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Not Fade Away

By David Chase

This is a test.
For the next 60 seconds,
this station will conduct
a test of the
Emergency Broadcast System.
This is only a test.
- Is that you?
- Hey.
Long time, huh?
Still selling ice creams
off your bicycle?
Bollocks.
American R&B?
Did you...
Did you nick them all?
I sent off to Chicago.
You know, mail order?
I play that Little Queenie.
Still wearing out the stylus
on your mum's Philips, Keith?
Fuck, Mick.
I don't play it on the fucking hi-fi.
I got me a Rosetti steel-string.
DeArmond pickup.
Nice. I've been singing
a bit myself recently.
With ol' Dick Taylor.
Is that right?
You go for Jimmy Reed?
"Baby, What You Want Me To Do."
Yeah. Yeah.
I love that song.
This meeting took place
some 20 years after
the bombing of London
and the end
of World War II.
We know what happened
to those two boys.
They became
The Rolling Stones.
A couple years after that meeting
on the train,
my brother and his friends

also started a band.
Not so many people know
what became of them.
In fact, like with most bands,
you've never heard of them.
Those black diamond Rogers
are cooler than shit.
Swiv-O-Matic hardware.
This fucking guy I know
goes to Hancock Regional?
He has a 6118.
That's where I fucking go.
I fucking go to
Delbarton Academy.
Fucking eats shit.
I'm fucking transferring
to Hancock senior year.
What's your friend's name?
Gene Gaunt.
Fuck, I know him!
He's like one of my
best friends this year!
Him and me are in a band.
With Billy Schindewolf on drums.
Gaunt's double picking!
They're clapping on the on-beat.
Fags.
Preceding the hearse,
a 13-man Marine Honor Guard,
their bayonets glinting in the glare
of camera lights.
Not going to work today, Dad?
Carmine and me are deciding whether
to open the store.
Lots of businesses are closed.
Good. I'm happy for them.
They're so rich.
I saw my sister Louise
at the Celentano wake.
She started right in.
How I should find Ma a new doctor.
Mrs. Kennedy rode
with her arm stretched across the coffin.
She was wearing

the same pink suit
that was spattered with blood
when the President was shot.
Had one of your
nightmares last night.
What the hell were you
hollering about this time?
This colored boy was trying
to come up the lawn to get me.
The kids in schools in the south
stood up and cheered
when he got assassinated.
Don't believe everything
you hear.
No, you're right.
Let's believe
"The heartbreak of psoriasis"
and all those other commercials
you sell airtime for.
Buick and those jerks.
The men who had
the genius and the daring
to develop the Dynaflo
transmission... Kenneth.
...are jerks.
I'm going to volunteer
to go down there.
That's a crafty dodge from your
plunging grade point average.
How's the bird?
Happy Thanksgiving, Mother.
I think we got a bongo-drum
playing beatnik in our midst.
Stop it, you little fag!
You're a fag!
Stop toying with your
yams and sit up.
The Southerners cheered
because President Kennedy
wanted to pass voting laws
for colored people.
Exactly, Gracie.
That is the precise reason
JFK went and garnered

such animus for himself
down in Dixieland.
Garnered such what?
Look it up,
Mrs. Allen Ginsberg.
Clocks are made by men.
God creates time.
No man can prolong
his allotted hours.
He can only live
them to the fullest
in this world or in
the Twilight Zone.
You can give this program
back to the Indians,
as far as I'm concerned.
- It's cool.
-Now, Mr. Serling.
Next time, we enlist the aid
of a very talented scribe...
There is a fifth dimension
beyond that known to man,
between light and shadow.
At the end of the show,
nothing is ever what it seemed.
Real life's too much
like what it seems.
Dad, this Army recruiter
who came to our school,
he said they got
a tank now, the M60,
can drive right through
a steel and concrete building.
Maron.
I want to go to a college
that has ROTC.
Keep your grades up.
Achieving your goals
is 10% inspiration, 90% perspiration.
Night.
Good night.
It's hard to imagine now,
but the next historical event came only
three weeks after the assassination.

Scott Muni, WABC.
What's that?
Hey, Bette.
It's hot in here.
I know who he was looking at you.
He was, I swear.
It's not just Grace Deitz.
Chicks in general just...
Wait, wait.
Let's face it.
I'm a crap drummer.
I'm a shit athlete.
And that is the biggest sin,
if you're from around here.
He's right, man.
Jocks get 90, 95% of all the poontang.
You played varsity ball
till you got disallowed for grades.
The reason me and Wells
never asked you
to be in the band
is Schindewolf.
The guy's got the fastest
bass-drum foot in the county.
I love her, man!
Hey, shut up!
You want to bring the cops here?
Nothing has ever worked
for me with girls.
I got this skinny physique.
I got this skuzzy complexion.
Rolling Stones.
Aren't they great?
They're gonna leave
right after the show for London.
They're challenging The Beatles
to a hair-pulling contest.
What the fuck are
you doing, man?
My old man's going
to go fucking apeshit!
You see The Stones
on Hollywood Palace last night?
Yeah.

This definitely decides it.
I'm starting a band like them
and The Beatles.
Wells is in.
You want to play drums?
What about Schindewolf?
He's doing so putrid at school,
his old man's making him
join the Marines.
And when our record comes out,
he's got to be available
to go on tour.
England, whatever.
Anyway, I need someone
to back me up on vocal.
When we fuck around making fun
of those songs on the radio,
you sound pretty good.
Isn't Wells going to sing?
He sucks, man.
He's got a putrid voice.
Don't tell Wells I said that
about his voice.
You know what's interesting?
How Charlie Watts beefed up
the Bo Diddley on Not Fade Away.
Like...
He brought it front and center like
in Bo Diddley itself
rather than Buddy Holly.
Two chords. And no changes.
It's like percussion.
Bo Diddley bought his babe
a diamond ring
If that diamond ring don't shine
He gonna take it to a private eye
If that private eye can't see
He'd better not take the ring from me
Mojo come to my house,
ya black cat bone
Take my baby away from home
Up in that fo' door, where you been?
Up your house and gone again
Bo Diddley, Bo Diddley,

have you heard?
My pretty baby said
she wasn't for it
We sat around for
two damn months
waiting for that battle of Anzio.
See, them Jerrys, they had us
pinned down with those 88's.
You're such a retarded driver.
That lieutenant in Italy, he told us,
he said,
"Any of you colored troopers
"tamper with these
local women,
"you gonna be hung
on the spot."
I must have got the clap
from all that clapping I was doing
when the generals passed by
in their command car.
Anyway, you're going away
to college next week.
You wanna make sure you
keep your dick powdered.
Happy Thanksgiving,
Earth people!
This is what I pay that goddamn
college \$2,000 a year for.
There's people with
longer hair than me.
Fags.
Look at the coat.
Looks like he just got off
the boat at Ellis Island.
What?
He kills himself down at
that store six days a week,
plus Friday till 9:00,
with that psoriasis.
And this is what you do?
I will play just the one song.
Leave 'em wanting more.
One second!
Dial.

Ivory.
Colgate Palmolive.
What does that mean?
I left my roach clip at Oberlin.
What's a roach clip?
Fuck the roach clip. Here.
Watch how we do things
at Steinholz Academy.
Get creative.
Come on in there! I got to go!
Flush it down the john!
Our futures could be ruined!
Waste not, want not.
Come on! Whoever's in there!
Don't get so uptight, man.
Come on, already!
This is so unfair.
What do you mean,
he went home?
The popular girls only came here
to see the band.
We can't do the song
without our lead singer.
I should have just
listened to Dave Smith.
He said he wanted
to bring his band over.
They do all John Lennon.
I'm into advanced time
signatures, 5/4, 6/8...
Will you just play the song?
I told you I'd give
you a box of M-80s.
Everybody! Let's hear it
for the Gene Gaunt Band.
Wait. Wait. No.
One, two, three.
Wait. Wait.
You suck sour owl shit!
What's this crap?
He's not the lead singer of the band.
Time is on my side
Yes, it is
Time is on my side

Yes, it is
Now you always say
That you wanna be free
But you'll come running back
You'll come running back
You'll come running back
To me
Easy!
Time is on my side
Yes, it is
Time is on my side
Yes, it is
You're searching
for good times
But just wait and see
You'll come running back
You'll come running back
You'll come running back
To me
Go ahead, baby.
Go ahead.
Go ahead and light
up the town.
And, baby, do anything
your heart desires.
'Cause you know
I'll always be around.
And I know, I know,
like I told you so
many times before,
you're gonna come
back to me, baby.
Come back,
knocking on my door.
Time, time,
time is on my side
Yes, it is
Time, time,
time is on my side
Yeah!
You suck sour owl shit!
Jocks, go home!
A bientot!
See you Monday.

Bye!
Happy Thanksgiving,
everybody.
Easy for you to say.
- Who won?
- Hancock,
The new coach, he's a lollapalooza.
Thanksgiving at
Aunt Louise's is nice,
but why don't we have
everybody over here
for some holiday?
In that postage stamp
of a dining room?
Yeah, there are
a lot of people.
My sisters are
as free as birds.
They don't have to work. I do.
It's nice, too, isn't it?
They know that,
but they have me bring the antipasto.
Think the Army's gonna
let you drive tanks
dressed like a fruit?
The Army?
Why would I want
to join that?
What the hell you
talking about?
We had a whole conversation.
When?
Vietnam is ridiculous.
What did you say?
Plus, this friend of mine,
he said that in World War II
they threatened black soldiers
with hanging
for looking at white women.
Why would I want
to be associated
with an institution like that?
Look at him. High heels.
They're Cuban heels.

You wanna wear Cuban heels,
go live in Cuba.
They have nothing
to do with Castro.
They're nigger shoes!
- Pasqual!
- Don't "Pasqual" me.
He looks like he just
got off the boat!
You already said that.
That hurt!
Let me tell you something,
my friend.
One day, you and me,
we're going to tangle.
Go ahead. Try it.
You want me to try it?
You left and went to college,
now you're a tough guy?
I'll try it.
Stop it! Both of you!
Don't make me use
my judo moves, man!
I want to kill myself!
My shirt!
Be careful not to
track any snow in.
Hi, Grace.
I'm not content
to be with you in the daytime
Girl, I want to be
with you all of the time
Oh, hey.
- I really like your dress.
- Thanks.
- Did you get it for Christmas?
- Yeah, from my mother.
- It's nice.
- The music's neat.
I'm going to check
out the band.
Great party.
All day and all of the night
I believe that you

and me last forever
Oh, yeah, all day
and nighttime yours
Leave me never
The only time I feel all right
is by your side
Girl, I want to be with you
all of the time
All day and all of the night
All day and all of the night
It's too fucking cold.
Let's go inside.
Yeah. Okay.
She may not be coming
back to school next year.
Are you serious?
Where is she gonna go?
- I don't know. Rutgers?
- Really?
That grass seemed
kind of weak.
You smoke a lot at Vassar?
This guy from Harvard
I was dating, he did.
Harvard?
The guy liked that place?
I guess.
He's an adjunct professor.
Medieval Persian poetry.
Your basement is cool.
That.
Yeah.
So, what, you're not going out
with that guy anymore?
The Persian guy?
He's not Persian.
That's not what I said.
How come you never
talked to me in high school?
We talked.
Miss Vogel's class?
Once. You said something
about the pencil sharpener.
I really liked you.

- Yeah, I know.
- You knew that?
Fucking Wells.
He didn't say anything.
You like Wells,
don't you?
My parents and his mother
belong to the club.
Anyway, he likes this
girl at Oberlin.
But you like him, don't you?
He's funny.
He makes me laugh.
- You have a good voice.
- Pardon?
Thanksgiving at Karen's house,
when you sang lead?
The band sounded more
soulful than tonight.
I hope that doesn't
piss you off.
Anyway,
it's just my opinion.
You guys don't have
a name yet?
Wells' latest idea:
He wants to call us
the Lord Byrons.
He's got a lot of say.
He's an art genius,
trades off lead guitars, keyboards.
Time is on your side.
If you are at home
when a surprise attack occurs,
crawl beneath
a table if it is very near.
Or drop to the floor
with your back to the window.
The immediate danger
is over in about a minute.
The ball is moving!
Five! Four!
Three! Two! One!
Happy New Year!

He won't even call me!
I'm so sorry.
Let's go upstairs.
He won't even call me!
You're gonna be all right.
Submitted for
your approval,
one Max Phillips.
A slightly worse-for-wear
maker of book
who is soon to
discover that man is
not as wise as he thinks,
said lesson
to be learned in
the Twilight Zone.
Grace went to the Little Falls diner
with some people.
I was just looking
for a bathroom.
Could you help me with this?
Robert Johnson.
I so dig Chicago blues.
That's all we played
during Freedom Summer.
Delta blues.
Chicago's electric.
- You were down there?
- Voter registration.
Cool.
Did she say who she was
going to the diner with?
Would you like to watch
my sister eat?
No.
I don't get it.
How come the English
knew all about the blues
and we didn't?
Yet it's been right here
under our nose the whole time.
I've seen Gracie
make a poop,
if that holds any

interest for you.

Lead Belly.

"Jump down, turn around,
pick a bale of cotton."

We sang this stuff in
elementary school.

Huddie Ledbetter and Lead
Belly were the same person?

I'm moving. The Village.

This is a series on Dad.

This paint

represents his blood

by way of whiskey sours.

His summer favorite.

Yeah.

This is Murray the K.

This meeting of the Swinging
Soiree is now in session!

Look.

What the hell is that?

It's a UFO.

It can't be a UFO.

It's completely stationary.

It's a three.

It's an omen.

No, it's an S.

He's right.

It looks like an S.

It's an S and a three.

It means success for

the three of us!

Holy fucking shit!

I've rolled and I tumbled

I cried the whole night long

I got up this morning

Feelin' that something

gone wrong

The band sounds good.

Which do you think is better?

Our songs that are more bluesy

or more melodic?

When you sing with Gene,

your voice seems

to make the songs work.

So, your sister...
She's so outrageous.
I know you look up to her and all,
but I don't think
you think it's going so good.
Well, baby, I ain't gonna
eat out my heart anymore
I ain't gonna eat out
my heart anymore
It's time to chip in,
cut the demo.
I can't believe it costs
If we're not ready for the studio now,
we never will be.
Man, that is such a cliché.
Why do people say that?
Whether or not one is ready
at any given point in time
has nothing to do
phenomenologically with
whether one might be
increasingly ready later.
Maybe we could
be more ready.
Maybe Van Gogh wasn't ready
to cut off his ear
and if he'd waited...
I think I can sing
that song better.
What?
I think I can sing that song
better than you.
Actually, I agree.
Actually, I think that goes
for most of our songs.
Look, man,
the session's costing us \$200.
He's got a better voice
than you. Sorry.
He can lay down drums
on a separate track.
All of a sudden you
care about money?
You don't even

have to work.
And you never bought
one fucking guitar pick
-for this band.
- You are uptight!
We're talking about Damiano
singing lead,
not about familial wealth.
I don't really see the logic.
Okay.
Nah, it's not okay.
I don't want to do this demo
if it's just gonna be shit.
Not shit.
You know what I mean.
Hello?
Hi.
Hey.
- How's your cellar?
- What?
The other night, you said
your cellar was flooded.
Oh, yeah.
All right, let's stop.
Take it from the top.
Yeah!
You can get any
man you want going
And you do it
And don't say
you don't know that you do
Well, baby, I ain't gonna
eat out my heart anymore
So quit it
I love you,
I love you I do, girl
But you ain't gonna
cheat on me
I need you,
I need you I do, girl
Choose, is it him or me?
Yeah!
You better watch
your step or, girl

I thought the tall kid
was gonna sing backup.
Well, baby, I ain't gonna
eat out my heart anymore
I ain't gonna eat out
my heart anymore
I ain't gonna eat out
my heart anymore
Got to admit, that's pretty good.
Did you hear the A side
where I sang the lead
on the Arthur "Big Boy"
Crudup tune?
Yeah.
I didn't like that as much.
Hey.
Yo, Schindewolf!
Have you seen the
Return of the Magnificent Seven?
- Guillermo!
- Eugenio!
- Dave Smith.
- Hey, Billy.
I was saying, where
are you stationed?
The Da Nang sector.
I can't divulge the base location.
Hey, somebody said that
you were in the Marine Band
down at the White House.
I tested out to D.M. school.
- You don't play drums
anymore? - No.
What's D.M. school?
I got a scholarship
to BM. school.
I produce such immense logs.
Distinguished Marksman.
I'm a sniper.
Remington model 700,
All right.
You kill guys with
that thing?
Have you forgotten

your old friend?
I told you we were closed.
I'm Hank Quinlan.
I didn't recognize you.
You should lay off
those candy bars.
It's either the candy
or the hooch.
I must say, I wish it was your
chili I was getting fat on.
Anyway, you're
sure looking good.
You're a mess, honey.
Yeah.
That pianola
sure brings back memories.
Look at this fucking guy.
Fore!
Now that's some
funny shit, man.
Look at this guy.
Watching Dr. King on the TV, leading
that march in Chicago?
- Did you see that, Leon?
- Shit, yeah.
They threw stones at him.
Damn!
It was hard to get up
and come to work today.
Had those bullfrogs
on your mind.
What?
"Woke up this morning,
had those bullfrogs on my mind."
- I don't follow you.
- Blind Willie McTell.
When you're
singing the blues,
the lyric line often starts,
"Woke up this morning."
Then life just comes
and fucks you over, right?
I don't sing blues.
I'm a deacon at my church.

Like that
Son House tune, man.
"Woke up this morning,
had those Statesboro blues.
"Looked over in the corner,
sister had 'em, too."
You want to hear
some gorgeous blues
you need to listen
to Duke Ellington or Tony Bennett.
Tony Bennett?
He's Italian.
What kind of movie is this?
Nothing happens.
And there's no
orchestra to tell you,
like, "Watch out,
this guy's going to get killed."
I think the trees
are the music.
Capezio's.
Neat.
Pas de bourree.
Plie.
My little swan.
Here, Dad. For you.
I told you I wasn't giving you
anything for Christmas,
and I didn't want
anything from you.
He's quitting college.
So I told him I wasn't
getting him anything
and I didn't want
anything from him.
Oh, Pat.
I need to devote my full
time to the band.
Christmas. Big deal.
It's Jesus' birthday!
He's probably blowing out the
candles right now in Vietnam,
plus the lives of about
Don't talk like that.

You don't like it,
go live in Red China.
I went down to Newark
for the pastries for today.
The Fabias got a new
colored housing project
going up right across
the street.
Nobody built free housing
for the Italians when
we had nothing.
All Mama and Papa gave
each of us for Christmas
was a navel orange.
That's all they could afford.
What I want to know,
Douglas MacArthur,
what are you gonna
do about the draft
without a student deferment?
What are you gonna do,
tiptoe through the tulips
down there at the
draft board?
He's going to loaf
with that Eugene Gaunt.
Yeah, well, Mom, you wouldn't
understand being in a band.
That's my true family.
Your true family, there,
they're gonna pay
your enormous food bills,
I assume.
I told you I'm going
to get a job.
Doing what?
Ditch digger and philosopher
the rest of your life?
Just till we make it.
Let me call The Red
Skelton Show right away.
Make sure they got a dressing
room stocked with delicacies.
You're so hung up

on this, man.
Why don't you just hire
me at the store?
Looking like that?
You look like you just
got off the boat!
Dougie, come on,
your dinner!
Why bother feeding him?
He's cannon fodder
for the Army in Vietnam!
I know you already have it,
but you said that Joy
always steals your records
and gets paint
and cream cheese on them.
I love you.
I love you.
Happy New Year.
Movie, Long Island champagne,
heater, if we need it.
This is better than our
own little house.
When you find
this Mr. Perfect,
does he get some
kind of award?
The thing is,
with this apartment now,
I'm going to need
bread to pay rent.
Grace was saying that
their milkman's nephew
has this band that plays
at this bar down in Asbury.
The Jersey shore
is all Four Seasons people.
They wouldn't understand
what we do.
More and more
greasers nowadays
are not combing it back.
Grace was saying that...
Look, man, there's something

I need to rap with you about.
They should really
put more than
one of these fat
blobs in each can.
Yeah, that's definitely where
it's at with baked beans.
On the other hand,
it's a treat to wait for it.
The beans themselves
are pretty boring.
Yeah, okay.
Look.
The summer
after high school,
actually,
right through that year,
Grace Deitz was blowing me.
She used to blow
De Souza, too.
I know this for a fact.
Did he fuck her?
I don't know.
But anyway,
getting back to me,
I didn't fuck her.
But she did blow me regularly.
And I thought you
should know because,
A, in the future, we'll face
a lot of stresses and strains
what with magazine shoots,
press conferences, etcetera.
Look, man, she's stone free
to do as she please.
Exactamente.
Especially concerning
outdated sexual mores.
There's one more
piece of fat.
Gracias, man.
Look, this had to be done,
me telling you this.
For the good of the band.

Better you found out now
than after we made it.
The last thing we need
is an Anita problem
like you hear about
with Keith and Brian.
He's my best friend.
Some best friend
who tells you that.
So it is significant.
A minute ago,
it was just part of the sexual revolution.
Right. Things have
really changed.
Yeah, I know. I'm cool.
Now things have changed.
But you were blowing
him in late '64,
which by my calculations
means that Christmas break
party at your house.
Nobody in Hancock
was rapping about
any fucking sexual
revolution then.
You know that as well as I.
You must have blown him
the night you told me
time was on my side.
He's trying to drive
a wedge between us
because I give you
my opinions on the band.
Holy fuck! I'm right!
It was a long time ago,
and, frankly,
it's none of your business.
You blew De Souza,
too, didn't you?
- I know this for a fact.
- Fuck you, man.
How am I supposed to not think
about that when we're kissing?
I don't know!

Think of toothpaste!
You had intercourse
with my sister.
I could've freaked out over that,
but we weren't together then.
I didn't have intercourse
with your sister.
You're a liar.
Why would she make it up?
She's insane?
Don't you call her insane.
You were up in her room,
drinking.
You didn't go in
there to ball her?
No. You're fucking amazing.
High school, it's the
jocks you go after.
Then Wells,
'cause he's lead guitar,
and now me,
'cause I'm lead singer.
Is that what you think?
That's your M.O.
I believe in you.
God...
What was I thinking?
You're a small person.
You were in high school,
and you still are.
Exactly! High school.
Once a conceited bitch,
always a conceited bitch.
I thought we were best friends.
Look, he told you
for the good of the band.
I want to leave
this fucking world.
Fucking A, man!
Dave Smith gets signed
to Elektra Records.
Dave's writing original songs.
Really?
I keep telling you guys!

Andrew Oldham!
The Stones,
he locked them in a room...
And got Jagger and Richards
to write their own songs.
Doing covers is
a thing of the past.
Except,
they had two huge hits.
Not Fade Away, Buddy Holly.
It's All Over Now...
Two hits? I need this
to be my career.
Shame on you, man.
Need is like peasants
starving in Southeast Asia.
Nobody needs a career!
I think we should all
move to the East Village,
get an apartment there.
Corky Curto went to the
East Village the other night.
Sees a guy beating his dog
to death with a baseball bat.
Corky goes over
to intervene.
The dog was a rat!
There's a music scene
there, not here.
Look, I don't want to
lord this over you,
but I've been, like, the main
music figure in this town
since high school.
I feel like I owe it
to the people to remain...
What the fuck are
you two doing?
I feel like I owe it
to the people
to remain loyal
to our roots.
Celebrity has responsibilities.
In June, 1967,

The Beatles released
Sergeant Pepper's
Lonely Hearts Club Band.
Dominic, I'd like you
to meet my son, Orlando.
Pleasure to meet you, son.
We're all proud of you.
That summer is
known to history
as the Summer of Love.
I got cancer.
Mycosis fungoides.
That's what he called it.
Looks like psoriasis,
but it moves to the lymph glands.
What's going to happen?
Could be a year or two.
I started writing some lyrics.
I've been messing with
this progression.
It's a little more McGuinn-ish
than what we usually do.
That's right. There.
I had the cards
close to my vest
When the table
got kicked over
It's what you wanted
Though you thought nothing
and said even less
And now even your
carrier pigeons
Have been picked
off by the vultures
There's only one thing
left for you to confess
Last chorus. Here we go.
Am I still penciled in
on your calendar
Am I still the late night call
When you've got nothing to say
I know it's New Year's Eve
And you say you love me
Last lover standing

In minor C this time.
Last lover standing
Who'll be the last
lover standing
On Saint Valentine's
Day
You really wrote that?
It sounds like an actual song.
What'd you think, Eugenio?
It was okay, I guess.
What about the
other one? Sniper?
It's about the war.
How Schindewulf's old man
made him join up.
It's like a protest song?
It sucks.
Later, alligator.
Jesus Christ on the cross!
These openings are
a tight squeeze.
Bullshit!
I told you not to let her
drive any of the vehicles.
She comes out from the city,
pilfers all our
toilet paper and provisions,
and shears off
a goddamn mirror?
She must be doing
it on purpose!
Why would she do that?
And what's with
wearing the plastic
lemon juice applicators?
I don't know, Dad.
ReaLemon is one of your sponsors.
Is your sister
taking this LSD?
You better come
clean right now.
No.
This is Emile.
What the hell is this?

Yeah, that keeps happening.
It's my strabismus.
What are you talking about?
You're not cross-eyed.
Well, how come
I keep seeing double then?
Or quadruple if I want to?
You walk barefoot
in New York City?
Walking on gobs and chewing
gum and God knows what?
Train kept a-rollin'
all night long
With a heave and a ho
But I just couldn't let her go
Train kept a-rollin'
all night long
Train kept a-rollin'
all night long
Train kept a-rollin'
all night long
The fireworks display
is tomorrow night
for the parents.
Fuck that!
Watch your language!
There's young children present!
Keep it going,
Mr. Drummer Man!
Compliments of the capitalist
pigs at Lackawanna Railroad.
Why shouldn't we have a little
patriotic taste of our own?
O, say can you dig it?
Magnesium! I've been horribly burned!
Do it again!
He's asleep, boys.
It's band business,

Mrs. Gaunt.

I'll go see.

Listen, man, you got to tell him
he's out of the band. I can't do it.

It was your idea!

This cat first taught me
the key of E, man!

- Wells!

- You'll be better at it!

Submitted for

your approval,

Douglas Damiano.

A shy, retiring sort, it turns
out he, of all those involved
has what it takes for
success in music.

He can plunge the knife
in his best friend's back.

Lento told me I had
absolutely

done the right thing in
taking over lead.

Fine.

We want to write originals and
your bag is those covers...

I said fine!

Pimpily faced lead singer.

Chick voted Most Popular
in high school.

You're a fucking cliché.

If you weren't

so fucking jealous,

maybe you wouldn't have burnt
your scalp and ruined the show.

You cats don't understand
the concept of entertainment!

It's fine for Moon to

trash his drum set,

but me doing my juggling thing
is persona non grata?

Who the fuck even knew

you had a juggling thing?

Really? You're gonna

sit there and tell me

you never saw
me juggling
those Pepsi cans outside
the sub shop?
My scalp is fine, by the way.
Thanks for asking.
Wells is right.
You embarrass us.
- Corky Curto?
- What about him?
He got kicked out
of Dave Smith
for playing faster
triplets than Dave?
So?
Me and him been talking
about starting a band.
Yeah?
We jammed the other night,
got, like, three Butterfield
tunes down perfect.
I sounded almost exactly
like Mike Bloomfield.
You are a good guitar player.
Fuck!
My fucking neck!
You fucking...
You used the time
I swallowed that joint
to steal my
fucking life, man!
What the deuce?
What the hell are
you doing? Jesus!
Hi.
I didn't even know
you were out here again.
I took the 33 bus.
Me with all those squares.
I see they got
the mirror fixed.
I had to take the car in.
I should have gone
away this summer,

instead of working
at that stupid gift shop.
Mom asked me
to come out.
For a family meeting.
How moderne.
They think they're so cagey,
but I overheard them talking.
Dad wants to
put me in jail.
Grandma Deitz's stag-handle
carving set is missing.
He's got it in his head
that I hooked it.
Joy.
He's gonna get the pigs
to grab me while I'm sleeping.
But I'm not gonna
be here. I'll be gone.
There goes that master plan
for Mr. Sherlock Deitz.
If you need somebody
to get you out in a hurry,
I'll do it.
Drive getaway?
They wouldn't have
you put in jail.
My copy of Sirens
of Titan is gone.
You haven't seen it,
have you?
Have you asked Kenny?
Kenny reads
Kurt Vonnegut?
He's a funny writer.
It doesn't matter anyway.
You saying you're gonna
help me escape?
It really touches me.
Everything's going
to be okay.
Hello?
Hi, Neil.
Can you hold on a minute?

What?

Fuckers! It was a trap!

I got Bobby a new TV,
with the antenna
and everything.

- Yeah?

- One week, gone with the wind.

How do you want
your steak?

Burn it up.

Who could've taken his TV?

There's no mulignans
up in Cranston.

You're not supposed to
say those words anymore, Dad.

You never were,

but now even more so.

You should call them

"Afro-Americans."

What's so different now?

- Martin Luther King?

- Fine.

Fag, too. You shouldn't
call people that anymore.

- Now what?

- Come on.

Why not?

It's rude to homosexuals,
that's why.

The new term is "gay."

I bet she got some
finook as a teacher
over there at her
new school.

Uncle Johnny!

Please, Mrs. Damiano, let me.

No, no, hon. Go sit down.

I'm sure your mother
would be very upset
if you got a spot
on that beautiful Pucci dress.

That must've cost a pretty penny.

Huh, Jose?

Pasqual, how you been doing?

He's scheduled for
two weeks of treatment
at the Lahey Clinic in Boston,
that's how he's been doing.
Drop it on my
daughter's birthday.
I'm fine.
Douglas, how's the group?
Rock and roll, keeps
you young, right?
Not really, Aunt Josie.
It's an art form.
Does Dostoyevsky
keep you young?
Actually, I'm thinking of
moving to Los Angeles.
Why don't I just
slit my wrists?
Mind your own business,
Josephine!
Grace is gonna
transfer to UCLA.
But we wouldn't
be going together.
- A girlfriend of mine is
transferring, too. - Yeah.
Sorry, I forgot to say that.
Anyway, the band's messed up.
And I might take
a film course.
Going back to college? Good.
Giving college credits now
for making movies.
Laurel and Hardy
had a Ph.D.
Film and music are
the only two forms of art
that both take place within
the medium of elapsed time.
I'm trying to get
my customers
to pay their goddamn
bills on time.
I could give a crap

about movies and music.
People. It's my birthday.

No, no!

I can report you
to the house fellow
for having a man
in the dorm.

- Listen to this.

- What?

Oh, yeah. Orson.

He said,

"The camera is far more
"than a recording apparatus.

"It is a means by
which messages

"come to us from
the other world.

"This is the beginning
of magic."

See? He probably stole
that from Rod Serling.

Music has the
same attributes.

Especially since Hendrix
and you-name-it.

Plato,

he said,

"When the mode of
the music changes,

"the walls of the city shake."

I love you.

Do you believe in me?

Yes.

Here's salami.

Day off down at the job?

No. But it's

Ash Wednesday.

- I was going to go...

- Yeah. Yeah, right.

Your mother and Evy,
going to Lauderdale,
visit Aunt Lee.

I'll buy dinner.

We need to discuss

what happens
when you become
man of the family.
Okay.
Don't make a federal
drama out of it.
All fathers and sons
should have this conversation.
You're almost 21!
A haircut is too much
to ask, I'm sure,
but you show up at that restaurant
without a tie and a jacket,
you and me are going to tangle,
my friend.
I finally got Jerry Ragovoy
to listen to your demo.
How'd you arrange this?
It's been two years.
Good question.
I'm Joe Jerk-Off, right?
- No, I...
- Here's the important part.
I have a promise from Jerry
to try to set up an audition
for you guys in Manhattan
with an eye to signing you.
He wrote
'Time Is On My Side.'
I'm not sure we're ready.
I told that guy.
I told your pal on
the phone about this.
One simple question,
you see how uptight he got?
I think maybe
this is a setup.
A setup? For what?
I'm not sure yet.
I want to keep him talking
until he reveals himself.
Fuck this.
Either we do the audition or I quit.
We haven't played

in four months.
Since Skip got mono.
And I think
I speak for Doug
when I say nobody's
holding any grudges.
You're the one who wants
to do this audition.
I'll do it this once.
But?
It has to say
"With special guest, Gene Gaunt."
If it works out with Ragovoy,
we would still move out to L.A.?
I think you should focus
on the audition right now.
You should become
an actress out there.
I told you, I thought about it,
and people say I should.
And I love movies,
but I don't think acting's right for me.
I could be a writer
or edit film, too.
I just meant...
And I'm also really interested
in veterinary.
You should become a glamourpuss star
and I could do the music.
Are you listening?
Is that all you value about me,
my looks?
I was only kidding.
When I was your age,
I courted this wild gal.
She had a Cord Phaeton.
It was a V16 engine.
Yeah, I know. I know.
It was like a
'Vette back then.
Anyway, she was a pistol.
You know what she'd do?
I have absolutely no idea.
She'd drive us at night

up to the cliffs
overlooking the Hudson.
She'd have her golf
clubs in the trunk,
and we'd drive golf
balls into the river.
She wanted to get married,
but it was the Depression.
I was worried about
job security.
So, how's your
fra diavolo? Good?
Yeah, real good.
You're not eating much.
Big lunch.
Over here, two.
I used to take
that gal here.
Didn't bother her at all,
she was the only woman in the place.
Well, Mom's skeeved out by shellfish,
that we know.
Yeah.
Dad, how come after
the Depression,
you never got drafted
into the war?
Well, actually,
I didn't wait to get drafted.
I tried to sign up.
Seabees.
But the place where
I was working then,
we made belt buckles
and canvas fasteners.
For Uncle Sam.
Vital to the war effort.
So I didn't get to go.
Lucky me, huh?
You know,
my friend from when I was a kid, Tom,
with the one leg missing?
Yeah.
Iwo Jima.

And our buddy, Russ,
he never left that island.
Those weeks when I was
at the Lahey Clinic
getting those treatments?
I met a patient there.
About my age.
Same lymphoma as me.
There's only about 60 cases
in the whole U.S.
Kate.
From California.
L.A.?
San Fran'?'
You could say
I fell in love with her.
I was thinking seriously
about leaving your mother.
I shouldn't say "seriously."
it probably wasn't serious.
Anyway,
what would she do?
What do you mean?
Like, you'd go there?
Or she would come here?
No, no. Your mother.
What would she do?
I don't know.
I'd take...
I'd take care of her.
What, that guy go to Scotland
for the Scotch?
Dad. I was saying
that I would take care of Mom.
You know they're still pulling lobsters
out of New York Harbor?
Uncle Murf has got a friend who has
got a trawler out in Sandy Hook.
It's nice that I can
trust you with my secrets
Your reputation for
discretion is well-known
And I appreciate the glimpse
into your mystery

Tell me just one thing
and then you're on your own
Am I still penciled in
on your calendar
Am I still the
late night call
When you've got
nothing to say
I know it's Christmas
morning
And you say you love me
But who'll be the
last lover standing
Come Saint Valentine's Day
I had my cards
close to my vest
When the table
got kicked over
It's what you wanted
Though you thought nothing
and said even less
And now even your
carrier pigeons
Have been picked
off by the vultures
There's only one thing
left for you to confess
Am I still penciled
in on your calendar
Am I still the
late night call
When you've got
nothing to say
I know it's
New Year's Eve
And you say
you love me
But who'll be the
last lover standing
Who'll be the last
lover standing
Who'll be the last
lover standing
Come Saint Valentine's Day

I took the liberty of writing some things
down during your set.

Is that a recording contract?

Goin' To A Go-Go,

Easter Parade.

You never know.

You might get asked to play it in season
if people are drinking enough.

Those are two of twenty.

Maybe Baby.

I'll work up another five.

I want you to learn them.

Play as many bars and
coffeehouses as you can.

Ensnounce yourself here in New York.

Pay your dues.

Make your living from it.

Play seven nights a week,
two shows a night,
and then call me
in six months.

This material, we'll lose the mystique
we built up with our fans.

Fellas,

let me tell you something.

The band that tries
to manage itself
has five jerk-offs
as a client.

What's your percentage
gonna be, Jerry?

Can you just listen?

Learn 25 new songs?

It's a huge amount
of time and effort.

That's why it's called
the music business.

It's an art form.

So they say.

Since Pepper.

But, okay. Let's stipulate
for now it's an art form.

Art, painting, literature.

The whole kreplach

is 10% inspiration, 90% perspiration.
But playing for drunks every night?
Getting booed?
The Beatles spent two years
playing German strip bars,
dodging bratwurst.
It's musical boot camp.
What'd you think
of their song?
Keep writing.
That fucking
Rickenbacker thing
you had going was
out of sight, man.
So what are you
going to do now?
We shouldn't get
back together?
I don't think so, man.
How do you tell Doug and everybody
that I embarrass you?
We have more laughs
and adventures than anybody.
Since we were
six years old.
Made me want to cry
when I heard that.
You ever read
The Tibetan Book of the Dead?
There is no past.
No future, either.
Just the now.
So, you don't need
to get hung up on
whether you're in the band
or some other band
or no band at all.
Yeah, but you'll
be in the band.
And Doug.
I can return the van
after I drop you off.
Bike's looking excelsior.
Hey, you should

take it for a crank.
Keep your hand
on the clutch!
Keep her in first till
you hit the street!
Shift!
Gaunt takes the snap.
Looking for a receiver.
Montan goes wide.
Here comes Gaunt
with a Hail Mary!
Twenty-six before
This is Big Dan.
My ears are still frozen.
- What?
- Shit.
Oh, you! Don't you
try anything!
Wake up! Wake up!
You are not graduating
from Kotex.
Try convincing your future husband
it was just tampons.
I guess this
puts the kibosh
on Jerry Ragovoy's timetable.
Fucking tragedy, man.
On the brink of success.
Part of me is thinking
of going to film school.
UCLA.
You still rapping about that?
I like the idea of putting music
together with film images.
Maybe, I don't know.
You'd go out
there with Deitz?
She's switching
to pre-veterinary.
Frankly,
we can't wait
around for you
when it comes time
to record with Jerry.

Jerry never guaranteed
we'd record.
This delay,
actually a blessing
in disguise.
Gives us a year to
finally be ready.
A year.
If you can't wait around,
we understand.
Good thing I happen to be
taking voice lessons.
At least now,
if you go to L.A.,
we won't be out
a lead singer.
Bye!
You know as well as I do,
the church says this is a sin.
And on top of
everything else,
our grandchildren
are gonna have mental illness
in their genes.
Chains!
- What'd you say?
- Hold your horses!
What?
My father put snow
chains in the trunk.
Here. Now you keep
your goddamn mouth shut.
Dad...
Okay, good!
They're easy to install!
Bye!
I gave him a pork shoulder.
I put it in with his things.
Here's a long
life to Vassar
Wave we her
flag unfurled
My mother has got your room all ready.
Hi, Doug.

We just got invited to this party
in Hollywood.
Come on.
Do you know where
Rod Serling lives?
That's Charlie Watts, man.
Fuck!
Have you seen Grace?
She was with the dog.
What?
It was shaking and
had diarrhea,
or somebody maybe
gave it DMT.
I got to tell her I just
saw Charlie Watts!
Did a tall girl go in
the bathroom?
I'm looking for
my girlfriend.
I have to pee so bad.
They didn't want anyone
coming down this way.
Somebody said Jagger
was in there for a while
with some chicks.
Nobody at that party really,
actually saw Jagger.
I saw Charlie, man.
What, you think The Stones
all ride around together
in some stupid van
like you and your wiffle-ball
friends back in Jersey?
That place was packed.
She could have been looking for you.
And then left.
She told me you said
you believed in her.
Hi. Get in.
You look lonesome.
Come on, man.
Get in.
Radio magic. KMJK.

The music of tomorrow.
I had to write this
term paper.
And I made it about how
America has given the world
two inventions of
enormous power.
One is nuclear weapons.
The other is rock and roll.
It's a question,
I wrote,
which one is going to
win out in the end.