Modern Life Is Rubbish

By Philip Gawthorne
[people chattering]
[chattering continues]
[amplifier hissing]
- [jacks clicking]
- [feedback]
[amplifier humming, crackling]
[hand thumping microphone]
[humming, low feedback continue]
[strumming electric guitar strings]
[footsteps on stage]
[switch clicks loudly]
[electric guitars strumming]
Can you hear the road
From this place?
Can you hear
Footsteps?
Voices?
Can you see
The blood on my sleeve?
[crowd murmuring, chattering]
I have fallen
In the forest
Did you hear me?
In the loneliness
Oh, the loneliness
And the scream to prove
To everyone that I exist
In the loneliness
Oh, the loneliness
And the scream
To bring the blood
To the front
Of my face again
Am I here?
Of course I am, yes
All I need is your hand
To drag me out again
It wasn't me
I didn't dig this ditch
I was walking for weeks
Before I fell in
To the loneliness
Oh, the loneliness
And the scream
To prove to everyone
That I exist
In the loneliness
Oh, the loneliness
And the scream to fill
A thousand black balloons
With air
- Oh!
- [song continues: instrumental break]
[song ends]
[sighs]
[phone alarm ringing]
[alarm off]
[exhales]
[underground train
approaching]
[man on PA] Now approaching...
[indistinct]
[woman on PA ] Please stand on
the right of the escalator.
Please remember
to touch in and touch out.
- [elevator bell dings]
- [woman on PA] Ground floor.
Lift going up.
- Hi.
- Hi.
[sighs]
[door opens, closes]
Spoke to the landlord. We both
need to be out first thing Monday.
The van's coming tomorrow

at 6:
May as well
just get on with it.
[acoustic guitar playing]
[guitar
continues playing]
Blur?
Which album?
The Best Of.
It's mine.
[click,
needle settles into groove]

[speakers:
singing in African language]
Tsk-tsk-tsk-tsk.
Did you say
something?
No.
I just... I--
I wouldn't buy that one.
- Excuse me?
- I wouldn't buy The Best Of.
It's cheating.
Best ofs are like
a shortcut to enlightenment.
If you want to get
into Blur properly,
then you need to appreciate the musical
odyssey that they went through.
Look, this is
just a hodgepodge.
The songs aren't even in order of release.
It's a complete mess.
You should do it properly. Work
your way through the oeuvre.
See, most people make the mistake
of starting with Parklife,
but there was
two other albums before.
People just lump Blur in
with Oasis
and assume Parklife was some kind of
overnight sensation, like Definitely Maybe.
They don't appreciate
their roots,
how their sound evolved
over many years.
Your best bet is to go back
to square one with Leisure
and move through
to Modern Life is Rubbish.
Then you'll have earned Parklife,
before you move on to...
- Sorry. Do you work here?
- No.
So anyway, yeah, I mean,
I'd start with Leisure.
And I'd try and get it on vinyl.
It's a much richer sound.
I'm... I'm just trying to help.
Thanks for the advice,
but I already have the entire
Blur canon on CD and vinyl.
My cousin used to be
one of their roadies.
Well, then why are you
bothering with that?
Because this is
the two-disc limited edition
with the live recording
of their Wembley concert.
Okay.
Sorry.
Didn't mean to bug you.
I just fucking love Blur!
[laughs] You know...
Yeah. Me too.
- I've got lectures.
- Yeah. Yeah.
Hi.
I'd like to just get this.
- 12.99, please.
- [register beeps]
Okay. Thanks.
Don't bother with that, mate.
Piece of shit.
- Can I take one of these, please?
- Of course you can.
- [electric guitar: sliding note]
- [singer] Yow!

- [speakers:]
- [shouting, laughing]
Don't look back
Into the sun
Now you know
That the time is come
Though they said it would
Never come for you, oh-oh-oh
Oh, my friend
You haven't changed
You're looking rough
And living strange
And I know you got
A taste for it too
Oh-oh-oh
And they'll never forgive you
But they won't let you go
Oh, no
- So you're in a band?
- Yeah.
Well, cool.
You should, you know, let me know
if you guys have a gig or whatever.
- Are you on Myspace?
- No, well, not yet, no.
I mean... I mean, we're still
sort of working on the set list
and harmonizing
the creative energies,
you know, things like that.
[giggles] I'm not trying to
interrogate you. I'm just interested.
You can ask me a question
if you want.
Oh, what,
are we playing a game now?
[laughs]
Okay, sure.
Ask me a question
and I'll answer.
Um, what's your favorite food?
- Licorice Allsorts.
- Really?
Even the boring, squirrelly,
black, twisty ones?
Especially the boring, black,
squirrelly, twisty ones.
- Who is your biggest hero?
- Jimi Hendrix.
Obviously.
- Uh, least favorite food.
- Baked beans.
Evil texture. Ugh.
Um, most treasured possession.
My dad's guitar.
Best talent.
That would have to be
my monkey impression.
[hoot
ing]
Oh, God!
[laughs]
What's your biggest dream?
Going to Tower Records and seeing
an album cover I designed.
Yeah.
- Favorite moment of the year thus far?
- Right now.
Well, I mean, probably when I got
really mashed on some peyote
and listened to Abbey Road
for six hours on repeat.
I mean, that was fucking epic.
Yeah.
What does that say?

[speakers:
upbeat pop music playing]
I love this track!

[speakers:
Thinkin' back Thinkin' of you
Summertime
Think it was June
Yeah, I think it was June
Layin' back
Head on the grass
Chewing gum
Havin' some laughs
Yeah, I'm havin' some laughs
You make me feel
Like the one
Make me feel like the one
The one
You make me feel
Like the one
Make me feel like the one
The one
Thinking back
Drinking for two
Drinking with you
I haven't got a, um...
Oh, oh, oh.
Um... Yeah.
Okay.
Okay.
I–It's...
It's not going on.
Try it
the other way around?
Oh, yeah. Right.
Okay. Got it.
Have you done this
before?
Yeah, yeah.
– Yeah?
– Yeah.
Okay.
Okay, just a bit...
a bit higher.
A bit high...
No! A bit lower now.
No! Not there!
Not there.
Nearly.
Just a bit too...
And now push.
[surprised whimper]
Okay. Okay.
– [thumping]
– [bed frame squeaking]
– [pounding]
– [woman] Fuck off, or I'll come over!
Wait. Um...
Could we put the radio on or something?
The walls are paper thin.
Yeah. [grunts] Okay.
Okay.

[radio:
scream metal playing]
[laughing]
Here.
I'll try something else.
[frequencies tuning]

[classical:
"Flight of the Bumblebee"]
- [pounding on wall]
- [frequencies tuning]
- [romantic pop playing]
- Let's, um...
- Let's move to the floor.
- Yeah. Okay.
Sure.
Just wiggle this way
and I'll just...
make myself...
- [sighs, laughs]
- [laughing]
[romantic pop continues playing]
- [man 1] All I want in life's A little bit of love
- [man 2] Wise men say
To trip the pain away
[man 2]
Only fools rush in
Only fools rush in
- But I
- [man 1 continues singing]
I can't help
I can't help falling
Falling in love with you
I will love you
Till I die
And I will love you
All the time
So please
Put your sweet hand
In mine
So how was your thing
last night?
It's gone really well,
actually.
Working something out with a promoter.
Putting a massive gig together.
- It's all looking pretty fucking fonzie.
- Okay. I was just asking.
We don't have to drag it out like this.
You know?
I mean, I could just
copy these for you.
Or you could upload them if you
just got yourself an iPhone.
I refuse to join the ranks
of the Sudoku-playing,
Kindle-reading,
latte-slurping, iPhone-wearing
clones that adorn this city,
oblivious to the fact that their
individuality has been co-opted
by a handful
of global multinationals!
Fuck the iPhone!
Okay.
You still sticking with the same name?
For the EP?
- Yeah.
- Hip Operation?
Yes.
It's clever.
It works on
two different levels.
But you wouldn't get that,
would you?
Fine.
I know you won't listen to me. You never
listened to me about the name of the band.
What's wrong with
the name of the band?
Head Cleaner?
[scoffs]
Yeah.
You used to get those cassettes
that clean fluff off tape decks.
It's like a reference to musical history.
It's retro.
And everybody knows having "head" in the
name of a band is like a lucky charm.
- Plus it sounds cool.
- And it works on two different levels.
Correctamundo.
Yeah. All right, fine.
Yeah, I can dig it.
- So what about the, uh... the dynamic?
- Well, that's obvious.
You on bass, Gus on drums.
I'm the front man.
Lead guitar and vocals.
- Hang on. Why do you get to be the front man?
- Because I'm lead guitar.
- Exactly.
- What do you mean, exactly? Exactly what?
It'll cloud your focus.
Maybe I should be the front man.
Then it'll cloud your focus.
Besides, you're just a bass player.
If you wanted to be front man, you should
have learned a different instrument.
- Bass players can't be the front man.
- Oh, right.
I guess you haven't heard of an obscure
little band called the Police?
Or some random bloke called
Paul Mc-fucking-Cartney?
- [bangs snare drum]
- I could be the front man. Like Dave Grohl.
Well, if I shoot myself in the mouth with a
shotgun, maybe you'll be given a chance.
But until that day,
I'm the fucking front man.
What's up, boys?
Rehearsal's
not going well?
Just having
some creative differences.
You know how it is,
Len.
[laughing]
I know a geezer
you should meet.
[laughs] Yeah.
Yeah, he'll put the jam
in your sandwich, all right.
What,
is he a manager?
Yeah, sort of. He's more like
a kind of groove doctor.
You know,
audio alchemist.
Sonic surgeon.
Legend has it he gave
Shaun Ryder his first E.
Helped Johnny Marr crack the
riff for "This Charming Man."
Kept the Gallaghers
from killing each other.
For a bit.
I mean,
if I could find him...
Yeah, you should
definitely talk to him.
Could be tricky
though.
He had to disappear for a while after
that business in the hotel in Amsterdam.
What's his name?
No one knows
his real name.
They just call him
the Curve.
- [snickering]
- No, no, no, no.
No, he's the real deal,
lads.
I'll put a word out, yeah?
See what I can do.
Stick it to the man, boys.
- Rock and roll!
- Yeah!
- [loud rock music playing, muffled]
- [people chattering, faint]
  [sighs] I'm just saying,
  it's been three days.
I just thought I would have
heard from him. You know?
Men are only good for one thing.
I've told you that.
Maybe it's because
he doesn't have a phone.
What is he, a caveman?
How could he not have a phone?
Something about not wanting to conform?
I don't know.
  - He sounds weird to me.
  - He is.
But I kind of liked him.
I don't get it.
  It was all so perfect.
Maybe that's why he hasn't called.
  Commitment-phobe.
  - [knoecking]
  - [rock music continues, muffled]
  - [people chattering]
Hi.
So, uh, what kind of
desert island?
  - What?
  - Well...
is it big?
  Is it small?
What's the climate like?
Is there any wild animals
running around?
  - It's hypothetical.
  - I know.
But it might
affect my choices.
I mean, if there was wild
animals running around,
then I might want some
Metallica to scare 'em off.
Or if push came to shove,
then some Celine Dion.
[laughs]
- There are no wild animals.
- Mm-hmm.
It's a small island.
It's just you, a coconut tree,
and a view of the ocean.
I'd have to take
some Radiohead.
It's just a case
of which album.
Mmm.
Oh, but the Stones,
Let It Bleed.
- I'd have to take Motrhead.
- Motrhead?
- They've only done one good song.
- Yeah.
But it's only the best head-banging
tune in the history of rock.
Okay, so you're gonna take a whole
Motrhead album for one song?
Yes. Motrhead are gods.
Besides, having "head"
in the name of your band
is a surefire way to
create musical genius.
Think about it.
Motrhead. Portishead.
Talking Heads. Radiohead.
It's basically
scientific fact.
[giggles]
Give it a couple years and you'll be
adding Head Cleaner to that hallowed list.
- Head Cleaner?
- Yeah.
It's the name of my band.
What do you think?
Well, yeah, it's...
it's... it's interesting.
It works on two different levels.
Maybe even three.
So, is this your original stuff?
Looks like a...
Stone Roses cover.
Iconic.
Thank you.
I'd have that as my album cover any day of the week.
Okay.
You have three, two to go.
Electric Ladyland.
You're just a closet populist, aren't you?
If you're gonna say that...
Hold on.
- Okay.
- Shit.
Just listen to this.

[speakers:
mid-tempo rock ballad]

- [speakers:
  - Wow.
Oh, I got goose bumps.
  [woman continues singing]
Your theory is bollocks,
by the way.
What theory?
About bands with "head"
in the name.
What about the Lemonheads?
They were crap.
No theory is infallible. That's why they're called theories.
The Lemonheads were all right.
Oh! Shit!
Whoa, Liam.
Don't strain yourself, okay?
Look at this crap.
You're such a hoarder. This is a total waste of space.
It's not a waste of space.
I'm sorry, but some of us can't just put our entire lives on a fucking USB stick.

[footsteps ascending stairs]
[door slams]
[sniffles]
[exhaling]
[loud rock playing, man singing]

You wanna come back to me
[singing continues]

Look, there's something
I want to tell you.
[squealing]

Whoo!
- I love you.
- What?
I said I love you.
I love this one too. This is one of my favorites! Whoo! Whoo!
[singing continues]
I fucking love you!
- What did you say?
- Nothing.
I love you too, Liam.
[singing continues]
[door opens, hinge squeaks]
Listen. [sniffles]
I'm tired.
It's getting late.
I don't want to argue.
We'll do the rest of this tomorrow.
[guitar strumming]
[tuning strings]
If you're so adamant on being the front man, I reckon I need a gimmick.
- No.
- Look, I'm not just gonna fade into the background.
So I need something. A hook.
Something to distinguish me.
What are you
on about?
Like the way Wes Borland
is covered in paint,
or Adam Clayton wears
those funny glasses.
What do you think
about me wearing a top hat?
Brilliant.
Fucking brilliant.
All you've got to do now is sit back
and wait for the Grammys to roll in.
Who the fuck
was that?
Don't misuse my minutes,
Len.
Oi, wait, wait, wait.
Wh-What happened,
man?
Lenny,
who is this guy?
I'm the guy
who expanded the minds of some of
the greatest musicians in history.
I've opened hitherto
unexplored artistic avenues
for everyone from Depeche
Mode to Arcade Fire.
I've shared drugs and women
with the Gallaghers.
We're serious about this band. We'll
listen to anything you got to say.
Your rehearsal was supposed
to start an hour ago,
and all you've done is drone
on about fucking hats!
- I work with real musicians.
- Wait.
Please. Just get one beer
and check out our stuff.
Have a little listen, Curve.
Have a taste.
You'll like it.
For you, Len.
- [chuckling]
- Well, go on then.
  Sorry.
  [upbeat rock playing]
  Give it to you
  Like that
  [feedback]
Well, all things considered,
it's not total shite.
- Does that mean you'll help us?
- I've got a lot of bands on my roster right now.
But we need somebody
objective.
A Malcolm McLaren
or Brian Epstein.
- Our P. Diddy.
- Isn't it Puffy again?
- No, it's still Diddy.
- No, I'm sure it's Puff Daddy.
- It's Diddy, you dick.
- Will you shut the fuck up?
Look, I can't
turn shit into gold.
I'm not a miracle worker.
You lot would have to do
all the hard work.
All I can do is tweak a few titties.
You get me?
So, does that mean
you're in?
I'll think about it.
Curve, before you go,
what actually happened
in that hotel in Amsterdam?
If you enjoy
the use of your lungs,
don't ever fucking ask me
about the Dam again.
- [rock music playing]
- How much, mate?
  Five pound.
- [Liam singing]
- [crowd chattering loudly]
I'm so surprised.
They're quite good.
They are good.
They're really good.
[singing continues]
[beeping]
[song ends]
[coughs]
I've seen someone I like.
So I'll see you later, okay?
Okay.
Told you he wouldn't come.
[sighs]
Brought you a cold one.
What's wrong?
I don't know what's happened to the Curve.
No one could get hold of him.
He's supposed to be putting
the jam in our sandwich.
Don't worry.
It's going well.
They're not feeling it.
I've got a present for you.
I wasn't gonna give it to you now,
but maybe it'll be a lucky charm.
Hmm.
Thanks, babe.
[beeping]
If you send one more text
during this gig,
I'll ram this phone down your throat,
pull it out your fucking ass,
and text a picture
to your mum.
Hello, lads.
Did you miss me?
Hello, you sluts. Are you
ready for some rock and roll?
- Whoo!
- Have I died?
I can't hear you. I said, are you
ready for some rock and roll?
[crowd cheering mildly]
Good. Because this
is Head Cleaner.
- Come on! Make some fucking noise!
[cheering, applauding]

Turn the bass down to five,
turn the vocals up to nine.
Right, lads.
This is your stage. Own it.
Gus, don't hold back
on the snare no more.
Liam, don't fucking sing from the vagina.
Sing from the heart.
Olly.
Take that
fucking stupid hat off.
One, two, three, four!
[laughs]
I can feel your
Empty body
Getting closer
To me
I can't help it
Uncontrollable
Like I'm stronger
- Again
- Whoo!
[crowd cheering]
I'm so strung out
At night
What's left
Till you find out
Pick you up, put you down
Still you wanna hold me
I'm so strung out tonight
So hard-up inside
I pick you up
And put you down
And still you wanna
Hold me tight
Still you wanna
Hold me tight
Still you wanna
Hold me tight
- Whoo!
- [cheering, applause]
Sorry there's not much room
for your stuff.
All I need is my guitar and
my girl, and I'm good to go.
Straight up, straight up.
Round this corner.
[frequencies tuning]

[guitars:]
So at my show on Monday
I was told that someday
You'd be on your way
To better things
[both singing along] It's not about
your makeup Or how you try to shape up
To these tiresome
Paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey
- [vocalizing guitar lick]

- [radio:]
Now you pour your heart out
You're telling me
You're far out
Not about to lie down
For your cause
You don't pull my strings
'Cause I'm a better man
Moving on to better things
Oh-oh
I love her because
She moves in her own way

- [radio:
- Oh-uh-oh
I love her because
She moves in her own way
Oh-uh-oh
She came to my show
Just to hear about my day
And at the show on Tuesday
She was in her mind-set
- [squeals]
- Tempered firs And spangled boots
Looks are deceiving
Making me believe it
And these
tiresome paper dreams
Paper dreams, honey, yeah
So won't you go far
Tell me you're a keeper
Not about to lie down
For your cause
But you don't
Pull my strings
'Cause I'm a better man
Moving on
To better things
Oh-uh-oh, oh
I love her because
She moves in her own way
Oh-uh-oh, whoa
She came to my show
Just to hear about my day
- Wait!
- Aaah!
Yes, I wish
That we never made it
Through all the summers
And kept them up
Instead of kicking us back
Down to the suburbs
I guess I wish
That we never made it
Through all the summers
And kept them up
Instead of kicking us back
Down to the suburbs
[sighs]
This is perfect.
A perfect day.
We just needed to
feed the animals in the zoo.
And drink sangria
in the park.
- And be addicted to heroin.
- [laughs]
[sighs]
We're on wafer-thin ice
with this place.
Rent's due on the tenth and the gas
and electricity is due the week...
Due the week after.
I know.
Look,
we'll figure it out.
If the Curve's A&R guy
comes through,
then we're gonna be laughing all the
way to the Rolls-Royce dealership.
Now, are you helping me
with this pizza or what?
Yep.
- [humming]
- [chopping]
- [humming]
- [shaking]
[humming melody together]
What are you doing?
- I've just thought of a great lyric.
- [laughs]
- [strumming notes]
- [humming]
[vocalizing]
Dum-dah-dum dum
Allsort girl
Dum-dah-dum dum
Dum-dah-dum-dah
Allsort girl
Dah-dah-dum-dah
[vocalizing]
We should probably
eat that pizza.
Yes, we should.
[laughs]
I almost don't want to touch it.
Almost.
[laughs]
Mmm.
Mmm.
An artist.
A muse.
A culinary wizard.
I'm just being greedy.
Mmm.
Mmm. Best not.
Don't worry
about tomorrow.
Do you know how hard it is to get these interviews? I don't want to be half-cut.
Relax. They're gonna love you.
It's gonna be fine.
[sighs]
Everything that you do,
my love,
is a work
of fucking art.
Everyone's cutting back.
No labels are hiring.
I mean, these interviews are a waste of time.
Even the top in-house designers are having to spec out work.
It's just not happening.
Our rent's coming up and
God love him, he does try,
but he can't seem to hold any of these jobs for longer than a month.
And one of us has to bring in some real cash, or...
Well, if you're that hard-up, we're always looking for good designers at our agency.
Advertising?
Contrary to popular opinion, the office doesn't actually smell of sulfur, you know.
Anyway,
it's digital marketing, darling.
I'm sure I can get you an interview.
I don't know.
Nat, wake up and smell the economic implosion, okay?
Just think about it. I actually think you'd quite like it.
– And I think you'd be quite good at it.
– You all right, babe?
Yeah.
- How'd the interview go?
- Just wasn't the right opportunity.
We'll figure it out.
As soon as we're signed, all of our
problems will be over. I promise.
How are we doing
with the logos?
Yeah, uh, just inked out
some options for you.
If you don't like any of them,
then I can just go back and...
No, no, no, no. These are all
well-refrigerated, for real.
But this is the one. Yeah, this is the
one we'll use for the demo cover.
That's a dog's dangly bits,
that is.
So, Natalie,
if you were a brand,
what would you be?
What are you doing home?
Manager
was a jobsworth prick.
Gave me the boot.
It's all good though.
I need to concentrate on the demo,
get these tracks finished, really.
How did your interview go?
They offered me the job.
They did?
That's brilliant!
Are you not happy?
Yeah. Yeah.
Of course I am.
Financial security,
steady paycheck.
What's all this?
I'm reorganizing
our music collection.
Come up with a great new system.
You're gonna love it.
I'll walk you
through it later,
but basically it's separated
by country and genre
and then alphabetized
within the different subcats.
Careful.
Careful.
- I'm being careful. All right?
- Slowly. Slowly.
- Wait! Stop!
- Grab it!
- Leave them.
- What?
It's pointless. I don't even want them.
I just want to go.
Are you crazy?
You can't just leave them.
- It's all on my iTunes anyway.
- That's not the point.
None of this even matters.
I hate CDs anyway.
They're tacky. They get scratched and they skip.
Only if you don't take care of them properly.
Let me show you something.
Come on.
- Come on.
- What? No.
- Come on. Come on.
- Liam, I d... [sighs]
I'm not a baby.
You can let go of my hand.
You see this?
Radiohead. Kid A.
Only a limited number of first-edition copies had this inside.
This is not the track listing or the inlay sleeve.
It's a whole different ball game.
A veritable phantasmagoria of ideas, poems, phrases, artwork,
and they hid it in there.
You have to break it open to find it.
See it as whatever you want. 
A hidden treasure map to help 
people understand the album 
on a deeper level, 
or an irrelevant gimmick 
that will remain unread and unfound 
by 99% of the people that bought it. 
But the fact remains, 
it was put there 
for a reason. 
And call me old-fashioned, 
but I think it's nice, 
as a functioning, alive, 
flesh-and-blood human being, 
to be able to hold something 
tangible in your hands, 
to appreciate the texture, 
to actually have 
an interaction with... 
with something physical 
and real... 
before we all download 
our brains into cyberspace 
and receive a pixilated equation telling 
us the formula for a good fucking song, 
or drinking 
a decaf fucking latte! 
[exhales] 
- [thunder rumbling] 
- [people shouting, chattering] 
Shit. 
- [chattering continues] 
- [rock music playing, faint] 
Well, there's a two-hour queue 
for the showers 
and a four-hour queue 
for the cash point. 
Are you sure 
there's no more food left? 
We've got one tin of beans left. 
That's it. 
[sighs] 
Next year, 
when we're headlining,
we'll be backstage gorging on caviar...
lap of luxury.
Beans it is then.
Is that all right?
Yeah, it's fine.
Is it man-fine
or woman-fine?
What?
Oh, you know, like,
man-fine
means it's actually fine.
Like when you're in the pub
and someone says,
"They're all out of Heineken. I got you
a Stella." And you say, "That's fine."
You know,
it means exactly that.
Woman-fine
means I'm saying it's fine,
but there's an implicit sense of guilt,
anger, and thinly-veiled resentment
attached to the statement,
designed specifically to make the
man feel guilty and ashamed.
But there's no way
he could possibly contest it,
because technically you've
already said, "It's fine."
Though the tone of your voice,
you know, suggests
that the subtext is,
"I fucking hate you."
[thunder rumbling]
That's woman-fine.
So is it actually fine, or...
No, it's not.
I'm sick of it.
I'm sick of everything.
This place, here, being stuck in a muddy
tent for three days with no food, no money.
I'm... I'm soaking wet.
This is shit!
Why did you
come here then?
Yeah. You're right.
I obviously shouldn't have bothered.
I've... had enough.
What do you mean?
I've had enough!
If you're gonna be in a band, then be in a fucking band!
Work, rehearse, hustle, write!
I mean, you bang on about how great you're gonna be, and you haven't even recorded the fucking demo!
I gave up my dream so that you could live yours.
This whole place, it just sums you up.
Never Never Land for a bunch of aimless, perpetually stoned slackers.
I get why you like it, but I'm not 18 anymore.
I mean, there's more to life than this.
Like what?
Like getting married.
Buying our own house.
Raising a family.
Where's all this coming from?
This is exactly what I'm talking about.
You've got no idea, do you?
I'm not a student anymore.
I'm nearly 30. I...
Perfect.
Just perfect.
I bought you the tickets because I know how much you wanted to come.
I bought the tickets because you're skint.
Because you're always skint!
But I don't care.
I'd bankroll the both of us until we're old and wrinkly
and our pensions have run out...
if you just really
tried to make this work.
What? Nat, w...
I'm going home.
- What are you saying?
- I need time to think.
And so do you.
[chattering]
Thank you.
Are you lost?
You all right?
[continues, indistinct]
- What's wrong?
- Little fella's lost.
[Liam sighs]
Don't worry, mate.
We'll find your mum.
[footsteps] You mustn't run off like that!
How many times have I told you?
Come on.
What kind of mother takes her son to a modern art gallery?
Borderline child abuse.
What are we doing here anyway?
I told you. We're doing a viral campaign for the gallery.
- A wank, if you ask me.
- Shh!
[whispering] Keep your voice down.
These are clients.
- Liam, my boss is here, okay?
- Well, who cares what they think?
Fucking corporate whores!
[chuckles]
- Are you drunk?
- Maybe.
- Are you kidding me right now, Liam?
- No.
- [man] Natalie!
- [chuckles]
Liam. This is, um,
Mr. Jennings, my boss.
From the office party, remember?
And this is Adrian.
Hi. Good to see you, man.
How's the band going?
Is it
the Head Wipers?
It's going
fucking awesome, mate.
Yeah, actually, Liam's not feeling too
great so he might have to head back.
- Sorry to hear that.
- Feel better, man.
Don't do this to me. You're drunk.
You need to go home.
What's that?
What?
That.
I bought an iPod.
Are you serious? I mean,
where's the inlay sleeve?
Where's the track listing?
The artwork? The credits?
I just want to listen
to the music.
You used to want to design album
covers, for crying out loud.
Yeah, well, I guess they'll
just have to be digital now.
Digital.
All of this crap is killing the music
industry. Don't you realize that?
We met in a record store.
That's never
gonna happen again.
If those things had been around ten
years ago, we'd never have even met.
I mean,
where does it end?
Food chains, coffee chains,
iPods, cell phones?
It's all part of the same process
of corporate homogenization.
Yeah, it's just
a hundred quid to you.
But no one's stopping to ask
what the true cost is here,
to the music industry, to the
little man, to the individual,
to the band, to me!
Liam, can you
keep your voice down?
No! I'm sorry, but I can't
let this slide, Nat.
The iPod is a shoplifter
of the soul,
and it's designed specifically
to sap the human spirit.
Look, you sold out!
- Please be quiet.
- Or what? Eh? Or what?
You fucking people.
You don't have any heart,
any soul.
You don't know what it
costs to create something,
to reach inside yourself
and pull your heart out
and get nothing in return!
You people wouldn't know good art
if it hit you in the fucking face!
Get the fuck off!
I can't believe that
you're doing this to me.
Are you crazy? What the
fuck are you playing at?
They passed on our demo.
You think that's an excuse?
It's the last one.
I mean, we're cooked.
Everybody's scaling back
their rosters.
In five years, they're the only
label that's paid any interest.
It's over.
You know, for once,
you're absolutely right, Liam.
It is definitely
100 percent over.
I'm all packed.
So, um...
So I guess this is it.
I'm so sorry.
Me too.
You can have this
if you want.
[scoffs]
Really?
Yeah.
It's too experimental
for me anyway.
Thank you.
[door slams]
Limb by limb
And tooth by tooth
Stirring up inside of me
Every day, every hour
I wish that I
Was bulletproof
Wax me
Mold me
Heat the pins
And stab them in
You have turned me into this
Just wish that it
Was bulletproof
- [CD skipping] So... So... So-so-so
- Fuck's sake!
[stops]
[sighs]
[woman]
It's somebody's birthday.
Oh, come on, love.
Come on.
Make a wish.
Here. Three sugars,
just the way you like it.
Thanks.
So... you really buggered
that up then, didn't you?
Don't start, Mum.
I know. I know.
A lovely girl like that.
Oh, well,
it's no wonder she left,
if this is how you spend
all your life.
Lay off, Mum. Please.
Look, I'm working on it.
It doesn't look like
you're working on it.
You can't kip
on my couch forever, Liam.
- You need to get up off your ass and get yourself a job.
- I know.
And keep it this time.
I know.
I know.
And while you're staying here,
you can help around the house.
The front door
needs fixing.
Okay, fine.
Do you want your pressie?
Well, what do you think?
[sighs]
Cut me like a rose
Turn me on my feet
Hold me on the floor
Heavy like the force
Between us
I was a ghost
Halted in flight
Kneeling
There of the heart
God undertow
Feeling
I was only falling in love
- I was only falling in love
- [fork clinks]
The Digital Partner App allows couples
to send each other digital gifts
in a... in, um...
in a simulated environment.
Um, just...
Like, bouquets of flowers, and, um, love poems, box of chocolates, that sort of thing. Uh, each partner's profile can be individually personalized, so the digital avatar on the screen actually directly resembles the actual person. The gifts that you can give will be charged to an account. Uh, they'll be affordable. A pound each or so, rising steadily. And it's a great way for couples to communicate and, you know, show that they're thinking of each other. And obviously, there are pop-up ads, the usual accoutrements. Put your shrapnel away. Thanks. Sorry, man. Split's cleaned me out. Look, I don't know what I'm gonna do, but I need to sort my shit out. I just got a new job, as it goes. They're looking for more staff. I can put in a word with the manager, if you want. That would be great. Where is it? [steam hissing] [Olly] Cappuccino for Tristan? Cappuccino for Tristan. I've got a large soy decaf latte for Adrian. Large decaf latte
for Adrian.
Liam.
Oh, geez, sorry, man. I didn't see you there. How you doing?
Sorry. How are things with Head Squeaker?
Actually, I'm-I'm gonna give you guys a minute.
- Um, I'll just be outside.
- Okay.
You got a job.
It's temporary.
Latte.
- All right, Nat?
- Hi.
Right.
Is that mine?
Large latte,
extra froth.
Just the way you like it.
Thanks.
- Bye.
- [whispers] Bye.
Hi. Can I have a skinny soy latte, please?
Hey, um...
Listen, Nat. I don't want to be in the middle of something.
I have been on the other side of this.
Will you need more time?
I totally get it.
[sighs]
It's over.
I promise.
I need to move forward.
Okay.
Hello?
- Excuse me?
- What?
A skinny soy latte, please.
Sorry, mate. Olly.
Skinny soy latte.
Liam! I don't pay you to smoke!
Fuck. Shit.

[man] Love

Love will tear us apart
Again
- Oh, love
- What are you trying to say?
Piss off, mate.

Apart

Oy!

You're playing it in the wrong
key, anyway, you prick!

And love

Look,
we all love Nat, okay?
But it's over. She's moving on.
So should you.
I've got one word for you:
Tinder.
- What's that?
- It's a dating app that links to your Facebook.
I'm not even on Facebook.

You know that.

This is what I'm talking about.
Right? This all has to stop.

We are dragging you, kicking and
screaming, into the 21st century.
You are going on Tinder.

Now come on.

Grow some bollocks.

Olly? Come on. It's the Great
British Bake Off. Let's go.

Coming, sweetie.

What? Doesn't mean
I'm not right.
- [woman] Olly!
- Coming. Coming.

Hey.
Are you Claire?
No.

No, I'm Layla.
- Sorry.
- [chuckles] It's okay.

Are you
from the States?
Yeah. Mm-hmm.
Studying here, or...
No, no. I, uh... I work in a clothes shop on Portobello.
How about you?
What do you do?
Wait. Let me guess.
Something artistic, right?
Oh, I'm in a band.
Yeah.
[laughs] I knew it.
You've got that look.
The whole smoldering, tortured rocker thing going on.
- It's kinda cool.
- [phone buzzes]
[groans]
Well,
that can't be good.
Yeah. Seems my date's flaked on me.
Yeah.
Well,
here's my friend.
Why don't I give you my card, in case...
you know, in case you ever need some vintage women's clothing.
- Hey. I'm sorry I'm late.
- Hi. Okay.
- Are you ready?
- Yeah, let's go.
[inhales] Ooh, I don't know how he did that.
Honestly, even the texture of baked beans,
- it makes me wince.
- [chuckles]
- Mm-hmm.
- [chuckles]
[laughing]
So, do you like it here
in London?
Yeah. Yeah. I wish I had been here in
the '60s. That was my era, you know?
I should have been working in some
Carnaby Street boutique in 1962.
[chuckles] Driving an E-type
Jag with a beehive hairdo,
doing the Twist and freaking
out to the Beatles.
[both chuckle]
I know.
Do you ever feel like you
were born in the wrong time?
Yeah.
All the time.

[all headphones:
music playing]
What are you listening to?
Bombay Bicycle Club.
- Nice. That's nice.
- [giggles]
But check this out.
I think you'll really
love it.
- Interesting.
- Yes?
Can I have this dance?
Thanks.
[man]
Embrace the cold
Embrace my heart
Our love grown old
At least
For each and one point
Ohh, white skin to me
It'll be hard
To break from you
It will be hard to break
[fades]
Any requests?
No.
Just whatever you want.
[piano playing]
She's underwater again
Somebody's daughter
A friend
In the night, in the dark
In the cold
As she walks far away
Nobody's watching
Drowning in word...
[clicks, music changes]

I will love you till I die
And I will love you
All the time
Everything all right?
Yeah. Just... Sorry.
Could we change this song?
Sure. Uh...
[song stops]
Anything you want? What are you into at the moment?
Um, Black Keys,
The xx,
Frightened Rabbit,
Radiohead, obviously.
Man, I hate Radiohead. They're so pretentious and depressing.
Gotta call a veto on that shit.
[couple laughing]
- [Natalie] One more drink.
- I've got work in the morning.
So do I.
[laughs]
[Natalie]
Thanks again for dinner.
[both chuckling]
[Adrian]
Hey.
I've got good news, boys. My contacts came through. You've gotten a gig.
- Foals.
- Yeah.
- [gasps]
- You're on the bill next month at The Forum.
Yes!
This is it, boys!
This is our comeback!
But we need to be
totally ready, right?
Facebook, Twitter, SoundCloud,
Groove Shot, the lot.
And we have to be ready, so that if
we get a spark, it all catches fire.
'Cause all we really need
is one killer track, Liam.
This is it. This is the lifeline
we've been waiting for.
So let's make it count!
Are you up for this?
I don't know, man.
Are we kidding
ourselves?
It feels like this ship's already sailed.
Don't you think?
No. I don't think. Because this is our
chance. This could be our comeback.
Comeback kind of implies that you've
got something to come back from.
You got dumped, and it sucks, and it
hurts, and it's shit, and I'm sorry.
But we need you on top form
for this gig. Yeah?
We need a banging new song.
We need a single.
You're the fucking songwriter. You
wanted to be the front man. Remember?
- Yeah.
- So, start acting like one.
[humming]
Strong enough to find me
Ooh
Somebody's listening
[loud music playing, muffled]
[cheering]
The wait is finally over.
The one and only...
Head Cleaner!
We're Head Cleaner.
This is a song called "Mystery."
The familiar empty feeling
In a sickly void
In the bottom of my gut
Where this thing belongs
Closing my insides
Tedious, repetitive
At least this time's
It's become a part of me
Used to it by now
But it's still
Quite hard to swallow
I'm used to it by now
But still can't spare
The sorrow
If you want another life
Come on, get the best of me
I'll be the story
But you can be the mystery

[laughs]
- Mmm!
- What?
This pistachio
is incredible.
- You have to try this.
- Really? Go on, then.
- You have to.
- That's a lot.
[laughs]
- Yeah. Wow, that's, um...
- It's so good.
- It's... I mean, it's really excellent gelato.
- [giggles]
And speaking of gelato,
you know,
there is another place that I
really think we should check out.
- Oh, yeah? Where?
- Yeah. It's supposed to be fantastic.
Um, it is about...
992 miles away.
It's Florence.
- Florence?
- Yeah.
I was thinking maybe you and me
could go on a little trip.
Unless, of course, you don't like incredible
architecture, and beautiful weather,
and the most spectacular art ever
created in the history of humanity.
In which case,
we should just forget it.
I mean, it's up to you.
But, um, just think about it.
Okay. Okay.
[cheering]
Olly, I'm gonna do
the liquorice allsorts song.
Liam, we haven't practiced it.
All right?
It's going well.
Stick to the set list.
- No.
- It's going well, mate.
C-D-E. Just follow it
on the bottom line.
Gus, kick drum halfway through.
All right?
I'm not playing the song, mate. I don't
know it. Don't fucking start, Gus.
Liam!
If you feel it, play it!
[Olly]
You'll mess it up.
You are a light
Which is strong enough
To find me
Blind me
I wish
I was strong enough
To see it
Before you were gone
To see you
While the light was on
Nobody gets me
Quite like you
Resonating minds
Becoming true
My liquorice allsort girl
You are the light
Which will guide me
My liquorice allsort girl
You get me in fits
Of hysterics
[cheering]
[chuckling]
Haven't you heard?
Somebody's listening
To what has become
Of our bodies shimmering
Under the sheets
So naturally beautiful
I can't believe
What I made excuses for
[cackles]
Now we're standing
On the sides
Of the shadows
Of the songs we shared
All the images we saved
Are just memories
Of what we were
Of what we were
Of what we were
I can't do it, man.
- [feedback]
- [crowd murmuring]
All right. I'm sorry.
We're coming back.
[exhales]
[sighs]

[speakers:
rock music playing]
Your song
wasn't that bad, mate.
You two, fuck off!
I need a word
with this one.
I'm sorry, Curve.
I'm so sorry.
I've let you down.
All I had left
was you guys.
Don't worry, mate.
I haven't come here
to give you a hard time.
All we can ask of any artist is that they
leave a piece of their soul on the stage.
Of course, ideally,
they finish the gig first, but...
Well, I know we didn't get to do
our full set, but we did enough.
And they liked us, man.
You fucking killed it
with that song, mate!
And that is what I've been
trying to tell you.
The best music
comes out of pain.
You've gotta sing
from the fucking heart, mate!
Curve, I'm so sorry.
My name's
not the Curve, mate.
And I'm no rock god.
My real name is Derek.
I live in Milton Keynes with me dad.
He's a maths teacher.
Do you know what I do when
I'm not here with you guys?
I'm the assistant manager
at Tesco's.
Out there, I'm a nobody, but
when I'm in here with you guys,
when I'm sprinkling me magical
musical fairy dust for you,
well, then, I'm the Curve.
And I fucking love it.
You're the only band
I'm working with
and you're the only band
I believed in
and who believed my bullshit.
I live for this, mate.
What about all the stuff
in Amsterdam?
Mate, I've never even
been to Amsterdam.
I went to Jersey once
with me nan. That's it.
What about all the stuff
with the Gallaghers?
You're the only Liam
I know.
And the only Noel I know works
behind the fish counter in Tesco's.
[laughs]
You cheeky bastard.
Yeah.
[laughs]
The thing is, mate,
this is your band.
You write all the songs. I just did
a bit of titty tweaking for you.
You're a great songwriter.
And now you're
a great fucking singer too.
The thing is, man,
I was so looking forward
to tonight.
It's all
I've ever wished for.
But it's like...
it's like
it meant nothing...
because she wasn't here
to see it.
Sometimes you have to lose something
to know how much you needed it.
You already know what you need to do.
Right?
Where are you going?
You're ready.
My work here is done.
Curve?
- Are you coming back?
And this is how it starts
You take your shoes off
In the back of my van
Yeah, my shirt
Looks so good
When it's just
Hanging off your back
And she said, "Use your hands
And my spare time
We've got one thing in common
It's this tongue of mine"
She said, Oh
She's got a boyfriend anyway
There's only minutes
Before I drop you off
And all we seem to do is
Talk about sex
She's got a boyfriend anyway
She's got
A boyfriend anyway
I loved your friend
When I saw his film
He's got a funny face
But I like that
'Cause he still looks cool
[song continues]
She's got a boyfriend anyway
[feedback]

Do I know you
from somewhere?
Don't think so.
It's you, isn't it?
You're the crying guitarist.
Um... don't know what
you're talking about.
Head Cleaner, right?
Uh, yeah.
It's all over the net.
Xylo tweeted about it.
There's even a Crying Guitarist
Facebook fan page and everything.
Really?
After your meltdown, I checked out
some of your songs on SoundCloud.
I really like your shit.
[chuckles]
Thank you.
Head Cleaner.
I love that name.
[chuckles]
Cheers.
Yeah. Bye, then.
Okay.
Cab's on the way.
Have you... Have you
got the passports?
Uh, we are all checked in. I am
just printing the boarding pass...
- [cheering]
- What's that?
- [cheering]
- [feedback]
I can't do it, man.
Bad day for Hip Wiper.
It's Head Cleaner.
Um... I'll sort
those cases.
[guitar playing]
You are a light
Which is strong enough
To find me
Blind me
I wish
I was strong enough
To see it
Before you were gone
To see it
While the light was on
Nobody gets me
Quite like you
Someone remembered
to pack her bowling balls.
Resonating minds
Becoming true
My liquorice allsort girl
You are the light
Which will guide me
My liquorice allsort girl
- You get me in fits
- [clears throat]
Of hysterics

- [computer:]
- [sighs]
It's okay.
[phone rings]
Right.
I guess that is my cue.
- Adrian, I-I'm...
- It's all right.
It's all right.
Really.
I wanted to go to Florence
on my own anyway,
'cause you'd just
eat all my gelato.
Haven't you heard
Somebody's listening
To what has become
Of our bodies shimmering
Under the sheets
Oh, um,
this came for you.
So naturally beautiful
I can't believe
What I made excuses for
Now we're standing
On the sides
In the shadows
Of the songs we shared
- All the images we saved
- [chuckles]
Are just memories
Of what we were
[giggles]
Of what we were
[no audible dialogue]
[woman]
Oh, wonderful one
Why are you like that?
Oh, wonderful one
Why are you like that?
Glow in the darkness
That's how we do it
Glow in the darkness
That's how we do it
Just like the stars
Upon your ceiling
That put you to sleep after
Oh, wonderful one
Why are you like that?
Oh, wonderful one
Why are you like that?
Glow in the darkness
That's how we do it
Glow in the darkness
That's how we do it
They were all out
of heroin.
You were right.
I was wrong.
I've been a complete idiot
for years.
I want to give you
everything you've ever wanted.
If you'll give me
another chance.
I want to spend every waking
moment that I'm with you
making you realize
how special
and amazing you are.
I've really changed, Nat.
Look, I know I've been
trapped in the past, but...
I can't imagine
a future without you.
I want to marry you.
I want to commit to you.
I want to have children
with you.
I want to grow old, fat,
and wrinkly with you.
I want to blast "Ace of Spades" from
the stereo in our nursing home,
piss off
all the other inmates.
I love you.
With all my heart.
Please come back to me.
I know there's another guy
in the picture now, but...
Stop.
Just stop.
You had me at "heroin."
It's always been you.
It always will be.
[both laugh]
I love the feeling
When we lift off
Watching the world
So small below
I love the dreaming
When I think of
The safety in the clouds
Out my window
I wonder what keeps us
So high up
Could there be
A love beneath these wings?
If we suddenly fall
Should I scream out
Or keep very quiet
And cling to my mouth?
As I'm crying
So frightened of dying
Relax, yes, I'm trying
But fear's got a hold on me
Yes, this fear's
Got a hold on me
Yes, this fear's
Got a hold on me
[new song begins]
Before I break
Just a little more tension
Take just a little less love
Realistic
Break-up in the anarchistic
'Cause we can't fight a war
Even if it is for love
Modern urban hippie chick
You're not in lust
I'm feeling lost
You must be lost
To find your way
Someone once told me
Will someone please tell me
Just what it takes
To find another feeling
If that's what it takes
To find another being
Give it and give it
And give it till you lost it
Give it And give it and
give it Till you lost it
Give it and give it
And give it till you lost it
Give it And give it and
give it Till you lost it
Now that we are done
Is there anyone listening?
Maybe you're the one
Unless I'm feeling lost
You must be lost
To find your way
Someone once told me
Will someone please tell me
Just what it takes
To find another feeling
If that's what it takes
To find another being
Give it and give it
And give it till you lost it
Give it And give it and
give it Till you lost it
Now that we are done
Is there anyone listening?
Maybe you're the one
Unless I'm feeling lost
You must be lost
To find your way
Someone once told me
Will someone please tell me
Just what it takes
To find another feeling
If that's what it takes
To find another being
Give it and give it
And give it till you lost it
Give it And give it and
give it Till you lost it
Give it till you lost it
[song ends]