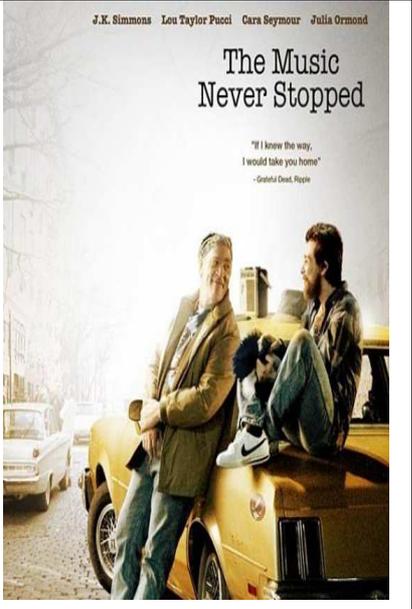


FILM	"The music never stopped"	
MOVIE SCENE	Scene 2 "When it all started..."	
SCENE LENGTH	00:10:22	
SCRIPT	X	
ACTIVITIES		
VIEW the SCENE	<a href="http://eslmoviescenes.blogspot.com/2011/08/music-never-stopped-scene-2-when-it-all.html">http://eslmoviescenes.blogspot.com/2011/08/music-never-stopped-scene-2-when-it-all.html</a>	
LANGUAGE	English	
LEVEL	Upper-intermediate / Advanced.	

GABRIEL'S BAND PLAYING: 🎵 🎵 All the kids, they want today All they ever think about it's about summer, It's about summer , It's about summer. It's about summer. It's about summer. It's about summer 🎵 🎵

CROWD: We love you, Gabe!

MAN: Let's hear it for the Black Sheep.

CROWD: Black Sheep! Black Sheep!

MAN: Thank you, Principal Isaacs, for allowing us to have this assembly here today. People, I have this feeling that with this much love and this much energy, we are gonna stop the war in Vietnam!

CROWD: Yeah. Yeah!

MAN: Remember, there's a sign-up sheet you can pass around for a rally in the city. Please sign up. We need your help. Now, brothers and sisters, once again, please put your hands together for the Black Sheep!

BAND: 🎵 🎵 I'm going to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come, Going to Kansas City, Kansas City, here I come. They've got some pretty little girls and I'm gonna get me one 🎵 🎵

( A guy in the room grabs the American flag and sets fire to it. Gabriel takes it and waves, while the people in the room roar. Gabriel parents leave the room in disapproval. When Gabriel gets back home, he finds his room in all terrible mess)

GABRIEL: What did you do to my room?

HENRY: You spit on me. You spit on me today.

GABRIEL: Today was not about you. They're not your friends who are going off and dying in some stupid war.

HENRY: Well, that's brilliant. So you burn the very thing that gives you the right to demonstrate that.

GABRIEL: We burned the flag that's sending people like me over there.

HENRY: What do you know about fighting in a war? I fought to defend that flag. Your Uncle Gabriel, your namesake, died defending that flag. He was people like you. He believed he was fighting for something important. - What do you believe in?

GABRIEL: I don't see anything to believe in.

HENRY: Well if you don't have any respect for yourself, at least show some for him. You ought to be ashamed of yourself.

GABRIEL: You're the only thing I'm ashamed of!

MOTHER: Gabriel.

HENRY: Is that right? Okay. You want to burn something? Burn this.

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GABRIEL : Dad.

MOTHER: Please, stop this.

HENRY: Burn it. No, no, no. Gabriel wants to burn a flag. I've got one right here. I think he should burn.

GABRIEL: I'm getting out of here.

HENRY: I want you to burn this!

MOTHER: - Enough, Henry.

HENRY: Burn it!

GABRIEL: Go to hell! I'm splitting.

HENRY: Then don't bother coming back.

GABRIEL: Fine!

..... ( Cut to the therapy session)

DR. DALY: And that's when you went to Manhattan?

GABRIEL: Yeah. To the village. Yeah.

( Flashback again on that time, Gabriel and his girlfriend)

GIRL: I can't go with you now.

GABRIEL: Sure you can. Look, you can. This is our dream.

GIRL : Gabe, you're graduating in a few months. That's nothing. We'll go then.

GABRIEL: I don't need a bullshit diploma. I don't need it. It's now. Now is the time. This --there's nothing for us here. It's all there, and we're gonna miss it.

GIRL: Gabe, you're just upset, and you just need to think about this, Gabe. I mean, you really need to think about it.

GABRIEL: Come. Please. Please.

GIRL: I can't go.

GABRIEL: I know. I know.

....( Cut, back to the therapy session)

DR. DALY: That must have been hard, Gabe. When did this happen?

GABRIEL: I don't know. Couple years ago. It doesn't matter, and I'm not going back.

HENRY: That's not what happened. That night, that's not what happened.

DR. DALY: It's not important.

MOTHER: That's exactly what happened.

DR. DALY: Gabriel's memory is like it's been preserved in a jar. We have intervening memories, and each new memory colors our perceptions of our old memories. Gabriel can't do that. He can't remember that he's seen you almost every day in the last few months. He can't even remember the conversation that we just had.

HENRY: I'll tell you about something I remember. I remember a little boy who was gonna have everything ... and I remember how that music... My son was poisoned by the garbage you're feeding him, and there aren't enough intervening memories in the world to help me forget that. You're using music to bring him back to a time when he fell apart. I don't want to go back to that time. Let's find some music that can bring him back to a time when things were right.

DR DALY: Henry, it doesn't work that way. What we need to do now is to find the music that he loved, and--

HENRY: No, what we need to do now is what I say we need to do now. This is my son.

MOTHER: He's my son, too.

HENRY: Yes. Of course. Our son. And speaking for both of us, thank you very much for your help. We won't be needing you anymore.

MOTHER: I apologize for my husband. I think you and Gabriel have done great work.. and I want you to keep going. Thank you.

..... ( Cut to the family's house)

HENRY: What are you doing?

MOTHER: I'm sleeping in Gabriel's room. I can't share a bed with you anymore, not after today.

HENRY: Why are you angry with me?

MOTHER: I'm not angry with you. I'm angry with me. Gabriel is not the only one who remembers it that way. I remember that night in exactly the same way, because every day, I replay it in my head, and I look for a place that I could've said something that would have changed all this. I know-- I know there's something I could've said to make him stay. Then he wouldn't have left for all those years, and we wouldn't have found him like that, and he wouldn't be sick. What does it matter what stupid music brings back our son? His music. Your music. Who cares? You're so pig-headed. Where do you think Gabriel learned to be so moved by his music? Is that some big mystery? You're always going on about what your music reminds you of, as if you're the only one that has memories worth recalling. You know what those songs remind me of? The man who introduced me to them. What happened to him?