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# The Hollywood Knights

By Floyd Mutrux

Hey, gang, it's Surf Sam on KBLA.  
We're just hours away  
from Halloween night, 1965.  
Oh, I see that the hangout for the  
Hollywood Knights, Tubby's Drive-In,  
is coming down tonight.  
Fellas, don't get bummed out.

**Remember :**

A friend with weed  
is a friend indeed.

**3:**

Man, she saw it. That's great.

Hey, what are you  
doing over there?

I'm doing Dr. Eisner's  
new facial exercises.

Oh, it's wonderful. It keeps your  
skin circulating. It keeps you young.  
It's great.

It's a bear-lion. You go:

Aah. Mmm. Aah.

Doesn't that stretch your skin out?

Oh, no, it's circulation. It's great.

It keeps you young  
and youthful, gorgeous.

I'm gonna tie my bathing suit  
here to the chair.

But I don't know why  
you're doing that.

You know, last time I  
did that, my tits got...

They peeled so much I went  
from a size B cup to an A.

What's that clicking noise?

- You hear it.

- It's a camera.

Camera!

You little creep!

What is that? What are you doing?

**WOMAN 1:**

What are you, crazy?

I'll sue you  
for trespassing!  
Clark, we got a couple of party boys  
here that love to scare old ladies.  
You don't have to work for  
Scotland Yard to know about this.  
A potato?  
This was in the tailpipe  
of the chief's car  
last week.  
Get down!  
Clark, look what we got here.  
Empty egg carton.  
That tell you anything?  
You boys making omelets?  
What are you laughing at, huh?  
You know what I'd like to do  
to you now, Newbomb?  
I'd like to kick the crap out of you,  
that's what I'd like to do!  
What's the problem, officer?  
Oh, we got it taken care of, sir.  
Thank you very much. Everything's fine.  
No problem.  
Just got some punks out here,  
and that's it.  
Wake up, Bimbeau. I want you  
to get something straight.  
I don't need the captain all over my  
butt about some rinky-dink drive-in.  
Do me a favor, Bimbeau.  
Don't aggravate the situation.  
Everything's under control,  
sarge. It's okey-dokey.  
Besides, sarge,  
as a matter of fact,  
if any of those little  
assholes get out of line...  
...I'll personally kick  
the shit out of them.  
That's exactly what  
we don't want, Bimbeau.  
The drive-in's coming down.  
They'll all be gone tomorrow.

We don't need police brutality.  
Got it?  
Hear that?  
Right. Yeah.  
Bimbeau, what in  
the hell is that?  
No, no. Here!  
Woo-hoo. Woo-hoo.  
Oh, not that house.  
People have been bad there.  
Mooning!  
Mooning!  
Mooning, Mr. Katzenberg.  
Absolutely.  
We've all had these  
disgusting experiences  
with these Hollywood Knights,  
and I give you my word,  
tonight is the last night  
the Hollywood Knights  
will ever be  
in Beverly Hills again.  
Isn't that wonderful? Oh.  
I want to send my husband Jack's  
apologies to all of you.  
He was real sorry  
he couldn't be here tonight.  
Anyway, he'll be at the pep rally  
later giving the awards,  
and of course, we'll see him  
at the dance. Well...  
What's the song  
he's got now? The, uh...  
"Tijuana Taxi. "  
With the horn honk,  
the "beep, beep"  
at the end of it.  
What the hell is that  
supposed to be?  
That's popular music.  
Where the hell is the story  
in a "beep, beep"?  
Yeah.  
Tell you what popular music is...

I know what popular music is.  
You don't know.  
I do.  
Starting tomorrow,  
today will be history...  
Horseshit!  
Nevans, there's some distracting  
noise in the kitchen.  
Could you see what that is?  
That's the Beverly Hills  
Police Department.  
They're out there with Juanita.  
Bullshit!  
Take care of it.  
I'll see if I can't  
quiet those people down.  
Anyway, Tubby's Drive-In,  
this social disease  
of our neighborhood,  
well, it's enjoying its last night  
of residence in Beverly Hills.  
I knew you'd all be pleased  
because all of our...  
Thank you.  
And one year from today,  
this beautiful office complex  
Will be standing  
in the old Tubby's Drive-In's place.  
I assure you that you  
and none of the rest of you  
have to worry about  
the Hollywood Knights any longer.  
We won't be hearing  
from them again.  
Go, go, go!  
They're out of... Excuse me.  
Juanita's busy. I'll get the door.  
It's fine.  
No, really, I...  
Well, all right.  
We'll both get it. Why not?  
I need you.  
Watch it. Stand back. Stand back.  
Nevans!

Get it! Get it out!  
It's dog shit!  
It's dog shit all over you!  
Mrs. Friedman!  
I'll kill you!  
I'll kill all of you!  
Shit. Shit.  
Juanita! Juanita, get out here!  
They finally come.  
Nice to see you. Nice of you  
to make it. Nice of you to come.  
Where is everybody?  
Where is everybody?  
Hey, no problem. I spoke to Wheatly,  
and he'll be here in a minute.  
Hey, I was talking to Red.  
He's pretty bent, man. They've  
been here for about 21 years.  
Said he's been thinking about  
moving to New Jersey.  
You know, this is compliments of  
the Beverly Hills Asshole Association.  
Everybody showing up tonight. All the  
flatheads forever are showing up tonight.  
Wheatly. Mr. Wheatly,  
nice of you to join us tonight.  
How you guys doing?  
What's going on?  
Hey, Wheatly, where you been?  
I was kicking some ass.  
You were kicking ass?  
He was kissing ass.  
Hey, listen, we got all our  
cars here tonight. Except one.  
Yeah, Simpson, when you  
gonna bring your rail job?  
I mean, this is  
the last night.  
Where is this Flying Purple People  
Eater you keep talking about?  
Relax, relax. I gotta wait till my old  
man goes to sleep so I can wheel it out.  
Maybe you want me to follow you home. You  
know, you might be a little bit nervous.

Everybody is showing.  
You know, there is gonna be a ton  
of lead sleds in the block tonight.  
Yeah, that's great. You know what?  
Everybody'll think...  
...we're a bunch of '50s  
queers when they come in here.  
Hey, how long you got  
your brother's car for?  
For as long as I like.  
Yeah, sure.  
Hey, Newbomb, I saw your  
brother. He's a monster.  
Do I look worried?  
Do I appear worried?  
Bimbeau.  
Bimbeau. Bimbeau.  
Hey, hey. Hey, hey.  
What?  
How do you think I'd look  
in a mustache, huh?  
Think I'd be better-looking  
than I am already?  
Perfect. Perfect jerk.  
Good... Jerk? Good-looking.  
Just like the guys  
we bust every night.  
No, that's perfect  
for you.  
Lawrence  
Lawrence of Arabia  
He's an English guy  
He came to fight the Turkish  
Okay, Clark, right there.  
That's what I'm talking about.  
"Lawrence of Arabia"  
doesn't have any lyrics to it.  
Doesn't have any words.  
What do you mean?  
It's music. It's music.  
Hey, I've seen the movie four times.  
And there were no words to it.  
There are no words to that! Did  
you hear what I was saying earlier?

Somewhere, I know that somebody,  
I think, wrote lyrics to this song.  
Horseshit. There are no words.  
Horseshit?  
Horseshit. There are no words to it.  
Hey, Bimbeau. Bimbeau. Bimbeau.  
Kiss my ass. All right?  
Do the fake mustache and mark off  
another spot, and that'll be your ass.  
Hey, you want me to put an X on  
my ass? You can find it that way.  
Pull over here. I gotta take a  
squirt. Will you? Give me a break.  
Hey, these guys are lucky.  
We're leaving them in Watts.  
Last year we left them  
in a bad neighborhood.  
These guys are punks.  
When I got into the Knights, I had to climb  
a greased pole and they put eggs up my butt.  
I know. You should suffer,  
you know?  
Let's go, guys. Out, out, out.  
Everybody out.  
It's initiation time. Let's go.  
Come on, man.  
Let's go.  
This is not a party. You want a party?  
Come back after initiation.  
Get against the car.  
Out of sight.  
- Okay, drop them.  
- What?  
Get your clothes off!  
Strip, man! Let's go.  
You should be proud to be Knights.  
Don't give me that look.  
You're lucky. We used to tar and feather  
the pledges. You know what I mean?  
Wheatly, look at that. That  
looks like a penis, only smaller.  
Hey, listen,  
go in the back there.  
I want the tires out of the truck,



I want your clothes in.  
Tires out, I want the clothes in.  
What are we gonna do with the tires?  
Here's the plan of action.  
I want to see you and the tires  
back at Tubby's at 2:00.  
If you are not back by 2:00, I do  
not want to see you back at all.

**Because at 2:**

to hear the dedication over the radio  
that you've delivered the message  
to the DJ at the record store.  
Are we set there, gentlemen?  
Are we ready? Very, very, very good.  
Gentlemen, goodbye, good luck. And  
think of this as a great adventure.  
It's Halloween, jackoff.  
Let's go, let's have some fun.  
Take off your shorts!  
Come on. Come on, man.  
Hey, guys, watch out for  
a cougar with rabies!  
You mean they're gonna leave us  
naked in Watts?  
Where's the record store?  
Hey, come on down  
and see me, I am broadcasting live  
from Music City  
in the heart of Watts tonight.  
Hey, guess who's coming in now.  
It's time for Dr. J., all right.  
KBLA and Surf Sam getting up and  
making way for who else but Dr. J.  
Thank you, my man, Surf Sam.  
Hey, Dr. J., KBLA,  
Halloween night, 1965.  
The funkiest you have  
ever heard.  
And I'm gonna hit you hard with  
"Sherry" by The Four Seasons right now.  
What time is it?  
Eight-thirty.  
Maybe the chicks aren't coming.

Hey, you guys, shut up!  
This is our secret spot.  
Nobody knows about it.  
Now, will you stop worrying? We're alone.  
Nobody knows we're here. I'm telling you.  
I can't believe we're doing this.  
If my pop ever found out  
that I was changing into this outfit,  
he would just die. He would die.  
My God. I can't believe...  
Don't forget to take  
your bra off. You too.  
I read about a new bust exercise.  
Really? Where?  
In the Vogue magazine.  
Especially from Europe.  
I paid \$6 for it.  
Ooh, does that feel good.  
Freedom at last.  
You think I should wear a bra? I'd hate to  
get caught without a bra in a car accident.  
Oh, is this exciting.  
My pants are too tight.  
Take your underwear off.  
What's wrong with you? Just hurry up and  
get changed before somebody does come.  
I'm ready. Come on.  
We gotta hurry to the pep rally.  
Watch out!  
Oh, my God!  
What are you doing there?  
Get out of here! What are you, crazy?  
I don't believe it!  
Get out of here!  
I can't stand you, Turk!  
You're so immature!  
You're such a putz!  
Hey, that's real great. Here comes  
Bimbeau. Get up, man! Here he comes, man.  
I wanna tell you buttholes  
something.  
This shit is way  
out of line.  
And you squirrels better have

some nuts in your mouth,  
or you're going downtown.  
What the hell's  
the difference, huh?  
I gotta have a nighttime job  
so I can be free during the day.  
Yeah, I almost forgot. You're  
gonna be a famous actress.  
That's what pisses you off, isn't it?  
That I might become somebody.  
I think you're somebody right now.  
Oh, shit, come on.  
Look, I gotta start looking  
after tonight anyway.  
You know, I think you're right.  
You should go out and...  
...find a job right away so  
you don't starve to death.  
What do you want me to do?  
You're gonna start college in January,  
you got a part-time job here at Smitty's.  
Right. Hey, it's not my fault  
you're a carhop.  
Do you think I like all them jerks making  
wiseass cracks about my old lady all night?  
You don't like it? Look, I'm  
the one that's gotta put up with it.  
Look, I gotta get in there.  
I'll talk to you later, okay?  
If I can't get off early,  
are you gonna wait for me?  
I gotta tell Red.  
I don't know.  
Shit.  
Hey, that's the car  
James Dean drove, man.  
Bitchen.  
He had two of these.  
Hey, man, these things handle real  
well. You can take a corner outrageous.  
Probably gonna take  
the coast road up too.  
All curvy, beautiful.  
It's a '57.

Try using the handle, Clark.  
Okay, here we go. Here we go.  
Okay, Wiener schnitzels.  
Hey, hey, it's just a cop.  
Let's get these overpriced  
sewing machines out of here!  
Just a cop that likes to bust balls.  
What's that, Newbomb?  
I said, you guys stand tall.  
We stand tall.  
Okay... You can listen too.  
I wanna tell you something.  
If I smell any  
rubber tonight...  
Benedict Canyon,  
anywhere around there.  
- Your ass is grass,  
and I'm the lawn mower.  
You got it? You punks got it?  
You got that, boys?  
His ass. Okay?  
Yes, sir. Yes, officer.  
Let's go.  
Move it out!  
Come on, go.  
Go! Go!  
I gotta take a squirt.  
Good night, Officer Clark.  
Good night, Officer Lawn Mower.  
Come on.  
Ooh! Ooh!  
Come on! Right here!  
Hey, Brenda, listen.  
Hey, I enjoyed last night.  
Good God.  
No, it's okay. I'll have a Big One  
and a Cherry Coke.  
Make it two Big Ones  
and two Cherry Cokes.  
You want the Big One?  
I've got the Big One.  
Oh, God, he is so gross!  
Hey, hey, hey,  
you two girls want a thrill?

I'm not paying any attention.  
Hey, Iron Box,  
I'm talking to you  
and your girlfriend.  
Very funny.  
Hey, have you ever heard  
my version of that song?  
Oh, my God,  
we have to get out of here.  
Why?  
He's gonna fart the song.  
He's gonna what?  
He's going to fart the song.  
You're gonna love it.  
Stay there.  
Let me warm up.  
Hey, look,  
there's that red Dodge!  
Hey, Jimbo.  
What do you say, Jimmy?  
Hey, Jimmy, kind of cold  
on that thing or what?  
Colder than a witch's tit.  
Ah, hey. Here.  
What's this?  
Go on, keep it. You'll need something to  
read on the bus. I'll pick up another one.  
Jimmy, you know, I was thinking,  
if you have to go overseas, man,  
I'll collect all those magazines from  
the guys and I'll send them over to you.  
Thanks.  
I never thought of that.  
But I probably won't be  
going over to Vietnam.  
The only people they're  
sending over is advisers.  
Hey, I thought last month, when Dee  
Dee was late, I wouldn't be going.  
They ain't taking anybody  
with babies.  
That's a tough break.  
You're gonna get  
the experience of a lifetime.

I remember the first time I ever saw  
you two guys. Do you remember that?  
You came rolling that bicycle  
in here with two flat tires  
and a broken chain  
and the bent handlebars.  
I looked at you and said, "Get that  
thing out of here. We fix cars. "  
Yeah, fix cars. Thirty minutes later  
it was fixed, and we were riding it.  
You know,  
I can't believe it, man.  
You know there's only  
four pledges this year?  
I remember when I was in junior high  
school, everybody wanted to be a Knight.  
I just don't know  
anymore, man.  
Everything changes.  
Remember that.  
Nothing stays the same.  
I got it.  
Look, I'm telling you,  
Barbara does not put out, okay?  
She do. She do.  
No, she doesn't.  
She's a tramp. She's a tramp.  
She do. She do.  
Shorty.  
Wheatly, that girl's looking at me.  
What?  
That girl right there is looking at me.  
What girl?  
That girl right there with the  
red scarf. She's checking me out.  
Hey, look, she's not checking you out.  
She's looking through you to get to me.  
Uh-uh, man, she's looking right at me.  
Where?  
Right there with the red scarf on.  
Hey, are you looking at him?  
He thinks you're looking at him.  
Man, you asshole!  
You just blew it for me!

I'm sorry.  
I can't believe you, Wheatly.  
I can't believe you sometimes.  
God!  
I'm sorry, all right?  
Don't get bent.  
How's it going?  
Hey, watch the car, all right?  
What are you talking about?  
Hey, listen, Moosie,  
cut your hair, okay?  
I gotta go practice now.  
Hey, hey, hey,  
you're into fine food.  
What do you get when you cross a  
donkey with a slice of Bermuda onion?  
I don't know. What?  
A piece of ass  
that brings tears to your eyes.  
You're boring, Turk.  
You're very boring.  
This dork?  
This dork is better, right?  
This dork, huh?  
Hey, dork.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
Hey, butt breath.  
What the hell did I tell you  
about your sidewalk surfing in public?  
Do you remember  
that conversation?  
Huh? I told you to hang ten  
in your neighborhood.  
What do you got in your pocket?  
A pack of cigarettes.  
Pack of cigarettes. You're a  
minor. What are you doing with them?  
They're for my mother.  
Give them here.  
Come on, get them out.  
For his mother.  
For your mother.  
You're lying to me, kid.  
You're lying to a police officer.

You little son of a bitch.  
You just remember what we said about  
sidewalk surfing in public, all right?  
Now, take off.  
Hey, what's up, squirt?  
"Surf City. "  
Beaver patrol!  
Beaver patrol!  
Calling all beavers!  
Dawn! Hey, Dawn!  
You see these pictures?  
Dawn! I always thought  
you were a natural blond.  
Shut up, you idiot! You idiots!  
Have you seen these pictures, Dark?  
Dark, you gotta see these pictures of her.  
You know, that's so stupid, Turk!  
Keep the pictures.  
I'll take the real thing.  
Hey, Dawn! Great tits!  
Newbomb,  
that's your brother's car.  
You parked next to a fire hydrant.  
Big deal.  
It's Halloween.  
Okay, fine. I'll see you guys  
in the parking lot, all right?  
Thank you. Thank you.  
Thank you.  
Thank you all. It's a  
wonderful-looking crowd tonight.  
I'm glad to see you all  
come out and support us this way.  
And we're gonna get  
those Panthers, aren't we?  
Well, I'm looking forward to seeing  
all of you over at the dance tonight,  
which is what I have to  
do right now, is go over...  
...and take care of some  
last-minute details over there  
with the help of Mr. Nevans,  
so I'm gonna turn the evening over  
to my husband, Mr. Jack Friedman,



and our good friend  
Mr. William Thornwell,  
who, of course,  
we all know as Thorny.  
So I'll see you  
over at the dance later.  
Thank you very much.  
This is "Thorny" Thornwell.  
What a joy it is to be here  
at the very spot where I first dreamed  
of becoming your Channel 9 weatherman.  
I've got a few announcements  
to make this evening.  
We've got some real treats coming up.  
Hey, what are you doing, man?  
You look good, Newbomb.  
Maybe you'll get a date.  
It's an improvement.  
Hey, Riding Hood,  
wanna be eaten by the Big Bad Wolf?  
Fuck you, Newbomb.  
You told her, didn't you?  
You told her, didn't you?  
You set me up, didn't you?  
We didn't set you up.  
What time does  
Dudley get here?  
Relax, he'll be here  
in a few minutes, okay?  
Mother, please.  
What is it?  
I have to practice that.  
That's why I'm singing it.  
Yes, but your singing in no way  
corresponds with my fingering.  
Oh, well.  
Now, you'll receive  
the check at the rally.  
I know.  
They just wanted you to come by  
and say "thank you"  
in person.  
I know.  
After all, \$500

covers a full year's tuition.

Mother, I know!

Yes. Now we're gonna stop  
for a little cherry pie.

No. I'm not hungry.

Yeah, well, you need  
a little quick energy.

Mother, they always laugh at me at that  
restaurant when I'm dressed like this.

This is so crazy.

Oh, Nevans.

And now it's my great pleasure  
to introduce  
the president of the Beverly Hills  
Residents' Association  
and a great American,  
Jack Friedman.

Thank you, Thorny.

What's the weather like up there?

Well, I'm sure we're all gonna  
have a good time tonight.

And I'm not going to make any long  
speeches. I'm just going to, uh...

All right.

I'm just going to start off  
by introducing a wonderful  
organization of fine young people.

The Beverly  
Marching Band!

Get it up!

Take it up! Where's  
the security, goddamn it?

Do the other thing.

The other thing?

You know.

Come here.

The other thing?

Yeah.

Heavens, Nevans!

Mrs. Friedman?

Mrs. Friedman.

Is that you?

What are you doing  
here alone?

I had some thinking to do,  
Dudley.

It's fortuitous that I found you here  
alone because I wanted to ask your advice  
on which magic trick I should  
do for the talent contest.

Oh, Dudley, I'm not a good  
judge of magic tricks.

I was thinking of doing my big illusion,  
producing a rabbit from an empty box.

Abracadabra,  
and here it is.

Oh, it's a cute little rabbit.

I call him Squeakums.

I think the audience  
will find him amusing.

I think they will too.

Do that trick.

Or else I could do...

They're waiting for you inside.

This is called  
my three-ball trick.

You put these balls in between  
your fingers, and you make a magic...

Oh! Oh!

I'm sorry.

That's all right.

I'll get them.

They're down here somewhere.

Oh, thank you very much.

Mrs. Friedman,  
what are these?

Are these yours, Mrs. Friedman?

Yes, they're my husband's pants,  
and I'm taking them

to the cleaners.

Then it's a lucky thing I dropped by because  
I can feel a wallet and keys in the pocket.

Dudley, put the pants down, please.

Yes, ma'am.

Did I do that?

I'm sorry!

Dudley, please leave!

Please just leave! Thank you!

The horn is stuck.  
Jesus!  
The little son of a bitch.  
Excuse me, ladies, did you hear  
about the guy with the five penises?  
His pants fit  
like a glove.  
Oh, you piece of trash.  
Disgusting.  
Great joke. Great joke.  
Turn that song up, man.  
That's my favorite song.  
Wait a minute, man,  
wait a minute.  
I want you guys to look at me,  
all right? Who do I look like?  
I have no idea.  
Yeah? Look at me,  
all right?  
I'm depressed.  
Who do I look like?  
You look like that asshole  
at the car wash.  
Why don't you bite my weenie, man?  
I look like James Dean. Don't I?  
Hey, I gotta take a leak, okay?  
Hey, aim away  
from the car, weenie.  
On behalf of  
my mother and my father,  
I'd like to thank the Beverly Hills  
Residents' Association  
for their generous award  
honoring my...  
Help me! Help me! Help me!  
Relax. It's me, it's Newbomb.  
It's okay. Everything's copasetic.  
May I have my puffer, please?  
Give him his puffer.  
Give me his coat.  
Thank you.  
Please don't hurt me.  
I think I'm a bleeder.  
Mama! Mama!

I won't tell anybody.  
Just don't hurt me.  
It's me. It's me.  
It really is.  
I would like to introduce now  
three fine young ladies.  
The Beverly Hills cheerleaders, with  
their rendition of "Razzle Dazzle. "  
You forgot your  
underwear!  
Your underwear!  
No underwear on.  
Clark, this is so fine.  
That's Newbomb's car, isn't it?  
Yeah.  
And that's a fire hydrant, right?  
Oh, yeah.  
So that means all this area  
here is a tow-away zone, right?  
All of it.  
This is Car Three.  
We've got a tow-away out here  
in front of the Beverly High School.  
A '65 El Camino, silver-gray...  
What the hell's going on?  
We're gonna need some help here.  
We've both been assaulted by eggs.  
Lawrence  
Lawrence of Arabia  
He's an English guy  
He came to fight the Turkish  
All right, we've had  
some bad luck this evening,  
but here's something  
that nobody can ruin.  
This is the young man  
who has won our \$500 award.  
His name is Douglas...  
Dudley Laywicker.  
Let's show him how proud we are  
of him. Let's get him up here.  
Dudley, we're very...  
That's Newbomb Turk!  
Go, Newbomb, go!

Hey, that's not Dudley!  
That's Newbomb Turk!  
Oh, come on!  
That's funny!  
Stop him! Stop him,  
goddamn it! Stop him!  
Get that piece of crap  
out of here.  
Lock it up,  
will you?  
Officers! Officers, there's a guy  
in there in a major-domo outfit  
farting all over the place.  
Farting.  
Farting?  
Yes, farting.  
Oh, Christ.  
Farting? What do you mean?  
Farting. Farting.  
Newbomb, would you hurry up!  
Come on! How'd it go?  
How'd it go? How'd it go?  
I was great. It was just swell.  
Hey, that's really good. We gotta go.  
The cops towed your  
brother's El Camino away.  
What?! What?!  
Would you relax?  
What? No!  
I'm a dead man!  
I'm doomed! No! No! No!  
I hope you're satisfied.  
I, for one, surely am not.  
Little ass-wipe  
doesn't have any pants on.  
Hello. I don't know what you're  
thinking, but I'm perfectly normal.  
I was walking down the  
parking lot today, and...  
...out of the shadows  
something strange happened.  
I don't think I saw their faces, but I  
think they were some people who went to...  
You punk! You stupid punk!

I ought to beat  
the living crap out of you!  
Bimbeau,  
what are you doing?  
This guy farted all over the stage.  
Give him air.  
Who are you?  
School photographer, sir.  
Bimbeau. Put that way.  
This is the young man who was  
supposed to get the scholarship.  
He's not your man, sergeant.  
Bimbeau, put it away!  
My puffer. My puffer.  
My puffer.  
Bimbeau, give him his puffer.  
My puffer.  
I'm having a little difficulty...  
Help him up.  
Oh, Christ.  
Oh, God.  
Come on.  
These are great.  
Now we don't have to  
walk around nude.  
Did you hear that noise?  
Oh, yeah!  
That's some old man  
poking his old lady.  
Are you sure?  
Take my word for it, okay?  
Shit.  
Shit. Goddamn it.  
I wish Froggie would hurry up.  
Shut up and watch the front.  
Oh, God.  
That your Halloween costume?  
Yeah, kid.  
The fool ain't got no dick, Earle.  
Get out of here, kid!  
Hey, check us out.  
Put this on.  
Great, you assholes.  
Do you know where we're at?

I forgot.  
Oh, shit, Martha! The Ku Klux Klan's  
outside the window! Get my gun!  
Take that off!  
Let's get out of here!  
Wait a minute, honey!  
Sing it pretty.  
Sing it.  
Talking about you, baby.  
We can't get out of here  
until we get in that record store.  
They only take dedications  
in person.  
Hey, man, we're up shit's creek.  
I'm telling you, my  
brother was a Knight, and...  
...my uncle was a Knight,  
and I'm gonna be one too.  
Why don't you use the phone booth and  
call your cousin to get us out of here?  
What, are you dense,  
man? You go in the...  
...phone booth, shut the  
door, the light goes on.  
You think I'm gonna be standing  
out here naked in the middle of Watts  
on Halloween night?  
You need a lobotomy.  
We'd better do something,  
that's for sure.  
We gotta get clothes, we gotta  
get into that record store,  
make a dedication,  
get back to Tubby's at 2:00.  
We should've joined  
the swim team.  
You got Dr. J.,  
ofay but okay,  
as Motown strikes again!  
Suzie.  
Hi. Want a drink?  
Cold, huh?  
Yeah.  
How about a free kiss?



That never cost you anything.  
Oh, yes, they did.  
I started getting used to them.  
Gets kind of dangerous.  
What do you wanna do?  
I wanna be rich and famous.  
I'm already good-looking.  
Is this your first beer?  
Yeah. I'm a cheap high.  
So am I.  
So, what's your plan?  
Plans don't always...  
Suzie.  
You got an order up there.  
Okay.  
So, what do you  
wanna do?  
I don't know what I wanna do.  
I just know what I don't wanna do.  
I mean, maybe that's what I'm asking for,  
is just a little time to figure it out.  
A place to do it,  
somebody to do it with.  
I was thinking about Venice.  
A little apartment down there  
about a block from the beach.  
You're asking me to just walk away  
from it for some pipe dream.  
Pipe dream? Talk about a pipe dream.  
Tell me what acting is.  
Hey, you wanna go to the  
beach with me tomorrow?  
Duke, you know I have  
my screen test in the morning.  
Yeah. I forgot.  
See, that's what it is. You're there, and  
I'm here. We're in two different places.  
Well, you just go in there tomorrow  
and knock them dead.  
Why do you have to be so sarcastic?  
Can't you give me a little support?  
Suzie, pickup, please!  
Hey, there's Newbomb.  
He went home and got his pie wagon.

Gentlemen, I am here.  
You can start.  
You know that chick Barbara?  
You're right. She does put out.  
Hey, you guys want a menu?  
Only if you're on it.  
Only if you're on it.  
Hey, Newbomb,  
your brother's out front.  
Shit.  
What?  
Stay here. You didn't see me.  
You never saw me.  
I don't even know you.  
You don't know me. You never  
knew me. You never will know me.  
I don't wanna hit you. Why?  
Try and hit me.  
How you doing?  
Hey, you seen Newbomb?  
Mom said he had my El Camino.  
No, I haven't seen him.  
If he messes up my El Camino,  
I swear I'm gonna strangle his ass.  
I'll tell him you're looking for him.  
Yeah.  
Hey, have you seen my El Camino?  
No, I haven't.  
This is his pie wagon.  
Where is he?  
Uh, him and Simpson are working  
on Simpson's rail job.  
Oh, okay.  
Hey, Turk.  
Your car looks really bitchen.  
Hey, listen, you see him,  
you tell him I'm gonna nail his butt.  
You got that?  
Yeah. Yeah.  
Take it easy.  
All right.  
See you guys later.  
Really bitchen car.  
Hey, Newbomb, he's gone.

Hey, Newbomb,  
that was your brother.  
He's gonna kick your ass.  
He's looking for you.  
He's looking for me?  
He's looking for me?  
That pussy's looking for me?  
You do the windup.  
What'd you think about  
the Rolling Stones last night?  
They were so dirty.  
I mean, that guy's teeth.  
Did you see them?  
His skin was even worse than that.  
But it was a great song.  
Great song.  
Goddamn these machines. They never  
work. What are we doing here anyway?  
What are we doing here?  
We are looking for cute guys.  
Cute? Like that Newbomb Turk?  
I bet that's cute.  
Can you imagine  
having to kiss that face?  
Did you see Thunder Thighs  
over there with Sally?  
What a slut.  
Speaking of sluts,  
did you hear about Jean Friedman?  
What?  
She had an abortion in Tijuana.  
That doesn't surprise me. I heard she  
gave half the football team the clap.  
They played like they  
still had it last week too.  
Hey, that was Brenda and Shirley  
Weintraub, the Iron Box Twins,  
coming to you live from the ladies'  
room here at Tubby's Drive-In.  
You asshole!  
You schmuck!  
Nookie wagon! Here it comes!  
Here comes the nookie wagon!  
How you guys doing, man?

What's happening?  
Not much, not much.  
She's starving.  
Ready to order?

**BOTH:**

We want three hamburgers  
and three orders  
of onion rings.  
And I want a vanilla shake.  
And I want a Coke.  
Got it.  
Thank you.  
What are you doing, man?  
Not much. Hanging out at the beach.  
Heard about Tubby's and everything.  
Thought we'd come check it out.  
I want a Big One! I'm so sick and  
tired of those shitty Ding-Dongs, man!  
I know, you gotta lay off that  
surfer food. It'll do you in.  
Hey, you should talk.  
Hey, why don't you guys come down to the  
beach sometime? I'll show you a boss time.  
No, thanks. Sticking my head  
in a bunch of seaweed  
is not my idea  
of a bitchen time.  
Try it sometime.  
Might do you some good.  
Hey, this is Jane,  
and this is Cheetah.  
Wait a second.  
You're Jane, you're Cheetah.  
And what are their names?  
Eyes off.  
Hey, dummy up, man.  
And my name is Newbomb Turk.  
Hey, Turk!  
How you doing, man?  
Good, good. Okay.  
Hey, where's  
the Duker and Jimmy Shine?  
Who knows? Who cares?

Where's your deuce coupe?  
It's at the old man's shop, all covered  
up. I'm thinking about selling it.  
What for? You've been  
working on it for about three years.  
But I've just been hanging out at  
the beach, crashing in this woody.  
What do you do for money?  
Old man takes care of me.  
He's giving me all the money I want  
so long as I stay away from the house.  
He thinks I do more damage  
if I show up there.  
What?  
Need a pair of pliers  
for those?  
Just got my damn shirt  
caught in it.  
Hey, pencil dick,  
what time is it?  
Time to eat!  
Okay. All right.  
Chinese bandits,  
2 o'clock!  
Bounces pretty good, pal.  
Duke might've got whupped  
by them almond-eyes guys,  
but I'm going home to get my rail job,  
and I'm gonna leave them...  
I'm with you, man.  
You know the power of that car.  
Those Chinese assholes.  
They sneak up on you.  
That Cobra ain't shit anyway.  
Hey, he came in second.  
"But he came in second. "  
Ha! Thanks a lot.  
I see you guys are having  
a good time tonight, huh?  
And it's gonna get  
a lot better later.  
Okay, asshole, pull this yellow piece of  
shit around the corner here. You got me?  
Hear that? Move it.

Right now, asshole.  
Hey, Officer Clark,  
are you lost or something?  
Bitchen.  
Do me a favor.  
Jimmy Shine's going off  
to Vietnam tomorrow,  
and you're worried about  
the beach is bitchen.  
Who's got the burger?  
I got a burger.  
What are you doing, Newbomb?  
Get your...  
I was just getting some burger.  
Oh, you were getting  
some burger, huh?  
Well, you want a little shake  
to go along with your burger?  
Hey, watch out, man!  
You know what? I think the guys are  
weenies for not letting us in the dance.  
But I could care less, man. I didn't  
want to go to that stupid dance.  
I think dancing's for queers anyway.  
This song is bitchen.  
Check this song out.  
Look, I'm telling you, man. The  
Knights are not breaking up, all right.  
Suppose Jimmy Shine  
doesn't come back from Vietnam.  
Oh, man, don't worry  
about Jimmy Shine.  
There's not even a war going on.  
He's going over for training.  
What about Duke?  
Duke can take care of himself.  
And Shorty, man.  
Shorty's going to college.  
Look, don't worry about Shorty.  
We're gonna stick together, all right?  
You can cruise with me, man.  
All right?  
Don't worry about it.  
I'll take care of you.

Come on, man. Let's get this  
stuff out of here, you know.  
What do they have in this?  
They got the punch in here.  
Gentlemen, are you from the caterers?  
Yeah.  
Of course you are.  
Is that the punch?  
Uh-huh.  
Oh, no, no. Please put it down.  
You're going the long way.  
Take the shortcut. Cut  
right across the lawn.  
Go right across the lawn  
through the nice hibiscus.  
I don't think the gardener's gonna  
like that come Monday morning.  
They're gonna re-landscape Monday morning.  
They're having a new library there.  
The Newbomb Turk  
Memorial Library.  
Newbomb Turk.  
You've heard of him.  
Oh, yeah,  
I know that guy.  
You heard of him?  
Yeah, sure.  
I assure you, there's nothing wrong.  
You can leave the punch here.  
Uh, garon! Garon. Boy, boy, boy.  
Take this punch down there.  
It'll be our pleasure to take care of  
this. Anything happens, give them my name.  
It's okay. Fine.  
Have a nice time.  
Thanks a lot for taking care of things.  
My pleasure, my pleasure.  
Come on, come on,  
come on.  
Come on.  
This one is for Tubby's.  
Gentlemen,  
let's spike the punch.  
Hey, can I help you?

This is the punch for the Beverly Hills Residents' Association.

Name?

No name. Just punch.

Don't drink the punch.

Hey, don't drink the punch.

Don't drink the punch, man.

You little son of a bitch.

Hey, you thirsty?

Why don't you have some punch?

Stay away from the punch.

Like some more?

No, thanks, it's fine.

Well, trick or treat.

You're already a treat.

You're already a trick.

This doesn't taste right.

Yeah, it's good.

No, it's not right.

My dick is in the punch!

I've had this taste in my mouth before.

It tastes all right to me.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. Hi, hi.

Little bastards.

I'm just gonna ignore them.

I'm not paying attention to them.

There's a young man out there.

My dick! My dick!

I believe he's looking for somebody called Dick.

Is there a Dick here?

I've got it, Nevans. It's spiked.

They've spiked the punch.

Thorny, get those officers.

Now, I know this taste.

Yeah, yeah, yeah. My dick.

What seems to be

the problem, ma'am?

Officer, taste this.

Taste this.

Tell me what you think.

Does have a little wang in it.

Good, though.

Excuse me.



Mind if I have some more?  
No, no, please.  
Thank you.  
Help yourself. Come on, Nevans.  
Try and get a piece of fruit there.  
You've gotta be  
very careful, Dudley.  
You're a marked man.  
I'll be fine.  
They're envious of you.  
Which trick should I do?  
They're all so good.  
Well, stick to your music, dear.  
Watch the road.  
After the talent contest,  
I want you to go right home.  
I'm gonna drop you  
at the rear entrance.  
With more atomic power,  
"In the Midnight Hour. "  
Man, this sure is a funny place  
to build a library.  
Yeah.  
Newbomb Turk.  
You know what?  
I think I heard of that guy before.  
He had something to do with something  
in Beverly Hills or something, man. Yeah.  
Maybe he's the one giving  
the money to build the library.  
Yeah, you're probably right.  
Hold it, man. Don't drink all that beer.  
I got you covered. Just come on.  
What should we do?  
Just drive the truck through here.  
I would like to get home tonight.  
Well, here goes nothing.  
That... That... That car!  
I told you not to come in here!  
You killed my flowers!  
That man in the parking lot  
told us to come down here.  
The man that's having  
the memorial library built.

Oh, no!  
That rich guy over there.  
Who did this?  
Told us about Newbomb Turk.  
Newbomb Turk did this!  
I know!  
Newbomb, that asshole!  
Oh, Dudley.  
Dudley, come here. We  
want to show you something.  
- I... I... I...  
- Dudley, come over here.  
Come on.  
Dudley, I want to  
show you something.  
Come here, Dudley. I want to  
show you something. Come here.  
Dudley, look.  
Dudley, are you okay?  
Oh, yes.  
Oh, good.  
It's gonna be all right.  
Newbomb, is that you again?  
Yeah, Dudley. Sorry.  
Nothing personal.  
I understand, I think.  
Please be careful with the cape.  
I will.  
It's rented.  
Have a beer, buddy.  
I hope you win the contest.  
Thanks, Dud, that's sweet.  
Watch your head, bye.  
Well done, ladies.  
Uh-uh, I...  
Hey, hey, hey.  
You can do it.  
I can do it.  
My boy.  
Hello? One, two?  
Did you hear about Jean Friedman?  
She had an abortion in Tijuana.  
They're talking about  
my daughter!

I'm not surprised. I heard she gave  
half the football team the clap.  
They were playing  
like it last week too.  
That was Brenda and Shirley  
Weintraub, the Iron Box Twins,  
coming to you live from the ladies' room  
at Tubby's Drive-In this Halloween night.  
But I cannot function  
without my glasses or my puffer.  
Dudley, would you  
just relax and stay put?  
I'll be back in a few minutes  
with my rail job.  
Don't forget me.  
I won't forget you.  
Just stay put.  
Because I'm a little scared.  
There's nothing  
to be scared of. Stay put.  
So let's welcome, please, um...  
He's a wonderful one-armed...  
Uh, one-armed violinist.  
Mr...  
Mr. Sasha Du... Da...  
Mr. Sasha Dabinsky, the one-armed  
violinist. Let's welcome him.  
I presume that must be...  
Well... The one-armed violinist.  
It's impossible!  
He grabbed it with his dick!  
Stop applauding! Stop applauding!  
Stop applauding!  
Making fun of handicapped people...  
Excuse me.  
Making fun of handicapped people  
is not my idea of a joke.  
There may be people laughing,  
but I'm telling you, we can fight.  
They may be laughing now,  
but they'll be laughing...  
...out the other side of  
their faces in the morning  
when we start tearing down that

social disease of Beverly Hills!  
Tubby's is gonna be torn down!  
He grabbed it with his dick!  
I beg your pardon, sir.  
I miss your big Buick.  
Oh, that's great.  
Here.  
Oh, I love it.  
God, you feel great.  
Don't mess my hair up, though.  
Honey, I didn't touch your hair.  
Oh, shit.  
Hello?  
Hello. Oh, hello. Excuse me, I'm lost.  
Could you show me the way to the dance?  
It's way over there.  
Yes, over that way.  
Mrs. Friedman?  
Mrs. Friedman!  
Oh, Dudley, you...  
Hello.  
Get my clothes.  
Oh, shit.  
Look. We're all in our underwear.  
You know, I'm a real nice girl. I've got  
the best reputation in our high school.  
I heard about  
your reputation.  
Mike, I can't do it.  
That's all right.  
You can't get pregnant this way.  
I'm not that type of girl.  
You can't get pregnant.  
Okay. Okay.  
Right there.  
How's that? How's that?  
Faster! Faster!  
Oh, God!  
It's caught in the zipper!  
No! Get away!  
Oh, don't touch it!  
Don't touch it! Let it go down!  
I gotta wait. No, I just gotta  
wait till the swelling goes down!

Dark, you are like a dead putz.  
I mean, this is a party.  
We're supposed to have fun, music,  
pastrami. What's wrong with you?  
Turk, come over here. Now, he  
happens to be very hysterically funny.  
I put him right up there  
with Steve and Eydie.  
He has more talent in his little pinkie  
than you have in your whole pinkie.  
Why don't you just go blow?  
I mean, you make me nauseous.  
High school girls.  
I should have known better.  
Humpf.  
You know, you have  
impeccable taste.  
Listen, I'm having  
a party at my house. Uh...  
You wanna take me?  
To the pie wagon.  
On a beautiful Halloween night,  
1965, with Dr. J. On the burner!  
Go. Go.  
Okay.  
Oh, Turk. Turk.  
Oh, Turk. Turk, I'm ready.  
Come here, Turk.  
This is just like  
in the movies.  
Oh, I'm wearing my mother's  
musk-scent perfume.  
Oh, Turk. Turk,  
come back here.  
Come on, before I lose  
the feeling, Turk.  
Turk, come on.  
Turk? Turk?  
Come on, Turk. Come back here.  
Come on.  
Um...  
Come on, Turk.  
What?  
It's not right.

What?  
It's not right.  
What's not right?  
The mood's not right.  
What do you mean?  
What do you mean? I'm in the mood!  
I'm ready. I'm hot. I'm ready to go.  
Come on! I'm all hot and bothered!  
Are you kidding me?  
Turk! Did you come?  
Turk. Turk.  
What?  
Did you come?  
A little.  
A little?  
What do you mean?  
Either you came or you didn't!  
Did you come or not?  
I came.  
Oh, my God. I'm so embarrassed.  
I came. I came.  
Give me my shirt back. Oh, my God!  
You came! I can't believe it!  
You are so immature.  
I am not immature!  
I came. It happens.  
I'm sorry it happened.  
Who does it happen to?  
It's all very personal.  
I'm glad I came. You know that?  
I'm glad I came. I really am.  
God, are you  
something!  
This is the engine of the future.  
In a VW.  
Funny.  
There's only six of those  
in the country.  
Yeah, but Nader's gonna stop  
all this. There won't be no more.  
Yeah, I'm afraid you're right.  
If that's Sharon, tell her I've gone.  
Guys, let's do this another night.  
Kiss my ass.

He's already gone.  
You sure you  
wanna see this?  
What, are you crazy?  
Come on.  
Let's do it.  
Is this piss yellow?  
That's Tony Nancy  
yellow.  
Hey, Jimmy, check this out.  
Laz was over here today  
rubbing this thing out.  
His back went,  
and Al came in and finished it.  
Hey, he did a good job.  
Phew. Man.  
Hey, who put the tune on it?  
- Fiasco.  
- Boy, does it run sweet.  
Tony, what about  
that other thing?  
What other thing?  
You know. The thing.  
Hey, what's the deal?  
It's a little going-away present,  
Jim, from the Knights  
and the guys here at the shop,  
they all chipped in.  
Junior put it in.  
Ahead of the headlines, this is  
the 1 a. m. Edition of KBLA News,  
presented by the car  
of the future, Studebaker.  
Come on, come on. Let's get those tires  
in the van and let's split, brother.  
We'll never get back by 2, man.  
Forget it.  
Damn, look at your car.  
Where the hell are my tires?  
Get them!  
Why do these guys singing rock 'n'  
roll have to wear those kind of glasses?  
God, it's gonna be weird  
living back in New York.

What's wrong, Suzie?  
Duke getting you crazy?  
I don't know.  
He go to the dance  
without you?  
I guess so.  
That's the way it goes.  
Yeah. He'll probably be back later  
when I close the place and have a beer.  
Guy's being tough  
on you, huh?  
What time's the screen test  
tomorrow?  
Seven.  
Don't let it bother you.  
Be good tomorrow.  
Thanks.  
Hey, Jimmy, what time do you  
have to leave tomorrow?  
I gotta be up at 6.  
Dee Dee's waiting for me.  
I gotta get over there.  
She's cooked a roast. We're gonna  
drink a bottle of champagne.  
We'll go to Santa Monica pier  
and watch the sun come up.  
Hey, that sounds like  
pretty romantic stuff to me.  
Hey, I remember one time,  
I was in Okinawa.  
Me and this buddy of mine  
named Grease...  
Best damn mechanic  
I ever seen.  
Anyway, me and Grease took this  
Thunderbolt engine out of a crate,  
modified that son of a bitch  
and put it in a little jeep.  
I mean, they was having  
a parade that day.  
I mean, MacArthur and his whole  
hot-damn staff were there, man.  
Anyway, me and this Grease  
got in that jeep



and we blew by that parade.  
Oh, shit, man.  
It must've been 150 miles an hour.  
MPs are still looking for us.  
They found the jeep.  
They only suspected it was us.  
What happened  
to Grease?  
That son of a bitch got drunk and  
drove a command car into an ammo dump  
and the whole thing went up,  
and they never did find nothing.  
War's funny, huh?  
Hey, listen. I wanna  
say something. Um...  
If something happens to me  
while I'm gone...  
I don't know,  
anything.  
- I don't want that the car should...  
Well, Dee Dee wouldn't know  
what to do with it and...  
I want the car should go to the club.  
You know, all the guys.  
Hell, that was the big one.  
Vietnam's nothing like that.  
I know, I know, I know, but  
I'm just saying, just in case.  
Hey, listen, nothing's gonna  
happen. Let's get some beers.  
This is Dr. J. On KBLA, the boss with the  
hot sauce. I'm gonna tell you something.  
This is for lovers only.  
This is for everybody  
up on Mulholland Drive.  
I want you to do me a favor.  
I want you to put one hand  
on the radio  
and the other hand  
wherever you feel it should be.  
And that's exactly where you're  
putting me on Halloween night, 1965.  
For lovers only.  
We'll never make it back.

**It's after 1:**

Hey, how you doing?  
See if they'll help us.  
How you doing, Mrs. Johnson?  
Maybe these guys will help us.  
Hey, let's ask them.  
Hey, what's going on?  
We need you guys to do us a favor.  
We're trying to get into  
this car gang in Beverly Hills.  
They dropped us here, took our  
clothes and left us four spare tires.  
We gotta get to Hollywood by 2:00.  
It's an initiation.  
But we need a dedication in that  
record store from the disc jockey.  
You guys gotta do us a big favor  
and make a dedication.  
Okay. What you want?  
The song is "Heat Wave. "  
Gotta get it on by 2:00, and if you can,  
try to get him to say something like,  
"To anyone who  
ever cruises Tubby's. "  
Right.  
Tubby's, huh?  
Tubby's, all right?  
"Cruises Tubby's," all right?  
My brother Willy T. Here has the best.  
We kind of gotta go.  
If you're ever in the neighborhood,  
come on over for lox and bagels.  
You cats smoke any of  
this shit before?  
Oh, yeah, we smoke  
that stuff all the time.  
Check this out, man.  
That'll put a hem in  
your dress. You'll love it.  
It is a killer.  
Hold it in, right?  
Hold it in.  
It's a killer, isn't it?

Give me a hit of that, man.  
From the desert to the sea, soulfully.  
Please let me hold you.  
No, I'm all right.  
No, you're not. What you need is  
a good hot sauna and a massage.  
Yeah, maybe you're right.  
And you're not mad no more?  
No. No, I'm all right.  
One more call about those Knights,  
your ass is in the meat grinder.  
Listen, I don't know what  
you've been doing all night,  
but you're gonna have the lieutenant  
all over your butts tomorrow.  
There was a kidnapping  
at the pep rally.  
And somebody farted their way  
around the gym at show time.  
Then you two end up assaulting  
an honor student.  
Then the lawn over at  
the country club dance was torn up.  
Somebody urinated  
in the refreshments,  
played a lewd recording  
over the PA.  
Then somebody went on-stage  
and stuck his finger out  
in place of his dick or something.  
I've never seen anybody  
as asleep at the wheel  
as you two have been tonight.  
Now, wake up!  
You get it?  
Hey, Newbomb,  
where's your El Camino?  
Asshole.  
That guy is such an asshole.  
What the hell did you say?  
What the hell did you say?!  
I said, "It's cold. Brrr.  
Real cold. "  
That son of a bitch.

He usually goes to the can about now.  
I got an idea.  
I got an idea. I'm gonna  
get this asshole.  
Shorty! I'll really  
get this asshole.  
Tarzan. Tarzan,  
come here for a second.  
Listen, go to the head. Take a roll of  
toilet paper. Shove it all the way in.  
Stuff it up. I don't  
want anything coming up.  
You got your screwdriver? Got it?  
Yeah, I got it.  
Go to Brother Earle's and get  
a potato, an unpeeled potato.  
Hey, dumb-ass,  
get over there!  
What the hell...?  
I want to get a chip.  
You got this crap  
all over me.  
You want a chip?  
Here's a damn chip.  
Hey, Iron Box!  
Don't you think I'd look good  
in a mustache?  
Yeah. You'd look better  
than good.  
You'd look perfect,  
like a perfect horse's ass.  
You're just jealous,  
that's all.  
I'm gonna go take a whiz.  
Just make sure you wash  
your hands, all right?  
Just don't slam the door, okay?  
You're gonna spill my milk.  
Clark...  
Oh, shit!  
Holy shit.  
Come on, hurry. Hurry!  
This one's for Tubby's.  
"Where's your El Camino?"

Where's your El Camino?"  
Officer Bimbeau!  
Oh! Oh...  
Oh, shit! Hey, Clark!  
Clark!  
Hey!  
Clark! Clark!  
Bimbeau? Bimbeau!  
Clark, come on!  
I'm in here!  
What's going on? What?  
I'm locked in here!  
Okay. All right.  
Get back, Bimbeau!  
Clark! Clark!  
Clark! You asshole!  
Clark!  
Get up there.  
What's the matter with you?  
What the hell were you doing?  
I gotta get my shoe!  
Get your shoe!  
Look at my new shoes!  
You look wonderful.  
That was funny. That was real funny.  
It was wonderful. It was just...  
It was great.  
Help! Help! Help!  
Get back! Give him air!  
Shut up! Shut your mouth!  
This punk is drunk!  
Get your ass up!  
He's not drunk.  
He's the honor student.  
He's having an epileptic fit!  
Do something!  
A fit? Put something in his mouth.  
He'd swallow his tongue.  
Shove the nightstick in his mouth.  
No! No! No!  
No! No! No!  
I'm fine. I'm all right.  
He's up! It's a miracle!  
Your lights. Your lights. You didn't turn

on your lights. Your lights. Your lights.  
Now look what you did.  
Look what you did.  
What? What in the hell  
are you talking...?  
Why are you riding shotgun for?  
I'm not driving. You are.  
You go to sleep in the back seat.  
You're supposed to be watching out!  
Let me drive!  
Blow him away.  
Go!  
Way to go, weenie!  
Hey.  
Take care of this  
until I get back home, okay?  
For me?  
Well, you earned it.  
Put it on, man.  
Thanks, man.  
What about the pledges  
we left in Watts?  
What about those guys?  
Where are they?

**It's 2:**

Maybe we should go get them.  
Wait. We're...?  
We're going to go to Watts

**at 2:**

Let's go.  
Ah, what the hell. Hey, everybody!  
Beer's on the house!  
What are they gonna do,  
close us down, Smitty?  
How was the dance?  
I don't know. I didn't go.  
Where you been?  
Out there.  
How was it?  
It's okay.  
Don't shut me out.  
Hey, you know, I can handle

blowing the screen test...  
as long as I don't  
blow it with you.  
I just gotta say  
I was there.  
I'm just asking you  
for a chance to fail.  
Listen...  
I'm not afraid  
of you failing.  
But, uh...  
I guess what I'm  
really afraid of is,  
if you make it,  
I won't be good enough  
for you.  
I love you.  
Crystals, baby, and "Uptown. "  
This is your brother Dr. J. On KBLA,  
approaching the 2 a. m. Hour.  
Dr. J.

**DR. J:**

This is June Bug, Willy T.  
How you doing?  
Hey, man. What's up?  
We got this dedication.  
Some pledges on the corner...  
Right here?  
Yeah. Right there.  
They want this on the radio?  
Yeah.  
You got it.  
They requested it for a car club.  
Okay, okay.  
I'm gonna take care of it.  
There's a place over there on  
Wilshire Boulevard. Everybody knows it.  
It's called Tubby's  
Drive-In. And you know what?  
Tonight is the last night  
it's gonna be around.  
They're busting it down.  
Can you believe it?

Here's the request. There's a group  
of guys out there, they got a car club.  
They more or less own the place.  
And it's called  
the Hollywood Knights.  
Tonight they had a bunch  
of pledges come down...  
...here to get a request  
on the radio, right here,  
at exactly 2 a.m., and that's  
what I'm gonna do for them.  
I can't think of a better way to end  
this show on this Halloween night, 1965,  
than with Martha & The Vandellas  
talking about "Heat Wave. "  
Look, the little  
sons of bitches made it.  
Kiss my ass.  
See you in spring.  
Look out after  
my old lady, huh?  
Listen, I'm doing the right thing.  
Be careful, huh?  
Take care of yourself.  
Don't forget to write.  
You all right?  
Yeah.  
I'm a little scared.  
Hell, who isn't?  
You've been like a dad to me.  
Hey, listen,  
I don't want you  
hot-rodding any jeeps.  
That's Dee Dee.  
I gotta go.  
Take care.  
Hey, I'll send you  
those magazines.  
Hey, Wheatly.  
Halloween's over.  
Why don't you take off the mask?  
What?  
Why don't you  
bite my weenie, chump?



I don't know what's gonna be.  
Soon I'll be going away to college.  
I'll probably never see you again.  
Hey, you're going  
to UCLA.  
Hello?  
Hello, Mother?  
This is Dudley.  
Dudley!  
Mother, I'm calling to inform you that  
I'm going to be out rather late tonight.  
You're not in bed, dear?  
In fact, I might not be home at all.  
Mother, I have an assignation  
with a young lady tonight.  
I am going to explore  
the boundaries of my manhood.  
I see, dear.  
Mother, I'm going to get laid.  
You're going to be a little late.  
Not late, Mother. Laid. L-A-I-D.  
The past participle of the verb "to  
lay. " I'm going to screw someone.  
Now I've got to find out how.  
Excuse me.  
Honey, are you okay?  
I got a little heartburn.  
You know, I think that somebody  
did put something in that punch.  
There was something in it.  
Yeah, I think you're right.  
Now I feel a little funny myself.  
That taste keeps coming up.  
Let's go, pretty boy.  
I guess we finally got rid  
of those little pissants.  
You bet. We really whupped  
their ass tonight.  
Bimbeau!  
Kiss his ass!  
Bullshit!  
Look out.  
It's okay. It's okay.  
Honey, I don't feel safe here.

Your husband is right  
in that house. Right there.  
Don't worry about a thing.  
He's dead drunk. He's passed out.  
It'd take an earthquake to wake  
him up. Don't worry about him.  
Don't worry about anything.  
I'm not.  
Don't worry.  
I don't even care anymore.  
Rock 'n' roll!  
Rock 'n' roll!  
Get out! It might explode!  
That son of a bitch  
hit this son of a bitch.  
Clark! You're supposed  
to be riding shotgun!  
You're supposed to look out for me!  
I'm looking!  
Jacqueline? Bob?  
Jack...  
Honey, the strangest thing  
just happened!  
We were talking and...  
They knocked my pants off,  
and...  
I'm going for the police  
now and...  
We were just... -  
We were talking in the car.  
Don't just stand there!  
Do something!  
I can't believe that this shit  
has happened to me tonight.  
Mrs. Friedman!  
You assholes!