

Why Marquees Aren't Always a Great Idea

Miranda's note:

This scene was cut because it slowed the action, but I thought you might like to see it because it shows the not-so-glamorous side of being in a wedding band! It's actually based on a gig I sang at where people ended up sliding down a muddy hill to get to their cars afterwards. We didn't get stuck in the field (that's the beauty of artistic license!) but it was just as miserable as this gig for The Pinstripes!

Marquees are a fantastic idea on hot summer days when guests can mill around inside and out, enjoying the relaxed atmosphere and sense of timelessness within the canvas space. However, in the middle of one of the worst storms in living memory, leaking water and only accessible via a steep farm track, marquees tend to lose their appeal. The sustained heavy rain had turned the field into a boggy quagmire, trapping cars and ruining the shoes of the wedding guests. Five songs into the second set (after a first set played exclusively to an empty dance floor and a glum-faced crowd who looked more like Armageddon survivors than wedding guests), Tom realised too late that a leak in the side of the canvas was dripping into the spare plug socket on one of our four-way extension leads – just as half of our speakers fell silent. Unable to restore power, we resorted to connecting Charlie's iPod to the sound desk, treating the guests to the best of Steely Dan and Jamiroquai.

After the wedding party and guests had admitted defeat, we reloaded the van – only to discover that it had sunk considerably into the muddy field

***It Started With a Kiss Deleted Scenes -
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and was now stuck fast. The only way to get it to the bottom of the hill was when the groom's father enlisted the help of his neighbour to tow it out with a tractor.

An hour later, cold, muddy and thoroughly fed up, the bedraggled Pinstripes gathered in Jack and Soph's living room, consoling ourselves with mugs of tea and large slices of wedding cake donated by the apologetic bride and groom.

'At least we have one consolation,' Tom offered.

'What's that?'

'We have a brand new gig story to add to our repertoire.'

Charlie raised his mug. 'That we do.'

'And at least we're all here together,' Sophie reminded us. 'I think we're going to be OK.'

'Hear hear,' I agreed. There had been far too much doom and gloom lately. What we needed was to keep positive. As the conversation began to perk up and Tom's jokes made a welcome comeback, I snuggled down in Jack's old armchair and let the banter and laughter wash over me. Sophie was right: we had so much when we were together and that, at the end of the day, was all that mattered.

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