

DINER

(music playing as Shreevie is looking through his record collection)

S: Beth...? Beth...?

B: What?

S: Come here.

B: I'm doin a crossword puzzle.

S: Come here!

B: What.

S: Have you been playing my records?

B: Yeah...so...

S: So didn't I tell you the procedure?

B: Yeah, you told me all about it Shreevie. They have to be in alphabetical order.

S: And what else?

B: Uh...they have to be filed alphabetically and according to year as well.

S: And what else? ... What else?!?

B: I don't know.

S: You don't know? Well let me give you a hint ok? I found my James Brown record filed under the J's, instead of the B's. I don't know who taught you to alphabetize. But to top it off he's in the Rock 'n Roll section, instead of the R&B section...how could you do that?

B: It's too complicated Shreevie. See every time I pull out a record there is this whole procedure I have to go through. I just want to hear the music, that's all.

S: Is it too complicated to just...keep my records in the category, ok? Just put the Rock 'n Roll in with the Rock 'n Roll, put the R&B with the R&B! I mean, you're not gonna put Charlie Parker in with the Rock 'n Roll would you? Would you?

B: I don't know...who is Charlie Parker?

S: JAZZ! JAZZ! He was the greatest Jazz saxophone player that ever lived...

B: SHREEVIE! What are you getting so crazy about? Its just music, its not that big a deal.

S: It...it is. Don't you understand...this...this is important to me!

B: Shreevie, why do you yell at me? I never hear you yell at any of your friends.

S: Look. Pick a record, ok?

B: What?

S: Just pick any record. Any record. Ok. What's the hit side?

B: Good Golly Miss Molly.

S: Ok. Now ask me what's on the flip side.

B: Why?

S: Just...just ask me what's on the flip side, ok?

B: What is on the flip side?

S: Hey, Hey, Hey, Hey, 1958, Specialty Records. See? You don't ask me things like that do ya? NO! You never ask me what's on the flip side.

B: No. Because I don't give a shit! Shreevie who cares about what's on the flip side of a record?

S: I DO! Every one of my records means something. The label, the producer, the year it was made...who was copying whose styles, who was expanding on that...don't you understand? When I listen to my records they take me back to certain points in my life, ok? Just don't touch my records...Ever. The first time that I met you, Model's sister's high school graduation party right? 1955, and Ain't That a Shame was playing when I walked in the door.