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Empire Records

By Carol Heikkinen

Write slip twice. Put money in the bag.
Joe?
Gina.
Lucas, what are you doing in here?
My life has reached its pinnacle.
Joe's letting me close the store tonight.
- You're kidding.
- I am not.
Big responsibility, Lucas.
Yes.
But Joe's rules are extremely simple:
Count money twice...
keep my hands off of his beer...
cigars...
and drumsticks.
My, my, how will you remember it all?
Good luck.
Don't screw it up.
A responsibility like this
requires the obedience...
of a saint.
"Music Town
franchise option agreement"?
They've got to be kidding.
In the immortal words of The Doors:
"The time to hesitate is through."
Twenty-two.
Twenty-two black.
Who was that guy?
Craps! End of roll! New roller!
Place your bets, please.
Get your bets down.
We have a high roller.
\$9,104. I counted it. Twice.
I like your style.
Joe told me to count it twice.
No more bets, please. Put your bets down.
Do I just throw it and get a seven?
- That would be very good, sir.
- Feeling lucky?
I'm guided by a force
much greater than luck.
Seven!
A winner!

- Baby, you are sexy!
- I know.
Same lucky shooter.
Get your bets down.
- Hot shooter on the line.
- You know what? Let it ride.
Hot dice coming out.
That's an \$18,000 bet.
Sure you know what you're doing, kid?

I know this:

I will save the place that I work
from being sold...
and the jobs of my friends that work there.
Thus striking a blow at all that is evil...
and making this world
a better place to live in.
What?
And I'll... buy you guys a drink.
Party! Okay!
Get your bets down.
Joe...
this one's for you.
Two.
- Craps.
- End of roll.
You know something?
You used to be cute.
And you used to have \$9,000.
I wonder if I'll be held responsible for this.
What the hell are you doing here, man?
Something happened to me last night
in Atlantic City.
You went to Atlantic City?
Did you win anything?
No. I did not win.
So, if you guys ever wonder
if it was nice to know you...
I tell you, now, that it was.
Shit, man, what happened?
What happened?
I do not regret the things I've done,
but those I did not do.
Lucas, how much?

How much?

Shit.

What do you mean by "shit"? What's up?

Lucas doesn't have any money,
and Joe let him close the store last night.

Yeah? So?

I guess he didn't live up
to his responsibility, did he?

No, not the full responsibility. Shut up.

What's up, Joe?

What's up with the boss threads, man?

- Frigging Rex Manning Day.

- What's up with the hostility?

Phone.

Right. Empire Records,
open till midnight. This is Mark.

It's the bank.

Yeah, it's Joe.

Are you sure?

It should be.

Empire Records, open till midnight.

This is Mark.

I don't know. I'll have to check.

- It's the boss.

- Give me a sec, please.

Yeah, Mitch. Will you stop yelling, please?

What's wrong?

What is it?

Lucas? No way. Come on.

Here he comes.

Damn it, Lucas!

What's the matter?

- Surprise!

- What is it?

Happy Rex Manning Day.

When did you have time to make these?

Dad says there are 24 usable hours
in every day. Thank you.

You absolutely amaze me. You are a nerd.

That's me.

- So?

- So.

So today...

- I will offer myself to Rex Manning.

- All right!
I love you.
Like this.
Get your tongue off my record.
Do you think Rex is the right guy
for my first time?
I think he's perfect for you, Corey.
I need to ask your advice.
You know a lot about love
and women and that sort of thing.
My wife left me for another woman, and
my girlfriend made me leave at gunpoint.
- Does this qualify me?
- Definitely.
I've decided today's the day
that I'll tell Corey how I feel about her.
I know what you're thinking,
but I really am.
I've been working here off and on
for five years, so...
I've got to tell her how I feel.
That I...
Love her.
How do I do that?
You say, "I love you."
You want written instructions?
If I find that kid, I swear I'll kill him.
- I'll tell her this morning.
- Good.
By noon. Definitely.
No. By noon or 1:00.

By 1:

Good luck.
Thank you.
I remember the first time he sang it
on The Family Way.
I got so excited I almost choked
on a pretzel.
- Don't go in there.
- Why?
I got something to tell you. Both of you.
Come on, Lucas, pick up the phone.
Pick it up.

Come on, buckethead!

Hi, Joe.

- Does Joe know?

- Nope. Just act normal.

- What's up, Joe?

- What's new?

- How you doing?

- Damn!

I got green!

Let's see who goes first. I got a brown!

- Anybody got brown?

- Brown.

Orange.

Shit!

- What are you doing, man?

- Exercising my veto, man.

It's only 9:

You sure you want to do that?

Listening to this crap

will make you sterile.

Maybe I want to be sterile.

What are you doing here?

Calculus. I hate it,

but my dad says I've got to get an A.

You're not on until this afternoon.

It's Rex Manning Day.

Rex Manning Day.

Oh, Rexy, you're so sexy.

Mark, could you please not sing?

You know what, Joe?

One of these days,

I'm going to show you little people.

On that day,

I'll jump out of my wheelchair and dance.

How about today?

Rex Manning Day.

- Where's the money?

- The money is gone.

Yeah, I know it's gone.

Where's it gone to?

Atlantic City.

Is it coming back from Atlantic City?

I don't think so.

What's it doing in Atlantic City?
Recirculating.
Are you pissed off?
Lucas, listen to me.
I told Mitchell Beck
that you forgot to deposit the money.
I told him the money was still here.
Joe, that's not true. It's in Atlantic City.
I swear.
Shut up, sit down, and don't you move.
- It could be in other cities by now.
- Shut up!
Under no circumstances do I want you
to leave that couch.
Unless it's to get me \$9,000.
Then you bring it here to me.
I think it'll be okay.
What makes you think that?
Who knows where thoughts come from?
They just appear.
What a moron.
- Are you Corey Mason?
- For me?
Thank you.
Later.
- 'Bye, thank you.
"To the number one in her class.
Harvard, 1999.
"Make me proud. Love, Daddy."
That's sweet.
God, nothing's ever enough for him.
He didn't mean it like that.
I'm sure he didn't.
Excuse me.
Hi. How are you today?
Hi, Debra.
- She hates me.
- Yeah, she hates me, too.
But I have enough sense to hate her back.
- Good morning, Deb.
- Hi, Deb.
Lucas, are you in trouble?
Did you need the money?
If you are in trouble, you can talk to me.

You know that.
We're all in some kind of trouble.
Am I the only one who sees it?
You know, Deb's in trouble.
- A.J.'s in trouble.
- A.J.'s not in trouble.
And Corey is in trouble.
She's not in trouble.
She's going to Harvard.
Mark's in trouble. Eddie's in trouble...
Hey, I'm the one who's in trouble here.
'Cause every minute that goes by...
and I don't call the cops
I look like a bigger bananahead.
Joe, I can categorically say
that you are not a bigger bananahead.
You screwed me, Lucas.
You know that, right?
What do you want me to do?
- Call Mitchell? Tell him I lied?
- It seems like a viable option.
I swear to God,
if you're fooling with me, I will kill you.
- A.J., I need another closer.
- I opened, man.
Come on. I wouldn't ask...
but I have got no choice.
I can close.
Yeah, I can close. It's cool.
They just raised my rent,
so I could use the money.
Damn the man!
Oh, God, I am in hell!
You think it's possible for someone to be in
love with someone else and not even know it?
In this life,
there are nothing but possibilities.
That's good.
I must tell Corey I love her by 1:37.
That's an excellent time.
You did have hair
when you went in there, right?
It's still in the sink if you want to glue it.
Is it true you committed

the perfect crime?

Not entirely perfect.

You see that, man?

- What's with you today?

- Bad hair day.

No, I mean with this. What is this?

- What happened?

- I went to rock and roll heaven...

and I wasn't on the guest list.

Now please move, I have to go to work.

No. Now you tell me what is going on!

I decided I'd rather kill myself than meet

Rex Manning. Excuse me, I'm going.

Listen to me, this isn't funny.

I'm not joking.

I won't let you leave

until you tell me what's going on.

- Mind your own business.

- She's fine.

She's amazing.

Thank you.

She's in the store.

She's going to be okay.

What's with you?

Yesterday you were normal...

today you're like the Chinese guy

from The Karate Kid.

What's with you today?

What's with "today" today?

I don't know.

Why'd you do that?

I'm just your typical nutty teenager

in America.

Before you hear all about it...

That's supposed to be a joke, right?

No. You're the joke.

Well, Sinéad O'Rebellion...

shock me, shock me, shock me

with that deviant behavior.

That is so clever. You get smarter

the shorter your skirt gets.

And you get smarter

the shorter your hair gets...

so it's probably a good thing

you went with that.

- It's a wonderful look for you, darling.

- Thank you.

I have to go to the bathroom.

I want to report a robbery.

No, I will not hold...

Excuse me.

Excuse me.

Veto!

What's up with that?

It's too early.

It makes the customers all crazy-like.

That's the whole point.

Eddie!

What's up, dude?

I heard your music playing.

- That's pretty scary stuff.

- Yeah, it was moshy.

I'm glad to say I made you
a tape last night, for educational purposes.

Here's the deal.

You start off with a little classical music.

Then you got some Shaggs on there,
and Residents...

- and a little Floyd and Zeppelin.

- Floyd is very cool.

And another very cool thing is,

I made you these.

They're my special recipe

and you know what that means.

Lots of sugar.

You got to understand something here.

This music is the glue of the world.

It holds it all together. Without this...

life would be meaningless.

Dude, have you heard about Lucas?

Lucas, man, I heard you went to Vegas
and married a mobster's wife...

and now you've got a hit on you.

Is that true?

Not entirely true.

Outlaw Man, we salute you.

Thank you.

- No problem.

- This song goes out to our employee of the week, Lucas.
A little tribute, man.
What the hell's this?
"Rules and standards
for Music Town employee conduct"?
Put these in the boxes.
- Music Town? We're not a Music Town.
- No, we're not a Music Town...
yet.
Isn't Music Town a chain?
- "No gum chewing will be allowed inside the store"?
- They're turning us into a Music Town?
- Why didn't you tell us?
- Because I was trying to stop it.
What do you mean?
I got enough money to make Mitch an offer.
He was going to make me a partner.
I could have bought him out, eventually.
You were going to buy Empire?
- That's a good thing, right?
- That'll be fantastic.
Do you think it'll happen now?
I must pay for what Mr. Brilliant did.
- It's over, kids, okay?
- Mitchell is the man.
And "the man" calls all the shots.
Damn the man.
Let me explain it to you.
Mitchell's the man, I'm the idiot...
and you're the screw-up,
and we're all losers.
Welcome to Music Town.
"No visible tattoos."
"No revealing clothing."
We're both screwed.
At least you're used to it.
No, Debra, don't be bitter.
With your ever-growing collection of...
flesh-mutilating silver appendages...
and your brand-new
neo-Nazi boot-camp makeover...
- the boys will come running.
- Let's not fight, let's just rip.
But we mustn't dwell.

No, not today.
We can't!
Not on Rex Manning Day.
Is it okay if I leave the couch,
'cause I'm leaving the couch, okay?
My ass has fallen asleep.
I've got to go. I'm leaving.
- I notice you didn't leave the couch.
- Not the whole couch.
I've decided I'm going to start a band.
Really?
First thing you need is a name.
Then you'll know what kind of band it is.
Yeah, I know, I know.
I was thinking of "Marc."
What do you think?
Is that with a "c" or a "k"?
My name is with...
a "k."
So I was thinking
maybe my band could be with a "c"...
so that way it's a psychedelic trip thing.
Always play with their minds.
Nice selection.
- Help you with anything?
- No, I'm all right.
- You like music?
- Yeah.
Me, too.
The fat man walks alone.
What's up?
What are you, some kind of weirdo?
It's a big coat you're wearing.
Lots of pocket room.
See you.
I'm sure I'll bump into you.
Shoplifter!
Isn't it customary to leave the scene
after committing a crime?
Definitely an amateur.
Attention, Rex Manning fans, to your left...
you will notice a shoplifter
being chased by the night manager.
This young man will be caught...

deep-fried in a vat of hot oil,
and served to our first 100 customers.
Just another tasty treat
from the gang at Empire Records.
Shit.

- He cut it too short.
- No, it's fine. Really.
It's fabulous.

Oh, God.

Look at this place!

There is no gig too small, all right?

Middle America buys your records.

We got a lot of fans waiting.

This is Joe Reaves

from the Empire Records store.

We have a shoplifter in custody.

How old are you?

Old enough to kick your butt through your skull
and splatter your brains on the wall.

He's a juvenile.

What's your name?

Warren Beatty.

Okay, stand up.

Hold these against your chest,
stand against the wall.

Let them photograph you.

Why don't you shove them up your ass?

Because it would hurt a lot, Warren.

Take him over there.

And they said no revealing clothing,
didn't they?

I think Music Town is actually torn
on the revealing garment issue.

I think so.

Revealing clothing.

Gina, would you get dressed.

Turn that down.

A.J., up on the roof. Fix the sign.

Take the photograph.

Music Town. I can handle Music Town.

Welcome to Music Town.

May I service you?

Gina...

get dressed. Corey, work.

You must be Joe Reaves.
You must be Jane.
Me, Joe. You, Jane.
Shut up, Warren.
- This is Rex Manning.
- Pleased to meet you.
We all love the new album.
Good for you.
What's he doing here?
Let me introduce you.
This is Gina. This is Corey.
Lucas, A.J...
and Warren.
I'm Rex. Great to be here.
I have all...
your albums.
That's terrific, Corey. Thanks.
What happened to your hair?
The stylist, if you can call him that,
got carried away. No biggie.
Looks good.
See, he likes it?
I like it.
Great.
Let's go to work.
Higher.
That was fabulous, Warren, thank you.
Women.
I still don't like my hair.
Just try to smile.
I don't like the chair.
What do you mean,
you don't like the chair?
What's wrong with the chair?
Just sit in the chair.
I don't want to sit in it.
You're going to stand there?
Mr. Manning, this is a very nice chair.
Thank you.
Pen.
- What's your name?
- Kathy.
K-A-T-H-Y.
I've seen every episode of The Family Way.

You were my favorite singer
in high school.
Who's your favorite singer now?
You! It's still you!
There're so many babes out there!
I've got to get Rex some water
because Rex is very thirsty.
Make sure it's bottled water.
Who's your favorite singer?
Axl.
If Axl Rose was driving
down the highway...
and saw Rex Manning stranded
on the side of the road...
would Axl Rose stop and help him?
Does Axl have a jack?
No way, man! Axl would spin the wheel,
take aim, pound on the gas...
and take that sucker out!
Warren! Where do you get
this hostility from?
Who glued these quarters down?
I did.
What the hell for, man?
I don't feel that I need
to explain my art to you.
Look what you took.
Rap...
...metal...
...rap...
...metal...
...Whitney Houston.
It's for my girlfriend, okay.
Sure it is.
Someone like you needs
to diminish their criminal impulses...
not magnify them.
Maybe some jazz or classical.
Maybe you bite me.
Do any of you...
like Rex Manning's new record?
Dance Party, U.S.A.
Teenybopper type of shit.
It tested well among teenage males.

Did you compare the percentage
of teenage male Rex Manning fans...
to the incidents of homosexuality
among teenage males?

No.

Who should I make it out to?

Denise.

Denise. I've always loved that name.

Thank you, but it's not mine,
it's my mom's.

She loves you.

I've never even heard of you.

Does your mother

still have her own teeth?

Forget it.

Cool hair.

Berko.

Lucas, heard a story about you.

Really? Which one?

The one where you stole \$9,000...
went to Atlantic City...

and there's a contract out on you.

Has anyone seen Debra today?

We saw her.

She shaved her head...

and has a bandage on her wrist.

Really?

Really.

Who are you?

I'm Jane.

I work for Rex Manning.

You think that's funny?

If you'll excuse me.

You're quitting? You can't quit.

It's not them. It's Rex.

You know, I don't even like his music.

Come on Jane. You gotta stay.

I need a change of scenery.

Honey, come on. You can't do it to...

I can't believe it. She quit.

Excuse me, ladies.

Less shimmy, more selling. Thanks.

Guess who's here.

How are you?

Mitchell Beck. I own this place.
Good to meet you. You have a nice store.
Nice of you to say.
You should have seen it originally.
Beck's Bath and Bidet.
Bathroom fixtures emporium.
My grandfather started it.
It was my beatnik father
who turned it into a record store.
I tell you, if I was selling toilets today
I'd be a rich man.
What's with you?
You're sweating like a pig.
It's nice to see you, too.
Joe, come on.
Is this the way we treat Mr. Manning?
- Where's the fresh fruit? Champagne?
- That's not necessary, thank you.
No, no, please.
- He's a big star.
- Big, huge star. Big.
Let's get him something.
I'm going to the bank.
Give me last night's deposit.
I wanna make sure it gets there this time.
- I'll take care of it.
No, you're a busy man, let me.
I said I'll handle it.
Mitch, have you met Warren?
Who're you?
Lucas. I work here.
Have you met Warren?
I wanted to talk to you about him.
Young Warren came into the store today...
and put on a little demonstration
for all the store employees.
Very motivational.
It was inspiring, actually.
He just made quite an impression
on everybody.
I'm intrigued. I'm spellbound.
That wasn't so hard, was it? Thank you.
Like your hair.
Are you okay?

Why do you care?
You didn't care last night.
Yes, I did.
Look, this isn't about you, okay?
I got home last night and I thought
about everything that had happened...
and what happened the night before that...
and the week before that
and the year before that.
The only thing that was different was
something else was making me feel shitty.
I'm trying to say I'm sorry.
I just said, this wasn't about you.
You didn't do anything wrong.
I'm screwed up.
We're all screwed up.
Don't touch me right now.
I just want you to get up
and I want you to walk away.
Corey...
...I've got to tell you something.
It's about how I feel about you.
I really, really...
Oh, God...
You know that feeling you get
when you get out of a hot bath?
You just feel really refreshed and nice.
Well, you make me feel like...
You make me feel like a bath?
You're like vanilla ice cream.
French vanilla ice cream.
This is bullshit!
The long arm of the law
has embraced our dear friend Warren.
I'm Joe Reaves, manager.
Everything okay?
Joe, tell them what he did.
- You need a statement?
- No, Mr. Lucas gave us one.
Mr. Lucas over there. He took \$9,000!
- That's enough.
- I only took a couple of CDs.
Come on!
- Lucas, I thought you were my friend.

- Don't let the man get you down.
I don't wanna see you back in the store.
I'm gonna get you!
I'm not playing this time!
I'll be back and you'll be sorry!
You'll hang for this!
"You'll be sorry!"
I'm already sorry.
Hi. I'm just doing
the quarterly income tax returns.
Almost done.
Look, Deb...
if you need to talk about anything...
You gonna fix me, Joe?
Fix me. I'll listen.
I didn't mean that.
Should I call your mother or something?
Great. You know, if you find her,
could you give me her number?
Because I'd like to talk to her myself.
I know you didn't mean anything.
You're doing a good job.
I feel a lot better.
Dear.
Best boss in the world.
Can I bring Rex his lunch?
Berko's taking him his lunch.
You know that Berko's going to insult him
right to his face. It's not a good idea.
I don't care if Berko sticks an M-80
up his butt and lights it.
I hope he sticks one up mine.
It'd be an improvement.
I have to bring Rex his lunch.
Berko is.
Joe, I need to bring him his lunch.
Berko is.
I'm bringing Rex his lunch!
All right.
Thanks, Joe.
Thanks a lot.
Guava food groups.
Good-bye, Mark.
Well, this looks very elegant.

Boy, talking to all those women
can make you work up an appetite.
I'll bet it does.
I got everything. I'm all set. Thank you.
So am I.
I can't help but notice
you sitting there staring at me.
I was thinking how I used to imagine marrying
you when you were on The Family Way.
Marrying me?
You must've been a baby back then.
I'm not a baby now.
You're a sweet girl.
I'm not as sweet as you think.
How old are you?
Old enough.
Sure you want to do this?
Definitely.
Rock and roll.
Why?
What are you doing here?
I'm fixing the sign.
What are you doing here?
Taking a break.
It's so weird that you just came up here.
I have to tell you something.
Not now, please. Please A.J., no.
No, it has to be now.
No, it has to be now.
You remember that really horrible day
when Mark set off the store alarm...
and Gina got dumped by Dennis
and cried all day...
and I drew the picture of him
and Lucas made a voodoo doll...
and you wore that skirt that I hate?
What skirt?
- The one with the flowers.
- The blue skirt?
Yeah, the blue one.
I hate that skirt.
It's good that I hate that skirt. Listen.
Listen to me.
That skirt made me realize that...

if I can love her in that skirt,
then this must really be it.

Corey, I love you.

What?

I'm in love with you.

I mean, I've been in love with you.

Wow, please, not now. Please, A.J.

Please don't do this right now.

I'm sorry, but I can't handle this right now.

Are you telling me

you could handle it some other time?

Look...

I just threw myself at Rex Manning, okay?

And made a total fool of myself.

You what?

Yes, and I'm not ready for this, okay?

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry, I just want to be alone, okay?

Yeah, okay.

Forget I said anything, okay?

Just forget it. I didn't say anything.

Nothing happened.

Forget about Rex.

- We'll get you another guy.

- I don't want another guy. I'm not like you.

I don't need one.

Why do you try and make me like you?

What do you mean?

I'm not like you. I don't need to do
what you do all the time.

Okay. I see.

Not like me, the turbo slut.

Is that what you mean?

Are you saying

that I've got to do every guy I see?

You certainly seem to enjoy it.

What did you do?

Did you act all perfect

and better than everybody?

You think guys like you for that?

They may not like it, but at least they
don't do it with me and go off and laugh.

God, you're self-righteous.

There you are. Is Rex Manning in yet?

If he is, show him my eight-track.
It's great. It's The Family Way.
It's in the vinyl section,
right underneath the...
Please!
What'd I do?
You forgot your thingy!
It's just something
I've always been able to do.
I can tell you what color and what kind.
All right. What am I wearing now?
Jockeys.
Navy blue.
Am I right?
I don't know.
Well, why don't you check it out
and you let me know.
Now, the \$64,000 question.
That's really nice.
Don't.
Don't what?
Pretend like nothing happened.
Just don't.
When you told me that before...
I freaked because...
I don't think about you like that.
You're my best friend.
I think we have something
better than that.
Better.
That's bullshit.
You know it's bullshit.
One for Miss Teen America.
It's okay. I didn't spit on it.
"Dishonesty"?
What's that supposed to mean?
And one for the man with the band.
"Marc sucks."
Hey, A.J., I made you a button.
"Stupid."
You're just in time.
Please.
It's a surprise.
Veto! Veto!

I'm not listening to it.
- No, we're dancing to it.
- No, no, no.
I am not going to dance to Rex Manning.
I'm not dancing.
Why not? I am Rex Manning. I'm so sexy.
- No. You're stupid.
- No, I'm sexy.
Get off!
Wait.
You all having fun?
I hope so!
Don't let me stop you! Keep dancing!
You better do it now...
because by next week
this will be a Music Town!
And I don't think they allow dancing
in Music Town!
What are we supposed to do instead, Joe?
What am I gonna do with this guy?
What should I do?
Turn him into the police?
Send him to jail?
Who do you think he's gonna come to...
when he wants bail? Who?
Me, right?
Me.
What should I do?
Put in my own \$9,000?
And then I'm screwed!
Don't worry, Joe.
You're a superb manager.
Really?
Superb.
Keep it up.
Superb.
Say it again.
Superb.
You shit!
That's my shoulder!
Get in there, pinhead!
No, don't.
Don't do it. Joe.
You deserved that.

I know.
Where's Rex?
Got a better question: Where's Gina?
I'll look upstairs.
I'll check the bathroom.
I'll check in storage.
I'll check the sofa.
How's it going, man?
Joe, I'm sorry I'm late.
I brought pizza, in case anyone's hungry.
So, what's up, man?
Why you guys looking so glum?
Where's sexy Remy?
It's funny that you put it that way.
What?
I'm not feeling so good.
Can I count out now?
Why is the door locked?
Where's Gina?
Where's Rex?
What, no applause?
Get off!
A.J.! A.J., stop. He's not worth it.
Wise up, junior.
Take your purse
and get the hell out of my store.
Where's Jane?
She quit.
What?
I lied about your hair. It looks stupid.
And we all hate your new album.
Not to mention the ones before that.
You're a washed-up imposter.
Why don't you all just fade away?
How could you? With Rex Manning?
I hate you.
You better go home.
Am I fired?
Have I fired anyone today?
No. Why would I start with you?
Is this how your life's going to be now?
You're going to screw every has-been...
until your tits fall down
and they don't want you anymore?

At least...

I don't hide what I am.

Right, Corey?

At least I'm not

some closet speed freak, right?

You think I don't see what you do?

You think I don't see?

- Shut up!

- I know what you do! What's this?

What's this?

What are these?

What are these? Aspirins?

Vitamins? Breath mints?

Diet pills?

Diet pills?

- What a surprise!

- Stop it!

You know what, I could study all night if I was chowing
down speed, too, you know that I could.

Here's one...

...for your perfect little face!

And your perfect body!

And your perfect family

and your perfect school!

- And your perfect, perfect future!

- Gina, stop it!

I'm stopping.

Come on.

- I'm stopping!

- Go home.

It's always about her.

It'll be fine. Really.

No. It's not going to be fine!

Nothing's ever fine, Joe! I'll show you fine!

I'll show you perfect!

I hate you!

I hate you!

Let's get her up, come on.

Better?

Come on. Let's dry you off.

I guess nobody really has it all together.

No.

I feel like I should welcome you
to the neighborhood.

Did you really want to do Rex Manning
in the count-out room?
Is that how you always imagined
your first time would be?
Your back up against the daily totals...
and your feet pounding against the safe?
"Oh, Rexy, stop that!"
"You're so sexy!"
Why are you being so nice to me?
Let's save our Hallmark moment.
Hey, Mark!
You love Gwar!
Why don't you join the band?
Mark, man, you play a mean guitar!
It's really a shame that you must die!
I love you, Eddie.
Do you need a new night manager?
What are you doing later?
I don't know. I'm either going to jail or hell,
I can't decide which.
Wherever you're going,
would you have dinner with me first?
You bet.
Can I ask you something?
Do you know where Harvard is?
It's near Boston.
No, I mean,
do you really know where Harvard is?
It's another planet.
Another universe, totally unlike the one we know.
Filled with big blond guys
with oar boats.
What I am trying to say is that you and Corey
are just not made for each other.
She's different than you. She's...
Death is in the cards, huh?
"Rest in peace. Deb."
A Funeral.
Is Debra not with us anymore?
If Deb wants to die, let's show her
what a real funeral would be like.
We are gathered here today
to pay our last respects to Debra.
She left us and never said why.

But I am really going to miss her.
And I wish that I could have known her
a little bit better.
Dogshit.
Hey, dead people don't talk.
- Berko, would you like to say something?
- Deb, I just...
I just want you to stay.
That's all.
A.J., do you have something to say?
Well, is it better to know or not to know?
You see, I want to go to art school.
But I'm afraid.
Jesus, I hate this funeral.
Empire Records, open till midnight.
This is Mark.
- Midnight?
- Yes.
Help me! Help me!
- I'll take care of him, boss.
- Okay.
I really miss Gina.
That's really special, but aren't we
supposed to be talking about me?
I know, I just can't stop
thinking about her.
She's not afraid of life,
and she's not afraid to be herself.
And I wish that I could be like that.
I wish I could be brave like Gina.
You are brave.
You're getting out of here.
You're always talking about
how I do what I want to do...
but I don't.
I don't, because I want to sing in a band...
...but...
...I don't have the guts to even audition.
And I know that if I don't do something,
I'm going to end up like my mother.
Her life ended after high school.
You're never going to be like your mother
if you don't want to be like her.
You're going to be fine.

That is so sweet, I think I'm going to barf.
Excuse me.
Get down here.
I used to pee in my bed.
I did.
I wet my bed until I was 10.
My mother...
turned me over to the county...
when I was 10, too.
Not for being a bed-wetter,
but for being a bad seed.
Anyway...
...three years went by...
and then Joe came.
He took me out, and I became...
the person that I am today.
Look.
I tried to kill myself with a Lady Bic.
A pink plastic razor with daisies on it
and a moisturizing strip.
And it took me forever
just to get through my skin.
I don't know.
I was just really tired of being invisible.
We love you, Debra.
Warren, get out of the store.
You can't tell me what to do, A.J.
What are you doing with a gun?
What do you think I'm doing?
What the hell was that?
- Christ!
- Holy shit, man!
Why don't you let these people go?
What do you say?
Good try, A.J. You trying to fool me, man?
I'm not that dumb.
You'll call the cops!
- Warren's shooting up the place.
- My God, A.J.
A.J.'s fine. Everybody stand back, okay?
Jane, call 911.
Do you see that, man?
Wasn't that brilliant?
Didn't you love that?

You told me not to come back.
Well, here I am.
Give me the gun, Warren.
I'll give you the gun.
What are you doing?
I wanted to have a little chat with Warren.
Yeah? Have a little chat with my gun.
What do you want, Warren?
Stop calling me Warren! My name isn't...
...fucking Warren!
His name isn't Warren.
- His name isn't Warren.
- You can't kill me, Warren.
...I'm already dead.
I talked to God. She says, "Yo, what's up?"
And she wants you to lose the gun.
You are psycho!
You are psycho!
What the hell is wrong with you people?
You all belong in the loony bin.
Every one of you.
Forget you guys. I don't need you.
You think you're so happy
...and so goddamn great...
...because you work
in a freaking record store.
You think you're so superior.
Joe, Lucas steals \$9,000 from you,
and you don't do dick to him?
So you going to give me a job now?
So that's it, Warren?
You want to work in a record store?
No.
I think you're lying, Warren.
He's not going to give me a job, man.
How do you know?
Why should he?
Why should anyone give me a job?
He gave me a job.
So do I get the job?
Considering the fact that he's a minor
and he put blanks in the gun...
there's really not a lot they can do to him.
Thanks a lot, Officers.

Take care, Warren. Stay out of trouble.
Wait a minute.
Warren, I made this for you.
Wait.
Can you keep it here for me?
So when I get back...
Sure.
Thanks, man.
Hey, Warren, take care of yourself.
Don't let the man get you down.
You, too, Lucas.
Bye, Gina.
Yeah, don't drop the soap.
I got to call Mitchell.
It's \$1,900.
- I sold my Vespa across the street.
- No.
Here's \$600 left over
from the Rex Manning expense account.
Cool.
There's about \$30 from Debra's buttons.
I have some money in my bag.
Here's \$2...
and some Bazooka Joe for karma.
Here's \$23 from A.J.'s expense account.
Maybe you can hock this, I don't know.
That's...
...\$3,050
And...
...\$6,000 more.
It's not about money, OK?
I hate money.
I thought I knew what I was doing,
but I didn't, okay?
I give up.
Call Mitchell.
- I think we can work something out...
- No, now's the time, just call him.
Wait a second.
Wait, give me a couple of seconds.
So the perpetrator...
...will be taken to Juvenile Hall
and likely charged...
...with assault with a deadly weapon

possibly even kidnapping.

I saw the whole thing go down.

You see, I work here.

Hey, guys, check it out.

Mark's on TV!

Joining us is an eyewitness to the scene.

An employee of the store who saw it.

Tell us what happened.

This guy here kind of wiggled out and all,
but that's besides the point.

We're having a get-together here tonight.

There's gonna be free admission, live music, hits, chicks.

The full nine yards, man.

It'll be heavy shit. Here at midnight.

We're live on the air right now.

That's the story...

Anybody can come. Here at midnight.

Party on, man!

Damn the man! Save the Empire!

We've got to make some money.

You gotta invest in this

when you're young. A record is like life.

It goes around and around.

- How much is it?

- \$80.

\$5 a beer.

Plenty for everyone!

There you go.

You gotta buy something before you go in.

- You wanna buy some vinyl or something?

- Hi, Mitchell.

What is going on here?

Why do I get the feeling

that I am being royally screwed?

Because you are, Mitch.

There was no money in the bag.

One of my employees needed it.

Who took it?

Who took my money?

Mitch, this is some party.

I mean it's a hell of a turn-out.

Who are you?

- I'm Lucas. I still work here.

- How could I forget. We're talking...

I wanted to talk to you
about this Music Town thing.
Next week, you'll be the owner
of one of the many Music Towns...
- Across this great land, correct?
- Yes.
You like it because Music Town
raises prices, so you make more money.
You're a smart boy.
When Music Town comes in...
Joe is out.
A.J. is out.
All the beautiful little tattooed,
gum-chewing freaks are out as well.
And it pretty much goes
without saying, that I'm out.
Wish it had gone without saying,
but you won't shut up.
What I think Lucas is trying to say...
...is that I'm going to open my own store.
You don't have the start-up capital.
- Yes, he does.
- No, I don't.
But I will.
I will get it.
I quit.
You knew, didn't you?
About what?
Everything.
About me,
what I wanted to do.
I knew you weren't happy.
Thank you for coming. 'Bye. Move along.
These are on sale with a coupon, right?
Doesn't anybody work in this store?
I do.
A.J.!
Leave the merchandise, take your cup,
get out! Bug someone outside!
Now!
Here's all your money. Count it.
I hate this place. You love it.
Let me sell it to you.
Cheap.

Thanks, you won't regret it.

Asshole.

I'll take it.

Give me that!

You!

- Take the lead.

- What?

Go on.

You're on.

Perfect.

Well, not entirely perfect.

Hi. What are you doing up here?

- Listen to me!

- Hello, Corey.

You're so special and so talented!

You have everything it takes!

More than everything it takes!

And you're really stupid

because you don't know that!

And I know you don't love me anymore

and I know that I blew it!

And if you don't go to art school...

if you don't understand how special

you are, then you know nothing.

I did love you and I still...

Only I didn't realize it was love

because it was more than love...

and it wasn't just some stupid feeling

in my stomach.

I'll never love anybody as much as you.

And I hate you! Why did you wait so long?

I quit.

I'm going to art school...

in Boston...

so I can be near you.

- Really?

- Yeah.

That guy, whatever his name is.

What's his name?

That dude with the shaved head?

The liar guy?

- Henry Rollins?

- Yes, the guy with tattoos all over.

I admit, Henry Rollins is sort of a puss.

Yeah, he's a total puss. His lyrics suck.
But you can't go and put down the Misfits.
They had everything it took
to be a great punk band.
They had good bass lines
and strong guitar chords...
even though they were only three.
They didn't even compare to Primus.
They were that old school stuff.
Why get into Primus?
- Primus sucks.
- Primus is the new stuff.
Out with the old, in with the new.
Religion's a bad thing if Primus
is what's gonna come around.
- What are you talking about?
- The fact that Primus has nothing.
They got good bass lines. I'll admit.
They have beautiful bass lines.
Six-string fretless bass...
Okay, but they're not
as good as the Pixies.
The Pixies have way better bass lines
than Primus.
So why didn't they stick around?
Because people wanted to do solo careers
and explore themselves...
as single entities instead of a band.
But that's like money.
No, it's not about money.
What are you talking about, "money"?
Yeah, it is.
and everything's going to be fine...