**MORE COWBELL**

**NARRATOR:** After a series of staggering defeats, Blue Oyster Cult assembled in the recording studio in late 1976 in a session with famed producer, Bruce Dickenson. And luckily for us, the cameras were rolling.

*(The members of Blue Oyster Cult are ready with their instruments in the recording studio. Bruce Dickenson walks in from the booth).*

**BRUCE:** Alright, guys. I think we’re ready to lay this first track down. By the way, my name is Bruce Dickenson. Yes- THE Bruce Dickenson. And I gotta tell ya, fellas: you have got what appears to be a dynamite sound.

**LEAD SINGER:** Comin’ from you, Bruce, that means a lot.

**BASS PLAYER:** Yeah, I mean… you’re Bruce Dickenson.

**GUITAR PLAYER:** This is incredible.

**DRUMMER:** I can’t believe Bruce Dickenson digs our sound.

**BRUCE:** Hey guys. I put my pants on just like the rest of ya. One leg at a time. Except, once my pants are on, I make gold records.

*(They all laugh)*

**BRUCE:** Alright here we go. “Don’t Fear the Reaper,” take 1. Roll ‘em.

*(He walks into the booth. The musicians get ready to play. The lead singer counts them in. The lead singer becomes aware that one member of the band- Gene- has begun playing the cowbell very loudly right next to him. After the first few lines of the song, he stops them)*

**LEAD SINGER:** Wait wait, stop. *(they stop playing).* Um, Bruce could you come in here for a minute?

*(Bruce walks back in)*

**BRUCE:** That was gonna be a great track. Guys, what’s the deal?

**LEAD SINGER:** Are you sure that was sounding okay?

**BRUCE:** I’ll be honest, fellas. It was sounding great. But… I coulda used a little more cowbell. So, let’s take it again and- Gene: Really explore the studio space this time.

**GENE:** You got it, Bruce.

**BRUCE:** I mean really. Explore the space. I like what I’m hearing. Roll ‘em.

 *(He walks into the booth and the musicians get ready to play again. When the cowbell comes in this time, Gene is going ham with it- it’s up in the air, it’s left and right, he’s really into it. He even bumps into a couple of band members. This annoys the lead singer and he stops them again)*

**LEAD SINGER:** STOP! I’m sorry, Bruce? Bruce, could you come back in here, please?

**BRUCE:** (walks in) Fellas… we just wasted two good tracks. This last one was even better than the first.

**LEAD SINGER:** Well it’s just that I find Gene’s cowbell playing distracting. I don’t know, if I’m the only one I’ll shut up.

**BASS PLAYER:** Nah, it’s pretty rough.

**GENE:** Ya know, I can pull it back a little if you like?

**BRUCE:** Not too much, though. I’m tellin’ ya, fellas. You’re gonna want that cowbell on the track.

**GENE:** You know what, it’s fine. Let’s just do the thing.

**BRUCE:** Roll ‘em. *(He goes into the booth)*

*(The music starts. When the cowbell comes in this time, Gene plays it right next to the lead singer’s ear, as he looks at him with spite. The lead singer tries to ignore it and keep singing, but Gene gets closer and louder and eventually, starts playing slightly offbeat. Then, he pushes the microphone stand and kicks in an act of defiance. The music stops. The drummer stands up near the other band members)*

**LEAD SINGER:** Come on, Gene!

*(Bruce comes back in)*

**BRUCE:** Guys, guys. It doesn’t work for me. I gotta have more cowbell.

**GUITAR PLAYER:** *(grabs Gene by the shirt)* Don’t blow this for us, Gene!

**DRUMMER:** Quit being so selfish, Gene.

**GENE:** Can I just say one thing?

**BRUCE:** Say it, baby. Say it.

**GENE:** I’m standing here staring at rock legend Bruce Dickenson. And if Bruce Dickenson wants more cowbell, we should probably give him more cowbell!

**BRUCE:** Say it, baby!

**GENE:** And Bobby, you’re right, I am being selfish. But the last time I checked, we don’t have a lot of songs that feature the cowbell.

**BRUCE:** I gotta have more cowbell, baby!

**GENE:** And I’d be doing myself a disservice, and every member of this band, if I didn’t perform the hell outta this!

**BRUCE:** Guess what. I got a fever! And the only prescription… is more cowbell!

**GENE:** Thank you, Bruce. But hey, maybe… maybe if I just leave and come back later, we can lay down the cowbell… *(he starts to leave)*

**LEAD SINGER:** Gene, wait.

*(Gene stops)*

**LEAD SINGER:** Why don’t you lay down that cowbell right now. With us. Together.

**GENE:** Do you mean that, Eric?

**LEAD SINGER:** Yeah.

**BASS PLAYER:** He speaks for all of us.

**GENE:** Thank you.

**BRUCE:** Babies, before we’re done here… you’ll all be wearing gold-plated diapers.

**GUITAR PLAYER:** What does that mean?

**BRUCE:** Never question Bruce Dickenson. Roll ‘em. *(He walks into the booth).*

*(The band begins to play. When the cowbell comes in this time, Gene is the happiest man alive!)*

LIGHTS OUT