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Eddie and the Cruisers II: Eddie Lives!

By P.F. Kluge

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
Ain't nothing gonna save you
from a love that's blind
When you slip
to the dark side you cross that line
On the dark side,
oh, yeah
On the dark side, oh, yeah
(INDISTINCT CHATTERING)

Hi, guys.

Hi.

The dark side's
calling now nothing is real
She'll never know
just how I feel
Hey, Joe,
come on, drink up.
We only got half
an hour for lunch.
From out of the shadows
she walks like a dream
What's the matter
with you?

WOMAN ON TV:

the Cruisers doing On The Dark Side.
It was a long time ago,
right, kids?
But take it from me,
Eddie Wilson was it,
rock 'n' roll's
fastest-rising star.
Then on a cold March morning,
Eddie Wilson died.

Tonight at 10:

for the first time anywhere in the world,

an Eddie Wilson look-alike contest,
sponsored by Satin Records.
It'll be broadcast live,
right here on Rock TV News.
Do you believe this?
Just like Elvis.
Now it's this clown.
Hey, Joe. Joe?
Where's Joe?

(NYC SONG PLAYING)

Say, hey, little girl,
take me by the hand
Walk me down this boardwalk
one last time again
We see those
pretty pier lights
Hear those carnival sounds
We stop right
at the top tonight
When the Ferris wheel
goes round
You say that
I've been restless
You don't understand
Tomorrow I'll be leaving
on that morning train
Gonna leave this
candy apple town behind
Get out while I still can
Going to New York City
With this guitar in my hand
Been wishing
on these stars too long
Been playing
in these bars too long
Holed up
in your arms too long
Been a prisoner
of my heart too long
Going to New York City
To find out where I stand
And I'll be walking
down Broadway
With this guitar

in my hand

MAN ON RADIO:

and the Cruisers' album
has gone platinum
in only four weeks, a major phenomenon.
And with me here tonight
is one of the original Cruisers, Sal Amato.
Welcome to the show, Sal.

SAL:

Nice to be here.

MAN:

In a few minutes, you're gonna
receive the Platinum Album Award
for selling over
a million albums.
How does that feel?
Well, it's hard.
I feel good and bad.
You know, I mean,
for our album
to become this popular after all these years
of being out of release,
never being heard on the radio.
You gotta understand,
with Eddie, music was everything.
I mean, it wasn't
just songs or records.
With Eddie, music was
your whole life.

MAN:

something, Sal.
What's this whispering we hear around
about some surprise announcement?
Does it have
something to do with the old band?

SAL:

I can't talk about it.
All right, Sal.
Well, the tension is

building up right here
at Club Metropolis.

(CARS HONKING)

MAN:

just how I feel
From out of the shadows
she walks like a dream
Makes me feel crazy
makes me feel so mean
Ain't nothing gonna save you
from a love that's blind
When you slip
to the dark side you cross that line
On the dark side, oh, yeah
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Ain't nothing gonna save you
from a love that's blind
When you slip
to the dark side you cross that line
On the dark side, oh, yeah
On the dark side, oh, yeah
On the dark side, oh, yeah
On the dark side, oh, yeah
All right, everybody.
You have now heard...
Whoa, whoa, whoa
for a second.
You have now heard
the last of the finalists
in the Eddie Wilson
Look-Alike Contest.
We've given Sal Amato
his Platinum Award.
Come on, Sal.

(CROWD CHEERING UPROARIOUSLY)

(CHANTING)

Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!

Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!

(WHISTLING)

HOST:

All right, all right, hold on, here!
At this time I'd like to introduce

somebody from Satin Records.
These are the people
who re-issued Eddie and the Cruisers.
I'd like to introduce
a man by the name of Dave Pagent
who has something
you all want to hear.
Before Eddie Wilson died,
he was working on a new album,
an album called
Season In Hell.
(CROWD CHEERING
AND WHISTLING)
Now you all know
that Eddie Wilson is the greatest, right?
Satin Records has just
re-acquired the lost tapes
of Eddie Wilson's
never-released album, Season In Hell!
And we at Satin Records
are now gonna release it just for you!
Now here it is,
in its world premiere!
(WHOOPING)
(MUSIC PLAYING)
(CHANTING)
Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!
Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!

EDDIE:

what I want is songs that echo.
The stuff we're doing now
is like somebody's bed sheets.
Spread them out, soil them,
ship them out to the laundry, you know?
With our songs,
I want to be able
to fold ourselves
up in them forever.
You understand?
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING ON TAPE)
Bad moon on the horizon
Something in the air today
Hear the sound of thunder

That's a pretty good
imitation of Eddie.
Who is it?
When we re-acquired
the Season In Hell album,
we found another totally unrelated
tape in the box, a mystery tape.
This tape.
And you think
this is Eddie?
Don't you?
It can't be.
Eddie always
played with me.
I knew every song he knew.
I knew everything that he...
No, no, this is Eddie.
What are you
trying to pull here?
There aren't
any tricks, Sal.
I've had the tape analyzed
and experts agree that this is Eddie Wilson.
Screw the experts.
I was his best friend.
I would know if he was doing something.
No, no. His music was
his best friend, Sal.
Don't you understand?
Eddie did not think
you belonged in this session.
He started playing
with other musicians
'cause he was
leaving you behind, pal.
That's a lie.
You're a goddamn liar!
Eddie wouldn't...
Somehow it's never
good enough
At times it's hard
to tell the difference
Between what you know
as right and wrong

(REDUCES VOLUME)

ON MICROPHONE:

was my best friend.

That meant something
back then.

Maybe you don't
understand that.

(INCREASES VOLUME)

Hey. No, Lew!

Wait a minute.

Wait, Lew. Lew!

Sal's not thinking it's Eddie
makes this even better.

What are you
talking about?

Let me explain
it to you.

The Season In Hell album
will for sure be a big hit, but now...

So?

Now we raise
the question of
"Who the hell played
on the mystery tape? Where was it recorded?"

And best of all, "Were these songs
recorded after Eddie Wilson died?"

What the hell
you getting at, Dave?

What I'm getting at
is creating a rock 'n' roll mystery.

We don't know how
old this new tape is.

It could've
been recorded before or after

Eddie Wilson's car
went off that bridge.

Because Eddie Wilson's
body was never found.

That's right.

After Season In

Hell goes gold,

we announce that

we have discovered this mystery tape.

Release each cut
of it as a single,
and promote
the hell out of it.
Get people
to start believing
that Eddie
could still be alive.
You know,
"Eddie lives" kind of stuff.
We could arrange
sightings of Eddie,
newspaper articles,
maybe even a TV special!
People do not want
their heroes to die.
And that stuff
sells records, Lew, lots of records.
So? What do you think?
I think Eddie Wilson lives.
I got smokestack lightning
running right through my veins
Trouble hanging
round my neck
Just like a ball
and chain
(VOCALIZING)
(SIGHS)
Gotta be more than
this to being alive
Everyday spitting
out nine to five
Every night running
all over this town just feeling no pain
I got a hunger
and a cold desire
Someday, it's gonna
take me higher
(CROWD CHEERING)
Hey, come on!
Get off of him!
Hey, he's on him,
ref, come on!

MAN:

God damn it!

What's wrong with you?

He's blind!

See that?

(INAUDIBLE)

I don't know, man.

You call this playoff hockey?

You're right.

We ain't skating.

Come on,

the second period's ready to start.

We got time, man.

Excuse me, I thought...

No need

to excuse yourself.

Hey, tell me something,

that's your brother over there, right?

You have

an amazing face, you know that?

Yeah, so do you,

but I'm here to watch a hockey game, okay?

I'd like to paint

your portrait.

Seriously.

This is my card.

I'm an artist.

No, thanks.

Please? I mean it.

Hey, lady,

do you do this all the time?

When I see a face

that expresses something like yours, yeah.

So what does

my face express?

Distance.

Like someone

looking for something they can't have.

Do you know what I mean?

Sounds like

a sad painting. No, thanks.

Well, I don't have

to paint it sad.

(TENDER YEARS PLAYING)

When the moon
hung soft and low
Catching stardust
in the light
You held me
closer and closer
There was magic
in the night
Hey, when is your wife
gonna come and visit me again, huh?
Who taught her all those
nasty little tricks you like?

MAN ON RADIO:

And that was Tender Years,
by Eddie and the Cruisers.
Hard to believe that
Eddie Wilson's been dead all these years,
but Satin Records'
release of Season In Hell eases the pain.
Now here's the lead cut
from the great Eddie Wilson.
I think you need
a vacation, Joe.
I need someone
I can just be with
Someone just like you
I need someone
that I can be with
Someone just like you
I need somebody
that I can talk to
I need somebody new
Ain't it funny
how I can talk to you?
I can talk to
I need somebody
that I can talk to
I need somebody
Could you take an Irish Mist
to the sax player, please?
(CROWD CHEERING)
That guy over there
bought you a drink.

Okay, thanks.

Thanks.

How'd you know

I liked Irish Mist?

I was in this club

in Jersey a few years ago

to see Ike

and Tina Turner play.

Man, that was

a while ago.

This young horn player

comes in late,

trips on the mike cord,

falls into the first row

and plays

the whole first set sitting on his ass.

(CHUCKLING)

Man, you got

a good memory.

You got

a good sound, man.

It sounds like a bell

skipping across a clear lake.

Reminds me

of Wendell Newton.

Wendell Newton?

I knew Wendell, long before

he joined Eddie and the Cruisers.

Then we just lost touch.

Man, Wendell was as crazy

as anybody I ever met.

But a sweeter man

you'd never find.

He just couldn't

shake the monkey, that's all.

Yeah.

How'd you

know Wendell?

I'd hear him

playing in clubs.

Do you play?

Guitar.

Hey, I thought

I heard you say you play guitar.

Yeah, I play guitar.

Oh.

Well, Hilton knows
that I'm looking for a new guitarist.

Why, you wanna
try out?

Before you add one,
you ought to learn to play it yourself.

Hey, man, excuse me.

What did you say?

I said your bass
player can't sing,
and you come in
on the wrong beat.

I come in

on the wrong beat?

Yeah, that's right.

You should kick it,
not step on it.

(SCOFFS)

Who are you, buddy? Segovia?

Who the hell

do you think you are, coming down here,
telling me how to play
with my band?

Somebody should.

Hey, Rick, let him play.

A man's music speaks louder
than his words.

Let's see what you got.

All right.

Here, man, be my guest.

Be my guest.

(CHUCKLES)

This should be funny.

This should be
completely hilarious.

Hey, guys, let him play.

All right. I'll do

12 bar blues in C. All right.

Just follow me.

I'll count you in.

(PLAYING GUITAR)

EDDIE:

three, four!

F!

C!

G!

C!

It was the Garden of Eden

The beginning of time

Adam said to Eve

"Little girl, I wanna make you mine"

"So wait a minute, big boy

"Not so fast

"I wanna think this over

Wanna love that's gonna last"

Eve said to Adam,

"Catch me if you can"

It's been the same old story

ever since the world began

Honey, I'd give you anything

in this great, big world

She said,

"Forget those rotten apples

"I'll take some diamonds

and some pearls"

He said,

"I don't know exactly what it is you mean"

Ever since

she could remember she had this pretty dream

Eve said to Adam,

"Catch me if you can"

It's been the same old story

ever since the world began

Hey, man,

you were great!

Get out of the way.

Hey, look, man,

I'm sorry, okay?

I'm sorry

about what I said.

Excuse me.

DIANE:

Hey, what are you

doing here?

Looking for you.
I saw the name of this bar
on the matches you used at the hockey game.
Guess it was luck.
Yeah, right, luck.
You go there often?
Yeah.
Seems like once too often.
So, you're
a tough guy, huh?
You're right,
you know.
I couldn't paint you.
I couldn't capture
how tough you are on canvas.
I'd probably need
a hammer and chisel,
just because
you're so tough.
Wait a minute.
Did you really come looking for me to...
Yes, I want
to paint you.
You need
a ride somewhere?
After you see my work,
maybe you'll change your mind.
Maybe I won't.
And maybe you will.
If that's not your band,
then where do you play?
I don't.
Why not?
You're very good.
Not good enough.

EDDIE:

green and blue, huh?
Mmm-hmm. But the red
is what's important.
I'm trying to exhaust
myself with red.
I don't get it.
At least you're honest.

No, I didn't mean that.

I like your paintings.

My first showing's

next week.

I hope the critics

agree with you.

(WORKERS LAUGHING)

Then I say to him,

"Didn't I see you earlier today?"

Excuse me.

Excuse me, sir. Yeah?

Do you know where West is?

Shit.

Joe West.

Think he's down there.

There he is, great.

Thanks a lot, man. Yeah, there he is.

RICK:

Joe, wait!

I wanna talk to you!

This sucks!

This is for the birds, man!

Whoa!

Nice view, huh?

Especially down.

Yeah, right.

Look, I was wondering

if you wanted to be in my band.

You don't

need me, kid.

Man, you are

really good.

The city's full

of good players.

Go find one of them.

Look, at least

come and jam with me.

I'll think

about it, okay?

Thanks.

(EXHALES)

I got a question.

I'm gonna take the elevator down with you.

I don't wanna go down
those stairs again.
You got a union card?
No.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
Not bad.
Not bad? What the hell's
that supposed to mean?
Not bad means
not bad.
And I suppose
thanks for nothing
means thanks
for nothing, right?
Listen, if I was in a bar
and I heard you playing,
it'd be nice
being in there.
But then I'd go home
and I'd forget all about it.
That's what
not bad means.
Thanks a lot, man.
Hey, you don't
want the truth, don't ask.
Make up your own,
like everybody else.
Look, man,
I want to learn. Is that okay?
You ain't
gonna learn nothing by impressing yourself
with some
five-minute guitar riff.
I mean, it was good,
it would dazzle an audience,
but that's
the easy part.
Okay, okay.
Hold on a second, hotshot.
Well, why don't you
show me something I don't know?
(PLAYING GUITAR)
Music's gotta live, man.
It's gotta breathe.

Just let it breath.
Well, how the hell
am I supposed to do that?
Practice.
And hard work.
Tough.
(SIGHS)

MAN 1:

MAN 2:

Mr. Eisen! Mr. Eisen!
Who played backup on the mystery
tape if it wasn't the Cruisers?
That we don't know.
But we are offering
a \$25,000 reward for anyone who can tell us.
And we need to know
when these songs were recorded.
What are you
implying?
Well, Eddie Wilson's body
was never found, right?
So you think Eddie
Wilson's still alive?

EISEN:

it's still a mystery, okay?

WOMAN:

he hasn't turned up?
When I talk to him,
I'll let you know.
So you do know
where he is?
We have had reports
that he's been seen
in 12 states
and in Paris, France.
We're checking that out.

WOMAN:

tell me something...
Mr. Eisen,

how long are you gonna keep up this scam?

What scam?

Get out of here. Come on!

(REPORTERS CLAMORING)

(SIGHS)

So how long do you think
we can keep up this scam?

As long as we got
records to sell.

(CHUCKLING)

Do you paint?

Buildings.

Ah!

What kind of buildings?

Big ones.

You know, this work
doesn't do a thing for me.

What do you think?

Me, I like the way
she exhausts her reds.

Oh.

I told you,
your work needs a warmer feel.

I paint what I see.

You've only sold
two paintings.

Make that three.

Excuse me?

I said, make that three.

I want to buy this one.

You can't just

rip the paintings out of the display.

If there's any damage,
you are going to pay for it.

Hey, pal,

the only damage I see
is you don't understand
her work.

MAN:

a private showing.

Do you have
an invitation?

Diane invited me.

That was a mistake.
Oh, yeah, it was.
And not my first.

EDDIE:

take it easy.
You'll have other shows.

DIANE:

is the most important.
I was hoping...
Forget it.
Let me give you
a ride home.
I'd rather walk.
Yeah, I'd like
to walk with you,
but I just bought
this painting,
and I like it a lot
and I don't want it to get ruined.
So help me
put it in my car, huh?
Do you really like it?
Yeah.
I can't believe you
did it from memory.

EDDIE:

I want to show you something.
What are you doing?
I thought you were taking me home.
Don't you want
to go roller-skating?
Why in the hell
would I want to go roller-skating?
Why not?
Because I just
screwed up, I'm very depressed
and I don't know
how to roller-skate.
That's perfect.
I don't, either.
Come on.

(POP MUSIC PLAYING)

This is nuts.

I know. Come on, huh?

(GROANS)

(CHILDREN LAUGHING)

Are you all right?

You want I should
lay that girl out?

Come on.

Having fun yet?

Joe, I'm never gonna
be able to do this.

Sure you can.

Just follow the flow
of my legs, dear.

What, one foot?

One foot at a time.

You can try to move
both of them, but you'll probably fall.

You know

how to roller-skate, don't you?

Let's see.

Whoa.

All right, skaters,
get ready for some exciting music.

Tonight, right here

at Bobby's Rink,

we're gonna

give you a preview of the mystery tape
from the great Eddie Wilson!

Satin Records'

latest release!

Yes! It's called

Emotional Storm!

(EMOTIONAL STORM PLAYING)

What's wrong?

My legs got tired.

They didn't seem tired.

Just take your skates off
and let's get out here, okay?

Fine.

Hey, how you doing, man?

Listen, I was thinking
about what you were talking about...

Forget about
what I said, whatever it was.
You were right, man.
My music was missing something.
Man, get off of my back.
Remember when
we were jamming the other day?
Well, I made
a tape cassette, man.
You gotta hear this.
Not now.
Come on.
I gotta talk to you
about my band!
Come here, kid.
I don't want to talk to you
about any goddamn band!
So get off of my back,
all right?
Joe, take it easy.
Let him go.
Man, I just wanted
to jam with you.
If you don't
want it, fine.
Come on.
I don't feel right
keeping your painting without paying for it.
So when I get
the money together, I'll come back for it.
So, you do remember
how to talk, huh?
I mean,
you haven't said a word all the way here.
Why did that guy
make you so mad?
He wants me
to join his band.
So? Why don't you?
You wouldn't understand.
Try me.
Why do you care?
I do care.
Diane, I don't want

to hurt you.
Then I just
won't let you.
Good morning.
Joe, last night
you were scared of something.
I could feel it.
Does that guy have
something on you?
No.
Then what's the matter?
There's something
happening in my life I just can't handle.
Go on, please.
Diane,
a long time ago,
I had a band.
I wanted to create
the perfect sound, perfect music.
I spent a whole year
working on this album.
And when I was done,
I was proud of it.
And then
I handed it in.
And this guy
at Satin Records, he told me it was garbage.
He said I was finished.
The album
was un-releasable.
I can't go
through that again.
Well, I'm sure
people have forgotten your old band by now.
You could start...
No! That's the point! Nobody's forgotten!
I hear it and see it
every goddamn day on radio, television.
It's driving me crazy.
They like me better dead than alive!
What do you mean, "dead"?
What band
are you talking about?
The Cruisers.

Eddie and the Cruisers.
What are you saying, Joe?
I'm Eddie Wilson.
Oh, come on.
You and 10
other guys, right?
I've seen those
look-alike contests.
Eddie Wilson
died when his car went over a bridge.
Didn't he?
Didn't he?
I still don't remember
what happened.
I was driving.
The car hit the guard rail
of the bridge, and I lost control.
I remember swimming.
I was thinking
about Wendell Newton,
the sax player
from the Cruisers.
But he was dead.
So I got out.
I just split.
I left everyone
and everything behind.
And I hurt
a lot of people.
For 20 years,
it's been tearing me apart.
And everybody thinks
I'm dead.
I don't know
what I'm gonna do.
Why not just
tell everyone?
I mean, people want
Eddie to be alive, Joe.
Yeah.
People like Lew Eisen, so he can get
rich off an Eddie Wilson freak show.
Then don't say
who you are. Just play.

I won't measure up.
You should do it.
You should do it.
That's great!
That is great!
But you know something,
though?
I knew you were gonna
change your mind.
Then you knew
more than I did, kid.
First thing we gotta do
is put together a new band.
What's the matter
with my old band?
Not much.
What you need
is drums, keyboard and a new bass player.
That's it.
He's just playing for some kids now,
but I saw him last week at...
Yeah, I know.
He was good.
(CROWD CHEERING)
Hey, buddy.
How you doing?
Rick tells me
you're looking for a serious dude.
I should tell you,
I'm never serious, except with these.
Good. He'll do.

DJ ON RADIO:

Hitting the number two spot
on the Radio and Records
music charts this week
is the first single
off the Eddie Wilson mystery tapes.
Now, here's the big news.
Our friends at Satin Records
have upped their offer to 100,000 big ones.
That's \$100,000
to anybody who has proof
as to who's playing backup

on this Eddie Wilson mystery tape series.

Now, let's do some cruising,

just you and me.

(EMOTIONAL STORM PLAYING)

Okay. Quinn,

I'd like you to meet Joe West.

How you doing, man?

Okay.

Rick's been scouting you

for a couple weeks.

He tells me

you're thinking about joining another band.

What sort of music

are we talking about?

The real kind, man.

In.

(PIANO PLAYING)

You think he'll fit

in our band?

He'll fit in my band.

He plays six instruments.

I heard him.

I couldn't care less

if he played 60 instruments.

(SHUSHING)

Look at the guy,

he's a goofball.

Look at the vest

he's wearing.

I mean, a clown wouldn't be caught

dead wearing a vest like that.

He don't play

with his vest, man.

(SHUSHING)

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)

Yeah. Solid, man.

Stewart!

You're lagging, man.

I know. I'm sorry.

Charlie, you're all

over the place, man.

Bring it in.

We ain't in the pocket, guys.

It's coming.

He'll get it.
No, man.
What is that?
You said,
"Play more intense!"
Louder ain't more intense.
Then what is?
What is more intense?
I was in the desert once,
out in the middle of nowhere,
absolutely nowhere.
Just me,
the sand and silence.
But if you know what to listen for,
it ain't silent out there.
I heard a music out there
I never heard before.
In the silence.
That's what
I'm after, kid.
That's intense.
You dig down deep
and touch something like that,
people are gonna listen.
They'll listen to you
because you got something to say!
Not just something
to show.
You understand?
Yeah, I think I know
what you're talking about.
If you've just joined us,
our guest tonight is Wendy Green.
Miss Green
claims to be married
to the legendary
rock star, Eddie Wilson.
Now, let me
get this straight.
You've been married
to Eddie Wilson for the last 10 years.
That's right.
But when he died,
Eddie Wilson was single.

Oh, my Eddie,
he didn't die.
And you have two kids by him.
Eddie Jr. and Edwina.
(PEOPLE LAUGHING)
Let's go to phone calls
from our viewers
with questions or comments
for our guest.

WOMAN:

I think that woman's crazy.
I mean, Eddie and I, we've been
together since I met him in Vegas.
And we got three kids.
Oh, no.
Wherever Eddie Wilson is,
I sure hope this
album goes platinum
so he can support
all these children.
Let's take another call.
Man, we gotta go
on the road and get some exposure.
We gotta practice.
Well, that's all
part of it.
No. That's all of it.
We need, like,
six months, man.
Forget the road.
We can't.
I already made
some bookings for us.
What?
We're supposed to leave
tomorrow morning.
Who the hell
do you think you are, booking us?
Well, I was doing it
for the band.
I'll decide
what the band needs.
You learn to play

your damned guitar!
Okay, fine.
Well, what do you
guys think?
I don't know, man.
Joe's right.
We gotta practice.
Our music's not bad.
But, you know,
you need an audience to make music work.
Without nobody to listen,
you might as well play for yourself.
Hilton, the kid's
in such a rush.

RICK:

with that, man?
Hey, a man in a rush
starts taking shortcuts.
And I won't
shortcut the music.
Okay, fine.
I'll cancel
all the dates.
All right,
wait a minute.
We'll go on the road,
to practice.
Let's get on
with the music.
(TIRES SCREECHING)

QUINN:

Fix those
brakes sometime.
You animals!
Hey, pal.
Rick, what's up?
What took you so long?
All right, brother.
Let me give you a hand with that.
Got it?
Hey, man,
what's going on? What do you mean?

She's not coming
with us, is she?
She's coming with me.
Man, I got no room!
Make room.
Hey, Hilton,
how you doing, man? Not bad.
Make room.
Cajun band, play this tune
(CHATTERING)
Hey, Joe.
For luck, man.
Thanks, man.
Ladies and gentlemen,
Rock Solid!
(CROWD CHEERING)
I got smokestack lightning
running through my veins
Trouble hanging
round my neck just like a ball and chain
Gotta be more than
this to being alive
Everyday spitting
out nine to five
Every night running
all over this town just feeling no pain
I got a hunger
and a cold desire
Someday,
it's gonna take me higher
Just another small flame
Just running
through the fire
Just another
small flame
Just running
through the fire
Running through the fire
Baby, it's gonna get hot
Running through the fire
Honey,
if you're ready or not
Running through
the fire

Honey,
any way you turn
Running through
the fire
Baby, you're gonna
get burned
(CROWD CHEERING)
Come on!
I'm rolling down
the alleyway heading for the neon lights
I got a soul full of struggling
need a little mercy tonight
This world's asking
just a little too much
Honey, I need your
loving tender touch
Just move your
body close to mine make everything all right
I got a hunger
and cold desire
Someday,
it's gonna take me higher
Just another small flame
Just running
through the fire
Just another small flame
Just running
through the fire
Running through
the fire
Baby,
it's gonna get hot
Running through
the fire
Honey,
if you're ready or not
Running through the fire
Baby,
any way you turn
Running through
the fire
Baby,
you're gonna get burned
(SAXOPHONE PLAYING)

Running through the fire
Honey, it's gonna get hot
Running through
the fire
Baby, if you're ready or not
Running through
the fire
Honey, any way you turn
Running through
the fire
Baby,
you're gonna get burned
Running through
the fire
Baby, it's gonna get hot
Running through
the fire
Honey,
if you're ready or not
Running through
the fire
Honey, any way you turn
Running through
the fire
Baby,
you're gonna get burned
Yeah!
All right!
All right!
All right!
All right, now,
it's time to introduce the band.
On bass, Quinn Quinley.
Keyboard,
Stewart Fairbanks.
Drums, "Sexy"
Charlie Tanzie.
Lead guitar,
Rick Diesel.
Saxophone,
Hilton Overstreet.
I'm Joe West.
There was a time
You had no need

for rhythm or rhyme
And the world seemed
so wild and so free
You just wrapped
yourself up in a dream
Tell Tony Eddie
and the Cruisers are here.
All you had to do
was believe
And nothing
was out of your reach
So sure how it
all falls in line
It's just
a matter of time
It's just
a matter of time
Then you wake up
one day
All your dreams
somehow faded away
The road
that you followed, it turned
You can't find
where the fire once burned
Can't look yourself
straight in the eyes
In your heart of hearts
you've compromised
Baby, one day,
we all cross that line
It's just
a matter of time
It's just
a matter of time
All alone in
the still of the night
You come face to face
with your pride
And how much
you wanted it all
You can't believe how
you're taking the fall
Then you reach out one day

To the light of
a new dawning day
You take just one
small grain of sand
Right into the palm
of your hand
And maybe
you find in the end
You're able to
dream once again
And, baby,
you fall back in line
It's just
a matter of time
It's just
a matter of time
(CROWD CHEERING)
Hey, you were right.
Stewart was perfect on the keyboard.
He's getting there.
Oh, come on.
We blew these guys away.
We got a long way
to go, kid.
Especially if you
want to play for me.
Lyndsay Caputo.
I'm putting together the Montreal
Spring Music Festival this year.
I'm looking for a band.
You want us?
Well, I thought
it would be nice to open with a local act.
Well, that's us.
We're local.
Yeah.
You guys have got
a good sound.
Thanks.
Just a little
unpolished maybe...
We haven't been
together that long.
We're still working

out the kinks.
Well, when you get them worked out,
why don't you give me a call
and I'll give
you an audition.
Oh, this is great!
For sure I'll call you. Yeah.
Your lead singer,
he sounds a bit like Eddie Wilson.
You might want to
capitalize on that.
You know,
all this Eddie Wilson crap going on.
Oh, this is great!
Love you.
Hey, did you hear
her idea?
I mean, you know,
you do sound a little bit like Eddie Wilson.
I think it
would be a great...
Forget it, kid.
Eddie Wilson's dead.
The only thing that's gonna
make us is our music.
(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING)
And you're sure
that is Eddie Wilson playing on that tape?
Oh, absolutely.
In fact, we are now
offering \$250,000
for bona fide proof
that Eddie Wilson lives.
Aren't you a little worried
that this guaranteed reward
is really a publicity stunt
to sell more Eddie and the Cruiser albums?
No, not at all.
You see, this is not
a marketing technique, Mr. King.
We are after the truth.
And I assure you,
we will pay anyone \$250,000
the moment they can prove

to Satin Records that Eddie Wilson lives.

QUINN:

CHARLIE:

RICK:

Quick, give me my case.

Not that one,

the other one. Quick.

Hey, girls.

Hey, wanna come backstage after the show?

Come on.

Knew I should've gone to college.

I got a hot rod Ford

I got a line

that can't miss

But you just pretend

like I don't exist

Oh, I get that fever

for your sweet kiss

Honey, let's be lovers

on a night like this

Don't you play too cool

Don't get too smart

Just give it what you got

Some like it hot

When I call you up

on the telephone

And I know

you're sitting

home all alone

I get that fire

burning in my soul

Honey, let me in

to that heart of stone

Don't you play too cool

Don't get too smart

Just give it

what you got

Some like it hot

I know that

your pretending

Don't you leave me

in the cold
Just put your hand
in my hand
On your mark,
get ready, set, go
Baby, come right here
Don't you run away
Just a little bit closer
Don't you be afraid
Honey, I'm your fool
But I ain't no saint
So don't be cruel
You know I just can't wait
Don't you play too cool
Don't get too smart
Just give it what you got
Some like it hot
Baby, won't you meet me
on a midnight rendezvous?
Won't you say you want me?
You know, girl, I want you
I want to take you out
to a movie show
Honey, we can sit
in the very last row
And when they turn those
lights way down low
I'll take you
in my arms, baby
And never let you go
Don't you play too cool
Don't get too smart
Just give it what you got
Some like it hot
Just give it what you got
Some like it hot
Just give it
what you got
Some like it hot
(ALL CHEERING)
Take it for me, man.
I think this is
my dance.
Shouldn't you be playing?

You're right.
Wait for me
back in the room.
What did you say?
I said wait for me
back in the room.
You're kidding, right?
Hey, what the hell's
going on, Joe? Not now!
What do you mean,
not now?
I'm talking to Diane.
Go ahead.
We'll talk later.
Hey, don't tell me
what to do.
I was just
returning the favor.

RICK:

Where are you going?
Away from you.
Wait a minute.
Diane, I'm sorry.
You have the band
to kick around.
What do you need
me for?
I just said
I'm sorry.
It's okay.
I kind of liked
seeing you jealous back there.
It surprised me.
Yeah.
It surprised me, too.
Well, Satin Records
has already released two songs
from the so-called
Eddie Wilson mystery tape.
What makes you so sure
it's not Eddie Wilson?
It can't be.
Why not?

Eddie was
a stand-up guy.
If he were alive today,
I would be right there next to him.
He wouldn't have
to hide from me. I was his friend.
Well, despite your protests,
there are a lot of people who disagree.
In fact, we're gonna go right now
to another Eddie Lives party,
sponsored by Satin Records.
They're celebrating
the release of the third song
from the Eddie Wilson
mystery tape.

(ROCK MUSIC PLAYING ON TV)

What you watching,
Diane?

Nothing good.

Joe, play that
New York City song for me.

Yeah, sure.

I wrote this
a long time ago, you know.

(STRUMMING GUITAR)

Say, hey, little girl
take me by the hand
Walk with me
down this boardwalk one last time again
We see those
pretty pier lights
Hear those
carnival sounds
We're gonna stop
right at the top tonight
When the Ferris
wheel goes round
Well, I sing
for these tourists a dream life on the water
When the dream,
it gets broken
this life gets
harder and harder
Gonna leave this

candy apple town behind
Get out
while I still can
Going to New York City
With this guitar
in my hand
Wishing on
these stars too long
Been playing
in these bars too long
Holed up
in your arms too long
Prisoner of my heart
too long
Going to New York City
Gonna find out
where I stand
And I'll be walking
down Broadway
With this guitar
in my hand

DIANE:

enjoy this life, don't you?
Always traveling.

EDDIE:

Oh, and what's
so special about Jersey?
Baby, there's nowhere
else in the world like the Garden State.
You got miles of swamps
and mountains of dumps.
Different colored rivers,
automobile graveyards,
breweries, factories, ball parks,
all mixed up together.
It's the best place to live.
Uh-huh.
Then why does
the Statue of Liberty face the other way?
That was cruel.
(SAXOPHONE PLAYING)
Hey, hey, hey.

Listen. Listen.

What?

There. Right there.

(SAXOPHONE CONTINUES TO PLAY)

Oh, that's great.

Thanks. Okay, bye.

Yeah!

Hey, Joe, I just talked
to Lyndsay Caputo about the festival.

She's coming to meet us
at the gig next week.

I didn't tell you
to do that.

We ain't ready
to audition.

Well, I guess
it's a difference of opinion.

The festival
is my call, Rick.

Look, you may be
happy playing these dives, man,

but I want
a record deal.

I want
the magazine covers, I want the videos.

Hey. How many times
I got to tell you?

It's the music that counts,
not the hype!

Not the hype, I know!

But we all want
to play the festival.

What, you're all
in on this?

Joe, you know,
I've seen a lot of bands come and go.

Most aren't very good.

But, once in a while,
a very long while,

one comes along
that's worth saving.

Well, that's gonna be
up to you.

All right.

This is how
it's gonna go down.
We find a place,
some place with no distractions.
And we rehearse until
I say we got it right.
Then we audition.

EDDIE:

you once believed in
That burned
inside you like a fire
The big wheel
kept on turning
Somehow the dream,
it passed you by
Hold it!
Hold it!
Hold it!
Guys, let's just get back
in the pocket, all right?
Charlie, where are you
racing to, huh?
You stopped doing
that two months ago. What happened?
Get on your
goddamn feet, Quinn.
All right, let's take it
from the top, okay?
Okey-doke.
One, two, three, four.
As I ride
this lonesome highway
The desert wind
across my face
My mind slowly wanders
To another time,
another place
When the world
was so much younger
With no reason
to hold back
And we weren't
so afraid of losing

All the things
we'd never had
Those days
are gone forever

MARTHA:

people all across America
have been buying up
the Eddie Wilson mystery singles
and have been
trying to figure out
just who is playing
backup on these songs.
Our rock 'n' roll
musicologist,
Merrill Shindler,
has this report.
Merrill?
Thank you, Martha.
I analyzed one guitar solo,
and my computer gave me one name,
the name
was the legendary Bo Diddley.
We've got Bo Diddley
live via satellite.
Bo, how you doing?
Just fine, thank you.
Bo, where were
those sessions held?
In Jersey,
a little place outside
of Newark called Lakehurst.
Now, for the
important question.
When were those sessions held?
(CHUCKLES)
I wish I knew.
The years kind of, you know, blend together.

MERRILL:

Who else was there?

BO:

running things alone

with his sax player,
Wendell Newton.
Come in here
and listen to this.

MERRILL:

the mystery for me.
Martha, the presence
of Wendell Newton
obviously dates
these sessions
as happening before
Eddie Wilson's death.
Which means that...
Which means that
we have no proof that Eddie Wilson lives.
And, in my opinion,
we can put to rest those grisly rumors
that Eddie Wilson's
still alive somewhere.
I think this guy
should drop dead.

RICK:

"I got a band,
and my lead singer
sings a lot
like Eddie Wilson.
"I hope you'll listen
to this tape,
"and if you like it,
please contact me as soon as possible.
"Yours truly, Rick Diesel."
(EXHALES)

RICK:

gonna take us another month, man?
We're gonna miss
the festival!
We just ain't
ready, man!
Oh, according to you,
we're never gonna be ready!
Look, we need

more time! Oh, more time?
Man, what are you
talking about?
I think you're afraid
to go on stage!
You're afraid to put
it on the line, man!
You don't know what
you're talking about.
Oh, yeah? Then why are we
hiding out in a cabin here, man,
playing for
the goddamn trees? Shut up!
We're all ready to play
this goddamn festival!
You're ready? Yeah?
Then do it!
No. Let him go.
(DOOR SLAMMING)

HILTON:

you destroy your guitar, now your songs.
You gonna be next?
They're lousy songs.
They don't even burn good.
Good thing you
know them by heart.
Be a shame to lose
that many songs by Eddie Wilson.
I knew the minute
I heard you play.
The way a man plays,
he's born with it.
Like fingerprints.
He can hide
under another name.
But he can't disguise
the way he plays.
Then it's a good
thing I'm quitting.
You're not
quitting now, Eddie.
You owe it to this band.
You brought them this far.

They deserve another chance.
Just like you
had a chance.
But they ain't gonna
get it without you.
You owe it
to them, Eddie.
And you owe it to me.

EDDIE:

I'm trying to stay cool
This little girl,
she breaks all the rules
Her pretty lies
make me feel so sad
But I still want her
and I want her bad
Tonight
'Cause when
she holds me tight
Maryia,
won't you say you will?
Maryia,
you give me such a chill
Maryia, girl,
you're just like the wind
You fill my sails
and then you blow me away
Hey, pretty Maryia
She's a woman
She can make
my blood run cold
She's a woman
Give me shivers
down to my soul
Her heart of stone
she can't control
I just can't leave her
Maryia,
won't you say you will?
Maryia,
you give me such a chill
Maryia, girl,
you're just like the wind

You fill my sails
and then you blow me away
Hey, pretty Maryia
You guys are too good
to be just an opening act.
But I'm gonna do it anyway.
Congratulations.
(ALL CHEERING)
We did it.
Yeah!

EDDIE:

I want something
that nobody's ever done before.
Why? We ain't great.
We're just some
guys from Jersey.
If you can't be great,
then there's no sense
in ever playing
music again, Sal.
Dad?
Yeah.
Can I go play
with Richie?
Sure. Come here.
What's this?
What?
Dad!
Okay, Richie,
I'm coming! I'm coming!
(SIGHS)
Son of a...
Jesus Christ!
You son of a bitch!
You son of a...
Son of a bitch!
Jesus Christ!
You've been dead
for 20 years, God damn it!
I've got to
talk to you, Sal.
Shut up!
No, you're dead,

God damn it!
I've got to
talk to you, Sal. Don't talk to me!
Don't talk to me!
Shut up!
Get away from me!
I'm sorry.
Who the hell
do you think you are, huh?
Huh?
What kind of person
does that to a friend?
Shit. I was
your best friend, God damn it!
Why did you do it?
I couldn't handle it.
You couldn't handle it?
I hate you, man.
I came back
'cause I need you, Sal.
I really need you, man.
Yeah?
What about
all the times I needed you?
I'm scared. I don't know
what I'm gonna do.
Sal...
I need you
to forgive me.
Please.
I'm sorry, man.
I'm really sorry.
Come here, you.

SAL:

about the mystery tapes?
You and Wendell
coming here to play 20 years ago.
It was just
an experiment, Sal.
Look, Wendell knew
these guys that had a recording studio here.
That's all.

EDDIE:

there I was, playing with the greatest,
Bo Diddley, King Curtis,
thinking, "This is great.
This is what I want."

EDDIE:

It's an emotional storm
Emotional storm
Raining down over you
Emotional storm
Emotional storm
Baby, what
we're going through
Emotional storm
Emotional storm
Raining down over you
Emotional storm
Emotional storm
Baby, what
we're going through
It's an emotional storm

EDDIE:

just another night of jamming.
That's what got me
thinking, wondering.
I started thinking
I wasn't good enough.
Then Wendell died.
I couldn't
take it anymore.
'Cause it was my fault.
Wendell OD'd.
Why do you blame yourself
for Wendell's death, huh?
Because I could've saved him.
I was pushing the band
to get a sound,
and I didn't care
about anybody.
You didn't
kill Wendell.
The monkey was on his back

long before he ever met you.
Wendell was just a player,
like all of them.
Maybe that's why they treated that
night like it was any other night.
And that should
tell you something.
Don't worry about
being good enough.
Just go out there
and play it,
the best
you can play it.
That's all.
Hey, Sal, you know,
I got a new band up there in Canada.
I could sure use you.
No, I got my own life here.
You were the best
in the band, man.
That's bullshit.
I was just a guy
from Jersey who played bass.
Maybe the band...
I don't know.
Maybe the band
would've held you back.
Who knows?
Maybe this time
you can get it right.
Well, kid,
you finally got what you wanted.
Thanks to you.
No, I think you got
that one backwards.
You Rick Diesel?
Yeah, that's right.
Come with me. There's some guys
backstage who want to meet you.

STAGE MANAGER:

15 minutes, everybody. Let's get ready.
You Joe West?
Yeah.

Telegram.
Thanks.
No problem.
Fan mail?
Yeah.
From an old friend.
Looking good.
You're Rick Diesel?
That's me.
Lew Eisen.
How you doing?
Excellent.
Come with me.
So you liked the tape?
Yeah, it's all right.
It was only
a fast demo tape, but, hey, man.
This is great,
your coming up here.
Look, I want you
to meet Joe. Come here.
Yeah, sure.
Joe, you ready?
Yeah.
Okay, good. Now I'm gonna
introduce the band...

RICK:

Hey, Joe!
No. I always
introduce the band after the first song.
Hey, Joe, I want you
to meet somebody.
Are you Joe West?
Yeah, I'm Joe West.
Yeah, Lew Eisen,
Satin Records.
Hey, come on, Joe.
Mr. Eisen here
wants to give us a record deal.
He hasn't even
heard us yet, kid.
I sent him a tape.
You what?

Just a sample.
You son of a bitch!
Who do you think you are, man?
Hey, what's wrong
with that, man?
There's nothing wrong
with that, kid.
Well, I'll be God damned.
I don't believe it.
Stay away from me, man.
Eddie, we'll do it
your way this time.
I've changed.
I even like what you're doing now.

RICK:

Eddie stuff?
Whatever Eddie Wilson
wants! Dave!
What the hell
is going on here, man?
Eddie! Eddie, come back!
Look, we are on
your side on this, Eddie.
Eddie! Look, we really
love the music.
Joe, wait.
So tomorrow everyone's gonna know,
but you've still got tonight.
To do what?
To do what you want!
To play
what you want!
Nobody cares
what I want to play!
You do! You care!
Give me the keys.
Where are you going?
Give me the goddamn keys.
Get out!
Look, you've got
one chance left
to prove that the music
is there for you,

and that chance
is tonight, because tomorrow,
everybody is gonna know
who Joe West really is.
Diane, I don't want
to hurt you, so get out of the car.
Just get out.
Okay, fine.
Let's go for a ride, huh?
And maybe we
can find a bridge
and do it right
this time, huh?
(SOBBING)
(CROWD CHEERING)
I don't give a damn.
Get the band
out on stage!
Well, look,
Joe's not even here. Eddie, whatever.
Look, either you get out on stage and
play or I send out the next act.
Relax, lady,
we are the next act.
Let's get on
with the music, kid.
Let's go!
Go!
Let's go!
(CROWD CHEERING)
Yeah!
Yeah!
I got smokestack lightning
running through my veins
Trouble hanging
round my neck just like a ball and chain
Gotta be more
than this to being alive
Everyday spitting
out nine to five
Every night running all over
this town just feeling no pain
I got a hunger
and a cold desire

Someday, it's gonna
take me higher
Just another
small flame
Just running
through the fire
Just another small flame
Just running
through the fire
Running through the fire
Baby, it's gonna get hot
Running through the fire
Honey,
if you're ready or not
Running through the fire
Honey,
any way you turn
Running through the fire
Baby,
you're gonna get burned
Rolling down the alleyway
heading for the neon lights
Got a soul
full of struggle
and I need
a little mercy tonight
This world's asking
just a little too much
Honey, I need
a loving tender touch
Just move your
body close to mine
Make everything all right
I got a hunger
and a cold desire
Someday, it's gonna
take me higher
Just another small flame
Just running
through the fire
Just another
small flame
Just running
through the fire

Running through
the fire
Baby, it's gonna get hot
Running through the fire
Honey,
if you're ready or not
Running through the fire
Baby, any way you turn
Running through
the fire
Baby,
you're gonna get burned
(CROWD CHEERING)
Running through
the fire
Honey, it's gonna get hot
Running through the fire
Baby, if you're ready or not
Running through
the fire
Honey, any way you turn
Running through
the fire
Baby,
you're gonna get burned
Running through
the fire
Honey,
it's gonna get hot
Running through
the fire
Baby, if you're
ready or not
Running through
the fire
Honey, any way you turn
Running through the fire!
Baby, you're gonna
get burned
(CHEERING)
Thank you!
Let me introduce
the band now.
On bass,

we got Quinn Quinley.
Keyboards, Stewart Fairbanks.
Drums, "Sexy"
Charlie Tanzie.
Lead guitar,
"The Killer" Rick Diesel.
Saxophone,
Hilton Overstreet.
And me.
I'm Eddie Wilson.

ALL:

Eddie! Eddie! Eddie! Eddie!

EDDIE:

let's rock 'n' roll!
Everybody, come on!
Yeah! Come on!
I don't run
for the money, honey
It don't mean a thing
And the power and the glory
never ever made a man a king
I don't need to ride
in a long, black limousine
I don't need
to see my picture on the cover of a magazine
I just need
a little satisfaction
Hit me like
a chain reaction
Talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
Talking about the pride
and passion and the thrill of it all
I don't need to read my name
all over the front page news
Better save your ink, mister
'cause I ain't got no use
Maybe you could say
that I'm just another prisoner of love
It's the only thing
I know for sure to help me rise above
I just need

a little satisfaction
Hit me like
a chain reaction
Talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
Talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
And it burns me
like a fire
I feel it
take me higher
And it gets down
under my skin
Makes me wanna give
that wheel a spin
I just need
a little satisfaction
Hit me like
a chain reaction
Talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
Talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
I'm talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
Talking about the pride and
passion and the thrill of it all
(KEEP MY LOVE ALIVE PLAYING)
Out beyond that blue horizon
Lies the untold
tales of our lives
Where the river
runs wild and deep
And the mountains
kiss the sky
The highest mountain
I will climb
And I will survive
'Cause you keep
my love alive
Hey, yeah, yeah
Hey, yeah, yeah
You keep my love alive
(SOME LIKE IT HOT PLAYING)

I got a hot rod Ford
I got a line that can't miss
But you just pretend
like I don't exist
Oh, I get that fever
for your sweet kiss
Honey, let's be lovers
on a night like this
Don't you play too cool
Don't get too smart
Just give it what you got
Some like it hot

(JUST A MATTER
OF TIME PLAYING)

There was a time
You had no need
for rhythm or rhyme
The world seemed
so wild and so free
You just wrapped
yourself up in a dream
All you had to do
was believe
And nothing
was out of your reach
So sure how it
all falls in line
It's just a matter of time
It's just a matter of time

(MARYIA PLAYING)

Maryia,
won't you say you will?
Maryia,
you give me such a chill
Maryia, girl,
you're just like the wind
You fill my sails
and then you blow me away
Hey, pretty Maryia
Won't you say you will?
Maryia,
you give me such a chill
Maryia, girl,
you're just like the wind

You fill my sails
and then you blow me away
Hey, pretty Maryia