La Bamba

By Luis Valdez
Richie...
...time to get up.
The harder you work, the more you're paid.
What's holding you up?
Come on, we're wasting money.
"Don't you touch me," I says.
"'Im tired of being hit by men, already.'
So, I punched him.
His feet went up, and when he hit the floor,
I thought he was dead.
I says to him, "Sweetheart,
if you don't like it, you can lam it.''
So he lammed it.
Richie?
Bob?
Richie, you taking a break already?
So, Mr. Big Shot...
...you finally showed up.
I'm lucky I even found this place.
Rosie...
...this is my brother, Bob.
Why did you wait a year to join us?
Bob, watch it! My guitar, man.
Sorry, I didn't know that piece of junk
was so important to you.
I even sleep with it.
It's no hole.
Come on.
Jersey Joe.
Joe Louis.
Rocky Marciano.
You okay? Can you move it?
You all right?
Can you move it?
You've grown, cabrn.
You're a big sucker for 16.
-What's the matter, you miss me?
-No.
You should have.
What was it like inside?
The joint is the joint.
Why didn't you come home
after you got out?
We haven't had a home since Steve died.
Don't be such a dreamer, man.
My dreams are pure rock 'n' roll.
-Go wash your hands for dinner.
-Okay, mama.
You little pigs.
I'm going to tell your mothers on you.
Wait and see!
You tell 'em, Rosie!
Mom, what in hell are you doing here?
Working.
I came to take you out of this dump.
Not before we make some money.
I mean honest money.
I've been working.
Why can't you believe for once?
Mom, what's going on?
We're getting out
of this shit hole tomorrow.
Okay.
Oh, God.
Oh, please.
Tell me you love me.
Why didn't you tell me
this was your first time?
You didn't ask.
You coming, Richie?
No, I'll wait up a while.
You're really something, you know?
What's up?
I should ask you.
Wait a minute.
Did I horn in on you?
Just forget it.
I thought you'd changed.
Come on!
Come stay with us sometime.
Bob got us a house in Pacoima.
We could visit L.A.
You'll be late for work.
My dad wouldn't like it.
Come on, let's go.
I love you.
'Bye, Connie.
Goodbye.
'Bye, Rosie.
Rosa!
Connie, don't let the baby fall off the chair.
Breakfast is ready. I'm off to work.
-Don't ditch school today.
-Thanks, mom.
Rosie, the baby's with the girls.
See you tonight.
'Morning, Rosie.
'Morning, girls.
Bob come in last night?
He doesn't spend much time at home,
does he?
You do.
Yeah, well...
...I'm me.
Quiet.
Class is in session.
Take out your history books. Chapter 7.
Who is the blonde?
I don't know. But I think I'm in love.
Forget it.
She's way above your class, High Tone.
Just concentrate on that audition tonight.
-Hi.
-Hi.
They call me High Tone. You?
Donna.
Mind if I walk with you, Donna?
Sure.
I mean, no, I don't mind.
Donna. That's a nice name.
Look, call me Richie.
This is my class.
Where's yours?
In the gym. I have P.E.
You're late.
Yeah.
'Bye...
...Donna.
'Bye, High Tone.
Say, Ed...
...you wanna buy a kilo?
You did it, carnalito!
By the sweat of my balls.
You did it!
All right.
Richie, meet Rudy.
He's leader of the Silhouettes.
Look, Valenzuela...
...Chino tells me you're a hot shot.
What's that?
-My amp.
-Looks like someone threw it away.
Well, it's mine now.
So, don't worry about it.
No lie!
The pendejo was smoking weed.
He was smoking milkweed!
I got him back.
Go on, Rosie, take a hit, man!
Put a little mota in our love life.
Baby, I need some action tonight.
Come on, baby.
Rosie, come here. I was only joking.
Open the door.
Go away.
Know what? Let's get going.
-Go where?
-Home.
Other people sleep, you know.
You don't have to split.
Rosie, we're leaving.
I'm serious. Stick around.
Rosie'll be out in a second.
Rosie, come on out!
Hassle it out with your old lady.
I know what's happening.
Good night, Bob.
Come on, Rosie.
Open the door.
I said, "Open the door," goddamn it!
Stop it. I'm trying to sleep.
Open the goddamn door!
Leave me alone! Go away!
Go get drunk for all I care.
Okay, babe, you asked for it.
Our first gig's next Friday night.
Let me see if you're ready by then.

Right.

Rosie, are you okay?

Yeah, Richie, what do you want?

Nothing.

Sorry, my mistake.

No, Bob. Its no use. No more.

Don't you ever get enough?

Is this all you want me for?

Come here.

What is it?

I made it. Im in the Silhouettes.

Really, mijo?

That's wonderful.

Who's the Silhouettes?

This is not like I expected.

You are not like I expected.

I don't have a life here!

You're always gone.

Do you think I like being here alone?

Look, Rosie, you're not my wife!

Stop being such a drag.

What the shit's eating you anyway?

Im pregnant.

Aren't you going to say anything?

What's there to say?

Its not my first...

...or my last.

You son of a bitch!

What's going on?

Bitch! You bitch.

Is it my fault you got pregnant?

Richie, don't!

-Its none of your business.

-But l....

I am not your puta!

Do you always carry a guitar?

Its my future.

Sure of yourself, aren't you?

Yeah. Aren't you?

No, Im the new kid on the block.

Poor little rich girl.

Im not rich.

Right.
My dad.
I want a place like this
for my mom one day.
Hi, Daddy!
I have to go.
Listen...
...I'm playing at a garage party tonight.
Want to come?
- Garage party?
- It's my big debut.
It'll be a real gas, kitten. Please, come.
Okay.
I'll meet you there.
No problem.
I wrote down the address for you...
...in case.
-'Bye.
-'Bye.
Who's the big kid?
A friend.
What is he, Italian?
-Mom, look at Richie.
-I see him, baby.
Mama, when's Richie going to sing?
Pretty soon. Now stop asking me.
We thank all of you
for attending our dance tonight.
We hope you had an evening to remember.
So, until next time...
...speaking for myself, Rudy Castro,
and all the guys in the band...
...we are the Silhouettes,
bidding you a good night.
Goodnight, Richie.
What do they mean, not letting you sing?
Who do they want, Elvis?
No big deal. I'll make them come around.
They don't know who they're dealing with.
My granddaddy
was a full-blooded Yaqui Indian.
What's the matter? Bad dreams?
I'm sorry, carnal.
I didn't mean to wake you up but...
...I need a place to crash.
No, man, here. Come on. Get some rest. Keep your ass to the wall. I'm so messed up, I may take you for Rosie. Where'd you get this picture of Steve? Mom gave it to me after the funeral. I wish I could have been there. But he was your dad, anyway. Not mine. Don't forget to turn off the light. You been laid yet? I'm serious. I know what your problem is. Sperm pressure. It's scientific. You got hard-ons all the time, nightmares, wet dreams— Shut up and go to sleep! A kid your age needs an authority figure around. Believe me, I know. I tried to go, Richie. Honestly. You don't have to apologise. Who's apologising? My dad wouldn't let me. Honest to God? Honest. I really wanted to be there. Cowboy Palace! I can't do it, honey. Richie's a minor. He'll be singing, not drinking. Rock 'n' roll to a bunch of cowboys. My husband, Steve, drank himself to death in here. Don't you owe his boy something? We should've brought Chino. I need a drummer. Screw the Silhouettes. I'll keep the beat for you. They got drums inside. What're you going to play? Boney Maronie. Boney Maronie? To these shit-stompers? Howard, they're here! Cut the jukebox. Testing, one, two, three. Sure good to see you folks
out there tonight. Everybody having fun?
Turn the jukebox back on!
One of our local boys is making his
professional debut tonight right here.
Let's give a great big
round of applause for...
...Ricky ''Ricardo'' Valenzuela.
Howdy.
Here's one out of Lubbock, Texas.
Lubbock, Texas?
Follow me.
"'You don't know
what you've been missing''
We were rocking, man, we were rolling!
Didn't I tell you? We don't need no band.
We just play the bars with the drummer.
Me, for instance.
I'm talking about making money!
I'm talking about making music.
My music. That's all I care about.
What you need is exposure.
A big place where you can sell
a lot of tickets, put a lot of posters up.
You gotta think big!
-You want to be my manager?
-Sure, I can do it.
I can get the American Legion Hall.
Steve was a World War I veteran.
What, you don't think I can do it?
Just for that you can be my flunky.
Mom, thanks, but no thanks.
Anybody but Bob.
-What does that mean?
-Just take care of Rosie, okay stud?
Try staying home for a change.
Listen, punk....
-I don't need you--
-Stop it, both of you.
Richie, don't be so ''High Tone.''
And you Bob, you're your brother's keeper.
You never heard of that?
'Morning Connie, Richie.
'Morning.
You missed a great show last night.
Richie was wonderful.
Really? I'm not surprised.
I'm flying this coop.
Catch you all later.
I'm late for work.
What did I do with my purse?
''Flying the coop.''
That's it!
''Richard Valenzuela and his Flying Guitar.''
This is it. What do you think?
This is beautiful, man.
With some publicity we can raise the roof.
You're dreaming, Valenzuela.
They wouldn't even let us into this place.
No, I told you. My mom, she set it all up.
Since when is your mom running this band?
We need all the breaks we can get.
I heard that. Richie's right, man.
No dice, Chino.
I decide what's best for the Silhouettes,
and this ain't it.
So, let's beat it out of here.
What's his problem?
Are you guys coming or what?
I guess it's ''what.''
What's going on?
Show business, mijo.
Show business? These look like shit.
A monkey can draw better than this.
Oh yeah?
Should have kept my mouth shut.
Every wall, every liquor store.
Every telephone pole in town.
Hit them all! Now, tear buns!
We need a little help
hanging that crepe paper across there.
Those chairs don't go there, Felipe.
They don't go there.
You're looking really handsome.
The girls are gonna go crazy over you.
There's only one girl I care about.
Who's that?
Nobody you'd know.
- Is everything in order in here?
  - Perfect. Thanks, Rosie.

We're gonna pack the place, Mom.
I hope so. We paid for this place
with our rent money.
Someday I'll buy you
the house of your dreams. I promise.
Tell me about it. Where is Bob?
Three cups, thirty cents.
Here's your change.
Ten cases. Counting the door, that's $150.
We gotta do this again.
- Did you find Bob?
- What do you want? No.
- Did you look?
- No!
- He's pretty good.
- He's great.

What'll you have?
Can I have a Coke?
Here's a little number...
...for the criminal element here tonight.
And you know who you are.
Look at my Richie...
...shining like a star.
Look at Bob.
You're drunk, Bob. Give me that bottle.
That's my brother.
Asshole!
Stop it!
Why, Bob?
How could you do this to Richie?
To Richie? I did this to me!
That's my Bob.
Always thinking of others first.
- Shut your goddamn mouth!
- Don't take it out on Rosie.
You don't understand.
You don't understand a goddamn thing.
What do you think,
the whole world revolves around you?
Is this where you live?
No.
I live down the street.
Hop in, I'll take you home.
Why don't we just go for a drive?
Okay, you drive.
What do you think?
Not bad...
...for a birthday present.
You say you're not rich?
My dad sells cars.
Can I help it if he knows his business?
He just didn't want me
walking home anymore.
Because of me?
How come you've been avoiding me?
Is it that blow-out at the dance?
-Don't be silly.
-Then what's the problem?
My dad.
Does it mean I can't ask you out
on a regular date?
Why don't you ask me?
I got my own wheels now.
Who cares what my father thinks?
Get your ass in gear.
We still got a lot of places to stop at.
Look at this.
Its Woody Woodpecker and Buzz Buzzard.
This is the real stuff.
-They make cartoons out of these things.
-Can it, jerk-off.
Its kiddie stuff.
Finders, keepers.
Yes?
He lives here. Why?
Happy birthday, mija.
-This man here wants to talk to you.
-Hi, Richie.
Mind if I call you Richie?
My name is Bob Keene, Im president
of Del-Fi Records in Hollywood.
I don't speak Spanish.
But we can speak business.
Let me just say that l...
...I really dig your music,
and Id like to record it.
What do you say?
Welcome to Del-Fi Records.
I work out of the basement.
This is your recording studio?
The Ampex is good,
the mikes are excellent.
What more do you need? Relax, Richie.
This is just for starters.
I thought we'd start off easy.
Play a few riffs,
move on to a couple of vocals.
Nothing heavy.
When you're ready, we'll record.
What? Do you mean today?
What about my band?
Frankly, I can't use any of them.
Is that a problem?
Yeah. They're my buddies.
Thank you.
Excuse me.
Wait, Richie.
Wait a minute, man.
I understand about friendship.
I'm being honest here.
Not everybody in this world
gets a shot at the brass ring.
You're going to have to ask yourself
what's more important, your friends...
...or your music.
My family.
-Is that you?
-Richie, come here.
Did you trace this or what?
Trace, hell. This is free hand. Look at this.
Art contest. $500 in prizes.
Think I should enter it?
Yeah, go for broke.
Fantastic.
I wasn't there when it happened.
But in the dream, it's like I am.
My best friend got killed.
Got crushed by one of those falling planes.
Where were you that day?
My grandfather's funeral.
I guess his death saved my life.
Thank you.
My mom says it means
I was saved for something special.
Know what it is?
Rock 'n' roll?
I'm gonna be a star...
...because stars don't fall
out of the sky, do they?
You think I'm gonna dump garbage
for the rest of my life?
How will you support the baby?
Drawing Woody Woodpecker?
I don't want that piece of junk in here.
Then to hell with you.
You don't respect any shit I do.
What about your respect for me?
I almost have to rape her just to have sex.
To her, it's dirty.
Look, Bob...
...it's cool if you move in with me...
...but what about when the baby comes?
Shouldn't you be with Rosie?
My old man wasn't around
when I was born.
Why should I be?
-Figure it out.
-There you are, mijo.
Bob Keene called me at the restaurant.
You're recording at Gold Star Studios
next Wednesday.
Right in Hollywood.
Didn't you hear me?
That means he's going to put you
under contract with Del-Fi.
Richie, I'm so happy.
It's only the beginning, mijo.
Bob has great news, too.
Come on, tell her.
That art contest? I won it.
$500 in prizes.
That's great, mijo.
With the baby coming and everything
the money'll--
In art lessons.
See, they gave me a drafting table.
All our dreams are gonna come true.
I just know it.
Cut.
Let's start again.
Cut. Don't rewrite the song.
Just do it the way you did it the first time.
Cut.
That was our fault.
Cut.
That's more right on, but that
''little darling'' line, I like that better.
I don't see what's wrong with those takes.
That's how I sing.
It's gotta be clean.
Each take has to be identical.
-Why?
-So, that we can edit later.
-This isn't Mexico.
-Who said it was?
I lived there. I understand the tradition
of the song, always changing the lyrics.
I've never even been to Mexico.
My music is my music.
You tell him, carnal.
How many more takes?
As many as it takes. Okay?
Cut.
That was good. Same energy.
Just try it again.
Shall I get a new role of tape?
I think we got him.
I can cut something here.
Nice work, Richie. 60 takes, man.
How's the throat?
I think we got it all.
60 takes?
I didn't hear a difference in one of them.
I'm ready to go home.
I want to discuss one thing with you.
Come here.
-What is it?
-Your professional name.
From now on, it's Ritchie with a ''t.''
R-t-C-H-l-E.
I got a new last name for you, too.
Valens with an ''s.'' Ritchie Valens.
-How does that grab you?
-I don't like it.
That's for shit, man!
Valenzuela was our dad's last name.
-You can't just cut it in half.
-It's no big deal.
People in this business change their names
like they change wives.
Even me. My last name is Kuhn.
Look.
Trust me on this one.
Let's just go.
Thanks.
Look, it could've been worse.
You could have been Ricky Zuela.
-Hello.
-Hello?
Is Donna in?
No, Donna's not in. This is her father.
Can I help you?
Daddy, who is it? Is it Ritchie?
Could you tell her
that Ritchie called again, please?
Yeah, okay.
He plays that goddamn jungle music!
Need I say more?
Come on, honey.
You said yourself it's not serious.
I hate Dad when he acts like that!
I just hate him!
Good morning, you survivors!
You want to call? I'd love to talk to you.
We got evicted. We're sleeping
in the car. My wife is pregnant.
You're down about it?
-She's in the car now.
-She's pregnant and sleeping in the car?
She's there right now.
-What kind of car do you have?
-A Rolls Royce.
Your mom listens to KFWB, right?
Ritchie Valens' mom out there
in Pacoima listens, too.
And she's gotta be proud of her boy today!
Ritchie's got a song headed
for the top of the charts, with a bullet.
Ritchie Valens, Come On, Let's Go.
-How are you?
-Pretty good, thanks.
Valens...Valens.
French, right?
How did you know?
Come on, man.
He's one of those barrio kids
from the Valley.
Not for long.
Pretty good.
I know.
Everybody keep it down.
That's my Ritchie on the radio.
-How about a beer?
-Not while I'm working, but I'll get you one.
No, I'm sorry. Donna's studying.
Supper time, pizza fans!
Here's a contest to kick off summer!
We have a special mystery guest
here at the studio. Say hello, Mr. Guest.
Hello.
Here's what you do. Our guest comes
from the San Fernando Valley.
What does he have in common with the
Vice President of the United States?
The first person to identify the mystery
guest will win 12 fresh, hot pizzas.
Here's the kicker: this mystery guest
will deliver the pizzas...
...and have a pizza party at your place,
free, from KFWB.
No, Donna's not here.
Thank you.
-She's out on a date.
-Yeah.
Right.
Yes, may I help you?
May I see Donna?
Please.
I know she's here.
Just one moment.
Donna?
It's Ritchie.
Now, it's better not to lead him on dear.
You know how your father is.
Okay.
Hi, Ritchie.
Can we take a walk?
No, I can't.
Okay, let's not beat around the bush.
Are you seeing other guys?
Yeah, I've been out a few times.
What's wrong with that?
You're my girl.
When am I supposed to see you?
I can't tag along to your appearances.
All those other girls--
I don't care about those other girls!
What am I supposed to do?
You don't have time for me right now.
You wanna break it off?
I don't know what I want anymore.
I'll see you around sometime.
Ritchie.
Hello?
-Sorry.
-"Oh, Donna"
-"Oh, Donna"
-That's it.
That's your song.
Thought you'd like to hear it.
It's beautiful.
Thank you.
-'Bye.
-Yeah.
Carnal, I think I know
what your problem is.
And it's time we did something about it.
Come on, let's go.
Where to?
Let's just go.
I should have done this a long time ago.
Come on, hop on.
- Done what?
- Gotten you some tail, man.
Come on, Ritchie with a 't.'
I'm going to show you the best part of TJ.
Ritchie, come here. Check it out.
Don't worry. It smells like fish,
but it'll taste like chicken.
You alright, man!
This is your manager's job,
getting you some tail.
He looks at you,
I bet he sees a meal ticket.
Come on, change the record.

**Look, man:**
With a name like that, nobody's
even going to suspect you're Mexican.
I think it's an insult to Steve's memory.
Steve was so gung-ho American,
he'd be proud of anything I do. Lay off.
It's my name.
Yeah, it's your name, man.
-What did she say?
- She likes your big....
-What do you think?
- It looks like a high school prom.
Only this prom puts out.
Look at those bongos.
Get in there.
I can see fine.
Pick one you like.
They'll like you. It's guaranteed.
I don't know. It's really hard to choose.
Shit, take two, man. It's on me.
La Bamba!
Ritchie, come here.
I brought you here to get laid.
Later.
I'm coming.
Connie, I need your help.
It's the baby.
Where is Bob, for God's sake?
Im gonna get Ritchie, okay?
Its gonna be okay.
Yo no speak-o espaol.
What's the idea, Bob,
leaving me alone with this old man?
I had some business to take care of in TJ.
Besides, you were sleeping it off, stud.
Was I that drunk last night?
You were screwed, blewed, and tattooed!
Look at that.
Well, at least tattooed anyway.
The old man wants us to eat breakfast.
I never had snake before.
Its not bad.
What's he saying?
He says, "Life is a snake.
"A snake crawling out of its own dead skin.
"Like a dream."
He's a curandero, a healer...
...and a wise man.
He's sort of my spiritual father.
Ive been coming to him for years.
He's giving you that.
"To live is to sleep.''
"To die...
"...is to awaken."
I told him about your nightmares.
That talisman will help, if you believe in it.
What is all this?
Mexico! You went to Tijuana
without telling anybody?
A fine pair of sinvergenzas!
Id expect this from Bob
but not you, Ritchie.
What did you do, drink the night away?
Okay, it was my fault. I took him there.
-How's Rosie?
-She's in the hospital, where else?
She was all alone.
I had to drive her to the hospital myself!
She was in labour all day with the baby.
Do you hear me?
Do you care about anything?
Go ahead! Go play with your bike!
Did Rosie have a boy or a girl?
She had a girl. We named her Brenda.
What's this?
Bob.
That's beautiful, Ritchie. That's the one.
Coming up in September,
we have the Pacific Ocean Park...
...followed by
the Santa Monica Civic Auditorium.
High Tone lunch, huh?
Followed by...
Are you listening?
...a week's booking in San Francisco.
Now, Ritchie...
...we fly up for that one.
Fly? No, I'd rather drive.
Ritchie, please. It's a long drive.
I don't care. I never fly, I told you.
I have my reasons.
All right, I'll see what I can do.
We still need another single
to go along with Donna.
How about Suzie?
How about La Bamba?
-La Bamba? It's not rock 'n' roll.
-It is the way I play it.
It's a folk song.
I don't want to offend anybody.
-Besides, it's in Spanish.
-That's how I want to sing it.
Rock 'n' roll in Spanish.
You gotta be crazy.
-It'll work. Just let me have a crack at it.
-No.
Even assuming that the other side
of Donna was a throwaway...
...how are you going to handle the lyrics?
You say yourself you don't speak Spanish.
If Nat King Cole can sing in Spanish,
so can I, right?
Come on, Bob-O. What do you say?
Bob-O?
Okay, now smile!
It drives like a dream!
Beats the hell out of taking a train.
How much did this baby cost?
You don't want to know.
But if all goes well in Philadelphia...
...the car is yours.
Philly?
We're going to Philadelphia?
American Bandstand.
We fly up for that. Okay?
Come on, let's go.
-I thought you said you didn't like to fly.
-I don't.
But I love driving fast.
Let me in, damn it!
I want to see my daughter!
Im her father! Im her father, goddamn it.
You're a goddamn drunk!
Bob, stop it.
Get back. Have you gone crazy on me?
I have finally had it.
-I want to see my daughter.
-Not in your condition.
I went pendeja for the motorcycle,
but no more.
-I want my wife.
-You don't want a wife.
He wants a love slave.
One that he can kick around.
Sober up and you can see her tomorrow.
Now go downstairs and pass out.
Ive got enough to worry about
with Ritchie.
You always worry more about Ritchie.
What about me?
I know you don't give
a goddamn about me.
You had me turned in!
You had me locked up!
Do you think I could ever
forgive you for that?
You can't keep me from seeing my kid.
This is my house. Ill kick you all out.
You see anything?
I just saw the Grand Canyon.
Its a long way down there, boy.
You okay?
You know what, Bob-O?
I've always believed
I was going to die in a plane crash.
That's a hell of a thing to say
while we're still in the air.
Its do or die, man.
American Bandstand, Philadelphia, PA.
Drink this. Its vodka.
Straight.
And away we go.
You are all comfortably seated, I presume.
Excellent.
Let's greet a young man
who's making his debut...
...here on American Bandstand.
From Del-Fi Records in Los Angeles.
Ladies and gentleman,
here's Ritchie Valens.
What do you want?
I got money.
I don't want your money.
What the hell?
-I was watching that! Put that back on.
-You've had enough for one afternoon.
Put it back on! That dude's my brother!
Yeah, and I'm your Irish uncle, too.
Leave it off.
What'd you think of Ritchie
on American Bandstand?
-I think it's so keen that he was on there.
-I can't believe he sang Donna.
You are so lucky.
And you?
Who are you taking to the dance?
-Nobody.
-Oh, come--
-Hi, kitten.
-Hi.
So, where's your car?
It was a loaner. My dad sold it.
Hop in.
-Hi, Suzy.
-Hi, Ritchie.
Hi, can I have your photograph?
I mean, autograph?
-Can I get one, too?
-Can I get one?
I'll do you one better...
...I'll get you Donna's autograph, too.
Just like old times?
I really missed you.
I've missed you, too.
So, how's school?
Not the same without you.
When are you coming back?
My school days are over, kitten.
Bob-O's got me booked all winter and fall.
I'll be in the Big Apple.
I'm really happy for you, Ritchie.
All your success and everything,
you really deserve it.
I'm flying.
I'm really flying.
It's yours, Mom.
-It's mine?
-Yes.
Come on.
-Is this where we're going to live?
-It's like a castle.
This is home.
That's the garage.
Over there is the guest house.
Come on, slow poke.
Look at this. isn't it nice?
Right here is where I think
we'll put the swimming pool.
No, Ritchie, the girls can't swim.
I don't want no pool.
We'll make it a dishwasher, right?
No problem. But after we fly back east.
-Back again?
-10 day tour, 13 cities.
Including a spot on national television.
So, congratulations, Mrs. Valens.
Here are the keys to your new home.
Ritchie, this is better
than Queen for a Day.
I love you, Mom.
You're the best.
What's the matter? Nervous?
I'm just a kid from Pacoima.
You're gonna knock 'em dead.
Eddie Cochran, a wonderful human being!
And now for you rock cats, another
wonderful human being, Mr. Jackie Wilson!
Eddie, you were great, man. Really great.
It's that live New York audience.
Rock 'n' roll is an addiction.
Here you are, Ritchie.
Where else? The kid's got taste.
I need you, Valens.
One of the Belmonts got sick.
Probably malnutrition
from this three-ring circus.
-Just kidding.
-I got to move you up.
You're going on after Jackie Wilson.
In five minutes. You can do it.
Good luck.
They're waiting for you.
-Let's go!
-Get rocking!
If they love you, they'll want to kill you.
If they don't, same difference.
And here he is...
...America's newest rock 'n' roll sensation...
...the California Kid, Ritchie Valens.
This is a bit of a rattlesnake.
No, I mean it Bob-O....
Merry Christmas, High Tone.
I've missed you.
Okay, go ahead and open the presents.
Just the little kids.
-Look at all this food.
-Wonderful.
-Hungry?
-I could eat a horse.
Seven and seven?
What about you?
I'm on the wagon, man.
The garbage wagon.  
$5 a week and all you can eat.  
With all this food, I'm staying.  
Bobby, where's Mom's new dress?  
What new dress?  
The one I asked you to buy her.  
You're the asshole with all the money.  
Buy it yourself.  
Don't let him upset you.  
He's been on the wagon for a month.  
He's meaner when he's drunk.  
Come on, help yourself.  
Let's go into the living room.  
I got a present for Ritchie.  
I just got mauled by King Kong!  
Everybody, let's party!  
This is a celebration. My Ritchie is home!  
You okay, Bob?  
Sure, I'm okay.  
Mom was asking for you.  
She afraid I'm drunk?  
I've had one sip of beer,  
and it tastes like piss to me. Want it?  
What's your problem, man?  
Old Steve.  
He always said you'd be somebody.  
And I bought it, too.  
If that's the way Steve wanted it,  
that's the way it was gonna be.  
Even after he told me he wasn't my dad.  
Once I knew the full score...  
...I understood why he always  
treated you a little bit better than me.  
I said, "I'll just hang around  
and take the leftovers."'  
Like a dog.  
That's how much I loved Steve.  
Like a goddamn dog!  
Look, we don't have to talk about this now.  
Shit! I want to talk about it now  
and you'll listen!  
This is a crock of shit.  
He set you up to conquer the world,  
and he didn't leave me shit!
Nobody told you
to throw your life away, man.
I'm only sorry I didn't say anything
about your drinking.
You did it to yourself.
You come in here
like you own the goddamn country.
To me, you'll always be the little asshole
who followed me around.
Yeah, I followed you around.
I followed you around
'cause I thought you were somebody.
Then.
Don't you walk out on me!
Don't you talk to me like this!
You wanted her. I'm not Rosie, asshole.
You asked for it!
I'll kill you!
He couldn't have meant it. He's just hurt.
Your success can't be easy for him.
I love you, Donna.
I'll always love you.
You sound so serious.
I am.
I'm still going to marry you
one of these days.
Will you wait for me?
For how long? Forever?
No, until I'm 25.
Then I'll have a big glass cabinet
to keep all my gold records in.
I love you.
I'm never going to let anyone get in
the way of my feelings for you, ever again.
-Come here.
-What?
Come here.
The whole heating system in the bus
broke down. The whole bus is shot.
You didn't say the tour would be like this.
The hell with it, come home.
-You mean quit?
-No. You're sick.
I'm really sorry.
No, I'll stick it out.
But see what you can do about the bus.
Look, take care of yourself,
and I'll call you tomorrow.
Hello, baby.
How you feeling?
Listen, Holly's lining up a plane
to fly us to Fargo tonight.
-All of us?
-Just the headliners.
You better get with it,
or you'll be out in the cold.
You catching my snow drift, man?
The word is out, all right?
Hello.
Hello, Bob.
It's me, Ritchie.
-What's wrong?
-What do you mean?
I can barely hear you. You sound funny.
I got a cold.
Is Mom there?
No, no one is here.
They all went to church.
Just me and my daughter here.
I was going to go, but you know how it is.
Sure wish I was there.
But you can't have your cake
and eat it, too.
Listen, Bob.
Why don't you fly to Chicago
and meet me?
We can finish the tour together.
I need some family around me.
Sure you want me around?
After all that happened and the shit I said?
Those were your real feelings.
We're still brothers, aren't we?
You still there?
Yeah, cabrn, I'm still here.
And I'm still your brother.
All right, man.
I'll see you in Chicago.
Later, alligator.
Look what just rolled in.
Its cold.
Ritchie, here's the situation.
I heard how you feel about flying.
I didn't think you'd be interested.
Its between Tommy and you.
Ill toss this coin.
Whoever wins will ride in this plane
and will sleep in a warm bed tonight.
Whoever loses
will freeze his ass off on the bus.
Heads!
Heads it is.
Alright. Ritchie, let's fly!
Allsup, back on the bus. Have a good ride.
We'll see you in North Dakota.
Sorry, Tommy.
The first coin toss I ever won.
Come on, let's go.
Jesus. You look like the Three Stooges.
Ritchie, relax. Everything's cool.
The sky belongs to the stars, right?
We interrupt this program
to bring you this bulletin.
Four persons, three identified
as nationally famous rock 'n' roll singers...
...died early today in a plane crash,
five miles north of Clear Lake, Iowa.
Buddy Holly, 22, of Lubbock, Texas.
Ritchie Valens, 17,
of Los Angeles, California.
And J. P. Richardson, 29, of Louisiana,
known professionally as The Big Bopper.
Did you hear? Did you hear...
...what the radio said about Ritchie?
Are you sure he said Ritchie?
Oh, my God! What about Connie?
What is it? What's the matter?
You'd better sit down, Donna.
We understand Holly chartered the plane...
...because the tour bus
had broken down several times...
...and had no heating system.
The youngest of the three stars
killed in the crash was Valens.
At 17, this youngster
from Pacoima, California...
...won a place at the top of the charts
with his hits, Donna...
...La Bamba and Come On, Let's Go.
Valens was still in high school...
...when he was signed to the Del-Fi label.
And just a brief eight months later...
...Ritchie Valens is gone.
Not Ritchie.
Not my Ritchie!
Here in the San Fernando Valley...
...and perhaps,
throughout the entire nation...
...the name of Ritchie Valens....