

Green Book

(Biographical Comedy) (2018)

(130 minutes)

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Major Characters

Frank 'Tony Lip' Vallelonga (1930 – 2013).....Viggo Mortensen
A former New York City bouncer at the Copacabana. In the early 1960s he was the driver and bodyguard for the African-American classical pianist Don Shirley.

Dr. Don Shirley (1927 – 2013).....Mahershala Ali
He was an American classical and jazz pianist and composer. He recorded many albums for Cadence during the 1950s and 1960s, experimenting with jazz with a classical influence. He wrote organ symphonies, piano concerti, a cello concerto, three string quartets, a one-act opera, works for organ, piano and violin, and a symphonic tone poem based on the novel Finnegans Wake by James Joyce

OlegDimitar D. Marinov
Dr. Shirley's cellist

George.....Mike Hatton
Dr. Shirley's bassist

DoloresLinda Cardellini
Frank's wife

Johnny Venere.....Sebastian Maniscalco
Dolores' brother

Anthony
Dolores' father.....Louie Venere

Nicola.....Rodolfo Valenlonga
Lip's father

Joey Loscudo.....Sebastian Maniscalco
A Mob Boss

Morgan Anderson.....Tom Virtue
Owner of a plantation in Raleigh, North Carolina

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Green Book is a 2018 American biographical comedy-drama film directed by Peter Farrelly. The film was written by Farrelly, Brian Hayes Currie and Frank Vallelonga's son, Nick Vallelonga, based on interviews with his father and Shirley, as well as letters his father wrote to his mother. The film is named after The Negro Motorist Green Book, a mid-20th century guidebook for African-American travellers written by Victor Hugo Green.

Green Book received numerous accolades and nominations, and at the 91st Academy Awards, it won Oscars for Best Picture, Best Original Screenplay, and Best Supporting Actor for Ali. The film also won the Producers Guild of America Award for Best Theatrical Motion Picture, the Golden Globe Award for Best Motion Picture – Musical or Comedy, the National Board of Review award for the best film of 2018, and was chosen as one of the top 10 films of the year by the American Film Institute. Ali also won the Golden Globe, Screen Actors Guild, and BAFTA awards for Best Supporting Actor.. ©Wikipedia

Plot

When Tony Lip , a bouncer from an Italian-American neighbourhood in the Bronx, is hired to drive Dr. Don Shirley, a world-class Black pianist, on a concert tour from Manhattan to the Deep South, they must rely on “The Green Book” to guide them to the few establishments that were then safe for African-Americans. Confronted with racism, danger as well as unexpected humanity and humour—they are forced to set aside differences to survive and thrive on the journey of a lifetime.

Dialogue

Copacabana, New York City. 1962 –Night

[first lines]

Bobby: Hello, New York. I'm Bobby Rydell, and I'm glad to be here. Thank you all for coming to see us tonight. It's Saturday night at the Copa. We think you're gonna have a great time tonight. We're gonna do our best to make sure of that. As always, a very special thanks to Mr. Jules Podell for having us out. Let's get started.

[sings]"That old black magic has me in its spell. That old black magic that you, uh, weave so well. Those icy fingers up and down my spine. The same old witchcraft when your eyes meet mine. I love them so well. That same old tingle that I feel inside and then that elevator starts its ride....."

Copacabana, Coat and Hat Check

Loscudo: Hello, sweetheart. Here's my coat. And you see this here hat? I want you to guard it with your life. It was a gift from my mother.

Coat check Girl: Yes, Mr. Loscudo.

Loscudo: Here, that's for you. [*hands her some money*]

Girl: Thank you, sir. [*Maitre D' walks over*]

Carmine: Gio!

Loscudo: Hey, Carmine. [*slips him some money*]

Carmine: Oh, thank you. That's unnecessary.

Loscudo: Come on, let's go. [*going into the club*] I saw this kid Bobby Rydell two and a half years ago in South Philly. Nobody knew who he was. They know him now.

Lip: [*to the girl*] Hey, give me Loscudo's hat.

Girl: But he said to guard it.

Lip: I know. I heard. Give it to me, all right? [*hands her a couple of bucks*]

Copacabana, Coat and Hat Check–Later

Loscudo: [*screams*] You tell Juley Podell, if I don't get my hat, I'm gonna burn this joint down! You hear me?

Carmine: Joe, it's gonna turn up. I swear to God it's gonna turn up.

Loscudo: Really?!

Carmine: It'll turn up.

Loscudo: You tell that fat Jew bastard, I don't get my hat, I'll burn the Copa down.

Copacabana, Entrance—Later

Banner: Copa Closed for Renovations.

November and December.

See you in January

with Sammy Davis, Jr.

Lip: I'm gonna have to go back to driving garbage trucks.

Carmine: Jesus Christ. Loscudo's out of his mind.

Danny: Mm-hmm. We earned our money tonight.

Carmine: Lip, I thought you were gonna kill that guy.

Lip: Yeah. Better him than me. *[to Danny]* So, what are you gonna do while we're closed?

Danny: I don't know. Maybe go work at my uncle's pizza joint.

Lip: *[to Carmine]* You?

Carmine: I'm gonna drink for two months. *[Jules Podell comes out]*

Podell: Take me home, Lip.

Lip: *[to Danny]* Hey, good luck.

Danny: You, too.

Lip: *[to Carmine]* See you, Carmine.

Jilly's Saloon—Night

Loscudo: My hat.

Lip: Heard it was missing, so I looked into it.

Loscudo: I wanted to kill that broad.

Lip: No, no. It wasn't her fault.

Jilly: Who had the balls to clip Gio's hat?

Loscudo: Don't worry about it. I took care of it.

Loscudo: Yeah, I hope you gave him some beating. *[pulls out a wad of cash]* Here. Take this. Put it in your kick.

Lip: No, no, thanks. It was a pleasure, Mr. Loscudo, really.

Loscudo: Bullshit. Take it. *[he takes it]* And from now on, you don't call me "Mr. Loscudo." You hear me? I'm your pal, Gio.

Lip's Apartment–Living Room–Day

Lip: [*coming out of the bedroom*] Hey, Johnny. Think you could yell a little louder?

Johnny: [*baseball game on TV*] Maris is up.

Lip: Yeah, so am I now. What the hell all you guys doing here?

Johnny: [*signals to the kitchen*] We came over to keep Dolores company. [*two black workmen*]

Anthony: [*in Italian*] Don't be sleeping when my daughter is here alone with these sacks of coal. Do you understand what I'm saying?

Lip: [*in Italian*] I didn't know who they were going to send. I didn't know they were going to send eggplants.

Anthony: [*in Italian*] It's an Italian's job! Disgraceful! [*Dolores gives workmen a drink*]

Black Workman: Thank you, ma'am.

Lip's Apartment–Living Room–Day

Dolores: Where you been?

Lip: Gorman's Hot Dogs

Dolores: I'm making dinner.

Lip: Fat Paulie bet me 50 bucks he could eat more hot dogs than me. He knocked off 24. Guy's an animal.

Dolores: Are you crazy? You lost \$50?

Lip: Dolores, please. [*shows her the 50*] I ate 26.

Dolores: You are so lucky. You know that? [*puts the money in a box*] Rent is due on Monday. [*phone rings*] You gonna get that?

Lip: Yeah?

Podell: Hey, Lip. Some guy called over here. A doctor. He's looking for a driver. You interested?

Lip: Yeah.

Podell: They're interviewing guys tomorrow afternoon. The address is, uh, 881 7th Avenue. 2:15.

Carnegie Hall–Don Shirley’s Apartment

Dr. Shirley: Mr. Vallelonga. Sorry to keep you waiting. I'm Dr. Donald Shirley.

Lip: Tony.

Dr. Shirley: Yes. Please sit down.

Lip: Some place you got here. Are them horns real?

Dr. Shirley: Elephant tusks, yes.

Lip: What about that? Is that a molar?

Dr. Shirley: A what?

Lip: A molar, a-a shark tooth. Or a tiger's, maybe.

Dr. Shirley: It was a gift.

Lip: [*looks around*] I thought, uh... I thought I was going to an office. They said a doctor needed a driver.

Dr. Shirley: That's all they told you?

Lip: Yeah.

Dr. Shirley: Actually, it's a bit more complicated than that. Have you ever driven professionally before?

Lip: Yeah. Sanitation. [*beat*] Garbage trucks. Plus, I drive my boss home at night. But I can drive anything. Limos. Tow trucks. Snowploughs. Whatever.

Dr. Shirley: I see. What other experience do you have?

Lip: I worked a lot of joints. Wagon Wheel, Peppermint Lounge, Copa.

Dr. Shirley: In what capacity?

Lip: What do you mean?

Dr. Shirley: What did you do there?

Lip: Uh... Public relations.

Dr. Shirley: Well, first of all, Tony, I'm not a medical doctor. I'm a musician.

Lip: You mean, like, songs?

Dr. Shirley: Yes. And I'm about to embark on a concert tour, the majority of which will be down south.

Lip: Atlantic City?

Dr. Shirley: No. The Deep South. First, we're starting in the Midwest, and then we're taking a hard left. Kentucky, North Carolina, Tennessee, and on down through the Delta. [*beat*] Do you foresee any issues in working for a black man?

Lip: No. No, no, no. It was just the other day, me and the wife had a couple of coloured guys over at the house. For-for drinks.

Dr. Shirley: [*beat*] Hmm. I see. You're married.

Lip: Yeah. Two kids.

Dr. Shirley: I'm not sure this is the proper job for a married man.*continued*

Lip: Why? Are we bringing broads?

Dr. Shirley: My point is we'll be gone for eight straight weeks. No breaks, right up until Christmas. You're quite sure you can leave your family for that long?

Lip: Depends what you're paying.

Dr. Shirley: A hundred dollars a week, plus room and board.

Lip: Hmm.

Dr. Shirley: But let me be crystal clear. I'm not just hiring a chauffeur. I need someone who can handle my itinerary. Be a personal assistant. I need a valet. I need someone who can launder my clothes and shine my shoes.

Lip: [*stands up*] Good luck, Doc. [*starts to leave*]

Dr. Shirley: [*coming down from the throne*] Tony. I had my record label ask around town to find me the right man. Your name came up more than once. You've impressed several people with your.. [*beat*].. innate ability to handle trouble. And that is why I called and inquired about your availability.

Lip: [*turns*] Okay, here's the deal. I got no problem being on the road with you. But I ain't no butler. I ain't ironing no shirts, and I'm not polishing nobody's shoes. You need somebody to get you from point A to point B? You need someone to make sure there's no problems along the way? And believe me, you and the Deep South, there's gonna be problems. So, if you want me, it's a buck and a quarter a week. Or go hire that little Chink that just pranced out of here. See how far you get.

Dr. Shirley: [*stone faced*] Well, Mr. Vallelonga, thank you for stopping by.

Joe's Restaurant–Bronx–Late Afternoon

[*private booth*]

Augie: [*eating*] Tony Lip. What the hell happened at the Copa? I hear you almost split a guy's face open. That guy you hit, Mikey Cerrone, part of Charlie the Hand's crew.

Lip: Guess he should have known better.

Augie: [*irritated*] Hand asked me to look into it. I spoke to Podell. Whole thing was, uh, over a piece of ass, right?

Lip: Yeah.

Augie: Beef like that should never happen inside the club. They were out of line. So we squashed it. You, uh, looking to earn a little extra scharole? I can keep you busy while the Copa is down.

Lip: What do I gotta do?

Augie: Things.

Lip: Appreciate it, but, uh, I want to spend some time with the family.

Augie: Don't be stupid. You make yourself a few extra bucks, you buy something nice for that pretty little wife of yours.

Lip: Hmm. Nah, I'm good. I'm flush right now.

Lip's Apartment–Living Room–Night

Dolores: So, come on. I'm dying to hear. What happened with the doctor interview?

Lip: He ain't a real doctor. He's a piano player.

Dolores: Well, I don't understand. Why did they say that he was a doctor?

Lip: I don't know. I think he's, like, a doctor of, uh, piano playing or something.

Dolores: You can be that?

Lip: I guess. He lives on top of Carnegie Hall. You should've seen this place, Dee. It was filled with statues and all kinds of fancy crap. And he was sitting on top of a friggin' throne all dressed up like, uh, like the king of the jungle bunnies.

Dolores: He's coloured? Well, you wouldn't last a week with him.

Lip: For the right money, I would.

New York Street–Day

Record Exec: [*an envelope*] All right, hey, look, so here's the first half of your pay. You're gonna get the rest when the tour's over.

Lip: No, I gotta get paid every week.

Record Exec: Sorry. That's not how the record company does it. We got to have some guarantee you're gonna finish the job.

Lip: Why wouldn't I finish the job? I took it, didn't I?

Record Exec: Well, then we got nothing to worry about. Here's the deal, Mr. Vallelonga. Okay, it's your job to get Don to all his tour dates on time. Now, if he misses any shows, you're not getting your back end.

Lip: He's not gonna miss any show.

Record Exec: Good. Oh, you're gonna need this. [*The Green Book*] Now, this is the book I was telling you about. Now, sometimes you guys are staying in the same hotel, sometimes you're not.

Dolores: Say good-bye to your father.

Lip: Frankie, Nicky. Come here. All right. You gonna be good boys? You'll listen to your mother? All right, give me a kiss. I'm counting on youse.

Dolores: Did you go to the AAA for the maps?

Lip: Yes. No. I mean, the record companies gave me the maps and the itinerary, and this thing.

Dolores: The Negro Motorist's Green Book.

Lip: Yeah, it lists all the places coloureds can stay down south. Like a... you know, traveling while black.

Dolores: "Traveling while black"?*continued*

Lip: Yeah, if you're black and you gotta travel, for some reason.

Dolores: Got a special book for that?

Lip: I guess.

Dolores: Did you pack the iron?

Lip: I ain't lugging no iron, Dee.

Dolores: How are you gonna press your pants, Tony?

Lip: I'll put 'em under the mattress.

Dolores: I want you to write me a letter. Every chance you get.

Lip: I can't write letters.

Dolores: Yes, you can.

Lip: I can't write.

Dolores: Take you five minutes. Promise me.

Lip: It's embarrassing. It ain't gonna be no good.

Dolores: It's a lot cheaper than calling long-distance, Tony. Promise me you're gonna write.

Lip: I promise. [*the envelope*] Dee, put this in a bank today. It's half my pay.

Dolores: Oh. Here. There's a couple of sandwiches for you and Dr. Shirley.

Lip: Thanks.

Dolores: Be careful. I love you.

Lip: I love you, too, baby.

Dolores: You better be home for Christmas, or don't come home at all.

Grandpa: [*in Italian*] He who arrives late has no bed!

Route 80 West–Day

Dr. Shirley: Tony, the first thing I'd like you to do when we arrive in the city is check the piano where I'm playing. Make sure it's a Steinway as per my contract. And can you see to it that there's a bottle of Cutty Sark in my room every night?

Lip: Every night? Well, if you ever need any help with that...

Dr. Shirley: I won't. Ten and two on the wheel, please.

Lip: Hey, Doc. I noticed on the itinerary thing, the last show's on the 23rd of December, right?

Dr. Shirley: Birmingham, yes. It's a Christmas show.

Lip: So, any way we could, uh, maybe hit the road early next morning so we'd be home in time for Christmas Eve?

Dr. Shirley: We'll see.

Lip: Appreciate it.

Dr. Shirley: Could you put out the cigarette, please?

Route 80 West

Lip: [*Oleg overtakes*] Ain't they supposed to be following us?

Dr. Shirley: They have the itinerary. As long as they get to the show on time, I'm not worried about it, and neither should you.

Lip: I ain't worried about nothing. In fact, when you see me worried, you'll know..

Dr. Shirley: Tony...

Lip: ..you'll know if I'm worried.

Dr. Shirley: How about some quiet time? Hmm?

Lip: Sure. [*thinks about it*] It's amazing you said that. "How about some quiet time?" Dolores, my wife, used to say that all the time. Well, not all the time, but you know. She says it when, when I come home from work sometimes. You know, she's been with the kids all day, and she'll say, "Tony, how about some quiet time?" Exactly like how you said it. I mean, it's amazing.

Route 80, Diner

Dr. Shirley: [*watching Tony shovel down the food*] How is that?

Lip: Salty.

Dr. Shirley: Have you ever considered becoming a food critic?

Lip: [*serious*] No. Not really. Why? Is there money in that?

Dr. Shirley: I'm just saying you have a marvellous way with words when describing food. "Salty." So vivid, one can almost taste it.

Lip: Hey, I'm just saying it's salty. And salt's cheating. Any cook can make things salty. To make it taste good without the salt, with just the other flavours, that's the trick. I mean, you take the basic ingredients...

Dr. Shirley: We should really get going soon if we expect to get to Pittsburgh by dinner.

Lip: Hey, when I was in the Army, I knew a guy from Pittsburgh. Except he called it "Titsburgh." 'Cause he said all the women there had huge tits.

Dr. Shirley: That's absurd. Why would women in Pittsburgh have larger breasts than, say, women in New York?

Lip: Guess we'll find out, huh? Hey, you know, when you first hired me, my wife went out and bought one of your records. The one about the orphans.

Dr. Shirley: Orphans?

Lip: Yeah. Cover had a bunch of kids sitting around a campfire.

Dr. Shirley: Orpheus. Orpheus in the Underworld. It's based on a French opera. And those weren't children on the cover. Those were demons in the bowels of hell.

Lip: No shit. Must have been naughty kids.

Pittsburg, Pennsylvania –Sheraton Hotel–Day

Dr. Shirley: [*from a roll of cash*] Take this for any incidentals we may need. If you want to buy something, you don't have to ask. Just keep the receipts, please. When it runs low, let me know.

Lip: Oh. Thanks.

Dr. Shirley: One more thing. We'll be attending many events before and after the concerts. Interacting with some of the wealthiest and most highly educated people in the country. It is my feeling that your diction, however charming it may be in the tri-state area, could use some... finessing.

Lip: You mean diction, like in what way?

Dr. Shirley: Like in the only way the word is ever used.

[*unsure*] Okay.

Dr. Shirley: Your intonation, inflection, your choice of words.

Lip: Hey, I got my own problems. Now I gotta worry about what people think about the way I talk?

Dr. Shirley: There are simple techniques I can teach you that are quite effective. I can help you.

Lip: I-I don't need no goddamn help. People don't like the way I talk, they can go take a shit.

Dr. Shirley: The profanity is another issue.

Lip: Why are you breaking my balls?

Dr. Shirley: Because you can do better, Mr. Vallelonga. Which brings me to one more point. As the guest of honour, I'll be introduced when entering these intimate events. You will be introduced as well. In my humble opinion, "Vallelonga" may be difficult to pronounce. So I was thinking...Valle would be more appropriate. Tony Valle. Short and sweet.

Lip: Eh, nah. They got a problem with Vallelonga, they can call me Tony Lip.

Dr. Shirley: These are genteel people. "Tony the Lip" may be a little...worldly for them.

Lip: Well, then it's Tony Vallelonga. All these high-class people, so much smarter than me, with their intelligence and speaking abilities, you're telling me they can't pronounce my name? They don't like it, they can shove it up their ass. I'll just wait outside.

Dr. Shirley: A sound compromise.

Pittsburg Mansion–Evening

MC: Ladies and gentlemen, tonight we are privileged to present a great American artist. He gave his first public performance at the age of three. At age 18, at Arthur Fiedler's invitation, our guest made his concert debut with the Boston Pops. He holds doctorates in psychology, in music and in the liturgical arts. And he has performed at the White House twice in the past 14 months. He is a true virtuoso. So, ladies and gentlemen, please welcome the Don Shirley Trio.

Pittsburg Mansion–Driveway–Night

Black Chauffeur: Boss man's calling.

Lip: He ain't my boss. I work for the record company.

Black Chauffeur 2: Hey, come on, man. Give us a chance to win back our loot,

Lip: I'm sorry, fellas, duty calls.

Dr. Shirley: I've been looking for you.

Lip: Yeah, sorry. The guys were having a little game.

Dr. Shirley: Next time you need extra money, just ask me.

Lip: It's more fun winning it.

Dr. Shirley: And what if you lost?

Lip: Grab some cards. I don't lose, Doc. I don't lose.

Dr. Shirley: So stooping down in the gravel pitching dice for pocket change makes you a winner?

Lip: What are you giving me shit for? Everybody was doing it.

Dr. Shirley: They didn't have a choice whether to be inside or out. You did. Now, wipe off your knees. You have dirt on them.

Ohio Motel–Night. A letter to Dolores

Lip: [V.O.] [*staccato*] Dear Dolores. How are you? I am fine.

Dolores: [*reading*] I'm eating real good. Hamburgers, mostly. So don't worry about me not eating good. I saw Dr. Shirley play the piano. Tonight. He don't play like a coloured guy. He plays like Liberace, but better. He's like a genius, I think. When I look at him in the rearview mirror, I can tell he's always thinking about stuff in his head. I guess that's what geniuses do. But it don't look fun to be that smart. I miss you very, very much.

Petrol Station–Day

Lip: Do you want anything? I'm getting a pack of smokes.

Dr. Shirley: No, thank you. [*Tony walks to the store*]

[*Later*]

Lip: I got you an apple, Doc.

Dr. Shirley: Before we pull out, Tony, we need to have a talk.

Lip: Yeah?

Dr. Shirley: Oleg told me what you did.

Lip: What'd I do?

Dr. Shirley: You stole a jade stone from the store.

Lip: No, I didn't.

Dr. Shirley: He watched you do it.

Lip: I didn't steal no stone.

Dr. Shirley: You picked it up and put it in your pocket.

Lip: I picked up a rock off of the ground. I didn't steal from a box.

Dr. Shirley: Now, why would you pick up a rock off the ground?

Lip: I don't know. 'Cause it ain't stealing. It's just a regular rock.

Dr. Shirley: And why would you want a regular rock?

Lip: To have. For luck, maybe.

Dr. Shirley: A lucky rock.

Lip: Yeah.

Dr. Shirley: Let me see it. [*Reluctantly, Tony shows him a large green stone*] Mm-mm. Take it back and pay for it.

Lip: [*angry*] I told you that kraut was a snake. Rats me out for something I didn't even do!

Dr. Shirley: Pay for the stone, Tony, you'll feel better.

Lip: I feel fine. And I ain't paying for no regular rock I found in the dirt.

Dr. Shirley: Do not drive, Mr. Vallelonga. [*a silent standoff*] Put it back.

[*another beat, Tony gets out and puts it back*] Feel better?

Lip: No.

Dr. Shirley: If you'd like, Tony, I'd happily buy you the stone.

Lip: Don't bother. You took all the fun out of it.

College Campus-Hanover,Indiana-Day

Lip: Excuse me. Sir. I'm with the band.

Stage Manager: You're all set up.

Lip: This isn't the piano, right?

Stage Manager: That's it.

Lip: It ain't a Steinway.

Stage Manager: So what?

Lip: Dr. Shirley only plays on Steinway grand pianos. It's in his written contract.

Stage Manager: Who's Dr. Shirley?

Lip: Dr. Shirley. The Don Shirley Trio. They're playing tonight.

Stage Manager: Does it really matter?

Lip: Yeah, it does. It's in his contract.

Stage Manager: [*roll his eyes*] Come on, man. Man, these coons can play on anything you put in front of them.

Lip: But it's a piece of shit. And there's garbage in there.

Stage Manager: So take it out.

Lip: [*stiffens*] What'd you say?

Stage Manager: [*turns to face Tony*] You heard me.

Lip: Hey. You got two, three hours. Just get a clean Steinway in here.

Stage Manager: Oh, there ain't a Steinway on campus.

Lip: Not my problem.

Stage Manager: I bet there's not two Steinways in the whole state of Indiana.

Lip: I guess you'd better move your ass, then.

Stage Manager: Who you think you're talking to, grease ball?

A letter to Dolores

Lip: [V.O.] Dear Dolores: This morning I had steak and eggs for breakfast. The band has been playing at very ritzy joints. Dr. Shirley and I are getting along pretty good. But sometimes I think he gets sad, and that's why he drinks too much. I never knew how very beautiful this country was. Now that I'm seeing it, I know. You won't believe how beautiful nature is. It is as beautiful as they say. And the traffic out here in the country is nothing, which is fine by me. Right now I'm eating spaghetti and meatballs in a diner that tastes like ketchup on Chinese noodles. We are heading down south now. I will write you another letter when we get down south. I love you. Your husband, Tony. P.S. Kiss the kids for me.

Kentucky-Highway

Lip: Got any family, Doc?

Dr. Shirley: It's a long story, Tony.....I have a brother somewhere. We used to get together once in a while, but it got more and more difficult to stay in touch. Curse of being a musician, I guess. Always on the road. Like a carnival worker.

Lip: Hmm.

Dr. Shirley: Or a criminal. Took quite the toll on my marriage as well.

Lip: You're married?

Dr. Shirley: Was. June. Good person. Terrible grammar, but a kind soul. You'd quite like her.

Lip: June. Like, uh, like Lassie's mom.

Dr. Shirley: Unfortunately, I couldn't do a husband act and a concert pianist act. Couldn't seem to manage both worlds.

Lip: [*road sign*] Kentucky Fried Chicken. In Kentucky! When's that ever gonna happen? All right! Hey, you want some?

Dr. Shirley: I'm fine. Thank you, Tony.

Lip: I think this is the best Kentucky Fried Chicken I ever had. Probably 'cause it's fresher down here, right?

Dr. Shirley: I don't think I've ever met anyone with your appetite.

Lip: No. I got the bucket so you could have some.

Dr. Shirley: I've never had fried chicken in my life.

Lip: Who you bullshitting? You people love the fried chicken, the grits and the collard greens. I love it, too. Negro cooks used to make it all the time when I was in the Army.

Dr. Shirley: You have a very narrow assessment of me, Tony.

Lip: Yeah, right? I'm good.

Dr. Shirley: No. No, you're not good. You're bad. I'm saying, just because other Negroes enjoy certain types of music, it doesn't mean I have to. Nor do we all eat the same kind of food.

Lip: Whoa. Wait a minute. If you said all guineas like pizza and spaghetti and meatballs, I'm not gonna get insulted.

Dr. Shirley: You're missing the point. For you to make the assumption that every Negro...

Lip: Hey, you want some or not?

Louisville, Kentucky–Bar–Evening

George: Hurry up. Dr. Shirley's in trouble. I went out for a drink, I walk into this bar, and Dr. Shirley's in there getting bounced around. I didn't want to leave him, but I didn't know what to do.

Lip: [*coming into the bar.*] Get your hands off him.

Redneck# 1: What in the good goddamn we got here, fellas?

Lip: Hand him over. We walk out. Won't be a problem.

Dr. Shirley: [*drunk*] I just wanted a drink, Tony.

Lip: Hey, I told you we'll leave. Not a big deal. Come on.

Redneck# 2: He ain't going nowhere. We need a Brillo Pad to wash these dishes with.

Lip: Listen, assholes. Do yourselves a favour and let him go. [*shouts*] Now!

Redneck# 1: [*a tense beat*] Say it nice.

Lip: I just said it nice.

Redneck# 1: This boy is gonna get what he's got coming to him. [*pulls out a knife*] And you, you ain't got no say.

Lip: [*reaches behind, inside his jacket*] Maybe. But whatever happens here, I'm gonna put a bullet right in the middle of your thick skull.

Redneck# 2: He ain't got no gun, Ray. He's full of shit.

Redneck# 3: What if he ain't?

Barman: [*pointing a shotgun at Tony*] Well, I sure ain't. And I ain't about to let this come to pass in my place. [*turns the gun on the rednecks*] Let the spook go. Let him go.

Country Road–Day

Dr. Shirley: Don't be lazy, Tony. Enunciate.

Lip: I am.

Dr. Shirley: Betty bought a bit of better butter to make the bitter butter better.

Lip: Betty bought... Bought... Betty bought butta, butta-er. Who says that? Butta-er.

Dr. Shirley: You have to start somewhere, Tony. A singer does vocal exercises. An athlete warms up before they rehearse.

Lip: Athletes practice. They don't rehearse.

Raleigh– Plantation House–North Carolina

Anderson: Ladies and gentlemen, a very special guest from the far north, Don Shirley. Accompanying Mr. Shirley, the members of his trio, Oleg Malacovich, George Dyer, and his associate Tony Valle... Valle... Vallelong-longia.

Raleigh– Plantation House–Ballroom

Dr. Shirley: Thank you. Thank you. We'll return after a brief intermission.

Anderson: Excuse me, Don. Lovely work in there.

Dr. Shirley: Why, thank you.

Anderson: Uh, are you looking for the commode?

Dr. Shirley: Yes. I...

Anderson: Yeah, here. Let me help you. [*points into the garden*] It's right out there before that pine. [*a dilapidated old outhouse*]

Dr. Shirley: I'd prefer not to use that.

Anderson: Well, don't be silly, Don. It looks a lot worse from the outside.

Dr. Shirley: And I suppose you'd know from experience.

Anderson: Well, I've never had any complaints. [*an awkward silence*]

Dr. Shirley: Well, I could return to my motel and use the facilities there, but that would take at least a half an hour.

Anderson: [*a friendly smile*] We don't mind waiting.

In the Cadillac

Lip: Why don't I just pull over? You can piss in the woods.

Dr. Shirley: Animals go in the woods.

Lip: It's gonna be at least 20 minutes, I gotta go all the way back to your motel.

Dr. Shirley: So let's just get there so I can go back and finish the show.

Dr. Shirley: See, that's the difference between you and me. I'd have zero problem going in the woods.

Dr. Shirley: I'm well aware.

Lip: What are you sore at me for? I don't make the rules down here.

Dr. Shirley: No? Then who does?

Lip: Oh. You're saying just 'cause I'm white and they're white? You know, that's a very prejudiced thing you just said there. A very prejudiced thing. I got more in common with the Hymies at Second Avenue Deli than I do with these hillbilly pricks down here.

Dr. Shirley: Eyes on the road.

Lip: You always say that when you don't like what I'm saying.

Dr. Shirley: Eyes on the road.

Stuckey's Roadside Restaurant—South Carolina

Dr. Shirley: What on God's green Earth are you doing?

Lip: A letter.

Dr. Shirley: Looks more like a piecemeal ransom note. May I? [*takes the letter*] "Deer Dolores." D-E-A-R. [*pointing to the word*] This is an animal. [*continues reading*] "I'm meeting all the highly leading citizens of the town. People that use big words, all of them. But you know me. I get by. I'm a good bullshiter." [*to Lip*] Two t's in "bullshitter." [*continues reading*] "As I'm writing this letter, I'm eating potato chips, and I'm starting to get thirsty. I washed my socks and dried them on the TV. I should have brung the iron." [*to Lip*] You know this is pathetic, right? Tell me what you're trying to say.

Lip: [*uneasy*] I don't know. You know, I miss her and shit.

Dr. Shirley: Then say that. But do it in a manner that no one else has ever done it before. And without the profanity. Something like, uh.. [*points to the letter*] Put this down. "Dear Dolores."

Lip: [*eager*] Hold on. I'll start a new one.

Dr. Shirley: "D-E-A-R Dolores. When I think of you, I'm reminded of the beautiful plains of Iowa.

Lip: What planes?

Dr. Shirley: The plains. P-L-A-I-N-S. Those big fields we saw.

Lip: Oh. Yeah, those were nice. Plains. [*writing and talking*] "Which is what they call big fields around here."

Dr. Shirley: Tony, no expounding.

No what?

Dr. Shirley: Just write what I say. "The distance between us is breaking my spirit. My time and experiences without you are meaningless to me. Falling in love with you was the easiest thing I've ever done."

Lip: [*writing and talking*] "Falling in love with you..." [*looks up, smiling*] This is very fucking romantic [*V.O.*] " was the easiest thing I have ever done. Nothing matters to me but you, and every day I'm alive, I'm aware of this. I loved you the day I met you, I love you today, and I will love you the rest of my life " [*looks up*] So, can I put, uh..... " P.S. Kiss the kids"?

Dr. Shirley: A P.S.?

Lip: Yeah, like, at the end.

Dr. Shirley: That's like clanging a cowbell at the end of Shostakovich's Seventh.

Lip: Right. [*hopeful*] And that's good?

Dr. Shirley: [*lying*] It's perfect, Tony.

Macon –YMCA–Night

Dr. Shirley: [*leaving*] They were wrong for the way they treated me, and you rewarded them.

Lip: I was hired to get you from one show to the next. How I do it shouldn't matter to you.

Dr. Shirley: I just wish you hadn't paid 'em off.

Lip: I did what I had to do. You know, if this got out, it would kill your career.

Dr. Shirley: Okay, Tony. I need you to stop it with the phoney altruism and concern for my career.

Lip: What the hell does that mean?

Dr. Shirley: You were only thinking about yourself back there because you know, if I miss a show, it'll come out of your pocketbook.

Lip: Of course I don't want you to miss a show, you ungrateful bastard. You think I'm doing this for my health? Tonight, I saved your ass. So show a little appreciation, maybe. Besides, I told you never to go nowhere without me!

Dr. Shirley: I assumed you'd want this to be the exception.

Hotel Entrance –Memphis–Day

Dominic: Tony Lip. What the hell...?

Lip: ...Dominic, Mags. What the hell you guys doing down here?

Mags: Brooklyn sent us down. Take care of a few things. [*turns to look at Shirley*]

Dominic: [*in Italian*] Who's the eggplant?

Lip: [*in Italian*] I'm working for him

Dominic: [*in Italian*] What'd you lose a bet? [*both laugh*] What's wrong with you? You need work, come to me! I'll always find work for you. Matter of fact, I can use you this week. Gotta hit a few joints, straighten some people out..you'll make some real money

Lip: [*in Italian*] I'm already making money

Dominic: [*in Italian*] Whatever he's paying you, I'll double it [*Tony glances at Shirley*]

Lip: [*in Italian*] This isn't the place to talk about it

Dominic: [*in Italian*] Meet me in the bar at eight o' clock sharp. Understand? Forget this guy

Hotel Hallway —Evening

Dr. Shirley: Where are you off to?

Lip: Just going downstairs. To have a drink.

Dr. Shirley: [*in Italian*] To meet your friend, Dominic? Before accepting his offer, we need to talk.

Dr. Shirley: [*in English*] Tony, I think you're doing a wonderful job. So, I'd like to formally offer you the position of my road manager. With the title also comes more responsibility, but that also means a raise in pay.

Lip: No. No. No, thanks. We agreed on 125 a week, plus expenses. That's our deal, right? I ain't going nowhere, Doc. I-I was just going down to tell them. [*starts to leave*]

Dr. Shirley: Tony. I'm sorry about last night.

Lip: Don't worry about it. I've been working nightclubs in New York City my whole life. I know it's a....complicated world.

Hotel Lobby —Night

Lip: So, where'd you learn how to play like that?

Dr. Shirley: My mother. She taught me how to play on an old spinet. Soon as I could walk, we'd travel around the Florida Panhandle, put on my little shows in parishes and halls. Fortunately, a man who had seen me play arranged for me to study at the Leningrad Conservatory of Music. I was the first Negro ever accepted there.

Lip: That's where they taught you all them songs you play?

Dr. Shirley: Actually, I was trained to play classical music. Brahms, Franz Liszt, Beethoven, Chopin. It's all I ever wanted to play. But I was persuaded by my record company to pursue a career in popular music instead. They insisted that audiences would never accept a Negro pianist on a classical stage. Wanted to turn me into just another coloured entertainer. You know, the guy who's smoking while he's playing and sets a glass of whiskey on his piano, and then complains because he's not respected like Arthur Rubinstein. You don't see Arthur Rubinstein putting a glass of whiskey on his piano.

Lip: I don't know. Personally, I think, if you stuck to the classic stuff, it would've been a big mistake.

Dr. Shirley: A mistake? Performing the music I trained my entire life to play?

Lip: Trained? What are you, a seal? People love what you do. Anyone could sound like Beethoven or... "Joe Pan" or them other guys you said, but your music, what you do... ..only you can do that.

Dr. Shirley: Thank you, Tony. [*a beat*] But not everyone can play Chopin. Not like I can.

Mississippi Road–Heavy Rain–Night

Policeman# 1: [*with a torch*] License and papers.

Lip: Am I glad to see you. We had to turn off the main road, and, uh, now we're lost.

Policeman# 1: Step out of the car.

Lip: What'd I do?

Policeman# 1: Out of the car. Why are you on this road?

Lip:[*getting wet*] I told you. We had to make a detour, and we got lost.

Policeman# 1: And why are you driving him?

Lip: He's my boss.

Policeman# 1: He can't be out here at night. This is a sundown town.

Lip: What's that?

Policeman# 1: [*to his colleague*] Get him out of the car and check his I.D.

Policeman# 2: Oh, come on. It's pouring rain. Sir, I can just get it right here through the window.

Policeman# 1: Get him out of the car.

Policeman# 2: [*to Shirley*] Come on, get out, now. Get out, now. Get out. Got I.D.?

Policeman# 1: How you say this last name?

Vallelonga.

Policeman# 1: Yeah, what kind of name is that?

It's Italian.

Policeman# 1: Oh. Oh, I see. That's why you're driving him around. You're half a nigger yourself.

Mississippi Jail–Night

Dr. Shirley: As my mother always said, "What kind of brand-new fool are you?" Look at them over there. Take a good look at the officer you hit. Look at him. He's over there having a grand old time, chatting up with his pals, enjoying a nice cup of coffee. And where are you? In here, with me, who did nothing. Yet I'm the one who pays the price. I'm the one who's gonna miss the Birmingham show.

Lip: Hey, I'm gonna lose a lot of money, too, if you don't play Birmingham.

Dr. Shirley: So that little temper tantrum, was it worth it? Hmm? You never win with violence, Tony. You only win when you maintain your dignity. Dignity always prevails. And tonight, because of you, we did not.

Mississippi Road–Rainy Night

Dr. Shirley: It's not great. It's not great at all. It's humiliating.

Lip: What the hell you talking about? We were screwed. Now we ain't.

Dr. Shirley: And I just put the attorney general of the United States in an incredibly awkward position.

Lip: So what? That's what the guy gets paid for. What else he got to do?

Dr. Shirley: That man and his brother are trying to change this country. That's what else he got to do. Now he thinks I'm some kind of [*can't find the word*] calling from some backwoods swamp jail, asking to attenuate assault charges? Who does that? Garbage. That's who. You shouldn't have hit him.

Lip: I didn't like the way he was treating you. Making you stand out in the rain like that.

Dr. Shirley: Please, you hit him because of what he called you. I've had to endure that kind of talk my entire life. You should be able to take it for at least one night.

Lip: What? I can't get mad at that stuff he was saying 'cause I ain't black? Christ, I'm blacker than you are.

Dr. Shirley: Excuse me?

Lip: You don't know shit about your own people. What they eat, how they talk, how they live. You don't even know who Little Richard is.

Dr. Shirley: Oh, so knowing who Little Richard is makes you blacker than me? Oh, Tony, I wish you could hear yourself sometimes. You wouldn't talk so damn much.

Lip: Bullshit. I know exactly who I am. I'm the guy who lived in the same neighbourhood in the Bronx my entire life with my mother, my father, my brother, and now my wife and kids. That's it. That's who I am. I'm the asshole who has to hustle every goddamn day to put food on the table. You, Mr. Big Shot, you live on top of a castle, traveling around the world doing concerts for rich people. I live on the streets. You sit on a throne. So yeah, my world is way more blacker than yours.

Dr. Shirley: Pull over.

Lip: What?

Dr. Shirley: [*shouts*] Stop the car, Tony!

Lip: What? [*Shirley gets out*] What are you doing? [*Tony gets out and follows*]

Dr. Shirley: Yes, I live in a castle, Tony! Alone. And rich white people pay me to play piano for them because it makes them feel cultured. But as soon as I step off that stage, I go right back to being just another nigger to them. Because that is their true culture. And I suffer that slight alone, because I'm not accepted by my own people 'cause I'm not like them, either. So, if I'm not black enough, and if I'm not white enough, and if I'm not man enough, then tell me, Tony, what am I?

Hotel–Dining Room– Birmingham,Alabama

Oleg: May we join you?

Lip: Go ahead.

Waiter: Cocktail, gentlemen?

Lip: I'm good.

Oleg: Three shots vodka. [*Tony looks at Oleg*]

Lip: Oh.

Oleg: Last show. Cold War over. Time for truce.

George: Is Dr. Shirley in his dressing room?

Lip: Yeah. More like half a broom closet. Tell you, I don't know how he puts up with that shit.

Oleg: Six years ago, in 1956, Nat King Cole was invited to perform at the Municipal Auditorium here in Birmingham. Mr. Cole was the first Negro asked to play at a white establishment in this city. As soon as he started playing, a group of men attack him for playing white people's music. They pull him off stage and beat him badly. You asked me once why Dr. Shirley does this. I tell you. Because genius is not enough. It takes courage to change people's hearts. [*Tony notices Donald*]

Lip: Hey. What's going on?

Dr. Shirley: This... gentleman says that I'm not permitted to dine here.

Lip: No, you don't understand. He's playing tonight. He's the main event. Come on.

Maitre D': I-I'm sorry, but it is the policy of the restaurant.

Manager: Everything all right?

Lip: Uh, no, it's not all right. This guy's saying Dr. Shirley can't eat here.

Manager: Oh, well, I apologise, but these are long-standing traditions, club rules. I'm sure you understand.

Dr. Shirley: No, I do not understand. In 45 minutes, I will be right up there on that stage entertaining your guests, yet I can't eat here?

Manager: I'm sorry.

Lip: Wait a minute. Are you telling me the bozos in his band and all these people who came here to see him play, they can eat here, but the star of the show, the-the parking spot of honour, he can't?

Manager: I'm afraid not.

Lip: Well, he's gotta eat. I mean, he's gotta have dinner.

Manager: Okay. I'll tell you what. Why don't we bring something to his dressing room, huh? John, show him a menu.

Dr. Shirley: No. I'm not eating in that storage room.....*continued*

Manager: Okay, uh, well, if you prefer, there's a very popular establishment right down the road, the Orange Bird, they'd be happy to feed you.

Lip: Doc, come here. Just one second, one second. You know what, maybe that other place is better anyway. I mean, the dinner rolls here are like rocks. You just go over and you go over and come back. It's the last show. It's the bottom of the ninth. Let's just get it over with, and we can go home, get away from these pricks.

Dr. Shirley: Either I eat in this room, or I'm not performing tonight.

Manager: May I have a word with you? [*down the hallway*] Mr. Villanueva, you have to talk sense to Mr. Shirley. Please make him understand. We're not insulting him personally. This is just the way things are done down here.

Lip: Yeah, well, he's not from down here.

Dr. Shirley: Yeah, just-just ask him to be reasonable. I got 400 guests in there expecting to be entertained tonight.

Lip: And Dr. Shirley expects to eat tonight. Why can't you just make an exception this one time?

Dr. Shirley: Let me tell you a story. You ever hear of the Boston Celtics basketball club?

Lip: Yeah.

Dr. Shirley: Well, those boys came through here couple years ago on a barnstorming tour, and seeing as they was the world champions of the league and all, we were tickled to have them here, and we rolled out the welcome wagon. So, do you know what table their big coon ate at that night?

Lip: No.

Dr. Shirley: I don't, either, but it wasn't one of ours. Now, let's cut the bullshit. Tell me what it's gonna take, huh? Say, uh, a hundred dollars, you get your boy to play?

Lip's Apartment–Living Room–Christmas Eve

[last lines]

Lip: Hey, everybody! This is Dr. Donald Shirley.

Dr. Shirley: Merry Christmas. [*they all stare back in silence- finally*]

Johnny: Well, come on. Make some room. Get this man a plate! [*Dolores walks over*]

Dolores: Hello.

Dr. Shirley: You must be Dolores.

Dolores: Welcome.

Dr. Shirley: Buon Natale. Thank you for sharing your husband with me.

Dolores: [*she gives him a warm hug and whisper in his ear*] Thank you for helping him with the letters.

Closing Credits

Dr. Donald Shirley continued to tour, compose, and record to great acclaim
Igor Stravinsky said of him, " his virtuosity is worthy of the Gods "

Frank "Tony Lip " Vallelonga went back to his job at the Copacabana,
eventually becoming Maitre D'

Tony Lip and Dr. Donald Shirley remained friends
until they died within months of each other in 2013

Go To The Mardi Gras

Professor Longhair

While you stroll in New Orleans
You ought to go see the Mardi Gras
If you go to New Orleans
You ought to go see the Mardi Gras
When you see the Mardi Gras
Somebody'll tell you what's Carnival for

Get your ticket in your hand
If you wanna go through New Orleans
Get your ticket in your hand
If you wanna go through New Orleans
You know when you get to New Orleans
Somebody will show you the Zulu King

You will see the Zulu King
Down on St. Claude and Dumaine
You know, you'll see the Zulu King
Down on St. Claude and Dumaine
And if you stay right there
I'm sure you'll see the Zulu Queen.

to guard a tusk a beef a molar to repair a pal a valet
a Chink an itinerary to squash (3) garbage sanitation to prance

1. _____ is to restore something that is broken, damaged or torn to good condition
2. _____ is to protect property, places or people from attack or danger
3. _____ is a friend
4. _____ is waste food, paper, etc. that you throw away (*esp. North American English*)
5. _____ is either of the long curved teeth that stick out of the mouth of elephants and some other animals
6. _____ is any of the twelve large teeth at the back of the mouth used for crushing and chewing food
7. _____ is the equipment and systems that keep places clean, especially by removing human waste
8. _____ is a plan of a journey, including the route and the places that you visit
9. _____ is a man's personal servant who takes care of his clothes, serves his meals, etc.
10. _____ is an offensive word for a Chinese person
11. _____ is to walk or move around with ostentatious, exaggerated movements so that people will look at you
12. _____ is a complaint or grievance
13. _____ is to stop something from continuing; to destroy something because it is a problem for you

profanity *an orphan* *coloured* *a virtuoso* *a Guinea* *incidental*
to lug *PS* *a coon* *flush* *a commode* *diction* *vivid*

1. _____ is having a lot of money, usually for a short time
2. _____ is a person who is wholly or partly of non-white descent
(*old-fashioned or offensive*)
3. _____ is to carry or drag something heavy with a lot of effort
4. _____ is able to form pictures of ideas, situations, etc. easily in the mind
5. _____ is a child whose parents are dead
6. _____ is something that is related to something else but is not as important (*usually plural*)
7. _____ is the way that you pronounce words, especially whether or not you speak or sing clearly
8. _____ is swear words, or religious words used in a way that shows a lack of respect for God or holy things (*usually plural*)
9. _____ is a person who is extremely skilful at doing something, especially playing a musical instrument
10. _____ is a very offensive word for a black person
11. _____ is a foreigner, esp. one of Mediterranean or Latin American origin (*offensive*)
12. _____ is a piece of furniture that looks like a chair but has a toilet under the seat
13. _____ is postscript: used for introducing some additional information at the end of a letter after you have signed your name

to sneak *altruism* *to tailor* *phoney* *Maitre D'* *flagrant*
to reconnect(2) *a donation* *to purchase* *to humiliate* *to reward* *to bribe*

1. _____ is to buy something (formal)

2. _____ is to make or adapt something for a particular purpose, a particular person, etc.

3. _____ is to give somebody money or something valuable in order to persuade them to help you, especially by doing something dishonest

4. _____ is something that is given to a person or an organisation such as a charity, in order to help them

5. _____ is to give something to somebody because they have done something good, worked hard, etc.

6. _____ is not real or true

7. _____ is the fact of caring about the needs and happiness of other people more than your own

8. _____ is shocking because it is done in a very obvious way and shows no respect for people, laws, etc.

9. _____ is to make somebody feel ashamed or stupid and lose the respect of other people

10. _____ is re-establish a bond of communication or emotion

11. _____ is to do something or take somebody / something somewhere secretly, often without permission

12. _____ is a head waiter, or the manager of an hotel

Match the following idioms/phrases with their meaning below

1. capacity (*noun 3*).....*I worked in a lot of joints. – In what capacity?*
2. innate ability*he impressed several people with his innate ability to handle trouble*
3. save somebody's ass.....*Tonight, I saved your ass. So show a little appreciation*
4. crystal clear.....*let me be crystal clear. I'm not just hiring a chauffeur*
5. dying for something ...*What happened with the doctor interview? I'm dying to hear*
6. keep someone company.....*We came over to keep her company*
7. the bowels of something.....*Those images were demons in the bowels of hell*
8. piece of ass.....*Whole argument was, uh, over a piece of ass, right?*
9. an animal (*noun 4*).....*He ate 24 hot dogs. Guy's an animal*
10. run low.....*Here's extra money. When it runs low, let me know*
11. make an exception.....*Why can't you just make an exception and let him in*
12. out of line*They were out of line. So we squashed it*

- a. the part that is deepest inside something
- b. to prevent something bad from happening to someone
- c. to deal with someone in a different way from usual on one occasion only
- d. to stay with somebody so that they are not alone
- e. the official position or function that somebody has: role
- f. a person who behaves in a cruel or unpleasant way, or who is very dirty
- g. very easy to understand; completely obvious
- h. a talent or skill that you have when you are born (*of a quality, feeling, etc.*)
- i. to want something or want to do something very much
- j. behaving in a way that is not acceptable or right
- k. used to refer to a woman as a sexually attractive object (*vulgar*)
- l. have a reduced amount or not enough of something

Match the following idioms/phrases with their meaning below

1. sharp (*adj*).....*That's a handsome suit. - Sharp*
 2. to rat someone out.....*I told you that kraut was a snake. Rats me out every time*
 3. break a leg.....*Good luck. Break a leg*
 4. mix it up a little.....*Why wear a tuxedo every night? You could mix it up*
 5. a grease ball (*noun*).....*Who you think you're talking to, grease ball?*
 6. a wad of something.....*Don't ever flash a wad of cash in a bar*
 7. to bother (*verb*)*Do you have to smoke? – I didn't know it bothered you*
 8. be / go out of your mind*Why go into that bar? Are you out of your mind?*
 9. eating you, him her, etc?.....*something's been eating at me this whole trip*
 10. get the hang of something*I think I got the hang of letter writing now, Doc*
 11. fancy pants (*adj*).....*Hey, fancy-pants. You want to play?*
-
- a. to tell somebody in authority about something wrong that somebody else has done
 - b. a foreigner, especially one of Mediterranean or Latin American origin. (*offensive*)
 - c. superior or high-class in a pretentious way
 - d. to be unable to think or behave in a normal way; to become crazy
 - e. try a different order, approach, combination, etc.
 - f. smart and stylish (*of clothes or the way somebody dresses*)
 - g. to annoy, worry or upset somebody
 - h. worrying or annoying you, him,her,etc.
 - i. to learn how to do or to use something; to understand something
 - j. used to wish somebody good luck
 - k. a thick pile of pieces of paper, paper money, etc. folded or rolled together

Donald Shirley
(1927 – 2013)

Donald Walbridge Shirley was an American classical and jazz pianist and composer. He recorded many albums for Cadence during the 1950s and 1960s, experimenting with jazz with a classical influence. He wrote organ symphonies, piano concerti, a cello concerto, three string quartets, a one-act opera, works for organ, piano and violin, a symphonic tone poem based on the novel *Finnegans Wake* by James Joyce, and a set of "Variations" on the legend of Orpheus in the Underworld.



Born in Pensacola, Florida, Shirley was a promising young student of classical piano. Although he did not achieve recognition in his early career playing traditional classical music, he found success with his blending of various musical traditions. During the 1960s, Shirley went on a number of concert tours, some in Deep South states. For a time, he hired New York nightclub bouncer Tony "Lip" Vallelonga as his driver and bodyguard. Their story was dramatised in the 2018 film *Green Book*.

Career: 1945–1953

In 1945, at the age of 18, Shirley performed the Tchaikovsky B-flat minor concerto with the Boston Pops. A year later, Shirley performed one of his compositions with the London Philharmonic Orchestra. In 1949, he received an invitation from the Haitian government to play at the Exposition Internationale du Bi-Centenaire de Port-au-Prince, followed by a request from President Estimé and Archbishop Joseph-Marie Le Gouaze for a repeat performance the next week. Shirley was married to Jean C. Hill in Cook County, Illinois on December 23, 1952, but they later divorced.

Discouraged by the lack of opportunities for classical black musicians, Shirley abandoned the piano as a career for a time. He studied psychology at the University of Chicago and began work in Chicago as a psychologist. There he returned to music. He was given a grant to study the relationship between music and juvenile crime, which had broken out in the postwar era of the early 1950s. Playing in a small club, he experimented with sound to determine how the audience responded. The audience was unaware of his experiments and that students had been planted to gauge their reactions.

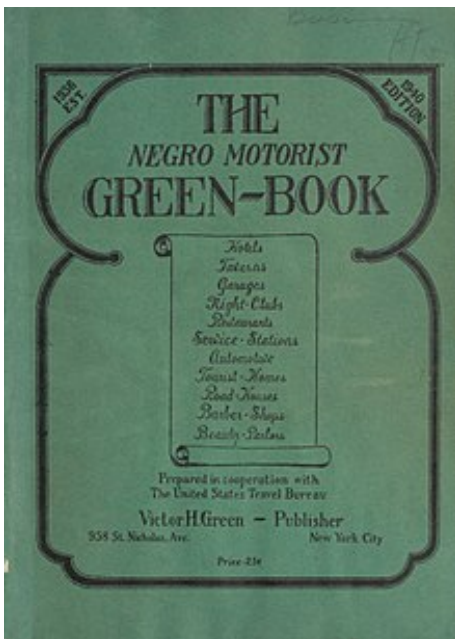
Career: 1954–2013

At Arthur Fiedler's invitation, Shirley appeared with the Boston Pops in Chicago in June 1954. In 1955, he performed with the NBC Symphony at the premiere of Ellington's Piano Concerto at Carnegie Hall. He also appeared on TV on Arthur Godfrey and His Friends. During the 1950s and 1960s, Shirley recorded many albums for Cadence Records, experimenting with jazz with a classical influence. In 1961, his single "Water Boy" reached No. 40 on the Billboard Hot 100 and stayed on the chart for 14 weeks. He performed in New York City at Basin Street East, where Duke Ellington heard him and they started a friendship.

During the 1960s, Shirley went on a number of concert tours, some in Southern states, believing that he could change some minds with his performances. For his initial tour, in 1962, he hired New York nightclub bouncer Tony "Lip" Vallelonga as his driver and bodyguard. Their story is dramatised in the 2018 film *Green Book*, the name of a travel guide for black motorists in the segregated United States. In the fictionalised account, despite some early friction with their differing personalities, the two became good friends. Author David Hajdu, who met and befriended Shirley in the 1990s through composer Luther Henderson, wrote: "the man I knew was considerably different from the character Ali portrayed with meticulous elegance [in *Green Book*]. [Shirley was] cerebral but disarmingly earthy, mercurial, self-protective, and intolerant of imperfections in all things, particularly music, he was as complex and uncategorizable as his sui generis music."

In late 1968, Shirley performed the Tchaikovsky concerto with the Detroit Symphony. He also worked with the Chicago Symphony and the National Symphony Orchestra. He wrote symphonies for the New York Philharmonic and Philadelphia Orchestra. He played as soloist with the orchestra at Milan's La Scala opera house in a program dedicated to George Gershwin's music. Russian-born composer Igor Stravinsky, who was a contemporary of Shirley's, said of him, "His virtuosity is worthy of Gods."

The Green Book



The Negro Motorist Green Book (or simply the Green Book) was an annual guidebook for African-American road-trippers. It was originated and published by African American, New York City mailman Victor Hugo Green from 1936 to 1966, during the era of Jim Crow laws, when open and often legally prescribed discrimination against African Americans especially and other non-whites was widespread. Although pervasive racial discrimination and poverty limited black car ownership, the emerging African-American middle class bought automobiles as soon as they could, but faced a variety of dangers and inconveniences along the road, from refusal of food and lodging to arbitrary arrest. In response, Green wrote his guide

to services and places relatively friendly to African-Americans, eventually expanding its coverage from the New York area to much of North America, as well as founding a travel agency.

Many black Americans took to driving, in part to avoid segregation on public transportation. As the writer George Schuyler put it in 1930, "all Negroes who can do so purchase an automobile as soon as possible in order to be free of discomfort, discrimination, segregation and insult." Black Americans employed as athletes, entertainers, and salesmen also traveled frequently for work purposes.

African-American travellers faced hardships such as white-owned businesses refusing to serve them or repair their vehicles, being refused accommodation or food by white-owned hotels, and threats of physical violence and forcible expulsion from whites-only "sundown towns". Green founded and published the Green Book to avoid such problems, compiling resources "to give the Negro traveler information that will keep him from running into difficulties, embarrassments and to make his trip more enjoyable." The maker of a 2019 documentary film about the book offered this summary: "Everyone I was interviewing talked about the community that the Green Book created: a kind of parallel universe that was created by the book and this kind of secret road map that the Green Book outlined".

From a New York-focused first edition published in 1936, Green expanded the work to cover much of North America, including most of the United States and parts of Canada, Mexico, the Caribbean, and Bermuda. The Green Book became "the bible of black travel during Jim Crow", enabling black travellers to find lodgings, businesses, and gas stations that would serve them along the road. It was little known outside the African-American community. Shortly after passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1964, which outlawed the types of racial discrimination that had made the Green Book necessary, publication ceased and it fell into obscurity. There has been a revived interest in it in the early 21st century in connection with studies of black travel during the Jim Crow era.

Jim Crow

In the years right after the Civil War, freedmen (*former slaves*) were able to vote and participate in government, thanks to the 13th, 14th and 15th Amendments and the Civil Rights Acts. Sadly, some people did not understand that freedmen deserved equal rights and opportunities. The federal government had been protecting these rights, but in 1877, Rutherford B. Hayes became president and ended Reconstruction. All of a sudden, there was no one to enforce the new laws and amendments and no authority to punish those who treated blacks unfairly. From then on, people worked to undermine efforts at equality, and states passed laws that greatly restricted the rights and freedoms of blacks living in the South (and the North)

Making Adjustments

The end of slavery meant major social changes for all because slavery had kept black and white societies apart for so long. Once freed, former slaves acted quickly to create their own communities with new churches and schools. Some stayed in the South, while others migrated to the North hoping to find better living conditions and work. By the 1870s, most southern states adopted laws known as Black Codes, creating a legal form of segregation. Segregation is when people are separated by race. These codes limited the rights and freedoms of black people. Northern states varied in the way they accepted the new arrivals, but segregation was common all over the nation

Who is Jim Crow?

Before smartphones, before television, movies and radio, people went to the theatre for entertainment. Daddy Rice, a white actor, would cover his face with charcoal and then sing and dance in a silly way. This character's name was Jim Crow. Just like we compare people to characters on TV, people began to use Jim Crow as a way to describe black people. (It wasn't a compliment.) For example, there were 'Jim Crow' cars on trains where all blacks were forced to sit, even if they bought a first-class ticket! As time went on, the term was also used to describe any racist law that restricted the rights and opportunities of black people.



Jim Crow laws were found all over the South and even in many Northern states. It would have been very difficult to walk around any large town or city and not see a sign dividing whites and blacks. The segregation of public accommodations was only one way that Jim Crow laws controlled people's behaviour. There were limits on whom people could marry, adopt, or where they could attend school. There was even one law limiting who could cut your hair! The laws don't make any sense today, but it was a fact of life for the millions of people living in America between the 1860s and the 1960s

All of the Jim Crow laws were based on the difference between whites and blacks. But what does that mean? Most states decided that you were considered black if you had only one great grandparent who was black (1/8 African heritage). If there was doubt, a person would have to prove that they could go back three generations without any African heritage.



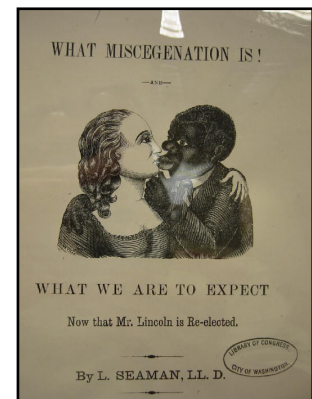
Jim Crow Laws

Education: Public schools were provided for black children, but they were not as nice as the schools provided for white children. Most lacked books, supplies and other resources. One law said that blacks and whites could not use the same textbooks, and another required bus drivers to be the same race as the children they drove around!

Public Accommodation: Accommodation means a place where people spend time. This can mean anything from a restaurant to a prison to a hotel. Many of the Jim Crow laws were written to keep the races separate, and public spaces were the most visible area for interaction. Restaurants could not serve blacks and whites in the same dining room. Circuses and theatres had to provide two separate ticket booths, entrances, and seating areas. Missouri, Texas, and other states called for separate libraries for blacks and whites. 'White Only' signs were seen on bathroom doors, drinking fountains, public pools, waiting rooms and businesses all over the South and in some areas of the North.



Marriage and Family: Miscegenation is a word that means the mixing of races. Both Northern and Southern states had a variety of laws that banned marriages and relationships between blacks and whites. There were also laws that either banned interracial (more than one race) adoptions or required the race of the baby and adopting parents to be written on the legal documents.



Voting Rights: We already know that freedmen were given the right to vote under the 15th Amendment in 1870. Between 1871 and 1889, almost all Southern states passed laws that restricted African Americans' right to vote. In Georgia and South Carolina black voting was cut in half between 1880 and 1888! Even when blacks did vote, many of their ballots were stolen or not even counted. These restrictive laws continued into the 1960s until President Lyndon Johnson signed the Voting Rights Act in 1965.

Transportation: Blacks were required to sit in the back of public buses and train cars, or in a separate car altogether. The famous Supreme Court case Plessy v. Ferguson established that it was okay to create 'separate but equal' public settings. This 1896 case set the stage for numerous state and local laws requiring blacks and whites to stay segregated in society.



Complete the sentences below using the following words/phrases

interracial *Black Codes* *segregation* *Jim Crow*
miscegenation *public accommodation* *undermine*

- Hotels, restaurants, shops, public restrooms and drinking fountains are all examples of _____
- _____ describes the mixing of different races through marriage and family, and was illegal in many states.
- State and local governments passed laws intended to _____, or weaken, the new rights blacks had gained in the South.
- Adoptions were considered _____ if the parents were of a different race than the child.
- Keeping groups of people separate is called _____.
- _____ was originally a theatre character, but became a term that described things related to African Americans.
- After the Civil War, many states passed laws, or _____, that affected the rights and freedoms of the freed slaves.

Web Links

Mahershala Ali, Viggo Mortensen, 9 mins

Peter Farrelly Interview 4 mins

Viggo Mortensen 12 mins

Nick Vallelonga, co-writer of 'Green Book,' 3 mins

Traveling with "The Green Book" during the Jim Crow era 10 mins