

High Fidelity

Plot summary

High Fidelity follows the 'mid-life' crisis of Rob, a thirty-something record-store owner who must face the undeniable facts - he's growing up. In a hilarious homage to the music scene, Rob and the wacky, offbeat clerks that inhabit his store expound on the intricacies of life and song all the while trying to succeed in their adult relationships. Are they listening to pop music because they are miserable? Or are they miserable because they listen to pop music? This romantic comedy provides a whimsical glimpse into the male view of the affairs of the heart. *Written by* [<N2XFYLS@aol.com>](mailto:N2XFYLS@aol.com)

Rob gets ditched (yet again) by his current femaething. This catalyts a sordid self examinatory process about all his failed relationships. It's centred around his record shop, and coloured by his two motley socially inadequate assistants. *Written by* [Filmtwob <webmaster@filmfreak.co.za>](mailto:webmaster@filmfreak.co.za)

Arrested development confronts 30-something Rob Gordon when Laura, his smart and successful lover, leaves him because he hasn't changed since they met. He reviews his top five worst breakups (he constantly makes top five lists, though usually about music). He recalls each breakup, reconnects with these former loves to find out why they dumped him, and wallows in misery from losing Laura. Much of it plays out at his vinyl record store where he and two clerks, socially-inept savants, live and breathe obscure contemporary music. Rob makes fruitless attempts to win Laura back, indulges in new relationships laced with fantasy, and tries introspection. What will Laura do? *Written by* [<jhailey@hotmail.com>](mailto:jhailey@hotmail.com)

Main characters

Rob Gordon ... John Cusack
Laura... Iben Hjeje
Dick... Todd Louiso
Barry... Jack Black
Marie De Salle... Lisa Bonet
Charlie Nicholson... Catherine Zeta-Jones
Liz... Joan Cusack
Ian 'Ray' Raymond... Tim Robbins
Vince ... Chris Rehmann
Justin... Ben Carr
Sarah Kendrew... Lili Taylor
Penny Hardwick... Joelle Carter
Caroline Fortis... Natasha Gregson Wagner
Alison Jr. High... Shannon Stillo
Rob Jr. High... Drake Bell

Memorable quotes from High Fidelity

(with notes on difficult vocabulary)

[Barry](#): [*performing at the record release party*] Rob, thank you for that kind introduction. We're no longer called Sonic Death Monkey. We're on the verge of becoming Kathleen Turner Overdrive, but just for tonight, we are Barry Jive and his Uptown Five.

To be on the verge of = stare per diventare

Rob: How does he do it, you ask. How does [*stops, whispers*] **Rob:** how does an average guy like me become the number one lover-man in his particular postal district? He's grumpy, he's broke, he hangs out with the musical moron twins...
[*shrugs*]

Grumpy = scontroso; broke = in bolletta; **to hang out** = passare tutto il proprio tempo con, farsela con; **moron** = cretino, imbecille

Rob: Should I bolt every time I get that feeling in my gut when I meet someone new? Well, I've been listening to my gut since I was 14 years old, and frankly speaking, I've come to the conclusion that my guts have shit for brains.

To bolt = sobbalzare

Rob: It would be nice to think that since I was 14, times have changed. Relationships have become more sophisticated. Females less cruel. Skins thicker. Instincts more developed. But there seems to be an element of that afternoon in everything that's happened to me since. All my romantic stories are a scrambled version of that first one.

Scrambled version = (qui) versione mixata

Barry: Holy shite. What the fuck is that?

Dick: It's the new Belle and Sebastian...

Rob: It's a record we've been listening to and enjoying, Barry.

Barry: Well, that's unfortunate, because it sucks ass.

It sucks ass = (qui) fa proprio schifo

Barry: Rob, top five musical crimes perpetuated by Stevie Wonder in the '80s and '90s. Go. Sub-question: is it in fact unfair to criticize a formerly great artist for his latter day sins, is it better to burn out or fade away?

Latter day = dell'ultim'ora; **to fade away** = scomparire piano piano

Rob: I can see now I never really committed to Laura. I always had one foot out the door, and that prevented me from doing a lot of things, like thinking about my future and... I guess it made more sense to commit to nothing, keep my options open. And that's suicide. By tiny, tiny increments.

To keep one's options open = lasciarsi una porta aperta

Rob: She didn't make me miserable, or anxious, or ill at ease. You know, it sounds boring, but it wasn't. It wasn't spectacular either. It was just good. But really good.

Ill at ease = a disagio

[Rob Gordon](#): Hey, I'm not the smartest guy in the world, but I'm certainly not the dumbest. I mean, I've read books like "The Unbearable Lightness of Being" and "Love in the Time of Cholera", and I think I've understood them. They're about girls, right? Just kidding. But I have to say my all-time favorite book is Johnny Cash's autobiography "Cash" by Johnny Cash.

Just kidding = stavo solo scherzando

[Barry's Customer](#): Hi, do you have the song "I Just Called To Say I Love You?" It's for my daughter's birthday.

[Barry](#): Yea we have it.

[Barry's Customer](#): Great, Great, can I have it?

[Barry](#): No, no, you can't.

[Barry's Customer](#): Why not?

[Barry](#): Well, it's sentimental tacky crap. Do we look like the kind of store that sells I Just Called to Say I Love You? Go to the mall.

Tacky crap = (qui) schifezza, stronzata; **go to the mall** = vada a cercarselo al centro commerciale

[Rob](#): If you *really* wanted to screw me up, you should've gotten to me earlier.

To screw sb up = (fig.) fottere, fregare

[Louis](#): I don't have that record... I'll buy it for forty.

[Rob](#): Sold.

[Louis](#): Now why would you sell it to me and not to him?

[Barry](#): Because you're not a geek, Louis.

[Louis](#): You guys are snobs.

[Dick](#): No, we're not.

[Louis](#): Yeah, seriously, you're totally elitist. You feel like the unappreciated scholars, so you shit onto people who know lesser than you.

[Rob](#), [Barry](#), [Dick](#): No!

[Louis](#): Which is everybody...

[Rob](#), [Barry](#), [Dick](#): Yeah...

[Louis](#): That's so sad.

Geek = esperto, fanatico di qc

[Barry](#): Let 'em riot. We're Sonic-fuckin'-Death Monkey.

[*last lines*]

[Rob](#): The making of a great compilation tape, like breaking up, is hard to do and takes ages longer than it might seem. You gotta kick off with a killer, to grab attention. Then you got to take it up a notch, but you don't wanna blow your wad, so then you got to cool it off a notch. There are a lot of rules. Anyway... I've started to make a tape... in my head... for Laura. Full of stuff she likes. Full of stuff that make her happy. For the first time I can sort of see how that is done.

To kick off with a killer = andarsene compiendo un gesto sensazionale; **to take it p a notch** = (qui) riprendere un po'; **to cool sth off a notch** = allentare un po'

Rob: John Dillinger was killed behind that theater in a hail of FBI gunfire. And do you know who tipped them off? His fucking girlfriend. All he wanted to do was go to the movies.

To tip sb off = fregare qc, vendere qc

Laura: [*preparing to have sex with Rob in a car*] I knew there was a reason I wore a skirt today.

Rob: My desert island, all-time, top-five most memorable breakups, in chronological order, are as follows: Alison Ashmore; Penny Hardwick; Jackie Alden; Charlie Nicholson; and Sarah Kendrew. Those were the ones that really hurt. Can you see your name on that list, Laura? Maybe you'd sneak into the top ten. But there's just no room for you in the top five, sorry. Those places are reserved for the kind of humiliation and heartbreak you're just not capable of delivering.

To sneak = riuscire a intrufolarsi/entrare

Rob: It made sense to pool our collective loathing for the opposite sex, and while we were at it, you get to share a bed with somebody at the same time. We were frightened of being left alone for the rest of our lives. Only people of a certain disposition are frightened of being alone for the rest of their lives at the age of 26, and we were of that disposition.

To pool = mettere insieme; **loathing** = odio, disprezzo

Rob: Why'd you have to tell her about the store?

Barry: Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't know it was classified information. I mean, I know we don't have any customers, but I thought that was a bad thing, not like, a business strategy

[*smacks Rob*]

classified information = informazioni segrete/riservate

Rob: I'm tired of the fantasy, because it doesn't really exist. And there are never really any surprises, and it never really...

Laura: Delivers?

Rob: Delivers. And I'm tired of it. And I'm tired of everything else for that matter. But I don't ever seem to get tired of you, so...

to deliver = (qui) avverarsi

Barry: How about the Jesus and Mary Chain?

Barry's Customer: They always seemed...

Barry: They always seemed what? They always seemed really great is what they always seemed. They picked up where your precious Echo left off, and you're

sitting around complaining about no more Echo albums. I can't believe you don't own this fucking record. (tosses the record to the customer and walks away) That's insane. Jesus.

To pick up = riprendere; **to leave off** = lasciare; **to toss** = tirare, lanciare

Barry: Hey, it's half past a monkey's ass, let's get out of here.

Dick: Um, I can't meet you guys at the club tonight.

Barry: Why?

[*Dick smiles*]

Barry: Who are you going to see?

Dick: [*grins bashfully*] Nobody.

Barry: Rob! Looooky-looky! Dick, are you gettin' some?

[*Dick pauses*]

Barry: Oh-ho-ho! Un-fucking-believable! Dick's got a hot date! How did this happen, Dick? What logical explanation can there possibly be? What's her name?

Dick: Annaugh.

Barry: Anna? Anna what? Anna Conda?

Dick: Annaugh Moss.

Barry: [*laughing*] Anna M-ha-ha-oss? Is she all green and fuzzy and mossy? And you met this bruiser where exactly? The home for the mentally challenged or the blind or the bus station?

Dick: Um, here. She asked me about the new Green Day album, and I told her...

Barry: Oh, man, finally! *Anna!* That's great, Dick! Really! Smoke that ass!

Fuzzy = (di erba, capelli, ecc.) folto e morbido; **mossy** = muschioso (qui: gioco di parole basato sul cognome Moss, lett. muschio); **bruiser** = (qui) portento di donna

Rob: Top five things I miss about Laura. One; sense of humor. Very dry, but it can also be warm and forgiving. And she's got one of the best all time laughs in the history of all time laughs, she laughs with her entire body. Two; she's got character. Or at least she had character before the Ian nightmare. She's loyal and honest, and she doesn't even take it out on people when she's having a bad day. That's character.

[*holds up three fingers*]

Rob: Three;

[*long pause, hesitantly*]

Rob: I miss her smell, and the way she tastes. It's a mystery of human chemistry and I don't understand it, some people, as far as their senses are concerned, just feel like home.

[*shakes his head, recollecting, then looks back and lip synchs 'four' while holds up four fingers*]

Rob: I really dig how she walks around. It's like she doesn't care how she looks or what she projects and it's not that she doesn't care it's just, she's not affected I guess, and that gives her grace. And five; she does this thing in bed when she can't get to sleep, she kinda half moans and then rubs her feet together an equal number of times... it just kills me. Believe me, I mean, I could do a top five things about her that drive me crazy but it's just your garden variety women you know, schizo stuff and that's the kind of thing that got me here.

To dig = (qui) piacere alla follia

Read a review of High Fidelity at

<http://www.guardian.co.uk/film/2000/jul/23/philipfrench>

Sources

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0146882/plotsummary>

<http://www.imdb.com/title/tt0146882/quotes>