

The day i cant remember

[Art & Culture](#), [Comedy](#)



The Day I Can't Remember I couldn't believe it when my boss said I'd be making a music video with The Script, it was going to be epic. After all I had only been working with Rocking Records for a couple of months, it was my dream to be a famous music producer.

Little did I know that this would be my first and my last music video, I was going to go on a wild goose chase that would soon become my life. It all started that Monday, in Dublin city centre, we had decided to meet the boys in Starbucks on Grafton Street where the video was to be filmed, the Garda had cordoned off the street so that we didn't have screaming fans attacking the lads while we were filming. I had ordered a caramel latte and was just about to take a seat when they walked through the door. I very nearly screamed out loud, but, I managed to stay calm and professional. This was my one chance to prove to my boss that I was worth having around. They ordered and I waved them over, they took their seats around me and I couldn't help but think, The Script are sitting in Starbucks having coffee, with me. I introduced myself to them and set off explaining what we would be doing over the course of the day, they seemed happy with everything that I had prepared.

I was probably coming off over-eager to them considering I had printed off individual day plans for each of them and even detailed each of their parts in the video. Oh well. I let them finish up their coffee in peace and walked outside to check if light and sound was dealing okay without me. It looked like everyone was busy and doing something worth-while so I went over to Sam and John, the sound managers, Hey guys, how's everything going Are we all set? I said, smiling, these guys we great. They both gave me

quick smiles in return and John said ??? Yeh, it??™s all good, all we need now is the band and we can start.??? I walked back towards the shop and quietly knocked on the window and gestured for them to come on out.

The first half of the video was a great success and soon we were stopping for lunch, just as the lads walked off to get food there was a huge bang followed by a howl of pain. I whirled around and was met by a sight that would surely haunt me for the rest of my life. John was lying face down with one of the huge speakers pinning him to the pavement. I shouted the first thing that came into my head:??? Someone call an Ambulance???. Danny whipped out his blackberry and dialled 112 and I heard him hurriedly telling the operator about the situation and where we were.

I walked over to John, I slapped a hand over my mouth, I didn??™t know what to expect but I was thinking along the lines of blood everywhere, that, however was not the case. Instead of blood oozing out, there was this thick green slime slowly running down the road. I backed away, horrified at what I saw. I looked around at my colleagues to see their reactions to the disgusting sight but nobody else seemed to think the green stuff was odd. I could hear the ambulance in the distance; I wondered what they would make this situation. I stared at John until the EMT??™s got there, one of them went over to assess John and the other seemed to be looking for someone in charge, Sam seemed to have waved him over to me.??? Excuse me ma??™ am, are you in charge??? he asked politely.

He seemed to realise I was in shock and straight away asked me to sit down.??? Can you tell me what happened??????? Umm, there was a bang and

I turned around to see what was wrong and that??™s when I saw John underneath the speaker???. The next part I whispered to him, in case someone overheard me and thought I was crazy, they??™d defiantly would tell my boss and I??™d be kicked off this video.???. Do you see the green goo coming for him; is that like bodily fluids or something???. I was waiting for the strange looks, when he jumped up, told me to come with him and yelled at his partner:???. Code Green!???. Hid partner backed quickly away from the body and followed us towards the ambulance.

Once there, he grabbed a walkie-talkie from under the seat and spoke clearly into it. Whoever was on the other end obviously understood ??? Code Green??? too. 15 minutes later everyone was still here after being told we were not permitted to leave until our statements we taken.

I was starting I get really inpatient when a black car pulled up beside the coffee shop. Finally they would get our statements and I could go home and try to forget everything over a bottle of wine and a nice bubble bath. The older looking detective took a few people with him and put a pair of sunglasses on. The younger one, Agent Smith, took me and a couple of the others with him. He too put on a pair of sunglasses and took what looked to be a fat pen out of his pocket.

??? Look here please??? and we did. There was a blinding flash and then for a few seconds nothing. I opened my eyes and looked around. What was I doing in town O. M.

G. Is that the Script Fin