Begin Again

By John Carney
Thank... Thank you. Thanks very much. And I know that there's a lot of people on the list to play tonight, but I was wondering if I could just add one more. She's a friend of mine who, like me, is a long way from home. And if it's OK with you, I was wondering if you'd like her to come up here and play one of her songs. Is that OK? Yeah? Gretta, would you come up here, please? Uh, just give me a moment. I think it would be a good idea if you'd come up and sing one of your songs. It would be a really fucking bad idea. Oh, Gretta, come on, this is New York. - No. - You want to hear it, right? Yeah? - Yeah? - Yes! Sing it! You're gonna be amazing. Um, hi. Uh, so this is a new song, so it might be kind of rough. Um... It's for anyone who's ever been alone in the city. Thanks. See? Get up!

It's 7:
Good morning, New York, and welcome to the second hour; and Andy in the Morning! Hey, Patsy, did you, uh...
did you read about the dog?
- The Korean restaurant thing?
- Oh, I certainly did.
Did you hear about that, Katie?
Fresh prospects, let's hear it.
What do you got for me?
No, no!
Who's next on this delightful journey?
No, no, no, no, man.
No!
No, you can't...
No, you can't!
It's shit. It's shit!
Get fucking out of my car.
Give me anything, a song,
a hook, anything I can work with.
I'm not asking for much.
That's something. That's good.
Until you started to sing.
Fuck.
Shit.
Where's Mom?
Where's my daughter?
What do you mean?
Your mom has a deadline.
She asked me to watch you today.
Let's go.
So where do you want to go,
the Museum of Natural History?
You want to go to the park
and get ice cream or what?
Why would I want to do that?
I'm not ten.
What's that smell?
Oh, that's gasoline. I was filling up
the car with gasoline,
and then I spilled
a little on my pant leg.
That isn't alcohol.
I think I got a meeting here.
You want to wait here
or you want to come?
You think you have a meeting?
Do you or not?
Let's see.
See? This is fun, right?
When we came into this neighborhood
in '92, there was nobody here.
It was like a war zone.
Hookers, crack...
- Now it's totally gentrified.
- I know, Dad.
I've had the tour.
OK, we're gonna
go up here. Just be quiet.
There's more of a dynamic of...
I think it's a great way
to generate revenue for the company.
- Hi, um...
- Hey.
Was there bad traffic?
Uh, no, traffic was actually
pretty good. I was just passing by.
OK, well, we were just...
we were...
closing up about this
audio commentary piece.
Yeah, shit idea.
It was a shit idea then.
Still a shit idea.
It didn't age well.
Oh yeah, we...
we appreciate your candor.
We had... We had a different
view of it here, though.
I mean, musicians, for the most part,
are pretty much monosyllabic teenagers
who really don't have that much to say,
and that's the good ones, right?
So what are we doing here?
The music industry is fine.
It's always gonna be fine.
We always have been fine.
Maybe the kids are right.
Maybe music should be free anyway.
That's an alarming thing to hear
the head of a record company say.
- What? The truth?
- Well, um...
- Hm. Thanks so much, Karen.
- Yeah, let me know.
Uh, let's... let's talk more.
I really appreciate you...
- Yeah, of course.
- ...coming by.
- Thanks, guys.
- Great meeting.
- Good to see you, Dan.
- I'm glad we got that figured out.
- Thank you.
- Yeah.
Bands doing audio commentary
on their own music
is so fucking lame,
Saul, and you know it.
Ten years ago, man,
you would've shit on that idea.
It's something.
It's an idea.
It's something that helps
keep the lights on. It's something.
We need vision,
not gimmicks.
- That's us.
- I've been following you, Mr. Mulligan.
Down a track on every long shot
you've been bringing
in here for the last five years,
and which one of them has come in?
Which one?
Dan. Dan!
See you later, brother Saul.
Dan!
We need to talk, man.
Come back here.
Don't you walk away from me, man.
You can't do this shit, man.
You can't pull this shit, dude.
You can't pull this shit!
You want to do...
Don't do this here.
I'm gonna do it right fucking here.
Let's do it, then.
- All right, let's do it!
- Because they know, they know.
- They know what?
These people know that they
are sitting behind those desks
because I started an
independent record label
above that bar, Saul.
And we changed the way that
things were gonna be done, man.
- Nurture and foster.
- Things change, times change.
People got to change with them, Dan.
It's not working.
You got to go.
I don't have time
for this shit, man.
I got my own shit
going on, all right?
I'm getting... I'm taking my
client list. I'm out of here, man.
I am fucking out of here.
What are you talking about?
They signed to us.
Don't bother her.
Don't bother her.
Ifs not Jerry Maguire.
Dad, let's go.
I'm taking my art, then.
That's it, I'm taking the art.
It's my art.
I paid for it.
I bought it.
I picked it out.
- I got it.
- Get away from me. Get away.
- I got it, I got it.
- No, you don't. Let go.
Stop it!
Leave it there.
I'm coming back. for that.
That's mine.
All of that's mine.
Come on, baby.
You want another one?
Um, I do, but I won't.
I mustn't. I can't.
How could he fire me when I set
the whole fucking thing up'?
Did you?
Don't you know anything
about your father?
Yeah.
I do.
- I know what Mom says.
- What does Mom say?
She says you're a pathetic loser.
She says that affectionately.
What about you?
What do you think?
I don't really know you.
So...
You know, two years is a long time
in the life of a teenager.
- Where'd you learn to talk like that?
- My psychiatrist.
Psychiatrist.
You have a psychiatrist now?
I do. Mom thought it would be
a good idea. I was acting strange.
There's nothing strange
about you, all right?
You're 15 years old. You don't need
a fucking psychiatrist.
Believe me, I know.
I know you better than anybody.
Yeah, you sure do, Dad.
How old did you say I was?
Did I say you were 15?
I meant you were 14.
Did I say 15?
You got money to pay
for these beers?
I don't... I... I'm a kid.
I don't have any money on me.
- What happened to your pocket money?
- I spent that on condoms.
I... What?
No, no, no, no, no.
Too much information.
- You ready?
- For what?
Ah!
That was fun, right?
Don't smile.
- It was fun, Dad.
- Yeah. You had a good time.
We haven't ran like that
since you were little. That was good.
- This your daddy?
- Hey.
- I'm glad you're here.
- Look away.
I was just going to the car...
- You OK?
- I'm fine.
I'm sorry. My bad.
Have a great day.
I could've taken that guy,
just didn't want to make a scene.
Do me a favor, all right? Don't tell
your mom I lost my job today.
Listen to me...
Thanks for a really
normal day, Dad.
What?
Shit.
Hello, everyone.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- How's work?
- Uh, fine.
You look hungry.
Her teachers are
really worried about her.
No girls like her at school.
She is distant, and basically,
the only people who want
to hang out with her
are older boys who want to fuck her.
Oh, really? And you find that
a big surprise
seeing how you let... you let
her walk out of the house
looking like... I... like...
Jodie Foster from Taxi Driver?
She dresses the way she wants to,
and besides, any daughter
who dresses like that
- only wants one thing.
- A pimp?
- No, Dan, think about it.
- A daddy.
That is fucking bullshit.
She needs some guidance,
for fuck's sake.
Well, guide her! Guide her!
You waltz in here
like a fucking clown,
you tell me how to raise my kid,
the kid that you pick up
once a month and decide
you have a fucking conscience about.
You know what?
Thirty seconds after you're gone,
we'll have totally forgotten
you were ever here.
Thank you.
Shit.
Fuck.
I thought there was no hope.
I thought there were no answers,
and then I found God.
God may not always be
on our time,
but he's on time.
Whenever you're alone...
Sir?
Go.
Have a talk with God.
Right, man.
OK.
I'm gonna have a little talk
with God, all right.
Thank you. Thank you.
What if he doesn't answer?

Attention,
due to a signal malfunction
at Jay Street,
the next uptown train...
"Fuck."
"...will arrive in 20 minutes."

Hey.

Give me a bourbon. Hurry up.

"What kind of bourbon you want?"

"Well, I don't care."
...and I was wondering
if it might be OK if she came
up here and sang a song.
Is that OK? Yeah?

Gretta, would you
come up here, please?

Hi.

So, this is a new song,
so it might be kind of rough. Um...
it's for anyone who's ever
been alone in the city.

Thanks.

"I'm in."

"What?"

I want to make records with you.
I want to...
I want to produce you.
I want to sign you.

We're meant to work together.

Sorry, didn't you see
what just happened up there?

Yeah, what? Are you
feeling sorry for yourself?

No, I like my music. Who cares
if they don't get it, right?

You just need to work on
your performance a bit.

I'm not a performer,
I write songs from time to time.

Are all the songs
as good as that one?

Are you really an A&R man?

You look more like a homeless man.
I've been celebrating all weekend, 
I signed a band and we got carried away. 
That's some song you got there. 
I promise you it could be a big hit. 
Plus, you're beautiful. 
Sorry, what's beauty 
got to do with anything? 
- Jesus, you're tricky, aren't you? 
- No, I actually just think 
that music is about ears, 
not eyes. 
And I'm not Judy Garland 
just off a Greyhound bus 
looking for stardom, 
but really, thank you. 
- OK, bye. 
- Bye. 
OK, here's the truth. 
I couldn't have signed you 
if I wanted to, all right? 
OK. 
I didn't come from a signing tonight. 
I haven't signed anybody in seven years. 
My label's completely lost 
all faith in me. So why did you give me your card? 
Force of habit. If I look homeless, 
it's because I practically am. 
I left my home about a year or so ago. 
I'm sleeping on a shitty mattress 
in some shitty apartment, 
and I wasn't celebrating tonight. 
I was drinking my ass off 
standing on a subway platform 
ready to kill myself, 
and then I heard your song. 
- Want to get a beer? 
- Sure. 
OK, come on. 
Headed A&R department 
at Island Records for two years. 
Left to cofound indie label 
Distressed Records
with Harvard classmate Saul Byron."
So you own Distressed Records?
I sold all my interests
due to emotional difficulties.
- What emotional difficulties?
- I was too emotional. Read on.
"Very active on the hip-hop scene
in New York in the early '90s,
the pair were responsible
for discovering
numerous breakthrough artists.
Won two Grammys as producer.
Lives in New York
with wife, music journalist,
Miriam Hart, and their daughter."
- What happened to the Grammys?
- I pawned them.
You pawned them?
How much did you get for them?
125 for the both of them,
which got me nice and wasted
- one weekend a couple months ago.
- Were you drunk when you heard my song?
Absolutely,
that's when the magic happens.
- What magic?
- I hear things.
- You hear things?
- Arrangements.
You need to be drunk
for that sort of thing.
You must've been drunk tonight,
because nobody else heard anything.
No, your song's good.
It's you.
Standing up there like a tomboy.
I don't mean to be offensive,
but don't you think that look's
a little pass?
- Really?
- Seriously.
We get you a look
and a killer video,
and you'll go straight to the top.
I'm thinking Norah Jones, singer-songwriter thing at a piano. Or the... or The Cardigans, back in the day, when they... when they first came to America? Maybe even Deborah Harry. A male band behind you. What? You find that amusing? No, I'm sorry, something went down the wrong way. Sorry? No, you were saying? Me with a cardigan on? Norah Jones? Babe, who the fuck do you think you are? You're gonna stand up on a stage with a beat-up guitar and you think you're Carole fucking King? No, I just think that an A&R man telling an artist how they should dress or come across is total bullshit. People don't want that. They want authenticity. OK, babe. Authenticity. Give me the name of one artist that you think passes your authenticity test. - Dylan. - Dylan! That is the most cultivated artist you could've thought of. His hair, his sunglasses. He changes his look every decade. Randy Newman. I fucking love Randy Newman. OK? You got me on that. Listen to me. I am not saying that you can't be a real bona fide motherfucker in this business, but you got to do whatever it takes and get people in to see your shows, where the music can start to do its real work.
Oh, my God.
What are we even talking about?
You can't sign me,
and I don't want to be signed.
That's right!
What's not to like?
Come on, let's get out of here.
Ah, shit. You're gonna have to
get these beers, though.
OK, so, uh...
- It was really nice to meet you.
- Oh. Where are you going?
To sleep.
I have a plane to catch tomorrow.
Where?
- Home.
- Why?
Because I'm sick of this city,
and I want to go back to Uni.
Oh, come on. Come on, no one
comes to New York and just leaves
without something terrible happening.
What? What happened to you?
Hey.
Come on, you can... you can share
with me. I'm no stranger to misery.
Listen, just come to my label
and let me play your demo
; partner.
if it doesn't work out, I will
personally pay to change your ticket.
What's one more day in New York,
for crying out loud?
You're just probably gonna go
home and mope around anyway.
All right, look,
I'm gonna go home and think about it,
and I'll call you
either way tomorrow. OK?
- Good answer.
- Yeah.
- It was very nice to meet you.
- Yes, pleasure.
Pleasure's mine.
Hey, you... you got my number, right?
Yeah.
- Hi! Dave?
- Yes.
Hi. I'm Jill.
I work in hospitality at the label.
- Nice to meet you.
- You too.
- Hello. I'm Gretta.
- Nice to meet you.
- Thanks.
- You're welcome.
Right this way.
Thank you, Marco.
I think you're really
gonna like the apartment.
- It's very high-end.
- Sorry, ladies.
Hey, I... I'm sorry. Are you, um...
You're Dave Kohl.
- Yes. Yeah.
- Yeah, I told you guys.
We just, urn... we saw your film the
other day. I so love your songs in it.
Thank you very, very much.
This is Gretta, my girlfriend.
- She writes songs, too.
- Oh, cool.
Oh, would you mind taking a photograph.
That'd be so awesome.
Just that button right there.
Yeah.
- Yeah, it's a good one.
- Thank you!
- All right, thank you.
- Thank you so much, you guys.
You're gonna
have to get used to that.
This movie is selling out
all over town.
- It's crazy.
- Unbelievable.
Oh, no, it's real.
All right, here we are.
We hope you like.
So, uh, your fridge in here is stocked with food.
There are two sets of keys on the table in there.
This is your driver's number and my cell phone number. I'll leave that here.
You're due at the label later this afternoon to meet everyone and say hi, then we'll take a tour around the studio.
So, probably want to catch up on your sleep before then.
So I'll leave you to it, OK?
- Pleased to meet you, Gretta.
- Nice to meet you, too. Thanks.
This place is a shit hole.
Biggest fridge I've ever seen.
Oh my God!
Come here.
Hey, can...
- Can I ask you something?
- Sure.
Should I have come over in, like, a week or two and let you settle in first and get used to everything?
- No.
- Are you sure?
Yeah. I don't know if I could do this without you. It's kind of scary.
- Am I a wimp for saying that?
- Eh...
Hey! There he is.
Big Dave.
What's up, kid?
How you doing, brother?
- Good to see you. Gretta?
- Nice to meet you.
Come on in, guys.
- Put Dave at the head of the table.
- All right, I like it.
- You guys, you meet everyone?
Hi, everybody.
My assistant, Mim,
the beautiful Mim. This is, uh...
...Mildred from marketing.
Hi.
Billy there is social media.
The rest of the gang
you'll meet, spend time with.
So, uh, Gretta, you're gonna play guitar
on a track or two, I hope, right?
Oh, yeah, sure.
I mean, if Dave wants.
Yeah, Gretta and I have been writing
together for a couple years now,
even before the film came along.
So I would love for us
to try a couple of her songs.
Did you... did you write
on the film with him?
- No. No, no, no. No, I...  
- No?
I mean, that's the sound we're
after is from the movie, right?
- Of course.
- Oui?
- Yes, yes.
- Sf? Came'?
Yes, I just, you know... Gretta's
very much a part of the inspiration
behind everything, you know,
so I just thought...
She's not just my girlfriend.
We're partners almost.
- I just wanted to include her.
- Um, just to be completely clear,
I'm... I'm just tagging along on this.
I'm really happy to be here
and more than happy
to accompany Dave
on a couple of tracks.
How sweet is this girl?
I love that.
Whew.
How great are these guys?
I love them.
Rolling Stone.
Yeah, thank you so much.
All right, it was
great talking to you. Thanks.
What's that?
- That's matcha tea.
- Matcha tea?
Yeah. it's got, like,
four million antioxidants in it.
- Oh my God, it tastes like piss.
- I like it.
Samurais used to drink it
before they went into battle.
You're not a samurai;
you're a songwriter.
- Well, I'm kind of like a samurai.
- Are you?
- OK, bring it back to the start.
- Let me give these to the guys.
Oh, hey. We got to go
to LA for a week on Monday.
- We're going to LA?
- Uh, no, sorry.
 It's just with some label guys.
They have an office there.
They want me to meet
this video director guy.
But in the meantime, I'd really
like you to listen to this. So yes?
Yes, I'm sorry. I'll, uh...
deliver coffee.
OK.
- Hey, guys, can we do this again?
- You got it, Dave. Take two.
And rolling.
Thank you.
Oh my God!
- Hello!
- Look at you!
Oh my God!
He has the studio for three months,
and then we go on tour,
- so I think we're staying for six?
This is unbelievable.
You're total rock stars.
Which studio is he working with?
- Electric Lady.
- Oh, fuck off.
- I know.
- Oh my...
- Cool, isn't it?
- Are you serious?
- So, uh, this is me.
- Aw, ifs lovely.
It's like that old joke. You put the key in the door, you break a window.
My God, look at all this stuff.
Yeah, a lot of the studios, uh, are upgrading.
80 they're practically giving stuff away. I can record an album here soon.
Well, that'd be cool.
Look at you.
You've got CDs.
Yeah, I just phased out all my cassettes. Have a sit down.
- It's very retro of you.
- I have whiskey or water.
- Whiskey, please.
- Of course you will.
Look what you've got.
People are going crazy for that here.
When I play a show, and the people know I went to college in Bristol, the first thing they ask is if I know your boyfriend.
Tell me about it. I'm becoming "Dave Kohl's girlfriend" back home.
I'm like, "Hello, we used to be a team. What happened?"
Ah, you know what they say, get your songs in a movie.
So this is me. This is where I've been for God knows how long.
- I love it. Yeah.
- Do you?
Did you see the bed?
I made that bed.
That's impressive.
How do you get up there?
I vault. I vault.
You vault? With a pole?
No, no pole.
It's just, it's one...
I do it in one straight,
like, one straight luge.
Unless I'm drunk, in which...
in which case I...
it's often a dismount.
- God.
- It's the back I like.
It's like he's holding a guitar,
but he wants you
to think it's his penis.
He's saying,
"Look, it's a guitar, but it's not.
This is the actual size of my penis."
Why, no?
I am gonna shoot this
because you have to play that
the way you just played it.
OK, you play the guitar, 'cause I can't
do that when that thing's on.
I will. OK, where's...
- It's in G.
- I know G.
- I don't like that.
- I can play G.
It doesn't matter,
you have to get over this.
- This is an exercise.
- Yes. Ready?
Slower.
Done.
- What do you think?
- What do I think?
I think...
I think I'm angry. I think I...
I think I'm mad at you
'cause it's so good
that I hate you a little bit.
So incredibly good.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
- Really?
- Yeah, what's it called?
I don't know.
Um, "Lost Stars"?
- You like it?
- I... I don't like it.
I think it's... I love it,
and I think it's incredible,
and is it...
Is it about... It's about me? It's not
about your other boyfriend, right?
I don't know if it's about you,
but if's definitely for you.
- I'll take it.
- It's your Christmas present
'cause I can't afford to buy you
another one. Happy Christmas!
This is the only present I want.
- Yeah? Happy Christmas.
- Thank you very much.
- I love you.
- I love you.
Aah! Turn it off, turn it off,
turn it off, turn it off.
Hi.
- I missed you.
- I missed you.
- What... what did you do?
- Uh, nothing, really.
I just kind of hung around here.
I went to some botanical gardens.
- Oh, really?
- It was very lovely.
- Nice.
- Yeah, it was good.
I wrote a new song.
- Did you?
- Yeah.
I was inspired in LA.
- Want to hear it?
- Wow, yeah.
- Would you be interested in that?
- I'd be very interested in that.
- I've got it right here.
- How exciting.
Fuck!
What the fuck is wrong with you?
You're like a fucking mind reader.
Who is it for?
Wm.
Mim from the label, Mim?
Mim...
Mim, who we met...
...one month ago? Mim, Mim?
Yeah.
Was she in LA with you?
Yeah. Yeah.
I don't know what to say.
It just happened.
I...
Maybe it'll go away.
Maybe it'll fade.
I just...
I have to see it through.
Do you want to put your head
this end or this end?
Obviously...
Do you want a tea?
I don't remember
if you take sugar or...
I'm gonna wing it.
I'll wing it.
Please, won't you
come out with me tonight?
I'm gonna play some songs
down at this open mic night.
- Why don't you come with me?
- 'Cause I hate your fucking songs.
All right, I think we both know
that that isn't true, so...
Sorry, I didn't... No.
I... I love your songs.
Pmjust... I...
I'm being fucking horrendous right now,
which is exactly why I need to, um...
I need to go home.
That's exactly why you need
to come with me.
Come on. I insist.
- Uh...
- Pick that up and come with me.
You're coming.
I'm not leaving you here.
I'll come back, I'll find your
fucking head in the oven. Come with me.
Uh, ladies and gentlemen,
I have a friend here tonight.
And if it's OK with you,
I was wondering
if you'd like her to come up here
and play one of her songs.
- Yeah!
- Is... is that OK?
Yeah? Gretta, would you
come up here, please?
- Hello?
- Hey.
Were you serious last night
about signing me?
Who is this?
Really?
I'm joking. Yeah, I was serious.
I have all my suits here.
Would you get me a nice suit
and make me look nice, princess?
- Wait, you can't just...
- I heard a song last night,
and I'm telling you,
it's exactly what that
- shit-ass label needs.
- I'm glad.
You can't just barge in here.
You can't come in like this.
- Why?
- Uh, because that's our arrangement.
- You got somebody here?
- That's not the point.
We have an arrangement.
- Hello!
- Stop it, will you?
- Stray man! Any stray man!
- It's not funny.
Don't worry about me,
it's just the husband taking a shower.
- You can continue fucking my wife!
- Hey.
- That's not funny.
- Hey, I'm sorry.
If I did, you'd be the first I'd tell.
- OK?
- Oh, so you're not.
- I'll get you a shirt and a...
- No razor!
Stop it.
All right?
You want to come in?
You want sexy time?
No.
OK, ready?
So where are we going, Mr. A&R Man?
We're going to my partner to play him
your music. Got your demo?
No.
- You don't have a demo?
- No.
Do you have MySpace
or Facebook or anything?
MySpace? No, I...
No, I don't. I just...
I... You know, I told you,
I write songs from time to time.
- What do you write them for?
- What do you mean, "what for"?
For my pleasure and for my cat.
Oh really?
Does he like them?
She. Yes, she seems to.
- How do you know?
- Because she purrs.
Maybe she's booing.
No, she purrs at Leonard Cohen, too,
and she has very good taste.
- Maybe she's fucking with you.
- Can we stop talking about cats now?
- OK.
- OK.

Fuck it. Let's do this
the old-fashioned way.
Thank you, Gretta.
Thanks very much. Thanks for coming in.
I'm just gonna take
a moment to talk with Dan for a minute.
Thank you.
I'm not into it,
it's a little undercooked for me.
She seems to have kind of
an attitude problem and...
What are you looking for, man?
What, you want some...
some little teenage pop star
whose mom's been raising her
since two years old for stardom?
- I mean...
- No, that's not what I'm looking for,
but if you know someone
like that, I mean...
Just give me the money to make the demo.
I'll take her into the studio.
Get a hot-shit producer. Get a couple
session musicians, dial the thing out.
Then you can hear what I'm hearing,
and then you can tell me to fuck myself.
People send us their demos.
It's not the other way around.
We don't... we don't make demos.
We're prospectors, man,
we're investors.
We're digging for gold.
Make a tape,
and we'll get back to you.
That's the best I can
do right now, bro.
So I've been thinking.
Why do we even need
to rent a fucking studio?
Because... you need a desk,
a live room and soundproofing. Laptop, Pro Tools, a couple dynamic mics, - and the city is our fucking live room. - You mean record outside? - That's right. - Like where? Everywhere. Fuck him. We don't need a demo. Let's... let's record an album. Every song we do in a different location. All over New York City. And we do it through the summer, and it becomes this tribute to this beautiful, goddamn crazy, fractured mess of a city, New York. OK, like, under the bridge on the Lower East Side. Top of the Empire State Building. Rowing boats in the lake in Central Park. Chinatown. Cathedral of Saint John the Divine. OK, in the subway, in fucking Harlem, everywhere, OK? OK, so what happens if it starts raining'? Whatever happens, we record it. - If we get arrested? - Keep rolling. It'll be beautiful. You like it? What do you think? It's good. - It's good. Come on. - Will you produce it? - Me? - Yeah. No, I haven't produced in a long time. We'll get somebody young to produce it. - No, but I want you to do it. - Why?
Because I do.
I'll give you strings,
but we definitely need piano.
Fill in the guitars underneath.
- Got it, I love it. Done.
- Done.
The world's first Jag mobile recording studio...
...is done.
- It's bloody genius, it is.
- Where do you want to go?
We need musicians.
Terminally, miserably bored musicians.
And after that, I think,
then you bring in the violin and cello.
First cello, then violin.
When we get into that guitar thing,
I want it to just become
a whole different kind of song.
This is Malcolm.
Malcolm is a child prodigy.
He's been playing violin
since he was five years old.
I technically started when I was four.
Four.
- Wow.
- And this is his older sister, Rachel.
She's at the Manhattan School of Music
on a full scholarship.
- Top-of-her-class cellist.
- That's amazing.
So herds the deal.
I can't afford to pay you up front,
so I want to offer you a...
a legitimate back-end deal.
Sound good?
Yeah, as long as it's
not fucking Vivaldi.
it's not fucking Vivaldi.
t's great. No, no, no.
I'm not... It's great.
We definitely need piano.
Like, fill in the guitar underneath.
- Major seventh...
- Got it. I love it.
Steve, beautiful.
- Zach, what's going on'?
- I quit.
- Good luck, girls.
- Bye!
Keep in touch, yeah?
When we get into that guitar thing,
I want it to just become
a whole different kind of song.
I want it to be punk meets...
...pop.
And have some fun.
Ah, he's home.
Dane, what's up, man?
Troublegum, my brother.
My troubles are over.
- What say you give me some love?
- This is it, gangsta paradise.
- Right?
- I'm glad to see you.
Thanks to you, thanks to you.
Come give me a hug.
I don't know you, but...
That's Gretta.
Great singer and songwriter.
- Let's get another one.
- Another one?
Where have you been?
It's been two or three years.
- I don't appreciate this shit.
- Been on the down low a little bit.
- Doing this, doing that.
- Waiting for the next move.
Anticipating the next groove.
I know you got a lot of
shit to prove. Right?
Been on the underground,
looking for that new sound.
We ain't fucking around.
Yeah, 'cause if it ain't right,
then ifs wrong.
And the road is long,
and you're only as strong
as your next move.
- You feel that?
- Good, man.
- That's pretty much it.
- Damn, that was like some...
  ...paranormal activity
type shit moving through me.
- You know me.
- I'm just so happy to see you.
So nice.
Fat Jimmy, did you get that down?
- Yeah, I got it.
- 'Cause that was exceptionally good.
Hold my hand, baby, come on.
Now, how can I help you, brother?
An outdoor album?
- That's right.
- That's fucking crazy.
I wish I could'v thought of that.
What do you want me to do?
I need musicians.
I need a bass player and a drummer.
- I got plenty of musicians.
- The problem is we can't pay them.
Fuck it, I'll pay them.
- Why?
- What do you mean, why?
For him, of course.
- Now, come on...
- No.
- Get your sexy self in the pool.
- Come on.
No. Don't you touch me.
I will kill you. I will.
She's English.
She's a little uptight.
Yeah...
- Good luck on the album, Gretta.
- Thank you.
Everything you see around here,
this crib, these cars,
they're all because of him,
and I don't ever forget that.
- I get it.
- No, no, no, no, no.
You can't know.
A guy like that falls on his lip
for a couple of years,
people lose sight of who he is,
and they don't treat him
with the respect he deserves.
Hey, don't listen to anything
he's saying. it's bullshit.
- Come on.
- Yeah.
- Thanks.
- All right.
- Bye.
- Bye.
- Anything you need, OK?
- I love you, man. Thank you.
I like her.
Are you serious?
Are you listening to this? Really?
We're gonna use it!
It's gonna be genius.
- You're a genius.
- You're not listening to this.
You don't hear what I hear.
You're gonna make this
amazing, beautiful.
- I love it.
- Got it?
Those kids are gonna be
all over this track.
- Come here.
- Just so you know.
Take that.
Little children,
yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo!
Let me see this for a second.
Listen, I'm shooting
a song down here,
I need you to be
quiet for five minutes.
- No, thanks.
- I'll... I'll pay you.
- How much?
- A buck each.
- You're funny. Five dollars.
- Five bucks for all of you guys.
OK, hey, OK, two bucks,
two bucks each.
- No.
- No way.
All right, all right,
all right, five bucks each.
We're gonna do this for five bucks
and five lollipops,
one for each of us.
Throw in a box of
cigarettes and a lighter.
I'll give you one cigarette
for each of you to smoke
and you share it,
and a pack of matches, all right?
- Yes.
- All right. Can you sing?
Yes! Yes, that was it.
Yes, it's gonna work!
Oh my God,
is that the Empire State?
Yeah, right here.
- Yeah?
- Set up here.
- Get that.
- It's really good.
- Yeah, it's great.
- The Wind's good, right?
It's not too loud.
It's good, it's good,
I think it's good.
And we can look into people's windows,
which is always fun.
You want to come with me
to get Violet?
- Is that OK?
- Yeah, come on.
- Cool.
- My brother, there you go.
Thank you very much.
There she is.
That's her.
This is Gretta. She's the songwriter
I was telling you about.
- Hello. How you doing?
- My daughter, Violet.
So who was the cute guy?
The one in the blue shirt.
- Greg. You noticed him?
- Sure. I mean, who wouldn't?
- He's gorgeous.
- He's totally out of our league.
He's out of your league?
Well, I mean, he didn't look out
of your league.
Ignore him.
How do you get someone to notice you're
ignoring them if they're ignoring you?
He's not ignoring you.
You're beautiful.
He knows that you're there.
He's just hedging his bets.
But...
I mean, you have to be really sure
that you actually like him, you know.
That's it's not just that
he's the guy at school to be seen with.
No, I do really like him.
Well, then you have to find a way
to get him to ask you out.
Yes, but how?
Well, for starters, stop dressing
like you're totally easy.
I thought this was son of sexy,
ifs American Apparel.
No, it is son of sexy.
It's very, very sexy,
but it doesn't leave much
to the imagination, you know?
I guess.
You want to go shopping?
I do.
- Yeah?
- Yeah.
OK, good.
We're going shopping.
Here you go.
- Thank you.
- Yeah.
Good luck on the rest of your album.
- It sounds cool.
- Thank you.
- You have your key?
- Yep. I got it.
Hey, you should come
and sing on a track.
I can't sing.
I can play a bit of guitar,
- if that's...
- We're doing one on Thursday.
It's gonna be simple.
You should come play.
Can I, Dad?
I need to...
I need to contemplate that.
What are you doing?
- That ain't cool.
- What? What?
I don't know if she can play guitar
well enough to play on a track.
I don't want to embarrass her.
What if she can't play?
Look, it's going to be easy.
Let her do it.
Yeah?
Hey, babe? Hey.
- Um, where's Violet?
- Well, she's... Violet?
Listen, I was wondering, uh,
you think it would be cool
if she came and played guitar
on one of these songs
that I'm recording on Thursday?
She's terrible at guitar.
- Well, she's not bad.
- She's terrible.
I think she'll be OK.
- Well, she's...
- Yeah. 5:
I mean, that's up to you.
- Yeah. I'll text you the address.
- I mean, I'll bring her.
Why don't you come, too?
Mm-mm.
- Come on.
- No way.
Come on.
Just come. It'll be fun.
- I want you to come.
- I'll think about it. OK.
I'll come, maybe.
- Thank you.
- All right.
- Bye.
- Thank you.
Bye.
You know, it was nice
to see you with Violet today.
- It must be hard not seeing her more.
- Yeah, it's...
So why don't you?
I mean, she obviously
really needs her father around.
What, are you the fucking
social services now?
No, no, I mean, I'm just saying.
It must have been fairly tense
for you to leave,
especially seeing as how much
she obviously wants you around.
I... I'm gonna split.
I'll see you tomorrow morning.
Fuck, man.
Fuck that shit.
Dan.
Hey, look, I'm sorry.
I'm sorry.
What? What do you want from me?
What game are you playing?
What does that mean?
Look, I just...
- What?
- I saw how sweet she was today, and I just felt sorry for you being away from that. That is such a crock of shit. You were back the rejudging me. You think that I left that relationship because I'm some sort of selfish, depressed prick, - which I am, by the way. - No. I don't think you're a selfish, depressed prick. I think you've let your troubles get in the way of your entire life. - Oh, babe, babe. You're really showing your age right now. You have no idea what happens between two people after 18 years of marriage, all right? And because you're willing to hang around for some asshole after he totally betrayed you, that's your business. I'm sorry, you're right. I put a lot of time and effort into that relationship, and no, I'm not just walking away because of a bump in the road! "Bump in the road"? I left that relationship because I was having a fucking nervous breakdown, and she was out there fucking some other guy, planning how she was gonna start a new life with him when I was here taking care of my kid. You have no fucking clue what you're talking about. You know nothing! She goes to Europe to work on a junket, and, um...
she ends up meeting
and falling in love with a singer.
Bang, boom. Thunder, lightning.
Fireworks. The whole bit.
And...
the arrangement was
that they were gonna come back
and tell their partners
that they'd fallen in love
and they were gonna spend
the rest of their lives together.
And so, I go to the airport
to pick her up,
and she just comes out with it,
first off. Whole story.
And next day, her bags are all packed,
and we're telling Violet
what's gonna happen.
So what did happen?
He choked.
He got on the airplane,
went back to his life,
turned his phone off,
and she never heard from him again.
I move into another bedroom.
She's waiting around for
a phone call that never comes,
and I turn into a...
I lose my shit a little bit.
- I'm so sorry.
- No.
Maybe people in the music industry
just don't make good life partners.
- Or fathers.
- Yeah, it certainly looks that way.
I didn't mean about the fathers bit.
You make a very good father.
- Yeah, right.
- Maybe just not a good partner.
What is that?
- This?
- Yeah.
- That's a splitter.
- Oh.
It's for, uh, two headphones going into one input.
- Yeah.
- It's actually...
- ...from my first date with Miriam.
- It is?
What do you mean?
We walked all over the city listening to her CD player.
Um...
I don't think we said more than two words to each other the whole night.
That was New Year's Eve, and we were married two months later.
Wow.
That's lovely.
What kind of music you got on your phone?
I'm not giving you access to my music library. I'm really not.
There's a lot of embarrassing, very guilty pleasures in there.
Mine, too. You can tell a lot about a person by what's on their playlist.
I know you can.
That's what's worrying me.
- So are we gonna do this?
- OK.
OK, let's do it.
This is a really good choice!
Oh, yeah.
- Genius.
- Genius.
- Perfect, right?
- Yeah, yeah.
- Great.
- Yeah.
Yeah.
- Oh, no, I forgot...!
- What?
OK, OK, we got to dance!
- What?
- We got to dance!
All right, all right.
Yeah, we got to...
- Where?
- This way, I know, I know, I know.
- This way.
OK, so, I'm quite frightened,
'cause you might find this cheesy,
but it is one of my favorite songs
from one of my favorite films,
so are you ready?
t's good, right?
That's what I love about music.
- What?
- One of the most banal scenes
is suddenly invested
with so much meaning, you know?
All these banalities,
they're suddenly turned
into these...
these beautiful, effervescent pearls.
From music.
I've got to say, as I've gotten older,
these pearls are just...
...becoming increasingly
more and more rare to me.
More string than pearls?
Yeah. You've got to travel
over a lot more string
to get to the pearls.
This moment is a pearl, Gretta.
It sort of is, isn't it?
All this has been a pearl.
Hey, guys!
- Hi.
- Hello, Steve.
Come on and check it out.
Your boyfriend just won a Music Gong.
- No way.
- You won't believe it.
Done something to his face.
Wow, thank you so much.
I'm a bit taken aback by this.
This is incredible.
Uh, it just proves that a guy
from nowhere can actually make it
if he follows his dreams.
I've been practicing this speech
into a shampoo bottle
in the shower my entire life.
Yeah...
- Uh, gosh, thank you.
- Nice beard, you fucking loser.
What dreams? We never
had those dreams.
- I don't remember those dreams.
- How do you know?
Because I know him.
Maybe they were private dreams.
Maybe he just never told you about them.
Who was I living with
for the last five years?
Baby, you've been living
with a rock star.
Only he didn't know it.
It didn't matter,
but now that he does,
I've got to tell you,
these people get married to it.
They fall in love with the music,
they fall in love with the lights,
they fall in love with the road,
the chicks, all that shit.
And no matter how hard he tries,
he's never gonna be able
to make a woman happy.
All right.
See you in the morning.
He just looks a dick!
- Why would he do that?
- I don't know.
Why would anyone?
I'll tell you why he'd do it.
He wants to look like the guy who
doesn't realize... "I've grown a beard.
I was so busy lost inside
myself writing music,
I didn't realize I'd grown
a beard the size of my neck."
I'm gonna sound
quite cheesy over it.
I loved him like a fool.
I don't think that's cheesy. I think
that sounds like a phenomenal song.
- Does it?
- Yeah, it sounds like a song.
I think it sounds like
a song you should write right now.
- Right now?
- Write it down.
- Write it down, write it down.
- OK, OK.
You're in the zone.
- Say, "I'm in the zone."
- I'm in the zone.
Don't say it like
a posh English girl,
- say it like someone in New York.
- Fuck off!
Say, "I'm in the fucking zone."
- I'm in the fucking zone.
- I'm in the fucking zone.
I'm gonna write a song,
I don't give a shit.
I'm gonna write a song.
- Actually shut up.
- All right, I'm shushing...
OK, dialing.
- All right, here we go.
- Speaker.
Hey, this is Dave Kohl.
Uh, I am probably busy doing something
awesome, so leave me a message
and I probably won't be able
to get back to you at all, ever.
One more?
Hey.
Everybody, this is, uh...
this is Miriam.
This is Gretta.
- This is my daughter, Violet.
- Nice to meet you.
Come on, babe.
Miriam, thank you.
Thank you.
It's not too high, is it?
That's not too high for a bass.
Exactly.
No one should play bass
unless it's this high.
You want me to set your amp
or are you good? OK.
No, no, no, no, no! Hold up,
hold up, hold up, hold up...
Rachel, at the top, or...
yeah, at the top,
coming in a little bit more gradually.
- Fat Jimmy, come on, man.
- What's up'?
- All right, man, all right.
- Police ain't gonna get you up here.
Let's hear that bass, my brother.
- I got you, baby, I got you.
- Come on, man.
I'm sorry, wait a minute.
Um, do you play bass?
You were out of tune.
You were flat.
'Cause I read on the Internet
that you used to play bass.
So, um, I think seeing
as we've got Violet
doing some guitar on this,
this should be a family affair.
I'm a producer
'cause I don't play bass, baby.
Yes, you are...
You got to do it.
You got to do it...
All right, all right.
Come in whenever you want, you know?
You can wait.
Just, you know, keep it simple.
- OK.
- You're gonna be great.
- I don't even know if I'm gonna play.
- Whatever.
If you feel like it, do it, OK?
You know, it's totally cool.
You know, but don't feel like
you have to overdo it
or prove anything.
These guys are serious musicians.
Guys, can we...
Sorry. Can we take five?
All right, let's take five.
Five, not ten.
Hey.
I'm back in New York for a gig.
I got your singing message.
I have to see you.
Uh, call me.
Please call me.
- Turn down that motherfucking music!
- Give us three more minutes!
- I'm calling the cops!
- You're not calling the cops!
Oh my God!
Oh, Violet!
And now the police!
Come on, let's go.
- Hello.
- Congratulations.
Thank you. We should have
a toast right now.
- To your album?
- To our album.
- Really?
- All right. Don't get too excited.
- I'm just trying it out.
- OK.
Should we toast with that?
Goddamn, how do people drink that?
We're gonna play a game, OK?
We're gonna play a song
that is impossible to not dance to.
I defy you not to dance to this song.
This is good.
This is good!
You know you want to.
You know you want to!
You know you want to.
So where is it?
You know you want to.
You do, you do.
There it is!
There it is!
I'll see you.
I'm gonna give them a ride home.
- Cool.
- Good night.
Good night.
- Bye.
- Thank you for everything.
No, thank you for everything.
- See you.
- Bye!
- Good night, Gretta.
- Good night, Gretta.
It's gonna be awesome.
So, how was touring?
Touring was amazing,
grueling, punishing,
- inspiring.
- Did you find yourself?
I don't know.
You certainly found a beard, anyway.
Look at that thing.
Yeah.
It's... it's intense.
- It's big.
- Yeah.
Did Mim go with you?
On tour?
You want to go straight into this, then?
- Yeah?
- Are you...
are you the happiest couple ever?
Or did you... break up after a month
and she came back
to New York on a bus?
It was a train... actually.
I'm sorry.
I'm being a bitch.
No. You're entitled.
So...
what have you been up to?
God...
It's... amazing, Gretta.
- Really?
- Totally.
Ambient sound, and... the city.
That's it?
No overdubs? Nothing?
No, no, no, it's just
the way you hear it.
- God, it's so great.
- Yeah.
- They're really offering you a deal?
- No... well, I don't know.
He has to play it to his
partner first. So we'll see.
I cannot believe
what he's done with your songs.
I know. He's amazing.
- You should get him to do your record.
- No, it's too late.
We just finished mastering
the record in LA.
I recorded in various
studios on the road.
- Wow. So, what's it called?
- "On the Road."
Oh.
Kind of like Kerouac.
Yeah. Yeah, it is.
That's actually a
terrible album name.
No, I...
- I mean, it worked for him.
- No. it's bad.
- It's...
- I know that you know ifs bad, too.
No, I'm...
- you know...
- Anyway, would you like to go hear it?
- I would love to hear it.
- OK.
All right...
what do you think?
I think I need to listen to it again.
No. No, I want...
I want your immediate reaction.
- My immediate reaction?
- Mm-hmm.
OK, um...
I... I think that you've lost
the songs in the production.
You know?
I mean, OK, take Lost Stars."
I wrote it as a... as a ballad,
and... I don't know,
- it sounds like a piece of stadium pop.
- Ooh.
Yeah, but I wanted to
turn it into a hit.
- Why?
- Why?" What kind of question is that?
You're the writer.
You get sole writing credit on it.
- This is huge for you.
- Yeah, but, I mean,
you weren't supposed to lose the song
in it, you know? I mean, it's...
it's delicate.
I really... I just...
I think you should get it remixed.
Ah, but everyone loves it
when we do it. It's amazing.
You have to come see it live.
The reaction to it,
the energy in the room just changes.
Why are you so worried
about what other people think?
Ifs... it's our song.
It is, but, you know,
 isn't that what music is about?
- It's about sharing it with people.
- No, not that song, Dave.
OK, well, good, then
who do we get to remix this?
Mim. Maybe you should
get Mim to remix it.
Really? OK, so this is obviously not anything about the album.
You think?
Don't. Don't become this, like, music biz couple, you know?
Arguing about our, um... our albums.
The funny thing about this is that I'd throw that fucking record into the ocean if we could just continue this conversation right now.
This is what I want to talk about. OK?
And if I could somehow say something or do anything that would undo what I did to us, then...
just tell me what it is.
Help me.
Would you?
Would you throw it in the ocean?
Would you... would you want me to?
No.
No, I just, you know, I think...
I think everything's changed.
And I'm... I'm just finding it a bit hard to adjust.
I know. It makes sense.
But we're just gonna have to find a way to...
get through this,
get through this together.
When did you, like, when did you realize that?
When you sang to me on my voice-mail.
I realized that nobody on Earth in their right mind would ever do anything remotely like that, and... that killed me.
That crushed me.
You...
...completely won me over.
I wasn't trying to win you over,  
I was trying to tell you to fuck off.  
And I had. And...  
...and now, you know, you've...  
you've come back and...  
...and you've opened the whole thing up  
again, and I think, actually, I think...  
I think I'm gonna have to go.  
Um, take that.  
I'm gonna go,  
'cause it's all a bit much.  
I hear you. Just...  
...take your time.  
I'm not going anywhere.  
- You're gonna stay on the bench?  
- Yes, I'm gonna live on this bench.  
Uh-huh.  
Come to the Gramercy.  
On Saturday. Please.  
Just hear the song.  
I want you to see...  
...how everyone's just falling  
in love with what you created.  
Please don't play it like that.  
OK.  
Well, look at you. A vision of  
pure class. There's my daughter.  
- No way.  
- There it is.  
- Is this it?  
- Yeah.  
- There you are.  
- Yeah.  
You look great.  
Look how cool you are.  
Can I keep this?  
Show all my friends?  
Hell, yeah.  
That's what it's for, babe.  
- Look at you. Hilarious.  
- Why is that hilarious?  
I just had no idea  
you were that talented.  
I mean, I just didn't know.
You're, like...
you're a real guitar player.
You got... you got some talent.
Seriously.
What, do you want me to
start a band now, and...?
Yeah. Let's start a band.
- Let's start a band"?
- Yeah. Why not?
I'll record you.
I'll produce you.
I like this idea.
- Do you?
- Yeah.
You all... motivated now?
It's a family business.
It's like the Jackson Five.
- There you go.
- The Mulligan Three.
- You coming in?
- No. I'm gonna go...
I'm gonna go play that for Saul,
see if we can get a deal.
Good luck.
Let me know how it goes.
I love you.
I know you do.
Hey.
Come on.
Yeah. So pretty.
Bye.
Thanks for coming in, guys.
This is fantastic.
You got a great record.
And... I missed it on the first listen,
but I don't want to miss it again.
We're very glad that
you like it. So...
Well, I reached out to some
of my studio connects in LA,
and I was thinking
we can get the first track
placed in a... in a film,
the right film.
There's also pilot season right now.
Yeah, we're not interested
in any of that stuff.
OK, so then... what are you
interested in? What are we doing here?
Well, I think Dan needs his job back.
Yeah, sure. What?
Take my office. I don't care.
OK, all right, so how, I mean...
I guess I want to know-
how does this work?
We put the album out,
we sell it for...?
Let's say an album
costs ten dollars a unit.
The artist gets a dollar.
Same in publishing-
it's a buck for a book.
I think I'm just thinking
for this specifically-
to get my head around it-
Um, I mean, the album,
it doesn't have any overhead,
- because... we did it.
- Yeah.
And then distribution,
I mean, it's not gonna go in stores,
it's gonna go online, and publicity
would be, what, word of mouth?
So I think what I'm wondering is...
why do you get nine out
of ten of my dollars?
Gretta, you're
a very smart young woman,
and, uh, you're a determined artist,
and you have a... you have
a wonderful project here.
And with the right team behind you
to push you and guide you
in the right direction and maybe hire
a producer to remix a couple tracks,
you could have a hit record
and a very long career,
but, you know, ultimately, that's...
that's up to you.
Ah, you had them.
You wound him up.
I know. It's amazing when
you're not actually that interested,
you always win the hand.
Yeah, that's never really
worked out that well for me.
- I mean, I found it worked very well.
- Yeah.
You're gonna get a deal.
That asshole is gonna
give you a deal, babe.
You might have to
compromise a little bit, but...
- Never.
- Of course.
Hey, we should do a bunch of these.
- What do you mean?
- Could do, like, the, uh...
"The European Series."
- I like that.
- Paris Tapes." "Prague Sessions."
"The Berlin... Recordings."
- Yes.
- Go all over Europe by rail.
We could take the whole gang.
You know?
Rachel, Malcolm, Steve.
- So...
- So...
Look, I guess
I'll see you in a while.
Thank you.
{Sting ends}
Thank you so much.
Oh, man.
Thank you.
- Guitar change. All right.
- All right!
Uh, so this next song
was actually given to me
by an amazing songwriter
and an even more amazing woman.
Uh, yeah. So ifs a very special song... we're gonna do her arrangement of it.
So... If she's here, I'm not sure that she is... uh, I'd love her to come up and join us on this one. There's a guitar right there, so... you know, if you're here, please... please join us. It's a really special song to me, so...
See your vision of this song through.
. HEY-
. Hey-
- Where are you going?
- Uh... home.
- What's on your mind?
- OK, um...
I don't want your label to release my album.
Fine.
- Fine? Really?
- Well...
No, because I thought that you'd be really upset.
No. It's your album.
So, what do you want to do with it, then?
- There it is.
- Yeah.
That's the whole album for a dollar.
A buck for a book.
The whole thing.
Now, once this goes out, that's it.
- They're gone.
- Yeah.
- Are you sure you want to do this?
- Yeah.
- How about two bucks?
- You're such a capitalist.
No, a buck is fair, and then, you know, we'll split it evenly between everyone and Malcolm and Rachel—everyone. Come on.
Once I press this, that's it.
I'm going to war with my whole business.
Mm...
Oh...!
That's so exciting.
- OK...
- What are you doing?
Calling reinforcements.
- Whoa.
- What?
Check it out. I got Trouble-gum
to tweet out the album.
How many followers
does he have?
Apparently the entire world.
Just about every living
human being follows him.
Mr. Mulligan.
- Good morning.
- Good morning.
News for you on the Interwebs.
- Shit.
- You didn't know nothing about this?
- No. How many did she sell?
- No?
10,000. Today.
- Troublegum tweeted about it.
- Man, if Troublegum helped her out,
it's because he liked her, all right?
They're artists.
They're great...
- You didn't know nothing about this?
- Nothing. It's kind of funny, though.
- Is it really?
- It's pretty funny, man.
Boo-boo, you know how to pick 'em, boy.
It's kind of good.
It's good.
- It is. it's kind of epic.
- Yeah.
Clean out your locker.
See you later.