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Ziggy Stardust and the Spiders from Mars

By Unknown

CAR HORNS AND TRAFFIC
WHISTLES FROM CROWD

HORNS BLARE:

David!

I've got a telex here for Tony from Jerry. I don't know if you've seen it at all.

I'd like to see it.

- It's a very long involved one.

- All right. OK.

I'll read it...

It's all in code.

I didn't know we did business in code.

Can't understand a word of this.

TUNES PIANO:

CAR HORNS TOO:

ANNOUNCER:

successful world tour,
including the United States of America, Japan. Now, his home country.
For the last time - David Bowie!

CHEERING:

AUDIENCE CLAPS ALONG TO ORGAN MUSIC

My mother saw her first spaceship in that.

- What did you say to me? - My mother saw her
first spaceship. - Really? - She says, yeah.

- Angie!

- Darling, I came to say good luck.

- Oh, you look beautiful, darling. I love that.

- Merci.

- So anyway, are you all right?

- Yeah.

- There's an awful lot of Rolls-Royces out there, darling.

- Really?

- Limousines. Incidents occurring.

- Oh!

Tony loved it, he made the driver go by slowly.

- Just people... Being surrounded and recognised and fans going nuts.

- What people?

I don't know. I just saw the Rolls-Royces lined up. It's fabulous!

Ah, you guys, you look very nice and I just came to say hello.

- Bon, je reviendrai.
- Who did your make-up?
- I did. - Did you? - Why? -
Interesting. - It is interesting.
- It's the best one you've done if I may say so.
- It's cos I'm watching you, you see. I'm learning from you.
Do you like the lines around the lips?
No, I don't like and she knows that.
But I like the idea of the blue lines with the pink lipstick. That's quite good.
- You see how they pick on me and make me feel terrible?
- You're a girl. What do you know about make-up?
Exactly! That's what I say all the time(!)
Make-up for a night out on the town, with the boys.
Go on, star! Go on.
All right. I'll see you later. Bye-bye.

MUSIC:

CHATTER IN BACKGROUND

Huh.

CHATTER IN BACKGROUND GROWS

BOWIE WHISTLES:

HE WHISTLES ALONG TO ORGAN MUSIC

No, I haven't. Oh, what happened to it then?

WHISTLING AND APPLAUSE

INTRO:

Well she's a tongue twisting storm, she will come to the show tonight
praying to the light machine

She wants my honey not my money she's a funky-thigh collector layin' on
'lectric dreams

So come on, come on, we've really got a good thing going

Well come on, well come on, if you think we're gonna make it You better
hang on to yourself

Ooh, come on

Now we don't dance much we just wanna play

Then we move around like tigers on Vaseline

You know the bitter comes out better on a stolen guitar

You're the blessed we're The Spiders from Mars

So come on, come on we've really got a good thing going on

Well come on, come on if you think you're gonna make it You better hang
on to yourself

Come on

Come on
So come on, come on, we've really got a good thing going on Come on, come on
If you think we're gonna make it You better hang on to yourself
So come on, we've really got a good thing going on
Come on, come on, if you think we're gonna make it You better hang on to yourself
Come on, come on, baby
Don't mean maybe.

GUITAR SOLO:

GUITAR SOLO:

CHEERING AND APPLAUSE

INTRO:

Ooh, yeah-ah
Ah
Now Ziggy played guitar jamming good with Weird and Gilly
And The Spiders from Mars He played it left hand
But he made it too far Became the special man then we were Ziggy's band
Ziggy really sang, screwed-up eyes and screwed-down hairdo like some cat from Japan
He could kill 'em by smiling He could leave 'em to hang
Came on so loaded man, white skin and snow white tan
So where were the Spiders?
While the fly tried to break our balls
Just the beer light to guide us
So we bitched about his fans and should we crush his sweet hands?
Oh yeah
Ziggy played for time jiving us that we were voodoo
The kids were just crass he was the nazz
With God-given ass
But he took it all too far but boy could he play guitar
Making love with his ego, oh yeah
Ziggy sucked up into his mind Ah!
Like a leper messiah When the kids had killed the man
I had to break up the band
Oh yeah
Ooooooo
Ooooooo
Now Ziggy played...
#..guita-a-r-r-r! #

SCREAMING:

INTRO:

Shakey threw a party that lasted all night
Everybody drank a lot of something nice
There was an old-fashioned band of married men
Looking up to me for encouragement it was so-so
The ladies looked bad but the music was sad
No-one took their eyes off Lorraine She shimmered and she strolled like a
Chicago moll
Her feathers looked better and better - it was so-so
Yeah! I began to unfreeze When the Reverend Alabaster danced on his knees
Yeah! Slam! So it wasn't a game Cracking all the mirrors in shame
Watch that man! Oh honey watch that man
He talks like a jerk but he could eat you with a fork and spoon
Watch that man! Oh honey watch that man
Walks like a jerk But he's only taking care of the room
Though he must be in tune
Yeah
A Benny Goodman fan painted holes in his hands
So Shakey hung him up to dry The pundits were jokin' the manholes were
smokin'
And every bottle battled with the reason why
The girl on the phone wouldn't leave me alone
A throwback from someone's LP A lemon in a bag played the Tiger Rag
And the bodies on the screen stopped bleeding
Yeah! I was shakin' like a leaf because I couldn't understand the
conversation
Yeah! So I ran through the street looking for information
Watch that man Oh honey watch that man
He talks like a jerk but he could eat you with a fork and spoon
Watch that man! Oh honey watch that man
He walks like a jerk but he's only taking care of the room
Well he must be in tune
Oh yeah!
Watch that man
Ha!
Watch that man Ha!
Ooooooh! Watch that man
Ooooh-hoo-hoo! Watch that man
Ooooh-hoo-hoo! Watch that man
Oh yeah! Ooooh-hoo-hoo! Watch that man
- # Do-do-do yeah, do-do-do yeah Do-do-do yeah
- Watch that man

Watch that man
Ooooh-hoo-hoo! Watch that...man.

INTRO:

Solemn faced the village settles down
Undetected by the stars
And the hangman plays the mandolin before he goes to sleep
And the last thing on his mind
Is the Wild Eyed Boy imprisoned 'neath the covered wooden shaft
Folds the rope into its bag
Blows his pipe of smoulders
Blankets smoke into the room
And the day will end for some
As the night begins for one
Staring through the message in his eyes
Lies the solitary son
From the mountain called Freecloud Where the eagle dare not fly
And the patience in his sigh
Gives no indication For the townsmen to decide
So the village dreadful yawns
Pronouncing gross diversion
As the label for the dog
Oh "It's the madness in his eyes"
As he breaks the night to cry
"It's really me
"Really you and really me
"It's so hard for us to really be
"Really you and really me
"You'll lose me though I'm always really...
"free-e-e"
Yea-ea-ea-h!

INTRO:

Jimmy rapped all night about a suicide
How he'd kick it in the head when he was 25
Oh, the speed-jive Don't wanna stay alive when you're 25
Lucy's stealing clothes from unlocked cars
And Freddy's got spots from ripping off the stars from his face
Funky little boat race
The television man is crazy
Saying we're juvenile delinquent wrecks
Oh, man, I need a TV when I've got T Rex
Brother, you guessed
I'm a dude

All the young dudes yeah
Carry the news
Boogaloo dudes yeah
Carry the news
All the young dudes yeah
Carry the news
Boogaloo dudes yeah
Carry the news.

INTRO:

Wake up, you sleepy head
Put on some clothes shake up your bed
Put another log on the fire for me
I've made some breakfast and coffee
Look out my window and what do I see
A crack in the sky and a hand reaching down...
#..To me
All the nightmares came today
And it looks as though they're here to stay
- # Oh, you pretty things
- Oh, you pretty things
Don't you know you're driving your mamas and papas insane
- # Oh, you pretty things
- Oh, you pretty things
Don't you know you're driving your mamas and papas insane?
Let me make it plain
You gotta make way for the Homo Superior
One...two
- # Oh, you pretty things
- Oh, you pretty things
Don't you know you're driving your mamas and papas insane
- # Oh, you pretty things
- Oh, you pretty things
Don't you know you're driving your mamas and papas insane?
Let me make it plain
You gotta make way for the Homo Superior.

CHEERING:

INTRO:

Aah
Mmmm
Ooh
I'm an alligator I'm a mama-papa calling for you

I'm the space invader I'll be a rock 'n' rollin' bitch for you
Keep your mouth shut, you're squawking like a big monkey bird
And I'm busting up my brains for the words
You know I am
Keep your 'lectric eye on me, babe
Put your ray gun to my head
Press your space face close to mine, love
Freak out in a moonage daydream, oh yeah
Don't fake it, baby lay the real thing on me
You know the church of man love is such a holy place to be
Don't fake it, baby make me know you really care?
Make me jump into the air
If you dare
Keep your 'lectric eye on me, babe
Put your ray gun to my head
Press your space face close to mine, love
Freak out in a moonage daydream, oh yeah
Ooooo! Oooooo! Ooooooo!
Ooooo! Oooooo! Ooooooo!
Ooooo! Oooooo! Ooooooo!
Ooooo! Oooooo! Ooooooo!

BOTH:

Put your ray gun to my head
Press your space face close to mine, love
Freak out in a moonage daydream, oh yeah
Keep your 'lectric eye on me, babe
Put your ray gun to my head
Press your space face close to mine, love
Freak out in a moonage daydream, oh yeah
Freak out!
Far out
In out. #
DROWNED OUT BY MUSIC
Aaah-aaah-aaah
Aaah-aaah-aaah.

APPLAUSE:

GUITAR SOLO CONTINUES ON STAGE
- It's going well, Dave. Aren't the audience lovely? - Marvellous. - Beautiful audience!
There is not one single person tonight who's not, you know...
- I should wipe your hands cos their deathly-white with that powder.
- It's all right. Looks nice.

APPLAUSE:

OLD-TIME PIANO MUSIC PLAYS

INTRO:

Still don't know what I was waiting for - time was running wild
A million dead-end streets Every time I thought I'd got it made It seemed
the taste was not so sweet
Then I turned myself to face me
But I've never caught a glimpse
Of how the others must see the faker
I'm much too fast to take that test
- # Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
- Turn and face the strain
Ch-Ch-Changes Didn't wanna have to be a richer man
- # Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
- Turn and face the strain
Ch-Ch-Changes Just wanted to be a better man
Time may change me
I can't trace time
Ah
Ooh yeah
I watch the ripples change their size but never leave the stream of warm
impermanence
And so the days float through my eyes
But still the days seem the same just the same, quite the same
And these children that you spit on
As they try to change their worlds
Ah they're immune to your consultations
They're quite aware of what they're going through
- # Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
- Turn and face the strain
Ch-Ch-Changes
Don't tell us to grow up and out of it
- # Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
- Turn and face the strain
Oh Changes You've left us up to our necks in it
Time may change me
I can't trace time
Strange fascination, fascinating me
Oh changes are taking the pace I'm going through
- # Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
- Turn and face the strain
Ch-ch-ch-ch-Changes Look out you rock 'n' rollers

- # Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
- Turn and face the strain
Ch-Ch-Ch-Ch-Changes
Pretty soon now you're gonna get older
Time may change me
But I can't trace time
I said that time may change me
I can't trace time.

SAXOPHONE SOLO:

INTRO:

Ground Control to Major Tom
Ground Control to Major Tom
Take your protein pills and put your helmet on
Ground Control to Major Tom
Commencing countdown, engines on
Check ignition and may God's love be with you
This is Ground Control to Major Tom
You've really made the grade
And the papers want to know whose shirts you wear
Now it's time to leave the capsule if you dare
This is Major Tom to Ground Control
I'm stepping through the door
And I'm floating in a most peculiar way
Oh the stars look very different today
For here am I sitting in my tin can
Far above the world
Planet Earth is blue and there's nothing I can do. #
Though I'm past 100,000 miles I'm feeling very still
And I think my spaceship knows which way to go
Tell my wife I love her very much she knows
Ground Control to Major Tom
Your circuit's dead there's something wrong
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you hear me, Major Tom?
Can you...?
Here am I floating round my tin can
Far above the Moon
Planet Earth is blue
And there's nothing I can do. #
CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

INTRO:

My death waits like an old roue
So confident I'll go his way
Whistle to him
And the passing time...
My death waits like a Bible truth
At the funeral of my youth
We ploughed for that...
..and the passing time
My death waits like a witch at night
As surely as our love is right
Let's not think about the passing time
But whatever lies behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door
There is you
My death waits like a beggar blind
Who sees the world through an unlit mind
Throw him a dime for the passing time
My death waits there between your thighs
Your cool fingers will close my eyes
Let's think of that and the passing time
My death waits to allow my friends
A few good times before it ends
So let's drink to that and the passing time
But whatever lies behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door
There is you
My death waits there among the leaves
In magician's mysterious sleeves
Rabbits and dogs and the passing time
My death waits there among the flowers
Where the blackest shadow blackest shadow cowers
Let's pick lilacs for the passing time
My death waits there in a double bed
Sails of oblivion at my head
So pull up the sheets against the passing time
But whatever lies behind the door
There is nothing much to do
Angel or devil, I don't care
For in front of that door

There is...

- **MAN:**

FANS SHOUT:

- **GIRLS:**

- David, me!
Thank you.

LOUD CHEERS:

PIANO NOTES STRUCK

How long have we got?

- Anyone in the stalls has got no chance.
- Eh?
- Anyone sitting in the stalls has got no chance.
- Can't they see anything?
- No, not really. Not unless you stand on somebody. Doesn't matter.
- Too bad.

When the end, at the end of that thing... "There is..." And they said, "Me, me, me, me!"

CHATTER AND LAUGHTER

CLAPPING ALONG TO GUITAR MUSIC

OK, the boys are ready...

INTRO:

I've come on a few years from my Hollywood highs
The best of the last, the meanest star they ever had
Stiff on my legend, the films that I made
Forget that I'm 50 cause you just got paid
Crack, baby, crack show me you're real
Smack, baby, smack is that all that you feel
Suck, baby, suck give me your head
Before you start professing that you're knocking me dead. #
Found yourself a trick down on Sunset and Vine
But since he pinned you, baby you're a porcupine
He sold you illusions for a bagful of cheques
You've made a bad connection cos I just want your sex

- **BOTH:**

- # Crack, baby, crack show me you're real
Smack, baby, smack is that all that you feel
Suck baby suck give me your head
Before you start professing that you're knocking me dead.

CROWD CHEERS:

GIRLS SCREAM:

VAUDEVILLIAN PIANO

INTRO:

Time - he's waiting in the wings
He speaks of senseless things
His script is you and me - boy
Time - he flexes like a whore
Falls wanking to the floor
His script is you and me - boy
Time - in Quaaludes and red wine
Demanding Billy Dolls
And other friends of mine Take your time
The sniper in the brain regurgitating drain
Incestuous and vain, and many other last names
You know I look at my watch it says 9:25 and I think "Oh God I'm still
alive"
We should be on by now
We should be on by now
La-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la
La-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la-la
You...are not a victim
You...just scream with boredom
You...are not evicting time.

HE PANTS:

Chimes - God damn, you're looking old
You'll freeze and catch a cold
Cos you've left your coat behind Take your time
Breaking up is hard but keeping dark is hateful
I had so many dreams I made so many breakthroughs
But you, my love, were kind your love was real but dreamless
And the door to dreams was closed
Your park was real dreamless
Perhaps you're smiling now smiling through this darkness
But all I had to give was the guilt for dreaming
We should be on by now
We should be on by now

Negotiates my hide
When God did take my logic for a ride
Riding along
Turn around. #
SOARING GUITAR MELODY
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
He swallowed his pride and puckered his lips
He showed me the leather belt round his hips
You know my knees were shaking my cheeks aflame
He said "You'll never go down to the Gods again"
Turn around, go back
He struck the ground a cavern appeared
And I smelt the burning pit of fear
We crashed a thousand yards below
I said "Do it again, do it again."
Turn around, go back
His nebulous body swayed above
His tongue swollen with devil's love
The snake and I a venom high
I said "Do it again, do it again."
Turn around go back
Breathe, breathe, breathe deeply
And I was seething breathing deeply
Spitting sentry horned and tailed
Waiting for you...ah you
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh
Oh-oh-oh-oh-oh-oh.

I'd like to introduce you to The Spiders From Mars.

On bass guitar we've got Trevor Bolder.

CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

And on percussive instruments and drums - Woody Woodmansey.

CHEERS:

No, it's not Suzi Quatro on lead guitar - we've got Mick Ronson!

LOUD CHEERS:

This is for Mick.

INTRO:

Don't you worry 'bout what's been on my mind
I'm in no hurry I can take my time, oh yeah
My tongue's going red and my mouth's getting dry oh-oh
I'm out of my head
I'm h-h-h-high
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Let's spend the night together now
I feel so strong that I can't disguise, oh my
Well, I just won't apologize no
Don't put me down
We could have fun just by fooling around and around and around
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Let's spend the night together now
You see I'm smiling, baby You need some guiding, baby
I'm just deciding, baby
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Let's spend the night together now
This doesn't happen to me every day oh no no no
No excuses I've got anyway, oh my my-my-my-my-my
I'll satisfy your every need You know I will
And I'll know you'll satisfy me, oh-my-my-my my-my
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Oh they said our love was too young
That our kind of love was no fun
But our love comes from above
Let's do it
Let's make love
Ah!
Oh yeah!
Let's spend the night together Now I need you more than ever
Let's spend the night together now.

MUSIC:

- # Hey man! - Oh leave me alone I said,
- hey man! - Oh Henry, get off the phone
- # I said, - hey man! -
I gotta straighten my face
- # This mellow thighed chick just put my spine out of place I said,
- hey man!
My schooldays insane
- # I said, - hey man, -

well my work's down the drain
- # I said, - hey man! -
Well she's a total blam-blam
She said she had to squeeze it but she... and then she... Oh don't lean
on me, man
Cos you can't afford the ticket I'm back on Suffragette City
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City She's outta sight...she's all right
- # Hey, man!
- Henry don't be unkind
- # Hey, man!
- I can't take you this time no way
- # Hey, man!
- Droogie don't crash here There's only room for one and here she comes and
she comes
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City She's outta sight...
#..she's all right yeah
Suffragette babe
Oh Ziggy
Whoo!
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City
Oh don't lean on me, man Cos you can't afford the ticket
I'm back on Suffragette City
She's outta sight...she's all right yeah
Suffragette City, Suffragette City
Oh my! Suffragette City She's all mine
- # Suffragette city! - Oh I wish
you were mine! - Suffragette City
- # Oooh-hoo! - Suffragette City! -
Oooh-hoo! - Suffragette City! - Oooh-hoo!
Ohhh! Wham bam thank you, ma'am!
We're Suffragette City
Wooo! We're Suffragette City
- # She's all fine.
- Suffragette City.
Oh now I wish you were mine

- # Suffragette City! - Wey-ooo

- Suffragette City! - Wey-ooo

- # Suffragette City! - Wey-ooo

- Suffragette City! - Wey-ooo

Suffragette

Suffragette!

Thank you! Good night.

Thank you.

- Where's my torch gone? There it is.

What's happening now is I've got indigestion.

- ..Big belts. - Which is

where? - On top of the wardrobe.

OK! Are we ready!

Thank you, very much

I'd like to do a...

..a number by a guy who tonight is in London somewhere making an album.

And I think he's a friend of mine.

Well, anyway, he's one of the best songwriters around today. His name's Lou Reed!

And this is one of his early things. It's called White Light White Heat.

- # White light -

- white light gonna drive me out of my brain

- # White light -

- white light gonna make me feel so insane

- # White heat -

- white shapin' them down to my toes

- # White light -

- white light's got it now, goodness knows

- # White light -

- white light gonna drive me out of my mind

- # White light -

- white light's surely gonna make me blind

- # White heat -

- white shaping way down to my toes

- # White light -

- white light could kill me now, goodness knows

Oh, oh, white light

Oh, oh, white light

Oh, oh, oh, white heat

Oh, oh, white heat

- # White light -

- white light gonna drive me out of my brain

- # White light -

- white light gonna make me feel so insane

- # White heat -
- white shapin' them down to my toes
- # White light -
- white light's got it now, goodness knows
- # White light -
- white light gonna drive me out of my mind
- # White light -
- white light's surely gonna make me blind
- # White heat -
- white shaping way down to my toes
- # White light -
- white light could kill me now, goodness knows
Oh, oh, white light
Oh, oh, white light
Oh, oh, white heat
Oh, oh, white heat
Oh, oh, white light
Oh, oh, white light
Oh, Oh, oh, oh, white heat
Oh, oh, oh, oh, white heat
White light's a-flashing
White light
Still feels right
What's that sound? What's that sound? Don't turn on, be dead or alive
No feeling
Here she comes
Oooh yeah
Here she comes. #
Thank you! Good night!
RAPTUROUS APPLAUSE

APPLAUSE BUILDS:

WHISTLING AND CHEERING

Everybody...this has been...one of the greatest tours of our life, we really...

Ah, of all the shows on this tour, this particular show will remain with us the longest because...

CROWD SCREAMS:

not only is it...not only is it the last show of the tour but it's the last show that we'll ever do. Thank you.

AUDIENCE SCREAMS

INTRO:

Time takes a cigarette, puts it in your mouth
Pull on your finger, then another finger, then your cigarette
The wall-to-wall is calling, it lingers but still you forget
Ohhh, you're a rock 'n' roll suicide
You're too young to lose it
But you're too old to lose it
And the clock waits so patiently on your song
Well you walk past the cafe but you can't eat when you've lived too long
Oh no no no, you're a rock 'n' roll suicide
Now the Chev brakes are snarling as you stumble across the road
But the day breaks instead so you hurry home
Don't let the sunlight blast your shadow
Don't let the milk float ride your mind
You're so natural - religiously unkind
Oh no, love, you're not alone
You're watching yourself but you're too unfair
You got your head all tangled up but if I can only make you care
Oh no, love, you're not alone
No matter what or who you've been
No matter when or where you've seen
All the knives seem to lacerate your brain
I've had my share, now I'll help you with the pain
You're not alone
Just turn on with me and you're not alone
Just turn on with me and you're not alone
Just gimme your hands cos you're wonderful
I said - gimme your hands cos you're wonderful
Gimme your hands cos you're wonderful
It's you
Gimme your hands cos you're wonderful
- # Gimme your hands -
- you're wonderful
- # Gimme your hands -
- oh oh oh you're wonderful
Oh oh oh you're wonderful...
Cos you're wonderful
Gimme your ha-a-and
Cos you're wonderful baby
Yeah! #
Thank you very much. Bye-bye. We love you.
CHEERS AND APPLAUSE

MUSIC:

MUSIC: