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# Eddie and the Cruisers

By Martin Davidson

Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!  
Eddie! Eddie!  
dark side's calling now,  
nothing is real  
she'll never know  
just how I feel  
from out of a shadow,  
she walks like a dream  
make me feel crazy,  
make me feel so mean  
nothin' gonna save me  
from a love that's blind  
slip to the dark side  
across that line  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
dark side's calling now,  
nothing is real  
she'll never know  
just how I feel  
from out of a shadow,  
she walks like a dream  
make me feel crazy,  
make me feel so mean  
nothin' gonna save me  
from a love that's blind  
slip to the dark side  
across that line  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah...  
In the summer of '63,  
on the dark side  
Was the number one song  
in the country.  
It's even bigger now.  
that's Joann Carlino.  
She was Eddies girl.  
sally plays the bass.  
Wendell on sax.  
Kenny on drums.

guy on piano  
was frank ridgeway.  
He wrote all their lyrics.  
Called him the Wordman.  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
Wendell...  
that was  
august of 1963.  
Died of  
a heart attack.  
He was only 37.  
March 15, 1964.  
It was a little  
after 5 a. M.  
Eddie's car went off  
the Raritan bridge.  
Must've been  
a hell of an accident.  
Who says accident?  
You saying  
he was murdered?  
Could've been  
a suicide.  
All right, so what's  
our hook gonna be?  
What about the idea  
that Eddies still alive?  
You mean  
"Eddie lives"?  
It's possible.  
They never found his body.  
I get it.  
Eddie swam away  
from the car,  
Had Jim Morrison waiting  
for him on shore,  
And then Amelia Earhart  
flew them both to Paris  
Where they're all  
living together in sin.  
Look, there are a lot  
of holes in this story.  
Now, something was

going on with that group,  
Something that nobody  
knows anything about.  
Get to the point,  
Maggie.

Did you ever hear of a poet  
named Arthur Rimbaud?

French lit. 105.

It was required.

Ok, kiddies,

You want to sit back  
in your seats and listen?

Sure.

"A season in hell.

"A spiritual and  
confessional autobiography.

"Arthur Rimbaud  
was a genius.

"His writings  
were a quest.

"A search for perfection.

"An attempt to find  
total freedom.

"At the age of 19,

"Arthur Rimbaud  
committed suicide,

Not of the flesh,  
but of the mind and soul. "

What's that

supposed to mean?

It means he never  
wrote another word

And disappeared  
off the face of the earth.

He was not seen  
nor heard from again

For nearly 20 years,

Until he reappeared  
in a hospital in Marseilles

On his deathbed.

Maggie,

it's a terrific story.

I just don't see

What this has got to do

with Eddie Wilson.  
You know where Eddie  
was coming from  
The night of the accident?  
He was coming  
from a recording studio  
Where he just finished  
taping an album.  
You know what the name  
of that album was?  
A season in hell.  
So what you're saying  
Is that Wilsons  
pulling a Rimbaud?  
I don't know, but if he is,  
We've got ourselves  
one hell of a story,  
Don't we, guys?  
You think you can  
get your hands  
On those tapes?  
I went to satin records  
yesterday.  
I figure that the master  
had to be sitting  
In their vault.  
I wondered why they never  
released this album.  
You know what I found out?  
The tapes are missing.  
Someone checked them out  
on march 16...  
The day after Eddie  
supposedly died.  
And that's going  
to be our hook.  
...on the jersey side  
of the Holland tunnel,  
The jersey turnpike,  
and the...  
sidewalk surfers  
ride the streets  
in supervans  
fires light the faces

of the gypsy caravans  
open up your door  
we'll let those  
lake pipes roar  
into the  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, those  
wild summer nights  
summer nights  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, run wild  
summer nights  
run wild  
summer nights  
back on the charts again,  
Eddie and the cruisers,  
doing wild summer nights  
From their hit album,  
tender years.  
And this is Scott muni at n. E.W.  
Hey, Mr. Ridgeway!  
Hey, nice catch.  
"... and so  
I dared to hope...  
"though changed,  
no doubt, from what I was  
"When first I came  
among these hills.  
"When like a roe,  
I bounded o'er the mountains  
"By the sides of the deep rivers  
and the lonely streams,  
"Wherever nature led.  
"More like a man  
"Flying from something  
that he dreads  
And one who sought  
the thing he loved. "  
So, what's wordsworth  
getting at?  
He's saying  
that places stay the same,  
But people change.  
Ok, do people change,

or don't they?  
Now that's worth  
talking about.  
All right.  
Have a nice weekend.  
And remember, I don't want  
to see any of your faces  
For at least 48 hours.  
as I walk alone  
I wonder  
what went wrong  
with our love  
a love  
that was so strong  
and as I  
still walk on  
I think of  
the things we've done  
together  
while our hearts  
were young  
Im a-Walkin'  
in the rain  
tears are fallin'  
and I feel the pain  
wishin' you were  
here by me...  
The big time!  
to end this misery  
I wonder  
I wo-Wo-Wo-Wo  
wonder  
why...  
Joann!  
she ran away  
and I wonder  
where she will stay  
my little runaway  
my run, run, run,  
run, runaway  
Hi.  
Hi.  
Im a-Walkin'  
in the rain

tears are fallin'  
and I feel the pain  
wishin' you were  
here by me  
to end this misery  
I wonder  
I wo-Wo-Wo-Wo  
wonder  
why  
why, why, why,  
why, why...  
Can I help  
you guys?  
I wonder  
Yeah. Tell tony  
Eddie and the cruisers  
are here.  
she got a love  
that'll get you down  
people let me  
put you wise  
she goes  
out with other guys  
I got the moral  
of the story  
from a guy who knows  
I fell in love but my love  
still grows, now  
ask any fool  
that she ever knew  
a-Keep away  
from a-Runaround sue  
keep away  
away from  
that girl, now  
you know what  
she'll do  
a-Runaround sue  
whoa-Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh  
whoa-Oh-Oh-Oh-Oh  
hey, hey  
keep away  
from that girl, now  
All right!



Yeah! All right.  
Wendell, you're on  
the keyboards on this one.  
Hey, big bopper,  
where you going?  
You gotta listen  
to my new song.  
You're the one  
who knows what goes.  
Hey, sally, never  
bullshit a bullshitter.  
You make the music.  
I make the deals.  
Get some sleep.  
Let's get on  
with the music.  
1, 2...  
1, 2, 3, 4!  
Betty Lou  
got a new pair of shoes  
Betty Lou  
got a new pair of shoes  
Betty Lou wah-Oo  
wah-Oo wah-Oo  
Betty Lou  
got a new pair of shoes  
well, she walked through  
a shoe store  
picked out a shoe  
tried on a 12,  
but that wouldn't do  
Betty Lou, Betty Lou  
got a new pair of shoes  
Betty Lou got  
a new pair of shoes  
Betty Lou wah-Oo  
wah-Oo wah-Oo  
Betty Lou  
got a new pair of shoes  
Hold it!  
Hold it!  
Wait a minute!  
Wait a minute!  
What's the matter?

What's the matter?  
Where you racing to?  
Where's the fire?  
No fire. That's the way  
the song was written.  
It goes that way...  
Upbeat.  
What's the problem?  
The problem is  
is Im just saying words.  
You know, you gotta  
give me a little room,  
So people know  
what Im singing about.  
You lose the beat,  
people miss a step.  
We want 'em  
to dance.  
Lose a beat,  
miss a step...  
what are you,  
a moron, Sal?  
You believe this guy?  
Look, Sal,  
I like your stuff,  
But it just ain't  
what I was looking for.  
You understand?  
Forget it. You had  
your mind made up  
Before you even started.  
So what am I  
knocking myself out for?  
Look, I don't want  
to argue with you, Sal.  
You want to get another  
opinion on the subject?  
No! Forget it.  
Joann,  
what do you think?  
What are you  
askin' her for?  
Why not ask her?  
She's got a brain.

I don't know anything?

She knows, huh?

Everybody you bring in this  
band's an expert except sally.

Sally's just a dumb  
guinea, right?

You dumb guinea.

Hey, kid, come here.

Who, me?

Yeah, you. Come here.

Now, you heard what  
we're talking about.

What do you think?

Well, I think  
he's right.

I think it needs  
a caesura.

See? My way,  
with a caesarean.

A what?

Tell him.

What's your name?

Frank.

Tell him, Frankie.

A caesura?

That's  
a timely pause,  
A kind of  
a strategic silence.

That's exactly right.

If you want, Ill  
give you an example.

Ahem. Ok.

"One evening

"I took beauty  
in my arms,

"And I thought  
her bitter,

And I insulted her. "

Sounds like shit,  
right?

Ok, wait a minute. Now Ill  
do it with the caesura.

"One evening I took

beauty in my arms...  
"and I thought  
her bitter...  
and I insulted her. "  
Now, that's got class.  
Does that have class,  
sally? Right?  
Hey, kid,  
you can stay.  
Ahem.  
Excuse me.  
Oh.  
Can I help you?  
Maggie Foley.  
I work for  
media magazine.  
I'm doing a story  
on Eddie Wilson.  
I thought you might  
be of some help.  
Well...  
what do you  
want to know?  
Well, Id like you to  
tell me about the past.  
I want to know  
what it was like  
To be a cruiser.  
Miss, uh...  
Maggie.  
I'm sorry. It's nothing  
personal in this.  
I'd like to help you.  
I really would, but...  
frank, there are a lot  
of unanswered questions  
About that day.  
Yeah, well, I understand  
what you're up against,  
But that was then,  
and this is now.  
I don't care  
to be interviewed.  
Look, frank,

I'm not here to make  
a carnival out of your life.  
Now, I have something  
very different in mind.  
I am going to do a tribute  
to a group of guys  
Who were ahead  
of their time.  
You don't understand.  
The night Eddie died,  
The cruisers  
died with him.  
Frank, what happened  
that last night  
At the recording  
studio,  
The night  
that Eddie died?  
There's no way on earth  
I'd go into that with you.  
Frank, why not?  
Maybe...  
maybe because  
Eddie's dead,  
And I'm alive.  
He was my friend,  
And you,  
I just met.  
Hello.  
Wordman!  
Who is this?  
This is the master  
of voices,  
Maker of choices...  
Your old buddy.  
You don't remember.  
Doc?  
Hey there, Wordman,  
say there, Wordman,  
Whatever happened  
to you?  
What you been up to?  
It's been  
a long time, doc.

It sure has, kid.  
So, uh, what's up?  
You need me,  
Wordman.  
You need me bad.  
Is that right?  
We got to talk.  
How soon before you  
get your ass over here?  
Well,  
where are you?  
Right back  
where we started, kid...  
Asbury park.  
All right,  
you near-Beer fans,  
Remember  
mock-Bird, ing-Bird,  
Charlie and Inez fox,  
summer '63?  
Well, James Taylor  
and Carly Simon  
Are betting you don't.  
My man, my man,  
the Wordman!  
Long time, kid.  
Doc, how you been?  
The hits  
just keep on coming.  
Hey, you haven't  
changed much.  
Still a kid.  
Don't bother  
returning the compliment.  
Give me that stuff,  
will you, frank?  
Sit down.  
Hey, man, this joint  
ain't as bad as it looks.  
I mean, the pay ain't bad.  
You can't beat the hours.  
Besides, there's  
a college nearby.  
They're telling me Im becoming

quite a cult figure around here.

Doc, that's great.

So, did you

ever write that book?

No.

I never got

around to it.

So, what did you

ask me here for?

What's so urgent?

You talk to that chick

from media magazine?

Guess you know

what's been happening

With the cruisers lately.

Something's busting, kid,

and it's busting fast.

The way I see it,

Eddies my ticket out...

and yours.

Doc...

we did one album,

12 cuts.

You're making a big

deal out of nothing.

I'll tell you

about nothing.

Nothing's what we got on

the reissue of the old album.

After Eddie died,

I sold the rights all back

to Lew Eisen, that bastard.

Remember him?

There's nothing I can

do about that now.

But this movie thing, man...

you heard about

the movie deal, right?

The Eddie Wilson story.

The way I see it, they got

to have a script, right?

They got to have locations,

period stuff, stuff like that.

That's where we come in...

Technical consultants.  
They got to come to us.  
I mean, who else they got?  
And there's more.  
There's got to be parts  
in there for both of us.  
I mean, not that we should  
necessarily play ourselves.  
Doc, it sounds  
like you can't miss.  
I wish you all  
the luck in the world.  
Hey, kid...  
I guess  
I lost my touch.  
I can't convince you,  
who can I convince?  
Listen, frank,  
give me a ride home.  
My car's kind of  
out of commission.  
Besides, there's something  
I wanna show you.  
Sure, doc.  
Any way you wanna play.  
I was thinking, frank.  
Hmm?  
I mean,  
it's just an idea.  
I know you're gonna hate it.  
What is it?  
I was thinking about bringing  
the group back together.  
"Eddie and the cruisers,  
featuring Sal Amato,  
Appearing nightly

**at 8:**

Dig this.  
I checked him out last week.  
He's got this  
Eddie Wilson look-Alike.  
No, he ain't half-Bad.  
He's starting to make a little



noise, but you know sally.  
The kid's a nickel and dime  
operation.  
Now, here's my plan.  
I figure we  
get rid of the losers  
And bring on  
the cruisers.  
You, the clone,  
sally, Kenny,  
Some dude on sax,  
and the chick...  
Joann.  
Yeah, right, Joann.  
I hear she's back,  
you know?  
She was out in Vegas.  
Caesar's palace.  
Where is she now?  
Over around wildwood.  
I hear she's choreographing  
at one of the big hotels  
On the boardwalk.  
I get the group  
back together, right?  
Get a little seed money,  
Get some publicity,  
right clothes,  
Open up at the right joint  
at the right time,  
And, Frankie,  
we come back big.  
Eddie and  
the original cruisers.  
Hey, why not  
do a James dean?  
Hit the junkyards,  
Blowtorch Eddies car  
into little pieces  
For the tourist trade.  
Only do me a favor.  
Leave me out of it.  
I'm sorry, kid.  
It's ok. Forget it.

Shit.

They may look like shacks  
on the outside,  
But you'll be surprised  
at the interior.

Maid's day off.

This was waiting for me  
when I got home last night.

Looks like we got  
the same decorator, doc.

They got my place  
this morning.

It's like  
the old joke.

Hmm?

We might  
be paranoid,  
But it don't mean  
they ain't after us.

Who is they?  
Music lovers.

Why?

We must have  
something they want.

What?

Can't you  
figure it out?

No.

Well, try.

What could we have  
that's worth stealing,

My Robert hall suit?

Your wilkinson blades?

Oh, come on, doc.

Give me a break.

What are they after?

The tapes.

Season in hell.

A touch of class  
for tony mart's.

Thanks.

What's this?

Poetry?

Yeah.

Rimbaud.  
You know  
anything about him?  
Sure.  
Um...  
he was quite  
disreputable.  
Mean...  
perhaps even ruthless  
and perverse.  
"A tortured soul... "  
"But still... "  
One of the greatest poets  
that ever lived.  
Would you like it?  
No, thanks.  
I got to go.  
Here.  
Take it with you.  
A present.  
I'll just  
borrow it.  
Ok.  
See ya.  
Joann was telling me  
you write music.  
Thinks you might be good.  
I'll give you a try.  
What I want  
is songs that echo.  
The stuff we're doing now  
is like...  
somebody's bedsheets...  
Spread them out,  
soil them,  
Ship them out to laundry,  
you know?  
But our songs...  
I want to be able to...  
fold ourselves up  
in them forever.  
You understand?  
That's the most you'll ever  
get out of me, Wordman.

Ever.

Ladies and gentlemen...

the holiday inn

is proud to present

A group that's

been bringing us hits

For nearly 18 years.

How about a big hand

for some jersey boys

Who really made good...

Eddie and the cruisers,

Featuring Sal Amato!

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

Betty Lou wah-Ooh

wah-Oo wah-Ooh

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

What do

you want, pal?

I'll have a pabst.

she cracked up over

the style and fit

walkin' down the street

with a brand-New kick

Betty Lou,

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

Betty Lou wah-Ooh

wah-Ooh wah-Ooh

Betty Lou

got a new pair of shoes

she walked

in the shoe store

picked out a shoe

Hi.

Oh, hi.

I have  
a table down front.  
Would you like  
to join me?

No...

if sally  
knew I was here,  
He's just crazy enough  
to call me up on stage.  
Didn't you tell him  
you were coming?

I wasn't sure what  
his reaction would be.

I interviewed him  
between shows.

He said some very nice  
things about you.  
He told me that you were  
Some kind of genius  
with words,

Regular whiz kid.  
Frank, why did you  
come here tonight?

I just wanted to see  
how things turned out  
For an old friend  
of mine.

Is that all?

I guess I also  
wanted to see

How things might've  
turned out for me.

Can I buy you a drink  
after the show?

Maybe.

Ok.

the dark side's  
calling now  
nothing is real  
she'll never know  
just how I feel  
from out of the shadows  
she walks like a dream

make me feel so crazy,  
makes me feel so mean  
nothing's gonna save me  
from a love that's blind  
the dark  
side's calling now  
nothing is real  
she'll never know  
just how I feel  
from out of the shadows  
she walks  
like a dream  
makes me feel crazy  
makes me feel  
so mean  
nothing's gonna  
save me  
from a love  
that's blind  
slip to the dark side  
across that line  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
Not bad.  
What?  
I said not bad.  
Not bad?  
Eddie,  
what's with you?  
The kid can't play.  
He can't sing,  
And he can't write.  
So what's not bad?  
He's got  
something we need.  
Like what?  
Words and music,  
doc.  
Words and music.  
All right. Now let's  
get on with the music.  
See what Im doing?

Do it  
like Im doing.  
It's rock 'n' roll.  
Right? Do that.  
No, no. Like this.  
Like this.  
Relax,  
loosen up.  
Did he say  
not bad?  
Ha ha ha!  
all right?  
Come on.  
Oh, they're right.  
I can't do this.  
No, man.  
Now come on.  
Just concentrate.  
It's easy. It's  
like getting laid,  
Or riding a bike.  
Come on.  
See? Loosen up.  
Get your hands  
up there.  
That's it,  
come on.  
Go!  
Go, go!  
you got it,  
Frankie. Yeah.  
Yeah!  
You got it.  
Yeah!  
Yeah!  
Get down there.  
dark side's calling now  
nothing is real  
she'll never know  
just how I feel  
from out  
of the shadows  
she walks  
like a dream

make me feel crazy...  
You on vacation,  
or what?  
nothing's gonna save you  
from a love that's blind  
slip to the dark side  
across that line  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
nothin's gonna save me  
from a love that's blind  
slip into the dark side  
across that line  
ooh,  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
on the dark side  
ooh, yeah  
That was the memory lane  
voice of Eddie Wilson,  
The original sound  
of the cruisers.  
I'd like to take you  
On another little  
journey now.  
How many of you remember  
that old feeling...  
Sand in your shoes,  
Ants in your pants,  
Secret weapon  
in your wallet?  
That's you, right?  
Yeah.  
How about the feeling  
of that magic, magic night?  
The first time.  
How many of you  
remember that?  
I want to see  
a show of hands.  
Come on.  
Ah.



Slow dancing,  
submarine races...  
hickeys.  
How about those wild nights?  
You were cruising  
with your favorite girl.  
The top was down, and  
the music was blasting.  
Hmm?  
That was  
the inspiration behind  
Wild summer nights.  
1, 2, 3, 4!  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, those  
wild summer nights  
summer nights  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, run wild  
summer nights  
strangers cruisin' down  
the south strip  
cool cats searchin'  
for some hot lips  
night shift,  
neon ribbons flash forever  
rebels lace midnight  
in black leather  
shipwrecked pirates claim  
their treasures in the sand  
sidewalk surfers ride  
the streets in super vans  
beach fires light the faces  
of the gypsy caravan  
open up your door  
we'll let  
those lake pipes roar  
into the wild  
summer nights  
oh, baby, those  
wild summer nights  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, those  
wild summer nights

oh, baby, run wild  
summer nights  
run wild  
summer nights  
All right.  
when the moon  
hung soft and low  
catchin' stardust  
in the night  
you held me  
closer and closer  
there was magic  
in the night  
a sweet love song,  
a melody  
that I still  
can recall  
two young hearts  
filled with dreams  
to walk away  
with it all  
whoa-Oh,  
tender years  
won't you wash away  
my tears?  
how I wish  
you were near  
please don't go,  
tender years  
a summer love,  
a beach romance  
salty kisses  
in the sand  
two young hearts  
filled with fire  
lost  
in never-never land  
whoa-Oh,  
tender years  
won't you wash away  
my tears?  
how I wish  
you were near  
please don't go,

tender years  
whoa-Oh,  
tender years  
won't you wash away  
my tears?  
how I wish  
you were near  
please don't go,  
tender years  
All right!  
All right!  
Eddie Wilson is a part  
of yesterday, sure he is,  
But he's as much a part of  
this group today as I am.  
You know, we're still  
together, him and me.  
And never a day passes  
That I don't think  
he's around somewhere...  
Out in the street,  
around the corner,  
Not far away at all.  
forever  
they will haunt me  
but what can I do  
those oldies  
but goodies  
reminds me of  
you  
you  
you  
you  
you  
The cruisers  
with Sal Amato.  
Let's give 'em a big hand.  
Once more for this  
really great group.  
Ladies and gentlemen,  
here they come.  
Here they are.  
Take a bow, sally.  
Ok. Thank you very much.

Don't go away.  
Stick around.  
There'll be dancing  
till dawn  
To the keyboard sounds of  
our very own Regina Lewis.  
Thank you.  
Son of a bitch.  
Son of a bitch.  
Look what comes walking  
through the door!  
Wordman himself!  
Just like Ive been  
telling everybody,  
When you're hot,  
you're hot.  
Where have you been  
hiding yourself, Wordman?  
Teaching high school  
in Vineland.  
I never left  
the garden state, Sal.  
No lie?  
No.  
Sit down. Sit down.  
I used to wonder  
about you.  
Yeah?  
Yeah.  
I figured maybe you  
moved to California,  
Were writin'  
for movies  
Under an assumed  
name, or somethin'.  
Want a beer?  
Hey, thanks.  
Mmm... Wordman?  
Hmm?  
I just got interviewed  
for television  
By media magazine.  
Yeah.  
They had

a whole crew here.  
They had lights and  
cameras. Everything.  
That's great, Sal.  
What did  
you talk about?  
Me.  
Are you hungry?  
Want a slice?  
Nah.  
No, no, no, no.  
You know what she really  
wanted to talk about?  
Those old tapes...  
season in hell.  
She said something about 'em  
being missing.  
Wanted to know if I  
knew where they were.  
What'd you tell her?  
I told her  
I don't have a clue.  
For all I care, they could've  
gone down with Eddie.  
You understand?  
Sally, you were  
on those tapes, too.  
They find those tapes,  
what's in it for me?  
I just about broke my fingers  
trying to play that stuff.  
Well, they must  
be worth money.  
Somebody's willin'  
to pay for 'em.  
But we ain't gonna  
see a dime from that.  
They'll find a way  
to screw us.  
They always do.  
Guys like you and me,  
They strike oil  
under your garden,  
All you get

is dead tomatoes.  
I get the picture.  
It's still Eddie,  
isn't it?  
They could care less  
about me.  
It's more Eddie  
they want.  
Ah, sally.  
Hey.  
You ever wonder what it  
might have been like  
If he was still around?  
I used to wonder.  
It ate me up.  
I figured Eddie was  
my one shot at the bigs.  
I thought we could go  
all the way together.  
After he died,  
I got crazy.  
Some nights it's like  
Eddies still alive...  
and I get mad at him  
all over again.  
I'm mad at him  
for living.  
And Im mad at him  
for dying...  
the dumb way  
that he did.  
Sure, it gripes me  
When I think about how  
big we could've been.  
the time is right  
you hold me tight...  
We signed  
a \$50,000 contract  
To do another album.  
That was a lot of money  
in those days.  
They gave us  
a \$10,000 advance,  
And the offers

started pouring in.  
They all wanted  
the cruisers.  
We were on such a high.  
We thought we'd  
never come down.  
Anyway, one night  
doc was reading off  
The list  
of potential dates,  
And I heard him mention  
Benton college,  
My old school.  
Nobody wanted to go,  
and the money was short.  
Also, Eddie felt that it  
wasn't our kind of place,  
That we wouldn't fit in.  
But I wanted to go.  
Oh, god,  
how I wanted to go.  
do you believe this?  
oh, man.  
I didn't know we were  
going to summer camp.  
You know,  
there's 600 guys here  
That haven't seen a girl  
since new year's.  
They bring them by train,  
by car, by the busload.  
Cattle cars,  
they call 'em.  
Sounds like  
zoo parade.  
Moo!  
Whinny!  
round them up!  
Move them out!  
South Philly  
was never like this.  
come on, you guys.  
Get off my back.  
strike one!

hello, girls.  
stop it, stop it.  
look at this.  
It's an ice cream  
convention, man.  
Oh, they're going to  
sacrifice a cricket.  
no. They're  
gonna sacrifice you.  
How does it feel  
to be home, Frankie?  
Look at this.  
What do  
we have here?  
A real group  
of pistoleros.  
Hey, Wordman.  
This shindig tonight...  
how are we  
supposed to dress?  
Hey, wait a minute.  
What's the big deal?  
We've played  
colleges before.  
Yeah, sure.  
We played St. Something  
Down in Delaware,  
Fairly ridiculous  
up in Madison,  
But we ain't  
never played  
No finishing school  
like this.  
This is a mistake.  
We don't  
belong here.  
These people  
are different.  
I'm telling ya,  
they're gonna eat us up.  
They're just a bunch  
of college kids,  
No better than you.  
Hey! I didn't



say better.  
I said different.  
You ought  
to remember that.  
What do you think?  
What do I think?  
I'm scared to death.  
Aw, hell, Joann.  
Come on.  
When I graduated  
from high school,  
I asked my guidance counselor  
what he thought I should do.  
He talked about  
being a beautician,  
Or a typist,  
or a nurse.  
That was already  
reaching for the moon.  
The whole time,  
he was checking me out.  
"Here's a ripe one.  
"Doesn't matter  
what kind of job you get  
"Because in a year you'll be  
married and pregnant  
"With the first of six,  
"And they won't be  
college material  
Any more than you are,  
cookie. "  
Case closed.  
Hey, listen.  
These people,  
they're way behind you.  
I don't think  
they think so.  
Hey, ridgeway! Frank!  
What are you doing?  
Livingston,  
how are you?  
Ok. This is frank ridgeway,  
my old roommate.  
This is Lois Wilkes.

Hi, Lois.  
Joann Carlino.  
How you doin'?  
Keith Livingston.  
Nice to meet you.  
So, what, are you up  
for the weekend?  
Yeah.  
Rites of spring?  
Yeah.  
Well, that's perfect.  
Know who's playing  
tonight at the dance?  
They've got the cruisers.  
You know, the mean-Assed  
black group out of Newark,  
The cruisers.  
Oh, yeah.  
I heard of them.  
You know,  
when that Lois girl  
Asked me where did I  
go to college,  
I didn't know  
what to say.  
You told her you work  
in the city. Fine.  
And whether we were  
pinned or lavaliered?  
Hey, look...  
you're good enough  
to be here.  
You mean  
Im good enough for you.  
That's it, isn't it?  
Sometimes I think  
you're too good.  
How do  
you know Im not?  
I didn't mean that.  
Eddie said "different. "  
Yeah.  
Thanks for the date.  
Are you

being sarcastic?

No.

You're welcome, then.

Let's go back.

Showtime yet?

I'll just change  
into my other stuff.

No.

It'll only  
take a minute.

I said no.

You stay like that.

Hey, man.

You got some  
fine college here.

All the advantages.

You got ivy walls,  
Lecture halls,

Full-Dressed balls,

And you got the cruisers  
for the nasty stuff.

For the get-Down music  
and the hanging tough.

Better grab a woman.

Don't mention your name,

Because after tonight,

She'll never

be the same.

When lights go out,  
and the clock winds down,

Better find me a woman

to go downtown.

No hand-Holdin' baby

who'll nip and tuck.

I want a girl up the street

who knows how to...

I need a woman's

special touch

I need a lover's

soul trust

I want you, baby,

you know it's true

there's just one thing

I won't do for you

you'll never see me  
get down on my,  
down on my knees  
ooh, baby,  
Im a live wire  
a loaded pistol,  
Im ready to fire  
you know I want you  
by my side  
but I ain't beggin',  
I got my pride  
you'll never see me  
get down on my,  
down on my knees  
all I need  
is to set my soul free  
all I want is you  
to walk the line with me  
oh, darlin', yeah  
you give me lovin',  
makes my blood run hot  
I want you, baby,  
Ill never stop  
ooh, baby,  
you're my one desire  
Im a man  
that you can't deny  
you'll never see me  
get down on my,  
down on my knees  
yeah  
get down on my,  
down on my knees  
yeah  
down on my,  
down on my knees  
Do you like  
rock 'n' roll?  
Do you need  
rock 'n' roll?  
All right. Cool out.  
Sit down. Sit down.  
Come on. We gotta cool out  
before we can get runnin'.

I wanna thank you people  
for making the scene.  
The show's  
just startin' now.  
I'm gonna come clean.  
I'm gonna present  
the cruisers one by one.  
On drums, just going  
through a phase,  
Kenny Hopkins.  
On sax, the bruiser...  
Mr. Wendell newton.  
On bass,  
long, tall sally Amato.  
And last but not least,  
Your favorite  
and mine...  
Joann Carlino!  
Hey, Eddie,  
you forgot somebody!  
Who did I forget?  
The guy on the piano!  
Ridgeway!  
Oh! Oh, yeah.  
On piano...  
we got, uh...  
Toby Tyler.  
Stage name,  
show business nom de plume.  
He's that little boy  
who ran away from home  
And joined the circus,  
isn't he?  
He snuck into the tent  
without a ticket  
So he could see  
all the wild animals inside,  
The savage beasts,  
the clowns, the freaks.  
Let's hear it,  
everybody,  
For Toby Tyler!  
All right, here we go!  
Light up those lights!

your mama said  
she don't like it  
she don't like  
that rock 'n' roll  
oh, mama, mama  
mama,  
you just don't know  
I don't wanna  
hang up  
my rock 'n' roll shoes  
well, I get  
that feelin'  
every time  
I hear them blues  
the music's  
got the beat  
that will  
keep you alive  
the kids  
are rock 'n' rollin'  
from 8 to 85  
and I don't wanna  
hang up  
my rock 'n' roll shoes  
well,  
I get that feelin'  
every time  
I hear them blues  
The next day,  
I told him  
I was leaving,  
And Id take  
the bus back.  
What did he say?  
He said,  
"ok. Sure, go ahead.  
"I'll just  
call up the union  
And have them send  
someone else over. "  
Like so much  
busted plumbing.  
Then he asked me  
to take a walk with him.

He didn't say anything  
for the longest time.  
Then he turned to me,  
and he said...  
"Wordman...  
"we need each other.  
Words and music. "  
Then he crossed  
his fingers  
Showing how they  
go together.  
"Remember...  
words and music. "  
So you stayed.  
Yeah.  
I stayed.  
But season in hell...  
frank, how much influence  
did Rimbaud have on Eddie?  
Looking for ghosts?  
Maybe.  
You don't really think  
Eddies still alive, do you?  
I guess not.  
But what about  
the coincidence  
Of season in hell?  
Frank, what happened  
to those tapes?  
Hey, look.  
It didn't work.  
The record company  
hated it.  
They never released  
the album.  
Frank, I want to get  
ahold of those tapes  
And play them  
on my show.  
Let's let them  
be heard.  
Let the people decide  
whether they're any good.  
I don't know

where they are.  
Honest.  
I'd like to find them  
as much as you would.  
Frank...  
is that why  
you stopped writing?  
Because they told you  
you weren't any good?  
Words and music,  
remember?  
Without Eddie,  
There wasn't  
any more music.  
Good night, Maggie.  
Good night, frank.  
Im serious.  
Doc wants to get  
sally's band and us  
To go back  
on the circuit again.  
the guy's  
out of his head.  
It's them old songs,  
old memories.  
They'll make you  
crazy, man.  
Just a phase,  
huh, Kenny?  
Yeah, sure.  
We had some fun  
times for a while, huh?  
I liked being on top.  
What's not to like?  
You're out there in  
the back of the caddy,  
Balling some chick,  
you know.  
One of our tunes  
come on the radio...  
whoa! I mean, who was  
better than me, right?  
There was something special  
about that time, you know?



I miss it.  
You don't fool with  
the memories, huh, Frankie?  
I'm not so sure  
I can stop.  
Ok.  
Ok, but if you're  
gonna do that,  
Then you gotta  
take a look  
At the whole story,  
man.  
I mean, there were  
bad times, too...  
The fights,  
the arguments,  
The hassles.  
I mean, things,  
Im sure,  
You've forgotten  
all about...  
Toby Tyler.  
Did he play hell  
with you that night?  
Yeah.  
Yeah, right. You  
remember Sal and doc  
At each other's  
throats?  
Eddie and Joann  
Not being able to  
talk to each other.  
Nobody talking  
to each other.  
Remember  
Wendell dying?  
Remember that?  
I remember.  
Yeah, right.  
Heart attack, right?  
Man, you still don't  
know what went down.  
What are you  
talking about?

Where the hell  
have you been?  
Heart attack,  
my ass!  
What, you live  
in a cloud?  
It's time  
you grew up.  
Let's go.  
Wendell.  
Come on, Wendell,  
let's go.  
We've got to go, man.  
Wendell.  
Hey, Wendell.  
Hey.  
Stupid son of a bitch.  
Uh...  
the other day, I buried  
one of my best friends.  
He was the best sax player  
I ever heard.  
And they tell me  
I gotta come up here  
And entertain  
you people now.  
I don't think  
I'll be able to do that.  
aw!  
when the moon  
hung soft and low  
catching stardust  
in the light  
you held me closer  
and closer  
there was magic  
in the night  
whoa-Oh,  
tender years  
won't you wash away  
my tears  
how I wish  
you were near  
please don't go,

tender years  
Hi.  
Hi.  
God, you look great.  
I just came  
from a rehearsal.  
Still, you  
look terrific.  
I'm so glad  
you called.  
I wanted to  
so many times, but...  
now, this revival  
of our music...  
I couldn't help  
thinking about you,  
Remembering  
the good times we had.  
I just had to see you  
again, Joann.  
We had fun,  
didn't we, frank?  
Yeah.  
You know, Ive never  
been able to let go.  
To let you go.  
I'm glad  
you're here.  
Hey. You know,  
Ive seen all the guys.  
You did?  
Yeah. Kenny's  
in Atlantic city  
Dealing blackjack  
in one of the casinos.  
Really?  
Yeah. Doc's a Dj  
back in Asbury park.  
Did you see sally?  
Oh, yeah. Yeah.  
He's knocking them dead  
With the oldies  
but goodies.  
Can you believe he's

still playing Betty Lou?

Only now he's finally  
doing it his way.

Without the caesura.

Yeah.

How do you feel, them  
playing our old songs  
On the radio again?

I guess it's fun,

but, you know,

The strangest things  
have been happening lately.

I keep getting  
these phone calls.

I pick up the phone,

And someone plays  
tender years.

Then they hang up.

A couple times a day.

And last week, somebody  
broke into my house.

They got

my place, too.

And doc's.

What's going on?

Who is it?

It's got to be  
those old tapes.

Season in hell.

I see the writing  
on the wall

ivory towers

bound to fall

voices whisper

in the wind

I can hear them callin'

love is the fire

burnin'

and I wanna burn

darkest hour

before the dawn

times we know will...

What the hell

are you doin'?

I've heard enough.  
Just relax.  
There's nothing can't  
be fixed. Am I right?  
This won't fix.  
This is a disaster.  
You wanna be a poet?  
Try Greenwich village.  
Lew, listen.  
Another couple of weeks.  
We can work...  
Doc, take 6 weeks.  
I still wouldn't know  
what to do with it.  
You want to know  
what you can do with it?  
I'll tell you  
what you can do with it,  
You son of a bitch!  
Hey, I put up 10 grand,  
And I expect something  
for my money.  
This is what Ive been  
waiting a year for...  
A bunch of jerk-Offs  
making weird sounds?  
You're not gonna see  
a red penny.  
Easy, Eddie.  
Now, hey, wait,  
come on, man.  
Hey, listen, Lew,  
He's under pressure  
since Wendell died.  
Let me talk to him.  
you ain't  
talkin' to nobody!  
Look, we'll  
work somethin' out.  
Bullshit!  
Doc, don't  
do me any favors.  
I don't need this.  
Lew! Lew! Lew!

Shit!  
Are you crazy?  
We had the money  
in our hands, and you blew it.  
You blew it!  
Hey, come on!  
Eddie...  
you're wrong.  
You're wrong!  
Now listen to me.  
I love you.  
I've known you  
longer than anyone else.  
But you're wrong.  
They want  
on the dark side!  
What are we giving 'em,  
some damn opera?  
I don't know even know  
what you're after.  
I want something great,  
I want something  
that nobody's  
Ever done before.  
Why? We ain't great.  
We're just some guys  
from jersey.  
If we can't be great,  
then there's no sense  
In ever playing music  
again, Sal.  
I blame this on you.  
It was you!  
We were doing good  
till you came along,  
And you got us  
all screwed up!  
Eddie, wait!  
Eddie, the music's great.  
Those guys are wrong.  
It really is.  
Eddie,  
what is this place?  
I used to hang out here

when I was a kid.  
There used to be  
this old guy  
Who owned the place.  
What a dreamer.  
He would sift  
through the garbage  
And put aside  
bits and pieces.  
Come on. I'll show you.  
Come on.  
He actually believed  
That you could  
build a castle  
Out of  
a bunch of junk.  
What a crock.  
Holy shit.  
What a phony.  
Here we are, guys.  
Right where we belong.  
You got your edsels...  
norges...  
Dumonts...  
and Eddie Wilson.  
Together at last,  
Creating our own  
incredible monument...  
to nothing.  
Here's to nothing,  
fellas!  
Here's to nothing!  
there were  
so many things  
I wanted to say to him,  
So many questions  
I wanted to ask.  
But Eddie and I,  
we had a deal.  
We never talked  
about the future.  
We thought the present  
was so fine.  
Why ruin it

by planning ahead?  
But as Eddie drove off,  
I knew...  
I knew it then...  
there wasn't going  
to be any future.  
In the morning,  
They told me  
Eddie was gone.  
They hadn't  
found his body.  
That was always  
the hardest part to accept.  
I know you're gonna  
think Im crazy,  
But I have to  
tell you something.  
Last night  
there was a car  
Sitting in my driveway.  
A '57 Chevy.  
Just like Eddies...  
Joann, that car was destroyed  
in the accident, remember?  
I know,  
but whoever it was  
Must've seen me  
looking out the window.  
He blinked  
his headlights  
High, then low,  
then high again...  
just like Eddie.  
It can't be.  
It can't be him.  
Well, who then?  
Who?  
It's not Eddie.  
Whoever it is  
that's watching  
Is looking to cash in  
on those tapes,  
But it is not Eddie.  
Frank...



I know where  
those tapes are.  
After the accident,  
I had to say good-Bye  
in my own way.  
I went to satin records,  
Got the tapes,  
And drove back  
to palace depression.  
Take me there.  
Watch your head.  
Are you there?  
Yeah.  
Hold my hand.  
Come on.  
there.  
give me a light.  
See it?  
I feel something.  
It's in a box.  
A wooden box.  
I got it.  
Let's go. Come on.  
There's gonna  
be a left soon.  
Just past  
the gas station.  
There's some of you,  
you know.  
Yeah, I see.  
That one was  
always my favorite.  
Hello.  
when the moon hung  
soft and low  
there was stardust  
in the night...  
Who is this?  
you held me closer  
and closer...  
Damn it,  
who is this?  
Oh, frank.  
Oh.

No, don't.  
It's ok.  
It's ok.  
That's it!  
Huh?  
It's Eddie!  
He's coming over.  
That's our signal.  
It means get ready.  
I...  
I have to go.  
He'll be here  
any minute.  
I got to go.  
Oh, frank, Im sorry.  
I got to go.  
Eddie.  
It is you.  
Yes. Yes.  
Sure, I have them.  
Yes.  
I'll be waiting.  
Yes. Yes. Eddie.  
I'll be alone.  
Yes. Oh, hurry.  
Please, hurry.  
Frank?  
Frank!  
Hey, baby,  
what's the holdup?  
Eddie?  
Come on, let's  
get on with the music.  
Frank!  
Frank!  
What are you doing?  
Frank, don't! Don't!  
Son of a bitch!  
You... you!  
Ok. Ok.  
Ok, ok.  
why did you do this?  
Short cuts, kid.  
I never could do things

the easy way.  
Oh, doc.  
Why this whole game?  
The car business?  
I figured...  
Joann had the tapes.  
I knew she wasn't  
gonna give them to me.  
Maybe you, Wordman.  
Maybe she'd  
give them to you.  
What would you do if you  
had the tapes, doc?  
Try me.  
Just try me.  
I'd have it made.  
For once  
in my life...  
Id bring home  
a winner.  
I'd like that.  
I once asked Eddie  
why he kept you around.  
You know what he said?  
He said,  
"doc's a dreamer.  
And the world  
needs dreamers. "  
He was the only  
real friend I ever had.  
Yeah.  
Here.  
Go on, kid.  
Your ticket  
to the bigs.  
Come on, take them.  
I'm gonna do this  
for all of us.  
I mean that.  
I'll make you  
proud of me.  
Listen, Im gonna  
make the sweetest deal  
You ever heard.

They don't know it yet,  
But they're gonna be  
dealing with doc Robbins,  
The big bopper!  
And Im gonna be coming  
on strong, staying long.  
Talking loud  
and drawing a crowd.  
Hey, man...  
Eddie and the cruisers,  
coast to coast.  
I ain't just  
talking jersey!  
Go get 'em, doc!  
Let's go inside.  
dark side's calling now,  
nothing is real  
she'll never know  
just how I feel  
from out of the shadows  
she walks like a dream  
makes me feel crazy,  
makes me feel so mean  
well, nothing's gonna save me  
from a love that's blind  
slip to the dark side  
across that line  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah  
on the dark side  
oh, yeah...  
the innocence  
of the fifties was over,  
And so was rock 'n' roll  
as we knew it.  
We were entering  
a new age.  
An age of confusion,  
An age of passion,  
of commitment.  
Eddie Wilson  
saw it coming.  
Season in hell  
Is a total innovation

for its time.  
It was a signal  
of greatness yet to come.  
Eddie Wilson was  
a step ahead of us,  
And I don't think we've  
caught up with him yet.  
Eddie's been dead  
for almost 18 years,  
But his music  
is as alive today  
As the day he recorded it.  
For me and for everyone  
who listens to music,  
Eddie Wilson lives...  
and always will.

fire

fire

love is the fire

burnin'

and I wanna burn

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie!

can you see the light?

Can you hear the sound?

can you feel this

whole world turning 'round?

can you see the light?

Can you hear the sound?

can you feel this

whole world turning 'round?

can you see the light?

Can you hear the sound?

can you feel this

whole world turning 'round?

can you see the light?

Can you hear the sound?

can you feel this

whole world turning 'round?  
can you see the light?  
Can you hear the sound?  
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whole world turning 'round?  
can you see the light?  
Can you hear the sound?  
can you feel this  
whole world turning 'round?  
can you see the light?  
Can you hear the sound?  
can you feel the...  
strangers cruisin'  
down the south strip  
cool cats searchin'  
for some hot lips  
night shift neon  
ribbons flash forever  
rebels lace midnight  
in black leather  
shipwrecked pirates claim  
their treasures in the sand  
sidewalk surfers ride  
the streets in super vans  
beach fires light the faces  
of the gypsy caravan  
open up your door  
we'll let those  
lake pipes roar  
into the  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, those  
wild summer nights  
summer nights  
wild summer nights  
oh, baby, those

wild summer nights  
oh, baby, run wild  
summer nights  
run wild  
summer nights  
when the moon hung  
soft and low  
catching stardust  
in the night  
you held me closer  
and closer  
there was magic  
in the night  
a sweet love song  
a melody  
that I still can recall  
two young hearts  
filled with dreams  
to walk away  
with it all  
whoa-Oh,  
tender years  
won't you  
wash away my tears  
how I wish  
you were near  
please don't go,  
tender years