old to learn, too, I reckon.

Elisha: I'm sorry, but, you know.

(*silence*)

Eddie: So, if I get a trumpet I can join?

Elisha: Well, sure, I guess. Guys?

Ray: Up to you, Eli.

Badger: Yeah.

Elisha: As always. Where will you get hold of a trumpet, Eddie? You're not planning on stealing one are you?

Eddie: Dunno. Not like I can run off with one, anyways. But if I can, can I join?

Elisha: Well, sure.

Eddie: Sweet.

Elisha: And we don't make much money. We've only made, what, £43 this week. Split 3 ways that's only £14 each.

Ray: Eli doesn't take a cut, mate, like I said.

Eddie: Yeah. Better than nothing though. I'll figure something out.

Elisha: Well, good luck to you. Are you coming to watch us play again today?

Eddie: OK with you?

Elisha: Sure. Hey, if we get a crowd you could take a collection.

Eddie: I'll get me mug, then.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Great. OK, guys? Are we ready?

| (*tablet shut down*)

Tuesday 9th June 2020

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Deptford Dental Clinic to Elisha's phone at 08:39 GMT. Participants identified as Elisha Houghton and Prinjani Patel (mood:Elisha-sleepy, Prinjani-tense).*

Elisha: Hello? What?
Prinjani: This is Deptford Dental Clinic. Am I speaking to the carer for Raymond Sanger?
Elisha: Who?
Prinjani: Am I speaking to the carer for Raymond Sanger?
Elisha (*mood:bemused*): Who is this?
Prinjani: This is Deptford Dental Clinic.
Elisha: Deptford Dental ... oh, shit, yeah. Hi.
Prinjani: I see. Am I speaking to the carer for Raymond Sanger?
Elisha: Um, oh yeah. Yes. That's me.
Prinjani: We have a cancellation for 10 o'clock with Mr Mansour. Would you like that appointment?
Elisha: Oh, umm, which day?
Prinjani: Today.
Elisha: Oh. What time is it now?
Prinjani: 8:40.
Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Jesus.
Prinjani: Do you want this appointment?
Elisha: Oh, er, yes. Yes, please. 10 o'clock you said?
Prinjani: That is correct. We'll see you then. Goodbye.
| (*call disconnected*)

| *At 08:42 the following exchange of SMS messages took place.*

DDC: Reminder: your appointment with Mr Mansour is at 10:00 on Tuesday 9-6-20. Please reply 1 to confirm attendance.
Elisha: 1

| *Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 10:58 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Badger, Elisha Houghton and Raymond Sanger (mood:Badger-curious, Elisha-tense,*

| *Raymond-blank; marketing keywords: teeth, root canal, filling, emergency ...).*

Badger: Hey. So how'd you go, mate?
Elisha: He can't talk at the moment. Had 2 teeth out.
Badger: That's bad.
Elisha: Oh, you haven't heard the worst of it.
Badger: Yeah?
Elisha: He's got to have a root canal and 6 fillings as well.
They couldn't fit it all in today. He's got a 1 hour
appointment next Monday. They're treating him as an
emergency.
Badger: Bummer. Gonna cost a bit, hey.
Elisha: You're telling me. It's band 3 apparently, so that's, like,
£270.
Badger: Shit.
Elisha: That's what I said. Fortunately I have a credit card.
Ray: *indecipherable*
Elisha: Yeah, right. Like how exactly are you going to pay me
back?
Ray: *indecipherable*
Elisha: Yeah. Don't worry about it. That's what friends do for
each other.
Ray: *indecipherable*
Elisha: You're welcome. Anyway, the important thing is you're
not in pain anymore. Well, at least you won't be on
Monday.
Ray: *indecipherable*
Elisha: Don't try to talk. Let's get you to bed. Best you just
sleep it off.
(footsteps)
Ray: *indecipherable*
Elisha: Oh, right. You sleep in your clothes. I didn't know that.
Sorry. Yeah, I'll leave the Nurofen here where you can
get at it. And the bottle of water, OK. Try to sleep.
Ray: *indecipherable*
Elisha: Yes, I'll stay, don't worry.
Ray: *indecipherable*
footsteps
Badger: So no busking today?
Elisha: No. Ray's not up to it, poor thing.

Badger: K.
(*silence*)
Elisha: So where's Eddie?
Badger: Out looking for a mouthpiece.
Elisha (*mood:surprised*): He's found a trumpet? Already?
Badger (*mood:amused*): Kind of.
Elisha: What's so funny?
Badger: You'll see.
Elisha: You're not going to tell me?
Badger: Nah.
Elisha (*mood:indifferent*): OK.
(*silence*)

(*2 hours 37 minutes later*)

Badger: Oi, wake up, Eli.
Elisha: Huh? What?
Badger: Eddie's back.
Elisha: Oh, hi, Eddie.
Eddie: Hey.
Elisha: I'm just going to check on Ray.
(*footsteps*)
Elisha: Yeah, he's asleep. Colour's coming back in his face which is good. Hey, Eddie, Badge says you've found a trumpet?

Eddie: Me? Nah.
Elisha: Oh. But you were looking for a mouthpiece?
Eddie: Yeah. Reckon this might do it.
Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): But that's an egg carton.
Badger (*mood:amused*): Show her your trumpet, mate.
Eddie: Yeah, just a sec. I'll get the stuff.

(*footsteps*)

Elisha: A length of garden hose and a Pepsi bottle?
Eddie: Sure. That's all a trumpet is at the end of the day. 'Cept this ain't going to be a trumpet. It'll be a bugle.
Badger: What's the difference?
Eddie: Valves, mate. Trumpet's got valves, bugle hasn't.
Elisha: So what's the Pepsi bottle for?
Eddie: Goes at one end. Amplifies the sound, you see. All trumpets and bugles have a bell at the end.
Elisha: And the egg carton?

Eddie: Need a mouthpiece. Can't blow into the end of the hose, you see. I'll cut down one of the things that holds an egg.

Badger: So what are valves for?

Eddie: They vary the length of the pipe so you can get different notes. Bugles don't have 'em so you can only get the harmonics of the root note.

Elisha: Yes, I understand the physics of it. I just never thought to use a garden hose.

Eddie: Well, you wouldn't, would you, you being clarinet and all. You need a bit of pipe with holes along it. Different kettle of fish altogether.

Badger: What's a root note?

Elisha: It's the basic note produced by the vibration of the air in a tube. If you change the length of the tube you change the root note. The harmonics are proper fractions of the root. Half, third, quarter and so on.

Badger: What the bleedin' hell are you on about?

Elisha: Don't worry about it. You stick to what you're good at. So, Eddie, how are you going to hold all that together?

Eddie: Found some sticky tape. That should do it.

Elisha: You think it'll work?

Eddie: Oh it'll work, all right. Just don't know what it'll sound like.

Elisha: Well, get on with it. I'm fascinated.

Eddie: I'll just get me knife.

(14 minutes 18 seconds later)

Eddie: Well, reckon that should do it.

Elisha: Looks awfully long to me. And unwieldy.

Eddie: Oh, I'll wind it up so it looks more like a cornet later. I've left it loose so I can cut it down if it sounds too low. Easier to cut bits off than stick 'em back on.

Elisha: Well, yes. I can see that. Let's go outside and try it. I don't want to wake Ray up.

(footsteps)

(12 minutes 9 seconds later)

Eddie: Well, that was a waste of bloody time. Sounded like shit and the cardboard of the mouthpiece dissolved.

Elisha: So what ...
| *(tablet battery level 1%)*
| *(tablet entered safety mode)*
| *(tablet shut down)*

Friday 12th June 2020

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 09:17 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

No doubt you've heard the news this morning. All lockdown restrictions are to be lifted next Monday EXCEPT for theatres, pubs, clubs and so on. I know this is not the case but I'm beginning to think it's personal.

I don't think we have a choice any more. There is no sign that we are going to be allowed to reopen in the foreseeable future so, unless someone has a better idea, we're going to have to start streaming.

Janel, please give me some good news and tell me you've found a contractor.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 09:19 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Yes, the news is depressing but it isn't personal, Malcolm, it's affecting the entire sector. My local pub is up for sale and a friend told me that both the nightclubs in my part of London have shut down permanently.

I do have some news but it may not come to anything. I have found a video contractor, Faith Donahue who is based in Ipswich, who may be available towards the end of the month or early in July. She is well recommended but I have yet to speak with her beyond a brief exchange of text messages. I'm hoping to be able to talk to her over

the weekend.

I recently read a book on mindfulness and I'm using the techniques it suggested to remain optimistic. I'm happy to share ...

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Saturday 13th June 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 09:26 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Bertram Entwistle

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I've changed my mind about streaming and I think we should embrace it wholeheartedly.

The reason being that my wife and I had dinner last evening with an old school chum of mine, Lawrence Kimberly, who is now an immunologist at the London School of Tropical Medicine and we had a long chat about COVID. Lawrence told me that the entire medical community is united in thinking that the lifting of the lockdown is about the worst thing that the Government can do at the present time and, for some unknown reason, the Government is not listening to its scientific advisers. Apparently it is the nature of viruses to mutate and he, along with everyone he knows, fully expects COVID to mutate in the near future. I didn't know this but it seems that it has already mutated at least once and the COVID virus that has crippled Europe is not the same one as originated in Wuhan. It is a more virulent variant.

As Lawrence explained to me, any virus that kills its host is itself doomed and therefore, by the nature of evolution, the ones that survive end up being non-lethal but that is in the long term. In the short to medium term mutations, which happen in every generation of a virus, can go either way until the process settles down. I don't pretend to understand – as I don't have years of medical research and experience – but Lawrence says it is highly likely that another variant of COVID will appear soon which may well be more infectious, more lethal or both. In fact, he is expecting waves of infections as mutations appear and disappear until the virus and its host, us, settle down in some form of equilibrium. In his opinion, we are just between waves at the moment and the lockdown restrictions should remain in place until a vaccine is found. Apparently there is a lot of work being done around the world on finding a vaccine at the moment and he is confident one will be found fairly soon. That said, it will still need to

be tested and approved and, once approved, manufactured in sufficient quantities to vaccinate the five billion people on the planet. Even if a vaccine is found tomorrow it could be a year or more before sufficient numbers of people are vaccinated to stem COVID's progress.

If he's right, and I confess I am more inclined to believe an expert like Lawrence than a politician, then it is very likely that we will be plunged into more lockdowns in the future as the virus spreads and mutates. It looks highly likely that the current lifting of restrictions does not mark the end of the COVID pandemic, merely the end of the first wave, or possibly the second, I wasn't clear on this.

We need to be creative in our approach to the Orchestra's survival as I fear the worst may well be yet to come. Streaming is one such avenue.

Perhaps it might be an idea, since we are saving quite a lot of money on the cameras, to offer Faith Donahue a slightly higher rate of remuneration than she normally charges to get the job done sooner rather than later?

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 09:40*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Thank you for those encouraging words, Bertie. I feel so much better knowing that there are more waves to come. Perhaps we should all get a copy of Janel's book on optimism and hold a group session, suitably distanced, of mindfulness.

That said, I am inclined to agree with Bertie's comment on remunerating Faith Donahue. I leave it to your discretion, Janel, on how much to offer for an early resolution. You know the state of our finances as well as the rest of us.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Kaji Anwa-Michel at 09:59 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Books do not bring optimism. For that you need JAMAICAN RUM.

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Jason Molina at 10:06 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I agree with Kaji, provided the quantities are copious enough. I've always found that rum makes my playing sound better whereas it's difficult to read a book and play the violin at the same time.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 10:14 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Personally the only thing I've found that makes Jason's playing sound good is Russian Vodka ... :)
Anyway, Jason, we all know you don't drink.

Incidentally, I have a team on standby to install an extension to the

stage. When we have a date for the video contractor I'll get them in so the Orchestra can rehearse for the first streamed broadcast. I see little point in spending the money if it turns out the streaming can't be done for some reason.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515NOW

Sunday 14th June 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 16:56 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Janel Kantara

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

Attachment: donahue_video_systems.pdf, donahue_examples.docx

I spoke at length with Faith Donahue this afternoon. She gave me the details of a couple of organisations she has set up video recording systems for which stream to the internet, which I've attached together with her brochure. I've had a look and she seems competent enough. I also explained what we are doing and what we are looking for and Faith thought a day would be sufficient – a couple of hours to set up and install the cameras, a couple more to fully test them and the computer system and the rest of the day to train someone in their operation. Her normal fee is £500 per day.

More to the point she isn't available until 20th July. I therefore exercised my discretion as per Malcolm's email and we discussed remuneration. The long and the short of it is that she will be available whenever we want for a fee of £700 a day. We can't set a date for the moment as the cameras and server haven't arrived yet.

Given that Faith is the only contractor I've even been able to talk to, I'm assuming we're happy for her to do the job. Let me know if you want me to keep looking.

Janel Kantara

HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 17:16 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I spent a pleasant hour last night looking up mindfulness on the

internet while drinking a glass of rum and a glass of vodka. I went to bed very optimistic. Some of that optimism still remained this morning.

Janel – as soon as the equipment from Sergey arrives, book Faith.

Emilia – you may as well start getting the stage extended.

Jason – should we tell the Orchestra now or leave it until we have a date?

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Jason Molina at 18:33 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Jason Molina

Subject: re: Fwd: Continuing viability of the 515N0W Orchestra

I suggest we leave it until we have firm dates. The musicians know we're organising streaming but until we have a date we don't know what program we'll be performing so they can't do any specific practice.

Jason Molina

First Violin, 515N0W

Monday 15th June 2020

Transcript of recording made by security surveillance camera ID: 003 located at Sanjay's Olde Worlde Cafe, High Street, Deptford commencing 14:04 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Masir Mohammed and Elisha Houghton (mood:Masir-alert, Elisha-distracted; marketing keywords: iced coffee, muffin, chocolate, raspberry...)

Masir: Welcome! What can I be getting for you?
Elisha: Ohh, an iced coffee and, umm, do you have any muffins?
Masir: Most definitely. We are having white chocolate and raspberry, blueberry, apple and chocolate chip varieties.
Elisha: Umm, an apple muffin, please.
Masir: You are alone? No one is joining you?
Elisha: Oh, um, I'm waiting for a friend.
Masir: Can you be ordering for your friend now?
Elisha: No, no. He's at the dentist. He'll be a while yet.
Masir: Ah. 1 iced coffee and 1 apple muffin in 2 shakes of a lamb's tail, most definitely, isn't it.
Elisha: Yeah, thanks.

37 tracking apps noted the following website was accessed at 14:05 GMT: www.londonmusiciansupplies.co.uk – time on site:3m52s

(Transcript of recording continued)

Masir: 1 iced coffee and 1 apple muffin for the lady who is having a friend with sore teeth.
Elisha: Oh, thanks. Yeah, I don't think he'll be eating anything when he's done.
Masir: But to have such a friend as you is a blessing in itself.
Elisha: Oh, OK. Thank you.
Masir: You are indeed most welcome.

Email received by Elisha's phone at 14:10 GMT. 37 tracking apps noted it was opened immediately.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: donotreply@londonmusiciansupplies.co.uk
Re: Your order is on its way!

Attachment: invoice_32442.pdf

Elisha, thank you for your order of:

1 box	D'Addario Reserve Classic Bb Clarinet Reeds (25) strength 3.5	£44.99
1 set	Andemus Bb Clarinet Replacement Pads	£36.99
1 set	D'Addario XS PB Acoustic Guitar Strings	£12.99
Delivery ~ free to premium customers		£0.00
Sub total		£94.97
VAT		£9.50
Total		£104.47

Payment made by card ****.3415 15:06:2020

Delivery expected: 3 to 9 business days

| *37 tracking apps noted the following website was accessed at 14:11 GMT:
www.facebook.com – time on site:68m 21s*

| *Security surveillance camera ID: 003 located at Sanjay's Olde Worlde Cafe,
High Street, Deptford, noted the arrival of Roscoe Marcham at 14:21 GMT.*

(2 minutes 9 seconds later)

Roscoe: 'Ere, I know you, don't I?

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): What?

Roscoe: I know you from somewhere.

Elisha (*mood:dismissive*): I hardly think so.

Roscoe: Yeah, ya ain't from the chip shop, is ya?

Elisha (*mood:irritated*): No.

Roscoe: I know, you were at that do, you know, over in New
Cross, couple a weeks back, weren't ya.

Elisha: No. I wasn't. Look, do you mind, I'm busy.

Roscoe: Yeah, yeah, 'course you are. What'cha doing?

Elisha: I'm reading an email from my boss. Do you mind?

Roscoe: Nah, I don't mind, love. So, what's ya name?

(silence)

Roscoe: Roscoe's me name. Guessin' you ain't got one, then.
Mum couldn't decide, could she?

Elisha: Why are you holding your mobile phone?

Roscoe (*puzzled*): What else you want me to do with it?

Elisha: Is it on?

Roscoe: 'Course it's on. What bloody use is a phone that ain't on? 'Specting a call, like, ain't I.

Elisha: Look, I'm busy, OK. You don't know me. I certainly don't know you. Why don't you go and talk to someone else?

Roscoe: All right, all right, keep ya hair on. *(pause)* I reckon it's Angie.

Elisha: What's Angie?

Roscoe: Ya name, love. Angie, or maybe Kaylee. Yeah, that's it. You look like a Kaylee.

Elisha: Don't sit down. My boyfriend will be here any moment.

Roscoe: Gotta sit somewhere, Kaylee, ain't I. So why ain't he here with ya, like? Asking for trouble, that is. Leavin' a cute girl like you all on 'er lonesome, like.

Elisha: Is your phone telling you to say this crap to me? Because if it is it's got things seriously wrong.

Roscoe *(mood:puzzled)*: You what?

Elisha *(mood:annoyed)*: Please. Go away. OK? I don't want to talk to you. I don't want you to sit with me. I don't want to see you. OK?

Roscoe: What the bleedin' hell are you on about? Just being polite, ain't I. *(pause)* So, ah, what's ya phone number?

Elisha: For God's sake! Leave me alone!

Roscoe: All right, all right, I can take a hint, like. Yeah. Bet ya name's Priscilla or some toffee-nosed stuck up shit like that.

Elisha *(loud)*: Go away!

Roscoe *(mood:placating)*: I'm goin', OK. See? I'm going. Jesus. *(pause)* 'Ere, don't 'spose ya want my number, do ya?

Elisha *(mood:icy)*: Absolutely not.

Roscoe *(mood:dismissive)*: Suit yerself, love. Your loss.

Security surveillance camera ID: 003 located at Sanjay's Olde Worlde Cafe, High Street, Deptford, noted the arrival of Charmaine Kinross and Alexa Sinclair at 14:56 GMT.

(3 minutes 17 seconds later)

Charmaine: 'Ere, I know you.

Elisha: Excuse me?

Charmaine: Yeah, you're that girl what plays with them guys, int'ya.
 Elisha: Umm, well, yes. I do play with an orchestra.
 Alexa: She means that band with the crass name.
 Elisha: Ohh, Puddle Of A Cat. Yes, I play with them too.
 Charmaine: Yeah, we seen you. When was it, Lexie?
 Alexa: Last Friday. When we were doing our shopping.
 Elisha: Ahh.
 Charmaine: Didn't give you no money though, dearie.
 Elisha: Not to worry. It's not a requirement.
 Charmaine: Would a done, mind, 'cepting, well, yeah.
 Alexa: She means we have to budget quite strictly.
 Elisha: Yes, well, we all have to do that.
 Alexa: Quite.
 Elisha: So what did you think of the band? Apart from the name.
 Charmaine: Nice and bouncy. Didn't know the song, mind.
 Alexa: Somewhat avant garde. Was it derived from a classical piece?
 Charmaine (*mood:mischievous*): Somewhat avant garde, oooh. Take no notice, love. She always talks posh like that.
 Elisha: Actually, most likely. A lot of what we do is classical with a fair amount of improvisation although we do do a few rock numbers, also with a lot of improvisation.
 Charmaine: 'ere, Lexie, she talks like you do!
 Alexa: Plenty do, Charmaine, although admittedly not in Deptford. My name's Alexa, incidentally. This is Charmaine.
 Elisha: Elisha. Nice to meet you.
 Masir: 1 cappuccino, 1 vanilla slice and 1 knife.
 Alexa: Ah, thank you.
 Masir: You are most very welcome.
 (*silence*)
 Alexa: You mentioned you play with an orchestra? Which one?
 Elisha: 515N0W. Over in Greenwich.
 Alexa: Ahh, yes, I know that one. Mind you, I haven't been to a performance of theirs for several years. And you play with a street band as well? How versatile of you.
 Elisha: Music's music. Just a different style, that's all. What do you do?
 Alexa: Oh, we're both ladies of leisure.

Charmaine: Oh listen to her. Makes me laugh, she does. Ladies of leisure. We's both unemployed, ain't we.

Alexa: Another side of the same coin, Charmaine.

Elisha: So that explains ... ah. Yeah.

Alexa: Explains what, Elisha?

Elisha: Oh, nothing.

Alexa: You were, perhaps, remarking on the unfashionable nature of our clothes?

Elisha: Actually, no. I, um, well, I couldn't help noticing that you're both sharing the slice and the coffee.

Charmaine: All we can afford, dearie. We found a fiver and ...

Alexa: Yes, Charmaine. Elisha isn't interested in the minutiae of our lives.

Charmaine: The what?

Alexa: Details, dear, details.

Elisha: Actually, there's no need to be embarrassed. The 2 men I busk with are both homeless and unemployed.

Alexa: We're not embarrassed, Elisha, at least I'm not. Are you embarrassed, Charmaine?

Charmaine: Bleedin' oath, no.

Alexa: Quite. Although we're not homeless, merely on severe budgetary restraint.

Elisha: Ahh, good.

Charmaine: 'Sright. We're staying at that there Women's Crisis Housing Association place round the back of the fish market.

Alexa: Purely temporarily, of course, you understand.

Charmaine: 'Sright. Can only stay there 6 weeks, you see.

Alexa: Charmaine, Elisha isn't interested in these things. You don't need to tell everyone.

Charmaine: Oh. Right.

Elisha: 6 weeks isn't long.

Alexa: Indeed. But we're looking for somewhere more suitable.

Elisha: So you're, umm, a couple?

Charmaine: Lord, no, luvie. We're just friends.

Elisha: OK, not that there's anything wrong with you both being a couple, if you were.

Alexa: I'm a widow, Elisha, and Charmaine's a divorcee. Are you married or in a relationship?

Elisha: Me? No. I was in a long term relationship but we broke

up, ohh, towards the end of last year.

Alexa: Oh, how sad for you. Was it painful?

Elisha: No, not particularly. We'd grown apart anyway.

Alexa: I daresay that makes it easier.

Elisha: So, umm, how long have you been friends? You don't seem ... um. Yes.

Charmaine: Don't seem what?

Alexa: She means we seem an unlikely paring, Charmaine.

Elisha: Don't you, Elisha.

Elisha: Well, umm, yes.

Alexa: Charmaine arrived at the Housing Association a few days before I did. We were both assigned to the same room and we found we got on very well together. Didn't we, Charmaine.

Charmaine: Straight up. So we decided to find somewhere to share. Split the cost, like.

Elisha: So how long have you been at the Housing Association, um, place?

Alexa: Just under 6 weeks.

Elisha: Ahh. So have you found somewhere to move to yet?

Alexa: We have. That's why we're celebrating with vanilla slice.

Charmaine: We've moving in tomorrow.

Elisha: Well that's really great, isn't it. Is it a flat or a house?

Charmaine: Yeah, I wish. It's a caravan. We met a guy who's renovating a house and he said we could use the old caravan in the back. £100 a week cash, like, but it's got power.

Alexa: And there were no sign of any leaks.

Elisha: Ahh. I see. This is in Deptford?

Alexa: Yes. And you? Do you live here as well?

Elisha: Yes, I rent a room. So, umm, couldn't you have found a small flat or a house share rather than a caravan?

Charmaine: Can't afford it, luvie, and no one wants unemployed tenants anyway.

Elisha: Yes, that could be a problem. Oh, here comes Ray. He's been at the dentist. Ray! Over here! How'd it go?

Ray: *(indecipherable)*

Elisha: Actually, you look pale. I think I'd better get you home. Do you feel up to walking or would you like a coffee or something?

Ray: *(indecipherable)*
Elisha: Yes, that was silly of me. Your mouth's all numb. Oh, this is Alexa and Charmaine and this is Ray. He plays guitar in the band.
Alexa: Pleased to meet you.
Charmaine: Hey up.
Ray: *(indecipherable)*
Elisha: Well, we'd better be off. It was nice chatting with you both. Stop and say hi if you run into the band again.
Alexa: We will. I hope you feel better very soon, Ray.
Goodbye.
Charmaine: See ya.
Elisha: Bye. And I hope you're very comfortable with your caravan.

Tuesday 16th June 2020

| *Emails from the tablet of Emilia Borgov.*

Time: 13:02 GMT
To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: Streaming Update

The cameras and a computer arrived this morning – in a small van with an escort, no less. Malcolm, are you sure we have security clearance for these things?

I was somewhat apprehensive but decided in the end to open the packages. The cameras are like no cameras I've seen before. They are basically 1 inch cubes made of something similar to aluminium but not metallic. One side is transparent and there's a screw hole in another side which is presumably for a mount. There's also what looks to be a USB socket as well but other than that they are featureless. The computer, on the other hand, looks just like a computer.

I've phoned Faith Donahue and she's coming down on Thursday (18th). Hopefully she'll be able to make some sense of them as there are no instructions or login details for the computer. Needless to say I'll be there as well and, if everything works, Faith will teach me how to use it all.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

Time: 13:04 GMT
To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Streaming Update

I forgot to mention that carpenters will be in on Thursday and Friday this week to extend the stage.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 13:10 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Streaming Update

I have it in writing from Sergey Vanofov that our use of these cameras for streaming our concerts will not breach any security regulations although we aren't allowed to give away or sell any part of the system. If and when we no longer want them or repairs are needed we're to send them back to BSpaceE.

Kaji and Jason – my thinking is that we set aside the weekend for testing and, assuming all goes well, we resume our published program of concerts on Friday 26th June. Any thoughts?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Kaji Anwa-Michel at 13:22 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: re: Streaming Update

I occur.

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Jason Molina at 13:24 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Streaming Update

I suspect, Kaji, that you meant 'concur' rather than 'occur', unless you intended to bring in an element of existentialist philosophy to the discussion!

I concur as well, incidentally, Malcolm. It's easier for the Orchestra and it's what the public, if we have any supporters left, will be expecting.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Kaji Anwa-Michel at 13:29 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: re: Streaming Update

I CONDUCT therefore I AM. I have NO EXISTENCE otherwise.

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

| *The following email was received by Elisha's tablet 13:50 GMT.*

To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: Live Streaming

I am pleased to inform you all that a video system is being installed at The Enclave on Thursday of this week. Our intention is to test the system over the weekend and, all being well, resume our interrupted schedule of concerts on Friday 26th June, that is with:

Sibelius ~ Serenades 1 and 2 for violin and orchestra
Thomas Adès ~ Märchentänze for violin and orchestra
Stravinsky ~ The Firebird

We will have to observe social distancing and the stage is currently being enlarged by two metres to allow for this.

I look forward to seeing and hearing you all again at the next rehearsal on Thursday 25th June.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *The following email was received by Elisha's tablet 14:04 GMT.*

To: Elisha Houghton
From: Janel Kantara
Cc: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: First Clarinet

As you know, Dennis is no longer with us. Are you willing to undertake the role of First Clarinet on a temporary basis? In view of the uncertainty in the present climate of the continuing viability of the Orchestra no decision has yet been made on filling that role on a permanent basis.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *38 tracking apps recorded that the email was opened at 16:38 GMT.*

| *At 16:39 GMT the following email was sent from Elisha's tablet.*

To: Janel Kantara
From: Elisha Houghton
Cc: Anya Enderstrom
Subject: re: First Clarinet

I am more than happy to help out in any way I can and I quite understand the situation.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 16:40 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as*

| *Raymond Sanger, Elisha Houghton and Badger (mood:Raymond-relaxed, Elisha-cheerful, Badger-upbeat; marketing keywords: count, email, clarinet ...).*

Ray: Hey I thought we played well today. Good sound.

Elisha: Yes, I thought so too.

Badger: How much dosh did we make?

Ray: Dunno. I'll count it. You're very thoughtful, Elisha.
What you doing?

Elisha: Hmm? Oh, yes. I've had a couple of emails from work.
Looks like we're back performing next week and they
want me to be First Clarinet because, well, Dennis is
dead.

Ray (*mood:tense*): Oh.

Badger (*mood:tense*): So, umm, what happens now?

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Hey, come on guys. Don't be like that. We've
already talked about this. As far as Puddle Of A Cat
goes nothing'll change. We'll carry on busking and
stuff. It's just on Thursday to Sunday evenings I'll be
playing with my orchestra but since we don't do
anything in the evenings it isn't going to affect you 2.
I'm going to have to squeeze in some practice on the
orchestra pieces but that's my problem. I'll probably go
to the chapel earlier and do that for an hour or 2
before we go out busking.

(*silence*)

Ray: So, er, you don't think it'll get too much for you, Eli? I
mean that's, like, maybe 8 hours playing on orchestra
days.

Elisha: I can always take a back seat during the busking, Ray.
There's no need for me to play on every piece. You and
Badger can easily do more without me. Anyway, the
orchestra's still shut down so we'll be streaming over
the internet with an empty auditorium. There's no
guarantee that it'll bring in enough money to keep the
orchestra going. It may all fold in a week or 2.

Ray: So it'll be just me and him and sometimes you?

Elisha: I'll still be with you, just resting my mouth and hands.
That's all.

Ray (*mood:sad*): I guess.

Elisha: Guys? What's the matter? We all knew this was going to
happen sooner or later.

Badger (*mood:resigned*): Hey, it was fun while it bleedin' lasted.

(*silence*)

Elisha: I was going to say that I don't understand but I think actually I do. You're both afraid I'm just going to give up on our band, aren't you? Just walk away from it, yeah?

Ray: Well, yeah, I guess.

Elisha: What can I say guys? How can I convince you that I'm not going to? You're just going to have to trust me.

(*silence*)

Elisha: Look, I know both of you have had it tough and you've learnt not to trust anyone but, hey, maybe just this once? OK?

Ray: Well, OK, I guess.

Elisha: Badger? Promise me you won't just disappear? At least wait and see how it goes?

(*grunt*)

Elisha: So was that a yes or a no, Badger?

Badger: What you reckon mate?

Ray: I reckon she's on the level, mate. What you reckon?

Badger: Dunno, mate. Yeah, I guess.

Elisha: So you both promise to stick around?

Ray: Yeah.

(*silence*)

Ray: Badge?

Badger (*mood:impatient*): Oh shit. Yeah. Like I ain't bleeding got nothing else to do.

Elisha (*mood:intense*): Great. So you'll both be at the chapel when I get there tomorrow?

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Sweet. What about Eddie? I know he's still sleeping there but I haven't seen him for a while.

Ray: He's still working on his trumpet, like. He's been out looking for stuff.

Elisha: OK. Well, I'm sure you'll be telling him about me and the orchestra so make sure you tell him there's still a place for him with the band when he does sort his trumpet out.

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: So we're all good? Yeah? Guys?

Ray: Yeah.
Elisha: Good. I'll see you both tomorrow.

| *From 19:06 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Chrissie's phone, located in Wimbledon, and Elisha's phone, located in Deptford.*

19:06 Chrissie: Hey, herd your promoted! Congrats! :):)
19:08 Elisha: It's only temporary until the orch is back properly
19:11 Chrissie: Hey you'll be made permanent
19:12 Elisha: Doubt it – I'm still on probation.
19:14 Chrissie: Oh yeah – forgot – seems like FOREVER since last concert
19:16 Elisha: Yeah tell me about it – how's you anyway?
19:19 Chrissie: Moved back with Barry – his works eased up so not working all the time
19:20 Elisha: Hey great :)
19:22 Chrissie: :D see ya thurs

Wednesday 17th June 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 12:40 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger, Badger, Eddie (mood:Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-relieved, Badger-amused, Eddie-pleased; marketing keywords: morning, orchestra, practice, ...).

Elisha: Morning, Ray, Badge.
Ray: Thought you weren't coming.
Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Why?
Ray: Said you'd be early. Do your orchestra practice, like.
Elisha: Ohh. Yeah. No, I've been reading through the music for the next few concerts. I'll start practising tomorrow. I didn't get the music for First Clarinet until this morning.
Ray: K.
Elisha (*mood:tender*): Were you worried, Ray?
Ray (*mood:defensive*): Yeah, kind of.
Elisha: Why? Don't you trust me?
Ray: Shit, yeah. I trust you, just ...
Elisha: Just what?
Ray (*mood:embarrassed*): Umm, well ...
Badger: Bugger was scared, like.
Elisha: Scared? What were you scared of, Ray?
(*silence*)
Badger: Thought you'd been hit by a bleedin' bus or sommat. Wouldn't bleedin' shut up about it. Wanted to go out searching and all. Stupid bugger. Told him you'd be 'ere, just like you bleedin' said.
Elisha (*mood:pleased*): I'm sorry, Ray. I should have thought. Hey, we need to get you a phone. I've no way of contacting you to let you know if I'm running late.
Ray: Nah, don't want a phone. They cost money.
Elisha: Don't worry, I'll get it.
Ray: Nah, you've already spent a lot on me, what with me teeth and all.
Elisha: It's fine, Ray. Your teeth weren't that expensive and that was worth it, wasn't it? No more pain, huh?
Ray: Well, yeah.

(muffled noise)

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Jesus, what was that?

Ray: Oh that was Eddie.

Elisha: Didn't sound like a trumpet. What's he doing?

Badger: I'll get him. You'll like this.

(footsteps)

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Listen, Ray. It's just occurred to me. Umm. If you'd rather I didn't I won't buy things for you. It's just that I've got some money and you, well, you know, you haven't, but if it's a pride thing, umm, I don't want to, well, offend you or anything.

Ray: Pride? Don't know that I've got much of that left, 'cept maybe me guitar playing. Difficult to keep your pride on the streets, you see.

Elisha: No, not really. I've never lived on the streets so I can only imagine. I can't know what it's really like. But if you don't want me to get you things it's no problem. Oh, here's Eddie. Jesus, that's a bloody big trumpet.

Eddie: It isn't a trumpet, it's a tuba.

Elisha: A tuba? What on Earth for?

Eddie: Well, I was thinking, see. Can't make anything with valves so it'll always be limited for the notes so I figured a cornet wouldn't be much use after all. Figured something bigger would be easier to make and just play along in the background. Oom pah pah stuff.

Elisha: Well, that makes sense. So this is a tuba, is it?

Eddie: Well, will be soon. Just need to get the right length.

Elisha: How long's a tuba?

Eddie: Dunno. This here's 20 foot of $\frac{3}{4}$ inch pipe and I can cut it down so it's fairly in tune. If it ain't long enough for a tuba then maybe it'll be a euphonium or something.

Elisha: That's looks like an ice cream container at the end.

Eddie: Yup. 4 litre so it should be big enough. Best bit is this.

Elisha: What's that? An egg cup?

Eddie: Yup. Found it in a skip. It's good, innit. Metal, see, and already had a hole in the bottom. Trouble with the cornet was getting something small enough. This is much better. Nice and big and it won't dissolve.

Elisha: Isn't it too big, though? Or are you going to play it like an alpine horn?

Eddie: Nah. Once it's the right length I'll coil it, see. Then it can go round my shoulder and hang down. This piping is fairly flexible.

Elisha: Right. Well, let's get it tuned then. I'll just get my tuner. You coming out with us today?

Eddie: Yeah, thought I would if that's OK. Give it a try out, see how it goes, like.

Elisha: No problem. So we're now a quartet. Cool.

Thursday 18th June 2020

| *Exchange of emails between the desktop of William Naylor, located in Manchester, and Elisha's tablet, located in Deptford.*

Time: 14:08 GMT

To: elishab@515n0w.co.uk

From: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

Subject: Dennis Naylor

Hello Elisha

We met, briefly, at my father's funeral. Since then I've been helping my mother, Rose, deal with my father's estate and she has asked me to contact you on her behalf. She asks that you forgive her for not speaking with you herself. She is, as I am sure you will appreciate, having a very difficult and traumatic time.

As you know, since you worked with him, my father was an avid clarinettist and owned several clarinets. One of these, an antique, my father bequeathed to the Horniman Museum in Forest Hill to add to their extensive collection of musical instruments. The others, however, are of relatively little value and my mother felt that you might well appreciate them. I believe, for example, that you borrowed my father's E flat soprano clarinet on a couple of occasions for performances with the 515N0W Orchestra which suggests that you do not have one of your own. My father also had 2 B flat soprano clarinets and an E flat alto.

I will be with my mother this weekend so if you let me have your address I am happy to bring them around.

Regards

William Naylor

Time: 18:24 GMT

To: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

From: elishab@515n0w.co.uk

Subject: re: Dennis Naylor

Dear William

I was deeply shocked and saddened by the death of your father. I had only been with the Orchestra for a few months but I greatly admired Dennis both as a clarinettist and as a person and I can't begin to imagine what your mother is going through. It must be very difficult. Could you thank your mother very much for thinking of me at this distressing time?

I would very much appreciate having Dennis' clarinets but I am a lowly member of the Orchestra and, being on furlough for the foreseeable future, I can't really afford to buy all of them. Would you consider selling me just the Eb soprano?

I would dearly love to know more about the antique clarinet that's going to the Horniman Museum. Dennis invited me to a barbecue to show it to me but sadly COVID intervened and the barbecue never took place.

Regards

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 19:26 GMT
To: elishab@515n0w.co.uk
From: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk
Subject: re: Dennis Naylor

Hello Elisha

I think you have misunderstood my earlier email. My mother doesn't want to sell you my father's clarinets, she wants to give you them as a gift. My father often spoke to her about you and he regarded you very highly. I know my mother also liked you as she told me so after meeting you at the funeral. Personally, I think my father would be deeply affronted by the idea of selling his clarinets to you.

If you don't want them that's fine. I'm sure there's a local school or band that would be glad to have them. It would be a shame if they ended up in the rubbish bin.

Regards

William Naylor

Time: 19:34 GMT

To: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

From: elishab@515n0w.co.uk

Subject: re: Dennis Naylor

Oh God, I'm terribly sorry if I've caused offence. I really didn't mean to. I would love to have Dennis' clarinets as reminders of him. I just thought, since you mentioned his estate, that they were to be sold. I really do apologise for misunderstanding. My bad. :(:(

My address is 190 Allenby Road, Deptford if your kind offer is still open.

Elisha Houghton

Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Time: 19:41 GMT

To: elishab@515n0w.co.uk

From: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

Subject: re: Dennis Naylor

No apologies needed, Elisha. I've re-read my email and I didn't make myself clear in the first place. In fact, thinking about it, it would have been more embarrassing for the both of us if I had been offering to sell them to you and you thought they were a gift. Anyway, let's talk no more about that.

Would 3pm on Saturday afternoon be OK? I'll bring the antique one to show you as well since that won't go to the museum until probate is granted on my father's will.

William

Time: 19:36 GMT
To: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk
From: elishab@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: Dennis Naylor

3pm on Saturday's great :)

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

Friday 19th June 2020

Transcript of phone call between Malcolm Beeton, located in Sutton, UK, and Emilia Borgov, located in Greenwich, UK commencing 16:44 GMT (mood: Emilia-worried, Malcolm-relaxed; marketing keywords: worry, installation, faith, camera ...)

Malcolm: Hello Emilia. How are you?

Emilia: Oh, I'm a little worried at the moment.

Malcolm (*mood:alert*): Really? The installation's not going well?

Emilia: The installation went fine yesterday. Faith, the contractor, installed four of the six cameras and set up the server and everything went well with the testing. The image quality is really very very good and the system's incredibly easy to use. It didn't take me long to pick up at all.

Malcolm: Well, that's good news. What about the other 2 cameras?

Emilia: They're working fine as well. I thought we'd keep them unmounted for hand use. Backstage or outside, maybe.

Malcolm: Makes sense. So why are you worried?

Emilia: Clark, the man who's doing the streaming website, can't get the system to stream the video.

Malcolm (*mood:worried*): Oh bugger. So what's the problem?

Emilia: Apparently the video output from the mixer is not in a format that Clark's website can understand.

(indecipherable voice)

Emilia (*mood:impatient*): Well you talk to him then. I don't understand these things. Hello, Malcolm?

Malcolm: Yes?

Emilia: I'm putting Clark on. He can explain it better than I can.

Malcolm (*mood:sarcastic*): And you think I'll understand? Hello?

(indecipherable voices)

Unknown: Hello? Mister Beeton?

(voice identified as Clark Heston)

Malcolm: Hello, umm, Clark.

Clark: Right, yes. The video stream is in a format that I've never come across before. It works fine on the mixing server but comes up as garbage in every video decoder

I've tried. Now, I can set up the website to stream the video easily enough but viewers won't have a decoder to view the stream at their end so it's a bit pointless.

Malcolm (*mood:bemused*): I see. So how can we fix it?

Clark: I'm guessing it's a proprietary format so we need to get on to the manufacturers. Either get them to supply a decoder to a standard format or at the very least give me the details of the format so I can write a decoder. It would be better if they supplied one since they'll know all the ins and outs of their system.

Malcolm: I confess I don't really know anything about video streams so I'm going to ask a silly question. Are you sure there isn't one of these decoders on the server already, lurking in a forgotten folder somewhere?

Clark: I'm fairly certain. I've had a look around and couldn't find one but if it has a non standard extension I wouldn't have known what it was if I found it. The manufacturer would know.

Malcolm: I see. So in essence what you're saying is that we need to talk to the manufacturer?

Clark: Absolutely.

Malcolm: Well, that's shouldn't be too hard. The only trouble is, if I do it I have no idea what I'm talking about so I'll probably get it all wrong. Would you be willing to talk to them? You at least sound as though you know what you are doing.

Clark: That would actually be easier, I think.

Malcolm: Excellent. I'll find out who you need to talk to and we'll take it from there. Now, let me see. It's nearly 5 on a Friday afternoon so I doubt we'll get anywhere until Monday. Are you available on Monday?

Clark: I can be.

Malcolm (*mood:relieved*): Excellent. Well, thank you. Could you put Emilia back on?

(*indecipherable voices*)

Emilia: Malcolm? Yes?

Malcolm: Did you hear that conversation?

Emilia: I got the gist of it.

Malcolm: Excellent. I'll get on to Sergey and find out who your chap needs to talk to. May not be until Monday though.

Emilia: Do you think we need to postpone the first concert? I suggest we wait until Monday. It could easily be a simple problem to fix. I know with my computer at home when I have problems with the printer my husband just reinstalls the driver and it works again. Maybe it's the same here and Clark can download something and install it. If it turns out to be a bigger problem we can postpone then.

Malcolm (*mood:thoughtful*): Hmm. I'm not so sure. Let me think about it. I'll get on to Sergey anyway.

Emilia: Why are you thinking of postponing? Surely if we can get the system up and running beforehand there wouldn't be a problem?

Malcolm: I'm thinking of the marketing, Emilia. Thus far we've only sent out emails and press releases saying we'll be streaming but with no starting date. I'm wondering if 2 or 3 days notice will be enough.

Emilia: Does it really matter? Even if we only get a handful of subscribers for the first few concerts we'll at least have set the ball in motion.

Malcolm: Hmm. Perhaps you are right. (*pause*) Very well. We'll see what happens on Monday.

Emilia: OK. By the way, the carpenters have finished the stage extension.

Malcolm: How does it look?

Emilia: Strange, I have to admit, but that's because I'm so used to the old stage. On video it looks fine although we'll need to make sure not to zoom out so the first row of seats are visible. They're almost touching the stage now.

Malcolm: Excellent. Ahh, well, I daresay it was only to be expected that we'd have teething problems.

Emilia: Yes, and it's better to have them now rather than later. The last thing we want is to lose prospective subscribers because of live problems. The more we can sort out in advance the better.

Malcolm: True, true. Right, I'll give Sergey a ring. I'll talk to you later.

Emilia: Bye.

Saturday 20th June 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 15:02 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and William Naylor (mood: Elisha-relaxed, William-nervous; marketing keywords: formal wear, jeans, coffee, ...)

Elisha: (*faint*) Hello William, come on in. You look different without a formal suit.

William: (*faint*) Oh, err, thanks, umm, Elisha. Yes, well, I live in jeans mostly. It's OK to call you Elisha?

Elisha: Sure, no probs. Yeah, I live in jeans too. Would you like a coffee or something?

William: Oh, umm, thanks, yes. That would be nice. White with one.

Elisha: Come on through to the kitchen. Just dump those in the hall for the moment.

William: There's a couple more in the car. Just a sec.

Elisha: OK. I'll leave the door open.

(*51 seconds later*)

William: This is the antique one. I'd rather not bring it into the kitchen. Steam, you see.

Elisha: Jesus, I didn't think. Umm, take it straight through to the lounge. Next door down the hall.

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 15:04 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and William Naylor (mood: Elisha-curious, William-nervous; marketing keywords: drinks, antique, clarinet, ...).

Elisha: I'll put our drinks over here, out of the way. So that's the antique clarinet? Can I see?

William: Sure, just let me open the box. There.

Elisha (*mood:fascinated*): Wow! Can I touch it?

William: Better not. It's really old and it's got woodworm. I think it's quite fragile.

Elisha: How old is it?

William: I've brought its provenance too. Apparently it was

made in 1822 for Heinrich Baermann who was the, umm, principal clarinettist with the Court Orchestra of Berlin.

Elisha: Jesus, that's like, 200 years old! That is so cool! Just look at those keys. Incredible.

William: It says here that this was one of the first clarinets to have keys. Before this they just had finger holes.

Elisha: Yeah, it looks more like a recorder. Ohh, yeah, I can see where the woodworms have eaten away. You know, I always thought clarinets were invented with keys.

William: According to Dad they didn't have the technology to make air tight pads so they could only use finger holes. If you look closely you can see the remains of the leather pads they used for this one.

Elisha: Oh, yeah. Wow, I wonder if it's still playable?

William: I doubt it very much. You see there? That crack? It'll probably fall apart if you tried to play it.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): That's a crying shame. I wonder what it sounded like. It's got, umm, what, 6 finger holes and 7 with pads. Moderns ones have 22 holes. Must have had a limited range. Oh, wow! It's still got a reed. That is so awesome! You know, I've never seen a clarinet that wasn't black.

William: Yeah, aren't they made with ivory or something?

Elisha: Oh no. Good ones are made from Grenadilla which is from a tree called African Blackwood. Cheap ones are made from god know what wood but stained black to look like Grenadilla. This one looks to be beech or something.

William: The notes don't say. I could always ask the museum if you like.

Elisha: Nah, it's OK. It doesn't really matter what the wood is, I guess. Hey, I know someone who's made himself a tuba out of some plastic pipe and an ice cream container.

William (*mood:disinterested*): That must sound, umm, interesting.

Elisha: It doesn't sound too bad, actually. It's got a limited range because it has no valves but, yeah, it's not too bad, actually.

William: Well, that's good.

Elisha: Don't forget your coffee.

William: Oh, yes, thanks. Umm, I'll just shut the box, if that's OK?

Elisha: Oh, yeah, sure. Hey, thanks for showing that to me. It was fascinating.

William: No problem.

(*silence*)

William: So, nice place you have here. Do you own it or rent it?

Elisha: Oh, Jesus, it's not mine. I just rent a room. I couldn't afford a place like this. The woman who owns it has her own apartment on the top floor with her own bathroom. The rest of us have rooms on the middle floor and we share the rooms on the ground floor.

William: Oh, OK. Yeah, London's quite expensive, isn't it. I live in Manchester.

Elisha: OK, nice. Never been there but, yeah.

William: It rains a lot there.

Elisha: So what do you do? Are you a musician as well?

William: Oh no. I work with computers. I'm doing my doctoral research at the university there.

Elisha: Oh right. So you must be pretty clever then.

William: No, not really. I've run into a bit of a roadblock with my research and I can't figure out how to get past it.

Elisha: Oh yeah? Well it's no good telling me. I use computers but I don't know anything about them.

William: Oh right. Well, no one really knows much about what I do. Well, they wouldn't would they. That's why I'm doing research. Actually it also ties in with music. It's more of a human problem than a computer one.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): How do you mean?

William: Well, my field is AI. Artificial Intelligence. What I'm working on is trying to get a computer to write music.

Elisha: Oh, shit. You're Dennis' son, aren't you.

William (*mood:startled*): Well, yeah. That's why I'm here.

Elisha: Yeah, no, what I mean is your Dad told me about you. He even got me to play some of your music. It was at my audition for the Orchestra.

William: Oh, cool. So what did you think of it?

Elisha: To be honest, I don't really remember now. I do remember thinking that it wasn't quite human, if that

makes sense.

William (*mood:intent*): You mean that was you?

Elisha: What was me?

William: Dad told me someone had picked up it was machine written. I was gutted. So that was you?

Elisha: Well, um, I guess. Unless someone else felt the same way.

William: Maybe but I doubt it. Dad said it was for an audition. Jesus. So what was it about the piece that cued you in?

Elisha: I have no idea. Hey, it was an audition. I was focused on playing as best I could. I wasn't really thinking about the music at all. And it was a fair while ago.

William: Well you're the cause of my problem. How to get the machine to write like a human. I have no idea how to move forward on that.

Elisha: I do remember thinking that some of the phrasing wasn't quite right.

William: What do you mean, wasn't quite right?

Elisha: Oh, gosh, I don't know. Umm, I guess what I mean is that the sequence of notes was logical but not emotional, if that makes sense. Maybe if I could see the manuscript again I could explain it better.

William (*mood:enthusiastic*): Would you be willing to come to Manchester? We could go through some more manuscripts and you can tell me what you think of them. We could run some tests on you as well.

Elisha (*mood:apprehensive*): What sort of tests?

William: I've no idea. I'll need to think of some but, umm, probably something to do with how you feel and perceive emotions.

Elisha (*mood:perturbed*): I'm not sure I like the sound of that. It sounds painful.

William (*mood:intent*): Oh, it'll be fun.

Elisha: Who for? You or me?

William: Umm.

Elisha (*mood:decisive*): Besides, I really don't have the time. The Orchestra's starting up again next week and I'm also in a band and I've got to practice and rehearse. Going up to Manchester would be very difficult. And expensive.

William: Hmmm. I'm sure we can think of something if we put

our minds to it. How about we get together next time I'm in London?

Elisha: Umm, well, maybe. Look, I'll be honest. I'm not sure I like the idea of computers writing music. It seems somehow soulless, you know? Music is about emotions and composing music is about communicating those emotions from the composer to the performer to the listener. If it's written by a machine it's just, well, fake, I guess. I couldn't give a damn what the computer is feeling since it's just a simulation, not real.

William (*mood:cold*): I see.

Elisha (*mood:placating*): Hey, I didn't mean to be rude and upset you. It's just computers aren't my thing, you know?

William: Computers are the future, you do know that, don't you?

Elisha: Yes, I suppose they are but I'm not. I'm in the past. That's why I play classical music and not techno or stuff like that. I like the old music. It speaks to me. That piece I played at the audition didn't speak to me. It was just sounds but not particularly coherent sounds.

William (*mood:annoyed*): You mean like someone grunting?

Elisha: Well, I wouldn't put it that way.

William: Actually you just did. Well, I must be off. Things to do. Thank you for the coffee.

Elisha (*mood:disquieted*): Oh, well, um, OK. Hey, I'm sorry.

William: Nothing to be sorry about. That's how you feel and that's the end of it. It was nice meeting you again.

Elisha: Ah, yeah. And you. Give my thanks to your mother. It was very kind of her.

William: I will. This is this way out?

Elisha: Yes. Umm, OK. Bye. And thanks again.

(*footsteps*)

Elisha (*mood:confused*): Wow, that went bad very quickly. Jesus. What happened?

Monday 22nd June 2020

| *Emails sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 10:16 GMT.*

Time: 10:14 GMT
To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Live Streaming

I spoke with Sergey a few minutes ago regarding the video format problem and he is going to instruct one of his programmers to modify the software. This should be emailed out in a day or two.

Hopefully this will resolve the problem but to allow time for testing etc I'm postponing our first live streaming concert to Friday 3rd July.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 10:16 GMT
To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Live Streaming

Further to my email of 16th June regarding the resumption of our concert program via live streaming, I regret to inform you that we have run into difficulties setting up the live streaming equipment. Consequently we will be unable to resume our concert program on Friday 26th June. Hopefully these difficulties will be resolved in the very near future.

For the purposes of musicians' preparation, please assume that we will be ready in time for the concert of Friday 3rd July, with a rehearsal on Thursday 2nd July.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 11:13 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: Social distancing

I have just heard on the news that social distancing is to be reduced to 1 metre effective from tomorrow. This means that the stage extension which was completed last Friday at a cost of £5347 is no longer necessary as the original stage was large enough to accommodate this. I'm beginning to share your belief that there is a vendetta against us.

The issue now facing us is:- Do we incur another cost, of the order of £3000, to dismantle the extension and restore the original stage or do we leave it as it is for the time being?

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 11:15 GMT.*

To: Emilia Borgov
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Social distancing

Leave the extension as it is. There is little point in incurring the extra cost at this time and there is a distinct possibility that social distancing may be increased again in the near future. There is also the possibility that the reduction in distancing is a precursor to allowing auditoriums to re-open, perhaps with a period in which only alternate seats are used. We can only hope. If that should happen we can remove the stage extension then.

Incidentally, I was in The Enclave on Saturday. The extension looked good and seemed solid.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Tuesday 23rd June 2020

Partial transcript of recording made by trojan spyware on the mobile phone associated with Alexa Sinclair, located in Deptford, commencing 17:44 GMT. Participants identified as Alexa Sinclair and Charmaine Kinross (mood: Alexa-bored, Charmaine-bored; marketing keywords: none recorded as participants identified of low economic status).

Alexa: Can you see what sort of food they've got here, Charm?

Charmaine: Can't tell from here. Smells like sausages though.

Alexa: All I can smell is old grease.

Charmaine: Yeah but food's food, innit.

Alexa: I suppose. At least the queue isn't that long. Not like that other place.

Charmaine: Yeah. Hey, you know we're the only women, like?

Alexa: Yes, I had noticed. Do you suppose this is a men only kitchen?

Charmaine: Ain't no sign up.

Alexa: Well, we'll find out soon enough. They're starting to serve.

(pause, with indistinct background noises)

Charmaine *(mood:angry)*: 'ere, stop that bloody shoving! You'll get your turn like the rest of us.

(indecipherable voice)

Charmaine: Eff you too, shithead.

Alexa *(quietly)*: Stay calm, Charm. Don't start any trouble.

Charmaine: I ain't bleedin' starting any. It's that sod, trying to push in.

Alexa *(quietly)*: Just back off, OK. We're on our own here and we don't know the system. Maybe there's a pecking order or something.

Charmaine *(mood:aggressive)*: Oi, hop it, you. We was 'ere first. I ain't bleedin' telling you again.

(indecipherable voice)

Alexa *(mood:alarmed)*: Charmaine!

Charmaine: It's OK, Lexie. Look, he's going. Probably just pissed or stoned.

Alexa: You're asking for trouble, you know.

Charmaine: Gotta stand up for yourself, hun. No other bugger will.

Alexa: And what if he'd got nasty? What if he'd hit you?

Charmaine: Well he didn't, like, did he.

Unidentified: Good evening ladies. Not seen you here before. We don't get many ladies here.

(voice identified as Jemima Fairbrother)

Charmaine: Evening. No, we ain't been here before. Only heard about this place yesterday.

Jemima: I'm Jemima. You staying locally or just passing through?

Alexa: I'm Alexa and this is Charmaine. We've got a place, such as it is, just off the High Street.

Jemima: Oh yes. So you're not homeless, then?

Alexa: Not in the strict definition of the word, no, but I wouldn't call a clapped out old caravan a desirable residence.

Jemima: I see. How long have you been there?

Charmaine: 'Bout a week. You got a problem with that?

Jemima: You both live in the caravan?

Alexa: Yes.

Jemima: Where were you before that?

Alexa: We were at the Women's Crisis Housing Association. The one behind the fish market.

Jemima: Ah yes, I know the one. Well, technically, this is a food kitchen for the homeless but the definition of homeless is fairly broad.

Charmaine: So, what, you're gonna turn us away?

Jemima: No, not at all, although I can't give you much. Just a sausage and a boiled potato each and 4 slices of bread. There's some ketchup at the end of the counter and some bottles of water. 'Fraid we're out of salt. Put the plates at the end when you're done.

Alexa: Thank you.

Jemima: You're welcome. Who's next? Oh, hello, Pete, how's it going?

Unidentified: Yeah, can't complain, like.

(voices fade away)

Alexa *(mood:dubious)*: Do you suppose this is a pork sausage or a beef sausage?

Charmaine: Doubt it's either but don't think about it. I'll have it if you don't want it.

Alexa: No, I'll eat it. I was just wondering.

Charmaine: Least it's still warm. Hate cold friggin' potato.

Alexa: Yes. Oh look, over there. There's another woman.

Charmaine: Where? Oh yeah. Hey, I know her from somewhere.

Alexa: Probably the Housing Association.

Charmaine (*mood:thoughtful*): No. Wasn't there. It'll come to me in a minute. Never forget a face, comes with being a hairdresser, like.

Alexa: Um, yes, I've seen her before as well. Wasn't she that girl we were talking to at that cafe, last week? The one whose boyfriend was at the dentist?

Charmaine: That's her. Yes. So what's she doing here?

Alexa: Well she's not joining the queue. She's gone inside the church. Do you suppose she lives in there?

Charmaine: Nah, she's got a room somewhere. I remember she said.

Alexa: Now you mention it. Hmm. Oh well, that didn't last long.

Charmaine: Give me your plate. I'll put 'em back.

Alexa: OK, thanks. I'm going to go say hello.

Charmaine: OK. I'll be in in a minute, then. Want some water?

Alexa: Oh, yes, thanks.

(*pause*)

Alexa: Hello. We meet again.

Unidentified: Oh, hello. Umm, it's Charmaine, isn't it?

Alexa: No, I'm Alexa. Charmaine's outside.

(*voice identified as Elisha Houghton*)

Elisha: Of course, Alexa, yes. From the cafe.

Alexa: That's us. How are you?

Elisha: Oh, I'm good thanks. Weren't you moving into a new place?

Alexa: Yes, and we have.

Elisha: Do you like it there?

Alexa: It doesn't leak, which is good.

Elisha: Leak? Oh, that's right. You're in a caravan.

Alexa: Yes.

Elisha: So, umm, you're here for the, um, food?

Alexa: Yes, that's right.

Charmaine: Wotcha, hun. How's you?

Elisha: I'm good thanks, Charmaine.

Charmaine: It's Elisha, isn't it?

Elisha: That's right.

Charmaine: So what you doing here? Surely you ain't here for the

free grub?

Elisha: Me? No. I'm just dropping something off for the guys.

Alexa: The guys? What guys?

Elisha: The band. You remember? Puddle Of A Cat?

Alexa: Oh that's right. So where are they?

Elisha: Oh, they're off getting their dinner.

Charmaine: Here or somewhere else?

Elisha: Here.

Charmaine: So they're homeless? Only that woman said this place is only for the homeless.

Elisha: You mean *Jemima*? Yes, she runs the food kitchen for the homeless.

Alexa: So the men in your band are homeless?

Elisha: 'Fraid so.

Alexa: But you're not?

Elisha: Me? No. I've got a room down the road a bit.

Charmaine: So where do they sleep? With you?

Elisha (*mood:amused*): God no. My place is barely big enough for 1. No, they sleep here.

Alexa: In the church?

Elisha: It's a chapel, actually, but yes.

Alexa: I see. Don't you play with an orchestra though?

Elisha: Yes, I do but the orchestra's shut down at the moment. Because of COVID.

Alexa: Ahh, yes. So, if you'll forgive me for asking, how do you come to be busking on the street with some homeless men when you are part of an orchestra?

Elisha: Oh, it's quite simple really. When lockdown started I needed somewhere to practice and I found this place. A few days later, Ray turned up and he plays guitar so we started to play together then Badger arrived and last week Eddie. Badger's the one who plays the drums with those tubs and things and Eddie plays a sort of tuba.

Charmaine: What do you play?

Elisha: I play the clarinet.

Alexa: Of course you do. I remember now, we saw you playing a couple of weeks ago.

Elisha: Yes, I think you said that at the cafe. I seem to remember you didn't like us much though.

Charmaine: Really? I thought you weren't half bad. Nice and

bouncy. Happy, like.

Alexa: I remember now. No, I didn't say I didn't like you, just that you were playing what sounded like classical music in a strange way.

Elisha: Well, we have to really. I'm the only trained musician and we don't really have proper instruments. At least, Badger and Eddie don't. It makes a difference. We make do as best we can.

Alexa: Yes, we all have to, don't we.

Elisha: Do either of you play an instrument?

Charmaine: Me? Shit no. I can barely play the radio.

Alexa: She can't whistle either.

Charmaine: Look who's talking.

Alexa: I used to play the clarinet, like you. Well, not like you I would imagine as I only got to grade 7. This was when I was at school but I gave up when I went to university.

Elisha: University? Forgive me for asking, but how did you end up here?

Alexa: An unfortunate mix of circumstances beyond my control, sadly.

Elisha: Oh my God, I'm sorry. I've just remembered you're a widow, aren't you.

Alexa: Yes, although I doubt his death made any difference in the long term.

Elisha: I don't follow?

Charmaine: 'E was a gambler, like. Run up debts all over, didn't he. Then 'e popped his clogs and left Lexie 'ere with the mess.

Elisha: Oh, that's dreadful. Was there a lot of debt?

Alexa: You could say that.

Charmaine: A bleedin' fortune! Go on, tell 'er.

Alexa: Oh, I'm sure Elisha isn't that interested.

Elisha: No, I really don't want to pry. I'm happy to listen if you want to tell me but it's fine if you don't.

Charmaine: One and a half bleedin' million quid. That's how bloody much.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): Are you serious?

Alexa: Sadly, yes.

Elisha: But, I mean, like, how can someone run up that much debt?

Alexa: My husband was an accountant. A very successful one I thought but I had no idea of his gambling. He mortgaged our house up to the hilt, borrowed a fortune from our friends for supposed investments and was embezzling clients then he had a heart attack and died, quite suddenly. He was only 35 but, well, there you have it. He was a year younger than I am now. A heart attack, can you believe that? Anyway, it all came out after that and I was saddled with a fair amount of the debts. It was a lot more than £1½ million, that was just the share the court decided I was liable for because he'd put a lot of things in my name as well so he could borrow twice on them. Fraudulently, of course, but I can hardly sue him now. Then the bank foreclosed on the house and those friends I thought we had just disappeared because he owed them all money. A lot of money and there was no chance of ever getting it back. They blamed me for some reason.

Elisha: Jesus, that's terrible. How long ago was this?

Alexa: About five years. The investigations took over a year and then I was forced to declare bankruptcy. That's when the house was taken. I got evicted and stayed with the one friend I had left but, well, things went bad there as well. She had a young family and I was deeply depressed and making their lives hell. I'd never had a job in my life, you see. I went straight from university into married life. Anyway, to cut a long story short, I had to leave my friend and I moved in with a man I'd known only a few days and that turned out to be a nightmare so I ran away and joined the numberless statistics that no one want to know.

Elisha: How was it a nightmare with that man? Was he violent? Abusive?

Alexa: He was very nice, to begin with at least. Very tolerant of my depression, very encouraging but then it turned out he expected me to, well, basically become a whore for him. I refused and the, uh, relationship became untenable.

Elisha: I, um, don't know what to say.

Alexa: There's nothing you can say. That's what happened and

here I am now. Destitute and unemployable. I doubt I could even work as a whore now, with my looks gone and no decent clothes.

Charmaine: Ohh, you'd do alright. Some men like that sort of thing.

Alexa: Well, it's not going to happen, OK. I may have lost most of my self esteem but I still have a little pride left. Not much, but some.

Charmaine: Just saying, like. Wasn't telling you to do it.

Alexa: Good.

Elisha: I just wish there was something I could do to help.

Alexa: Nothing much you can do but it's kind of you to try.

Elisha: Surely there is some work you can do?

Alexa: Perhaps but there's little point. Even as a declared bankrupt there's still a lot of debt attached to me. If I did manage to get a job most of my earning would be taken before I ever saw a penny.

Elisha: But you still get welfare, don't you?

Charmaine: She does but they take 25% of it, don't they, Lexie?

Elisha: Are you serious?

Alexa: Sadly, yes. And neither of us gets any rent assistance as that caravan's a cash in hand job and the owner won't admit we're there.

Elisha: Good God.

Alexa: Well, that's a debatable point. Anyway, I'm getting more depressed talking about it and no doubt you have many things to do so we won't impose on your time anymore. Come on Charmaine, let's get back to the caravan.

Charmaine: Oh, OK. See ya Elisha.

Alexa: Yes, it was, ahh, nice meeting you again.

Elisha: Oh, um, OK. Yes, and I'm sure we'll meet again. Especially if you're going to be regulars here.

(footsteps)

Elisha: Oh, Alexa, hold on. Before you go, I've had an idea.

Alexa: Oh yes? A good one or a bad one?

Elisha: A good one I think. Why don't you join the band? I've got a spare clarinet you can use. We don't make a huge amount of money but it would be a little extra.

Alexa: Don't be absurd. I haven't played for years.

Elisha: If you got to grade 7 you must have been quite good and it'll come back quickly.

Alexa: Even if I did, I couldn't play your sort of music.
 Elisha: We don't have a sort of music, Alexa. We play whatever we can cope with. If you join us on clarinet it'll give an extra depth to our sound which is quite thin at the moment and you could play harmonies to me to begin with. Until you get the hang of it again.
 Charmaine: I reckon it's a good idea, Lexie. Give you something to take your mind off, like.
 Alexa: If you think it's such a good idea why don't you join them, then?
 Charmaine: I would but I can't play nothing, like, can I.
 Elisha: If Charmaine joined, would you, Alexa?
 Alexa: Her? She can't play any instruments and she's tone deaf.
 Elisha: But if we found an instrument she could play, would you join?
 Alexa: But ..., oh this is ridiculous. You can't seriously think you can make Charmaine a musician?
 Elisha: Join us and find out.
 Charmaine: I'm up for it if you are, Lexie. Come on, give it a go. Can't do no worse than we are now.
 Alexa: Well, that's true. And I confess I'm curious.
 Elisha: Have a think about it. After all, Puddle Of A Cat is a band of homeless people.
 Charmaine: You ain't homeless.
 Elisha: Well, OK. It's a band of homeless plus me, then. Why don't you stick around for a while and meet the guys?

| *Transcript of video blog (vlog) posted to the ElishaClarinet channel on YouTube at 19:31 GMT:*

Hi guys, Elisha Clarinet here. I'm really sorry it's been such a long time since I last posted my vlog. Wow. March. That seems such a long time ago! Anyway, my Orchestra is still going even though we haven't performed since the beginning of the lockdown. We're trying to get some live streaming up and running and I'll do a vlog about that later when we do. Let you know how to access it and stuff. It'll be fun. I'm also in another little band and we go busking which is pretty cool as well. I'll do a vlog about that soon as well since it's pretty interesting. I'll upload a live session or 2 in a while. I won't do it yet because a

couple of the members need more practice but they're getting there. Yeah. Oh, don't forget to like and subscribe. Still haven't reached 15,000 so tell your friends!

So, today's vlog. Yeah. I have to get really apologetic here and I admit it's all my fault. You remember that Chinese clarinet I was going to review? Yup, I forgot. It arrived just before the lockdown and in the confusion it just slipped my mind. I'm a little surprised that Chiangsen Instruments haven't reminded me but then China has its own COVID problems. Anyway, today I remembered so I've dug it out.

So, here is how it arrived. I haven't opened it yet. Umm, what can I say? The packaging seems solid and secure. Nice cardboard box. The label is neatly typed and the address is correct. Can't really think of anything else to say. It's a parcel, end of story. Right, let's open it and see what's inside.

OK, here's the case. It's inside a plastic bag. Let me just ... there. OK. First reaction? It's a soft case which isn't good. Cases get knocked and a soft case doesn't protect the instrument inside as well as a hard case. Still, it's got carry handles and buckles for a shoulder strap which I don't see. Maybe it's inside. There's also a zippered pouch on the outside which, I guess, is for putting pieces of paper and stuff. It's not roomy enough for sandwiches or anything like that. The zip runs nicely though. No snagging. Oh, and it's got another carry handle on the side as well so you can carry it horizontally or vertically. OK, well I suppose that's useful. OK, let's open the case and see what's inside.

Ahh, my mistake. See this? The top cover doesn't bend. It's actually a hard case with a cloth cover and it seems to have some sort of padding. I like that. It looks like a cute soft case but it's actually a hard case. Nice. Now, what have we here? OK, a pair of cotton gloves. I wonder what for? Still, that's nice of them. Ahh and this is the shoulder strap. It looks like ... yes, the ends just clip into the buckles and the strap's adjustable. OK. This, I'm guessing, is a cleaning cloth. Cool. I'll just put those to one side. OK. Well, it certainly looks like a clarinet. Mouthpiece, two barrels for tuning, two body barrels and the bell. OK, let's take a closer look. Yeah, OK, that's not too good. It looks like it's made of a cheaper wood, not Grenadilla. See here? And here? The staining is thin and they've missed a little patch here. Also

it feels a little rough because it hasn't been lacquered so it doesn't have that rich glossy look. OK, see this? The cork?

That's good. OK it's very dry and it'll need greasing but it's smooth and there are no holes or rips. Umm, that's strange. Maybe in ... no. Well, I'm puzzled by that. They've not included any cork grease. There are 3 reeds but no grease which is, well, unbelievable, I guess. You should never try to even assemble a clarinet with dry cork. That's how the cork gets ripped and stops being airtight. Hmm. OK, well fortunately I have plenty of my own. Just a sec.

Impromptu blog on how to grease a clarinet. It's pretty easy. Just get a liberal amount on your finger and smooth it all over the cork, like this. Do it on each of the joints.

There. Actually, these are so dry I think I'll do a second coat.

OK. Let's assemble it. Hmm, this joint's a bit tight. Actually it's very tight which is good. In time the cork will compress and it'll get loose so the tighter the better to start with. Incidentally I replace the cork on my clarinet every 6 months or so. See here?

Some of the grease has leaked out around the joint so I'll just get a tissue and wipe it off.

There. Never leave surplus grease on the joint. You'll get it on your fingers and your fingers will start to slip on the keys. OK, so this is the assembled clarinet. Ohh, that's nice. The thumb rest is adjustable. Cute. The feel is quite nice. These upper keys are a little sloppy for my taste but they're OK. Right, the tuning barrel. Hmm, it's single bore which isn't good. I'll just hold it up. Can you see inside?

See? It's just a tube. Half a sec, I'll get mine.

Have a look inside this. You see about halfway down there's like a step? That's called dual bore because the barrel has 2 different internal bores which is done deliberately to overcome a couple of problems single bore barrels have. This clarinet is a single bore so it probably won't breathe too well in the higher register. And now the mouthpiece. Hmm. I confess I don't have high hopes for this

mouthpiece. It's plastic and it's got a cheap and nasty feel to it. I may be wrong. We'll find out in a minute when I play it.

OK. This clarinet comes with 3 reeds which are, umm, unbranded by the look of it. Nothing on them to indicate their strength either. OK. Oh, that's bad. That's very bad. I don't know if you can see this. Let me shift the light. There. Now, if you can see, when I hold this reed in front of the light you can see the shadowing where the reed gets thicker? Around here?

See that? A good reed will have a curve in the shadow. A bad reed will be fairly straight across. This one, well, you can see, it's all over the place. This is a really really crappy reed. It might be playable but for sure it'll sound really bad. Let me show you what a good reed looks like. Just a sec.

Now, this is a packet of reeds I bought just recently. They're made by D'Addario. Other good reeds are Rico and Van Doren. I kind of prefer D'Addario. I'll just get one out. You see each reed is in a hard plastic sleeve not a paper one? Now, look at this reed. I've not touched it before but look at the shadowing. See the curve? That's what it should look like. These ones that came with the clarinet, well, I'm not even going to bother with them. There, straight in the bin. Right, let's see what this baby sounds like. I'll use one of my reeds, one that's already broken in. Just a sec.

Right, here goes. I'll just play it open for the moment.

(music)

Hmm. Interesting.

(music)

That's a better sound than I was expecting to be honest. Let's try a scale.

(music)

OK. Not too bad. Not too bad at all. Sounds like there's a leaky pad at the bottom end but the rest sounded quite reasonable. It's a touch hard to blow, probably because of the single bore, but it's a little richer than I was expecting. Let me try the upper register.

(music)

Yeah, as I thought. A little bit strained and squeaky. OK let's get physical. This is my tuner. Let me tune it and see what happens.

(music)

Now that's interesting. I'd say this clarinet is a fraction too short. I tuned it to Bb but the lower I go the more out of tune it gets. Not by much but way down there at bottom E it's playing almost a quarter tone too high which means the tube is a little too short. Let me try something.

(music)

Ohh right. If I play C it's just about spot on but if I go down a semitone to B it's off by a quarter tone again. Interesting. What that means is that the joint between the 2 barrels has been over-machined. The top barrel's fine and the bottom one seems to be fairly consistently a quarter tone too high. Let me just separate the barrels a bit.

(music)

Hey, almost there. A bit more.

(music)

That's just about spot on. That's pretty cool. All I need to do is shim out this joint this much and the whole thing would seem to be reasonably in tune. Sweet. Hmm, I wonder what I can use as a shim? I'll have a think about that, but it's nice that there's a straightforward solution. That leaky pad's a bit of a worry though since it means they didn't test it when they'd finished making it. It's easily fixed. The pads are held in place by a bed of glue which melts when heated so all you have to do is heat the key and reset the pad inside. I'll do a vlog on that tomorrow since it's time I replaced the pads on my main clarinet anyway but it's irritating to have to do it on a new clarinet.

OK. Conclusion. Hmm. Well, I'm a professional and to be honest this clarinet simply isn't good enough to even consider playing in the orchestra. Having said that, my clarinet, a Buffet Crampon R13, cost about £2500 and the mouthpiece, a Van Doren Black Diamond, cost another hundred or so which is probably a little pricey for a beginner. This clarinet is a Chiangsen and costs, I believe, around £50, including postage from China. OK, you might need to do a little work on it to get it working properly and you'll need to get some decent reeds and some grease but, yeah, it's actually not that bad. Well worth considering if you want to start to learn the clarinet although be warned, you'll probably want something better in a year or so.

Sweet. Don't forget, like and subscribe! See you guys next time!

| At 19:44 GMT 38 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query: "home made instruments skiffle" – time on site: 43m 16s

www.youtube.com/watch?v=vSFhFwHpbgw – time on site: 4m 22s

www.youtube.com/watch?v=BWJALMLziOQ – time on site: 2m 38s

www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bq_OvpmV6I8 – time on site: 18m 11s

| Bookmark created to site *www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bq_OvpmV6I8*

Wednesday 24th June 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 10:31 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger, Eddie, Badger (mood: Elisha-cheerful, Raymond-relaxed, Eddie-relaxed, Badger-distant; marketing keywords: morning, beautiful, day, ...).

Elisha: Morning guys. Beautiful day, isn't it.
Ray: Hey, what's happening?
Eddie: Seems to be. How are you?
Elisha: I'm feeling great. Very positive. Badger around?
Eddie: He's gone out for a piss.
Elisha: OK, like I really wanted to know that. So what did you think of Alexa and Charmaine?

(silence)

Elisha *(mood:curious)*: That bad, huh?
Ray *(mood:reserved)*: No, they, umm ...
Elisha: They what? Pissed you off?
Ray: No, umm ...
Elisha: Eddie?
Eddie: Yeah?
Elisha: Alexa and Charmaine? I noticed none of you really spoke to them. Didn't you like them?
Eddie *(mood:withdrawn)*: Umm.
Elisha: Oh. Well I'm surprised. I thought they were quite nice.

(footsteps)

Elisha: How about you?
Badger: Me what?
Elisha: What did you think of Alexa and Charmaine?
Badger *(mood:distant)*: Oh ... yeah.
Elisha *(mood:puzzled)*: What is all this? Have you guys taken a vow of silence or something?
Ray: Umm.
Elisha: Oh well. So I guess none of you want them in the band.
Ray: Do you want them in the band?
Elisha: It's not up to me, is it. We're a team and we all have an opinion. I'm not going to force anyone on you. If you don't like them you don't like them and that's the end of it.

Eddie: It's not that I, um, we, well, umm, yeah.

Elisha (*mood:irritated*): Oh for God's sake. Spit it out. I'm not going to hit you or anything.

Ray: Well, it's like, um, hmm.

Elisha: Badger? Are you going to umm and err as well?

Badger: Yeah, like.

(*silence*)

Elisha: There's something going on. I can feel it. There's a tension in here. What's the matter? Ray? Talk to me.

Ray: Umm, well, it's like this, umm, well, ...

Elisha: Well what?

Ray: Umm.

Eddie: They's women.

Elisha: OK, yes, they're women. So what?

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:irritated*): Oh come on! Surely you guys aren't sexist, are you? Are you seriously telling me you don't want them in the band because they're women?

Ray: Umm.

Elisha (*mood:outraged*): I don't believe it. I don't frigging believe it. You sexist bastards!

(*long silence*)

Elisha (*mood:calmer*): Actually, no. I don't believe it. If any of you were sexist you wouldn't play with me. Or don't you think I'm a woman, Ray?

Ray (*mood:sullen*): Umm, yeah, you're a woman, Eli. For sure. Yeah. No question.

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): So what is it?

(*long silence*)

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Oh! I've just realised. They're women. Oh surely not?

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:amused*): You are, aren't you. You're all scared of them, aren't you?

Eddie: Umm.

Elisha: Oh my word. Like, wow!

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:contrite*): I'm sorry. It was very wrong of me to laugh. Please forgive me.

Ray (*mood:embarrassed*): Umm, nothing to forgive, Eli. Umm, yeah.
Eddie (*mood:bashful*): Yeah, like, I'm not scared scared, like. I mean,
ummm, well.

Elisha: Hey, I'm sorry. Look, I think I understand. Let's just forget it, OK.

Badger (*mood:relieved*): OK.

Ray (*mood:worried*): But you want them in the band, Eli?

Elisha: Well, I thought it would be a good idea. You know, enrich our sound and maybe help them in the process. Like Alexa could really use a good solid dose of self-esteem boosting. Probably Charmaine as well although she seemed more resilient, somehow. Maybe it's because she's older, I don't know. Anyway, it's been good for you, hasn't it, Badge? Being in the band? You feel better about yourself?

Badger: Umm, I guess. Kind of.

Elisha: And you, Ray? Don't you feel better playing with us rather than on your own?

Ray: 'Spose.

Eddie: I do. Making that tuba was a real booster for me.

Elisha: You feel empowered?

Eddie: Well, I don't know as how I'd go that far, but yeah, I feel good about it. Making it made me feel less of a bleeding cripple, like.

Elisha: Guys, I'm really glad to hear this. I'd hate to think you weren't getting anything out of being in the band. Apart from the money, of course.

Ray: Well, yeah. I 'spose we all do. Yeah, it's good.

Elisha: So what do you think about letting them join us? I don't know if they even want to. They may not come back, but if they do? Will you let them join?

Ray: Yeah, sure, if you say so.

Elisha: No, not if I say so. We're a team and I'm not some petty dictator.

Badger (*mood:puzzled*): What's a dictator?

Eddie: Loud mouthed bastard what bosses people around.

Badger: Oh right. No, Eli, that ain't you.

Elisha: So if they want to join will you let them?

Ray: Dunno. What you think Badge?

Badger: Dunno, mate. What you think Eddie?

Eddie: Oh shit, mate. I reckon if Eli says so then it's OK with me. What you reckon?

Ray: I reckon Eli's OK.

Badger: Me too, yeah. No shit.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): So is that a yes or a no? I'm confused.

Ray: It's up to you, Eli

Elisha (*mood:exasperated*): OK, I give up. Think about it and if they come back I'll try asking again. Maybe I'll get a proper answer then.

Eddie: What if they don't?

Elisha: Then they don't and your problem's solved. Until the next time.

Ray: Oh. So, umm, like, what are they going to play?

Elisha: Well, Alexa used to play the clarinet and I've brought one of mine along just in case. She can use it if she wants. It's not particularly great but it'll do.

Eddie: And the old 'un?

Elisha: Her name's Charmaine. Don't call her old, it's disrespectful.

Eddie: Well, she's older'n me. How old you reckon she is?

Elisha: Mid fifties, I'd guess, but so what?

Eddie: Nothing, I guess. So what'll she play?

Elisha: Ahh, I'm glad you asked me that. How do you fancy making another instrument?

Eddie: Umm. What instrument?

Elisha: Guys, have a look at this.

| 38 tracking apps on Elisha's phone recorded that the bookmark to www.youtube.com/watch?v=Bq_OvpmV6I8 was activated at 10:49 GMT.

(18 minutes 23 seconds later)

Eddie (*mood:impressed*): That's clever, that is.

Elisha: You think you can make it?

Eddie: Yeah, reckon so. If we can get the bits. What you reckon, fellas?

Badger: Yeah, don't look too bleedin' hard. What you reckon, mate?

Ray: Yeah, I reckon so, mate. Dunno where to get the stuff though.

Badger: Yeah, take a bit of looking, mind.

Elisha: But you think you can do it?
 Ray: Yeah, give it a go.
 Eddie: What if she don't come back? You still want us to make it?
 Elisha: Might as well. I'm sure someone else will turn up one day who can't play anything and this would be ideal. Besides, one of us could play it from time to time as well. It would be a break for me from playing my clarinet, for example.
 Ray: K.
 Elisha: Great. OK, guys, you go off and start busking and I'll join you later. I've got to practice for the concert next week. I'll be a couple of hours, OK. Usual place?
 Ray: Sure. Come on guys.

At 23:16 GMT 38 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query: "why are men scared of women" – time on site:16s

www.psychologytoday.com/au/blog/fear-intimacy/202111/men-s-fears-women-in-everyday-life – time on site:11m19s

Thursday 25th June 2020

Transcript of phone call between Jason Molina, located in Bromley, and Emilia Borgov, located in Greenwich, commencing at 10:36 GMT.

Jason: Hello, Emilia, what's cooking?
Emilia: Hello Jason. How are things with you? Busy?
Jason: Oh fine, considering. No, not particularly busy although I was going to start my practising soon. Is there a problem?
Emilia: Actually no, things seem to be going well. I'm at The Enclave with Clark. He got the new software last night and he's finished installing it.
Jason: Ahh. Does it work this time?
Emilia: Yes it seems to. Clark's linked it into the website and we did a test broadcast of me walking around the stage.
Jason: That is excellent news. I wish I'd seen it. I like watching you walking.
Emilia: Oh don't you start or I'll report you to Janel for harassment.
Jason: OK, OK, I'll stop. So why are you ringing me rather than emailing us all with the news?
Emilia: Clark wants to do a proper test with full sound. Apparently me talking while I walked wasn't good enough.
Jason: Does he want the full orchestra in? That'll take a while to organise.
Emilia: Actually, no. That's why I'm ringing you. Would you mind coming in for an hour or so? You could do your practice here.
Jason: Umm, yeah, sure. Don't see why not. Will it be broadcast over the net?
Emilia: Just a moment.
(indecipherable voices)
Emilia: Clark said yes otherwise it wouldn't be a proper test but don't worry, no one will be watching other than Clark and me.
Jason: OK, then. I'll be there in, ohh, 45 minutes or so.
Emilia: Great, thanks. Oh, could you wear your formals? That way we can do a colour balance check as well.

Jason: No problem. See you in a bit.

| *Email sent from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 18:27 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: Streaming problems

We received the new software from BSpaceE this morning and Clark, our IT man, installed it. The good news is that we can now stream the video in a standard format. However there is still a problem. To give the system a reasonable test, Jason came in to The Enclave and performed for an hour or so while Clark set up our existing audio system to match the video and therein lies the problem.

Clark noticed after an hour or so of Jason's playing that the audio and the video didn't perfectly synchronise even though it was synchronised when Jason started. For some reason that Clark hasn't been able to work out, the video ends up being slightly behind the audio.

Jason stayed for several more hours while Clark worked on this and all he's been able to establish so far is that it is the video that's at fault, not the audio. Clark brought a computer on stage so he could both see and hear Jason and the broadcast of Jason and it is clearly the video that's at fault, not the audio. The delay is small, Clark tells me it's of the order of 0.014%, but what this means is, by the end of a 2 hour concert, viewers will hear notes almost a full second before they see the notes being played. I watched it myself and it's actually quite disconcerting.

Clark rang the programmer at BSpaceE who sent the update and he has no idea what the issue might be either. He's going to talk to his manager and see if they can replicate the problem in their labs. If they can't, they'll probably send someone down to The Enclave to see if the problem is here. The programmer speculated that it might be a power supply problem or something to do with the cabling. Clark thinks it's a software problem.

The long and the short of it is that I think we're going to have to delay

the first broadcast yet again. We really cannot justify charging people for such a poor performance and I have a strong gut feeling that this is not going to be an easy problem to solve.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 18:35 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Streaming problems

You're quite right Emilia, we cannot broadcast with such poor quality. We might be able to get away with it if it were a rock performance but our audience is very discerning and a respectable proportion of our auditorium audience bring the score with them to see what changes we've made. I strongly suspect that few, if any, will tolerate synchronisation problems.

I propose we again wait until Monday before making a final decision on postponement. It is possible that this problem can be easily identified and quickly resolved.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 18:44 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Bertram Entwistle <bertrame@5150w.co.uk>
Subject: re: Streaming problems

I hate to be the bearer of bad news but I need to warn you all that we have some six or seven weeks remaining before 515N0W becomes insolvent. How long can we realistically wait for these problems to be resolved?

If it should turn out that the problems cannot be resolved our only

option will then be to purchase off-the-shelf commercial equipment and the purchasing of this equipment will consume three to four weeks of our financial reserves, thereby cutting the window to perhaps three or four weeks.

If we hold back for, say, two weeks before purchasing the commercial equipment, that will give us some two or three weeks in which to install the equipment and generate sufficient paying audiences to keep us viable.

Given that the equipment from Sergey Vanofov has problems which may or may not be quickly resolved, given that there is the possibility of further, as yet undiscovered, problems and given the very short time scale, might it not be worth considered cutting our losses and abandoning the Vanofov system immediately?

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Jason Molina at 19:03 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Streaming problems

I hear you, Bertie, and what you say makes logical sense. However, it seems to me that if we can avoid paying out a month of our lives to buy this equipment then we have that month in which to build an online audience. I say let's keep working on the problems we have at the moment – they may be fixed in a day or two.

Frankly, I love the 515N0W Orchestra and I am desperately proud to be its First Violin. I've discussed this with my wife and, if push comes to shove, we will contribute £10,000 towards the purchase of commercial equipment. Just let's hold off for a while longer.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Kaji Anwa-Michel at 19:06 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Kaji Anwa-Michel
Subject: re: Streaming problems

I am POOR conductor but TOO I give £5000 along with ALL MY SOUL

Kaji Anwa-Michel
Resident Conductor, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 19:08 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Streaming problems

Talk about peer pressure! I can probably find £4000.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 19:10 GMT.*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Streaming problems

You're all paid a lot more than I am but you can put me down for a thousand. Maybe fifteen hundred if I sell my car.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 20:03 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Streaming problems

I am deeply and profoundly touched by all your kind offers of money and the love of our Orchestra that you all express in this way.

Sadly it is not that simple. If needs be I could purchase the equipment myself but that alone would not be sufficient. Our costs will continue and there is no guarantee that the streaming will generate sufficient income in the weeks and months that follow. I thank you for your offers but decline them.

We will give Sergey and his team one week to resolve the problems with the software. If at the end of that time there are still problems making streaming non-viable then we will purchase the minimum commercial equipment necessary and place ourselves in the hands of Apollo, the God of Music.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Friday 26th June 2020

Partial transcript of recording made by trojan spyware on the mobile phone associated with Alexa Sinclair, located in Deptford, commencing 14:26 GMT. Participants identified as Alexa Sinclair and Charmaine Kinross (mood: Alexatense, Charmaine-amused; marketing keywords: none recorded as participants identified of low economic status)

(background music)

Alexa: Well, there they are.

Charmaine: Go on then.

Alexa: I'm still not convinced.

Charmaine: Jesus, girl, what the hell else do I have to say to convince you?

Alexa: It's all right for you. You know damned well they won't have anything for you to play. You'll just be a groupie or something.

Charmaine: Hah! I could always be a bleedin' dancer, like. That'd bring the crowds.

Alexa: Scare them away, more likely. Like my clarinet playing. It's been 20 years since I touched one.

Charmaine: Oh go on with ya. It's just like riding a bike. It'll all come back to ya.

Alexa: Yeah, like you'd know.

Charmaine: I can ride a bike.

Alexa: You know full well what I mean. This is stupid. I'm going back to the caravan.

Charmaine: No you're not. You're coming with me.

Alexa (*mood:irritated*): Let me go, damn you! I don't want to.

Charmaine: Couldn't give a shit, love. Be good for ya. Give you an interest in life.

Alexa: Oh go to hell! Oww, you're hurting me!

Charmaine: Then stop making me drag you.

Alexa: Oh all right. Just give me a moment, OK.

Charmaine: No, you'll only bleeding run away. Come on.

(pause)

(music stops)

Charmaine: Hello Elisha.

Unknown: Oh, hello. Where did you 2 come from?

(voice identified as Elisha Houghton)

Charmaine: Back there. We was behind you. Lexie 'ere wants to talk to you.

Elisha (*mood:pleased*): Oh great. Hey guys, take 5, OK.

Alexa (*mood:irritated*): Let go of me!

Charmaine: Sure, when you've told Elisha. She's a bit nervous, like.

Elisha: OK. So what do you want to tell me, Alexa?

Charmaine: She wants to join your band. Isn't that right Lexie?

Alexa (*mood:resigned*): I suppose so.

Elisha: You don't seem very keen, I have to say.

Charmaine: Like I said, she's just nervous. Int'ya Lexie.

Alexa: Oh very well. Let go of me!

Charmaine: OK.

Alexa: Thank you. Now, Elisha, Charmaine and I have talked at length about this and she, well, we think it could be a good idea. I haven't played for years though so it would probably be best if I practised for a while before actually performing in public.

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Are you sure you want to do this?

Alexa: No I'm not sure at all. In fact I'm fairly convinced that I'll make a mess of it and embarrass both myself and the rest of you.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Oh we all felt like that to start with. I remember my first public performance. I peed constantly beforehand and nearly peed myself on stage.

Alexa: Somehow that's not very reassuring.

Charmaine: Don't worry, Lexie. I'll find a newspaper so as to mop it all up.

Alexa: Ha bloody ha.

Charmaine: You're welcome.

Alexa: I'm only doing this if Charmaine is involved as well.

Elisha: Oh, sure, that's cool. We've got something I think Charmaine can play.

Charmaine (*mood:alarmed*): You what? Nah, I can't play no instruments.

Alexa (*mood:sarcastic*): Oh you've changed your tune now, haven't you. That was the deal, though. Elisha said I was to play if she found something for you to play.

Charmaine: Yeah, but she was only joking, like. I ain't never played no instruments.

Alexa: Well the joke's on you now, isn't it. And you've only

yourself to blame.

Elisha (*mood:placatory*): Listen, you're under no pressure to join. Either of you. If you'd rather not, it's all good.

Alexa (*mood:defiant*): Oh I definitely want to join now. See what kind of a mess Charmaine makes of this. So what is it? Trumpet? Banjo? Accordion?

Elisha: Umm, I'm not exactly sure what it is but I found a video online about how to make one and the guys found the bits and pieces and put it together last night. Seems to work.

Alexa: Hmm, OK. So what happens now? Do we sign a contract or something?

Elisha: Oh God no. We're all very informal. You don't even have to turn up every day, just whenever you want to. You won't get a share of the takings if you don't turn up but if you do you'll get the same share as the others.

Charmaine: So, like, how many in the sharing? Just the 4 of yous or is there others?

Elisha: There's only 4 of us, 6 with you 2 but I don't get a share, so it'll be between the 5 of you.

Alexa: Why don't you get a share?

Elisha: I've got a job. I don't need the money.

Charmaine: Oh, right. Nice for some.

Elisha: Absolutely so it wouldn't be fair if I took a share.

Alexa: Hmm. Oh well. Right. So when do we start? Monday?

Elisha: Right now, if you like.

Alexa (*mood:alarmed*): I'm sorry? You mean here? Now?

Elisha: Oh no, definitely not. What I meant was that we can leave the guys and go back to the chapel. I left a spare clarinet there for you, Alexa, and I printed out a fingering chart at the library for you since you probably don't remember. You can practice all you want there and join in with us whenever you feel ready.

Charmaine: What 'bout me?

Elisha: You come too. I don't really know how to play the thing but we'll figure it out. It doesn't seem difficult.

Charmaine: Oh Jesus. Me a friggin muso! Hey, what was that? Ohh a flying pig!

Alexa: So you're saying you want us to start now?

Elisha: No time like the present. Unless you've got something

else to do?

Alexa: Umm ...

Elisha: I'll just tell the guys and get my clarinet. Back in a sec.
(pause)

Charmaine *(quiet)*: Jesus, I weren't bloody expecting that.

Alexa *(quiet)*: We could make a run for it.

Charmaine: I'm too bleedin' old and fat to run. Reckon as how we're lumbered now.

Alexa: Well, it's your own fault. If you hadn't insisted ...

Elisha: All good girls, let's get going.
(footsteps)
(lengthy pause)

Alexa: So are the others happy for us to join? They didn't seem overly pleased and they barely spoke to us the other day.

Elisha: Oh they're just shy. They get a little nervous with strangers. Don't worry, they'll get used to you.

Charmaine: So what are their names again? I've forgotten.

Elisha: Ray, Badger and Eddie.

Alexa: Eddie's the one with that funny hosepipe thing?

Elisha: That's right. It's a sort of tuba. He made it himself.

Charmaine: And Badger is the one with all them tubs and pots and stuff? And Ray's the one on guitar?

Elisha: That's right.

Alexa: So are you 2 a couple then?

Elisha *(mood:surprised)*: I'm sorry? A couple? Who?

Alexa: You and Ray.

Elisha: Oh God no, we're just friends.

Charmaine: 'E's too bleedin young for yous anyway, Lexie.

Alexa: Oh, I'm not interested in any man. Far too much trouble. I was just curious, that's all.

Elisha: You've got me curious, now. Why would you think we were a couple?

Alexa: Oh, his eyes. But I'm wrong so it doesn't matter.

Elisha *(mood:intent)*: What do you mean, his eyes?

Alexa: Oh, you know. He's always watching you with that sad, pathetic, lost look in his eyes. You've seen it too, haven't you, Charm?

Charmaine: Yeah. Like a puppy what thinks 'e's done something wrong.

Elisha: I'm sure you're wrong there.

Alexa: Of course. He's probably just a sad, pathetic, lost sort of person. I don't know him.

Elisha: Well, he has had a bad deal in life.

Alexa: I'm sure he has.

Elisha: Oh dear, I'm sorry. I didn't mean, that is, umm ...

Alexa: Don't worry about it. We've all had a bad deal in life, probably you too in your own way. It's just a matter of scale. Mind you, the other 2 don't look sad and lost.

Charmaine: 'Course they bloody do. We've all got old eyes.

Alexa: Well, yes, I suppose so. But we don't watch Elisha all the time, do we?

Charmaine: Yeah, true.

Elisha (*mood:distracted*): I'm sure you're mistaken. Anyway, that's neither here nor there. If you don't mind me asking, Charmaine, what brought you to this place in your life?

Charmaine: Deptford? I was bleedin' born 'ere.

Alexa: She means on the streets, Charm.

Charmaine: Ohh. Ticked the wrong bleedin' box, didn't I.

Elisha: I don't understand. The wrong box?

Charmaine: Yeah, way back I was married, see. Couple of kids, me own little hairdressing business. Then when the kids moved out the old bugger up and scarpered, didn't he. Didn't leave me no debts, like what with Lexie 'ere, but the hairdressing didn't make enough to cover all the bills and rent and stuff, so I was on universal credit as well. That was just enough to get by.

Elisha: So what went wrong?

Charmaine: Couple of years back I had to update me records, didn't I. On this computer system thing, like. Anyways, I ticked the wrong box for something, don't know what it was and DWP cut me benefits. Took a few weeks to get it sorted, like, but it was too bleedin' late then.

Elisha: What do you mean, too late?

Alexa: They only docked her benefit by about £400 but she was already in arrears on her flat and on the rent for the salon so by the time DWP had investigated and agreed that an error had been made she'd been evicted.

Elisha: From home or from the business?

Alexa: From home but the business had to fold since Charm

had nowhere else to go except to stay with one of her children.

Charmaine: He's in Bristol, like. Couldn't run the shop from Bristol.

Elisha: And your other child?

Charmaine: Married a bleedin' Aussie. Lives in Sydney. Couldn't go there.

Elisha: So why aren't you still living with your son?

Charmaine: He got laid off, same week as 'is missus had another babe. 'e still ain't got another job, last I heard, and what with another mouth to feed there's wasn't no room for me so I got back in me car and came 'ome to London.

Alexa: There's more, of course. Her son blamed Charm for the divorce so the atmosphere was pretty poisonous.

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): That's terrible!

(*pause*)

Alexa: You haven't been among the homeless for long, have you, Elisha?

Elisha: What do you mean?

Alexa: We all have a terrible story. After a while they become ordinary. We're each of us just another hard luck story that no one cares about. You'll get used to it if you stick around us for long.

Elisha: That would be terribly sad if it happens.

Alexa: It will. Take that Jemima at the kitchen, for example. She'll have heard every story with a hundred minor variations.

Elisha (*mood:sad*): I suppose. It's depressing, isn't it. So what happened to your car, Charmaine?

Charmaine: Oh, it got torched. Some kids, pissed as anything. Bit of a lark, see. Cops never do nothing if it's the homeless.

Elisha: Oh.

(*silence*)

(*2 minutes 17 seconds later*)

Elisha: Hello, looks like the queue's starting early today.

Charmaine: What? Oh, shit, yeah. Bummer. I was hoping we'd be first in line for a change.

Alexa: Not to worry. So where's this wonderful instrument you expect Charm to play?

Elisha: Inside the chapel, over in a back corner, behind the

pew.

(pause)

Charmaine (*puzzled*): I don't see nothing, just a tub and an old broomstick.

Elisha (*amused*): Hah, that's it. Let's get it out in the open.

Alexa (*mood:dubious*): Are you serious? That is a musical instrument?

Elisha: Yes. It's sort of like a double bass except it's only got 1 string. Look, this metal tub goes on the floor, upside-down and this piece of cord goes through the hole in the middle and you put the loop of the cord in this notch on the pole. Then you just fit this groove in the bottom of the pole over the rim of the tub, like that.

Charmaine: Crikey. So how'd you play it?

Elisha: You hold the pole with one hand, put your opposite foot on the front of the tub to hold it steady then pull the cord tight and pluck it. Like this. Oh.

Alexa: Umm, I have to admit it sounds pretty pathetic.

Elisha (*mood: confused*): Yes. It sounded a lot better last night. I wonder what I'm doing wrong. That goes there and that, and that then pull it tight. Umm.

Charmaine: It's crap, love. Sorry, like, but there it is.

Elisha: No, I'm doing something wrong. Umm. Ahh, yes, how stupid of me. We need the brick. I wonder where it's got to?

Alexa: You mean that one over there?

Elisha: That's it. We've got to have the brick. Twanging the cord makes the tub vibrate but if it's flat on the ground the ground absorbs the vibrations. The brick goes under where you put your foot, there, and keeps most of the tub off the ground and lets the sound out. Like this. Ahh, that's much better.

Alexa: OK, that's not that bad after all. So, what, it's only got one note?

Elisha: Oh no, you can play lots of notes. All you have to do it pull back on the pole to tighten the cord for a higher note, like this ... and slacken off for a lower note, like this ... With a little bit of practice you'll be able to play a rhythm, like they did with double basses in old rock and roll songs. You know, dum dum da dum. Give it a try, Charmaine.

Charmaine: Ooh er. So, what, I put me foot there?

Elisha: Yes, otherwise you'll pull the tub over.

Charmaine: K, and pull back and, what, pluck it?

Elisha: Yup.

Charmaine: Ooops.

Elisha: Try just using one finger, maybe your 2nd finger.

Charmaine: Like that? Ooooh, it worked!

Elisha: Try tightening the cord.

Charmaine (*mood:impressed*): Hey! Look at me! I'm a bleedin' rock star!

Elisha: Try keeping a beat, 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4, like that, and vary the pitch.

Charmaine: Vary the what?

Alexa: The pitch. How high or low it sounds.

Charmaine: K.
(*irregular thrumming*)

Elisha: It'll sound better with some practice and with Badger on drums you can just keep time with him. So what do you reckon? Don't try to go too fast, though.

Charmaine: It's kind of fun, like, 'cept it's making my hand tingle a little.

Elisha: You'll probably get a callous on your finger as well but that's the price we musicians have to pay. I've got a big callous on the side of my thumb from the rest on my clarinet and one on the inside of my lip from the mouthpiece.

Alexa (*mood:ironic*): Best you don't wear a short skirt when you're playing that thing in public, Charm. You'll get arrested.

Charmaine: Won't be the first time, love. 'Sides, I ain't got no short skirts. Ain't got the legs for it.

Elisha: No one's going to get arrested. OK, Alexa. We've got Charmaine an instrument and she's playing it. Your turn.

Alexa (*mood:resigned*): I suppose. OK fine. Where's this clarinet?

Elisha: It's here. Um, it's a fairly cheap one, I'm afraid, but it's new and doesn't sound too bad. You can keep it, if you want.

Alexa (*mood:suspicious*): You bought it especially for me?

Elisha: Actually, no. I was given it.

Alexa: I thought you were a professional. Who on Earth would give you a cheap clarinet?

Elisha: Ahh, that's the power of the internet. I have a channel on YouTube and a Chinese instrument company gave this to me in the hope I'd give it a good review and persuade people to buy one.

Alexa: Did you give it a good review?

Elisha: I gave it an OK review which they should be happy with. I don't expect they plan to compete with the best manufacturers because it's nowhere near good enough for that. Anyway, I did what they asked so I have no guilt about keeping it. I've put in a couple of good quality reeds though and threw out the ones that came with it. Try it. See how much you remember. These are the fingering charts. Umm, I thought, if you're both happy, you could do a few days practising here then, when you're comfortable, we can get the guys in as well and see if we can fit everything together. Maybe in a week or so we can go out in public. What do you think?

Alexa: A week? I think you're a mad woman, Elisha.

Elisha: Completely round the twist.

Elisha: Perhaps, but I've always found it's good to have a target. If you know you'll be performing in public in a week then you'll practice a little harder.

Charmaine: I reckon I'll be ready tomorrow. This is, like, piss easy.

Elisha: It's a little more difficult when you have to keep time with everyone else but you'll be just fine. So, what do you think? You're both going to join the band?

Charmaine: Yeah, why not, eh? Bit of a laugh, like. Lexie?

Alexa: A week is a big ask, I have to say. Ummm. Look, I'll be honest. With Charm in I'm willing to join in as well but not with that name. It's disgusting, isn't it.

Elisha: Puddle Of A Cat? Yes. Can't say I like it myself, either.

Alexa: So why not change it?

Elisha: Yeah, not something I want to do, to be honest. The guys thought of it themselves and, well, it took a lot of effort to get them to make a decision on their own. They usually leave all the decisions to me. If I tell them to change it God knows what that'll do to their self esteem. No way am I going to be critical.

Alexa: What if we tell them?

Elisha (*mood:unhappy*): Well, umm ...

Charmaine: Tell 'em they'll make more money with a better name. Like, who's going to chuck cash in a pool of cat piss?

Elisha: Look, if you want to talk to the guys about changing the name, that's fine, only don't tell them it came from me. I don't want to know anything about it until we have a different name. They might be more willing to accept change if it comes from you.

Alexa (*mood:sharp*): Because we're the same as them, you mean?

Elisha (*mood:defensive*): No, of course not. Or maybe yes, in a way.

Look, I didn't mean to be rude or anything, it's just that when I'm around they seem to defer to me all the time and if I say anything the least bit negative they sulk for days. I'd much rather put up with the name than hurt their feelings.

Charmaine: No sweat, luvvie. Lexie can take the blame. It was her idea, after all.

Alexa (*mood:huffy*): Why do I always have to take the blame? You didn't like it either.

Charmaine: Yeah but I kept it to meself, didn't I. You's the one as has to go an' open her big mouth, int'ya.

Elisha: OK, ladies. No one has to take the blame for anything. All you have to do is suggest that perhaps the band could make more money if it changed its name and see how they react and take it from there. I just don't want them thinking I'm behind it.

Alexa (*mood:aggressive*): So you want us to do your dirty work, then?

Charmaine (*mood:impatient*): Oh give it a friggin' rest, Lexie. It's just a bleedin' name, innit.

Elisha (*mood:placatory*): No, not at all. I don't like the name but I'm happy with it if they are. You're the one that wants to change it. And before you say anything no, I'm not blaming you either.

Alexa: Hmmm. OK. But you'll be the one that will approve a new name if we come up with one?

Elisha: Again, no. If you all come up with a name you agree on it'll be fine with me.

Alexa: So you're basically saying you're not committed to the band, then?

Charmaine (*mood:irritated*): Lexie! Shut the eff up, OK. It's 'er bleedin' band, innit? 'Course she's bleedin' committed. You's just

trying to pick a fight, int ya.

Alexa: No, I was just wondering where we stand, that's all.

Charmaine: Well, stop bleedin' wondering, OK. 'Lisha says we can join the band and if ya don't bleedin' like it then yous can bugger off. I'm joining though, in I. Gonna be a laugh.

Alexa: OK, OK, calm down. Jesus. I'm joining, OK? Just wanted to know about the name, that's all.

Charmaine: All right, then. So stick that clarinet thing in yer mouth and shut the eff up.

Alexa: I don't know why I put up with you, I really don't.

Charmaine: It's 'cos I'm the only bleedin' person in the whole bleedin' world that'll put up with you, ya daft mush. Now shut your trap or we'll be out on our arses again. They don't have to 'ave us in this bleedin' band.

Alexa (*mood:contrite*): Actually, Elisha, she has a point. I'm not easy to live with anymore. I'm sorry. I seem to be aggressive and on edge all the time these days.

Elisha: Hey, I'm not getting involved in that conversation but you both seem to be good for each other and I can understand you being on edge after all you've been through. Both of you. Hey, why don't we use some of this energy to do a little practice?

Alexa: Might as well. So do we leave these instruments here when we're done?

Elisha: Take them home with you. You can keep the clarinet but we'd better check with Eddie and Badger about the bass. I don't know if they planned to keep it or what.

(*pause*)

(*music*)

| *Email sent from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 16:03 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton
 From: Bertram Entwistle
 Subject: <no subject>

Malcolm, I noted the offers of finance from the others and they've got me thinking. I've always tried to uphold the good name and reputation

of the 515N0W Orchestra by ensuring that all things within my purview are done correctly and on time. However, I've been looking again at the figures and if we delay payments on our various bills as long as possible we should be able to stave off the bitter end for three or four months. Of course, the downside is that our reputation will suffer, although only among our creditors and not the general public, and we may well find ourselves facing legal action if we delay too long but it occurs to me that it may well be better to continue as a functioning unit with irate creditors than not function at all.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 16:11 GMT*

To: Bertram Entwistle
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: <no subject>

I hope you are not referring to the payroll, Bertie. The moment we lose the goodwill of the musicians we cease to be an orchestra.

As regards the other bills, well, I leave that in your capable hands. I daresay we can regain our good reputation when this COVID business is behind us. After all, what use is a reputation if we've ceased to function? I imagine we are not the only organisation to be experiencing difficulties. I would ask, however, that we don't get taken to court as that could have long term ramifications.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 16:14 GMT*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: re: <no subject>

Naturally I was not referring to the payroll. Because of the furlough

scheme this is not an expense we have to meet. I daresay we could continue to claim that funding and not pass it on to the staff but that would be illegal and, as you say, counter-productive.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *At 23:16 GMT 39 tracking apps on Elisha's phone recorded that the email from jemima369@live.com timed at 2020:05:30:06:47 was reopened for 2 minutes 21 seconds.*

Saturday 27th June 2020

| *Transcript of voice recording made on Elisha's phone commencing 03:14 GMT:*

Hi guys, Elisha Clarinet here. I'm not going to bother to say like and subscribe because I'm never going to post this vlog. I just need someone to talk to and, well, you guys are as good as any.

I've just realised how pathetic that sounds. It's just that it's, what, after 3 in the morning. Jesus that's late. Anyway, all my friends are back in Gloucester and I've kinda lost that intimacy, you know. They've moved on and I've moved on so ... yeah. And I haven't made any new ones here in London yet, what with the lockdown and everything. Well, there's Chrissie, I guess, but she's, um, I don't know, a bit of an air-head, I guess. For sure she isn't someone you can talk to about life issues and shit. Mmm. My mum's off in Sri Lanka and she wouldn't understand anyway. Neither would my sister. I don't know. We've never been particularly close, maybe it's because she's gay and I'm not but actually it probably isn't that. We weren't close when we were too young to know what gay and straight were. You know, when I was very young Simone pushed my pram out to an alley several streets away and left me there. Apparently she told my mum I'd run away. Anyway, mum came and got me, well I suppose she did since I'm still here. Anyway I'm just rambling. So, yeah, I'm, like, well, I've been lying here with all these thoughts running round in my head and that's what I want to talk about. Try and get them straight, make some sense of them, I guess. I dunno. All I know is I'm not going to sleep so I might as well talk to you guys. Even though I'm not going to post this. Yeah.

This is the thing though. I don't even know what it is I'm confused about. These thoughts are going round in my head but they're mixed up. It's not like I'm thinking about anything in particular. I don't even know why I'm thinking these thoughts.

Actually that's a lie. I do know why I'm thinking these thoughts. I just don't know why I'm thinking these thoughts about these thoughts. It should be pretty simple but for some reason it isn't. So I'm going round and round and round and not really thinking anything coherently just mixing up my emotions and incidents and things and ... yeah. Bullshitting I guess. Or I'm just going crazy.

And what I really don't know is why I'm prevaricating. It's not like I'm actually talking to anyone, is it. I'm just sitting here in bed in the dark talking to my phone with no one at the other end. So why prevaricate? I guess a shrink would say maybe it's because I don't want to face up to something in my subconscious but it isn't in my subconscious. I know what it is. Or what one of them is anyway. Well, I know what both of them are. What I don't know is why I'm lying in bed going round in circles about them. Maybe there's another? Christ knows.

I don't know why I'm afraid to say them out loud either. I'm not usually like this. I'm prevaricating again. Shit. I'm going to make some tea. Back in a minute.

(recording paused)

(recording resumed 4 minutes 19 seconds later)

I'm back, guys! Miss me? Hah, as if. I gave myself a good talking to while the kettle was boiling, quietly of course since I don't want to wake anyone else up. They think I'm a bit strange at the best of times but talking to the kettle? Hah. I'm doing it again. Just spit it out Elisha, stop prevaricating.

It's Ray and it's the band. There. I've said it. Them. Both of them. Out loud so that makes it official, on the record. Which I guess is a step in the right direction although I guess if I knew the right direction I wouldn't be going round in circles, would I? Or prevaricating. Shit. OK, here's the thing. I had this, like, really weird conversation earlier today. Like with these two women who were joining the band and one of them said ... Well, it wasn't like the whole conversation was weird, just this little bit of it. Oh and the other bit. But the rest of it was, I guess, fairly normal. And that's what I've been thinking about. Off and on. Well, more off than on. Or more on than off. I'm not sure. Hmm. What I mean is the weird bits not the normal bits. Why would I be going on about the normal bits? I'm not that crazy and, yeah, it's not like I don't know that Ray likes me, you see. Given his track record he'd be long gone if he didn't and I like him too. Actually, he's really really shy and sweet and he's kind of cute, especially now he's got rid of that stupid beard. So, yeah, I really do like him and yeah, it's kind of nice that he likes me too and Jesus ... This is frigging ridiculous. I'm 29, I'll be 30 next January. I'm not, like, 15 and freaking out over whether some guy at school likes me or not. Shit. Hey, I can handle it if a guy likes me. I can handle it if a guy doesn't like me. Not everyone

likes me and I'm cool with that. I've known a lot of guys, well, a few anyway, it's not like I sleep around. So why am I lying awake here? Why am I getting all uptight because Alexa said he can't take his eyes off me? So he likes me. I like him. So what's the problem here? Is it because she thought we were a couple? And I didn't freak out over whether boys at school liked me anyway because I was at an all girls' school so there weren't any boys. Although there were boys of course. Just not at school. I remember there was this one boy, Aiden, and he was so cool and he had this long fringe which hung over his eyes and ... I'm prevaricating again. Shit. He had blue eyes by the way. And long eye lashes. And that bitch Carly ... Shut up Elisha. Losing focus here. Anyway so that's the one thing and the other thing is Alexa questioned my commitment to the band. Alexa's one of the ones joining the band. That's bugging me too. Not that she's joining the band. I think that's pretty cool but what she said. Yeah. About my commitment. I was pissed at first that she would question my commitment but I'm kind of wondering about it myself now. At first I was like, why am I doing all this shit for the band if I'm not committed but now I'm like wondering why am I doing all this shit anyway? Like what the hell for? It's not like I even get any of the money we make.

Yeah.

And I get why he hasn't tried to make a move on me. Most guys do, whether they like me or not. It's how guys are but, like, yeah, Ray's had this really hard time what with his sister and his mum and yeah, I get that he's shy with me and yeah, probably too scared to make a move. I get that. So why haven't I made a move on him? It's not like I'm shy, I've done it before. I know he likes me and yeah, I admit I fancy him too. And I haven't had a shag for, Jesus, a year and a half, nearly two years. Wow. That long. And it's not like I haven't thought about it and, yeah, it would be difficult. I can't bring him here and I can't go back to his place. For sure there's no way I'm shagging him in the chapel with Eddie and Badger there. Maybe that's why I'm working with the band. Maybe subconsciously it's a way of keeping Ray with me but keeping him distant at the same time. Like, maybe the band's a safety barrier. So maybe I'm not committed to the band as such just committed to keeping Ray close but at a distance. Keeping him one of a group rather than just me and him. Yeah, me and him. Shit, if I

brought him here Mandy would probably hear us and she'd freak out and Simon would tease me endlessly. Katrin wouldn't like it much either. She's got this rule where we can only have overnight guests two nights a week, not that any of us have had overnight guests but that would be a real biggie if we were going to live together. So, yeah, maybe the band is just a facade, something I'm creating as a front for ...

Shit! I just realised what I said. Where did that come from? Holy fuck. Live together? Is that what all this is about? Me living with Ray? As a couple? Jesus.

(recording paused)

(recording resumed 1 minute 29 seconds later)

OK guys. I've got my cool back. Living with Ray. Well, OK, it was a shock when I realised what I'd said but thinking about it I kind of like the idea. Yeah. I admit it. He's a really nice guy, but ... he's got all these issues. There's always a but, isn't there. Like shit loads of baggage. And he's got no job. Like, if I'm going to have to pay for everything there's no way I can afford somewhere bigger. The rent on this room is about my limit. How would we get by? And can I really cope with all his insecurities and baggage and shit? Would I have to be responsible for everything? Could he even hold onto a job if he got one? And besides, what would the guys in the Orchestra think when they found out?

Oh my God.

Is that what all this is about? Am I really that superficial? Shit, is all this because he's homeless? Because I'm afraid of the stigma of being with a homeless guy? Jesus.

But it's an issue for sure. What would they put on the Orchestra website? Other people are married to journalists and doctors and professors and stuff but Elisha Houghton, Second Clarinet, lives with a homeless guy. Wouldn't look good. Except he wouldn't be homeless then, would he? Hmm. And for sure my parents would freak. Dad especially. He'd say something along the lines of we brought you up and made sure you had everything, a good home, great education, everything you needed and you're throwing it all away for some homeless tramp and a life on the streets? And, like, I guess he'd be

right too in a way. I'm the first to admit I've had a pretty privileged life. If it wasn't for my dad's money and their endless support I wouldn't have been able to become a musician, at least not a clarinetist. Maybe a guitarist or something with a rock band but, yeah. Classical music, all that study at Guildhall, that takes money. And Simone? I don't really know. Sure, she went through some shit when she came out as gay but that's almost fashionable these days but a homeless guy? She'd probably just say it's proof I'm fucked in the head. I doubt Katrin would even let him in the house. She'd probably kick me out too. Jesus. Oh, fuck 'em. Fuck 'em all. Simone was tough enough to tell the world she loved another woman. Plenty of people fall in love with blacks or Jews or whatever, people who're different. Sure there are plenty of people who condemn them but am I really one of them? I thought I was better than that? Am I so up myself that I can't ... just a minute. Who said anything about love? Am I in love with Ray? Is that what this is all about? I'm in love with a homeless guy and my subconscious is blowing fuses all over? I'm such a, I don't even know what the word is, if there is a word, like racist but against the homeless? Whatever. Am I such a whatever sort of person that I can't bring myself to admit I love a guy because he's homeless? Am I really such a bad person? Anyway, he may not love me. Actually he might. Alexa and Charmaine seemed to think so anyway. Which is kind of cool. Yeah. But then they also said he's like a puppy. Maybe he doesn't love me. Maybe he's just a puppy who's been mistreated and has finally found someone who treats him nice. Yeah, that's probably it. Hmm. But Badger doesn't look at me like that, does he. Or does he? They'd have said, wouldn't they? He's been mistreated too and I'm nice to him. And Eddie. So maybe Ray does love me.

(recording paused)

(recording resumed 48 seconds later)

I've just remembered Jemima said something in her email. Something about Ray not being able to survive in my world. So does that mean that I have to move into his world? Shit. I don't want to be homeless. How would I be able to carry on with the Orchestra? How could I be a world famous soloist? Elisha Houghton the homeless soloist. I'd be a laughing stock, I guess. That's if anyone even invited me to perform. Frigging nightmare.

(recording paused)

(recording resumed 2 minutes 4 seconds later)

Something occurred to me just now. A few days ago I more or less

browbeat Ray and Badger into saying they trusted me. I don't really remember why so it was probably over something quite trivial but here's the thing. I gave Alexa the Chinese clarinet. I've got my old spare plus Dennis' 2 B flats so why did I give her the crappy one? The only reason I can think of is that, subconsciously, I don't trust her. For sure it wasn't conscious. I just dug out the Chinese one in case she wanted to join without giving it a thought. Actually, Elisha, that's not really true, is it? Come on, be honest, if only to yourself. Yeah, It did cross my mind that she might take it and bugger off and sell it which is why I gave her the Chinese one. I sure as hell didn't want her selling one of Dennis'. So that makes me a bad person, doesn't it. If someone new joined the Orchestra I've have let them have one of the decent ones, but because Alexa is homeless, one of them, I didn't give her the same level of trust. And for sure I didn't give her the trust that I expect in return. That's probably why I was hurt when she asked about my commitment. She wasn't trusting me the way I thought she should have been. But I wasn't trusting her, was I? Noooo. Shit. I expect them to trust me because, well, because I'm me and I'm, like, saying I'm on their side and kind of look at me I'm helping you, but I'm not giving that trust back. Which is kind of unfair, isn't it.

Jesus, what a mess. I guess I'm saying here that I think I'm better than they are. Well, doesn't everyone? Doesn't everyone think they're better than a homeless person? Even though a lot of them are homeless because of misfortune? It's not like Ray or Badge or Eddie or Alexa put themselves in this position. Maybe you could argue that Charmaine did but that's by the by. For sure if I'd moved to America to be with Niall he could easily have left me with a shit-load of debt and nowhere to live which would put me on the same level as Alexa. It's like that song, ohh, what's it called? I can't remember but the chorus goes, oh, it's Cooky and Lila by, umm, thingy, ahh, oh yeah, Doctor Hook. Yeah, anyway, in the song, it goes "Cooky's been to war and Lila's been to Denver but both of them are casualties of someone else's dreams". Ray's just as much a casualty of his father's dreams of white supremacy as Alexa is of her husband's dreams of wealth. Is it fair of me to put myself on a higher level simply because I'm not a casualty?

(recording paused)

(recording resumed 58 seconds later)

And I could be a casualty soon anyway. If this live streaming doesn't

work and the lockdown's not lifted soon I'm going to be out of work and mum and dad aren't here to help me. I could be homeless myself. Shit in Hades. So maybe I'm going to become a casualty of my own dreams? That would be bloody ironic, wouldn't it. All this bitching because Ray's homeless and I'm about to be homeless too. Maybe I should just be done with it and go live in a squat with him and some rats and go busking on the streets for the rest of my life. Maybe start selling drugs too, as a sideline. Or my body.

Jesus Elisha, you're just being stupid now. You're not going to become homeless and you're not going to sell anything. Worst case scenario you just email dad and he'll send some money over but the worst case isn't going to happen. There are too many orchestras and live music venues. The whole industry isn't going to collapse, it'll sort itself out. And if Ray wasn't homeless it wouldn't be a problem. OK he's incredibly shy and diffident but I can deal with that so the only real problem's overcoming my own fears and for sure I've done that before. Like my first live performance and losing my virginity, neither was as bad as I was expecting and they both turned out to be fun in the end. So let's just wait and see. Sooner or later the Orchestra'll be back on its feet and life can go back to normal and maybe I'll have thought of some way of making a home for Ray and me. Just wait and see. Yeah. Wait and see.

(silence)

(5 minutes later recording self terminated)

Email received by Elisha's phone at 07:37 GMT (mood:upbeat; marketing keywords: hope, prayer, wellbeing, hearing ...). 39 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 11:06 GMT.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: Update

Hello Girls

All's well at our end. We both hope and pray that all's well with you too. I'm sure we'd have heard if it wasn't.

We live a very quiet life now which is perfectly delightful. Your mother

is thinking of becoming a Buddhist and goes once a week to a meditation group in town where they ponder their inner profundities without wearing face masks. Perhaps COVID will become a pathway to Enlightenment and Nirvana. Anyway, she's enjoying herself which is the main thing. As am I, coincidentally. I seem to have become the legal interpreter for the local people. It seems they still have a caste system going here and the lawyers are in one of the higher castes. Someone told me its name but I've forgotten what it is. Anyway, the lawyers will deal with the legal issues of those in lower castes – after all, money has no boundaries – but they refuse to deign to explain themselves. So, even though I know next to nothing of Sri Lankan law I am in demand to translate their legalese, once translated into English which they're happy to do presumably because it is in keeping with their pomposity, into terms the locals can understand. I don't get paid for this per se but we do get gifts, many of which are rather nice and some are edible.

Despite the pandemic our more active, less stressed lives have meant we're both fitter and healthier. Neither of us drink any alcohol anymore, which can only be a good thing. We also eat less and what we do eat is, surprisingly, healthier.

A news update: We have sold the house in Gloucester. The contracts are signed and it should settle in mid July. It seems in the time we've been away house prices have risen which is a bonus.

This leads in rather nicely to a matter your mother and I have been discussing. Ultimately, of course, it's our decision but if either of you have any thoughts to contribute we'd be glad to hear them. Clearly, with the house gone, we are now, technically at least, homeless, and will need to buy another. We're thinking of buying a place here, in Sri Lanka and becoming ex-patriots. Any thoughts?

All our love
Mum and Dad

| *At 11.14 GMT the audio recording labelled 2020:06:27:03:14.mp3 was deleted.*

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 11.22 GMT (mood:upbeat; marketing*

| *keywords: awesome, pandemic, orchestra, streaming ...).*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Update

Hey Mum and Dad!

It's awesome that you're loving it out there. All's well here too although the pandemic is keeping the orchestra from running. We're hoping to get a live streaming system up and running very soon. Fingers crossed, hey, lol.

My first thought was about the selling of the house which made me a little sad. After all, it's where I grew up and I'm not going to be able to say goodbye to it. Still, that's no reason to not sell it. :)

I'm also sad that you're not going to come back to England. I miss you both and I don't like the thought of never seeing you again. Which is stupid of me since – presumably, hopefully – I'll be able to come out and visit. You'll probably both come back to the UK to visit as well. Hey, since you love it there, why the hell not live there? I have a vague idea that Buddhism is about the avoidance of suffering so why come back to suffering in England when you could live in your own little version of nirvana?

I've also had another thought, totally self-serving of course, as befits your selfish youngest, but could benefit you both as well. You said in another email that houses are cheap over there, at least compared to England. How about you invest your spare money after buying a place there in a house in London? You could rent it out and get the income from that as well as benefit from rising house prices. I'd be quite happy to make a part of it into an apartment for me and manage the rental of the other rooms on your behalf at a reduced rental (or even free hint hint :D) for myself. Seems like a good idea to me :D

Hey, love, hugs and kisses XXXX

Elisha

BTW – when we get the streaming sorted out I'll let you know. I'm

sure you'll want to watch a concert or two :) There's talk of putting up some interviews with members of the orchestra as well so maybe yours truly will be one of them. After all, I am the youngest member of the team and undoubtedly worthy of special attention ;) ;)

| *Email received by Elisha's phone at 23:42 GMT (mood:negative; marketing keywords: ...).*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: re: Update

Hello Elisha

We're visiting a legal acquaintance of mine while on our monthly excursion to Colombo and he has kindly let me use his computer and internet access. Hence this email unusually late in the day.

Your idea about using our surplus funds to buy an investment property in London is excellent but sadly impracticable. Although we sold the house in Gloucester for a very good price it is still not enough to buy a property in London. London is, as I am sure you know, very expensive. We might, conceivably, be able to afford some sort of run down slum tenement in the poorest part of London but I doubt very much you'd really want to live there yourself. Morally, also, I would be averse to exploiting the type of people who would be obliged to live there. There are also legal risks but I'm not going to go into those. Sorry.

On the other hand, if you are struggling financially, let me know. Life can't be easy with one's employer unable to function.

Of course you'll be able to come out to visit if we decide to stay here permanently, and of course we will be coming to England periodically as well. We have no intention of cutting ourselves off from either you or Simone. Incidentally, your mother would like to remind you of the concept of grandchildren. As Simone is unlikely to become a mother in the foreseeable future our hopes rest entirely on you to continue the Houghton dynasty. I believe this “:)” is supposed to represent a smiling face. If not, please consider it to be a smile, as was the intent,

regardless of its conventional symbolism.

All my love, sweetie. Hugs to you too.
Dad.

Sunday 28th June 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:51 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin-relaxed, Elisha-relaxed; marketing keywords: morning, breakfast, toast, coffee ...)

Katrin: Good morning, Elisha. How are you?
Elisha: Oh hiya. Yeah, I'm good thanks. You?
Katrin: Getting by. Making your breakfast?
Elisha: Can't start the day without my toast. It's one of life's imperatives.
Katrin: Ha, I need coffee myself.
Elisha: Kettle's just boiled.
Katrin: OK. Don't see much of you these days. Are you keeping busy?
Elisha: Ohh, I've got my practice and there's the band. Hey, the Orchestra should be starting up again at the end of the week.
Katrin: I didn't think clubs and theatres were open yet.
Elisha: No, we're going to try live streaming concerts, see if we can get an audience that way.
Katrin: Oh yes. Well I suppose it's worth a try. You'll be dropping your band of course.
Elisha: No, I don't plan to.
Katrin: But how will you fit it all in? Even musicians must get tired sooner or later.
Elisha: I don't quite know what you mean by that but, yeah, it should all fit. After all, the band's in the afternoons and the Orchestra's in the evenings and only 4 nights a week. Besides, on a concert day I can take a back seat with the band and we don't play when it rains either.
Katrin: I'm sure you know what you're doing, Elisha, although I'm not sure those people are the best kind for you to be mixing with. After all, you have your reputation with the Orchestra to think of.
Elisha (*mood:taken aback*): I'm sorry?
Katrin: I saw you the other day. Ohh, Wednesday, I think it was. You were outside the supermarket in the high

street with 3 very disreputable looking men. Not the sort I would expect a nice girl like you to associate with.

Elisha (*mood:sharp*): Well, I don't know what sort of girl you do think I am Katrin, but I'm first and foremost a musician and they're musicians as well. Just because they don't dress in office casual doesn't make them any less as musicians. I'm confident that the Orchestra would understand that.

Katrin: Well, perhaps, if you can call banging a stick on the pavement music. Still, they did look very scruffy. Don't they have jobs to go to? And that name! Quite disgusting I thought.

Elisha: Street busking is their job and, yeah, we're working on a new name.

Katrin: Well that's something at least. And I suppose we must allow artists some degree of leniency. At least they weren't flaunting their bodies the way I've seen some of those young girl singers do on television.

Elisha (*mood:calm*): Oh that's just a marketing image. Sex sells, you see, so they dress like that to sell more records.

Katrin: But you surely don't dress like that for your orchestra?

Elisha: Oh no. Completely different philosophy. Classical music works on the assumption that the audience is only there for the music so we dress to more or less hide in the background.

Katrin: Much more appropriate, don't you think?

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Oh I don't know. Music should be enjoyable and shouldn't really be totally separated from its environment. A lot of the work of Stravinsky, for example, is based on primitive fertility rituals so is it right to pretend sex doesn't exist while the music's playing?

Katrin: I hardly think an orgy on stage is appropriate, Elisha.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Well, we'd probably sell a lot more tickets if there was one. I'll suggest it to management. Maybe we could bill it as an audience participation event.

Katrin (*mood:confused*): I never know when you're joking. I presume you are.

Elisha: Well, yes and no. Don't forget music is a powerful

emotional force and has always been a big part of working with the gods to produce healthy children and crops and whatever. It's only modern conservatism based on Christian attitudes that's tried to separate music from life and turn it into something abstract. It shouldn't be but some people like to do that as a way of trying to make themselves seem better than others. Music's music whether it's a Wagnerian opera or a Caribbean voodoo ritual. It should be part of its context, not divorced from it.

Katrin: Hmmm. So your band dresses the way they do as part of the context for your music? Is that what you're saying? Why don't you dress the same?

Elisha: Yes and no. If they dressed like that purely as an act then it would be just as much a marketing thing as those girls you were talking about wearing next to nothing. It's more a reciprocating thing, the environment shapes the music and the music shapes the environment. Have you ever heard classical music played on the street?

Katrin: No, I don't think so.

Elisha: No neither have I. But I have seen videos of classical music being played in underground stations and shopping arcades and the mood of the music is quite different. Play it in an auditorium with everyone in evening dress and it becomes serious and distant but play it the same way in a different environment with the musicians and audience in ordinary clothes it becomes more, I don't know, spontaneous and interactive. Like the Last Night Of The Proms where most of the audience is in fancy dress and out to have fun. Maybe it would be an idea to play, ohh, The Rites Of Spring with the audience and musicians entirely naked. That could be interesting.

Katrin: Oh, I really don't think so. Not my cup of tea at all.

Elisha: Yeah, not sure I'd like it either and I don't play the cello.

Katrin (*mood:puzzled*): I don't follow? The cello? I thought you played the clarinet?

Elisha: Don't worry about it. Bad joke.

Katrin: Hmm.
(silence)
 Katrin: Have you heard from your parents recently?
 Elisha: Actually I had an email yesterday. They love it in Sri Lanka.
 Katrin: Ah, is that where they are now? Excellent. Are they well?
 Elisha: Oh yeah, sure. Although they seem to be worrying about grandchildren now.
 Katrin: Yes, parents do. So, no prospects in that direction yet, Elisha? I suppose it must be difficult for you, what with anti-social hours and the lockdown and so on.
 Elisha: Umm, well, no, not really. Not at the moment, any way.
 Katrin: Well, I'd best be off. I do hope you don't get involved with any of your musician friends though. They look like you could get a disease from them.
 Elisha *(mood:sharp)*: That wasn't a very nice thing to say, Katrin. They are people, after all.
 Katrin *(mood:dismissive)*: Of a sort, perhaps, but not the sort you want to get overly involved with, after all. Riff raff. Find yourself a nice young man with a respectable job. Then you can think about children.
 Elisha *(mood:firm)*: I am involved, Katrin. They are my friends and I'm not planning on having any children. This is the 2020s after all. We're not tied to marriage and children any more, you know. Women can have lives of their own.
 Katrin: Hmm. I suppose so. Well, I hope you know what you're doing. Children have a nasty habit of coming along when you least expect them. You haven't seen Mandy recently, have you?
 Elisha: I think I heard her in her room before I came down. Why?
 Katrin: She seems to be avoiding me.
 Elisha *(mood:disinterested)*: Still owes you rent, does she?
 Katrin: Yes. And it's mounting up.
 Elisha: Are you going to evict her?
 Katrin: It's certainly looking increasingly likely. Has she said anything to you about it?
 Elisha: I try to avoid her, to be honest. She seems to accept every conspiracy theory that comes along without ever

wondering how absurd they sound. I find her, umm, exhausting.

Katrin: I know what you mean. Most of the time she even contradicts herself but she doesn't seem to realise it. What can you do though?

Elisha: I don't think there's anything much we can do. I've tried arguing but that didn't get anywhere and now I've given up she seems to think that I agree with her. She told me the other day that if I drink bleach I won't get COVID. Apparently that's what the Americans are doing. I doubt it but she's convinced.

Katrin (*mood:concerned*): Oh dear. Do you suppose I ought to hide the bottle of bleach in the toilet then?

Elisha: Why bother? She can get plenty more from the supermarket. Might be an idea to keep an eye on the level though.

Katrin: But how would we know if she's drinking it or if someone just put some down the loo.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Well, yeah, there is that. I imagine we'll know when she's drinking it when we find her slumped over the toilet bowl.

Katrin (*mood:upset*): Please don't say things like that. They upset me. Ohh, I was going to go and have a chat with her but, you know, I really don't think I want to now. I'll leave it a few days. I don't feel up to it at the moment.

Elisha: Yeah, I can relate to that.

Katrin: Well, I've leave you to it. Let me know when you're streaming your concerts. I might watch one.

Elisha: Sure, will do. Good luck with Mandy.

(*footsteps*)

Elisha (*quiet*): Children, huh. Hmm.

| At 11:03 GMT 39 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

| *www.google.com query:"doctors in deptford uk" – time on site:0m48s*

| At 11:04 GMT 39 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted a new contact was added.

Friday 3rd July 2020

Transcript of phone call initiated by Clark Heston, located in Finsbury Park, UK, and Malcolm Beeton, located in Sutton, UK, commencing 09:58 GMT (mood:Malcolm-distant, Clark-tense; marketing keywords: IT, streaming, system, ...)

Malcolm: Hello, Malcolm Beeton speaking.
Clark: Oh, er, hello, is that Malcolm Beeton?
Malcolm: Yes, speaking. Who is this?
Clark: I'm Clark, um, Clark Heston.
Malcolm: Oh yes. And what can I do for you, Mr Heston?
Clark: Umm, Emilia asked me to ring you. Umm, Emilia Borgov.
Malcolm: Oh yes. Perhaps you could tell me why?
Clark: Because she doesn't, umm, understand, I suppose.
Malcolm: I confess that's two of us, Mr Heston.
Clark (*mood:puzzled*): Oh, but I haven't explained anything yet.
Malcolm: Quite. Perhaps if you could give me some context?
Clark: Umm, context?
Malcolm: Just a moment. Clark, you said?
Clark: Yes, that's right. Clark Heston.
Malcolm: The IT Clark?
Clark: Yes. Well, umm, yes.
Malcolm: Why didn't you say so, then? No matter. Are you ringing about our streaming system?
Clark: Yes.
Malcolm: Ahh. Good news or bad news?
Clark: Difficult to say, really.
Malcolm: I see. Perhaps you'd better explain.
Clark: Well, that's why I'm ringing, you see. Emilia thought it would be better if I did, not her.
Malcolm: Excellent. I'm listening.
Clark: Well, um, as you know there is a synchronisation problem between the video and audio streams.
Malcolm: So I believe. Do you know what the problem is?
Clark: Sort of. At least in general terms, not specifics. Advanced physics isn't really my thing but I heard from the technical people at BSpaceE earlier.
Malcolm: I see. And?

Clark: Well, it seems they developed the cameras and software for some space project they're working on.

Malcolm: That's understandable as they're an aerospace company. Have they identified the problem?

Clark: Well, it seems that the system is designed to transmit the video stream back to Earth but because of the effects of relativity because of the speeds at which the cameras will be travelling, the video has to be speeded up since since time passes more quickly on Earth than it does on the spacecraft. Or slowed down, or something.

Malcolm: Oh. Relativity, eh. That's Einstein's stuff, isn't it.

Clark: Probably. Anyway the thing is, the software is designed to synchronise with an ultra accurate clock that's synchronised with one on the spacecraft so it knows what speed to play the video at and that's where the problem lies.

Malcolm: So you're saying that The Enclave is going faster than the rest of London?

Clark: No, of course not.

Malcolm: So what are you saying?

Clark: We don't have the clock to synchronise to.

Malcolm: Ah. So let's buy a clock then. They're not expensive. Isn't there one on the computer anyway? My laptop has one.

Clark: No, it needs a special clock and they won't let us have one. It's top secret apparently.

Malcolm: Oh. So what do we do then?

Clark: Well, this is the thing, you see. The software was written to allow for the clock failing so they sent us the software assuming that it would operate properly because there was no clock.

Malcolm: Ahh. So it isn't operating properly, I imagine.

Clark: Well, no. Apparently if there is a clock failure the software defaults to an assumed speed for the space craft rather than a stationary one, relative to Earth, and they forgot about that.

Malcolm: Hmm. I confess I don't understand either but there are many things in life I don't understand. Am I right in thinking that the problem has been identified?

Clark: Yes.

Malcolm: Excellent. And has it been rectified?

Clark: No.

Malcolm: Ahh. Can it be rectified?

Clark: Oh yes. All they have to do is find the default assumed speed in the software and set it to zero.

Malcolm: Well, that sounds easy enough. Are they going to do that?

Clark: Yes they're going to but it seems that the documentation for the software has been corrupted so they're having to search through the code by hand. This software was written a few years ago and none of those programmers still work there.

Malcolm: Ahh. Will that take long?

Clark: A few days apparently.

Malcolm: I see. Hmm.

(sound of tapping)

Malcolm: Do you think it will work when they find this speed thing and correct it?

Clark: I expect so. After all, everything was working perfectly except for the synchronisation. Once that's sorted I don't see any reason why it shouldn't still work. Unless there's something else in the software that uses that speed setting and setting it to zero screws it up.

Malcolm: How likely is that?

Clark: I wouldn't have a clue. I'm an IT nerd not an aerospace physicist.

Malcolm: Hmm, yes. I empathise with you. You have a gut feeling?

Clark: My gut feeling is that it'll work perfectly once we have the modified software.

Malcolm: Excellent. Well, I didn't understand most of what you've told me but I'm glad you told me rather than Emilia. I suspect I don't understand more clearly than I would have if she'd told me.

Clark: I don't understand?

Malcolm: You know, what worries me a little here is that none of us actually understands something that we're depending on.

Clark: Bit like going to the doctor, isn't it.

Malcolm: What?
Clark: I mean, you go to the doctor and she gives you some pills with an unpronounceable name but you don't know what they do or really what they're for. You just have to trust the doctor. Most of the time it works.
Malcolm: Well, yes, I suppose so. But who's the doctor here?
Clark: God knows.
Malcolm: Hmm. Oh well. As you say, we have to assume the doctor knows what she's talking about, even if we don't. A few days, you said?
Clark: Yes. I'd say I'll probably get the updated software on Tuesday or Wednesday of next week. Then it's just a matter of installing and testing it. Assuming it works, which it almost certainly will, we should be able to go live straight away.
Malcolm: Well that sounds like good news. Excellent. Middle of next week, you say?
Clark: Yes.
Malcolm: Good. Thank you very much for ringing me. Um, was there anything else?
Clark: Ahh, no, I don't think so.
Malcolm: Excellent. Thank you so much. Goodbye.
Clark: Oh, er, bye.

| *Emails sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton:*

Time: 10:22 GMT
To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Live Streaming

I am told that the problem with the streaming system has been identified and that the software is being corrected. Hopefully we'll have the new software around the middle of next week and that there won't be any more problems.

As our financial situation is fast becoming critical I'm going to throw the matter into the laps of the gods and declare to the cosmos that we **will** perform our first live streamed concert on Friday 17th July. This

give us approximately two weeks in which to rehearse, make whatever orchestral adjustments are needed to accommodate the streaming and do our marketing.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 10:24 GMT
To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: We Are Going Live!
Attached: subscriber_options.pdf

On Friday 17th July we will perform our first concert live streamed to the internet. This will be an auspicious occasion and, I am sure, a very successful one.

Jason Molina will send out details of rehearsals in due course but the programme itself will be our planned programme for Friday 17th July, namely:

Mahler's Blumine
Schumann's Cello Concerto
Wagner's Overture to the Flying Dutchman
Mendelssohn's Symphony no. 3

Ordinarily we rely on our own marketing and over this weekend we will be sending out press releases for the start of our live streaming as well as emailing every patron in our database. However, in view of the fact that we are entering an entirely new medium – the internet – I would like to ask all members of the Orchestra who have their own internet presence to also spread the word on our behalf. The sooner we can make a success of this live streaming the sooner we can breathe a sigh of relief and focus on our primary purpose which is the making of music.

I attach details of our subscriber options for this purpose.

There is no sign of the current restrictions being lifted in the near

future and, without trying to sound melodramatic, I fear this may be our last chance. I'm sure you all join me in praying for this venture to succeed.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Elisha's tablet at 11:04 GMT:*

To: Malcolm Beeton
From: elishah@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: We Are Going Live!

This is great news :)

I have a little under 15,000 subscribers on my YouTube channel ElishaClarinet. I'll post a vlog tonight announcing that we're streaming and explaining how to find us and so on. Hopefully some will find the time to watch. Unfortunately, many of my followers are in the USA so the time difference could be a problem. Still, the subscriber options do include downloadable recordings of the live concerts.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Malcolm Beeton's tablet at 11:09 GMT:*

To: Elisha Houghton
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: We Are Going Live!

Thank you Elisha. 15,000 subscribers? Impressive.

I've also not forgotten that this live streaming was your idea. I really do appreciate your input and efforts. Thank you.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Saturday 4th July 2020

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 11.13 GMT (mood:upbeat; marketing keywords: Colombo, problems, streaming, concert ...).*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: Streaming the orchestra

Hiya

I know you won't get this for another month or so when you next go to Colombo but that's the way things go, isn't it.

Anyway, it looks like the problems with streaming have been sorted out and we're due to give our first concert on 17th July and, all being well, we should then continue with our normal program on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays thereafter. I don't know what'll happen when The Enclave reopens but there's no sign of that happening yet.

Now, here's the thing. Obviously the Orchestra is charging for the live streams – it's £2.50 for a single concert, which includes a downloadable copy of the recording afterwards, £25 for all the concerts in a four week period (including recordings) or £300 for the year which includes all recordings of all past concerts, interviews etc – but as an Orchestra member I get two free tickets for every concert and I'm giving one of them to you. All you have to do is go to the Orchestra's website www.515n0w.co.uk/live and put in this code: 1AHSILEddmmyy where ddmmyy is the date of the concert. Should be easy to remember as AHSILE is Elisha backwards :)

I guess it doesn't help that Sri Lanka is 5 hours ahead so the concerts'll be starting around midnight for you but hey, it'll be worth it :D

Oh, I don't remember if I told you or not but Dennis, the First Clarinet, died of complications of COVID and diabetes which was incredibly sad. I went to his funeral and met his wife and son who are really nice. Anyway, since no one knows what's going to happen to the Orchestra they're not appointing another First Clarinet yet so I'll be

standing in as First Clarinet. It sounds good but actually I'll be the Only Clarinet since no one's replacing me as Second either. Ho hum. Success and fame are bitter-sweet :(lol

Love you

Elisha xxxxx

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 11.16 GMT (mood:negative; marketing keywords: fan, classical, concert, watch ...).*

To: simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: Streaming the orchestra

Hi Simone

I know you're not a fan of classical music and you've never been to any of my concerts but, hey, there's always a first time :) Besides, we're coming to you, if you want to watch! Because we can't play to a real audience we're starting live streaming on the 17th July. If you're interested, the website is www.515n0w.co.uk/live and the concerts are £2.50 each which is a lot cheaper than the £70 if you sat in the auditorium.

Hope all is well with you.

Elisha

Monday 20th July 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 10:16 GMT.*

To: Management Team

From: Bertram Entwistle <bertrame@5150w.co.uk>

Subject: First weekend streaming summary

It's been an interesting weekend, concert-wise, and I'm pleased to report that we had a total of 1555 viewings over the three concerts, generating a total of £64,897.50 which, I confess, is considerably better than I expected.

However, and this is a significant point, 201 people bought annual subscriptions and thus accounted for £60,300 of the total income. 102 people bought a 4-weekly subscription, totalling £2550 and 819 people purchased a single concert ticket, totalling £2047.50. Of the remaining viewings, 82 were free to friends and relatives of the Orchestra members and 351 were people who had pre-paid, either for the year or for 4 weeks.

I need hardly mention that the vast bulk of the weekend's income came from annual subscribers who will not be renewing for at least a year. If we apportion the annual subscribers over the year and the 4 weeklies over 4 weeks, our actual income for this weekend drops to some £3,845.

Still, we now have sufficient cash on hand for perhaps 8 weeks and as word spreads we may well find a significant increase in our viewing figures.

Bertram Entwistle

Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Emails from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton:*

Time: 10:47 GMT

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: First weekend streaming summary

Personally I find the figures extremely encouraging and go some significant way to proving the validity of the concept of live streaming. We have had, after all, 1100 or so people enjoying our Orchestra that we would not otherwise have had. I think we all deserve a pat on our backs.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Time: 10:51 GMT
To: All Staff
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: Our first weekend of streaming

I am delighted to let you know that our first weekend of streaming was a definite success. We had some 1100 people tune in across the three concerts thus demonstrating that the concept is worthwhile. As word spreads I am sure this will increase substantially.

I would like to thank you all for your support and enthusiasm for this project. In particular I would like to thank Emilia Borgov, our Stage Manager, for all her hard work in setting up the streaming system and Elisha Houghton, acting First Clarinet, for suggesting the idea in the first place.

I grow ever more certain that we will weather this pandemic and emerge stronger than ever.

Well done!

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W.

Tuesday 21st July 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 14:09 GMT*

To: Management Team

From: Bertram Entwistle <bertrame@5150w.co.uk>

Subject: re: First weekend streaming summary

I'm still not fully conversant with the data logged by the streaming website but it seems we have some geographical information.

Apparently the locations of the 1555 viewings were:

UK	984
USA	377
Russia	49
Kazakhstan	16
Trinidad	7
Sweden	5
Ukraine	5
Australia	4
China	3
Japan	2
Unknown	103

I'm not sure what to make of this information but one has to admire the Australians; for them the concerts would have started at 7 in the morning. I presume that our sponsor Sergey Vanofov had a hand in the viewings from Russia, Kazakhstan and the Ukraine but why the Americans got so involved I can't imagine. Perhaps we should direct some marketing specifically at America?

Encouragingly, all but 19 of the viewings stayed for the entire concerts and 14 of those 19 stayed for at least three quarters, suggesting they had to leave early for some reason. Sadly the other five left within 10 minutes of the start so presumably they didn't like the performances.

Bertram Entwistle

Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 15:22 GMT:*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: First weekend streaming summary

Yes, that information is interesting Bertie. Certainly it wouldn't hurt to do some marketing in the USA. In fact it would probably be a good idea to do some throughout Europe as well. We shouldn't be overly Britain-centric as there is a potentially global audience out there.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Friday 24th July 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:56 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Shimon Litvik and Elisha Houghton (mood: Shimon-happy, Elisha-relaxed; marketing keywords: orchestra, back, running, evening ...)

- Simon: Hey, haven't seen you in a while. How's things?
- Elisha: Oh, yeah, really good. Hey, my orchestra's back up and running again which is why I haven't been around in the evenings.
- Simon: Oh right, hey, that's good. You're lucky it hasn't folded. Did you see the news this morning?
- Elisha: No, not yet. I've only just got up. Anything interesting?
- Simon: There's this restaurant in Manchester which advertised for a receptionist. Guess how many people applied?
- Elisha: Oh God, I don't know. 1? None?
- Simon: A thousand. Can you believe that?
- Elisha: You're kidding me. A thousand? Jesus.
- Simon: Yup. Apparently it's because so many people have lost their jobs because of the pandemic.
- Elisha: I thought there was this furlough system to stop that happening?
- Simon: Yeah, but that's only for people like you and me who have proper jobs. Hell of a lot of people are just casual and a shit load of businesses have folded too apparently. Mostly in hospitality and entertainment. How safe's your orchestra?
- Elisha: I don't really know. I'm not part of management so they don't include me in these things but we are streaming our concerts over the internet so we have some audiences at least. I guess a lot of places like pubs and small venues don't have the resources for anything like that. And nightclubs. I can't imagine any of them will be surviving. You can't really stream the music and expect people to dance at home. Anyway, what are you doing here? Shouldn't you be at work?
- Simon: I've taken today and next week off. I'm taking my son to the coast for a week's holiday.

Elisha: Oh, wow! That'll be great. Anywhere in particular?
Simon: We're going to Hastings first. They've been doing the Battle of Hastings in school and he wants to see the castle. Little sod wants to see where Harold got shot in the eye with an arrow. He's convinced there'll still be blood on the ground, even though it was back in 1066. He isn't really old enough to appreciate what a thousand years really means. After that I don't know. Probably go somewhere with rides and arcades. He likes things like that. Maybe even do a bit of swimming if the weather holds.

Elisha: I'm not sure I know what a thousand years really means either. I can't begin to imagine what it was like in 1066 even though I was good at history at school.

Simon: Anyway, I'd love to stay and chat but I've got to go pick him up then get to the station.

Elisha: No problem. Hey, have a great time, OK.

Simon: Yeah, thanks, and you. Good luck with that streaming thing. See you.

Elisha: Bye.

Saturday 25th July 2020

Partial transcript of recording made by trojan spyware on the mobile phone associated with Alexa Sinclair, located in Deptford, commencing 12:24 GMT. Participants identified as Alexa Sinclair, Elisha Houghton, Charmaine Kinross (mood: Alexa-tense, Elisha-relaxed, Charmaine-tense; marketing keywords: none recorded as participants identified of low economic status).

Alexa: Well, here we are, as instructed.
Elisha: Hey, I didn't instruct you, I just suggested that you might like to join us in public, that's all. Anyway, hello.
Alexa: Yes, hello.
Charmaine: She's uptight, nervous, like.
Alexa: Oh, and you're not?
Charmaine: Nah, not really.
Elisha: There's nothing to worry about. All you have to do are some backing harmonies and we've been practising those. Just try and keep with the rhythm, especially you, Charmaine. Your bass is part of the rhythm.
Charmaine: No sweat, dearie.
Alexa: So, we're here, like we agreed. What about the name?
Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): What about the name?
Alexa: You mean you haven't decided on one or you don't want to change it?
Elisha: You mean the band name? Sure, I'm happy to change it.
Alexa: To what?
Elisha: Oh, I don't know. Have you discussed it with the guys?
Alexa: You mean they haven't told you?
Elisha: Told me what?
Alexa: Ray, you said you'd tell her.
Ray (*mood:alarmed*): Oh, er, yeah.
Alexa: So why didn't you?
Ray: Umm ...
Elisha (*mood:gentle*): It's OK, Ray, don't stress. Alexa, I did ask you not to bully them.
Alexa: I haven't bullied them, have I, Charm?
Charmaine: 'Sright. Just did a bit of barnstorming the other night.
Alexa: Brainstorming, not barnstorming. Barnstorming is what paratroopers do.
Charmaine: Oh.

Alexa: Anyway, we, that is the five of us, came up with a lot of ideas for a new name.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Where was I?

Charmaine: You'd gone 'ome, like. Said you wasn't interested, didn't ya.

Elisha: It's not that I'm not interested, it's just that I wanted the guys to be involved as well.

Alexa: Well, they were. In fact they rejected almost all of our suggestions. Anyway, we thought about what we'd come up with and last night we decided on a short list of 5, one from each of us.

Eddie: We want you to decide which one, Eli. Seeing as how you're our leader, like.

Elisha (*mood:sharp*): I'm not your leader. We're a team and we decide things as a team. Democratically.

Badger (*mood:bored*): Yeah, told yous she'd say some shit like that.

Alexa: And you were right. Anyway, Ray, where's the list?

Ray: Oh, um, I gave it to Eddie.

Alexa: What for? You were supposed to give it to Elisha.

Ray (*mood:nervous*): Um, yeah, well, I, er, didn't, um, yeah.

Elisha (*mood:gentle*): What's the matter, Ray? Did you think I'd be upset or angry?

Ray: Umm.

Elisha: Well, I'm not. Just as long as you agree with the names on the list. I don't want you being forced into anything you don't like. Any of you.

Ray: OK.

Eddie: Here's the list. Sorry it's a bit grubby, like. Them sausages yesterday were a bit greasy.

Elisha (*mood:decisive*): That's OK. Well, that one's out for a start. The Elisha Street Project. We're a team as I said, so my name shouldn't be in it.

Badger: Yeah, told yous she'd say that 'n' all.

Elisha: Just Another Bunch Of Nobodies, can't say I like that either. We're not nobodies.

Alexa: That was mine. I thought it was in many ways appropriate.

Elisha: Sorry, I didn't mean to be rude. It's just that we're musicians and I don't like the way it's putting ourselves down.

Alexa: I see your point. I hadn't thought of it like that.

Elisha: Rage Against The Collective. OK, I kind of like that.

Eddie: That one's mine. It's a play on Rage Against The Machine.

Elisha: Was that a band? I think I've heard of them. Anyway, yes, I can live with that although what's the collective?

Badger: Kind of like the system. You know, society and all its things.

Alexa: Rules and foibles, Badger.

Badger: Yeah, them too.

Elisha: This next one, I don't know. Street. Just one word?

Eddie: Nah, you should spell it out, not say it as a word. S-T-R-E-E-T.

Elisha: Oh, right. I get it. That's better, actually. More distinctive. It reminds me of that old Aretha Franklin song R-E-S-P-E-C-T. Yeah. Actually I think that's good. Most people know that part of the chorus and they'll see S-T-R-E-E-T and try to say it like R-E-S-P-E-C-T except it's got a letter missing so they'll say S-T-R-E-E-E-T and stumble over it and it'll stick in their memory. Plus, of course, there's the straightforward meaning of a band from the streets. Yes, I like that. Catchy. And the last one, I kind of like that too. Zero Times Free. It's, umm, unusual and has a philosophical sound to it. What does it mean? Who thought of it?

Ray: Badger.

Elisha: Really? It's pretty cool. What does it mean?

Badger: Um, well, it's kinda like we're free, ain't we, like outside society but it ain't worth nothin', is it? Like it's shit being free.

Eddie: Like Janis Joplin. Freedom's just another word for nothing left to loose. Nothing don't mean nothing, honey, if it ain't free.

Elisha: Oh, yeah. I know that song. Yeah. Still, Zero Times Free, that's pretty deep. Do you think many people will understand the symbolism?

Badger: You what?

Charmaine: I didn't and still don't.

Alexa: No one expects you to, Charm. Just live with it. So, Elisha, what's it to be?

Elisha (*mood:defensive*): Why do I have to choose?

Alexa: We all thought of one except you and the men want your approval.

Elisha: Do you Ray? Badger? Eddie?

Ray: Yeah.

Eddie: Yup.

Badger: 'Sright.

Elisha: Well, OK then. But promise me no one will be offended if I don't pick the one you thought of?

Eddie (*mood:impatient*): Oh, just pick one, will you? Not like it really matters.

Elisha: Hmm, OK. Well, it's either Zero Times Free or S-T-R-E-E-T. Umm. How about we put it to a vote?

Eddie: Are we gonna play or what? My leg's starting to hurt.

Badger: You ain't got a leg, how can it bleedin' hurt?

Eddie: The other one, mate. All this standing round yacking.

Charmaine: Why not toss a coin?

Elisha: No, it's OK. Umm, I'm going for S-T-R-E-E-T, unless the rest of you want one of the others. Why are you looking like that, Alexa?

Alexa: Oh, nothing.

Elisha: Come on, tell me. Did you want one of the others?

Alexa: No, no. S-T-R-E-E-T's fine.

Elisha: And why are you giggling, Charmaine? What's going on here?

Charmaine (*mood:amused*): Oh, nothing, hon.

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): No, please, tell me. Have I got it wrong or something?

Alexa: No, no, it's just, well, we, that's Charm and me, thought you'd probably pick that one.

Elisha: Oh. Why?

Charmaine: Yeah, like, that one's Ray's. Umm, yeah.

Elisha (*mood:embarrassed*): Oh. Umm, yes, well, I didn't know that, did I.

Charmaine: Nah, 'course you didn't.

Elisha: Now I'm all embarrassed.

Eddie (*mood:curious*): Why are you embarrassed? Just because Ray thought it up? What's wrong with that?

Elisha: Nothing. Nothing at all. So, are we all happy with S-T-R-E-E-T?

(mixed voices)

Ray (*mood:diffident*): So, umm, I'll paint over Puddle Of A Cat, yeah?

You want dots or dashes between the letters?

Elisha: Dashes, I think. Or dots. You choose. So, umm, Alexa, Charmaine. You guys happy to play as Puddle Of A Cat on its last day?

Alexa: I think another day's practise would be better, don't you, Charm?

Charmaine: You ain't getting out of it that bleedin' easily. Get yer clarinet out.

| *Email from the tablet of Jason Molina at 13:24 GMT*

To: Management Team

From: Jason Molina

Subject: Emergency Funding

I happened to catch the 1 o'clock news on TV and heard that the Government has announced £2.25 million in emergency funding for small music venues. Did anyone else catch this? Will we be allocated any of the funds?

Jason Molina

First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 14:01 GMT*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Emergency Funding

Sadly not. The money is for music venues and we are not a venue. Also The Enclave won't be getting any of the funding as it is not classified as 'small'. My understanding is that the funds are only being distributed to 150 small venues and quite possibly they will be in areas deemed 'at risk' by the Conservatives; that is to say marginal constituencies.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Wednesday 12th August 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 20:31 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Katrin Shandel (mood: Elisha-cheerful, Katrin-concerned; marketing keywords: disturb, catch, room, downstairs ...).

(knocking)

Elisha: Come in.

Katrin: Sorry to disturb you, Elisha.

Elisha: That's OK, Katrin, What's up?

Katrin: I just wondered if you'd seen or heard anything of Mandy recently. Only I've been trying to catch her the last 2 days but she hasn't been in her room or downstairs.

Elisha: Oh, no, sorry. I haven't seen her for a while.

Katrin: Have you heard anything? Through the wall?

Elisha: Umm, actually, come to think of it, no. She's been very quiet the last couple of days. I usually hear her slam the door when she goes off to work and if I'm here in the evenings I can sometimes hear her talking on the phone but, no.

Katrin: Simon's not seen her either. Hmm. Oh well. I wonder if you would mind being a witness for me?

Elisha: A witness? For what? Your signature?

Katrin: No. I'm going to go into Mandy's room as I'm worried and I need a witness in case anything should turn up missing later.

Elisha: Oh, right. I see. Sure. Umm, do you want me to video this on my phone?

Katrin: Umm, actually, that mightn't be a bad idea. Especially if she's ill or, you know.

Elisha: Or what? Oh my God, you don't think she's ... ?

Katrin: No I don't actually. I think she's moved out but you never know. She is highly strung and things haven't been going well for her. And then there's all the arrears.

Elisha: Ahh. Yes. The arrears. How much is it now, if you don't mind me asking?

Katrin: £2900, including this week.
 Elisha: Wow, that's a lot. Umm, none of my business, of course, but, umm, how've you allowed that?
 Katrin: It's this damned eviction ban. Eviction's the only real power a landlord has unless, of course, they want to get physical which is illegal and I wouldn't do that anyway. Anyway the ban runs out in 2 weeks.
 Elisha: Ahh, I see. So that's why you're looking for her.
 Katrin: Yes. So, do you mind?
 Elisha: No, all good. I'll just get my phone.

*Transcript of video recording made on Elisha's phone commencing 20:36 GMT.
 Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel, Elisha Houghton, Shimon Litvik (mood: Katrin-concerned, Elisha-curious, Simon-curious; marketing keywords: lock, door, unconscious ...).*

(knocking)

Katrin: Mandy? Mandy, hello? Are you in there?

(knocking)

Katrin: Mandy? Unlock the door please, Mandy.

Elisha: Sounds like she isn't in there.

(knocking)

Katrin: Probably not but she could be unconscious. Mandy?
 OK, Mandy, if you don't open the door I'll unlock it myself. Mandy?

(silence)

Elisha: I don't smell anything nasty.

Katrin: Right, I'm going in.

(pause)

Katrin: Ahh. Well, that's pretty much settled it, hasn't it. The room's completely empty. Pan round and make sure you get everything in. I'll check the drawers and under the bed.

Elisha: So it looks like she's done a runner then, hey.

Katrin: I'd say so. With my money, too. Well, this is a matter for the police.

Simon: What's a matter for the police? Oh, Mandy's gone, has she?

Elisha: Looks like it. When did you last see her?

Simon: Ohh, I try to avoid her but, umm, Sunday evening, I

think.
Katrin: Do either of you have any ideas where she might have gone?
Simon: No idea. I'm pretty sure she has no friends.
Elisha: It might be worth having a look at her shop. She might have moved in there.
Katrin: It's possible. It would be a stupid place to go but then, Mandy's not the sharpest tool in the shed. Right, both of you, out. I'll lock the door again then go round to the shop. See if she's there.
Simon: What will you do if she is?
Katrin: Find out what's going on then call the police.
Simon: Can I come with you? Purely as backup, of course.
Katrin: Actually, that mightn't be a bad idea. Things might get ugly. Can you record it on your phone?
Simon: Sure.
Elisha: Do you want me along as well?
Katrin: Three's probably too many. No, best not. Can you email a copy of that video to me?
Elisha: Sure. I've got your email address somewhere. Oh, I'm still recording. Ooops.

(recording ended)

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 21:52 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Shimon Litvik (mood: Elisha-curious, Shimon-conspiratorial; marketing keywords: lock, closed, sign, window, ...).

(knocking)

Elisha: Come in. Oh, hi Simon. Did you find Mandy?
Simon: No, she wasn't there. The place was all locked up and had a closed sign in the window.
Elisha: Well, you'd expect that, wouldn't you. It's the middle of the night.
Simon: I suppose so. Anyway, you'll never guess what Katrin did.
Elisha: Went to the police?
Simon: She's there now. No, after we had a go at getting in she went round the back and up to the flat above, where

Mandy's landlord lives.

Elisha (*mood:intrigued*): Really? She must be pretty upset then. What happened?

Simon: She explained who we were and Alf, that's the man who owns the place, took us downstairs into the shop. You'll never guess.

Elisha: Surely she hasn't gone off with all the shoes as well?

Simon: Nooo but all her office stuff was gone and her kettle and things. Looks like's she's disappeared from there as well.

Elisha: Oh wow. I wonder how much she owed Alf?

Simon: About 6 grand apparently. She hasn't paid him a penny since the lockdown began, which was back in March.

Elisha: Wow. And she probably owes the suppliers of her shoes as well. I wonder how much that little lot's worth?

Simon: Not much, I wouldn't think. They're pretty crappy shoes. Hey, do you suppose she's been planning this? Like, in the Sopranos they got this guy who ran a sports store to buy all sorts of things on credit and sold them but never paid the suppliers. In the end the store had to go bankrupt. Maybe she's made a small fortune and stashed it all away somewhere and is now living in the Caribbean or something.

Elisha (*mood:incredulous*): Seriously? You think Mandy was up to something like that? Anyway, the borders are closed. She'll still be in the UK somewhere. Did she try to sell you anything other than shoes?

Simon: Nah. You know, even though I thought she was a total dipstick I hope she hasn't gone and done anything stupid.

Elisha: You mean, like, kill herself?

Simon: Oh no, I wouldn't think she's done that. Why would she bother to empty her room if she was going to top herself? No, she's gone somewhere but how's she going to get references if she's got unpaid debts all over the place?

Elisha: Maybe she's run off with a man she met on the internet.

Simon: Not likely, not after last time. Unless she's learnt from that and is planning to do to some guy what that other

guy did to her. Good luck to her if she can pull it off.

Elisha: So what's Katrin going to do?

Simon: Not much she can do. She's getting the police involved but I doubt they'll do anything. People run out on rent arrears all the time.

Elisha: So I suppose she'll be looking for another tenant?

Simon: Definitely. Our Katrin's not one to let the grass grow where money's concerned. Wouldn't be surprised if we have a new neighbour by the weekend. Still, nice of Mandy to provide a bit of excitement for a change. I was expecting another boring evening in front of the telly.

Elisha: Well, she must have had a plan or she'd have stayed 'til she was kicked out. Either she already had somewhere else to go to or she had someone else. Maybe she found a job with accommodation provided like a boarding house manager or a live-in nanny or something.

Simon: Or maybe she's gone on the road, you know, a traveller or she's joined up with some gypsies.

Elisha (*mood:thoughtful*): Maybe. I don't expect we'll ever know though. Hey, you don't suppose she skipped out because of us, do you?

Simon: Us? What'd we do to her?

Elisha: We never took her seriously. Maybe she bought in to all those conspiracy theories as a cry for help and all she got from us were more put downs?

Simon: Well, my conscience is clear and to be honest I think 10 grand in debt is a big enough motivator on its own. Why go looking for more reasons? She couldn't pay her debts and knew trouble was coming so she scarpered.

Elisha: Well, yes, true.

Simon: And we've no idea what other debts she's racked up. Maybe she owed money left, right and centre. I know she lost her life savings to that con man. Maybe she borrowed for him as well and has that hanging over her. Maybe she's been gambling to try to find the money to pay everyone. Who knows? Anyway, I'd best be going to bed.

Elisha: Yeah, and thanks for telling me what went on with the shop. I was dying of curiosity. Sleep well.

Thursday 13th August 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as “D7-N784428499 /59071 : 022019” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:55 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Katrin Shandel (mood: Elisha-anxious, Katrin-tense; marketing keywords: TV, noise, police, serious crime ...).

Elisha: Oh, hi. I was wondering who was watching the TV.

Katrin: Hi, yeah, I'm not really watching it. It's just background noise. TV Off.

Elisha: Can I join you for a bit?

Katrin: Certainly. It's as much your place as mine.

Elisha: Simon told me you went to the police last night. Do you think they'll find her?

Katrin: Oh I doubt it very much. They don't consider rent arrears serious crime, I imagine. Anyway someone's coming round this morning to get more details and have a look at her room. What they hope to find I've no idea. Still, I need to get a police report for the insurance.

Elisha: Ohh, so you won't be out of pocket then?

Katrin: That depends. The insurance may argue I let her get away with the arrears for too long and only pay some or possibly even none but I can counter that with the ban on evictions. I just hope it won't be a long drawn out fight as I've got the mortgage to pay and it's been a struggle these last couple of months. At least I've still got her bond which'll be a help.

Elisha: Yes, I can imagine. So, um, you're going to be looking for another tenant?

Katrin: Absolutely. In many ways Mandy has done me a favour by running away. If she'd stayed for the formal eviction there'd be a long drawn out process but now it's going to be quick. I posted an advertisement online this morning.

Elisha: Ahh, yes. Well, I wanted to ask you about that.

Katrin: Oh yes?

Elisha: Umm, I was wondering if I rented Mandy's room as well as the one I'm in at the moment if, umm, well, if

maybe you'd give me a discount? You know, like at the supermarket. Buy one get one half price or something like that.

Katrin: 'Fraid not Elisha. Property isn't like packets of biscuits. Besides, I checked the rents being asked online earlier and they've gone up. I'd be a fool to give you a discount when I can get an increase from someone else.

Elisha (*mood:disappointed*): Yes, I can see that.

Katrin: Besides, and I don't mean to be rude, but if I rent 2 of the 3 rooms to you that gives you power over me. You can threaten to leave and leave both rooms empty at the same time which would give me major problems. No, I really couldn't risk that.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): But I would never do a thing like that.

Katrin: So you say now but when something important to you cropped up you would, I'm sure, use every means of leverage at your disposal. Anyway, what do you want a second room for? Surely not for music practice?

Elisha: Oh no. Umm, it was just a thought, that's all. More space, that sort of thing.

Katrin: More space? What do you want more space for? Ohhhh, you want to sub-let? Is that it?

Elisha: Sub-let? No, I wasn't thinking of that.

Katrin: But you want someone else to move in with you?

Elisha: Well, it was just an idle thought. I can't afford the full rent on 2 rooms and I can't afford to rent anything bigger than a room.

Katrin: Oh I don't know. A small apartment would be cheaper than 2 separate rooms, I would think and why would you be paying for it all, anyway? Wouldn't this man, I'm assuming it's a man, be contributing ... Ohhhh no. It's not one of your homeless friends, is it? I'm definitely not having any of that trash on my house, thank you very much.

Elisha (*mood:annoyed*): They're not trash. They're really nice people, at least the ones I know. They've just had terribly bad luck. Listen, Ray's sister ...

Katrin (*mood:cold*): I really don't want to know, Elisha. Everybody has bad luck at some point in their lives but most don't end up on the streets. Look at Mandy, for instance. She had

that dreadful time with that con artist on the internet but she managed to keep things together and set up a business and find somewhere to live.

Elisha: And look how that ended up. All she needed ...

Katrin: Exactly! And I don't want that happening again. Bring in one of your homeless friends and they'll be in arrears in no time. Probably stealing from the rest of us as well I imagine. No, no, absolutely out of the question.

Elisha: But ...

Katrin: Absolutely not, Elisha. And that's final. I'll thank you not to raise the matter again or I'll seriously have to reconsider your position here.

Elisha (*mood:angry*): Is that so? Well maybe I should find somewhere ...

Katrin: Uh uh uh, don't rush into making any foolish statements in the heat of the moment. If you want to leave that's entirely up to you but don't make an emotional decision and certainly not before you've found somewhere else. You don't want to end up homeless as well. You're a nice girl from a nice background. I doubt you'd survive long. You're not streetwise.

Elisha: And you are I suppose?

Katrin: Decidedly not, Elisha, which is how I know you won't survive. You're like me and I know I wouldn't. Now calm down. Whatever you think this is, it's not the end of the world. Calm down and think through your position carefully and don't make any rash, emotional decisions. You're a good tenant and I like you. I wouldn't want to see you come to any harm because we had a disagreement.

(*silence*)

Katrin (*mood:calm*): That's better. You have a good job and an excellent career ahead of you. Don't put that at risk, least of all for some man who isn't worth it. You're a pretty girl. You won't have much trouble finding someone more suitable. Someone with a good job and career prospects to match yours. After all, one day you will be a major figure in the music world and you won't want some deadbeat dragging you down.

Elisha (*mood:cold*): I'm going to my room.

Katrin: As you wish, dear. But do think before you do anything rash. Your father's a lawyer, isn't he?

Elisha: What's that got to do with anything?

Katrin: Nothing, I dare say. But it might be an idea to consider how he would advise you. I've generally found lawyers to be fairly level headed.

Elisha (*mood:dismissive*): Yeah, whatever.

(*footsteps*)

Katrin: Foolish girl. I wish the police would hurry up.

Monday 17th August 2020

At 09:33 GMT 40 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:

www.google.com query: "bike shops near me" – time on site: 31s

www.google.com query: "bicycle shops near me" – time on site: 2m11s

www.cyclesmart.co.uk – time on site: 3m38s

www.bikesnmore.co.uk – time on site: 2m51s

www.halfords.co.uk – time on site: 2m19s

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 09:54 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin-calm, Elisha-irritated; marketing keywords: knock, door, bike, ...)

- Katrin: Ahh, there you are, Elisha. I was going to knock on your door in a few minutes.
- Elisha: Oh yeah?
- Katrin: Are you in a bad mood?
- Elisha: You can say that again.
- Katrin: What's happened?
- Elisha: My bike only got stolen last night. I had to bloody walk home.
- Katrin: Oh dear, that's no good. Was it secured?
- Elisha: It was chained to the bike rack at The O2. When I came out after the concert it'd gone. Someone used bolt cutters and left the chain. God that pisses me off.
- Katrin: Was it insured?
- Elisha: Of course not. Who insures a push bike?
- Katrin: Ahh well. You'd best get another one then or are you going to walk to work from now on?
- Elisha: I suppose I'll have to. It's only 3 miles but bikes are so damned expensive. I hadn't realised. I was looking online just now. And they're all, like 10 or 15 speed racers or mountain bikes. I just want a little 3 speed with a basket on the front for my clarinet and my shopping. I saw one that looked nice but it was over a thousand pounds! I can't afford that kind of money.
- Katrin: What about a second hand one?

Elisha: I suppose although I've had that bike since I started at Uni. My bum's used to the saddle. Those ones online look bloody uncomfortable. It's just so bloody inconvenient as well.

Katrin: These things are never convenient. Like when you buy something from the shop and get it home and it doesn't work or there's a bit missing. The shop just says oh just bring it back but that means traipsing all the way back again and queuing and it's always either raining or a heatwave. It's a complete pain. Last week's local paper is in the lounge somewhere, I think, if you want to have a look. The next one's out on Wednesday. There might be some used bikes in there.

Elisha: Oh, thanks, yeah, I'll have a look. So what did you want to see me about?

Katrin: Ah, yes. Will you be available on Wednesday evening?

Elisha: I can be. Why?

Katrin: I've got a couple of people wanting to see the room and I want you and Simon to meet them as well. After all, you'll be living right next door. You should have a say.

Elisha: Oh, right. Sure. What time?

Katrin: I was thinking 6:30, if that's OK?

Elisha: Sure, no problem. Are they men or women?

Katrin: Both women. I prefer having no more than 1 man in the house. Less ... fraught, especially with the shared bathroom.

Elisha: Yeah, I suppose. Shame we can't all have our own bathrooms like you.

Katrin: Ahh, well that's the benefit of being the landlord. I get to have my own little apartment on the top floor.

Elisha: All right for some.

Katrin: Yes, indeed.

Elisha: So what rent are you asking, or shouldn't I ask?

Katrin: Oh you could easily look at the advertisement. £695 a month.

Elisha: You're joking. That's £120 more than I'm paying. Will you be putting mine up?

Katrin: That's the way rentals are going at the moment but don't worry. If you're still here in, oh say, 18 months, we'll have a rent review but yours will stay the same 'til

then. I like to keep the tenants I like.

Elisha: OK, well, thanks, I guess. So are all rents going up or just rooms?

Katrin: I would imagine all rents. If apartments stayed the same room rents would have to come down again otherwise no one would rent a room.

Elisha: I suppose. Although if there aren't enough apartments people'd have to rent rooms even if they're more expensive.

Katrin: True, but that level of demand on apartments would put them up anyway so it's swings and roundabouts.

Elisha: And Deptford is one of the cheaper areas, isn't it.

Katrin: It's at the lower end but there are cheaper suburbs. Lewisham, for example, or Bexley.

Elisha: Oh well. The paper's in the lounge, you said? I'll go and see if there are any bikes.

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwhistle at 10:41 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Bertram Entwhistle
Subject: First five weeks of streaming revenue
Attached: five_week_analysis.xlsx

I attach a full analysis of the revenue from streaming, by week, subscription type and location, but the essence is that we are, week by week, gaining a small but steady increase in viewers. In terms of revenue we are by no means out of the woods yet.

Following the initial take-up of annual subscriptions in the first week the numbers have reduced to a trickle, averaging around two per concert which is a cause for concern. On the other hand, 4-weekly and single views are fluctuating each week with Friday and Sunday concerts being noticeably better attended than Saturdays. Presumably people have other things to do on Saturdays although we should consider the possibility that our Saturday concerts are less attractive. As you know, Friday and Sunday concerts are wholly classical whereas on Saturdays we perform more popular music, such as the recent Themes From Computer Games concert. It does occur to me that with

the wider internet based audience we have moved away from our traditional audience and perhaps, as the internet is awash with popular music, we might be better advised to focus on a more niche market. Still, I leave that to those with a better understanding of the music world.

Overall, in conjunction with the deferment on the payroll, we have bought ourselves another seven weeks of survival.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 12:04 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Raymond Sanger and Elisha Houghton (mood: Raymond-relaxed, Elisha-withdrawn; marketing keywords: bike, theft, concert, chain ...).

Ray: Hey, Eli. No bike today?

Elisha: Bloody well got stolen, didn't it.

Ray (*mood:concerned*): Oh, shit, no. When?

Elisha: While I was doing the concert last night. I left it chained to the bike rack outside and when I came back out it'd gone. They left the frigging chain though, 'cept it's no use since they cut it.

Ray: So it wasn't round here then?

Elisha: Nah.

Ray: Bummer. I could maybe have asked around, see if anyone knew anything. So how you going to get to work?

Elisha: I'm going to have to walk, I suppose, unless I can find another bike. For sure I can't afford a taxi and the buses go all over the place to get there. Could be a while though. A new bike will be very expensive so I'm going to have to try and find a used one that's cheap and in reasonable condition which could be difficult.

(*pause*)

Ray (*mood:tense*): Um, maybe I could walk with you? You know, keep you company? If you don't get another bike before, like.

Elisha (*mood:hopeful*): Oh it's 3 miles, Ray. I couldn't ask you to walk

all that way. And 3 miles back again.

Ray (*mood:enthused*): Oh that's no problem. Besides, it'll be fun.

Elisha: Well, yeah. But surely you wouldn't want to wait around until the concert's over? Won't you get bored?

Ray: Yeah, like it's real fun sitting here in the dark listening to Badge and Eddie farting all the time.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): Well, yeah, I can relate to that. Hey, would you like to watch the concert? Well, rehearsal on Thursday. The next concert isn't until Friday.

Ray: I'd love to. See what real musicians do but won't you have another bike by then?

Elisha: Probably not. Hey, this could be cool. Look, I don't know if you'll be allowed into the auditorium though. I'd better ask first. Don't want you arrested 'cos they think you're an intruder.

Ray (*mood:negative*): Shit. Hey maybe it's not such a good idea. Like, I'm not gonna be dressed right. They won't want a scruffy bastard like me messing up the place.

Elisha: How about we go shopping and get you some new jeans and a shirt? Ahh, to hell with that. We can get you some new clothes if you want but sod 'em. I'm not going to dress you up as a show pony. You're my friend and that's the end of it. If they won't accept you as you are then that's their problem. You're as much a musician and music lover as them and it doesn't matter one little bit if you're dressed differently.

Ray: Umm, I don't want to cause any trouble.

Elisha (*mood:passionate*): There won't be any trouble and it's high time someone stood up for the rights of ordinary people. There's too much elitism in the world.

Badger: You go girl! You give 'em what for!

Elisha: Oh up yours Badge. Go on, get yourselves organised and I'll send an email. It could be no one's allowed in. Damn, I'm going to email the Director himself. He likes me.

| *Email sent from Elisha's tablet at 12:11 GMT:*

To: Malcolm Beeton

From: Elisha Houghton
Subject: A personal request

Hello Malcolm

My bicycle was stolen yesterday and, for the time being at least, a friend of mine is going to walk with me to The Enclave. I was wondering if it would be possible for him to sit in the auditorium during rehearsals and concerts until I get another bike? He is a musician himself, guitar, and is very interested in classical music.

Regards

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 13:22 GMT*

To: Elisha Houghton
From: Malcolm Beeton
Cc: emiliab@515n0w.co.uk
Subject: re: A personal request

Hello Elisha

I see no reason why your friend can't sit in the auditorium. I would, however, ask that he stays some way back from the front row as we do not want viewers on the internet wondering why there are people in the audience when they are not allowed to attend.

Could you also identify your friend to Emilia, the Stage Manager, so we know who he is.

Regards

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Jason Molina at 15:22 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: First month streaming revenue

Kaji and I had a long chat about this over the phone this afternoon and we are both inclined to agree with Bertie. After all, since we are on the internet, who wants to pay to listen to Computer Game Themes when they can play the games directly and listen to the themes for free?

We could change our programme to include more obscure and abstruse classical pieces as a way of carving a niche for ourselves but practically speaking it will be difficult to plan and orchestrate in a short time frame. We are also limited in that such delights as ancient music on original instruments is simply not feasible. It would take a long time to source such instruments and more time for our musicians to learn to play them.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 15:45 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: I'm still a Philistine!

You all called me a Philistine when I admitted it some years ago and I am proud to say I am still a philistine. Yes, I liked Jive Bunny and their montage of 50s and 60s rock and roll and I still have the Hooked On Classics album by the Royal Phil that my father bought. In fact it was Hooked On Classics more than anything that got me involved with classical music but that's neither here nor there. More to the point, Jive Bunny did very well in the pop music charts – I believe they reached number 1 – and Hooked On Classics may well have done as well. I don't remember because I was still some years from being born. Perhaps it would be a good time for us to do something similar on Saturdays?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 15:50 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: I'm still a Philistine

Oh Lord, has it really come to this? Prostituting ourselves to a dance beat?

I would like to make a principled stand here but, alas, the history of Art shows that without money, Art cannot survive and so we must all prostitute ourselves before the Altar of Commercialism. Art cannot survive if the Artist does not.

Perhaps we could discuss this further tonight in my office after the concert?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 16:10 GMT:*

To: Janel Kantara
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: <no subject>

Janel, am I right in thinking that Malcolm wants us to become prostitutes? And in his office? Doesn't that constitute sexual harassment?

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Emails from the tablet of Janel Kantara:*

Time: 16:14 GMT
To: Emilia Borgov
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: <no subject>

I think Malcolm is talking in terms of metaphors rather than actually proposing prostitution as a course of action. He is, I am sure, simply referring to changing the nature of our concerts for monetary reasons and expressing his distaste for that. I'll have a word with him though since prostitution is not something to be taken lightly.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Time: 16:15 GMT
To: Malcolm Beeton
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Clarification needed

Malcolm

I really do think you need to clarify your email earlier today in which you referred to prostitution. It could be interpreted as an intended course of action and the subsequent reference to discussions in your office could also be misinterpreted.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 16:27 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: I'm still a Philistine

Just to clarify my earlier email, I was referring to the distortion of the Orchestra's musical principles for the sake of raising money and bemoaning the fact that our financial situation has reduced us to

performing some of the great works of classical composers to a beat that they did not originally intend.

I would like to make it absolutely clear I was using the term “prostitution” solely as a metaphor and not in any way, shape or form in its more conventional meaning. I apologise wholeheartedly if any confusion or misunderstanding has arisen.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Jason Molina at 16:55 GMT*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: I'm still a Philistine

Oh, we may well have to resort to the oldest profession, Malcolm, although I do hope not. At my age I have neither the body nor the energy for such a career change.

I heard on the TV News that the Cavern Club in Liverpool is about to close as it's in grave financial trouble. For those who don't know, the Cavern Club launched the career of The Beatles, probably the most popular band in music history.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as “19117-PFR99-50684-22212” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 19:04 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin-relaxed, Elisha-happy; marketing keywords: bikes, rags, walking, exercise ...)*

Katrin: Oh, hello, Elisha. I'm just finishing up here so it's all yours.
Elisha: Ahh, great. Thanks.
Katrin: Any joy with bikes in the local rag?

Elisha: Actually, I haven't looked. I've decided not to bother with another bike for a while. The walking will be good exercise.

Katrin: Really? Even late at night? Probably not a good idea. This is London, after all.

Elisha: You mean after the concerts? Oh, it'll be fine. A friend will be walking with me.

Katrin: You will be careful, though, won't you? Stay on lit streets and so on?

Elisha: Sure. Don't worry, I'll be fine.

Katrin: Oh well, I'll leave you to it. Don't forget Wednesday evening. 6:30.

Elisha: No, I won't forget.

Sunday 23rd August 2020

The following statement was added to the Metropolitan Police Crime Database at 01:32 GMT. (Retrieved under authority via Freedom of Information request, May 2022):

Reporting Station: Greenwich Police Station, South East BCU
Reporting Officer: Neville Cresswell (Sgt) 318 (Duty Officer)
Interviewing Officer: Derek Mason (Det Sgt) 193
Incident Date: Saturday 22nd August 2020
Incident Time: approx 9.45pm
Incident Location: cnr Drawdock Rd and Ordnance Cres (the crossroad, NW corner)
Statement made by: Elisha Houghton (contact details provided)
Age (if under 18): Over 18
In capacity as: Victim
Complaint made against: Four unidentified males
Witnesses: Raymond Sanger (contact details unknown),
Constable Jane Matthews 824 (Traffic),
Constable Edwin Okamba 901 (Traffic)

Statement:

My name is Elisha Jane Houghton. I am the Second Clarinet with the 515N0W Orchestra which is based at The Enclave in The O2 Complex in Greenwich. On the night of Saturday 22 August 2020 I performed in a concert from approx 7pm to approx 9.15pm. A few minutes later I met my friend, Raymond Sanger, who had been watching the concert inside the auditorium, in order to walk to my home. Normally I cycle home after concerts but my bicycle had been stolen from outside The O2 the week before. I did not report this theft as it seemed trivial and the bike was not insured. At approx 9.30pm Raymond and I exited The O2 via Entrance F and walked around the Western side of the complex to join Waterview Drive then crossed Waterview Drive to join Drawdock Road, heading South with the intention of joining Tunnel Avenue. When we reached the crossroad with Ordnance Crescent and before we crossed Ordnance Crescent we were accosted by four males who were standing on the pavement at the crossroad.

It was dark and I did not get a clear view of them. The nearest street light was some distance away. However, they seemed to be young

rather than old and darker skinned than white men but not as dark as Indians or Pakistanis. All four had short dark hair and wore dark trousers. Three wore nondescript shirts and one wore a dark jacket similar in style to a bomber jacket. Three were of average build and the fourth was stockier with a large belly and a full beard. I did not see a vehicle. One of the men called out to us but we ignored him and went to cross the road. Before we started to cross the four came over to us, talking among themselves in a language I did not recognise. The four surrounded me and started touching me and wanting to know what was in the case I was carrying and my bag. I told them it was none of their business and asked them to leave us alone. One of the men, I think he was wearing glasses or sunglasses, it was difficult to tell, snatched my bag and I yelled at him to give it back. One of the others then grabbed me from behind while another snatched my clarinet case. The fourth slapped my face twice then, while the one behind me kept holding me tightly, he ripped the front of my shirt and exposed my bra. Then he started to squeeze my breasts while saying something in his language and laughing. I kicked him hard and he doubled up then the one behind me dragged me to the ground. One of the others punched me on the side of my face leaving me dizzy. I think he then started trying to undo my jeans but it could have been one of the others. I struggled and kicked and I think I scraped the face of one of them with my fingernails. I cannot remember if I screamed or not. The one behind me held me down and someone grabbed my feet. At this point a police patrol car pulled up and the men ran away. At this point I also realised that my friend, Raymond Sanger, had also gone. I do not know the reason for this but he is a busker and I suspect he has no love for the police. I do not know his address or his present whereabouts.

I explained what had happened and the two police officers put me in their car and conducted a search for my bag and case. They found the bag but the tablet computer which was inside was missing. It is the property of my employer, The 515N0W Orchestra. I do not know its value. My clarinet case had also been opened and the clarinet and case thrown on the ground. The clarinet has sustained sufficient damage as to render it unplayable. There are also scrapes and scuffs on the case and one of the hinges has been damaged. The clarinet is valued at approximately £2500. My shirt is missing most of its buttons but is otherwise OK. The shirt is valued at approximately £20. I have

bruising on both my upper arms from where I was held tightly and bruising on my left cheek from where I was punched. I also have a scrape on the right side of my face from where I was thrown to the ground. Beyond the groping of my breasts nothing sexual occurred. At no point did I give my consent, either explicit or implied, for my breasts to be exposed or touched.

I did not know any of these men, nor have I seen them before. To the best of my knowledge Raymond Sanger did not know the men either.

Signed:

Elisha Jane Houghton

In the presence of:

Derek Mason (Det Sgt) 193

Statement typed by:

Madelyn Johanssen, Duty Clerk (civilian)

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Janel Kantara's phone to Elisha's phone at 10:14 GMT:*

Elisha (*mood:confused*): Hello?

Janel: Hello, Elisha? This is Janel Kantara, from the Orchestra.

Elisha: Oh, hi. I'm sorry. Ugh, I'm a bit spaced out, I was asleep.

Janel: I've just been speaking to the police. They said you were attacked last night. Are you all right?

Elisha: Umm, I'm not sure. I took some Nurofen and, owwww. Yeah, my face hurts. And my shoulder. What time is it?

Janel: About 10:15.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Jesus I'm exhausted. I didn't sleep well.

Janel: I can imagine. You're at home or in the hospital?

Elisha: I'm at home. The police doctor said it was just superficial and, yeah. Oh hey, listen, I'm really sorry but they stole my tablet.

Janel: Yes, I know. That's why the police rang, to confirm it was our property and get a valuation. I passed them over to Anya since she knows how to track its location

so they may well be able to catch the men who did this.

Elisha (*mood:guilty*): I should have taken better care of it, I'm sorry.
Look, it's my fault. I'll pay you back for it. How much do they cost?

Janel: Don't be silly, Elisha. It's not your fault at all. The tablet was stolen from you so don't worry about it. We're insured. Now, I imagine you won't be up to performing tonight?

Elisha: I don't think so. My cheek feels swollen so I probably can't play ... oh, and they broke my clarinet. I tried it at the police station and one of the barrels has a crack in it and several of the keys are bent.

Janel: You do have a spare, though?

Elisha (*mood:panicked*): Yes, but it ... oh, the mouthpiece. I haven't checked the mouthpiece. Oh my God, just a minute.

Janel: Hello? Elisha? Are you there? Hello? Hello?

(*pause*)

Elisha (*mood:relieved*): Oh thank God for that. The mouthpiece is OK.
Oh, Jesus. That freaked me out.

Janel: Elisha, listen to me. Are you listening?

Elisha: Oh, yeah, sorry. It's just that the mouthpiece is the most important part.

Janel: Here's what I want you to do, OK. Are you listening?

Elisha: Yeah, I'm listening.

Janel: First of all, don't worry about the tablet. It doesn't matter in the slightest. I'll get another one to you in a day or two. Next, don't worry about tonight's concert. I'll get Indira Mahdri to cover for you. You stay at home and recuperate. You are what's important here and you need to get yourself well again. If you need to miss a few more concerts that's fine.

Elisha: Oh, I'm sure I'll be fine for Thursday.

Janel: Oh, I doubt it very much. You'll have various muscle strains and by the sound of it your face was hurt. It'll take a while for your face to fully recover. Now I've also known a couple of other women who've been attacked so if in a few days you think you want to talk to a counsellor just call me. I know a very good woman who's experienced in these areas. Whatever you do, don't try to tough it out on your own.

Elisha: Oh, I'll be fine. I won't need a counsellor. I just got hit a couple of times.

Janel: You say that now but these things have a habit of preying on your mind. I'm not saying you will need a counsellor but if you do, let me know. The Orchestra will pay for her. It's part of our care package.

Elisha: Oh, well, that's nice to know. And I'm really sorry about the tablet. I should have taken better care of it.

Janel: Don't worry about the tablet. You need to hold onto the fact that it wasn't your fault, OK? Say that to me.

Elisha: It wasn't my fault.

Janel: That's right. Now, do you think your clarinet is repairable?

Elisha: I think so. God, I hope so. I don't want to have to get used to another one.

Janel: OK. We've had a number of instruments get damaged over the years. I'll email you the details of a wonderful chap. He only repairs wind instruments but he's been doing it for 60 years or so and does a wonderful job. He isn't cheap but if you want your clarinet repaired properly he's really the only one. I'm afraid the Orchestra can't help you there, though. Instruments are the musician's responsibility.

Elisha (*mood:distracted*): Oh, OK. Would you excuse me for a moment? I think I have to throw up.

Janel: Go and throw up then. I'll call you in a day or two and see how you are.

(*call disconnected*)

| *Email sent from Janel Kantara's tablet at 11:15 GMT*

To: Elisha Houghton, elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Clarinet repairs

Hi Elisha

Don't forget what I told you over the phone; your welfare is the most important thing.

The repair man is Kostyantyn Lytvynenko. His address is 21 Sceptre Crescent, Bethnal Green and his phone number is 020 7946 0712.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515NOW

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 11:20 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin-relaxed, Elisha-withdrawn; marketing keywords: hell, lamppost, kitchen, hallway...)

Katrin: Oh, Elisha, is that you?

Elisha: *(faint)* Yeah.

(footsteps)

Katrin: *(faint)* I just wanted to ... Jesus. What the hell happened to you?

Elisha: Oh, I, er, walked into a lamppost. Stupid of me.

Katrin: Come into the kitchen. It's a bit dark in the hallway.

(footsteps)

Katrin: *(normal)* Let me get a better ... Hmm. How did a lamppost manage to cause your cheek bone to swell on one side and scrape your face on the other side?

Elisha *(normal)*: Oh, er, I did that when I fell over after. I'm fine, really. I, um, really ought to be going. I'm late for band practice.

Katrin: OK. I won't keep you. I just wanted to let you know Sally will be moving in next Saturday.

Elisha: Right, great, cool. I'll be off then.

Katrin: Where's your clarinet? Won't you be needing it?

Elisha: Um, yeah. It's upstairs. Umm, no I can't play at the moment. My face, you see.

Katrin: Ah yes. *(pause)* So what's the hurry?

Elisha: Ah, yeah, no hurry really. I guess they're just expecting me, that's all.

Katrin: Hmm. Well, have fun. And stay away from lampposts.

Partial transcript of recording made by trojan spyware on the mobile phone associated with Alexa Sinclair, located in Deptford, commencing 11:48 GMT.

Participants identified as Elisha Houghton, Eddie, Alexa Sinclair and Badger (mood: Elisha-concerned, Eddie-relaxed, Alexa-bored, Badger-disengaged; marketing keywords: none recorded as participants identified of low economic status).

Elisha: Hey guys. Where's Ray?

Eddie: Oh, he's gone. Hey, what happened to you? Get into a fight?

Elisha (*confused*): What do you mean, gone? Where's he gone?

Eddie: Buggered if I know.

Alexa: Hey, did Ray do that to you?

Elisha: No, we got attacked last night, coming back. Is Ray OK? Was he hurt?

Alexa: You were attacked? Who by?

Elisha: It doesn't matter. Eddie, talk to me.

Eddie: Dunno, love. Didn't see him. Hey, Badger? You see Ray last night?

Badger: Yeah.

Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Was he OK? Was he hurt?

Badger: Dunno, like. Dark in here, innit. He was a bit twitchy, like. Kept me awake.

Elisha (*mood:confused*): What do you mean, twitchy?

Badger: Ohh, I dunno. Twitchy. Umm, stumbling about and muttering. Reckoned he'd scored something, like, you know.

Elisha: Scored? You mean, like, drugs? Ray doesn't take drugs.

Badger: Oh he used to. Ain't for a while, like, but you know how it is.

Elisha (*mood:intent*): But he was here last night? You're sure?

Badger: Yeah, sure I'm sure. He didn't bugger off 'til it was light.

Elisha: But he's coming back?

Badger: Reckon not. Took all his stuff, didn't he. Guitar and all.

Elisha: Did he say where he was going?

Badger: Nah. Just said he couldn't take no more then he buggered off.

Elisha: Couldn't take any more of what?

Badger: Dunno, like.

Elisha: Well, didn't you try to stop him? Talk to him?

Badger: He's a free agent, like, isn't he. Up to him if he wants to go. Nothing to do with me.

Elisha (*mood:upset*): Oh shit. Shit, shit, shit. Did he say when he was

coming back?

Badger: Nah. Reckon as how he ain't though.

Elisha: What do you mean?

Alexa: I think what Badger is trying to say is Ray's homeless and isn't tied to any one place. When he moves on he moves on. He's probably gone to another part of London. Maybe those people who attacked you scared him.

Elisha (*mood:agitated*): Maybe if he took his guitar he's planning on meeting us to go busking. Yeah, that's probably it. I'll go check. See you guys later.

Eddie: What about us?

Elisha: Oh, umm, yeah, I guess.

(*footsteps*)

Eddie: What's up with her?

Alexa: If she wanted you to know she'd have told you. Poor thing.

Wednesday 26th August 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 14:04 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Shimon Litvik and Elisha Houghton (mood: Shimon-curious, Elisha-excited; marketing keywords: flowers, card, envelope, chocolates ...)

(faint knocking)

(footsteps)

(indistinct voices)

Simon: Eli! Eli!

Elisha *(faint)*: Yeah, what?

Simon: Some flowers have arrived for you.

Elisha: For me? Ohh! Are they from Ray? Coming.

(footsteps)

Elisha: Ohh, they're nice. Is there a card or anything?

Simon: There's an envelope with this box of chocolates. Who's Ray?

(pause)

Elisha *(mood:disappointed)*: Oh.

Simon: So, not Ray, huh?

Elisha: No. Just from the Orchestra. It's a Get Well Soon card. Oh, well.

Simon: Nice flowers though, even if they're not from Ray.

Elisha *(mood:irritated)*: Will you just shut up about Ray.

Simon: Ahh, like that is it? Umm, I think there's a vase in the back of that cupboard. Just a sec. Ahh, here it is.
(pause) OK. Well, I'll put some water in then. So is Ray the one who hit you?

Elisha *(mood:sharp)*: What?

Simon: Oh nothing. Just wondering if you were expecting some forgive me flowers,

Elisha *(mood:annoyed)*: Hey, Ray's a friend and he didn't hit me, OK. Not that it's any of your business.

Simon *(mood:placating)*: OK, OK. My bad. Anyway, they're from your Orchestra so it's a bit of a moot point. So, er, are you going to open the chocolates?

Elisha *(mood:grumpy)*: You want one?

Simon: Only if you're offering.

Elisha: Have them then. Take the box.
 Simon: OK I'm in the doghouse, I can tell. Sorry. I'll go back to my room. Umm, I'll just leave the flowers here, OK.
 Elisha: Yeah, whatever. Don't forget the chocolates.
 Simon (*mood:puzzled*): You're serious? You don't want them?
 Elisha: You want them, take them. Otherwise they're going in the bin. Do what you bloody well want, OK. Leave me alone, for Christ-sake.
 (*footsteps*)
 Simon: Hmm.

Transcript of recording made by the computer associated with Shimon Litvik located in Deptford, commencing 14:35 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Shimon Litvik, Elisha Houghton (mood: Shimon-concerned, Elisha-sad; marketing keywords: solitude, tea, Jew, suffering ...). All sounds faint.

(*tapping*)
 Elisha: Leave me alone.
 Simon: Elisha, can I come in?
 Elisha: No. Go away.
 Simon: I made you some of your tea.
 Elisha: I don't want any. Go away.
 Simon: Please? I'm worried about you.
 Elisha: Oh for God's sake.
 Simon: I'll take that as a yes, then, shall I?
 Elisha: I said I want to be alone, Simon.
 Simon: Yeah, I heard you. Here's your tea.
 Elisha: Why won't you leave me alone?
 Simon: Because I'm a nosey Jew who can't stand seeing his friends suffering.
 Elisha: I'm not your friend.
 Simon: Sure you are. I'll put your tea here, beside you, and the chocolates on the table.
 Elisha: I told you I didn't want the chocolates.
 Simon: Yeah, I heard that as well.
 Elisha: So now you're calling me a liar?
 Simon: Oh lying's such a nasty word. Let's just say you're not telling the truth.
 Elisha: Bog off.

Simon: Yeah, I will. But not yet. I'll just sit on the bed for a while and keep you company.

Elisha (*mood:resigned*): Oh, if you must. But don't talk to me.

Simon: OK.

(*silence*)

Simon: You know how much I love football?

(*silence*)

Simon: Well, I do. I play whenever I can and when I'm not playing I watch other people play.

Elisha: Sounds like fun. Not.

Simon: Well, it is for me. Empty life, you see. Anyway, I've had a few injuries.

Elisha: I hope they hurt.

Simon: Yes, they did. I've seen a few injuries as well. I knew a guy once who ran full tilt into a goalpost.

Elisha: Is there a point to this?

Simon: Katrin told me you'd walked into a lamppost. You didn't though, did you. Someone hit you. Is that why you're scared?

Elisha: I'm not scared.

Simon: No? OK.

(*silence*)

Simon: It's just that I'm in the room at the other end of the landing. I hear you every time you come and go.

Elisha: So you're spying on me?

Simon: Oh no, I just can't help noticing, that's all.

(*silence*)

Simon: I've never had this tea before. It's quite nice.

Elisha: So you think someone hit me and I'm now scared to leave my room?

Simon: Something along those lines, yes.

Elisha: Well, you're wrong.

Simon: Awesome. Delighted to hear it. Don't let your tea get cold.

(*silence*)

Simon: So who hit you?

Elisha: Oh for God's sake! Just some yobs, OK.

Simon: On Saturday night?

Elisha: Yes. Happy now?

Simon: Ecstatic. So were you alone or with this Ray?

Elisha: What does it matter?
 Simon: Oh, I'd say it matters a lot. To you at least, since you say you're not scared to leave your room. Especially as you were hardly ever here and now you're here all the time.

(silence)
 Simon: So how's your band? Missing you, are they?
(silence)
 Simon: Why don't you have a chocolate?
 Elisha: I don't want a bloody chocolate.
 Simon: Even though they're not from Ray?
 Elisha: Why do you keep going on about Ray?
 Simon: Umm, I don't know really. You're obviously deeply upset about something and if it wasn't this attack then it must be something else. And you seemed pretty excited when you thought the flowers were from Ray and you were pissed off when they weren't. I'm no Sherlock Holmes but I'm guessing there's a connection.

Elisha: It was stupid of me. Ray would never send me flowers or chocolates.

Simon: So he's not a romantic, then?
 Elisha: It's not that, it's just that he doesn't know this address and he couldn't afford it anyway.

Simon: OK. Well, it's been a while since I sent anyone flowers but they aren't that expensive. They're not cheap but not expensive either, if you know what I mean. So, umm, hmm. So is Ray in your band? He's a busker because he's short of money?

Elisha: He was. He isn't anymore.
 Simon: Ahh.

(silence)
 Simon: I'm going to take a wild guess here. Ray was with you on Saturday night and he got into a fight and you somehow got hurt as well and now he's disappeared?

(silence)
 Elisha: No, he didn't get into a fight.
 Simon: You got into a fight?
 Elisha: No, we were walking back after the concert and these men jumped us. Fortunately the police turned up before it got nasty but, well, yeah.

Simon: So was Ray hurt? Arrested?

Elisha: I don't know.

Simon: What do you mean, you don't know?

Elisha: Just that. He was there when the men turned up and he wasn't there when the police turned up. I don't know what happened to him. At first I thought he ran off when the police arrived but why would he just disappear? Why did he go away?

Simon: I don't follow you. If he's scared of the police it would make sense for him to run away, wouldn't it?

Elisha: No, I mean he's gone away. Left the band. Gone somewhere else. He didn't even say goodbye or tell me where he was going.

Simon: Ah.

Elisha: So now I'm wondering if he just abandoned me or maybe ...

Simon: Maybe?

Elisha: Maybe he knew them? Maybe he led me into a trap?

Simon: Oh shit. Now I get you. Why would he do that?

Elisha: I don't know. That's the problem, I just don't know. Maybe he did get hurt and he's out there somewhere in pain, suffering. Maybe he was knifed or something and he's in hospital or dead under some bushes somewhere. I don't bloody know and it's freaking killing me.

Simon: Ah.

Elisha: All I know is he went back to where he was staying after and got his stuff and disappeared.

Simon: Then he isn't hurt. At least not badly. If he was then he wouldn't have got his things.

Elisha: Yeah, I'd kind of figured that myself. So why'd he go? Why didn't he at least wait to say something to me?

Simon: Well, I don't know him so I can't say. Maybe the attack scared him and he couldn't handle it. Is he a tough guy?

Elisha: No, he's very sweet and gentle.

Simon: Well, that's probably why he's gone. It doesn't explain why he didn't say anything to you though.

Elisha: Yeah. The thing is I thought he liked me.

Simon: You liked him, though, didn't you.

Elisha: Yeah, I did. I still do. In fact I ... oh, nothing.

Simon: Go on, tell me.

Elisha: Well, I was kind of hoping we'd have a life together, you know. It was just a stupid fantasy though. One of those impossible things.

Simon: Oh, he's married then?

Elisha: Oh God no.

Simon: Is he gay?

Elisha: No. He isn't gay. He's had girlfriends, although not for a long time.

Simon: So what is it then? If he isn't married or gay?

Elisha: Oh bloody sod it. He's homeless, OK. There. Now you know. Stupid Elisha's in love with a homeless guy. What kind of bloody future is there in that?

Simon: Ah. *(pause)* So he's an alchy? A druggie?

Elisha: Oh, neither of those. He took drugs for a while when his sister and mum died but he doesn't do that sort of thing anymore.

Simon: OK. Well, I can see that there'd be a stigma to being involved with a homeless guy but, I don't know, is it that important? After all, all you have to do is find him a home and he isn't homeless anymore. Problem solved.

Elisha: On my income? Don't make me laugh. I can barely afford the rent here and you think Katrin would let him in this room?

Simon: Well, I guess not. Anyway, he's gone so I guess the problem's resolved itself.

Elisha: Yup. He's gone.

Simon: I'm sorry. That was callous of me.

Elisha: Yeah, but you're right. I guess I just have to pick up the pieces and get on with my life.

(silence)

Elisha: This is what I don't get, though. I've been in relationships before that have fallen apart. I've been sad when it's happened but I've carried on. Like, I can't even be bothered to practice anymore.

Simon: Oh, that's probably just your injuries. I don't imagine you can play the clarinet very well with your face puffed up like that and you probably pulled a muscle or two when it happened.

Elisha: No, it's not that. A few years ago I hurt my hand and

fretted all the time because I couldn't practice, Same with split lips when I've got a cold but now I just can't even be bothered thinking about practising. They broke my clarinet as well.

Simon: When they attacked you?

Elisha: Yeah. It's not too badly damaged but I can't even be bothered to get it repaired. I just sit here all day wondering what's happened to him. And I've like totally given up on the band. I don't even want to see the rest of them, let alone play with them.

Simon: I kind of know how you're feeling, Eli. When my wife walked out I was angry for a while then I just gave up. I didn't even watch football. I just sat around hating the world and everything in it.

Elisha: How long did that go on for?

Simon: Ohh, a couple of years, maybe.

Elisha: Oh great. So I'm going to be like this for a couple of years, am I?

Simon: Oh, I very much doubt it. You're a very different person to me. I've always been a bit of a melancholic whereas you always seem to be a positive, cheerful sort of person. In fact this is the only time I've seen you down since I met you, apart from when that chap died and, let's be honest, you weren't upset for long.

Elisha: Now you make me sound very self-centred and callous.

Simon: I really didn't mean to. What I meant was that some people have strong minds and a definite sense of purpose and others, like me, are fairly weak minded and lack any real purpose.

Elisha: What about your football? Isn't that fulfilling for you?

Simon: Hmm, it's more something I enjoy but it's not a driving force. If it was I'd have spent all my time training and working to be a professional footballer but I never bothered. I'm happy enough to run around and kick the ball and leave the serious stuff to the pros on TV. You're different. You've got that inner strength and drive that makes you practice for hours on end, day after day, year after year. Most people don't have that.

Elisha: Neither do I, not any more.

Simon: Oh, sure you do. OK things have got on top of you at

the moment but that drive will kick back in soon, I'm sure. If it was that easy to stop you'd have stopped years ago. Tell you what, let's go downstairs and watch some music videos on TV? You can explain what they're all about, do some reverse mansplaining. Then we can watch some football and I can explain that to you.

Elisha:

You're an idiot, you know that?

Simon:

To my credit, I do know that. Bring the chocolates. We can scoff the lot before Katrin gets back. We can even bitch about my ex.

Thursday 27th August 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 09:23 GMT. 41 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:58 GMT.*

To: Elisha Houghton, elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Sick leave

Hello Elisha

Please let me know soon if you will be able to perform this weekend. I have Indira Mahdri on standby so it's not a problem if you don't feel up to it.

Given the circumstances and knowing of the police involvement we won't be requiring a medical certificate yet but if your injuries will prevent you performing subsequently we will need a medical certificate.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 11:00 GMT:*

To: Janel Kantara
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Sick leave

Hi Janel

Thank you very much for the flowers and chocolates.

The swelling on my cheek bone is subsiding and my arms and shoulders are no longer as stiff and painful as they were but I really don't feel up to performing this weekend. Also, as I haven't been able to practice since last Saturday my playing would be fairly abysmal if I were to play.

Hopefully after the weekend I'll be better able, physically, to practice and, all being well, I should be at rehearsal Thursday of next week. I'll email you on Monday with a progress report.

Incidentally, I've not yet received the replacement tablet.

Elisha

| *Email sent from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 12:41 GMT:*

To: Elisha Houghton, elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Sick leave

My apologies for the tablet. We will send one by courier on Monday.

You say that you expect to be able to practice "physically". Does this mean that you are having emotional issues? It would be entirely understandable if you are as an assault can be very stressful mentally, not just physically. Would you like me to make arrangements for you to speak with a counsellor?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

To: Janel Kantara
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Sick leave

Hi Janel

No, I won't be needing a counsellor. I was a little weepy and depressed for a few days but I'm getting over that and I'm looking forward to playing music again.

Thank you for your concern, though.

Elisha

Sunday 30th August 2020

Transcript of voice recording made by the phone associated with Sally Parvian, located in Deptford, UK, commencing 12:22 GMT. Voices identified as Elisha Houghton and Sally Parvian (mood: Elisha-incredulous, Sally-perturbed; marketing keywords: recorder, orchestra, ...)

Elisha (*faint*): Oh my God! Oh sweet bloody ... What the frig is going on here?

(*footsteps*)

(*tapping*)

Sally: Um, hello? Is everything OK?

Elisha: Oh, hi, Sally.

Sally (*mood:apologetic*): I heard you shouting.

Elisha: Oh, sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you. I'm just ... wow!

Sally: Umm.

Elisha: Come and have a look at this. Isn't it incredible?

Sally (*mood:puzzled*): Umm, it looks like a recorder to me. Isn't that what you play? Katrin said you're in some orchestra or something.

Elisha: It's a clarinet, but it's not just any clarinet, Sally. It's ... Jesus. I'm like totally blown away.

Sally: Umm. Yeah, hey, maybe I should get back to my ...

Elisha: This clarinet, Sally, this one sitting here on my bed, all neat and innocent looking in its case, used to belong to Sidney Bechet. Wow!

Sally: Yeah? Hey, cool. (*pause*) Who's Sidney Bechet?

Elisha: Oh, um, he was a jazz musician, back in the 1920s.

Sally (*mood:disinterested*): Oh, nice. Well, I'll leave you to ...

Elisha: Actually he wasn't just a jazz musician. He was the first person to make a solo jazz recording. A lot of people think it was Louis Armstrong but Bechet recorded his several months before.

Sally: OK. So he recorded using this one? Does that mean it's worth a lot of money?

Elisha: Actually, no. He was more of a sax player so his recording was probably on the sax but he started out on clarinet. I read somewhere he never really liked the sax and only took it up because he thought it was more commercial. He invented swing music as well.

Sally: Hey, that's so cool. Um, what's swing music? Is that like Taylor Swift or something?

Elisha: But look at all this. It's fully documented. Receipts, everything. Jesus. It looks like he bought this clarinet in 1905. *(pause)* Ohhh, yeah, look. See that? The serial number's the same. That is so awesome!

Sally: So it's, like, over a hundred years old? Wouldn't a new one be better?

Elisha: You're missing the point. This is ... this is just incredible.

Sally: OK, cool. So, um, where did you get it?

Elisha: It was under my bed.

Sally: Oh. *(pause)* Like, didn't you know it was there? Did the last tenant leave it behind or something?

Elisha: What? Oh, no. A guy I knew from the orchestra died and his wife gave me his clarinets. I thought they were just ordinary clarinets and I kind of just shoved them under my bed without looking.

Sally: So you're having a tidy up? Are you moving out? You've got a nicer view than mine.

Elisha: Me, no. Oh, I get you. Yeah, no, I was in a thing last weekend and my main clarinet, the one I play at work, was damaged. Anyway, I've been off sick since and I was lying in bed wondering what to do today and figured I really ought to get my spare clarinet out and see if I can play it. Maybe even do some practising although I haven't figured out where to go to practice. Anyway, I pulled out the wrong case. This isn't my spare. Umm, where is it? Ahh, here it is. This is my spare.

Sally: Those are all recorders?

Elisha: Clarinets.

Sally: You must take it pretty seriously then.

Elisha *(mood:amused)*: Well, yes, I do take it seriously. It's my job and my passion.

Sally: Why are those two different sizes?

Elisha: Oh, that small one's an E flat soprano clarinet and the bigger one's an E flat alto. The others are B flat sopranos.

Sally: But they're all recorders?

Elisha: Clarinets. Yeah but they sound different. You're not really into music, are you?

Sally: No, not really. I kind of like Justin Beiber, though.

Elisha: OK, no probs. Anyway, that was why I made a lot of noise. Sorry. I was just blown away and got a bit excited, that's all.

Sally: Well, yeah, like I don't know how things work around here so I thought maybe I'd better see if you'd hurt yourself or something. But everything's OK so I'll, um, leave you to it.

Elisha: Hey, thanks. It was really kind of you. Oh, umm, I've forgotten. Aren't you a uni student?

Sally: I was up until a couple of months ago. BA in Business. I've got a job now though which is why I needed a place in London.

Elisha: Oh, sure, yeah, I kind of remember now. A lot's happened to me since you were here looking at the room. Aren't you working in a shop or something?

Sally (*mood:proud*): I'm a trainee manager at Oldham's Department Stores, or at least I will be. I start tomorrow.

Elisha: Oh that's really great. Hey, I hope it all works out for you and you get to manage one of their stores. So, er, will you be working from home?

Sally: I don't expect so. Next week I'll be at head office on induction and networking then I'm on a course for a month. I don't think I'll be spending much time here. I can't learn about managing department stores from my bedroom. Why?

Elisha: Oh, I was just wondering. I'm going to need to do a lot of practice and I can't when there's people in the house. At least, not if they're trying to work. Simon's back in his office now and Katrin's back at hers 2 days a week.

Sally: You mean on these things?

Elisha: Yeah, on the clarinet.

Sally: What do they sound like? I don't think I've ever heard one before.

Elisha: Oh, umm, well, OK. Give me a moment and I'll put mine together. I need to anyway to find out if I can still play it.

Sally: Why wouldn't you?

Elisha: Oh, I hurt my cheek bone.

Sally: OK. So do you practice much?

Elisha: Usually 3 hours a day or thereabouts. I'll need to do more for a while though.

Sally: Wow, that's a lot. So where did you practice during the lockdown?

Elisha: I went to an old disused chapel up the road.

(music)

Elisha *(mood:sour)*: Jesus, that's bad. Feels a little funny as well.

Sally: It sounded OK to me.

Elisha: My timing and coordination's gone to shit. Hopefully it's just because everything feels slightly out of place but I have a feeling it isn't.

(music)

Elisha *(mood:disgusted)*: Bloody hell. The upper register sounds like a cat's being killed. I must have lost some lip strength.

Sally: Yeah? I thought it sounded quite good.

Elisha: I'm a professional, Sally. Good is nowhere near enough. It has to be perfect and I'm a long way off perfect. Shit. Where the hell can I practice?

Sally: Why can't you go back to that chapel?

Elisha: Ohh, it's a long story but there are some people there I don't really want to get involved with again.

Sally: How do you mean? I thought you said it was disused?

Elisha: Umm, well, when I was practising there I met up with some other people and we kind of got a band going. Anyway, it's all changed now and I don't really want to go back with them anymore.

Sally: Did someone upset you?

Elisha: Yeah, something like that. Anyway, it's all over now. I wonder if Katrin's going to be here tomorrow? Maybe she won't mind if I go to the bottom of the garden.

Sally: Why don't you ask her?

Elisha: Yeah, I will. Hey, how're you settling in? Bed comfy enough?

Sally: It's a bit saggy in the middle but it'll do. I won't be here that long, I expect. I've got a review in 6 months and I should get a significant pay rise so I'll be able to afford something better. Perhaps even an apartment.

Elisha (*mood:sarcastic*): Well that's something to look forward to then, isn't it.

Sally: Oh, absolutely. I'm not doing this for the love of department stores, you know. I'm in it for the money.

Elisha: And I'm sure you'll be very successful. You seem the perfect type for it.

Sally: Oh, I do hope so. I'm like so majorly focused on the multi-product-line profit function within a mass consumption paradigm it's unreal.

Elisha: Awesome. The world is definitely in need of some more multi-product-lines to consume, profitable or otherwise. Can't get enough of them. Well, I'm going to find Katrin. I'll see you round, OK.

Sally: OK. And good luck with your recorder thingy. It's cute.

(*footsteps*)

(*door closing*)

Elisha (*faint*): Silly bitch.

| *Exchange of emails between Elisha's phone, located in Deptford,UK, and the desktop computer of William Naylor, located in Manchester.*

Time: 15:12 GMT

To: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

From: elisha@elishclarinet.co.uk

Subject: Your father's clarinets

Hello William

I was disconcerted to discover today that one of your father's clarinets that you and your mother so kindly gave me once used to belong to the great jazz musician Sidney Bechet. As far as I can tell there is full documentation establishing this which was inside an envelope in the clarinet's case.

I can only imagine you were unaware of this as, apart from its historical significance, the clarinet must be worth quite a lot of money. If you let me have your address I will return the clarinet to you as it would be quite wrong of me to take advantage of the situation and keep it.

Regards

Elisha Houghton

Time: 15:55 GMT

To: elisha@elishclarinet.co.uk

From: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

Subject: re: Your father's clarinets

Elisha

Naturally I was aware of that clarinet's provenance but my father made no specific provision for it in his Will. I am also aware of Sidney Bechet and his reputation as a saxophone player which leads me to suspect his clarinet will not be as valuable as you seem to think.

Frankly, I can't be bothered with this. My mother moved back to Spain a few weeks ago and last night suffered a stroke. I am leaving for the airport very shortly and even though you no doubt think I lack emotions this is not the case. Keep the bloody thing. For sure I don't want endless correspondence on the subject. My father is dead and my mother is seriously ill and I couldn't give a toss about the damned clarinet.

William Naylor

Time: 16:02 GMT

To: william.naylor@manchesteruniversity.edu.uk

From: elisha@elishclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Your father's clarinets

I'm very sorry to hear about your mother. Condolences, offer of help??
Anything else?

Tell him I know he has emotions – only his AI system ...

What else? Thank him for the clarinet? Protest again?

| *(email deleted unsent at 16:08 GMT)*

Tuesday 1st September 2020

Transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as “19117-PFR99-50684-22212” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:53 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin:annoyed, Elisha-surprised; marketing keywords: visitors, house, outside)

(knocking)

(indecipherable voices)

Katrin *(faint)*: Elisha! Visitors!

Elisha *(faint)*: Coming!

(footsteps)

Katrin *(mood:intense)*: And don't bring them in the house. I don't want any of that kind in here, understand? Keep them outside.

Elisha *(mood:taken aback)*: Oh, OK.

(pause)

Elisha *(mood:surprised)*: Oh, hello. What are you doing here?

(door closing)

Partial transcript of recording made by trojan spyware on the mobile phone associated with Alexa Sinclair, located in Deptford, commencing 10:54 GMT. Participants identified as Elisha Houghton, Alexa Sinclair and Badger (mood: Elisha-surprised, Alexa-worried, Badger-tense; marketing keywords: none recorded as participants identified of low economic status).

Elisha *(mood:excited)*: Has Ray come back? Is he here?

Alexa: No, I'm afraid not.

Elisha *(mood:disappointed)*: Oh. So ... I'm sorry. I'd invite you in but ...

Alexa: Yes, we heard. I can't say I'm surprised. We're generally considered undesirables.

Elisha: It's her house. What can I do?

Alexa: Exactly. Can we talk out here or will your neighbours complain that we're causing their property values to drop?

Elisha: Ha ha. Um, so how do you know where I lived?

Badger: Ray followed you, while back.

Elisha: Why would he do that?

Badger: Dunno.

Alexa: I expect he wanted to know more about you, Elisha.

After all, you do keep quiet about yourself.

Elisha (*mood:embarrassed*): Well, that's because, umm, well ...

Alexa: You didn't want to rub our noses in your privileged lifestyle, is that it? Well, I wouldn't call living in a shared rental in Deptford particularly privileged.

Elisha: Well ...

Alexa: But then, compared with us ... Thank you for your consideration.

(*pause*)

Alexa: Hmm. This isn't the tone I wanted to take. I'm sorry, Elisha. Can we start again?

Elisha (*mood:disconcerted*): Umm, OK. Hello. How are you?

Badger: We ain't no bleedin' good.

Alexa (*mood:exasperated*): Badger, you agreed to leave the talking to me.

Badger: Argh, yous taking too bleedin' long about it.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): About what? Why are you here?

Alexa: We've missed you, Elisha.

Elisha (*mood:defensive*): Ahh. Well, yes, I suppose I should have said something.

Alexa (*mood:downcast*): Oh. Like that is it?

Elisha: Well, um, you know I was assaulted?

Alexa: Yes. I was there the next day, when you came round to the chapel, remember?

Elisha: Ah, yes, of course you were. Umm, well, my clarinet got damaged.

Alexa: I thought you had a spare? You can have mine back if you want it? After all, you need one for your orchestra.

Elisha: Mmm. Um, well, ...

Alexa: It's Ray, isn't it.

Elisha (*mood:embarrassed*): What do you mean?

Alexa: You're not coming back to the band because Ray's gone.

Elisha: Oh, no, no.

Alexa: So you are coming back?

Elisha: Umm.

(*silence*)

Alexa: Will your ... landlady ... mind if we sat on the wall?

Elisha: Probably but who cares.

Alexa (*mood:reflective*): Oh well. You know, I used to live in a house.

Much nicer than this one. Bigger too. I was very proud of it. Perhaps too proud, who knows. I had a nice car, as well. A lot of friends, a successful husband. I had everything any woman could want. Did I ever tell you I had a daughter?

Elisha: No, you didn't tell me that.

Alexa: Ah well. I try not to think about her. I do, of course, but I try not to.

Elisha: Umm, what happened?

Alexa: The Social Services took her away. They said I was an unfit mother. Unable to care for the child.

Elisha: Oh God.

Alexa: She'll be 6 now, coming up to 7.

Elisha: When did they ... ?

Alexa: Take her away? Oh, 1 year, 5 months and 9 days ago, not that anyone's counting.

Elisha: Ahh.

Alexa (*mood:quiet*): Can't think of anything to say? I don't blame you.

What can you say, after all? But, that's what being destitute and homeless does to you. Destroys your family, your life, your self-esteem, your very soul. It's quite an experience. Not one I'd wish on anyone, but an experience nonetheless.

Elisha: What was her, I mean, is her name?

Alexa: Madeline.

Elisha: That's a nice name.

Alexa: Yes, I always liked it myself. Ah well.

Elisha: Do you see her?

Alexa: She's with a foster family now. I am allowed to visit but it's discouraged. I don't imagine they want a tramp giving her nightmares.

Elisha (*mood:indignant*): But you're her mother!

Alexa: Indeed, but then, as her mother I also want the best for her. Is it in her best interests to be constantly reminded that her real mother is a homeless good for nothing destitute waste of space?

(*silence*)

Alexa: Ahh well. We all have a back story, don't we. All sad, of course. None of us would be how we are if we had happy stories.

Elisha: So why are you telling me this? To make me feel guilty?

Alexa: No, of course not. I just wanted you to understand.

Elisha: Understand what?

Alexa: What the band means to me. To us.

Elisha: I don't understand. I thought you didn't really want to be in the band to begin with.

Alexa: No, I didn't. To be honest, I thought it would be just another humiliation. Just another thing to put me down and make me feel like a piece of shit. Some stupid woman making a fool of herself in public.

Elisha: Ahh. I'm sorry.

Alexa: Oh, don't be sorry, dear. It wasn't like that.

Elisha: It wasn't?

Alexa: No. Strangely, for the first time since ... it ... happened I began to feel a little proud of myself. I'll be the first to admit I'm not a great clarinet player but here I was, playing a clarinet. In a band. People stopped to listen. OK they stopped to listen to you and Ray and Badger but they listened to me as well. I started to be somebody again. People weren't avoiding me, looking away in disgust and embarrassment. It was a ... nice feeling.

Elisha: Ah.

Alexa: Tell her, Badge.

Badger (*mood:surprised*): Tell 'er what?

Alexa: How you feel about the band.

Badger: Oh. Dunno, like.

Alexa: So you don't care?

Badger: Oh, wouldn't say that, like.

Alexa: So what would you say, like?

Badger: Bleedin' hell. It's good, innit.

Alexa: I think what Badger is trying to say is that when people watch and hear him drumming away on those plastic tubs and bits of metal is that he feels respected, admired even. Is that right, Badge?

Badger: I guess.

Alexa: Tell me, Elisha. Did you ever watch Charmaine on her whatever it is? I mean, really watch her?

Elisha: Go on, tell me.

Alexa: I haven't known her long but even I can see she's

changed. She's got something now that she didn't have back at that Women's Crisis Housing Association shelter.

Elisha: I know you want me to ask so what has she got now?

Alexa: Pride.

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): Pride?

Alexa: Yes, pride. She's never played a musical instrument in her life. In fact pretty much everything she's ever touched has gone wrong or failed or rejected her but now, finally, she's found something she can do well. It may not be much in your eyes. After all, you're a professional musician, but even so. When you live in the gutter little things mean a lot.

Elisha (*mood:quiet*): And Eddie?

Alexa: Yes, and Eddie. He's the same. He made that thing and he loves it.

Badger: I 'elped.

Alexa: Did you? I didn't know that.

(*silence*)

Elisha: So why are you telling me this?

Badger: It's all bleedin' over, innit. Fucked.

Elisha: Why?

Alexa: You've left us, Elisha. We're lost. We don't know what to do. We don't know what to play. You were our base, our focus. Our inspiration, if you like. With you we're a band called S-T-R-E-E-T. Without you we're just a bunch of losers, wasters. It's not the money. God knows it's not the money. Most weeks we didn't make much more than £10 each but by God we were proud of that £10. It's all gone. Our pride, our esteem, our sense of identity. Look at us. We're just a bunch of homeless shits too scared to say boo to a goose, immersed in depression and self loathing.

Elisha: You've never seemed to me to loath yourself, Alexa.

Alexa: It's just a front, Elisha. A habit, really, left over from the days when I was somebody. Inside I hate myself. I hate what I've become and most of all I hate abandoning my baby. Am I really such a monster? Am I really such an appalling mother that those fucking social workers say I am? You think I'm proud of that? To have sunk so ...

ugh ... low that I can't look after my own flesh and blood? Do you really think that, Elisha? Really?

Elisha (*mood:shocked*): No, Alexa, I don't think that. I'm sorry. I wasn't really thinking.

Alexa (*mood:angry*): Oh, what the hell. I knew this would be a waste of time. Come on, Badger. Let's go.

Badger: You mean ... ?

Alexa: Yeah. Come on. Maybe see you around, Elisha. Bye.

Elisha: Umm, bye.

(*footsteps*)

Elisha: No, wait! Hold on.

(*footsteps*)

Alexa: What is it?

Elisha: I have to go to Bethnal Green this afternoon, to take my clarinet to the repairer, but if you guys aren't doing anything tomorrow I can bring my spare around. We could go do some busking if you like.

Alexa: Without Ray?

Elisha: Without Ray. We'll manage. Maybe we'll find someone else who can play guitar.

Badger: Sweet!

Alexa: Elisha? Would you be terribly offended if a homeless old woman gave you a hug?

Elisha: You're not old, Alexa. You're only a few years older than me. Ahh. I got that wrong, didn't I. Come on, give me a hug.

Badger: What 'bout me?

Elisha: Yeah, you too, mate. Come on. Oh, Alexa, I had a thought about you the other night.

Alexa: Oh yes?

Elisha: Yes. I came across a piece I thought would be a great solo for you. It's a beautiful piece called Il Silenzio by Nino Rosso. It's written for trumpet but it should work well on the clarinet and it's not too complicated.

Alexa: A solo? What, me? Oh my God.

Elisha: I'll play it for you tomorrow when I come round. You should be able to pick it up fairly easily. Why are you crying?

Alexa: I'm not. Just got some dust in my eye.

Elisha: Both of them? Do you want a tissue?

Wednesday 9th September 2020

Email received by Elisha's phone at 06:41 GMT (mood:upbeat; marketing keywords: sea urchin, foot, pain, Colombo ...). 43 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:58 GMT.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: Update

Hello Girls

I hope neither of you worried unduly because we didn't send an update last month. I stepped on a sea urchin at the beach and my foot swelled up rather painfully so we didn't go to Colombo. I wasn't able to walk on it for almost two weeks although I came out of it better than the sea urchin. Anyway, I'm fine now and ambulatory so here we are in Colombo once again. I think the man who runs this internet cafe suspects I am some sort of international cyber crime figure as he keeps giving me a computer at the back where it can't be observed and insists on giving me free cups of tea. Having said that I have noticed I am the only white person who uses the place so perhaps it's just marketing in the hope that other Brits will use the place.

Incidentally, Eli, we won't be using your free etickets (you see? I'm becoming net literate!). When I read your email of 4th July (about 20 minutes ago) I went to the 515N0W website and purchased an annual pass. It's only £300 and I'm sure they'll find the money useful in keeping you both happy and gainfully employed. Sadly we won't be able to watch any of your concerts live as the internet cafe closes at 10pm but we have bought a radio CD player which can, apparently, play from USB so I should, in theory at least, be able to download your concerts and play them on the CD player. We won't see you but perhaps we'll put some of your baby pictures around the player for the concert. Some of yours too Simone – don't worry we haven't forgotten you.

Other than that we have no news. Very little happens here and each day is much like the previous. We keep ourselves occupied in ways that would seem very slow and dull to those of you still living in the hustle

and bustle. That's not to say that there's no hustle and bustle here, of course. The Sri Lankans are very industrious people and never miss an opportunity to acquire some hard currency but we're out of that as well. I never expected to say this but retirement is a wondrous thing!

All our love
Mum and Dad

| *Email sent from Elisha's phone at 11:02 GMT:*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.comk
From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
Subject: re: Update

Hey I was so sorry to hear about your foot. Was it nasty? Are you scarred for life? And thanks for buying an annual pass. I'm sure the Orchestra will appreciate it.

Incidentally, I don't think you'll be able to play the concerts if you just download them to USB. They will be videos in MP4 format whereas your CD player will probably only read audio in MP3 format, unless it's got a video screen built in which I doubt. It'll be easy enough to convert them if you want. Ask the man who runs the internet cafe – he'll know how to. If not, do a google search for MP4 to MP3 converter. There are literally hundreds and most of them are free.

I am also now a proud member of the motorised classes! Yes, I have bought a vehicle and no, it isn't a car. My bike was stolen a little while ago and I've been walking to and from work but it's a bit scary when it's dark. The last few times I've taken an Uber home but that's expensive. Anyway, new bikes are incredibly expensive and used bikes go as soon as they're advertised so I've been wondering what to do but yesterday I saw a scooter with a For Sale sign on it a few doors up the road so I went and knocked on the door on impulse. The scooter, a cute pink one, belongs to a girl who's just passed her car driving test and her partner is getting her a car so she's selling her scooter. Only £200 although it is quite old. Anyway she threw in her crash helmet and L plates from the car and I'm picking it up this evening. She's going to give me a lesson in how to drive it which will be useful. Even

though I've got a car license and I've ridden push bikes for years I've never ridden a motorbike so I've got a few butterflies :D Oh, and it's got 6 months MOT and tax on it. It's just occurred to me I ought to get insurance as well. Damn. I hope that isn't expensive. :(

All my love to both of you
Eli XXXXXXXX

| *At 11:17 GMT 43 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:*

www.google.com query:"best scooter insurance uk" – time on site:26s

www.rac.co.uk/insurance – time on site:3m19s

www.directline.co.uk – time on site:3m48s

www.tesco.co.uk/insurance – time on site:8m16s

| *Email sent from Elisha' phone at 11:34 GMT:*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.comk

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: I forgot ...

Hiya

I forgot to ask you something in the email I sent a few minutes ago, By the way I'm now insured for the scooter which cost me a fortune. £283.47 if you can believe that! If I'd known before I wouldn't have bought the scooter. Fortunately I'm over 25 and I've not had any accidents but even so. Oh well.

Anyway, you remember Dennis the First Clarinet died? Well, his widow gave me his clarinets only it turns out that one of them used to belong to Sidney Bechet who was a jazz musician back in the 1920s. I only found out when I opened the case by accident and found all these documents showing it belonged to Bechet which I guess means it's genuine. I also suspect it might be worth a fair amount of money. Any ideas on how I'd go about finding out how much it's worth?

And before you go thinking I'm an evil person, as soon as I found out it was Bechet's I emailed Dennis' son – who brought it round for me,

along with the others – and told him and he said to keep it. Dennis' wife has had a stroke and it's all got messy apparently. The son's life, not the clarinet. I'm not planning on selling it but I am curious. Hey, wouldn't it be cool if it turned out to be worth a few million :D :D I could put it in a cute glass case and charge people to come and look at it lol.

I'm curious to know what it sounds like as well but I'm nervous of touching it in case it is worth a lot. I wonder if filthy rich collectors are scared to touch what they collect? Would be ironic, wouldn't it.

Lots of love

Eli xxx

Monday 14th September 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 10:38 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: Last four weeks of streaming revenue
Attached: 21Aug_to_13Sept_analysis.xlsx

I attach a full analysis of the revenue from the last four weeks of streaming, by week, subscription type and location, but the essence is that we are still increasing our viewing audience albeit slowly. I wonder if this is indicative of word of mouth rather than any impact of our marketing? Although the bulk of the viewing increase comes from the UK, the bulk of the rest are from Russia. Interestingly we have also had an annual pass purchased in Sri Lanka even though we have no viewing from the rest of the India. Perhaps there's an ex-patriot living there who's a former supporter of ours.

The bad news – and as an accountant I know full well that every silver lining has a cloud and it is my unpleasant duty to point it out – is that we are averaging 3 or 4 annual pass purchases per weekend with the bulk of paid viewings being for individual concerts at £2.50 a time. Also, as you know, from the beginning of September we now have to pay a proportion of the furloughed salaries. Factoring this in, these last four weeks have not quite covered our costs so we have approximately 6 weeks of reserves at this point in time.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 11:15 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: Staffing

Having looked at Bertie's spreadsheet, I appreciate that this is not the best time but I do need to raise the issue of staffing.

As you know, we have been performing for nine weeks now with only one Clarinet. Three weeks ago we also lost a Violin with a long term shoulder injury and we will be losing a Trombone in about six weeks when Maynard retires. We have also had four stage hands leave to alternative employment. Additionally we seem to have at least one person quarantining for every concert. Aside from the staffing, I'm also getting increasingly concerned about Anya's stress levels. As Orchestrator she has to modify every piece of music to fit the musicians we have available and I am concerned about her mental health over and above the serious impact it will have on the Orchestra if she should go sick or decide enough is enough. Moreover, Adam, our Second Oboe, is getting stressed from having to alternate between his Second Oboe role and his cover of the Second Clarinet role. I am also getting increasingly worried about the legalities of Elisha covering the First Clarinet role while employed as Second Clarinet. A few concerts here and there is one thing but to use her permanently as First Clarinet while being paid as Second Clarinet is exploitative. If she should chose to take this to an employment tribunal we will be in an awkward position. Emilia also tells me that the morale of the remaining stage hands is declining as we are not paying them overtime to absorb the extra work from the lost four.

When can we start to replace these people?

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Jason Molina at 11:21 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: re: Staffing

I've been concerned about this myself. It doesn't look good to have empty seats in the Orchestra.

From the point of view of the Strings, we can cope with only nine violins instead of the usual ten and we can reposition the seats to cover the deficiency but we cannot do this with the Clarinets or

Trombones.

I honestly don't know what to suggest. Yes, we could bring in freelancers but they are more expensive on a per concert basis and I don't know that our finances can cope with that additional expense. On the other hand, we could hire a Clarinet and a Trombone but it would be very unfair to them if the Orchestra folds soon after hiring them. We'd also have the problem of ensuring no one gets infected during the auditioning process.

As regards the stage hands, would it be feasible to get in casuals on a per concert basis?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email from the tablet of Emilia Borgov at 11:28 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Emilia Borgov
Subject: re: Staffing

It's not really feasible to get in casual labour for stage work, partly because such people lack the skills required for Orchestra work and partly because the anti-social hours would make their pay rates prohibitive.

What would help morale tremendously would be to hire one or, even better, two new stage hands. The other hands would greatly appreciate the gesture and the reduction in work load.

Emilia Borgov
Stage Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 13:44 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Staffing

This is an exquisitely delicate problem although I don't imagine we are the only ones facing it in the current climate.

On the one hand we are stressing our staff and undercutting the quality of our performances. On the other hand we are at extreme risk of collapse which would undoubtedly stress our staff even more. There are no Orchestra jobs being advertised at the moment and several of the regional orchestras have already collapsed.

In many ways the issue of Elisha Houghton is the easiest to resolve. If we pay her as First Clarinet she will continue to be paid at 80% while the furlough system continues and consequently will not impact our finances. This only leaves the issue of whether she should be made First Clarinet permanently or reduced at some point in the future to Second Clarinet again.

The issue of stage hands is also relatively simple. We need stage hands as much as we need musicians. I propose therefore that we hire one new stage hand as soon as possible and assure the current hands that more will be hired as soon as it is financially viable.

I propose also that we do as Jason suggests and cut the number of Violins to nine for the time being. Again, we will hire another Violin as soon as financially viable.

As regards Trombones, well, we don't have a problem until Maynard does retire. I suggest we ask if he is willing to delay his retirement for the time being. If he is then the problem disappears. If he isn't then the Second Trumpet will have to cover the Second Trombone but we still have some time before that happens.

I don't know that Adam is particularly stressed. He certainly doesn't seem to be and it's not as though he's being obliged to actually play a clarinet. All he's doing is playing some of the Second Clarinet parts on his oboe.

Any's stress on the other hand is a serious issue and I can see only one way to relieve that stress and that is to get the Orchestra up to full strength again, and that, in turn, tips the balance against us. I therefore propose delaying say 3 to 4 weeks to see how things develop

on the COVID front and to allow more time for the streaming to improve. If the circumstances are better at that time then we can recruit another Clarinet and another Trombone. It may even be feasible then to recruit another Violin and three stage hands.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W.

| *Email from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 15:00 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Staffing

I've noted Monday 5th October in my calendar for a decision on recruiting a Clarinet. Assuming we are to recruit, we will also need to decide whether to promote Elisha to First Clarinet permanently or drop her back to Second Clarinet. I need to point out that not only is she young and inexperienced, but she is still on probation as Second Clarinet and will be until the end of December. On the other hand, after having filled the role of First Clarinet for, by then, three months she may resent the perceived demotion and see it in a negative light with all the possible ramifications of that.

I would also mention that increasing her salary to that of First Clarinet would be inadvisable if we are going to keep her as Second Clarinet as it would increase her expectations of being confirmed in that role and may also have similar legal implications. It would be better to give her a 'thank you' bonus instead.

I have spoken with Maynard on the phone and he is willing to continue as Second Trombone at least until the end of the year. He and his wife are booked to go on a Round The World tour in late January although this trip is becoming increasingly unlikely. Should the pandemic restrictions ease he'll be off on his trip but we'll be in a position to replace him then anyway. If they don't ease then he's happy to continue perhaps to the middle of 2021.

I have also placed an advertisement for a stage hand, specifically

requesting an immediate start. Hopefully we will have some applicants to interview by the end of the week.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 15:21 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Staffing

Thank you Janel for your prompt action regarding Maynard and a stage hand.

I confess Elisha is proving to be more of a problem than I had anticipated. You are right, of course, Janel to point out the implications of paying her as First Clarinet then effectively demoting her. Perhaps it would be best to simply give her a bonus and recruit another First Clarinet. Having said that, I like the girl, she's doing an excellent job as First Clarinet and I'm very conscious that the idea of streaming – without which we would be closing down the Orchestra at this point – was hers.

I propose we delay making a decision on whether to recruit a First or Second Clarinet until we make a decision on recruiting. The point on First or Second may be moot by then.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Tuesday 22nd September 2020

Exchange of SMS messages between the phones of Elisha Houghton, located in Deptford, and Chrissie Hammond, located in Wimbledon, commencing 15:08 GMT.

15:08 Elisha: Hey Chrissie, what're you up to?

15:12 Chrissie: Just practising you?

15:12 Elisha: I finished mine

15:13 Elisha: Hey, call me when ur done?

Transcript of phone call initiated by Chrissie Hammond's phone, located in Wimbledon, to Elisha's phone, located in Deptford, commencing 15:14 GMT:

Chrissie (*mood:intrigued*): This sounds serious. You never want to talk on the phone.

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): Hi Chrissie. Hey I didn't mean for you to ring straight away. What about your practice?

Chrissie: It can wait. So what's happening?

Elisha (*mood:reserved*): Not much. It's raining.

Chrissie (*mood:puzzled*): You wanted me to ring you about the weather?

Elisha: No, just saying. That's why I'm not out with the band. We don't play when it's raining.

Chrissie: OK. So what gives? Why'd you want me to call?

Elisha: Oh, I've just been thinking and I kind of wanted to ask you something.

Chrissie: OK, no probs. Is this going to be a long question or a short question?

Elisha: How do you mean?

Chrissie: Shall I go make a coffee?

Elisha: Ohh. (*pause*) I guess, no, it shouldn't take long.

Chrissie: OK. Fire away.

(*silence*)

Chrissie: You there hon? Hello?

Elisha: Yeah, I'm still here. Sorry. Umm. Hey, so what were you practising?

Chrissie: Sunday's program. Seems easy enough although Kaji may want some changes.

Elisha: Yeah, I thought so too. So how's things with Barry?

You're still in Wimbledon?

Chrissie: Everything's fine, hon. Was that the question?

Elisha: Umm, no.

Chrissie: So what you want to ask me?

Elisha: Well, um, you remember when I got assaulted? Like a month or so ago?

Chrissie: Sure hon. I was pretty shocked about it too and it was, like, awesome that you didn't get badly hurt. Could've been a lot worse, out on your own like that after dark. Jesus.

Elisha: Well, yeah. The thing is, um, you know I was kind of seeing that guy?

Chrissie: Not really. Not like I ever met him or even found out his name. You were very cagey about that. I kind of figured you were making him up.

Elisha: No, I wasn't but it was ... awkward, I guess. Anyway, that's what I wanted to ask you.

Chrissie (*mood:puzzled*): If I remembered him?

Elisha: No, I, umm, yeah, it's kind of like, well, do you know any guys?

Chrissie (*mood:amused*): I know, like, hundreds of guys. Why? You want one?

Elisha: Umm, well, yeah, I guess.

Chrissie (*mood:serious*): Oh shit, for real? So you guys've broken up?

Elisha: Yeah. Well, like, he's gone, anyway.

Chrissie: And this was because of that assault? Or was it him who hit you?

Elisha: Oh, no, no, it wasn't him. It's just that that happened at the same ... the same evening.

Chrissie: Jesus. And I bet he never bothered to find out how you were after. Why are men such bastards?

Elisha: Oh, practice, I guess. Anyway, I've been, like, thinking. Umm, I'm going to be 30 next January and, well, I've been thinking maybe it's time I got into a serious relationship. You know, one with a guy that's normal and straightforward and, yeah, you know.

Chrissie: Hon, we all want that and you know what? It ain't never gonna happen. Nothing to do with guys is ever straightforward. Their minds are, like, twisted and weird.

Elisha: Oh. I thought maybe it was just me. I seem to pick losers all the time.

Chrissie: No, hon, it's not you. It's just that they're all losers in one way or another.

Elisha: Your Barry isn't, is he?

Chrissie: Sure he is. He seems to think that his work is much more important than mine just because he makes more money. Can you believe that? He keeps wanting me to quit the Orchestra so we can do things over the weekend and I'm, like, duh, you work weekends anyway, or sleep. Why should I give up my career so he can not be there at weekends? Why can't he just keep working weekends and take Monday and Tuesday off? Not like we can do much anyway, what with COVID and stuff.

Elisha: Oh. Well, I have heard on the news it's kind of hard in construction at the moment.

Chrissie: Yeah I guess. But he was like this before COVID as well. Anyway, this is about you, not me. So you want me to find you a guy?

Elisha: Umm, well ...

Chrissie: Why don't you go somewhere to meet a guy for yourself?

Elisha: It's kind of hard with the hours we do. And, yeah, I do sometimes get guys coming up and talking to me when I go to a cafe or the supermarket but, I don't know, I don't think I want a guy who tries to pick up women in a supermarket, you know? It's kind of weird and creepy.

Chrissie: Oh, tell me about it. And they usually think they're God's gift. As if.

Elisha: So, yeah, if you maybe know some more guys.

Chrissie: No probs.

Elisha: Just not in construction.

Chrissie: Ah.

Elisha: Those two guys you fixed me up with, umm, they weren't my type.

Chrissie: What is your type then? Gay guys?

Elisha: Of course not. Although gay guys can be sweet. I just want someone who's got wider interests than just, you know, pre-stressed concrete.

Chrissie: You didn't like that Duane. He had other interests.

Elisha: Oh yeah, right. Sure he did. I had to sit through a monologue on just how awesome the design of jerry cans is and how they won the Second World War. Like my life is all the richer for knowing that the welds on jerry cans are recessed so they don't split when they're hit. Like, I can live without knowing that sort of information.

Chrissie: Yeah. I know what you mean. I've had that talk as well. He wanted me to go round to his place and look at his collection of jerry cans. Barry said he's got them all lined up on display in his garage. With labels and shit. Like it's his hobby.

Elisha: And it's good for guys to have a hobby but, I mean, I'd kind of like someone who knows a bit about art and history and music and things, not just engineering. A few years ago I knew a guy who wanted to re-bore my clarinet to see if it sounded better. I was like, no frigging way. He never really understood why.

Chrissie: Yeah, and they tend to get obsessed when they do find something they can get their heads around. Hmm. OK, this could be a little tricky. Like I said, I know lots of guys but they're mostly guys Barry knows. I've kind of lost touch with the guys I used to know. Barry doesn't like them.

Elisha: Well, that's understandable.

Chrissie (*mood:irritated*): Oh, come on. It's like he doesn't trust me which is, like, so unreal.

Elisha: So you don't mind if he had women friends?

Chrissie (*mood:sharp*): Oh course I'd mind. I'd kill the bastard if I found out he had women friends.

Elisha (*mood:amused*): So you don't trust him, then, even though you expect him to trust you?

Chrissie: Damned right I don't trust him. He's a guy. Thinks with his dick. If he ever thinks, that is.

Elisha: Well, yeah, there is that.

Chrissie: Hey, what about Ivan from the Orchestra? I know he's single and I'm pretty sure he's not gay although someone told me he lives with his mother.

Elisha: Ivan? I don't know an Ivan. What does he play?

Chrissie: He's one of the violins. Youngish guy. Sits between

Jason and the cellos.

Elisha: You mean the fat guy with the squint?

Chrissie: Nooo, that's Maurice and he's married. Ivan sits next to him.

Elisha: Oh God. You don't mean the one who looks like an undertaker with the little Hitler moustache?

Chrissie: Yeah, him. You think he looks like an undertaker?

Elisha: Well, yeah. Don't you? OK, I'm stereotyping but he is kind of dark and gaunt and rubs his hands together like he's being obsequious. If I met him in the street I'd think he was an undertaker.

Chrissie: Hmm, OK. So this anonymous stranger you were seeing, he was a musician?

Elisha: Yeah. Guitar.

Chrissie: OK. And the guy before that. The one who went to America?

Elisha: Niall?

Chrissie: Yeah. He was a musician too?

Elisha: Not really. He was a composer. He could play the piano but it wasn't his thing.

Chrissie: And the one before him? A musician?

Elisha: Yeah.

Chrissie: So have you dated anyone who wasn't a musician? Or a composer?

Elisha: Sure I have.

Chrissie: Who?

Elisha: Umm, well, there was Dave.

Chrissie: What did Dave do?

Elisha: I don't know what he ended up doing but he stayed on at his school to do Science and Maths A levels.

Chrissie: At school? How old were you?

Elisha (*mood: defensive*): I was nearly 17.

Chrissie: Oh Elisha, Elisha. Maybe you're the one who needs wider interests. Someone who isn't a musician.

Elisha: Well, maybe. OK, I concede that. But not construction. And not jerry cans.

Chrissie: OK.

Elisha: And not football.

Chrissie: But they wear those cute little shorts.

Elisha: Well, if he was a professional footballer, maybe, but not

someone who just wants to sit in front of the telly watching football.

Chrissie: Jesus. Well, that gets rid of about 90% of the male population then. Have you considered girls?

Elisha: Yeah, no. I tried that once at uni but it's not my thing. Are you ... ?

Chrissie: Me? God no. Strictly guys for me. OK, so we're looking for a guy who's sweet, doesn't like football, is into the arts and music and wide interests generally but not construction or engineering and wants a long term relationship but isn't already in one. Is that about it?

Elisha: And cute.

Chrissie: And cute. This is going to be harder than I thought. Hmm, you know, Eli?

Elisha: Yes?

Chrissie: If I do manage to find a guy like that, what makes you think I'm going to pass him on to you?

Elisha (*mood:amused*): You have Barry.

Chrissie: Yes, I suppose I do, for now anyway. Hmm. OK, leave it with me. Maybe some of Barry's friend's partners know someone. Don't get your hopes up.

Thursday 24th September 2020

Transcript of phone call initiated by Bertram Entwistle's phone, located in Bromley, to Malcolm Beeeton's phone, located in Sutton, commencing 13:04 GMT:

Malcolm: Hello, Bertie, how are you?
Bertie: Hello Malcolm, lovely day, isn't it.
Malcolm: Yes, lovely. Although I believe rain is forecast. Still, a nice drop of rain will help perk up my roses.
Bertie: Are you going to enter them in the show again next year?
Malcolm: You know, I've thought about it. I'm tempted but after this year's was cancelled I do wonder. Anyway, I'm sure you didn't ring me to talk about roses.
Bertie: Ahh, yes, indeed.
Malcolm: So what can I do for you?
Bertie: Have you been keeping up to date with the COVID numbers?
Malcolm: I'm aware of them, of course. Would be a fool not to be but I've not been tracking them. Have you?
Bertie: I'm an accountant, Malcolm. Numbers are how I think. I track the numbers of new cases each day on a spreadsheet.
Malcolm: Indeed, and very grateful we are to have your analytical mind on the team. So, the numbers. You have an insight?
Bertie: I'm afraid I do, Malcolm, and they're not looking good.
Malcolm: Ahh.
Bertie: Today, 7096 new cases were reported.
Malcolm: New cases? I thought that report was of the total number of cases?
Bertie: Sadly not. No, just over 7000 new people tested positive yesterday.
Malcolm: This is not good news.
Bertie: Indeed no. I don't suppose you remember how many new cases were being reported daily in August?
Malcolm: I confess I don't.
Bertie: Under 2000 a day.
Malcolm: That's new cases each day?

Bertie: Yes. Which is why we were optimistic about the pandemic coming to an end.

Malcolm: And you think we were wrong about that?

Bertie: Yes. In the last 3 weeks the daily numbers have more than trebled. Nearly quadrupled.

Malcolm: Hmm.

Bertie: And don't forget, that's the number of people testing positive for the first time each day, not the total number of people having COVID. I think we've got another wave of infections coming.

Malcolm: Oh no, surely not.

Bertie: I'm afraid so, Malcolm. With the number of new cases rising like this, and it seems to be around a 10% increase each day, I think we're at the beginning of an explosion in the numbers. Perhaps even worse than last time. And don't forget that Liverpool and Lancashire have just started tight restrictions and Newcastle has been locked down for the last week. It can only be a matter of time before London is hit again.

Malcolm: Any idea of the cause?

Bertie: Well, I'm no immunologist but it wouldn't surprise me if the national lockdown was lifted too quickly, before the pandemic had been brought under control.

Malcolm: That's if it can ever be brought under control, I suppose. Please God they get this vaccine developed quickly.

Bertie: Well, even if they do it'll be a while before it can be distributed throughout the population.

Malcolm: So what are your thoughts, Bertie?

Bertie: Obviously I can't know what's in the minds of those in the Government and their advisers but I suspect we're going to have new restrictions imposed, or the old ones reimposed. We're already getting the number of daily new cases that caused us, along with cafes, pubs and so on, to be shut down last March.

Malcolm: Ahh. But we're still shut down. That's why we're doing the streaming.

Bertie: Indeed. But do you remember what happened only a week after those restrictions were brought in?

Malcolm: Oh God. Surely you don't think we're going to have

another lockdown?

Bertie: The decision to lock down the country was made when we were getting about 10,000 new cases a day. We're already at 7000 now. We could easily be over 10,000 cases a day in a week or two.

Malcolm: Another lockdown. It doesn't bear thinking about. We won't even be able to stream if everyone has to stay at home.

Bertie: I know. It may not come to that as the Government may have a new strategy but I thought I'd better give you the heads up just in case. After all, we have been talking of increasing our costs through the appointment of new staff. It might be an idea to hold off on that a little longer.

Malcolm: Well, we've already appointed a new stage hand so there's no going back on that.

Bertie: Indeed, but the decision on the recruitment of musicians was postponed until the 5th of October, which is only 10 days away. A lot can happen in 10 days.

Malcolm: As if we don't already have worries enough. Well, thank you Bertie for your warning although as you say, a lot can happen. It's possible this is a final burst of COVID before it disappears.

Bertie: It's possible, yes.

Malcolm: But not very likely, hey? I suppose all we can do now is hope. I don't really see any other avenues open to us.

Bertie: I'm sorry, Malcolm, but I did think you should be made aware of what the numbers could be telling us.

Malcolm: No, no, you did the right thing. Yes, indeed. Wait and see. That's about all we can do. Well, thanks again Bertie.

Bertie: Right then. Good bye.

Malcolm: Bye.

Monday 5th October 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 12:04 GMT:*

To: Management Team

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: re: Staffing

Janel raised a number of staffing issues in her email of 14th September which we deferred until today. Unfortunately the current circumstances are still highly uncertain. Although our revenue from streaming has again risen over the last three weeks, unfortunately so have the number of new COVID cases. These have risen from under 2000 per day to around 10,000 per day over the last four weeks. I confess I find these numbers quite confronting. 10,000 per day means 300,000 per month and the daily numbers are still rising.

A 10pm curfew was introduced yesterday. Whilst it doesn't directly affect us, as our performances are usually over by 9pm and we always have the option of bringing them forward to an earlier time, it would seem quite likely that other restrictions will soon be introduced, perhaps even another lockdown.

I am therefore unwilling to take on any new staff in the immediate future, specifically, another Clarinet, another Violin and more stage hands. Moreover, if any other staff leave I don't feel we are in a position to replace them until the circumstances become more favourable. Long term, of course, the impact of this will be catastrophic but long term all scenarios are catastrophic if the pandemic persists and no vaccine becomes available.

There is, however, the matter of Elisha Houghton, our Second Clarinet. She has been fulfilling the role of First Clarinet since the 16th of July, almost three months. It seems to me that there are four potential courses of action regarding her case.

- (i) We continue as we have been.
- (ii) We keep her in the role of Second Clarinet and pay her at the rate for First Clarinet for the duration. The pay increment will, of course, be largely covered by the furlough scheme while a bonus

would not.

- (iii) We promote her to the role of Acting First Clarinet on the understanding that she will revert to Second Clarinet when a new First Clarinet is appointed.
- (iv) We promote her to First Clarinet now and, when the time comes, recruit a new Second Clarinet.

Thoughts anyone?

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 12:14 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: Staffing

I would strike out the first and last options. The first is exploitative and lays the Orchestra open to legal challenges. The last because she has still some four months remaining of her probationary year as Second Clarinet.

I would also strike out the third option as it would be demoralising to be filling a higher role temporarily without the possibility of making it permanent. I daresay we could give her the option to apply for First Clarinet as and when the role is advertised but her lack of experience would almost certainly count against her.

I suggest we simply increase her pay for the duration but keep her as Second Clarinet.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Jason Molina at 12:18 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina

Subject: re: Staffing

I agree with Janel but for different reasons. Whilst Elisha is a very fine clarinettist she lacks both experience in that role and in her breadth of repertoire. No doubt she could obtain that breadth in the role of First Clarinet but my concern is her lack of management experience. Unless I have my dates confused, I believe Elisha was only under the management of Dennis for some three months. Since then, whilst she has been performing as First Clarinet she has neither managed another nor been managed and consequently has next to no experience of that side of the role. Indeed, for the last three months she has been the only Clarinet and management of the Second Oboe in the role of Second Clarinet has been carried out by the First Oboe. If Elisha should leave us in the fullness of time for a full size orchestra, her lack of experience of the management of a Clarinet section will only be highlighted when faced with four or five Second Clarinets. Furthermore, if Elisha were to be promoted to First Clarinet she will, necessarily, be heavily involved in the recruitment and auditioning of a Second Clarinet and her lack of experience will be a disadvantage there as well.

Whilst I like Elisha immensely and most strongly believe she will one day make an excellent First Clarinet, to promote her now with only some six months of professional orchestra experience will be counter productive. By all means pay her more but, for the next few years, keep her as Second Clarinet.

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 12:31 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Bertram Entwistle
Subject: re: Staffing

As you know I am not in a position to comment on musicians as musicians. However, it is never a good policy to temporarily promote an employee with no possibility of making that promotion permanent.

On the matter of pay, yes, a significant proportion of that increase will be covered by the furlough scheme. However, as you all no doubt recall, the agreement reached with staff was to defer that element not covered by furlough until the Orchestra was in a position to fund it. That deferral is currently a debt of some £300,000 and rising every month. Increasing the salary of Elisha Houghton to that of First Clarinet, an £8000 pa increase, will increase that non-furloughed deferment debt by some £130 a month which, on the broad scale of things, is negligible. However, given that she is currently receiving only 80% of an already low salary the additional £530 a month she'll get (via furlough) will undoubtedly be most welcome.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 14:55 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: Staffing

So be it. We will keep Elisha Houghton as Second Clarinet and pay her the salary of First Clarinet while she fills-in for that role.

Janel – can I leave you to make the arrangements and explain to Elisha? Backdate the salary increment to 16th July.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

Tuesday 6th October 2020

| *Email sent from the tablet of Janel Kantara at 09:17 GMT:*

To: Elisha Houghton
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: First/Second Clarinet

Hello Elisha

The Management of The 515N0W Orchestra is very appreciative of your efforts during these trying times. As a token of that appreciation we propose to increase your salary for the period you are fulfilling the role of First Clarinet, specifically from £21000 to £29000 per annum and this will be reflected in your next salary payment. You will, however, retain the title of Second Clarinet and, when circumstances permit and a First Clarinet is recruited, you will revert to the role of Second Clarinet.

A complication here is, of course, the financial situation of The Orchestra. As you, along with all the staff, agreed to a deferment of the non-furloughed element of your salary for the duration of the furlough scheme, you will therefore only receive the furloughed element of the salary increase. Naturally the deferred element of the increase will be due to you as and when The Orchestra is in a position to pay it.

I should also mention that this salary increase will be backdated to 16th July 2020.

I would also like to mention that, given your attitude, supportiveness and commitment to The Orchestra displayed thus far, that confirmation of your position at the end of your probationary period is virtually guaranteed.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Elisha's tablet at 10:34 GMT:*

To: Janel Kantara
From: Elisha Houghton
Subject: re: First/Second Clarinet

Thank you very much for that, Janel. I could use the extra money at the moment as my credit card is suffering greatly and the repairer has estimated that it's going to cost around £600 to repair my clarinet.

I quite understand about staying as Second Clarinet. I am well aware of my lack of experience.

Can I ask when you anticipate my probation ending? I imagine all these restrictions and the lockdown will have seriously disrupted it.

Elisha Houghton
Second Clarinet, 515N0W

| *Email sent from Janel's tablet at 10:39 GMT:*

To: Elisha Houghton
From: Janel Kantara
Subject: re: First/Second Clarinet

Elisha,

Under the terms of your contract of employment your probationary period is for one calendar year. As you commenced employment with us on 30th December 2019 your probation therefore expires on 29th December 2020, lockdowns and other restrictions notwithstanding.

Janel Kantara
HR Manager, 515N0W

Thursday 8th October 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 18:34 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Chrissie Hammond and Elisha Houghton (mood: Chrissie-pleased, Elisha-thoughtful).

Chrissie: Hiya!

Elisha: Oh, hi, Chrissie. Have you looked at this 2nd movement? Adam's going to have his work cut out. He's got to cover Second Clarinet as well as his own Second Oboe.

Chrissie: Yeah but he'll manage. I've got some of the Second Oboe to cover myself. I don't know how Anya manages to rearrange all these parts and still keep the theme together.

Elisha: Oh God, yeah. I used to think the toughest job was the Conductor's, having to follow all the instruments at the same time but orchestrating it all? Shit. I couldn't do it.

Chrissie: Nah, you have to have a special sort of mind for that, like Maths. You know Anya can't actually play any instruments?

Elisha (*mood:surprised*): You're joking. I thought she played piano.

Chrissie: No, she's got that keyboard in her studio but it's only for checking on harmonies. She couldn't actually play anything. Anyway, what are you doing next Monday evening?

Elisha: Nothing. Why?

Chrissie: I've got a date for you.

Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Oh really? Who?

Chrissie: His name's Gavin. He's a really nice guy, or so I hear.

Elisha: You mean you don't even know him?

Chrissie: I know of him. He's a brother of the ex-wife of a friend of Barry's.

Elisha: Oh great. Is that all you know?

Chrissie: He's some sort of accountant. To do with horse racing.

Elisha: You don't mean a Turf Accountant, do you?

Chrissie: Yeah, I think that's what she said.

Elisha: Oh shit. You know what a Turf Accountant is, don't you?

Chrissie: Doesn't they do the accounts for horse racing

whatchamacallums, you know, stadiums or whatever they're called?

Elisha: No-o. They're bookies. They do the betting on horse races.

Chrissie: Well, OK. I suppose someone has to. What's wrong with that?

Elisha: They're all as bent as a £7 note. My dad's prosecuted a couple.

Chrissie: Oh. *(pause)* I'm sure they can't all be like that.

Elisha: Well, I suppose there might be one that isn't. So how old is he?

Chrissie: Ahh, well, he looks younger than his age, so Angie told me.

Elisha: Oh God. How old?

Chrissie: Um, forties.

Elisha: Early forties or late forties?

Chrissie: Does it matter? Angie says he's rolling in it.

Elisha: So it's late forties then.

Chrissie: Well, maybe. But he doesn't look it.

Elisha: Oh Chrissie!

Chrissie: Hey, I'm doing the best I can, OK. It's not like you're making things easy for me. He doesn't like football though, which is a plus, isn't it?

Elisha: So if he's in his late forties and rolling in it, how come he's not married?

Chrissie: Ahh, yeah, that's the sad part.

Elisha: What do you mean, the sad part?

Chrissie: Well, he was married, but she left him.

Elisha: Why did she leave him?

Chrissie: I don't know.

Elisha: Didn't you ask?

Chrissie: Of course I did!

Elisha: So ... ?

Chrissie: Well, no one would tell me.

Elisha: This does not sound good.

Chrissie: Maybe she ran off with the gardener or something.

Elisha: Or maybe he was a wife beater and no one wants to talk about it.

Chrissie: Oh, he wouldn't be. Angie said he's as gentle as a pussy cat.

Elisha: Oh right. Have you ever seen a cat with a mouse?

Chrissie: Well, no. I'm allergic to cats. I avoid them at all costs.

Elisha: Hmm.

Chrissie: So, yeah, next Monday evening, OK. I was thinking dinner, although it can't be late because of the curfew.

Elisha: Will you and Barry be there?

Chrissie: Ahh, actually we've got another engagement. But we'll be there in spirit.

Elisha: Forget it. No way.

Chrissie: Oh, Eli! I've been working really hard on this! C'mon, do it for me, OK?

Elisha: Seriously? You want me to go on a blind date, alone, with some really old bookie who could be a wife beater and is more than likely a crook anyway? You've got to be out of your mind!

Chrissie: Listen, Elisha. I'm your friend, OK. Now I'm really trying to find someone for you like you asked but, you know what?

Elisha: What?

Chrissie: You do have to make a bit of an effort, you know. Mr Right isn't just going to fall into your lap. You've got to at least meet people and not pre-judge them, OK?

Elisha: Nah. Nah, nah, nah. I'm not even going to argue with that. There are times when common sense says not to do something and this is one of those times.

Chrissie: Is it his age? You didn't say anything about age, you know.

Elisha: Oh, Chrissie.

Chrissie: Oh Chrissie what?

Elisha: You're 35. Would you date a man who's pushing 50?

Chrissie: I might. If he was really nice. And he's rich!

Elisha: Well, I'm 29 so that means he's 6 years more older than me than he is you. Maybe if he was really really cute but a bookie? Come on. And I don't care how rich he is.

Chrissie: So what if he's a crook? Haven't you ever had a fantasy about being a gangster's moll?

Elisha: Actually, no. What kind of fantasies do you have, Chrissie?

Chrissie: Well, maybe I should be asking you that question, Eli.

Maybe if you told me some of your fantasies it would make it easier to find someone that fits.

Elisha: Actually, I think the key with fantasies is that they stay fantasies. The reality of a fantasy couldn't really live up to expectations, could it.

Chrissie: Blerghh. You're unreal, you know that?

Elisha: I'm sorry, but you're just going to have to cancel the dinner.

Chrissie: Oh there's no need.

Elisha: What do you mean, there's no need? I'm not going.

Chrissie: Yeah so you said. Anyway, nothing's arranged yet. It was just an idea.

Elisha: Nothing's arranged ... He does know about me, doesn't he?

Chrissie: Umm, well I did mention you to Angie. I don't know if she's said anything to him though. Why are you laughing?

Elisha: This is just so you, Chrissie. You want me to go on a date with this guy and he doesn't even know I exist? What if he doesn't want to?

Chrissie: If he does want to, would you go?

Elisha: No.

Chrissie: Well then, what does it matter?

Jason: Chrissie! Could you do the tuning?

Chrissie (*loud*): Sure, Jason. (*quiet*) So, you want me to keep looking?

Elisha: I don't know. Umm, yeah, please, but try to find someone better, you know?

Chrissie: OK. But you're not making it easy, you know.

Saturday 10th October 2020

Email received by Elisha's phone at 05:58 GMT (mood:upbeat; marketing keywords: Bechet, clarinet, fame, collector ...). 43 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:26 GMT.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: Clarinets

Hello Sweetie

Yes I would imagine your Bechet clarinet would be worth something. Anything that once belonged to someone famous is desirable to one collector or another and even I have heard of Sidney Bechet. I am surprised, however, that the people who gave it to you were happy to let it go. Still, that's your good fortune.

I am no expert in these things but it seems to me that this is a one-off item so there's nothing really that can be used as a benchmark for valuation. Unlike, say, Olympic Torches which are produced in limited numbers for each Games' opening. The sale of one then fixes the prices of the others. The only thing I can think of is to contact some of the big auction houses in London – such as Sotheby's or Christie's – and ask them since they have a lot of experience with one-off collectibles.

There's no particular news from this end. Life continues to be quiet and uneventful. I am a little perturbed to read that your COVID numbers are rising again but they are here too. As you suggest I will talk to Sanjeet, who runs this little internet cafe, about formats for your concerts. It's a shame we can't see them as it would be nice to see you again.

Love from us both
Mum and Dad

*At 10:48 GMT 43 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:
www.google.com query: "covid number sri lanka" – time on site:0m6s*

https://www.worldometers.info/coronavirus/#countries – time on site:2m26s
www.google.com query:“london auction houses” – time on site:12m16s
www.sothebys.com – time on site:4m51s
www.christies.com – time on site:4m16s
www.beauchamps.co.uk – time on site:2m11s

Emails sent from Elisha's phone:

Time: 11:07 GMT

To: queries@beauchamps.co.uk

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: Valuation Enquiry

Attachment: clarinet1.jpg, clarinet2.jpg, invoice.jpg

Hello

I understand from your website that you specialise in the valuation and auctioning of musical instruments and publications.

I have a clarinet which used to belong to Sidney Bechet, the jazz musician. I attach a couple of photographs. As you can see it is quite dirty so any tips you could give me for cleaning it would be appreciated. As far as I can tell the instrument is otherwise in generally good condition although I haven't attempted to play it as the pads have deteriorated. I have some knowledge of clarinets as I am a orchestra clarinettist.

I know it belonged to Sidney Bechet as I have what appears to be the original receipt from the Harlem Music Emporium dated 27th May 1905 for a Boosey and Hawkes clarinet which bears the same serial number as the one you can see in the picture. I attach a picture of the receipt as well. I also have copies of three receipts showing how the clarinet changed hands over the years.

I confess I don't know when nylon was invented but I suspect it was some time after 1905 so the case the clarinet is in is probably not the original. I don't even know if it is made of nylon but it is certainly a synthetic material, on top of what feels like cardboard or similar. Also one of the clasps is broken and there's no key for the other.

I would greatly appreciate it if you could give me your opinion on what this clarinet might be worth and, if I should decide to sell it, what your fees would be for auctioning it.

Thank you in advance

Elisha Houghton

Time: 11:12 GMT

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: re: Clarinets

Hiya

I took your advice and I've emailed an auctioneer who claims to be the biggest specialist in musical instruments in Europe. I also suggested I am considering selling the clarinet as I thought they might give me a better valuation if they think they're going to get a commission out of it. I don't expect I will though as it's quite thrilling to know I own the clarinet of someone famous! I'll let you know what they say.

Oh God, COVID. Yeah, it seems to be never ending and I'm bloody sick of it! They're introducing some sort of weird tier system which is getting a lot of people all hot and bothered. Still, so far London's not been put on any of the tier levels although the Orchestra still isn't allowed to play to live audiences. I did hear through the grapevine that the Gloucester City Orchestra, which I used to play for occasionally, is considering closing down. I don't know though if that's permanently or just until this frigging pandemic is over. What bugs me, and I know this is a bit callous, is that there's all this fuss but not that many people are actually dying and it's mostly old people who are pretty sick already that are dying. It's not like The Black Death where something like 30% of everyone in England died or even the Spanish Flu after the 1st world war.

Hey - I looked up some figures for COVID in Sri Lanka. It doesn't look good. You seem to have about half the daily numbers that UK has

but only a third of the population which means the infection rate is higher and I'm guessing Sri Lanka isn't doing as much testing as the Brits are so that would make it even higher. You will take care, won't you?

XXXXXXXX from Eli :)

Sunday 11th October 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 20:57 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Jason Molina and Malcolm Beeton (mood: Jason-tired, Malcolm-serious).

Jason (*loud*): OK everyone, we've stopped broadcasting now. You can relax. Could you all please stay seated for the moment. Malcolm wants to make an announcement. Stage hands as well, please. (*pause*) Maynard, could you go and bring Yvonne back? Thanks. By the way, that was an excellent performance. Well done. (*pause*) Ahh, here's Malcolm.

Malcolm (*loud*): Thank you Jason. (*pause*) Good evening everyone. That was a superb performance you gave this evening. Everyone is to be applauded and it's a great shame that there's only me here to give that applause. (*clapping*) Well done. Indeed, bravo! I'd call for an encore but we all need to get home before the curfew. (*pause*) Now, I'm only going to keep you here for a couple of minutes. As you know, the Government has introduced a tier system for precautions against the pandemic and the system will come into effect next Wednesday. The only significant impact the system will have on us as an Orchestra, short of full tier 3 lockdown, is that our workplace is to be made COVID secure. What that actually means is unclear but as we are all here I want to tell you what steps we, as an Orchestra, are taking. (*pause*) First, face masks. Everyone, including myself, musicians, stage hands, must wear a face mask at all times within The Enclave. Obviously you musicians will need to remove them while performing but, please, wear your masks before and after concerts and during the intervals. I suggest also that you keep the masks around your necks during performances so that they are visible to anyone watching. We don't want any accusations that we are taking unnecessary risks. (*pause*) Second, hand sanitising dispensers will be provided at the entrance and inside all dressing rooms.

Please use the sanitiser frequently. Thirdly, even though the official social distance is 1 metre we are increasing that to 2 metres during performances as the wind instruments do blow a lot of breath in all directions. We had the stage extended some weeks ago and we're now going to make good use of that. From now on all seats will be at least 2 metres from any other. Off stage it would be helpful if you try to adhere to a 2 metre distance but I know that will be difficult in the dressing rooms. Please, be aware and do your best. *(pause)*

Fourthly, and perhaps most importantly, everyone will have their temperature taken when you come into The Enclave. There will be no exceptions. What was that? *(laughter)* No, temperatures won't be taken with a rectal probe. We've bought a couple of hand held radar type thermometers which will read your temperature when pointed at your forehead. Either Janel or Kathy, Janel's assistant, will be at the stage entrance and will take everyone's temperature as you come in. All other entrances will be locked. Now, this is important. If anyone, I repeat, anyone has a higher than normal temperature you will be asked to stand to one side for 10 minutes or so and be tested again. If it's still high, you'll be sent straight home and you will not be permitted back into The Enclave until you have a negative COVID test. Is that clear? *(murmuring)* Think about it. If someone does have COVID but doesn't know and brings it inside The Enclave that person could easily infect everyone else and wipe out the entire Orchestra. It just simply isn't worth it. Obviously, if anyone knows they have COVID please, please, please don't turn up for work. Let Janel or someone else know as soon as possible and stay at home. If you have a cough or a mild fever or any other symptom go and get tested and let us know. What was that, Angelica? *(pause)* Ah yes, and that's my last point. Emilia will be organising this with the stage hands but after every rehearsal or performance, everything, and I mean everything, will be wiped down with sanitiser. Seats, music stands, door handles, toilet handles,

everything. I know it's extra work for the stage hands but it has to be done. Are we all clear on this?
(*murmurings*) Good, good. Now, this will take effect from tomorrow morning for the stage hands and from next Thursday for musicians. Management will, of course, continue to work from home whenever possible but the same rules will apply when any of us are at The Enclave. Any questions? No? Well, thank you all and, once again, a great performance. Good night.

Monday 12th October 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwhistle at 10:38 GMT:*

To: Management Team

From: Bertram Entwhistle

Subject: Last four weeks of streaming revenue

Attached: 18Sept_to_11Oct_analysis.xlsx

I attach a full analysis of the revenue from the last four weeks of streaming, by week, subscription type and location, but the essence is much the same as the previous four weeks. We have had a reasonable jump in our viewing numbers and, in the last two weeks of the period, we have also seen a significant increase in the number of people purchasing annual passes. I suspect the former is due to a combination of word of mouth from an increased audience and our marketing in the USA. The USA now outstrips the UK for viewings, particularly for our Sunday concerts. No doubt the time difference makes it easier for them allowing, as it does, an extended 'lie-in' while watching the concert. The increase in purchases of annual passes give me considerable hope however, as it suggests that a number of the single viewing audience has been sufficiently impressed to decide to make that long term purchase. Perhaps even some of the early monthlies.

There has also been an increase in the viewings from Russia and its satellite countries. Thus far, however, the Asian market has yet to be breached despite our early marketing.

Unfortunately, although our revenue has increased it has been partly offset by the requirement by the Government that employers meet a proportion of the furlough payments. As you know, this requirement was introduced from the beginning of August. I have no idea why the Government has introduced this requirement, although the cynical side of me wonders if it is simply a measure to reduce the cost of the furlough scheme without making it public. To make matters worse, the employers' proportion has been doubled, from 10% to 20%, from the beginning of September. We, at least, have some income. How businesses with no income are expected to meet this obligation is beyond me.

Anyway, after factoring in the revised furlough requirement, I am please to inform you all that our reserves have expanded slightly to allow another seven weeks of operation.

Bertram Entwistle
Finance Officer, 515N0W

Wednesday 14th October 2020

| *Email received by Elisha's phone at 13:49 GMT. 44 tracking apps recorded that the email was opened at 18:22 GMT.*

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk
From: quinton@beauchamps.co.uk
Subject: re: Valuation Enquiry

Dear Ms Houghton

Thank you for your email of 10th October. Before I say anything else, can I caution you:

DO NOT UNDERTAKE ANY CLEANING OF THE CLARINET

Aside from the possibility of the clarinet being damaged in the cleaning process, many, nay, most, collectors find the patina of time to be desirable and this adds to the item's worth. In some cases moreover a detailed scientific examination of the 'dirt' can aid or otherwise the authentication of the item. Indeed, some four years ago, I myself handled the aborted sale of a collection of manuscripts purporting to be of Russian origin, circa 1750. The prospective purchaser had the manuscripts examined under a microscope and pollen and industrial pollutants from Northern France circa 1950 were found but, sadly, nothing identifiably from Russia or prior to the 1950s. We live, alas, in a deceitful world.

I am sure you will appreciate that any valuation can only be an estimate. Much depends on who attends the auction, what other instruments of note are also available at the time through ourselves or other auctioneers and the general economic climate. We must also never discount the intercession of Dame Fortune, fickle lady that she is.

That said, and presuming that we handled the auction of the instrument ourselves, we would estimate, based on our knowledge of the market and the uniqueness of your clarinet, and after making due allowance for our commission, catalogue fee, handling fee and so forth, that you would likely fetch in the region of £35,000 to £45,000.

Should you wish to auction the clarinet through ourselves we would suggest a reserve price of £50,000 (before fees etc) allowing for the instrument to be re-offered at a perhaps more auspicious time should it happen not to attract sufficient attention.

We would, naturally, need to see all original and copied documentation you have as well as the instrument itself for a formal valuation prior to offering it for auction. For this we would charge a valuation fee of £500, payable prior to auction.

Thank you for this opportunity to offer ourselves in your service.

Quinton Beauchamp
Partner
Bauchamp's Auctioneers

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as "D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 19:04 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Shimon Litvik and Katrin Shandel (mood: Elisha-concerned, Shimon-bored, Katrin-engrossed; marketing keywords: TV, Russian Doll, ...).

Elisha: Ahh, I thought I could hear the TV.

Simon: Oh, hi, Elisha. How's things?

Katrin: Shhhh!

Elisha (*quiet*): Sorry.

Katrin: It's nearly finished.

(7 minutes 12 seconds later)

Katrin: Damn, I love that show.

Elisha: What was it?

Simon: Russian Doll.

Elisha: Oh yeah? So what's it about?

Simon: God knows.

Katrin: It's about this woman called Nadia who dies when she's hit by a car after leaving a party but she comes back to life again at the party and gets killed again. Over and over.

Elisha: Sounds a bit like Groundhog Day.

Katrin: Well, she's a bit of a druggie too so maybe it's all part

of a trip and not really happening. That's what makes it intriguing.

Elisha: OK. Well, hey, as you're both here, umm, can I get your opinions on something?

Simon: Yeah, sure.

Katrin: OK. TV off. So what's up?

Elisha: Umm, there's a bit of a background to it.

Katrin: It's looks like neither of us are busy so go for it.

Elisha: Well, a few months ago Dennis, he was my immediate boss at the Orchestra, died and, well, his wife decided to give his clarinets to me.

Katrin: OK.

Elisha: Anyway, his son brought them round and I just put them under my bed without bothering to look at them. A few weeks ago I needed my spare clarinet and pulled out the wrong case.

Simon (*mood:interested*): Oooh. So was it full of drugs or something?

Elisha: Oh no, nothing like that. It was a clarinet, just a rather special one. Anyway I emailed the son to tell him what it was and that I thought it might be valuable and asked if he wanted it back. I thought, you see, that they didn't know about it and if they'd known it was valuable they mightn't have wanted me to have it.

Katrin: And is it valuable?

Elisha: Well I emailed an auction place to ask what they thought and I got their reply a few minutes ago. I've been wondering what to do and I can't make up my mind.

Simon: I'm guessing he didn't want it back?

Elisha: That's the thing. He said not to otherwise I would have given it back but he didn't think it was of much value.

Katrin: So he knew about it though?

Elisha: Yes.

Katrin: So what's the problem?

Elisha: Well, now I know it is valuable should I let him know or should I just accept what he said and keep it?

Simon: Keep it, of course.

Katrin: There's no of course about it. Obviously Elisha needs to let him know it's valuable. He didn't know that when he gave it to her.

Elisha: Well, it's not quite as simple as that. He also said, umm, where is it? Oh, yeah. He said frankly I can't be bothered with this and a little later he said he couldn't give a toss about the clarinet.

Katrin: That's an email?

Elisha: Yes.

Katrin: Can I read it?

Elisha: Sure.

(pause)

Katrin: Hmm. Tricky.

Simon: Can I see?

(pause)

Simon: It's there in black and white. He doesn't care. Keep the clarinet. Or sell it. It's yours to sell.

Katrin: How valuable, if you don't mind me asking?

Elisha: Umm, well, pretty valuable. *(pause)* The auction place thought maybe 50 grand.

Simon *(mood:impressed)*: Holy shit!

Katrin: Ah. If it was a few hundred or maybe a thousand I'd say keep it but 50? No, I think you should tell him.

Simon: She'd be a bloody idiot to tell him. What if he wants it back?

Elisha: I'd sent it back.

Simon: And lose £50,000 in the process? You'd be a fool.

Katrin: Morally she should give it back.

Simon: Morally she should keep it. He says quite clearly he doesn't want to know. She made the offer when she thought it was valuable and he dismissed it, which is his problem. If Eli had just put it back under her bed and forgotten about it you wouldn't say she should give it back, would you?

Katrin: No, but she didn't. She had it valued and it turns out to be very valuable. So morally she should give it back.

Elisha: It may not be that valuable.

Simon: What do you mean?

Elisha: The guy at the auction place said it might not be genuine. They'll need to check it first and that'll cost £500.

Simon: So you don't know for sure it is valuable unless you fork out 500 quid?

Elisha: Yup.

Simon: And it may turn out to be a piece of junk?

Elisha: Yup.

Simon: Are you planning on selling it?

Elisha: Actually, probably not. I'd like to keep it and I'd rather not know it's fake. If it is. And I can't afford the £500 at the moment anyway.

Simon: Then keep it. It isn't valuable until it's sold and you aren't planning on selling it.

Elisha: But William or Rose might want to sell it.

Katrin: I think you should at least give him, or them, the option. They can always pay the £500 if they want to sell it.

Simon: No, no, no. He quite clearly said Eli was to have it, regardless of its value.

Katrin: But he didn't think it was valuable. He probably wouldn't have said that if he thought it was worth £50,000.

Simon: Pah. Nit picking.

Elisha: So you think I should email him again? Even though he doesn't want me to?

Katrin: I would think if he knew that he would want you to, yes.

Simon: Can I see his email again?

Elisha: Sure.

(*pause*)

Simon: Ahhhh. See that?

Elisha: What?

Simon: There. He says he doesn't think that the clarinet is as valuable as you think it is.

Elisha: So?

Simon: So that doesn't mean he thinks it's of little value. He just thinks it's worth less than what he thinks you think it is worth. Maybe he knows damned well it's worth 50 grand but he thinks you think it's worth a million or something.

Katrin: Can I see that?

(*pause*)

Katrin (*mood:pensive*): Actually, and I hate to say this, but I think Simon's right. He doesn't say anywhere he thinks it's

not worth much and he certainly does know that it belonged to this Sidney Bechet person, whoever he is. So it's not as though he had no idea.

Simon: Exactly. And if he could be bothered he could have had it valued himself before giving it to Elisha.

Elisha: So what are you saying?

Simon: I doubt any court of law would say he had any claim. Keep it.

Elisha: Katrin?

Katrin: I still think ... Ohhh. Actually, yeah, Simon is right. He gave it to you knowing full well what it was.

Elisha: So you're saying to keep it and not to email him again?

Katrin: Yes. He's certainly very clear on that point.

Simon: But keep the email, just in case, OK. Maybe even print out a couple of copies, just to be safe.

Elisha (*mood:doubtful*): Hmm.

Simon: You want to email him, don't you.

Elisha: It just doesn't feel right.

Katrin: Look at it from this point of view. He's told you to piss off and you want to go back for more abuse. Is that a sensible, pragmatic approach?

Elisha: I guess not, when you put it like that. And you're right. He does know exactly what it is. Look, he even says he knows its provenance.

Simon: And that email gives you the legal ownership. You own it. There's no two ways about it.

Elisha: No, you're right. I did all I could and he still said for me to keep it. So I might as well keep it.

Simon: Personally, I'd sell it.

Elisha: What if it was the shirt of some famous footballer?

Simon: Ahh. OK. I take your point. Although if you did sell it you might end up with enough to put down a deposit on a house somewhere rather than stay here.

Katrin: And what's wrong with staying here?

Simon: Renting's dead money. You know that which is why you own the house and rent rooms to us.

Elisha: Yeah, it's a nice idea but on my salary I couldn't afford the mortgage.

Simon: You could if you rented out some of the rooms. You wouldn't have any problem there what with the chronic

housing shortage in London.

Elisha: And I may not even have a job soon. This pandemic is crippling the music industry.

Simon: Well there is that.

Thursday 15th October 2020

| *Email from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 09:46 GMT:*

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Tier 2 Restrictions

As many of you will have already heard, the Government has placed London under Tier 2 restrictions with effect from midnight tomorrow.

I cannot stress enough the importance of the COVID Secure procedures we have laid down and I ask that everyone treats them with the utmost seriousness. The consequences of COVID getting a hold on our Orchestra will be dire.

I do not take lightly asking staff to inform on other members of staff but in this situation, please, if you see or hear of anyone breaking these procedures report it to a member of management. We cannot take any risks.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Thursday 29th October 2020

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, commencing 18:43 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Chrissie Hammond (mood: Elisha-relaxed, Chrissie-thoughtful).

Elisha: Oh there you are. I was starting to get worried.
Chrissie: Yeah. I was out the back, on the phone to my mum.
Elisha (*mood:concerned*): Everything all right? You look a little worried.
Chrissie: Oh, it's this bloody COVID.
Elisha: Oh no! She hasn't got COVID has she?
Chrissie: Oh no. She's fine. Well, she isn't fine, that's the problem. She was supposed to go in for a knee operation tomorrow but it's been cancelled.
Elisha: Oh that's no good. How come?
Chrissie: They've cancelled all non urgent operations because the hospitals are swamped with COVID people. All of them.
Elisha: What? All over England? When did that happen?
Chrissie: Nah, just in Leeds. Couple of days ago. Apparently there's talk of Leeds going into lockdown as well.
Elisha: So is she in pain? Your mum.
Chrissie: Yeah, She can barely walk. It's arthritis. She's supposed to be getting a new knee. God knows when it's going to happen now.
Elisha: I suppose even when they start these operations again there's going to be a massive backlog.
Chrissie: And a six month waiting list even before all this. Oh, sod it. Not a bloody thing I can do about it though.
Elisha: At least your dad's there.
Chrissie: Fat lot of help he'll be. Anyway, that's enough about me. Let's talk about you.
Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Me? What have I done?
Chrissie: It's what you're going to do. I've got you a date. Next week sometime.
Elisha (*mood:reluctant*): Oh. You know, I've been thinking. I don't think I'm quite ready to start seeing anyone yet.
Chrissie: Of course you are. It's been over 3 months since Mr Mystery Man walked out on you.

Elisha: No it hasn't. It's only been 9 weeks ...

Chrissie: That's nearly three months.

Elisha: ... and 5 days.

Chrissie: An eternity. Anyway, you'll love him.

Elisha: What's his name? How old is he?

Chrissie: Nigel. He's 31. And very cute.

Elisha: You've met him?

Chrissie: Mmm. Couple of years ago. He was in dress uniform. Phrawghhh! Shame Barry was with me.

Elisha: Uniform? So, what? He's a soldier?

Chrissie: Navy but not a squaddie. He's an officer in Naval Intelligence. Very clever. Speaks five languages.

Elisha: OK. English being one of them I hope?

Chrissie: Of course.

Elisha: And he's not married or seeing anyone?

Chrissie: Oh probably, being a navy guy. Girl in every port most likely but here's the thing. He's leaving the navy at the end of January. His whatever it's called is up.

Elisha (*mood:sarcastic*): His prison sentence?

Chrissie: Nooooo, you know. They have to sign on for so many years.

Elisha: Oh, right.

Chrissie: And he's been based out in the Pacific Islands, monitoring Chinese shipping so if he's got a girl out there he'll be leaving her behind.

Elisha: Hmm. Sounds rather callous. So how do you know him?

Chrissie: He's the step-son of one of Barry's uncle's ex-wives.

Elisha: Your Barry seems to have a complex and diverse family.

Chrissie: Oh tell me about it. I get hopelessly confused at Christmas and weddings. So what do you reckon? He's into classical music too. Isn't that cool!

Elisha: Well, definitely better than the last one. Half a sec. If he's leaving the navy isn't he going to be unemployed?

Chrissie: That's the good part. He's already been headhunted. He'll be walking straight into a job with one of London's big computer companies.

Elisha: So he's a computer geek?

Chrissie: So what? He's cute, he's got a job and he doesn't have

any kids. What more do you want?

Elisha: Well, I don't know, Chrissie. I'm kind of wishing I hadn't said anything to you.

Chrissie: Faf. This is fun and it's time you had some fun too. Anyway, he'll be in London Thursday and Friday next week. I'm thinking Thursday lunch, that way you can see him again Friday. Maybe he'll be here for the weekend as well.

Elisha: But isn't he in the Pacific? How come he's going to be in London? I thought the borders were closed.

Chrissie: How the hell would I know? You think naval intelligence tells me anything? Maybe he's got a debriefing. That's something you could do as well.

Elisha: How do you mean?

Chrissie: Debrief him, silly.

Elisha: But I don't know anything about ... Oh, I see what you mean. No, that's not going to happen. Not on a first date. Well, not anymore anyway. I'm not a student now. I'm a respectable professional musician.

Jason (*loud*): Chrissie. The tuning.

Chrissie: Thursday it is then. Leave it to me. (*loud*) Yes, Jason.

Elisha: No, I'd really rather not. I kind of, like still miss him, you know. It's too soon. I shouldn't have said anything.

Chrissie: All the more reason then. You need to get over him.

Jason (*loud*): Chrissie!

Chrissie (*loud*): Sorry!

(*music*)

Saturday 30th October 2020

From 11:19 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Chrissie Hammond's phone, located in Wimbledon, UK, and Elisha Houghton's phone, located in Deptford, UK:

11:19 Chrissie: It's on! Next Thurs :)

11:23 Elisha: What's on?

11:25 Chrissie: Nigel the sailor man lol lunch at the Hilton :O:O Flash or what! lol

11:29 Elisha: Listen Chrissie I can't do this

11:31 Chrissie: You can and you will – have been on phone for hours sorting it

11:32 Elisha: Thank you for all the time and effort you

11:32 Elisha: ooops you've spent but I'm not ready for dating anyone yet

11:34 Chrissie: Its just lunch – I'll be there 2

11:39 Elisha: I've got nothing to wear

11:41 Chrissie: lolol hes a guy – more interested in ur tits than ur clothes

11:44 Elisha: Oh bloody wonderful :(

11:45 Chrissie: See you tonight

Monday 2nd November 2020

Transcript of phone call initiated by Malcolm Beeton's phone to Bertram Entwistle's phone, commencing 09:13 GMT:

Bertie: Hello, Malcolm. I suppose you've heard the news?
Malcolm: Yes, on the radio a few minutes ago. It's bloody bad, isn't it.
Bertie: Potentially disastrous, I'd say.
Malcolm: I was afraid of that.
Bertie: Can I call you back in, say, half an hour? I haven't had a chance to look at the streaming figures for the weekend yet.
Malcolm: Make it after 11. I've a meeting at 10 and it shouldn't take more than a hour.
Bertie: OK. I'll call you at 11 or so. Hopefully with good news.
Malcolm: Yes. Talk to you then.
Bertie: Bye.

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:03 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin-irritated, Elisha-relaxed; marketing keywords: morning, kettle, news, ...)

Katrin: Morning.
Elisha: Oh hiya.
Katrin: Heard you moving about so I put the kettle on.
Elisha: Awesome, thanks.
(silence)
Katrin: Heard the news yet?
Elisha: Uh uhh. Anything wonderful happen? Time we had some good news.
Katrin: As if. No, we're back in bloody lockdown again. Whole country.
Elisha (mood:shocked): You're joking!
Katrin: 'Fraid not. Starts on Thursday. For 4 weeks.
Elisha: Thursday? This Thursday?
Katrin: Yes, this Thursday.
Elisha (mood:delighted): Oh wow! That's like so awesome! Woah!

Katrin (*mood:startled*): You're happy about this?

Elisha: I'm ecstatic! It's wonderful news!

Katrin (*mood:sarcastic*): Hello? Lockdown? No going out? You understand that?

Elisha: Yes I understand that. That's the best part about it.

Katrin: I think you're going stir crazy. You're not doing drugs are you?

Elisha (*mood:amused*): No, no, don't panic. It's just that I'm supposed to be going out on Thursday and I don't want to go. This is a brilliant excuse.

Katrin (*mood:sour*): Well, I don't suppose bloody Johnson did it just for you.

Elisha: Probably not but I am pleased about it anyway.

(*pause*)

Katrin (*mood:curious*): So where were you going, that you didn't want to go to?

Elisha: Oh a friend of mine set me up on a blind date with some guy.

Katrin: Oh right. (*pause*) Dangerous things blind dates. Never know who you're going to meet. Don't you work Thursday evenings?

Elisha: Yeah but this is a lunch. Lunch at the Hilton, which was freaking me out as well.

Katrin: Oh don't let that bother you. I've had lunch at the Hilton. It's pretty ordinary but bloody expensive and the place is getting a little dingy. Could use a make-over.

Elisha: But isn't it terribly posh?

Katrin: Probably used to be which is how it got it's reputation but these days all sorts of people have lunch at the Hilton just to say they've had lunch at the Hilton and they've brought it downmarket quite a lot. There are much better places to have lunch in London.

Elisha: Oh. Right.

(*pause*)

Katrin: So you're looking for a relationship, are you?

Elisha: Not really.

Katrin: So why's your friend getting you blind dates?

Elisha: Oh I asked her to. Big mistake.

Katrin: OK. (*pause*) Only if you are looking for someone solid

and reliable my nephew got divorced last year. I know he's not in a relationship but would like to be.

Elisha (*mood:unenthusiastic*): Oh, right.

Katrin: I'll be the first to admit he's not the, uh, glamorous type but he's got a good job and, as I say, he's very solid and reliable. And he's got a house which puts him ahead of the type you usually associate with.

Elisha: I'm sure he's a very nice guy.

Katrin: Hmm, I suppose you could say that. He's an actuary.

Elisha: What's an actuary?

Katrin: They're people who work out the probabilities of people dying. For life insurance and things like that.

Elisha (*mood:sarcastic*): Sounds like fun.

Katrin: I don't think fun's the word for it. Actually, just between you and me, I think actuaries are people who find accountancy overly stimulating, but as I said he's solid and reliable if not particularly, umm, exciting. Quite well off too, I believe, if that bitch of an ex of his hasn't managed to get her grubby little hands on everything. She's that type.

Elisha: She's a gold-digger?

Katrin: That's one word for her if not the word I'd use. Still, would you like me to give him a ring? Find out what the situation is?

Elisha: Ahh, no thanks. Maybe some other time, OK?

Katrin: OK no problem. Just thought I'd mention him. Not like anyone is likely to snatch him up any time soon, is it.

From 10:16 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Elisha Houghton's phone, located in Deptford, UK, and Chrissie Hammond's phone, located in Wimbledon, UK:

10:16 Elisha: Looks like Thursday's cancelled then

10:34 Chrissie: Why?

10:35 Elisha: We're back in lockdown

10:36 Chrissie: What the fuck?

10:37 Elisha: Check the news

10:48 Chrissie: We can still make it work

10:49 Elisha: Hey, I don't want a huge fine for breaking lockdown

10:50 Chrissie: :(:(:(

Transcript of phone call initiated by Bertram Entwistle's phone to Malcolm Beeton's phone, commencing 11:04 GMT:

Malcolm: Hello, Bertie.

Bertie: Hello Malcolm. I've, um, got the figures for the weekend.

Malcolm: And?

Bertie: Well, bearing in mind that the lockdown is only for 4 weeks we should be able to survive it but it'll be close.

Malcolm: How close?

Bertie: Assuming we can get straight back to streaming immediately after the lockdown, which ends on a Wednesday incidentally, we'll have about 2 weeks of reserves in hand.

Malcolm: So it's that bad, is it?

Bertie: Perhaps not. It occurred to me that when the lockdown ends all restrictions might be lifted. We will be in the run up to Christmas, after all, and the Government won't want to lose all the economic benefits of the pre-Christmas period. If shops are forced to stay shut or restrict trading the consequences nationally could be catastrophic. Once the restrictions are over we can then get back to live audiences.

Malcolm: It's a nice idea, Bertie, but the restrictions were lifted before for everyone except us. What makes you think they'll include us this time?

Bertie: It's Christmas. All the politicians will be wanting to take their wives and guests to concerts.

Malcolm: You're serious?

Bertie: To be honest I'm clutching at straws. My personal prediction is they'll open up for the pre-Christmas shoppers then shut down again in the New Year. Politicians can be very cynical like that.

Malcolm: And if your prediction is right?

Bertie: We'll make it through until early January then we'll start building up debt during the next lockdown when we stop paying our bills. If the January lockdown is quite short we might survive but with a lot of debt.

Malcolm: And if it drags on?

Bertie: Well, if there is a lockdown in January we might be able to get through until April before declaring bankruptcy.

If we can stream we're in with a chance but if we're locked down and can't stream then we're bugged.

(silence)

Malcolm: Is there anything we can do in the meantime?

Bertie: Certainly.

Malcolm: What?

Bertie: Pray the trials of this possible vaccine are successful.

Malcolm: I doubt that'll solve anything. You know, Bertie, I've been a lifelong Tory voter but this current bunch have got me stumped.

Bertie: Yes, I know what you mean. These tiers are badly thought out and contradict themselves.

Malcolm: You mean in the top tier where it says you can go to work then further down says you shouldn't go to work even if you can't work from home?

Bertie: Ahh you spotted that as well.

Malcolm: Yes, so even if a vaccine is approved today I don't really see this present bunch actually getting organised enough to manufacture and distribute it nationally in any reasonable time scale, and that's aside from all these anti-vaxers protesting. Can't they see their protests will actually delay opening up?

Bertie: I don't expect opening up is their main concern. Anyway, this is all by the by. We should be able to start streaming again in early December and we'll just have to see what happens after that. Once our reserves are gone and without any income we'll be racking up debt at the rate of about £¼m a month. Then it's just a matter of waiting for our creditors to jump on us.

Malcolm: So in the short term we can survive this lockdown?

Bertie: Yes. And longer term we should be able to manage so long as they actually use the tier system and don't put everyone into another lockdown.

Malcolm: You know, I used to look forward to Christmas. This year I'm just stressed beyond belief.

Bertie: You'll be fine, Malcolm. So long as you stay calm and confident everyone else will too.

Malcolm: Yes, well, I'm not sure how much longer I can stay calm and confident. I founded this Orchestra and it's all falling apart because of some damned flu!

Bertie: I'm sure we'll be fine, Malcolm. At least we don't have the problems the Santa Monica Philharmonia is having.

Malcolm: Why? What's happened to them?

Bertie: Their management negotiated a massive pandemic pay cut for all their musicians then gave themselves a pay rise. The musicians went on strike and the Orchestra's probably going to declare bankruptcy this week.

Malcolm: How foolish of them.

Bertie: That's Americans for you. Their management probably assumed the Orchestra was going to collapse anyway and decided to screw their musicians while they could get a few more dollars for themselves before it did.

Malcolm: What a world we live in, eh, Bertie. Whatever happened to honour?

Bertie: Well now, that's a good topic for a late night discussion over a bottle of whisky.

Malcolm: Indeed. Well, thanks for ringing. I need to get to a chemist for a large supply of indigestion tablets before they're locked down as well.

Friday 27th November 2020

From 18:19 GMT the following exchange of SMS messages took place between Kostyantyn Lytvynenko's phone, located in Bethnal Green, UK, and Elisha Houghton's phone, located in Deptford, UK:

- 18:19 KL: Your clarinet it is fixing – you come?
18:20 Elisha: Hey awesome! I'll come round on Thursday afternoon if that's OK when the lockdown is over?
18:22 KL: Is good. Bringing cash OK?
18:23 Elisha: Sure, I'll bring cash. See you on Thursday.

Extract of transcript of recording made by smart television identified as “D7-N784428499 / 59071 : 022019” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 18:23 GMT. Participants identified by face and voice recognition as Shimon Litvik, Elisha Houghton and Sally Parvian (mood: Shimon-curious, Elisha-pleased, Sally-bored; marketing keywords: happy, clarinet, repair ...).

- Simon: You're suddenly looking very happy, Eli. Had some good news?
Elisha: Yes, actually. My clarinet's been repaired. I'm going to go get it next Thursday. I've really missed it.
Simon: Aren't they all much the same?
Elisha: Oh God no. I've had this one for almost 15 years and I got it new. I'm totally used to how it feels and no one else has ever touched it. The one I'm using at the moment, my spare, I got second hand and even though it's the same make and model it's worn differently and feels funny. It's like putting your feet into someone else's shoes. They feel wrong even though they're the same size and style.
Simon: Oh right. *(pause)* Although you may find you're now used to the spare and the other one will feel funny.
Elisha *(mood:concerned)*: Yeah, I've been worrying about that.
Simon *(mood:surprised)*: Are you serious?
Elisha: Absolutely. It may even sound a little different. I don't know what Kostyantyn has done to it.
Sally: Cost who?
Elisha: Kostyantyn. I can't pronounce his last name. He's a Ukrainian and he's, like, 70 years old.

Simon: And you trusted him with your pride and joy?
Elisha: I was told he's the best repairer in Britain, maybe even Europe.
Sally: You may not be able to get it anyway.
Elisha: Why's that?
Sally: The lockdown may be extended.
Elisha (*mood:alarmed*): Oh God, don't say that. They said it was only for 4 weeks.
Sally: You saw the news. There's still 15,000 cases a day. OK it's down but it's still a hell of a lot.
Elisha (*mood:hopeful*): Well, maybe it'll drop a lot more by next Thursday.
Sally: Even if it does it'll go right back up as soon as the lockdown's over. Once people start going out again it'll spread.
Elisha: I don't want to know, to be honest. All I want is my clarinet back and the Orchestra up and running again. And the band. We can't go busking when there's no one on the street to play for. I'm going to my room. I'm sick of the news. When's it all going to end?

Monday 30th November 2020

| *Email sent from the laptop computer of Malcolm Beeton at 10:02 GMT:*

To: All Staff

From: Malcolm Beeton

Subject: Rehearsals on Thursday

As you probably know, the current lockdown is due to end next Wednesday so, unless the Government decides to extend it, we will have a rehearsal as usual on Thursday 3rd December and recommence our streaming programme on Friday 4th.

Malcolm Beeton

Director, 515N0W

Thursday 3rd December 2020

Extract of transcript of recording made by a mobile phone associated with Crisis & Tesco Mobile located in Bethnal Green, UK, commencing 15:54 GMT.

Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Sanger (mood: emotions too complex to be analysed; marketing keywords: God, hell, clarinet, arrival, ...)

(music and singing)

(muffled background noises)

(footsteps)

Elisha: Ray? *(pause)* Ray? Oh my God. It's you.

(silence)

Ray: Elisha! What the hell are you doing here?

Elisha: I've got my clarinet and ... Jesus.

(silence)

Ray: Umm, yeah

Elisha: How are you?

Ray: Umm, not too bad. Umm, you?

Elisha: You weren't here when I arrived.

Ray: No, I, umm, I've not long got here. Umm, rush hour commuters, umm, yeah.

Elisha: Oh, right. So, umm, how've you been?

Ray: Yeah, OK.

(silence)

Elisha: So, umm, you're busking in Bethnal Green now?

Ray: Yeah. Umm, well, the tube station anyway.

Elisha: I've had my clarinet repaired. That's why I'm here.

Ray: Oh yeah.

Elisha: The repairman lives a little over that way. In Sceptre Crescent.

Ray: I don't know Sceptre Crescent.

Elisha: It's the other side of Bethnal Green Gardens.

Ray: Oh, good.

Elisha: So where're you living now?

Ray: There's a hostel ...

Elisha: Oh right.

(silence)

Elisha: Oh. I suppose I'm interrupting, aren't I. You want to get back to your playing. I'd, ah, better go.

Ray: No! I mean, no, umm, I ... it's good to see you again, Elisha.

Elisha: And you, Ray. Shame about the beard though.

Ray: I, umm, stopped after ... yeah.

(silence)

Elisha: Hey, can I buy you a coffee or something? A sandwich, maybe? There's got to be somewhere round here. If that's OK, I mean, if you ...

Ray: Yeah, outside. Umm, yeah, no. I'll buy you one.

Elisha: But you're still ...

Ray: I've got money.

Elisha: Sorry. Yeah, umm, great.

Ray: I'll just, yeah, ahh get my stuff ...

(assorted noises)

Elisha: So you've got a phone now? You must be doing well.

Ray: A phone? Oh, yeah, no, it was given to me. By Crisis.

Elisha: The homeless association?

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: That was nice of them.

Ray: Tesco's actually. They gave a pile of used phones to Crisis so us lot can claim welfare and stuff.

Elisha: Oh right. That's a good idea. This way?

Ray: Yeah. Half a sec.

(footsteps)

(door shutting)

Ray: Umm, what'll you have?

Elisha: Oh, a cappuccino, please. No sugar.

Ray: 1 cappuccino, no sugar, please.

Unknown: Have in or takeaway?

Elisha: Aren't you having one?

Ray: Um, I, mm, takeaway.

Elisha: If you want me to go just say so, Ray.

Ray: No, I ... Oh shit. I've only got enough money for one. Haven't made any today yet.

Elisha: Oh Ray. *(pause)* Excuse me?

Unknown: Yeah?

Elisha: Could you make that 2 cappuccinos, large, one with sugar. Oh, and 2 of those rolls.

Unknown: Chicken or ham?

Elisha: Umm, 1 of each, thanks. And eat in not takeaway.

Unknown: 'K. £14:80. Ta.
Elisha: We'll be at that table over there, in the corner.
Unknown: 20p change. 'K.
(footsteps)
Elisha: Listen, Ray, I hope I didn't offend you just now. Paying for the coffees.
Ray: It's OK.
Elisha: You sure?
Ray: Yeah. So, um, how come your clarinet needed repairs? Damaged it, did you?
Elisha: Those men broke it.
Ray: You mean, back ... ?
Elisha: Yeah.
Ray: Oh. They didn't hurt you, though?
Elisha: The police turned up.
Ray: Yeah. I saw.
Elisha: Is that why you ... ?
Ray: So how's the band?
Elisha: Oh. The band. Yeah, doing OK. Been practising a lot because of the lockdown but ... oh, there's 9 of us now.
Ray: 9? Wow. So, um, is Badger still there?
Elisha: Yeah, and Eddie, Alexa and Charmaine. And me, of course. Um, not long after ... um, well Herbie and Mikey joined. Herbie's an older guy and alcoholic but he used to play violin in a folk band and he's pretty good. Well, when he's sober anyway, and Mikey's, well, what can I say about Mikey? Umm, he's about the same age as Badger but, you know, umm, learning difficulties. He tries though.
Ray: What does he play?
Elisha: Badger put a bit of cord on a piece of louvre door so he can hang it round his neck and ... oh thanks. His is the sugar.
Unknown: Chicken roll?
Elisha: Both for him.
Ray: Oh, um, there's no ...
Elisha: You need fattening up, Ray. You've lost weight and there wasn't much of you to start with.
Ray: Um, well, OK. Thanks.
Elisha: Where was I? Oh, yeah, the louvre door. Mikey plays it

using thimbles on his fingers. He's clueless about music but he can hold a rhythm which is OK. And, um, Kennet plays the harmonica. He joined a couple of weeks before lockdown. He's not bad. Oh, and Mehmet plays the banjo.

Ray: A banjo? That's cool.

Elisha: Well, it isn't really a banjo. Apparently it's a baglama which is some sort of ethnic string instrument but it's more or less a banjo. He made it out of a small wooden box and a bit of leather from a junked jacket with a strip of wood for the fret board but it sounds OK. He has trouble keeping it in tune though. He's got screws in the wood to tighten the strings but they keep loosening.

Ray: Sounds like you've got a good little band going there, um, Elisha.

Elisha: Why won't you call me Eli? You used to. Elisha's so formal.

Ray: Umm, yeah. OK. Eli.

Elisha: Don't you want the rolls?

Ray: Oh, umm, the rolls, yeah. I couldn't, right now, umm, I'm saving them for later.

Elisha: Oh, OK. So, um, what've you been up to?

Ray: Oh, nothing much. Just bummed around for a while. Ended up here. So are they all homeless?

Elisha: More or less. Except me, of course. Alexa and Charmaine are still in their caravan.

Ray: So you're still busking?

Elisha: We haven't been because of the lockdown. Started again this morning but I left them to get my clarinet.

Ray: So they're OK without you?

Elisha: They play OK without me but for some reason they can't get started without me. They seem to need me to decide where to go and what to play. Once they're playing they're fine but they can't do anything on their own. It's sad really. I've no idea how to stop them being so dependent on me.

(silence)

Ray: So, um, are you still with the Orchestra?

Elisha: Yes, although we haven't played since the lockdown

began. We're rehearsing tonight, in fact. I've just got to pop home and pick up my other clarinet then go round.

Ray: Can't you use that one?

Elisha: I'm going to but I only had a quick play when I picked it up. I'll need my spare in case there's still a problem with it. Besides I need to get my scooter or I'll have to walk back in the dark, which, umm ...

Ray: So you didn't get another bike?

Elisha: No they were too expensive. Someone up the road was selling a scooter and it was cheap so I bought it.

Ray: That's cool. You don't want to be walking alone after, umm, yeah.

Elisha: So why did you disappear, Ray?

(silence)

Elisha: We've missed you, Ray. I ... I've missed you. I was really sad when you just disappeared like that.

(silence)

Elisha: Ray? Say something Ray.

(silence)

Ray: I gotta go. See ya.

(footsteps)

Elisha: Ray? Ray? Where're you go... Oh shit. Not again. Ray! Your rolls!

Friday 4th December 2020

Partial transcript of Zoom meeting initiated by Leanne Malbury, commencing 14:32 GMT, located in South Bank, UK. Participants: Leanne Malbury, Katie Marsden, Zoe Dainslaw, Peter Abrahams, Kenneth Bosling and Wendy Rushton (keyword tracking blocked):

- Leanne: ... and on Friday we've got Rishi Sunak, the Chancellor, on a live link to discuss the latest unemployment figures and what the Tories plan to do about them. Katie, I'd like you to do that.
- Katie: No problem, Leanne. I'll get onto the background after the meeting.
- Zoe: When will I get a chance to do a political?
- Leanne: When I think you're ready. Now, we still have a few time slots to fill, particularly on Tuesday which is quiet. OK people, I don't know about the rest of you but I'm sick and tired of lockdowns and the restrictions and most people I've talked to feel the same. So I'm thinking some human interest stories to fill the slots. I'm thinking positive, uplifting. Show how people have soldiered on and shown resilience. Achieved something.
- Peter: You mean, like, written a novel or something?
- Leanne: Needs to be visual, Pete. I'm thinking live segments, real life. We don't want any studio interviews, too risky.
- Zoe: How about someone who's set up a business from home and is making a success of it?
- Leanne: I like it, I like it. Lot of unemployed out there now. Nice positive imagery, get them thinking they can do the same. Inspirational and aspirational. Yes, good one.
- Kenneth: How about cooking or something along those lines?
- Leanne: The networks are full of cooking shows. No, too much of the same. I want novelty. Something different.
- (silence)*
- Leanne: Run out of ideas, have you? Too much bloody sitting on your backsides working from home. Your brains are getting lazy. Right. Ken, Katie, Zoe, get out there on the streets. Find me stories. Find me real life. Find me positivity and some good news for a change. No one wants to hear the latest COVID death toll over their

coco-pops. Right, Wendy, anything else we haven't covered?

Wendy: No, that's everything, Leanne.

Leanne: Great. Maybe a Christmas theme. We're only 3 weeks away after all. Not that anyone's in the mood for Christmas. Get out there, people, mingle and get me stories.

Saturday 5th December 2020

Transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as “19117-PFR99-50684-22212” located in Deptford, UK, commencing 22:18 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Katrin Shandel and Elisha Houghton (mood: Katrin:annoyed, Elisha-surprised; marketing keywords: visitors, homeless, house ...)

(knocking)

(indecipherable voices)

Katrin *(faint)*: Elisha! Visitor!

Elisha *(faint)*: Coming!

(footsteps)

Katrin *(mood:intense)*: Another one of your dreadful homeless people,
Elisha. Not in the house.

Elisha *(mood:resigned)*: Yeah, OK.

(pause)

Elisha *(mood:surprised)*: Ray? What the ... Jesus, come on in.

(door closing)

Katrin *(mood:annoyed)*: Oh no you don't, Elisha, get that bloody riff-raff out of here. I'm not going to stand for this anymore, do you hear me?

Elisha *(mood:furious)*: He's fucking human being, you old bitch, and he's my friend, OK! Give him a god-damned break!

Katrin *(mood:angry)*: I said not in my house!

Elisha: Oh get out of the bloody way, damn it. I'll take him to my room so your precious lounge doesn't get contaminated!

Ray: Umm ...

Katrin: Elisha! I'm warning you!

Elisha: Oh, up yours! Come on, Ray. Upstairs. *(pause)* Now!

(running footsteps)

Transcript of recording made by Integrated Digital Auditorium Sound System installed at The Enclave, Greenwich, via Elisha's tablet located in Deptford, commencing 22:20 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Sanger (mood: Elisha-agitated, Raymond-petrified; Marketing keywords: satisfaction, petrified, scared ...).

(footsteps)

(slamming door)

Elisha: Oh Jesus.

Ray: Umm, should I go?

Elisha: Hah, not now! Wouldn't give her the bloody satisfaction. Hey, are you OK? You look petrified.

Ray: Umm, ... she really scared me.

Elisha: Don't worry, she's all mouth. Cow.

Ray: Umm, ... I'm sorry if I ...

Elisha: Hey, it's not your fault. It's her and her bloody prejudices. Phew, I'm calming down now. Jesus, did I really call her an old bitch?

Ray: Umm ...

Elisha *(mood:cross)*: I suppose I'd better go and apologise. *(pause)* Bet you didn't know I had a temper, huh. Shit. Still, she had it coming. She's been having digs at me for months now.

Ray: About me?

Elisha: You and the rest of the band. She doesn't approve of homeless people. Thinks you're all druggies and crooks. Just as well Simon isn't here. He'd probably have taken her side.

Ray: Well, umm ...

Elisha: Anyway, that's enough about her. I'll apologise later. Umm, I'd offer you a coffee or something but it's probably best I don't go downstairs for a while. How about some water? I can get that from the bathroom.

Ray: Umm ...

Elisha: Anyway, sit down. *(pause)* No, not on the floor. Take the chair. I'll sit on the bed.

Ray: Were you working?

Elisha *(mood:calm)*: I'm sorry? Oh, the tablet. No, not really. I was just going to have a look over tomorrow's concert, that's all.

Ray: What is it?

Elisha: Ohm um, Kodály's Galánta, Prokofiev's Violin Concerto and Beethoven's 7th.

Ray: Oh, nice.

Elisha: Do you know any of them?

Ray: Umm, not really.

Elisha: OK.

(silence)

Elisha: Hey, she really did scare you, didn't she. You're shaking.
 Ray (*mood:nervous*): I, umm, ...
 Elisha: Don't worry. You're safe with me. Just take a few deep breaths and calm down, OK. Everything's fine.
 (*silence*)
 Ray: Umm, so this is where you live?
 Elisha: Yeah. It's just a room but, hey, it's home. What's it like at the hostel?
 Ray: Oh I'm in a room. Maybe a little smaller than this one.
 Elisha: That doesn't sound too bad.
 Ray: Nah, I guess not. At least it doesn't leak. (*pause*)
 Although the others sometimes keep me awake.
 Elisha: Others? What others?
 Ray: Oh, I share it with 3 other guys.
 Elisha: Oh, right. 4 of you. In a room smaller than this. OK.
 (*silence*)
 Elisha: So, umm, Ray. Why are you here?
 Ray: Umm, back there, erm, in Bethnal Green.
 Elisha: Yes?
 Ray: Ahh, why did you get the tube? Like, if you've got a scooter?
 Elisha: You came all this way to ask me that?
 Ray: Umm.
 Elisha: OK, well, it's simple really. I didn't want to drive halfway across London. It's a lot easier on the underground.
 Ray: Oh. So, umm, you weren't looking for me?
 Elisha: No. Hey, I didn't know where you were.
 Ray: Right.
 (*silence*)
 Ray: Well, umm, I'd best be going.
 Elisha: What? Why? You've only just got here.
 Ray: Umm ...
 Elisha: No, sit down again. Where's your guitar? Did you leave it outside?
 Ray: No, umm, it's back at the hostel, like.
 Elisha: You mean in Bethnal Green?
 Ray: Umm, yeah.
 Elisha: OK. (*pause*) Look, um, Ray, I really don't get this. You just buggered off 3 months ago without so much as a

goodbye then when I bump into you in Bethnal Green
you do another runner then you turn up here in the
middle of the night wanting to know why I took the
underground. What's going on here?

Ray: Umm, yeah. Sorry. Didn't mean to disturb you. Stupid
of me, I guess. I'll be ... um, I'll go. Yeah. Sorry.

(door opening)

Elisha *(mood:irritated)*: For God's sake, Ray, come back!

(silence)

Elisha *(mood:gentle)*: I'm sorry. I didn't mean to shout at you. Come on,
come back in and sit down, OK?

(silence)

Elisha: Come on, Ray. Shut the door.

(silence)

Elisha: Ray?

(silence)

Ray *(very quiet)*: I pissed meself.

Elisha: What?

Ray *(quiet)*: I friggin' pissed meself, OK.

Elisha *(quiet)*: Oh Ray. *(pause)* Come on, let me shut the door. Umm,
do you want to take your jeans off?

Ray *(mood:agitated)*: Not now, then!

Elisha: It's OK, Ray. Come on, come and sit down. There. Just
relax. Now then, stay calm. Chill. OK?

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: So when did you , umm, ...?

Ray *(mood:ashamed)*: Back then. When those men ...

Elisha: You mean when we were walking back from the
concert?

Ray: Yeah.

Elisha: OK. *(pause)* Umm, so why are you telling me this?

Ray: Umm ...

Elisha: Ray?

Ray: Oh fuck it. I'm useless, see? Just fucking useless, a
waste of bloody space.

Elisha: I don't understand. Umm, there were 4 of them so, I
guess, ...

Ray: You don't friggin' get it, do ya?

Elisha: I'll be honest, Ray, um, no I don't.

Ray: They attacked us and I pissed meself and ran away.

Elisha: Well, it was scary. I'd have run away if one of them hadn't grabbed me.

Ray (*mood:anguished*): But that's just it. I ran away and left you. I left you. And your clarinet got .. and I left you ... all on your own ... I'm just a useless fucking piece of shit!

Elisha: Umm, well, the police did turn up in the nick of time so

...

Ray: Oh sod the bloody police! I should have saved you but I just pissed myself and ran away.

Elisha (*mood:bewildered*): Well, I can't say I blame you, really. I'd have

...

Ray: But I love you and I just abandoned you like you were some garbage and ... oh fuck. (*pause*) I'm sorry.

Elisha (*mood:intent*): What did you just say?

Ray (*mood:panicked*): Umm ... nothing.

Elisha: What did you just say?

Ray: I, umm, called you garbage. I didn't mean it.

Elisha: No, before that.

Ray: Umm, I pissed myself?

Elisha: Ray! Damn it! Did you just say you ... loved me?

Ray (*mood:defensive*): I, umm, might have done.

Elisha (*mood:stunned*): Oh shit.

(*silence*)

Ray (*mood:alarmed*): Umm ...

Elisha: Shut up.

(*silence*)

Elisha: Well now. I'm ... I, umm, don't know what to say.

Ray: I'll be off, then. Bye.

Elisha: Sit down!

Ray: Sorry.

Elisha: So, umm, why haven't you said anything before?

Ray: What's the bloody point? You're this fancy high class orchestra musician and I'm just a piece of gutter shit.

Elisha (*mood:sharp*): You're not piece of shit!

Ray (*mood:sad*): What bloody use am I, eh? I ain't got nowhere to live, 'cept hostels for the homeless. Can't do nothing to look after you. Can't even buy you a coffee, for fuck's sake, and what do I do when someone friggin' attacks you? I piss meself and run away like a total bloody loser.

Elisha: Will you stop going on about pissing yourself? Please?

(silence)

Ray: It's me head, like. I'm all fucked up in me head. Scared of shadows. Been living on the streets too long. Ever since I got out of that loony bin.

Elisha *(softly)*: It wasn't a loony bin, Ray. You were just depressed, that's all. Deeply depressed. Your sister, then your mum, not your fault.

Ray: Maybe. Anyway, I can't make decisions. I can't handle things. That's why I play me guitar for coins. Can't cope with claiming benefits. They start harassing me and I just die inside. Can't handle it, see. Just go to pieces, like.

Elisha: It's OK, Ray. Come on, give me a hug.

Ray *(mood:sharp)*: No!

Elisha *(mood:alarmed)*: What? No? Umm, I'm confused.

Ray: That's not all, see.

Elisha: What's not all?

Ray: Umm, well, like, you know when I pi ... when we were attacked?

Elisha: Yes.

Ray: I went back to the chapel, you see. I was disgusted with myself. That's why I buggered off. Couldn't face you.

Elisha *(mood:concerned)*: Oh Ray. I understand, I really do. It can't have been easy living on the streets all these years.

Ray: I don't know where I went. Across the river, somewhere and, well, I could feel the depression coming back. Like there was this dark black cloud all around me and starting to swallow me up so I, umm ...

Elisha: You what, Ray? What did you do?

Ray: I got hold of some stuff, like.

Elisha: What stuff?

Ray: This.

(silence)

Elisha: What's that?

Ray: What does it look like?

Elisha: I don't know. Just a dirty little lump of something. What is it? A pill of some sort?

Ray: It's H.

Elisha: What's that? H? Oh shit, you didn't, did you Ray? You haven't been taking heroin?

Ray (*mood:tired*): I was going to. I had to get out of the cloud. I knew I'd never see you again and the cloud was everywhere so I just, well, yeah. There it is.

Elisha: Oh God. So you're an addict now?

Ray: No, not really.

Elisha: What do you mean, not really? Heroin's incredibly addictive, isn't it?

Ray: Haven't had any, have I.

Elisha: You haven't ... Ray? Are you telling me that's all you got hold of?

Ray: Yeah. Not much is it.

Elisha: And you haven't had any? It's all still there?

Ray: Yeah. I stare at it every evening and tell myself I'll take it in the morning and in the morning I talk myself out of it.

Elisha (*mood:decisive*): Give it to me, Ray.

Ray: You want it? I didn't know you ...

Elisha: Just give it to me.

Ray: Umm, OK. There.

Elisha: Stay here, OK. Don't run away, will you?

Ray: Where are you going?

Elisha: To the toilet. Back in a moment.

(*door opening*)

(*toilet flushing*)

(*door closing*)

Ray: Did you ...?

Elisha: Yup. All gone. There'll be some stoned sewer rats soon but that can't be helped.

(*silence*)

Ray: Well, OK. Thanks. Right. I'd best be off then. Sorry for ruining your evening.

Elisha: Ray, don't go. Not unless you really want to.

Ray: I don't ... umm, well, what's the point in staying? It's over, isn't it.

Elisha: I want you to stay, Ray.

Ray: What for?

Elisha: We've got a lot to talk about.

Ray: You what? I've said too bloody much. Buggered it all up, haven't I.

Elisha: No, Ray, you haven't buggered anything up. In fact

you've made everything clear. I want you to stay.
Ray: Well, umm, do you know what the time is?
Elisha: Does it matter?
Ray: The last bus ...
Elisha: Sod the last bus. You're staying here tonight. With me.
Ray: You what?
Elisha: You heard me. Get your clothes off.
Ray: What? Hey, wait a minute ...
Elisha: You heard me. You're staying the night here but, no offence, you really really need a shower first. You can wear my dressing gown. I'll put those clothes of yours through the wash in the morning or probably better to get you some new ones.
Ray: Umm ...
Elisha: You heard me. Strip then shower then we'll talk. We've got plans to make.
Ray (*mood:panicked*): Oh God.

Sunday 6th December 2020

Transcript of recording made by smart refrigerator identified as "19117-PFR99-50684-22212" located in Deptford, UK, commencing 10:17 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton, Raymond Sanger and Katrin Shandel (mood: Elisha-happy; Ray-nervous, Katrin-focused; marketing keywords: eggs, toast, bacon, ...)

Elisha: I could do you a couple of eggs, Ray, and toast of course. I don't have any bacon or anything like that.

Ray: Oh, umm, toast, yeah. Nice.

Elisha: And coffee?

Ray: Umm ...

Katrin: Ahh there you are.

Elisha (*mood:contrite*): Ahh, Katrin. Yes. I wanted to apologise for what I said last night.

Katrin: It's too late for that, my girl.

Elisha: What do you mean, too late? I'm very sorry.

Katrin: I'm giving you your month's notice.

Elisha (*mood:astonished*): You're evicting me?

Katrin: You heard. I don't want your kind in my house. Nor his neither.

Elisha (*mood:cold*): My kind? What do you mean my kind?

Katrin: The kind of dirty little slut that consorts with scum is what kind. One month and no mistake. Sooner if you can find a whore house to work in.

Elisha (*mood:angry*): Why you ...

Katrin: Keep your mouth shut. I don't want you here and I don't want to see you or hear you. Have I made myself clear?

Elisha: Perfectly clear, you bigoted foul minded old bitch. I don't want to spend another night in this frigging dump!

Katrin: 1 month, that's the law, and I'll thank you to keep a civil tongue in your head.

(footsteps)

(silence)

Elisha (*mood:intense*): Well, sod her. *(pause)* Don't expect that old cow'll give me a decent reference now. Bugger.

Ray: Umm, does that mean we can't find a place of our own

then?

Elisha: Oh we'll find somewhere. I expect Chrissie'll give me a reference. She won't mind pretending to be my landlady. She'll think it's fun.

Ray: Chrissie?

Elisha: A friend of mine. Play's oboe in the Orchestra. You'll love her.

Ray (*mood:anxious*): Oh.

Elisha: Oh well, I dare say she'll kick up a fuss if we use the washing machine here. Hmm, OK. I need to go to a chemist anyway so we can go to the High Street and ...

Ray (*mood:alarmed*): A chemist? Are you ill?

Elisha: No, I'm fine but, umm, I need to, umm, take precautions, OK. Anyway, we can buy you some new clothes. We can chuck those old ones in a bin somewhere. Your trainers don't look too bad, though.

Ray (*mood:overwhelmed*): Umm ...

Elisha (*mood:happy*): Get used to it, Ray. There are going to be changes in your life. Big changes. Mine too, I'm sure. Time you started to enjoy life.

Monday 7th December 2020

| *Email from the tablet of Bertram Entwistle at 10:12 GMT:*

To: Management Team

From: Bertram Entwistle

Subject: Last four weeks of streaming revenue

Attached: 12Oct_to_8Dec_analysis.xlsx

Attached is the analysis of the last four weeks of streaming revenues. It's a misnomer really since we were only able to stream this last weekend. Still, we had a reasonable weekend and I'm happy to report that, despite the lockdown, we still have some four weeks of reserves left. We should do fairly well over the next three weeks because of Christmas. It is quite likely that more than a few annual passes will be purchased as Christmas presents.

Bertram Entwistle

Finance Officer, 515N0W

| *Extract of transcript of recording made by outdoor broadcast unit identified as "WUBExternal3" located in Greenwich, UK, commencing 12:52 GMT.*

(music)

Unknown: Excuse me. What's going on here?

Unknown: We're busking mate, what you think we're doing.

Unknown: What's your name?

Unknown: Here, you a cop?

Unknown: No, I'm Katie Marsden with Wake Up Britain and this is my cameraman Kemal.

Unknown: Oh yeah. What's that when it's at home?

Katie: It's a breakfast TV show. You haven't heard of it?

Unknown: Ain't got no TV have I. Me name's Charmaine.

Katie: Great. Nice to meet you, Charmaine. So, umm, who's in charge here? Who's the leader?

Charmaine: What you wanna know for?

Katie: I'd just like to ask a few questions. Get a sense of what this is all about. Who should I talk to?

Charmaine: 'er over there, with the clarinet. Name's Elisha.

Katie: Great. Thank you Charmaine. Come on Kemal. *(quiet)*
Keep rolling, this looks like it could be interesting.

(pause)

Katie: Hello. Are you Elisha?

Elisha: Yeah, hi.

Katie: Charmaine over there said you were in charge here.

Elisha: Oh, I wouldn't say that. No one's in charge really, that's why it's such a free for all. Who are you two?

Katie: Oh, sorry. I'm Katie Marsden from Wake Up Britain and this is Kemal my cameraman. Here's my card, by the way. You've heard of the show?

Elisha: Oh thanks. *(pause)* Is that some sort of breakfast TV show?

Katie: Yes. We're on from 6 to 9 every weekday morning.

Elisha: Oh, right. Can't say I've ever seen it. I don't get up before 10 or thereabouts. So, what can I do for you?

Katie: I was just wondering what this is all about.

Elisha: Oh, we're just a group of buskers. That's all.

Katie: But these ... I suppose they're instruments. They're rather unusual.

Elisha: Yeah. Most of them are home-made. They're all homeless people, you see. Can't afford so called proper instruments.

Katie: Homeless? Now that's interesting. Have you been playing together long?

Elisha: A few months. Is he filming?

Katie: Yes, is that all right?

Elisha: I guess. Is this for your TV show?

Katie: I don't know yet. Certainly we're looking for an item and your band looks quite interesting. Is that your name? Street?

Elisha: Actually it's not Street it's S-T-R-E-E-T.

Katie: Oh, like that old song R-E-S-P-E-C-T?

Elisha: Yeah, except it's one letter short. Can't have everything in life.

Katie: So you're called S-T-R-E-E-T because you're all people from the streets?

Elisha: Well, most of us. I'm not and Alexa and Charmaine have somewhere to live even though it isn't up to much. Just a caravan.

Katie: I see. And you're all from Greenwich?

Elisha: Oh no. We're mostly from Deptford actually.

Katie: So why are you here outside the O2?

Elisha: Well, we normally play around Deptford and sometimes we go to Lewisham Shopping Centre which isn't far away but we haven't been able to play recently because of the lockdown so we thought we'd come out here today. More people, you see.

Katie: I see. So why don't you come here all the time?

Elisha: Oh, we've got no transport. Lewisham's only a mile or so but here it's a 3 mile walk which is a bit of a way when you're carrying all your stuff.

Katie: Couldn't you use public transport?

Elisha: You seriously think a bus driver's going to let Badger on with all his pots and pans and stuff? Anyway, money's a bit short. 10 bus fares is a fair amount.

Katie: And that's because you're homeless?

Elisha: That's right. And, contrary to what a lot of people think, the homeless are homeless because they haven't got any money. So this is going to be going on the telly?

Katie: I think it might well be. You guys sound like an interesting story.

Elisha: Great. Well, make sure you say something about the plight of the homeless.

Katie: Well, if we run this I'm sure my producer will get in someone from one of the homeless charities to talk in general terms. What I'm interested in here is your group and how you coped with the lockdown.

Elisha: Do you mean for me or the others?

Katie: Let's talk about the others first, then you.

Elisha: Sure, no problem. The lockdown didn't actually make much of a difference. We couldn't play in public, of course, but otherwise, no. Life was much the same.

Katie: I'm a little confused here. Surely the lockdown was harder on you, on the homeless, than it was for most people?

Elisha: God no. When you're homeless you're pretty much living in lockdown anyway. You've got no job to go to or any money to spend in shops so it makes no

difference. And since most of them are living on the street they can actually come and go more freely than ordinary people.

Katie: But what about the police?

Elisha: You seriously think the police are going to waste their time on the homeless? What's the point? They can't send them home since they've no homes to go to and they can't fine them because they've no money to pay the fines. The best they could do is put them in jail but then the jails would be full of the homeless which they don't want to do either. Anyway, it's actually better during the lockdown in many ways.

Katie: Better? That needs some explaining.

Elisha: Oh, it's simple really. There's hardly anyone else on the streets, especially at night.

Katie: Why's that better?

Elisha: It's safer. No one around to get nasty.

Katie: Ahh. I hadn't thought of that. Does that happen a lot?

Elisha: A fair amount. A certain type of person thinks it's fun to beat up someone who's homeless, destroy what little possessions they have. Maybe burn their blanket or something like that. I've also heard that sometime people set their dogs on someone sleeping rough or set fire to them.

Katie: I see. Leanne, we definitely need to get a spokesperson in on this, for background.

Elisha: Who's Leanne?

Katie: She's my producer.

Elisha: Is she here?

Katie: No, she's back at the studio but she'll watch this recording so I was just giving her a message.

Elisha: Oh, right, I get you. That's quite clever, isn't it.

Katie: Well, we have done this before.

Elisha: I suppose you have, yeah. So, what, she'll edit this or will it be broadcast as it is?

Katie: Leanne will decide how she wants the segment laid out then get one of the editors to cut this recording. She'll also have to fit it into the time slot as well. Don't worry, if you say something you don't want broadcast just say so and it'll be edited out later.

Elisha: Cute.

Katie: I'd like you to talk me through some of these instruments as well but before we do that, you said you're not homeless? Tell me about you and how you come to be involved.

Elisha: Oh, um, OK. Hmm. Do you want my name?

Katie: If that's OK with you.

Elisha: OK. Well, I'm Elisha Houghton. Umm, well, I actually work here.

Katie: Here? You mean at The O2?

Elisha: Yes. I'm Second Clarinet with the 515N0W Orchestra. We're based in The Enclave which is round the back, it's not part of the main auditorium. Anyway, back in March when the 1st lockdown started I didn't have anywhere to practice because everyone started working from home so I found this old chapel and the pastor said I could use it to practice in.

Katie: Do you know the pastor's name?

Elisha: Oh. Well, um, yes I do but he may not like having his name on TV.

Katie: That's OK. Tell me anyway and we'll contact him and get permission. He might even want to be part of the broadcast.

Elisha: Well, maybe. OK. His name's Pastor Winston Ramcharan.

Katie: Great. Leanne, find this pastor and get permissions. Carry on, Elisha.

Elisha: He's in New Cross. Anyway, not long after I started using the chapel for practice Ray turned up. That's Ray, with the guitar. No, the real guitar. The other one's a home-made banjo. Ray was homeless and he started to live in the chapel and we got to know each other and started playing together.

Katie: So, Ray, hi. Can I bring you in here?

Ray: Nah, umm, Eli tells it better. Talk to her.

Katie: Right. OK, back to you, Elisha.

Elisha: Umm, OK. Well, Badger turned up after a while. He knew Ray from the homeless hostel they both had been in.

Katie: Which one's Badger?

Elisha: Drums.

Katie: Badger, can I bring ... oh, where's he going?

Elisha: He doesn't talk much. Doesn't like strangers either.

Katie: OK. Back to you again, Elisha.

Elisha: Actually it was Badger's idea to have a band. Ray and I were just fooling around, you know, doing duets and so on. Anyway, it seemed a good idea so Badger found some tubs and things to use as drums.

Katie: So if they were both in a hostel, why did they move into the chapel?

Elisha: Apparently it was a nightmare there. Overcrowded, noisy, dirty. Ray couldn't get any sleep so he gave up and found the chapel which was quiet. Badger turned up because he was having problems with some druggies in the hostel.

Katie: I see. So none of these people have substance abuse problems?

Elisha: God no. Herbie likes a drink now and then but that's all.

Katie: Will any of them talk to me?

Elisha: I'm sure Alexa and Charmaine will. Eddie, too, probably.

Katie: Charmaine's the one with the, what is it?

Elisha: It's a washtub bass. Bit like a dodgy cello.

Katie: OK. So that must be Alexa. Which one's Eddie?

Elisha: The tuba.

Katie: Ahh, with the false leg. No, I don't think so. Bad imagery. Excuse me, Alexa? Hello.

Alexa: Hello.

Katie: Hello Alexa. Tell me, how do you come to be with this group? Were you a professional musician like Elisha?

Alexa: Not at all. I did clarinet at school but that was years ago. No, I met Elisha at a cafe in Deptford. She was waiting for Ray to get his teeth fixed.

Katie: His teeth? Ahh, that's a thought. Leanne, possible sideline here, the homeless and dentistry. Umm, healthcare in general as well. Carry on Alexa.

Alexa: Well, we got talking, Charmaine was there as well. Anyway, a few days later Charmaine and I were at the food bank which is outside the chapel and we ran into

Elisha and Ray again and Elisha invited us to join.

Katie: So you both already had your clarinet and washbasin thingy?

Alexa: No, Elisha gave me one of her clarinets and Eddie made the washtub bass for Charmaine. She'd never played an instrument before, you see, and it's very easy.

Charmaine: Nah, it was Badge who made it.

Elisha: Actually it was both of them. Badge just doesn't like to talk about it.

Charmaine: Oh, right.

Katie: Well this is excellent footage, I think. Have you got it all, Kemal?

Kemal: Uh huh.

Katie: Good. What I'd like now is some footage of the group playing together. Is that OK?

Elisha: Sure. Could someone go get Badger? He's over there, hiding behind the Skywalk sign.

Katie: Perhaps if we could get your name board more centrally placed and arrange you all around it in a semi circle.

Elisha: Actually it would probably be better to arrange us around Badger since he takes up a lot of space and have the sign a little to one side so the camera can see what he's doing. When he gets into it it can be pretty spectacular.

Katie: Kemal, can we get that?

Kemal: Sure, I'll just go over to the right a little, so the sun's behind me.

Katie: Great, oh and here's Badger. So, what are you going to play?

Elisha: Ahh, that's a bit of a problem. We don't actually play anything in particular. What we usually do is let Badger do what he wants and improvise around that.

Katie: What, completely?

Elisha: Well, we usually try to start with some sort of a theme but because we're all at different skill levels and some of the instruments aren't as tuned or responsive as they could be it usually falls apart quite quickly. I'm pretty amazed it ever turns out OK but it seems to.

Katie: Um, OK. Well, I'll leave it to you.

Elisha: Hey, guys, I've got an idea. Katie here wants us to play something for the TV so what about we start off with Rossini's William Tell Overture? That OK with you, Badger?

Badger: Dunno. What you reckon, Ray?

Ray: Oh dunno mate. Up to you, like.

Elisha: OK, we'll do that then.

Badger: Sure.

Elisha: OK, everyone. William Tell Overture.

Eddie: Just a sec. Which one's that?

Elisha: It's the one that goes mmm ah mm ooh ah mm ohh and then goes into de de dum de de dum de de da da dah.

Eddie: Oh, yeah. I know it. Sweet.

Elisha: Alexa, do you want to lead in? You've played it before.

Alexa: God no, not live on TV. You do it.

Elisha: Well, I will if you're sure you don't want to.

Alexa: I'm sure.

Elisha: OK. Everyone ready? Herbie? Mikey? OK.

(music)

(7 minutes later)

Elisha: Well, that seemed OK to me. What do you think?

Katie: Umm. It was pretty fast, wasn't it?

Elisha: Well, Badger likes to play fast. We just try to keep up.

Katie: It was interesting, unusual. I've heard the William Tell Overture before but that was, umm, well, different.

Elisha: Yeah. Like I said, we usually start off with something but we never know how it'll end up.

Katie: Does the public like it though, that's the real question. After all, you are busking for money. I didn't see much being put into the guitar case.

Elisha: Yeah, no, I think that was more to do with you guys filming.

Katie: Yes, quite likely. The Brits like to stay out of the limelight most of the time. Except football fans. They're a breed apart.

Elisha: I wouldn't know, I've never been to a football match.

Katie: OK, let's wind it up here. Umm, two more questions for you Elisha. First, how old are you?

Elisha: Me? Oh, I'm 29.

Katie: Great, and second do you have a phone number or email in case we need to ask some more questions?

Elisha: Oh sure. My phone number's 07700 900 717 and my email is elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk. You won't broadcast either of those, will you?

Katie: Oh, of course not. You'd be inundated with crank calls if we did. Excellent. We'll be off then. Thanks.

Elisha: No problem.

Katie: Don't you want to know when this'll be broadcast?

Elisha: Not particularly. We don't have any TVs so we can't watch it anyway. Well, there's one at the place I live but I won't be up in time.

Katie: Jesus, you do live in a different world, don't you.

Elisha: Oh, I don't know that it's that different but for sure it's parallel. There isn't a lot of intersection between the two.

Katie: Yeah. Hmm. Bit too deep.

Elisha: Don't suppose you'd like to make a donation, would you? Seeing as how you're exploiting us for your TV show.

Katie: Yeah, Leanne, you'll edit that bit out, won't you? How about a tenner?

Elisha: Twenty five would buy coffees all round.

Katie: Just as well I've an expense account. Here's fifty. Have some sandwiches as well.

Elisha: Thank you! Enjoy the rest of your day. Bye. You too, Kemal.

Kemal: Adios mi compadre.

Alexa: ¡Que tengas un buen día también!

Kemal: You what?

Alexa: Have a nice day!

Katie: I think she's making fun of your accent, Kemal, seeing as how you aren't Spanish. Let's go. We need to find a hotspot to upload this lot to Leanne.

Transcript of phone call initiated by a phone associated with Wake Up Britain to Elisha's phone, commencing 13:47 GMT:

Elisha: Hello?

Unknown: Hello. Is this Elisha Houghton?

Elisha: Yes. Who's this?

Unknown: Great. I'm Leanne Malbury, producer of Wake Up Britain. You shot a segment with Katie Marsden earlier today.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Umm, yeah. So you've seen it?

Leanne: Definitely and I like it. Very urban, very real. Great human interest story. I want to broadcast it on tomorrow's show. A 4 minute segment followed by a 2 minute interview with one of the homeless charities.

Elisha: Great. Umm, I don't know what to say. Should I be excited or something?

Leanne: Most people are. Is there a reason why you aren't?

Elisha: Oh, I don't know. I guess TV isn't really a part of my life. I haven't even heard of your show, I'm afraid, although I'm sure it's really good. I don't expect it'll make any difference to the guys in the band either.

Leanne: Well, that's one of the reasons I'm ringing you. It's quite possible that some viewers may contact us wanting to give support in some way. How do you want us to handle that?

Elisha: You mean, like, money or something?

Leanne: Yes. I don't expect there'll be many since a lot of people are having to economise at the moment but we may well get a few.

Elisha: Jesus, I don't know. Umm, well, we're not really set up for anything other than cash in a bucket so I don't know what to do.

Leanne: Well, one option might be for us to refer such people to one of the charities rather than your band in particular.

Elisha: That might be a better idea. You've rather caught me on the hop here.

Leanne: Television is a fast moving environment. So, any particular charity?

Elisha: Oh God, I don't know. Umm, how about Crisis? They're the only ones I can think of at the moment. Oh, no, I've a better one. The Pastor who lets us use his chapel also runs a food kitchen for the homeless. How about sending any donations there? That would be good since all they can afford are cheap crappy sausages and

bread.

Leanne: That would be, umm, let me see ... ah, Pastor Winston Ramcharan of New Cross Baptist Church?

Elisha: Yeah, that's him.

Leanne: Excellent, I'll get the relevant details from him. Good. Now, one last thing. I need your formal permission to do this broadcast.

Elisha: Oh, OK.

Leanne: Do I have your formal permission?

Elisha: Sure. Can't do any harm, can it?

Leanne: Well, there are possible privacy issues here but then again you were performing in a public place so there's a legal ambiguity there.

Elisha: Just as long as you don't put my phone number or email address on the telly.

Leanne: No, we won't do that. Excellent. Oh, one other thing, does that, umm, tune you played have a name?

Elisha: Nope. We just made it up on the spot, although it was loosely based on the William Tell Overture by Rossini. Very loosely.

Leanne: Excellent. Nice talking to you. Bye.

Tuesday 8th December 2020

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Malcolm Beeton's phone to Janel Kantara's phone, commencing 07:43 GMT:*

Janel: Hello, Malcolm. What's the emergency?

Malcolm: Were you watching Wake Up Britain just now?

Janel: I don't have time to watch TV in the mornings,
Malcolm. I have a husband to get off to work and kids
to organise for home schooling. Just a sec.

(background voices)

Janel: Now, what could they possibly have shown that's got
you on the phone to me? Are you involved in a scandal
or something? Been shagging the Arts Minister's
secretary?

Malcolm: Good God, no, and if I was I'd be phoning my lawyer
not you.

Janel: So it isn't urgent?

Malcolm: Well, I suppose not, now I come to think about it.

Janel: Excellent. Can I phone you back in, say, half an hour
then?

Malcolm: Umm, yes, if you could. I apologise for interrupting you
at what seems to be a difficult time.

Janel: Not difficult, just chaotic. Talk to you later.

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Janel Kantara's phone to Malcolm Beeton's phone, commencing 08:47 GMT:*

Malcolm: That was a long half hour.

Janel: I had a shower and made a coffee then I went out for a
smoke. So what's all this about?

Malcolm: I was watching Wake Up Britain earlier, my wife likes it
you see. Anyway there was a piece about a group of
buskers who are homeless.

Janel: Oh yes? Interesting, was it?

Malcolm: No, not really. They were rather poor musicians and
they butchered the William Tell Overture. I found it
rather embarrassing actually. Most of them didn't even
have proper instruments, just things cobbled together

from ice cream containers and hose pipes.

Janel: Well, I don't imagine they can afford top of the range equipment if they're homeless. What does it have to do with us?

Malcolm: This is why I rang you, in fact. The leader of the rabble was Elisha Houghton.

Janel: Elisha Hou ... you mean our Elisha Houghton? The clarinettist?

Malcolm: None other. And to make matters worse she announced, as bold as brass, on national television, that she plays with the Orchestra.

Janel: Well, she wasn't lying. Umm, did she say First or Second Clarinet?

Malcolm: Oh lord, I think she said Second Clarinet. Yes, I'm pretty certain of that.

Janel: Well then. That's what she is. It's not like she was claiming to be First Clarinet or Director or anything untrue. So what's the problem?

Malcolm: She's associating with homeless people, Janel! Worse than that, by virtue of being with 515N0W she's associating us with the homeless. That's really not on.

Janel: Well, I know our audience is generally pretty elitist but I'm sure there are a few homeless people who enjoy classical music. There was that scruffy chap Elisha used to bring in to some of the streaming performances. He seemed to enjoy them.

Malcolm: Scruffy chap? What scruffy chap?

Janel: I don't remember his name but he's a friend of Elisha's. She asked you, apparently, if it would be OK and I believe you said it would be fine. After all, there was no one else in the audience and he never appeared in the videos. He stopped coming after a while, I seem to remember.

Malcolm: Good God. He was probably one of her homeless friends. How could you have let this happen?

Janel: The friend or the homeless band?

Malcolm: Either, both.

Janel: Well, as I said, you'd OK'd it. I still don't see any harm in it. As to her friends, well, I have no control over that. Neither do you, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Who her friends are is no concern of mine, Janel, until she goes on national TV boasting about it.

Janel: Well, I don't know what the TV item was about but I'm sure she wasn't boasting about anything.

Malcolm: We have to do something about it, Janel.

Janel: Do something about what?

Malcolm: Her associating us with the homeless. It's just not on. She's bringing the Orchestra into disrepute.

Janel: Ahh. Now I follow you.

Malcolm: So what can we do about it?

Janel: Well, I suppose we could start disciplinary proceedings. I seem to remember she's still on probation as well so we could quite easily terminate her employment although that would leave us with no clarinets at all. Can we afford freelancers?

Malcolm: I don't think we need to go that far but I do think we need to address the problem of bringing the Orchestra into disrepute. What if everyone in the Orchestra associated with the homeless?

Janel: Actually I imagine the world would be a better place. Anyway, regardless of whether we do discipline her, the association will still be there. Do you want to go on TV and deny there's any such association?

Malcolm: Do you think that would help?

Janel: To be honest I think it would be a big mistake. Do you really want the Orchestra to be seen as condemning the homeless for being homeless or for trying to play classical music? That would probably make us, or you at any rate, seem heartless and cruel.

Malcolm: Oh God, do you really think so?

Janel: Public perception can be very fickle. Besides, how can we be sure that she has brought the Orchestra into disrepute? After all, if we do discipline her and she takes us to court we'll need to be able to demonstrate actual harm to our reputation and if it got into the papers that we're disciplining her for her charitable work that would be a PR nightmare.

(silence)

Janel: Malcolm? Are you there?

Malcolm: Yes. So you're saying there's nothing we can do?

Janel: No. I'm saying we need to find out if any damage has actually been done. After all, do any of the sort of people who make up our audience demographic actually even watch Wake Up Britain? I have a feeling not.

Malcolm: Hmm.

Janel: And even if our reputation has been harmed, we will need to give careful consideration as to what to do about it. After all, we could make things worse.

Malcolm: Hmm. So what do you suggest?

Janel: Leave it with me Malcolm. I'll see if I can find out if our reputation has been harmed. After all, it is possible that this is actually free publicity for us. Who knows, we may even be about to find a new demographic for our performances. You never know.

Malcolm: The homeless? How would any of them ever afford our prices?

Janel: No, I meant Breakfast TV viewers. It wouldn't surprise me if this is the first time any classical music has been played on Breakfast TV.

Malcolm: Played? Tortured would be a better description. Outside The O2 as well!

Janel: Well, I don't know that we can do anything about Elisha bringing Rossini into disrepute. That's probably one for the trustees of his estate. Leave it with me, Malcolm. Give me a few days.

Malcolm: You don't think we should strike while the iron's hot?

Janel: Absolutely not. This is a matter for cool heads and serious contemplation of the facts and as yet we don't have many facts. Actually, I think it might be an idea if I got on to the TV company and got hold of a transcript. You may well have misheard or misunderstood what actually was said.

Malcolm: Right then, Janel. I can leave this with you?

Janel: Absolutely. I'll get back to you when I have some hard information.

Wednesday 9th December 2020

| *Call logging on Elisha's phone recorded that 4 calls from a phone associated with Zed Zephyr went unanswered. The calls were timed at 07:41, 08:22, 8.53 and 09:11 GMT.*

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by a phone associated with Zed Zephyr to Elisha's phone, commencing 10:01 GMT:*

Elisha: Yeah?

Unknown: Elisha! Great to hear your voice at last! I've been trying to reach you for hours.

Elisha: Oh God, I'm in no mood for scammers. Get lost.

| *(call disconnected)*

| *Call logging on Elisha's phone recorded that 3 calls from a phone associated with Zed Zephyr were rejected. The calls were timed at 10:02, 10:02 and 10:03 GMT.*

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by a phone associated with Zed Zephyr to Elisha's phone, commencing 10:04 GMT:*

Elisha: Stop bloody ringing me, OK. I'm not interested.

Unknown: Don't hang up, Elisha! This isn't a scammer!

Elisha: Oh yeah? Who are you and why'd you keep ringing me? And how do you know my name anyway? This number isn't in my contacts. I'll report you to the police for harassment.

Unknown: I'm not harassing you, Elisha. Just trying to talk to you except you either don't answer your phone or you hang up on me.

Elisha: And I'll hang up again if you don't explain yourself pretty bloody quickly.

Unknown: I'm Zed Zephyr of ZeeZee Records and I want to talk to you ...

| *(call disconnected)*

Transcript of phone call initiated by a phone associated with Zed Zephyr to Elisha's phone, commencing 10:06 GMT:

Elisha: I'm warning you. Stop ringing me or I'll call the police.
Zed: Please, Elisha. I beg you to talk to me. I'm not a scammer or a stalker.
Elisha: Beg me? You serious?
Zed: As serious as cancer.
Elisha: With a name like Zed Zephyr? Get real. This is a scam, isn't it.
Zed: You haven't heard of me?
Elisha: Nope.
Zed: You've heard of OwTrage?
Elisha: You'll get some outrage if you don't explain yourself. From me.
Zed: You have a brilliant sense of humour.
Elisha: Oh fuck off. You woke me up 5 minutes ago with your crap and you expect me to have a sense of humour? I'm hanging up on the count of 3.
Zed: You what?
Elisha: 1.
Zed: OK, I'm confused now.
Elisha: I'm not. 2.
Zed: Listen, don't hang up again, OK?
Elisha: Give me a good reason not to. 3.
Zed: I want to record your band.
Elisha: Bye bye.
Zed: Noooooooooooooooooo! Don't go, don't go!
(silence)
Zed: Hello? Hello? You there? Hello?
Elisha: What do you mean you want to record my band? Record it where? Some scammers database on the dark web?
Zed: What do I have to say to convince you I'm not a scammer?
Elisha: Umm, well, to be honest, I don't think you can.
Zed: Well, I'm not a scammer, whatever you think. I'm the owner of ZeeZee Records and I want to record your band.
Elisha: What band?
Zed: S-T-R-E-E-T. Great name by the way. Great concept.

Elisha: You mean make a music record?
Zed: Yes, I mean make a music record. What other kind of record is there?
Elisha: Um, oh, you know, things written down, like a police record or something in a database.
(silence)
Zed: OK. Well, when I say a record I don't mean vinyl or DVD, there isn't time for that, but some mp3s.
Elisha: Who is this?
Zed: Zed Zephyr. I'm a record producer. I own ZeeZee Records.
Elisha: Oh.
(silence)
Zed: Do you believe me now?
| (call disconnected)

| *At 10:10 GMT 44 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following websites were accessed:*

| *www.google.com query: "zee zee records" – time on site: 2s*

| *www.zeezeerecords.co.uk – time on site: 1m 3s*

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Elisha's phone to ZeeZee Records, commencing 10:12 GMT:*

Unknown: Good morning! ZeeZee Records, how can I help you?
Elisha: Umm, could I speak to Zed Zephyr please?
Unknown: I believe he's in a meeting at the moment. May I ask who's calling?
Elisha: It's Elisha Houghton.
Unknown: Please hold.
(music)
Unknown: Putting you through.
Zed: Elisha? Is it really you?
Elisha: OK, I recognise your voice. Maybe this isn't a scam after all.
Zed: This is most definitely not a scam. I saw your broadcast on the TV yesterday and I want to record your band.
Elisha: Oh right. Why didn't you say so.
Zed: I thought I did.

Elisha: No, you never said how you'd heard of me or the band. I've had any number of scammers phone me who know details about me.

Zed: I apologise for that. I just assumed you'd heard of me. Everyone in the music business has heard of me.

Elisha: Well, sorry. I haven't.

Zed: You are joking.

Elisha: Nope. I've never heard of you. Sorry.

Zed: So who was the biggest selling British pop sensation of 2019?

Elisha: I wouldn't have a clue. I'm a classical musician. I know bummer all about pop music.

Zed: Oh. Well it was OwTrage. 4 hit singles in 2019 with total recording sales of 22 million and over a billion followers on TikTok.

Elisha: Well, good for them. So what?

Zed: I discovered them.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Well, um, lucky you.

Zed: And I want to discover you as well.

Elisha: I wouldn't think you'll get sales of 22 million for a classical clarinettist. I don't think even the Berlin Philharmonic get those kinds of sales.

Zed: I don't mean you, I mean S-T-R-E-E-T. There's an opportunity here but we have to move fast.

Elisha: What do you mean, an opportunity? An opportunity for what?

Zed: Money, babe. Maybe even big money.

Elisha: How?

Zed: You were on TV. You captured the public imagination and we can cash in on that if we can get it out for Christmas. You know, play the sentimental line, goodwill to all men at Christmas, especially the homeless, that sort of thing.

Elisha: Oh. So you don't think there'd be any market for S-T-R-E-E-T other than that?

Zed: I'll be honest, Elisha. The band's not actually that good. Great image but not a great sound.

Elisha: Well, yes, I have to agree there. Most of them aren't musicians and we don't have particularly good instruments, which is why I'm surprised you think

there's any market for a record.

Zed: There's always a market for novelty records, Elisha. Especially at Christmas. Like that NHS one a few years back.

Elisha: The NHS had a hit record? You're kidding me.

Zed: Not the NHS itself, some choir from inside the NHS. Just a sec. *(quiet)* Lucy, find out who had that NHS hit a few years back, would you love?

Elisha: Well, maybe. Hey, how did you get my number anyway? It wasn't given out on the TV broadcast, was it?

Zed: Nah. I saw the broadcast and it made me think so I phoned the producer late yesterday afternoon to see what was happening.

Elisha: And what was happening?

Zed: Public interest was what was happening.

Elisha: How do you mean?

Zed: They'd had a lot of people phoning and emailing with questions and offers of support. A lot of people are interested in you.

Elisha: I confess I find that hard to believe.

Zed: Yeah? So why were you on the TV anyway? It wasn't paid advertising. I asked.

Elisha: I don't really know, to be honest. We were just busking and this woman with a cameraman came up and started asking questions.

Zed: You see? You got their interest as well. Millions of buskers all over the word would kill to have a TV crew approach them but they never do. You were a story and we can cash in on that story if we're quick.

Elisha: Hmm, I don't know. Sounds a bit exploitative to me.

Zed: OK. OK, OK, OK. Let's back off here. Umm, you're all homeless, yeah?

Elisha: Most of us, yes, but not all.

Zed: OK, no problem. But most of you are homeless, which means you're getting help from charities, yeah?

Elisha: Not much but, yeah, some.

Zed: Just a sec. *(pause)* Thanks, Lucy. Right, now I remember. It was the Lewisham and Greenwich NHS Choir and they did some version of Simon and Garfunkle's Bridge Over Troubled Water. Got to

number 1 in the charts back in 2015. So that's all this is. People out there want to help you guys but they don't know how to so make a single or 2 so they can buy them and help you the way a charity would.

Elisha: Hmm. I suppose that's one way of looking at it. So what do you get out of it?

Zed: Hey, every charity has costs, overheads. Same with me.

Elisha: So you're saying all the revenue from sales would go to the band apart from a little for overheads?

Zed: Something like that.

Elisha: What's the date today?

Zed: It's the 9th.

Elisha: And you think you can make a recording and get it out and sold before the 25th?

Zed: Not with hard media but if we can get you in the studio we can get a digital single on the main streaming platforms within 24 hours.

Elisha: Fair point, although I can see a problem here. We have no transport so it'll be difficult to get to a studio.

Zed: That's no problem. I can send a mini bus.

Elisha: OK, well, maybe we can get something going here. I'll have to talk to the guys though.

Zed: When can you do that?

Elisha: Oh, later today. So, um, what exactly are you proposing?

Zed: Our standard agreement is for the artist to get 10% of net sales income.

Elisha: 10% each? There are 10 of us, you know.

Zed: No, that's 10% for you all. How you share that 10% will be up to you.

Elisha: So you'd get 90%?

Zed: I have all the costs to cover.

Elisha: No you don't. You said 10% of net sales which means after costs. You're asking for our sales to cover all your costs and then you take 90% of what's left.

Zed: Well, I've got kids to feed.

Elisha: Yeah, yeah. Anyway, I've just realised. If it's only digital media then you've got no real costs anyway, unless you make up stuff to screw us. It's not like there's the cost of pressing vinyl records or CDs. I've a better idea.

How about we make it the band gets 90% of gross sales?

Zed: Not a hope in hell.

Elisha: Well, without us you get nothing anyway.

Zed: True, but without me you won't be able to make a recording or market it effectively. We need to work together.

Elisha: OK. So let's split the income 50-50.

(silence)

Zed: Agreed. 50% of net.

Elisha: No. 50% of gross.

(silence)

Zed: OK. But only on streaming media. If we produce hard copies it'll be 90-10 on net.

(silence)

Elisha: No. I'll agree 50% of gross on streaming but since we're not doing hard copies in the immediate future we'll negotiate something for that when the time comes.

Zed: Agreed.

Elisha: Great, although I can't agree anything at the moment. I need to talk to the others.

Zed: You'll do that this afternoon?

Elisha: Yeah, unless there's anything else we need to sort out.

Zed: We need to organise the studio.

Elisha: I'll leave that up to you.

Zed: How about Friday?

Elisha: This Friday?

Zed: There is a deadline.

Elisha: OK. This Friday and you'll provide transport?

Zed: Yup. I'll have a contract ready and waiting.

Elisha: OK.

Zed: We'll also need to sort out what tunes you'll be recording. I think the one you did in the broadcast is essential. It already has a recognition factor.

Elisha: Yeah, I'm afraid it doesn't work that way. We, uh, tend to make it all up on the spot, other than a basic starting theme. I doubt we'd be able to play that one the same way again.

(silence)

Zed: Allrighty. Probably a good idea if I organise the studio

for the whole weekend then.

Elisha: Well, that's up to you but the cost comes out of your 50%, not ours.

Zed: Are you a lawyer?

Elisha: No, but my dad is. Why?

Zed: You seem unusually, ahh, switched on for a newbie.

Elisha: Well, I'm not a newbie really. I may be a classical musician but I still know people in other areas and I've heard some stories about record contracts. I did a module on music industry economics for my Masters too. One of the fundamentals is never to get a percentage of net profits.

Zed: Oh yeah? Why's that then?

Elisha: Costs have a funny way of rising to meet income when you do that. Strange, isn't it.

Zed: Hmmmm.

Elisha: Anything else?

Zed: OK, here's what I'm thinking. I'm thinking 2 singles, say 3 to 4 minutes long. We'll get them on iTunes and Spotify over the weekend, maybe some of the others as well. I'm thinking top level so that'll be 99p each to download. OK with you?

Elisha: Yeah, sure.

Zed: OK. Oh, we'll also need titles for the tunes. Snappy ones, not some classical shit like Tosser's Concerto number 3 in D minor.

Elisha: We'll think of something.

Zed: Something that also captures the essence of the band since they're ostensibly charity records.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Umm, how about Street Life?

Zed: I like it! 'Specially if we make it one word. The other one?

Elisha: Um, um, well if you like StreetLife, how about StreetDays or StreetNights or StreetSmart? Maybe StreetWise? Or Survival?

Zed: StreetWise. StreetLife and StreetWise. Awesome!

Elisha: Well, that was surprisingly easy.

Zed: Things always are when everyone wants it to happen. Great. So, I'll see you all Friday.

Elisha: Probably, but I'll let you know for sure this afternoon.

Zed: By the way, where is the studio?
Wandsworth.
Elisha: Ohh, part of the prison, is it?
Zed: Ha bloody ha. Bye.

Partial extract of transcript of recording made by mobile phone associated with Crisis & Tesco Mobile located in Lewisham, UK, commencing 12:44 GMT. Participants identified by voice recognition as Elisha Houghton and Raymond Sanger (mood: Elisha-happy, Ray-quiet; marketing keywords: kiss, sleep, chapel ...)

Elisha: *(quiet)* Hey hon. *(loud)* Hey guys.
Ray: Hi, umm, Eli.
Elisha: Aren't you going to give me a kiss, then?
Ray: Oh, umm, mmm.
(pause)
Elisha *(mood:amused)*: Don't worry, you'll get used to it. Sleep well?
Ray: I guess.
Elisha: You'll be out of that chapel soon, I promise. Looks like everyone's here ... oh, where's Alexa and Chrissie?
Eddie: They ain't turned up yet.
Elisha: OK, we'll wait for them for a bit. I've got an announcement I want everyone to hear.
Eddie: What's that then?
Elisha: I'll tell you when they get here.
Eddie: Okies. Whatever.
(pause)
Elisha: *(quiet)* Hey, Ray, listen. I've been looking online for somewhere to live and it looks like Bexley is the cheapest area. I thought we could hang around with the guys for a couple of hours then drive over to Bexley and have a look around. What you reckon?
Ray: *(quiet)* Whatever you say, Eli.
Elisha: Hey, it's not entirely up to me, you know, Ray. You have a say in this too. Unless you've changed your mind?
Umm, you don't seem overly ecstatic about it.
(silence)
Elisha: Ray?
(silence)
Ray: Eli, see this?

Elisha: What is it? Some sort of thermometer?

Ray: Yeah. I found it in a rubbish bin a couple of weeks ago. It works just fine 'cos it's one of those ones with a strip of metal inside so the dial moves as it expands and contracts.

Elisha: Well, OK. So, umm, what's that got to do with moving in together?

Ray: Well, when I found it I got to thinking, like. This thermometer's been chucked out and it would've ended up in some landfill somewhere under hundreds of tons of garbage.

Elisha: Most likely, so?

Ray: Well, it's me, innit.

Elisha: I don't get you.

Ray: It's like a whatchamacallum, you know, where something stands in for something else.

Elisha: An allegory? A metaphor?

Ray: Yeah, that's it. This thermometer's a metaphor for me.

Elisha: Because it shows how hot you are? I already know that, hon.

Ray: Nooo. I mean, like, it works and because it's got this thick plastic shell it's just going to sit buried under all this shit for hundreds or thousands of years and it'll still be showing the temperature even though no one will see it because of the shit on top.

Elisha: So how's that a metaphor for you?

Ray: I dunno. I guess I just kind of saw myself as the thermometer but no one can see me because of all the layers of shit that I've built up to hide behind.

Elisha (*mood:sad*): Oh Ray.

Ray: So, umm, yeah. Like, yeah, I do wanna move in with you and, like, everything, but, yeah, I'm, like, shit scared this is all just a dream or something and I'm gonna wake up in some gutter or something and I kinda don't show any of that, to be safe.

Elisha: Oh Ray, trust me, this isn't a dream. It's for real. We've just got to shovel some of that garbage away from inside your head, that's all. Hey, I love you, OK. And you love me. That's all that matters.

Charmaine: (*loud*) Hey guys! Sorry we're late. Lexie had to do a shit.

Alexa (*mood:aghost*): Charmaine! No one needs to know that.
Elisha: OK, that kind of destroyed the moment. We'll talk some more later, OK, Ray. And go to Bexley, yeah?
Ray: Yeah, sure, Eli. Whatever you say.
Elisha: Well, if that's how it has to be then that's how it has to be. (*loud*) OK, guys, listen up. I have some awesome news. We're going to make a record!

(*silence*)

Elisha (*mood:puzzled*): OK, I don't seem to be able to communicate particularly well today. Did you hear what I said?
Alexa: We all heard you, Elisha, but I don't think any of us know what you're talking about. A record?
Elisha: Yeah. I had a guy from a record company phone me earlier and they want to record us. I said I'd talk to you guys about it and get back to him. Let me explain ...

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Elisha's phone to ZeeZee Records, commencing 13:36 GMT:*

Unknown: Good afternoon! ZeeZee Records, how can I help you?
Elisha: Umm, could I speak to Zed Zephyr please? It's Elisha Houghton.
Unknown: Ahh yes, Mr Zephyr is expecting your call. Putting you through.

(*pause*)

Zed: Elisha! The one and only! You bring me good news?
Elisha: Well, I don't know if it's good news or not but I've talked to the guys in the band.
Zed: And?
Elisha: Where and when do we meet the minibus on Friday?
Zed: Awesome. Ahh, you tell me.
Elisha: How about Tesco's car park in Deptford?
Zed: Sounds good. 10am OK?
Elisha: Sure 10's fine.
Zed: Great. I've got the studio on standby.
Elisha: Will you be there too?
Zed: Count on it. See you then.
Elisha: One question, if I may?
Zed: Sure.
Elisha: I'm guessing Zephyr's a made up name. Why did you

chose Zephyr?

Zed: Ahh. Me dad had a Ford Zephyr when he met me mum. They had their first shag in it. Does that bother you?

Elisha: Not at all. I was just a bit worried you'd chosen it because of what it literally means.

Zed: Hey, it's a real word?

Elisha: Yup. A zephyr is some hot wind that goes round in circles.

Zed: Yeah, right, very funny. Just as well I like you. See you Friday.

Elisha: Bye.

Friday 11th December 2020

Transcript of phone call initiated by Janel Kantara's phone to Malcolm Beeton's phone, commencing 12:26 GMT:

Malcolm: Hello, Janel. How are you?

Janel: I'm good thanks, Malcolm. Yourself?

Malcolm: I'll be honest, I've not been sleeping well.

Janel: That's not good. Have you tried some hot cocoa before you go to bed?

Malcolm: I hate cocoa. Never mind, that's my problem. What can I do for you?

Janel: Elisha Houghton and the homeless band.

Malcolm: Ahh.

Janel: I phoned the producer of Wake Up Britain earlier this morning, ahh, Leanne Malbury. It seems that they've had a surprisingly strong reaction to the segment about that band. She's delighted, of course. TV producers live for strong reactions.

Malcolm: Oh dear, this is what I was afraid of. The Orchestra's name is going to be tainted by association.

Janel: Quite the opposite, Malcolm. The reaction was very positive. Leanne told me that they have had significant numbers of viewers phoning and emailing wanting to know more about Elisha and the band. And us as well. There've also been a fair number of people wanting to make donations and other offers of assistance. Musical instruments in particular.

Malcolm: I see.

Janel: That's not all. After talking with Leanne I got on to Clark, our IT chap. He checked the logs and it seems there's been a significant increase in the number of views of our website since Tuesday, the day of the broadcast.

Malcolm: I see. *(pause)* So what does this mean?

Janel: Well, at this stage I don't know if any of that has translated into additional revenue for us. We'll have to get Bertie to look at the figures after this weekend's concerts but I wouldn't be surprised if Elisha's broadcast doesn't have a knock on positive effect on us.

Malcolm: So you are saying we should be encouraging this?

Janel: Certainly I don't see it doing any harm.

Malcolm: I see.

Janel: In fact, although I'm no marketing expert, I think we can capitalise on this and get some free advertising for 515N0W.

Malcolm: How?

Janel: I'm not sure. It would be best to talk to the marketing people but perhaps if we let it be known publicly that Elisha has the Orchestra's full support for her charity work. Perhaps even hint that it's a 515N0W initiative without actually claiming it explicitly. After all, we do have our Music As Therapy charitable programme.

Malcolm: That's an interesting perspective. Yes, I'll put that to the marketing people later. Perhaps we could even get an endorsement from one or two homeless charities. Possibly even a sponsor if we play our cards right. Yes, I like it. I wonder if any of the other musicians is doing anything like that that we can endorse as well?

Janel: We can always ask around, Malcolm, although I doubt any others have had TV exposure.

Malcolm: True, true. Right. I'll talk to the marketing people. Thanks for that.

Janel: One other thing, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Yes?

Janel: Elisha herself. Today is the 11th of December and her probation expires on 29th December.

Malcolm: Does it really? Well, I see no reason why we can't confirm her.

Janel: That's what I was thinking. In fact, I was wondering if we should perhaps go a little further.

Malcolm: What do you mean?

Janel: Well, it did occur to me that anyone who saw the broadcast and then watches one or more of our concerts may wonder why she referred to herself as Second Clarinet when there is only one clarinettist in the Orchestra.

Malcolm: I should have thought it was obvious. We are temporarily without a First Clarinet.

Janel: I suspect a lot of these people won't know a great deal

about the structure of an orchestra, Malcolm.

Malcolm: Perhaps you're right. What do you want to do about it?

Janel: I was thinking it might be an idea to promote Elisha to First Clarinet.

Malcolm: Oh steady on. Isn't that somewhat premature?

Janel: Ordinarily, yes. but we could promote her at the same time as confirming her successful completion of probation and put out a press release to that effect.

Malcolm: Why on earth would we put out a press release for an internal promotion?

Janel: To capitalise on the publicity of the broadcast. It may well lead to another broadcast. Perhaps even one about the Orchestra and Elisha's role within it.

Malcolm: Ahh. Interesting. And if there were to be a TV broadcast about us we could specifically mention one or two of our sponsors. They may well appreciate that and increase our sponsorship.

Janel: There is that, too. I'm sure the marketing people could come up with a few other ideas as well.

Malcolm: You know, I like that idea. Let me have a chat with Jason. I'm reluctant to make any permanent appointments without his input.

Janel: Of course. Let me know what you decide.

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Malcolm Beeton's phone to Jason Molina's phone, commencing 12:38 GMT:*

Jason: Hello, Malcolm. What can I do for you?

Malcolm: Ah, Jason. Hope I'm not interrupting anything?

Jason: No, no. I was just going to have some lunch but no rush.

Malcolm: I wanted to run an idea past you.

Jason: Fire away.

Malcolm: I've been speaking to Janel. She reminded me that that young girl Elisha Houghton's probation finishes in a little over two weeks.

Jason: Yes, we were talking about her a while ago.

Malcolm: Indeed. Janel thinks it would be an idea to promote her to First Clarinet then, rather than advertise for a First Clarinet. I'm inclined to agree with her. Good for

morale and continuity, I thought.

Jason: Well, perhaps.

Malcolm: Have you any thoughts?

Jason: As I said when we talked about her last I felt she lacked experience of both orchestral work and management.

Malcolm: And you feel that to be significantly detrimental?

Jason: Well, perhaps not. After all, she'll gain the orchestral experience in either role and she has, I think, demonstrated already quite significant managerial skills.

Malcolm: How so?

Jason: Did you hear about that band she has? They were on TV a few days ago.

Malcolm: You know, I rather think I did hear something about that. You think that's a positive experience for her?

Jason: Definitely. If she can whip a bunch of homeless non-musicians into a tolerable shape then she shouldn't have any problems managing a Second Clarinet as and when we appoint one.

Malcolm: You thought they were tolerable?

Jason: I've certainly heard worse local community and youth orchestras and the piece they played on the TV was quite fun. A bit ragged admittedly but fun.

Malcolm: I see. *(pause)* So if we promoted her to First Clarinet you would have no objections?

Jason: Me? No. She's a nice kid. Lot's of potential. We could hire from outside and do worse.

Malcolm: I see. Right. Well, thank you.

Jason: You're welcome.

Malcolm: Oh, and Jason, enjoy your lunch.

Jason: Thanks. And you.

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Malcolm Beeton's phone to Janel Kantara's phone, commencing 15:39 GMT:*

Janel: Malcolm, yes?

Malcolm: Ahh, Janel. Yes, I had a chat with Jason. He's not averse to your suggestion of promoting Elisha Houghton.

Janel: Excellent. So, shall we do this on December 29th? When her probation expires?

Malcolm: Ahh, I wanted your thoughts on this. I had a word with Marjorie, our marketing contact, and she's of the opinion we do it straight away. That way we can get a press release out over the weekend.

Janel: I don't suppose it matters. After all, it's only a couple of weeks.

Malcolm: Well Marjorie seemed to think she could let the producer of that TV show know this afternoon that the release is coming out. Apparently these shows do their weekly planning on the Friday before so there's a good chance they'll do an update segment early next week. Particularly as it gives them a chance to show off as well.

Janel: Because they discovered the band? Well, why not. So, is that what we're going to do?

Malcolm: Yes, I think so.

Janel: Great. If you could just send me an email confirming Elisha's probation has been satisfactorily completed and she is to be promoted to First Clarinet from ..., ahh, is that today or next Monday? It could be difficult getting the concert guide updated for tonight's concert in time.

Malcolm: Let's make it effective from next Monday, shall we?

Janel: Righty-oh. Monday the 14th. Excellent. Shall I let her know tonight or leave it 'til Monday?

Malcolm: Might as well let her know tonight. You never know who she'll talk to over the weekend.

Janel: Consider it done, Malcolm. Was there anything else?

Malcolm: No. Thank you Janel. I'll send you the email right away.

Sunday 13th December 2020

Email received by Elisha's phone at 07:12 GMT (mood:neutral; marketing keywords: driver, Colombo, wedding, ...). 47 tracking apps recorded that it was opened at 10:22 GMT.

To: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk
From: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com
Subject: Update

Hello Girls

I trust all is well with you both. I'm sorry if my tardiness in emailing this month caused any concern but there's no need. The man who drives us to Colombo each month had to go to his son's wedding somewhere on the East coast of Sri Lanka and it seemed easier to delay our visit than find another driver we could trust.

We also have some news. Last year one of the Rajapaksas got elected as President and made his brother Prime Minister. Over the last few months even we have begun to realise that the new government isn't handling the economy well. It's exacerbated by the lack of tourists upon whom Sri Lanka depends. There is a lot of discontent among the locals and, based on the little that gets into English language newspapers here, I am beginning to fear that Sri Lanka may well become embroiled in a serious financial crisis in the months to come.

Your mother and I have discussed it and, since we have no ties to Sri Lanka beyond simplicity of life, we have decided to return to the UK. Obviously this won't happen in a hurry because of the confusions caused by COVID and we have no desire to spend weeks quarantined in some third rate hotel at exorbitant rates. There's no guarantee, Simone, that we would be quarantined at your establishment. In fact I imagine it would be unlikely as we would be arriving at Heathrow and to send us to Birmingham would be too absurd even for the current government. Still, perhaps we'll be back by the time summer arrives.

Other than that everything here is as idyllic as always and your mother wants me to stress that she's missing you both. As am I, of course.

All our love,
Mum and Dad

Tuesday 15th December 2020

Transcript of phone call initiated by Janel Kantara's phone to Malcolm Beeton's phone, commencing 09:31 GMT:

Malcolm: Good morning, Janel. How are you?

Janel: I'm good thanks, Malcolm. Did you sleep well last night?

Malcolm: Not really. Anyway, to what do I owe this pleasure?

Janel: Did you, by any chance, watch Wake Up Britain this morning?

Malcolm: No I didn't. I confess I detest that program. Was there anything about us on it?

Janel: Indeed there was. They did an update of last week's segment about Elisha.

Malcolm: Ahh, excellent. Did they mention her promotion?

Janel: Briefly, and also that we support her charity work wholeheartedly. The item was more about how her band has won a recording contract and the TV show's role in making that possible. Just how much credit they took for themselves was quite embarrassing.

Malcolm: Well, I imagine they have to market themselves as well. After all there is quite a lot of competition for the viewing audience, I believe. Still, the important thing is that we got a positive endorsement from the show.

Janel: Yes, I have no complaints about that. There is one thing though.

Malcolm: Oh yes?

Janel: As you may recall, under the terms of employment for all musicians, the 515N0W Orchestra owns the copyright of all compositions created by the musician.

Malcolm: I vaguely recollect something along those lines. We've never enforced it, have we?

Janel: No, but then we've never had an orchestra member get a recording contract outside the Orchestra before either.

Malcolm: Ahh. Now I'm with you. Hmm. Interesting.

Janel: Yes, isn't it. What's more, her band's already released two tracks. According to Wake Up Britain they were recorded last Friday and put on Spotify, iTunes, Apple

Music, umm, let me just check ..., oh yes, Tidal and Amazon Music. They also mentioned that a video may be produced in the New Year.

Malcolm: I see. And you think we may have a claim to the copyright of those tracks?

Janel: I'm not sure, to be honest. Both the tracks are loosely based on classical pieces, of course. One by Rossini and one by Berlioz but, as I said, very loosely. They could easily be argued as being composed variations on themes by those original composers so we may well have a claim. On the other hand ...

Malcolm: Yes?

Janel: Both pieces are, as far as I understand, improvisations.

Malcolm: There is no disputing that an improvisation is a composition. It doesn't matter if it's written down or not.

Janel: Well, I wouldn't know. What I do know is that there are ten people in her band so that does raise the question of which of those ten is the composer. After all, Elisha is the only one in our employ. The others are free agents, at least as far as we are concerned.

Malcolm: That is certainly a complication. Hmmm. Mind you, having heard them last week I don't for one minute imagine any of them are professional musicians, other than Elisha of course.

Janel: You think that is significant?

Malcolm: Perhaps. If it came to court, and I'm not saying that it would, but if it did, it's likely that a judge would rule that Elisha, as the only professional musician, had a significant input in the composition of an improvised piece.

Janel: So you think we should put forward a claim for composer's royalties?

Malcolm: That is something I'm very reluctant to do. We simply don't have the reserves to start a protracted legal battle with a wealthy record company.

Janel: Well, we don't have to take action straight away. It might be best to wait and see how well these tracks sell. After all, they may sell very few copies. I imagine they have a fairly small market.

Malcolm: This is true. And, of course, if it should happen they do sell well then we can always enter negotiations with no cost to ourselves. It is entirely possible that Elisha, when reminded of her contractual obligations, will concede the point.

Janel: Especially as a newly appointed First Clarinet. She may not be willing to jeopardise that.

Malcolm: Indeed, indeed. How did she take the news, by the way?

Janel: Of her appointment? She was absolutely thrilled and delighted. I don't think she fully believed me until I gave her the new contract.

Malcolm: Did she sign it?

Janel: There and then. She didn't even read it.

Malcolm: That does tend to suggest she isn't expecting a new career with this band, then.

Janel: That's a good point. I hadn't thought of that. So, we'll wait and see how well her band does regarding sales?

Malcolm: Yes, I think so. There's no point in getting excited about a few hundred copies.

Janel: OK.

Malcolm: Was there anything else?

Janel: There is one other thing, Malcolm, although I'm not sure if it's in any way significant.

Malcolm: Oh yes? What's that?

Janel: I actually saw Wake Up Britain this time and saw their replay of a short segment of the band's street performance. I'm almost certain that their lead guitarist is the man whom Elisha brought into The Enclave a few times for streamed concerts. You may remember I mentioned him last week?

Malcolm: Yes, vaguely. Do you think there was an ulterior motive behind it?

Janel: I really couldn't say but I did find it a little suspicious.

Malcolm: You think perhaps he was a spy?

Janel: It's possible, isn't it?

Malcolm: But what would he be able to learn that he wouldn't get from watching our streamed performance? We hardly have commercial secrets, after all.

Janel: Perhaps our video camera system?

Malcolm: Wouldn't a record company have perfectly good video

systems themselves? After all, there seem to be endless pop videos around these days.

Janel: That's also true. I'm probably being too suspicious. He's probably just a friend of hers. OK. Well, I'll keep an eye on their sales and let you know if they achieve any level of success.

Malcolm: Thanks, Janel. If they do then we'll make a decision when the time comes. Thanks for the heads up. Bye.

Friday 18th December 2020

| *Transcript of voice mail left on Elisha's phone from Gordon Townsend's phone at 20:21 GMT:*

Gordon: Hello Elisha. This is Gordon Townsend of
(*unintelligible*). Could you let me know the contact
details for Street's agent? My number is 07700 913 648,
anytime. Thanks.

| *At 21:49 GMT 48 tracking apps recorded that the voice mail left at 20:21 GMT
had been played.*

| *At 22:02 GMT 48 tracking apps on Elisha's phone noted the following website
was accessed:
www.google.com query:"who called from 07700 913 648" – time on site:56s*

Saturday 19th December 2020

Transcript of phone call initiated by Elisha Houghton's phone to Gordon Townsend's phone, commencing 10:42 GMT:

Gordon: Hello?
Elisha: Hello. Is this Gordon Townsend?
Gordon: Sure is. How can I help?
Elisha: My name's Elisha Houghton. You left a message on my phone last night.
Gordon: Did I? Awesome. Did I say what about?
Elisha: Umm, something about wanting agent details for S-T-R-E-E-T.
Gordon: S-T-R ... ohh, Street! Yes, of course. Sorry. Who are you again? I didn't catch your name.
Elisha: I'm Elisha Houghton.
Gordon: Right! Thanks for calling back. So, your agent?
Elisha: Can I ask why you want agent details?
Gordon: To book you, of course. Why else?
Elisha: Book us? What for?
Gordon: Don't you know who I am?
Elisha: Sorry, no. Umm, there was some static in the message so if you said I didn't make it out. I did do a reverse lookup of your phone number but Google couldn't find it.
Gordon: Ohh. I'm surprised Google couldn't find me but yeah static happens. It's the hills round here. No, I'm the principle organiser for the Malvern Valley Jazz Festival.
Elisha: Oh?
Gordon: By the sound of it you haven't heard of that either.
Elisha: Umm, sorry. I, er, I'm more of a classical musician you see. I don't really go to music festivals.
Gordon: Yeah, so they said on the news.
Elisha: You what?
Gordon: You were on the 6 o'clock news last night. Didn't you know that?
Elisha: Oh my God.
Gordon: O-K. Seems you classical bods lead sheltered lives.
Elisha: I had a concert last night.
Gordon: Oh, right. Anyway, your agent?

Elisha: So what did they say about me on the news?

Gordon: Hmm. Only that a bunch of homeless guys in a band called Street had recorded a couple of tunes that were selling well on the net. Particularly in New York for some reason. Maybe it's because they've got a lot of homeless people there.

Elisha: Jesus.

Gordon: Yeah, he may have something to do with it as well. Anyway, my curiosity was roused and I invested £1.98 and downloaded both tracks. I have to say I quite liked what I heard and since I've got an empty spot I rang the BBC and got hold of your phone number.

Elisha: I'm sorry, I'm lost here.

Gordon: Why? It's pretty simple really. I've got an empty spot and I want to book Street to fill it. All I need is your agent's details.

Elisha: Umm, we don't have an agent. And it's S-T-R-E-E-T not Street.

Gordon: Ahh, so that's what the dashes are for. I thought it was just a gimmick. OK, so who should I talk to about bookings?

Elisha: Oh God.

Gordon: I must say you seem to move in very exulted circles. Alas I don't have God's contact details as yet. No doubt I'll get them when the time comes.

Elisha: I'm sorry?

Gordon: Bad joke. OK. I'll try one more time then I'm going to hang up and look for someone else. Who do I talk to about booking S-T-R-E-E-T for the Malvern Valley Jazz Festival?

Elisha: Umm, me, I guess. Are you serious?

Gordon: This is why I prefer to deal with agents. They tend to believe me.

Elisha: Oh. Sorry. I'm ... um, you rather took me by surprise.

Gordon: Another reason for agents. They're never surprised, on principle.

Elisha: So you want us for this Jazz Festival?

Gordon: Aha, the penny is dropping I see. Yes is the short answer.

Elisha: And the long answer?

Gordon: Well, the slot I'm trying to fill is from 8 to 8:30 in the Sunday morning so it's not the best slot and the fee will reflect that, of course. On the other hand, we've got Nubya Garcia headlining on the Saturday and The Brand New Heavies on the Sunday as well as Mamas Gun, corto.alto, the Quentin Collins Sextet, J-Felix and a bunch of others so you'll be in good company. We're expecting around 30 to 40,000 people.

Elisha: Umm, 40,000 people? You serious?

Gordon: OK, OK, we're not Glastonbury and we'll never get 130,000 like they do but we're a well established Festival and reasonably popular. So, are you interested?

Elisha: Interested? Of course we're interested although we've never done a festival before. Malvern Valley? In Gloucestershire?

Gordon: That's the one.

Elisha: Transport could be a problem. After all, most of the band's homeless.

Gordon: So hire a minibus. There's plenty of camping, which will probably be a step up for them. No, that was nasty of me. I withdraw that.

Elisha: Actually, you're probably right. The only problem is we can't afford to hire a minibus.

Gordon: Oh, I'd be happy to give you half the fee up front.

Elisha: Oh, OK. Umm, what is the fee, by the way?

Gordon: Well, you have to remember your slot will start at 8am on the Sunday so you'll be first up and most of the festival goers will be either still asleep or hungover so obviously we're not going to pay what we'd pay a headline act.

Elisha: Yeah, I understand that. So, umm, the fee?

Gordon: £20,000.

Elisha: Are you frigging kidding me? Twenty thousand?

Gordon: Well, I did warn you it wouldn't be much. Look, the best I can do is 25 thou, OK? Final offer. With free camping, of course. It's up to you, take it or leave it. There are plenty of others who'd jump at it.

Elisha: Shit. We'll take it.

Gordon: Great. So I'll email the contract to you?

Elisha: If you could. My email is elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk.

Oh, and don't forget the half in advance bit otherwise we can't get there.

Gordon: No probs. There's a space in the contract for payment details. Great. Well, it was nice talking to you.

Elisha: Oh, one more thing. When is the festival?

Gordon: Last weekend in June. 25th and 26th. Um, 2021 since you probably don't know what year we're in either. Anyway, gotta rush. Nice talking to you. Oh, and Elisha?

Elisha: Yeah?

Gordon: You ought to think about getting an agent. Bye.

Monday 21st December 2020

| *Email sent from the tablet of Jason Molina at 11:02 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Jason Molina
Subject: An idea

Yesterday my wife told me that our girl Elisha Houghton was on the 6 o'clock News on Friday. It seems her little street band has recorded a couple of tunes and they're selling well on the internet. She only picked up on it when they said Elisha was with the 515N0W Orchestra.

Anyway, beyond a 'good for her' I thought nothing more about it until this morning when an interesting thought crossed my mind.

Why not invite Elisha and her band to do a joint concert with us?

After all, any number of rock and pop bands do sessions with orchestras and, from a purely mercenary point of view, she's getting a lot of publicity and record sales which could play to our advantage. Assuming it's streamed, we'd get most of our usual audience plus a potentially significant cross-over from her audience. Admittedly they aren't the best musicians around but we are all professional enough to cope with that. On the other hand, they may want a cut of the proceeds.

Worth considering or not?

Jason Molina
First Violin, 515N0W

| *Email sent from the tablet of Malcolm Beeton at 11:27 GMT:*

To: Management Team
From: Malcolm Beeton
Subject: re: An idea

Radical. Let me think about it.

Malcolm Beeton
Director, 515N0W

| *Transcript of phone call initiated by Malcolm Beeton's phone to Elisha's phone, commencing 17:49 GMT:*

Elisha: Hello, um, Malcolm. Please don't tell me you're ringing to say you've changed your mind about the First Clarinet seat?

Malcolm: What? Oh lord no. Of course not. Delighted to have you onboard, my dear.

Elisha: Great.

Malcolm: Are you free to talk? I'm not interrupting anything?

Elisha: Oh, no. I'm just looking at an apartment we're thinking of renting. It's nice to know there's a good signal here.

Malcolm: Quite, quite. Yes. I was just phoning to run an idea past you. See what you thought.

Elisha: Oh really? Wow, cool. Does that mean I'm part of the management team?

Malcolm: I'm sorry?

Elisha: My bad. Sorry. I was joking. I'm kind of in a really happy mood at the moment.

Malcolm: I see.

Elisha: So what's this idea and why does it involve me?

Malcolm: It's about this band you have.

Elisha: Ahh, so you know about that?

Malcolm: Of course. You have made rather a splash on the television, you know.

Elisha: Yes, I know. I'm sorry about that. I did try to keep the Orchestra out of it.

Malcolm: Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. What do you think of the idea of a joint concert, streamed over the internet, featuring your band with the 515N0W Orchestra?

(silence)

Elisha: Umm, I'd say it's probably not a good idea.

Malcolm: Why's that?

Elisha: The band's nowhere near good enough. I don't see any way the two could play together.

Malcolm: I confess that was my first thought when the idea was

proposed to me. However, on reflection, it occurred to me that we could arrange things so that each could contrast and complement the other without competing. I don't follow.

Elisha:

Malcolm: Your band is primarily improvisational, yes?

Elisha: Yes.

Malcolm: I thought it might be feasible then, if we, that is 515N0W, performed a short piece the way it should be performed then your band could take that same piece and improvise around it. It could make for an interesting counterpoint. Particularly with you in both camps, as it were.

Elisha: Actually, that isn't a bad idea. And we could do several short pieces covering a range of styles.

Malcolm: Quite. So you're not averse to the idea?

Elisha: Actually, no. I think it could be quite fun. When were you thinking of doing this?

Malcolm: Well, it'll take a while to select the pieces and we'll need Anya to orchestrate the whole thing. Well, our side anyway. We'll also need to do some extensive marketing to capitalise on what would essentially be a one off special. I was thinking perhaps around Easter, next year?

Elisha: Well, that wouldn't be a problem for the band since we make it up as we go along. Would it be enough time for the Orchestra?

Malcolm: We can firm up a date later and, of course, you'll be on the planning team and have a significant input. Perhaps we can get together early in the new year?

Elisha: Sure, whenever you say. You are my boss, after all. Umm, will the band be paid for this in any way?

Malcolm: That's something else I wanted to talk to you about. Have you read your contract of employment?

Elisha: Umm, well, I did way back when I was first offered a seat. Why?

Malcolm: Under your terms of employment, 515N0W owns the copyright to any compositions of yours during your period of employment.

(silence)

Elisha: Ah. I take it you're referring to what the band plays?

They're not really compositions, you know.

Malcolm: Well, that is a debatable point and one that could turn out to be very expensive if it should ever go before a court to decide.

Elisha: Oh. So, what, you're planning to take us to court?

Malcolm: Quite the opposite, my dear. My thinking is that your band stands to gain significantly from a joint concert, perhaps even more than one, with a well established and respected orchestra in terms of credibility and standing within the music industry. It generally falls to only the preeminent performers in the popular music world to perform with a classical orchestra.

Elisha: Well, I can see there could be benefits. What are you proposing?

Malcolm: That your band undertakes this or these joint concerts for no financial remuneration or share of proceeds and we, in turn, waive any claims to copyright for any compositions your band performs.

(silence)

Elisha: So, your waiver would be for wherever and whenever the band performs or just for these joint concerts?

Malcolm: Any performance by your band, be it in a concert hall, on the street or somewhere else and anytime.

(silence)

Elisha: Backdated to include the records we've just released?

Malcolm: If you insist.

Elisha: OK. I can agree to that. We'll get a written contract?

Malcolm: Of course.

Elisha: And I'll still be First Clarinet with the Orchestra regardless?

Malcolm: Of course. And hopefully we'll be auditioning for a Second Clarinet in the not too distant future. You'll be involved in that, naturally.

Elisha: OK. Agreed.

Malcolm: Excellent. I suggest then that we get together with Jason and Kaji in the new year and thrash out a programme. I'll let them know so they can think about it in the meantime as well.

Elisha: Yes, that's a good idea. It's going to need a lot of thought.

Malcolm: Indeed. Well Happy Christmas and I look forward to a long and fruitful association with, umm, S-T-R-E-E-T.
Elisha: And a Happy Christmas to you too, ahh, Malcolm.

Wednesday 30th December 2020

| *Email send from Elisha's phone at 21:03 GMT*

To: jeremyhoughton3@gmail.com, simone.houghton@novotel.co.uk

From: elisha@elishaclarinet.co.uk

Subject: What an incredible year!!!!

Attachment: ray.jpg

Hi Mum and Dad and Simone

I know you won't get this until you next go into Colombo so I've been waiting to hear about something before telling you all (sorry Simone!).

Anyway, here it is. I'm in love with this guy and, yayyy!!, he's in love with me :D :D. Isn't that so cool? Anyway, we heard today that we've been accepted for an apartment so we can live together! We move in next weekend. About bloody time I can hear you all saying lol.

Anyway, his name's Ray Sanger and he did maths at uni and he's a muso as well and he's very sweet and shy and quiet but he's an awesomely nice guy and you'll all love him too. Yes, even you Simone! In fact, he plays guitar in the same band as me. I'm really, really pleased you're coming back to the UK so you can meet him soon rather than waiting until we've saved up to go to Sri Lanka. Oh, here's a pic of him. Yeah, I know he's a bit skinny but I'm working on it :)

You know what else is cool? Today's the 30th Dec – exactly a year since I started with 515N0W and it's been an incredible year, one I'll never forget, not least because of Ray and the pandemic. Anyway, you'll never guess what – not only did 515N0W confirm my probation but they promoted me as well! Isn't that just mindblowingly friggingly awesome? One year on and I'm First Clarinet!!!!

But wait, there's more! (cheshire cat grinning lol)

Like I said, I'm in this band – it's called S-T-R-E-E-T – and so's Ray. We've only been going nine months or so but – get this, it's so frigging cool! – we've already recorded 2 tracks and they're selling on the net! And if that wasn't enough, we're appearing at the Malvern Valley Jazz Festival next June AND at the May Day Jazz Festival on the Isle of

Wight over the May bank holiday weekend. The Isle of Wight one's bigger but the details aren't finalised yet. We only got the invite yesterday. OK we'll be the last act on the last day so most people will have already left but hey it's effing awesome and you wouldn't believe the money these festivals pay! Like, £25000 for the Malvern one and maybe £45000 for the other one (it isn't finalised yet). Shame there's 10 in the band lol. Still, Ray and I should net somewhere around £12000 between us plus whatever we get for the online sales which will be useful as the apartment's unfurnished.

Sorry about my language but I'm having panic attacks between bouts of hysterical giggling. A year ago I was living at home and more or less unemployed with a dipshit absentee cheating boyfriend and now I'm First Clarinet with an orchestra, living with an incredible guy and doing music festivals. Un-frigging-believable.

Ohh, better tell you about the apartment. It's in Bexley, in the High Street. I'm not sure of the number so I'll let you know later. It's kind of cheap because it's on the first floor over a Chinese takeaway, a fish and chip shop and an estate agent and there's a pub opposite so it isn't what most people would be looking for but Ray and I will be out most evenings – me for concerts and Ray's going to be gigging in pubs and stuff – and we'll both be able to practice during the day without disturbing anyone (except the estate agents and who cares about them?) which is awesome. Also it's a 2 bedroom apartment so we're planning on getting someone else in for the spare bedroom and pay half the rent. We might even be able to save a little!

Anyway, gotta go pack. I know I'm not moving 'til Saturday but I'm so excited I'll be packing and repacking constantly. Oh and we've got to find a couple of cheap beds and some furniture too.

Did I mention I'm excited? I lied. Excited isn't the word for it. I don't know what the word is but it's more than excited squared!

Anyway, gotta go. Ray's coming round soon and we're going out to celebrate.

Oh, and Dad, when you come back to the UK any chance of you coming out of retirement? I'm getting contracts to sign that I don't

really understand and I need a good lawyer.

Lots and lots of love to you all (yes, even you Simone lol)

Eli XX

Postscript

On 6th January 2021 a third lockdown was imposed throughout England. This lockdown was not fully lifted until 19th July 2021.

As a result, the planned joint concert with S-T-R-E-E-T and the 515NOW Orchestra did not take place and both the music festivals to which S-T-R-E-E-T were invited were cancelled. There are tentative plans for both festivals in 2022.

By mid January 2021, the 515NOW Orchestra had exhausted its financial reserves and on 7th March, after last minute negotiations with sponsors failed, the Orchestra went into administration with debts in excess of £5m, including some £500,000 in unpaid deferred wages. The Administrator noted a number of financial irregularities and in early May formal investigations began into the activities of Bertram Entwistle including, amongst other things, four non-existent musicians who received furlough pay. Charges were laid in December 2021.

Both StreetLife and StreetWise were minor hits, reaching 18 and 29 respectively in the UK charts, with StreetLife reaching 82 in the US Billboard Hot 100. Each member of the band received, by the end of 2021, approximately £9000 in royalties from StreetLife and £7000 from StreetWise. Plans to release another recording for Christmas 2021 fell through with the arrest of Zed Zephyr in October for sexual harassment of two underage members of a band he managed in 2014. However, S-T-R-E-E-T have plans to release a charity album in conjunction with three homeless charities and EMI Records in mid 2022. With some outdoor activities permitted from the end of March, S-T-R-E-E-T were able to resume busking. Once all restrictions were lifted in July, S-T-R-E-E-T also commenced occasional pub and concert gigs.

On Saturday 2nd January 2021, Elisha and Ray moved into their unfurnished apartment in Bexley. Within two weeks they had a sub-tenant, an unemployed single mother with one child, occupying their spare bedroom. Due to the closure of non-essential shops, the apartment was furnished with rescued and recycled furniture until shops reopened. In August Elisha turned down an offer of a permanent position as First Clarinet with the Reykjavik Symphony Orchestra and in September she performed two concerts with the New York Philharmonic as their Guest

Soloist. She continues to look for a permanent position with another, British, Orchestra. Elisha also resumed clarinet tuition and Ray began guitar tuition. At the time of writing, they have five students. Elisha did not sell the Sidney Bechet clarinet.

Badger used part of his royalties to purchase an electronic drum kit and to put down a bond on a furnished room in Deptford. He continues as a full time member of S-T-R-E-E-T, using his home-made drums, and as a freelance drummer, with the electric drums, for other local bands in the evenings. He is currently undertaking an online course in Online Media Management with the ambition to start his own music management business. Badger was formally appointed the manager of S-T-R-E-E-T in November 2021.

Eddie used some of his royalties to rent and equip a lock-up garage in Catford where he set up a lawn mower and small engine repair business while living in a room at the back of the garage. He continues as a full time member of S-T-R-E-E-T, doing his repairs in the evenings and early mornings.

Alexa used her share of the royalties to purchase a computer and start a course in computer programming with the aim of becoming a professional software developer when qualified. Charmaine used her share to purchase a 'seat' with an established hairdresser in Woolwich and resumed her hairdressing career when the lockdown was lifted. Both still live together in a small rented apartment in Lewisham and are engaged but have not, as yet, set a date for their wedding. They both continue to perform with S-T-R-E-E-T at weekends.

Herbie spent his share of the royalties on alcohol and died after being hit by a car while asleep in the middle of a road.

Mikey continues to play his louvre door with S-T-R-E-E-T and, apart from purchasing a skateboard, gives all his royalties and busking proceeds to his disabled mother.

Kennet disappeared before receiving any royalties. His share is being held in trust until such time as his whereabouts are known. Mehmet spent some of his on a plane ticket to his native Turkey where he resumed life with his wife and children. The remainder he used to set up a kebab stall in a

market in Istanbul.

S-T-R-E-E-T, because of its open membership policy, continues to grow despite changes of membership and, as of 3rd December 2021, had 17 members. The band also purchased, out of early royalties, a (very) old coach which was converted into a Tour Bus. The coach also provides temporary accommodation for up to eight people as the need arises.