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The Outsiders

By Kathleen Rowell

"When I stepped out...

"...into the bright sunlight...

"...from the darkness
of the movie house...."

What's going on?

We're early.

What do you want to do?

Nothing legal. Let's get out of here.

-How're you doing, Bill?

-Sharp!

Turn around! I've had it!

:

Here come the hobos.

:

I ain't got no cash....

:

Anyone want to buy a windshield wiper?

:

Give them the money.

:

What's the movie about?

:

I don't know.

:

It's one of those beach movies.

:

-Did I say you guys can play on my grass?

-No.

:

Then what are you doing here?

:

Give me those cards, will you?

:

-You guys ever play " Pick-Up"?

-Yeah.

:

What?

:

Don't get wise.

:

I don't like little kids,

I just don't like them.

:

Get out of here or I'll kill you!

:

The sky's getting dark. Let's go.

:

What do you think you're doing?

:

Cherry, just relax. You're supposed to be my girlfriend, aren't you?

:

Don't ever pull anything like that again.

:

Are you serious?

:

Who do you think you are?

:

Don't do this to me.

:

I'm not going back there.

:

-I don't even understand.

-They just want to make it complicated.

:

Hey, baby, you want to see

what's hanging?

:

You're sure you want to do this?

:

I came to see a movie
and I'm gonna see a movie!

:

I'm freezing.

:

-Why didn't you bring a coat, stupid?
-I forgot.

:

Some cute redhead.

:

Are you a real redhead?

:

Are you real?

:

How can I find out
if this is your real red hair?

:

If this is the same red hair
that you have on these eyebrows, too?

:

Cut it out.

:

Get your feet off my chair
and shut your trap!

:

-Who's gonna make me?
-I'm gonna get a Coke.

:

Who, your boyfriend?

:

Leave her alone.

:

That's the Greaser who just
got out of jail.

:

Whatever you say.

:

Better leave us alone or
I'll call the cops.

:

You got me scared to death.
What am I gonna do, Pony?

:

This girl is making me shake.

:

Why don't you be nice and leave us alone?

:

I'm never nice.

:

Can I interest you in
a Coca-Cola or a Up?

:

Get lost, hood!

:

I'm sorry.

:

I didn't know you had this problem
of yelling in my face.

:

All right, I'll go.

:

I know when I'm not wanted.

:

You filthy Greaser!

:

Are you going to start now, too?

:

You don't look the type anyway.

What's your name?

:

Ponyboy Curtis.

:

That's an original name.

:

My dad was an original person.
I got a brother named Sodapop.

:

It says so on his birth certificate.

:

My name's Sherry, but my friends
call me Cherry because of my hair.

:

Yeah, I know.

:

We go to the same school.
You're a cheerleader.

:

You don't look old enough
to be going to high school.

:

What's a nice boy like you doing
hanging around with that trash?

:

Dal is my buddy. I'm a Greaser, too.

:

We're all friends.

:

I'm sorry, I didn't know.

:

Your brother, Sodapop,
he works at the gasoline station?

:

Yeah, that's him.

:

-Sodapop is cute.
-I should have known you were brothers.

:

How come we don't see your brother
at school anymore?

:

Has he been working full time
since your parents died?

:

-He's a dropout.
-That's too bad.

:

I thought this might cool you off.

:

Maybe that will cool you off
until you learn how to be decent.

:

Fiery, huh?

:

Just the way I like them!

:

Get off of me!

:

Leave her alone.

:

What did you say?

:

Come on, you heard me. Leave her alone.

:

-What did you say, you little shit?

-Come on.

:

Wise ass.

:

Thank you, he had me scared to death.

:

You didn't show it.
Nobody talks to Dal like that.

:

From what I saw, you do.

:

Why don't you sit with us to protect us?

:

-What do you think? Come on.
-Might as well.

:

How old are you?

:

-Fourteen.
-Sixteen.

:

I thought you were both fourteen.

:

Why aren't you scared of us
like you were of Dally?

:

You two are too sweet-looking.

:

Besides, I know about Dallas Winston.

:

You two don't look mean.

:

Right. We're young and innocent.

:

No, you're just not dirty.

:

Dal is okay. He's tough and all,
but he's cool if you get to know him.

:

He'd leave you alone
if he knew who you were.

:

-I'm glad he doesn't know us.
-I kind of admire him.

:

-Get outta my hair!
-You gotta couple of hairs outta place!

:

Here, kid, have a beer.
It'll settle your nerves.

:

Well, now, who do we got here?
Your great-grandmothers?

:

What are you ladies doing
with these Greasers?

:

Dal was bothering them.

:

He was, huh?

:

Where is old Dal now anyway?

:

Yeah, where is Dally?

:

He left.

:

I know he slashed my tires!

:

Look, Tim, he left.
You guys seen Dally?

:

No.

:

I'll be looking for him.

:

-Dally got a blade?
-I don't think so.

:

Good. Tim will fight him fair.

:

-You guys don't play rough, do you?

-A fair fight ain't rough.

:

Yeah, real simple.

:

If he gets killed, you just bury him.

No sweat.

:

You dig okay. Want a chew?

:

Help yourself,
puts hair on your chest.

:

Come with me to get some Cokes
and popcorn.

:

Sure.

:

-Do you want some?

-I do.

:

Yeah, me, too. Get Johnny some, too.
I'm buying.

:

Is your friend with the sideburns okay?

:

He ain't as dangerous,
if that's what you mean.

:

He sure scared Johnny.

:

Johnny's a nervous wreck anyway.

:

He got beat up a few months ago
by some Soc.

:

That's how he got his scar?

:

Yeah, the guy was wearing rings.

:

We're not all like that.

:

That's like saying all Greasers
are like Dallas Winston.

:

-Yeah. What are you gonna do?
-Let's take it outside.

:

Why don't you both take it outside?

:

He's probably jumped a few people.

:

Anyway, you think the Socs have it made.

:

The rich kids. The Southside Soc.

:

I'll tell you something
that might be a surprise...

:

...but things are rough all over.

:

Let's get out of here, or Two-Bit
will think we eloped to Mexico.

:

So, you're from the Southside, huh?

:

-It must be a nice neighborhood.
-It is.

:

I like it.

:

I'm from the other side of town.

:

Tell me about your oldest brother.
You never talk about him.

:

What's to tell?

:

He's big and roofs houses.

:

No, really. What's he like?

:

I feel like I already know Sodapop.

:

Tell me about Darry.
Is he wild and reckless like Soda...

:

...or dreamy like you?

:

He ain't like Soda and he
sure ain't like me.

:

He can't stand me.

:

I bet he'd like to put me in a boy's home, except Soda won't let him.

:

-What are you talking about?

-You all get along fine.

:

No, we don't.

:

Shut up 'cause you ain't wanted at home neither.

:

You shut your mouth!

:

-I'm sorry, I just got a little mad.

-That's all right. Don't worry about it.

:

Oh, no, look who's coming!

What are we gonna do?

:

Who are these clowns?

:

Cherry, what's going on?

:

What are you doing?

:

Just because we got a little drunk--

:

You call reeling and passing out
on the streets "a little"?

:

I've told you before, I'm never going
out with you when you're drinking!

:

That's no reason to be with these bums.

:

Who're you calling bums, pal?

:

You!

:

We got two more of us in the back seat.

:

Pity the back seat!

:

-You're looking for a fight!

-I am looking for a fight!

:

We'll go with you.

:

-Why? We ain't scared of these bastards.

-I hate fights.

:

I'm sorry.

:

I couldn't use this.

I could never cut no one.

:

Cherry! Come on.

:

We'd better go with them.

:

If I see you in school and I don't say hi,
please don't take it personal.

:

Yeah, I know.

:

You're a nice boy....

:

It's okay.

:

I hope I never see Dallas Winston again.
If I do, I'll probably fall in love with him.

:

-Come on, baby.

-Don't touch me.

:

Just watch it, greaseball.

:

Those are two of the best-looking girls
I've ever seen.

:

-What was that?

-Marcia's number.

:

Probably fake, too.

I must have been crazy to ask her.

:

Girl like that would never go out with me.
Where you going?

:

Home.

:

I've got a new hat.

:

You're crazy!

:

You never would have used
that busted bottle I gave you.

:

I might have. Where you headed?

:

I don't know. Maybe I'll go play snooker
or get drunk.

:

-I'll see you later!

-Okay.

:

I hate when my folks are fighting.
Let's go to the lot.

:

It was because we're Greasers.

:

Might have hurt her reputation
or something. Don't worry about it.

:

I guess so.

:

That was a tough car.

:

Mustangs, they're tough.

:

Big-time Socs all right.

:

It's always the same.

:

I can't take much more of this.

:

I'll kill myself or something.

:

Don't talk like that, Johnny.

:

You can't kill yourself.

:

I've got to do something.

:

It seems like there's gotta be some place
without Greasers, Socs....

:

There must be some place...

:

...with just plain ordinary people.

:

It's like that out in the country...

:

...away from all the big towns.

:

In the country.

:

I miss going there with my folks.

:

Ponny, wake up.

:

What time is it?

:

I don't know. I went to sleep, too.

:

You better go home.

:

I'm gonna stay all night out here.
Who'll care anyway?

:

If you get cold, come to my house.

:

What's Darry gonna say?

:

Where have you been?

:

Do you know what time it is?

:

It's :

:

Where have you been?

:

Fell asleep in the lot.

:

I was talking to Johnny, then fell asleep.
I didn't mean to.

:

I can't even call the cops because
you two would be sent to a boy's home.

:

-Let's go to bed now.
-I said I didn't mean to.

:

"I didn't mean to, I forgot."
That's all I ever hear from you.

:

You shut up! I'm tired
of you sticking up for him!

:

Don't you yell at him.

:

Ponyboy...

:

...I didn't mean to.

:

Come on, Johnny. Let's run away.

:

Take it easy. It will be all right.
Just relax a minute.

:

Got a cigarette? I'm scared, man.

:

Don't be, man. You're scaring me.

:

What happened?

:

Darry hit me.

:

We got along fine until Mom and Dad died.
Now he can't stand me.

:

I think I like it better
when the old man's hitting me.

:

At least he knows I'm there.

:

Let's walk to the park.
Maybe I'll cool off enough to go home.

:

Ain't you about to freeze to death?

:

You're not kidding.

:

Got a light?

:

Found this butt, man.

:

Here.

:

Look what's coming.

:

This is our territory.

:

I bet they're looking for us.

:

Want to split?

:

Stay cool.

:

What do you know?

:

They're drunk.

:

It's that guy with the rings!

:

Aren't these the Greasers who...

:

...tried to pick up our women?

:

You're out of your territory.

:

Better watch it!

:

No, you better watch it!

:

You guys know what Greasers are?
White trash with long, greasy hair.

:

You know what a Soc is?

:

What?

:

White trash with Mustangs and madras.

:

Get him!

:

Johnny, run!

:

Stay down, pal!

:

Son of a bitch! Grab his arms!

:

Give me a drink for this Greaser.

:

Here, give me that.

:

Have a drink, pal.

:

I killed him.

:

I killed that boy.

:

I killed him.

:

I think I'm gonna be sick.

:

Go ahead, man. I won't look at you.

:

I won't look.

:

Are you all right?

:

You really did kill him?

:

I had to.

:

They were drowning you.
They might have killed you.

:

They were gonna beat me up.

:

What happened to the other guys?

:

They all ran. They all ran off
when I stabbed him.

:

What do you boys want?

:

We gotta see Dallas.

:

He's busy.

:

Tell him it's Ponyboy and Johnny, man.
He'll come.

:

Come on.

:

What do you guys want?

:

-Johnny killed a Soc.
-What?

:

All right, good for you. Let's go.

:

We thought you could get us out,
if anyone could.

:

I'm sorry to get you away from this party,
but I don't know what to do.

:

I was just trying to get some sleep.
I got in a fight with Shepard tonight.

:

Let me see what we can do. Get in.

:

-Are you wet?
-I'm okay.

:

You'll die of pneumonia
before the cops ever get you.

:

Hey, stupid, take your sweatshirt off.
You'll freeze to death.

:

I wish I had a weed now.

:

Don't point the thing at me. It's loaded.

:

Here's \$.

:

I'm not anxious to tell your brother
and get my head kicked in.

:

Then don't.

:

This is a little big, but it's dry.

:

Take the :

It's a freight.

:

There's an abandoned church
on top of Jay Mountain.

:

There's a pump in the back,
so you don't have to worry about water.

:

Get a week's supply of food as soon
as you get there, before the story gets out.

:

Then don't so much as stick your noses
out the door. Am I clear?

:

I'll be there when everything is cool.

:

Relax. It'll work out.

:

I thought New York was the only place
I'd end up in a murder wrap.

:

Jesus Christ!

:

-Let's check the other car.
-Yeah.

:

Check it out, man.

:

The church.

:

-What was that?
-Just an owl.

:

Johnny?

:

You all right?

:

This floor sure is hard.

:

School day, rise and shine.

:

Come on.

:

Time to get up.

:

Johnny?

:

A loaf of bread...

:

...and a week's supply of baloney.

:

Peanut butter.

:

"Gone With The Wind."

:

How did you know I always wanted it?

:

I remember you said something once.

We saw the movie, remember?

:

Maybe you can read it out loud to kill time.

:

Thanks a lot.

:

-Cigarettes.

-A deck of cards.

:

Peroxide?

:

-You ain't thinking--

-We'll cut our hair, you'll bleach yours.

:

Our descriptions will be in the newspaper.

:

You ain't gonna touch my hair.

:

You'd have to, anyway, if we got caught.

The judge would make you get a haircut.

:

-I don't see why.

-I don't know either.

:

It's just the way they try to break us.

:

I'm gonna cut mine, too,
and wash the grease out.

:

-You ain't touching my hair.

-It will grow back.

:

It's not that it won't.

:

Go ahead.

:

Sorry.

:

Damn knife.

:

Don't pull so hard.

:

Quit gabbing.

:

Sorry, man.

:

Can I see now?

:

No, we gotta bleach it first.

:

Bleach it and quit cutting.

:

This will do it.

:

Here.

:

Jeez, this really makes me look tough.

:

Go ahead. Get your jollies.

:

-My pleasure.

-Yeah, I know it is.

:

Be nice.

:

-It hurts, don't it?

-Yeah, yeah.

:

I didn't cut that much off of you.

:

It was your idea, smarty.

:

Well, I guess we're disguised.

:

I guess so.

:

It's just hair.

:

It ain't us. It's like being in a costume
you can't get out of and I hate it.

:

Well, we gotta get used to it, Ponyboy.

:

We're in big trouble. It's our looks or us.

:

"The next four or five days were
the longest I've ever spent in my life."

:

-Johnny, are you awake?

-Yeah.

:

There's a monster outside.

:

What?

:

We're gonna be okay.

:

"Lying in the pit of the sun,
shoulder to shoulder, head to feet..."

:

"...were hundreds of wounded men
lying in the tracks, the sidewalks...

:

"...stretched out in endless rows,
under the car shed.

:

"Some lay stiff and still,
but many withered in the hot sun.

:

"Everywhere swarms of flies
hovered over the men...

:

"...crawling and buzzing in their faces."

:

That's gross.

:

"Everywhere was blood,
dirty bandages, groans...

:

"...screamed curses of pain."

:

Get him!

:

Come back here!

:

Watch your smoke, Johnny.

:

"One morning I woke up earlier than usual.

:

"The church was colder than ever."

:

That was sure pretty.

:

Yeah.

:

The mist is what's pretty,
all gold and silver.

:

Too bad it can't stay like that all the time.

:

Nothing Gold Can Stay.

:

"Nature's first green is gold,

:

"Her hardest hue to hold.

:

"Her early leaf's a flower;

:

"But only so an hour.

:

"Then leaf subsides to leaf.

:

"So Eden sank to grief,

:

"So dawn goes down to day.

:

"Nothing gold can stay."

:

Where did you learn that?
That's what I meant.

:

Robert Frost wrote it.

:

I always remembered it 'cause
I never quite knew what he meant by it.

:

I never noticed colors, clouds and stuff
until you kept reminding me about them.

:

It's like they were never there before.

:

I don't think I could ever tell Steve
or Two-Bit...

:

...or Darry about the clouds and sunset.

:

Just you and Sodapop.

:

Maybe Cherry Valance.

:

I guess we're different.

:

-Maybe they are.
-Maybe you're right.

:

Hey, blondie.

:

Wake up.

:

-How have you been?
-Johnny, rise and shine, man.

:

How's Soda doing?

:

-Is he upset?

-Are the fuzz after us?

:

Wait. One thing at a time.

Are you guys hungry?

:

-I'm starving.

-You are? Try baloney for four days.

:

Got a cancer stick?

:

I got a special delivery for Ponyboy Curtis.

:

Who's this from?

:

The President of the United States.

:

-Yeah, right.

-Seriously.

:

From your brother, Sodapop.

:

How did he know I was here?

:

I said I didn't know where you were,
but he didn't believe me.

:

He really wanted you to get it.

:

"I guess you got into some trouble.

:

"Darry's sorry he hit you.

:

"You know he didn't mean it.

:

"It scared us when Dallas was taken
into the police station.

:

"I wish you'd come back
and turn yourselves in.

:

"We miss you.

:

"Say hi to Johnny for us. Sodapop Curtis."

:

What's going on with the cops?
Did you hear anything?

:

How come you got hauled in?

:

Those boys at the station
know me by now.

:

While I was there,
they beat it out of me that...

:

...you guys were headed for Texas.

:

They think you're in Texas.

:

Texas! God!

:

Look at this guy with his hair.
I can't believe that.

:

Blondie.

:

I know I look lousy, but don't rub it in.

:

-Want to get something to eat?
-Yeah. Let's get out of here.

:

Where did you get this car?

:

It's Buck's.

:

-What are you doing?

-Don't, Dal!

:

Watch it!

:

I hope you're in the mood for Bar-B-Que.

:

-Jerk!

-Are you trying to kill us?

:

Three Bar-B-Que sandwiches
and three Cokes.

:

You guys really are hungry.

:

That kid you killed had plenty of friends.

:

It's all over town, "Soc against Grease."

:

-Look, I started carrying a heater.

-You kill people with heaters.

:

Don't worry, it ain't loaded.

:

-Do you have cents?

-I don't have any money.

:

-Do you have a dime?

-Go away. We're busy here.

:

Go away! Get out of here!

:

That was a close call.

:

Tim Shepard's gang and our gang are going to fight the Socs tomorrow night.

:

I didn't tell you we got a spy.

:

Who?

:

Remember that good-looking broad I tried to pick up the night you wasted that kid?

:

What's her name?

:

Cherry something? The redhead?

:

-Cherry Valance.

-Cherry the Soc. Yeah.

:

We were at the vacant lot and she pulls up.

:

I thought that took a lot of nerve.

:

Yeah.

:

She said she'd...

:

...testify that the Socs were drunk
and they were looking for the fight.

:

And you just fought back
strictly on self-defense.

:

So, it's cool.

:

That little broad sure does hate me.

:

I offered to take her for a Coke,
and she told me to go to hell.

:

So you think she might like me a little bit?

:

I think she's kind of cute.

:

What do they do for kicks around here?
Play checkers?

:

This place is out of it.

:

-I've never been to the country before.
-We're gonna turn ourselves in.

:

I got a good chance of being let off easy.

:

It was self-defense, like you said.
Pony and Cherry could testify.

:

We won't say you helped us.

:

I'll give you back that gun,
so you won't get into any trouble.

:

Are you sure this is what you want?

:

It ain't fair for Darry and Soda
to worry about Ponyboy.

:

-I guess my folks aren't worrying.
-The boys are worried.

:

Two-Bit wanted to go to Texas
to hunt for you.

:

-I asked if my parents asked about me?
-No, they didn't.

:

Do you think my old man gives a damn...

:

...if I'm dead in a car wreck
or in jail or something?

:

He doesn't care.
But that doesn't bother me none.

:

Come on. You're not going anywhere.

:

I get you a hideout, I get you a hangout,
a hideout.

:

And now you want to split. This is terrific.

:

You don't know what a few months in jail
can do to you.

:

You get mean. I just don't want to see it
happen to you like it did to me.

:

-What's going on?
-I wonder how that started?

:

Where are you going?

:

Get over here!

:

Some of the children are missing.

:

I'm sure of it.

:

Get ahold of yourself.

:

Come back.

:

Don't go in there, you'll get hurt.

:

Come here, man.

:

You're gonna get him?

:

Move back before you get hurt.

:

What was that?

:

-Is that guy coming?

-No.

:

-How come? Too scared?

-No. Too fat.

:

Johnny, watch out!

:

We'll get you out of here.

:

Help me! Over here!

:

Move it! Get out!

:

Look, man!

:

In here.

:

Hey, Dal, take this kid.

:

Get out of here, Johnny.

:

Are you okay?

:

Take them to Dallas.

:

Get them and get out!

:

Come on!

:

Are you crazy?

:

You're burning!

:

Get him!

:

Jesus Christ! Stupid kid.

:

Help!

:

I'm coming, Johnny!

:

Johnny? Dallas?

:

They're all right. They're behind us.

:

They're in another ambulance.

:

You three are the bravest kids
I've seen in a long time.

:

Are you professional heroes or something?

:

We're Greasers.

:

-Are you kidding me?

-No, I'm not.

:

Take me to town and you'll find out fast.

:

You shouldn't smoke, son.

:

Why not?

:

Because you're a young man, that's why.

:

It's a bad habit to get into.

:

You're smoking.

:

I'm older than you.

I've been smoking for a long time.

:

If you ever pull another stunt like that,
I'll kill you.

:

Look at your tough hair.

:

I'm sorry.

:

I thought we lost you
like we did Mom and Dad.

:

You sure look funny.

:

Let's go, little brother.

:

We're home.

:

He's getting pretty big to be carried.

:

-Anybody home?

-In here. Don't slam the door.

:

What are you doing? Look what you did.

:

You made me ruin my eggs
and drop my spoon.

:

Look at the blond-headed monkey!

:

I wouldn't have believed it,
if I hadn't seen it in the paper.

:

Tell me, Ponyboy,
what's it like being a hero?

:

A what?

:

A hero, you know, like a big shot.

:

Beer for breakfast, Two-Bit?

:

They're charging Johnny
with manslaughter?

:

What do they mean, "if he recovers"?

:

It also says how you saved them kids.

:

They'd have burned to death
if it hadn't been for you.

:

Dallas will be mad.
They didn't mention his police record.

:

It's all about us.

:

Darry, me and Soda.

:

They're thinking about putting me
and Soda in a boy's home?

:

No way.

:

They ain't putting me in a boy's home!

:

They don't do that to heroes.

:

Where is Soda and Super-Dope, anyhow?

:

Super...what?

:

All brawn, no brains.

:

Have you seen my shirt somewhere?

:

You have to wear pants too.
I think there is a law.

:

-How about my jeans?

-I ironed them. They're in my closet.

:

Hurry up, you'll be late.

:

Did you hear about
that juvenile court thing?

:

The cops told me last night.

:

After we stomp the Socs real good,
we'll throw a party so we can get drunk.

:

-Where you gonna get the dough?

-I'll think of something.

:

Mickey's on TV.

:

I hate to leave you by yourself.

I should take the day off.

:

I'll be okay. I've stayed by myself before.

Besides, we can't afford it.

:

-Yes, but I should stay.

-Don't worry, I'll babysit him.

:

Why don't you get a job?

:

Come on, Soda. We gotta get to work.

:

I've gotta quit smoking,
or I can't do track next year.

:

You gotta do the dishes.

:

-I'm gonna cut off your air.

-Two-Bit, lay off.

:

He ain't looking so good.

:

Lazy bum!

:

You smoke more than a pack today...

:

...and I'll skin you, you understand?

:

If you carry more than one bundle
of roofing at a time...

:

...me and Soda will skin you. Understand?

:

-Say hi to Johnny.

-All right.

:

We gotta clean up the house.

:

The cops and reporters will come by...

:

...and it's time for the state people
to check on us.

:

This house ain't messy.
You ought to see my house.

:

I have. If you had the sense
of a billy goat...

:

...you'd clean up your house
instead of bumming around ours.

:

If I ever did that,
my mom would die of shock.

:

I'd drive, but the brakes went out
on my car.

:

Almost killed me and Kathy.

:

You should meet her brother.
Now, there's a hood.

:

He's so greasy, he glides when he walks.

:

He goes to the barber shop
for an oil change, not a haircut.

:

-Stay close.
-What do they want?

:

-I don't know. How many were in the car?
-Four or five.

:

Let's hurry inside.

:

Let's see what they want.

:

-Why do you want to see what they want?

-Just stay here.

:

No jabs before the rumble.

You know the rules, ape-face.

:

We know.

:

I want to talk to you.

:

Go ahead. I'll keep my eye on him.

:

Speaking of the rumble, pal....

:

I read about you in the paper. How come?

:

I don't know.

:

I felt like playing the hero.

:

-I wouldn't have.

-Wouldn't have what?

:

I would have let those kids burn to death.

:

You might not have.
You might have done the same.

:

I don't know.

:

I just don't know anything anymore.

:

-I never believed a Greaser could do that.
-Greaser has nothing to do with it.

:

Check out their pants!

:

Want to talk inside?

:

Are you boys waiting for a flood?

:

I hear they stamp your face
into gorilla cookies.

:

-You're funny.
-Oh, yeah?

:

I couldn't tell this to anyone else.

My friends would think I'm crazy.

:

That friend of yours who got burned.
He might die.

:

And tonight, people will get hurt
at the rumble. Maybe killed.

:

You can't win. You know that.

:

Even if you whip us,
you'll still be at the bottom.

:

We'll still be the lucky ones at the top
with all the breaks.

:

Greasers will still be Greasers,
and Socs will still be Socs.

:

It doesn't matter.

:

Anyway, thanks, Greaser.

:

I meant, thanks, kid.

:

Been nice talking to you, Randy.
My name's Ponyboy.

:

You're real funny, Two-Bit. Let's go.

:

-Now, get the hell out of here.
-See you at the rumble.

:

What did "Mr. Super-Soc" have to say?

:

He ain't a Soc.

:

Just a guy that wanted to talk.

:

-Take care.
-See you later.

:

Take it easy.

:

How they treating you, kid?

:

You got your picture in the paper
for being a hero.

:

Look at that.

:

That's tough enough, huh?

:

I guess you can look at it later.

:

Do you want anything?

:

A book.

:

Can you get me another one?

:

He wants *Gone With The Wind*,
so I can read it to him.

:

Would you mind getting it?

:

I'll go get it from the gift shop downstairs.

:

I guess Dal's gonna be okay.

:

Me and Darry, we're getting along
real good now.

:

Are you okay?

:

It just hurts sometimes.

:

Not usually, because I can't feel anything below the middle of my back.

:

Pretty bad off, ain't I?

:

No. You'll be all right, kid.

:

You gotta be.

:

We couldn't get along without you.

:

I won't be able to walk again.

:

Not even on crutches.
Doc says I busted my back.

:

You're gonna be fine.

:

I know you are.

:

You want to know something, Ponyboy?

:

I used to talk about killing myself
all the time. I don't want to die now.

:

It ain't long enough.
Sixteen years ain't gonna be long enough.

:

Hell, I wouldn't mind so much if there
wasn't so much stuff I ain't done yet...

:

...so many damn things I ain't seen yet.

:

That time we were up in Windrixville...

:

...was the only time I've ever been away
from our neighborhood.

:

Knock it off.

:

If you get too juiced up,
the doc won't let us see you anymore.

:

Your mother is here to see you.

:

-I don't want to see her.

-It's your mother, she's here to see you.

:

I said I don't want to see her.

:

She probably just wants to tell me
how much trouble I'm causing.

:

Why don't you tell her to--

:

What's the matter?

:

-You just can't see him now.

-Pony, is he okay?

:

-I don't know.

-He's all right.

:

-You make sure he gets this, all right?

-Okay.

:

-What's happened to your gown?

-I threw it away.

:

Get out! You make my stomach sick.

:

-How are you doing?

-How are you doing, man?

:

Here, I swiped you a gift.

:

It's good to see you guys.

This place gives me the creeps.

:

I want out.

:

Tim Shepard dropped by.

:

He saw my picture.

:

He couldn't believe it didn't have

"Wanted Dead or Alive" underneath it.

:

He told me about the rumble.

:

I hate missing it.

:

You got a cigarette?

:

How is he? How's Johnny doing, man?

:

I don't know about stuff like this...

:

...but he didn't look too good.

:

He passed out cold before we left.

:

Still got that knife?

:

That knife.

:

Give it to me, will you?

:

We gotta win that fight tonight.

:

We gotta get even with those Socs.

:

Let's do it for Johnny.

We'll do it for Johnny!

:

Are you okay?

:

You feel kind of hot.

:

I'm okay.

:

Be a pal and don't tell Darry, okay?

:

I'll take a bunch of aspirins
when I get home.

:

All right.

:

But Darry will kill me if he finds out
you're sick and you fight anyway.

:

Keep your trap shut and he won't find out.

:

Do you know that the only thing
that keeps Darry from being a Soc is us?

:

Yeah, I know.

:

Tonight. I don't like it one bit.

:

Something awful's gonna happen.

:

We're gonna stomp those Socs.
Everything's gonna be all right.

:

-Tough little kids, huh?
-Yeah. Future Greasers.

:

What's up with the big times?

:

No weapons.

:

They play your way. It's a fair deal.

:

You sure about that?

:

Randy told me. He knows for sure.

:

Good deal. Thanks, Cherry.

:

Ponyboy, wait a minute.

:

Come here, I want to talk to you.

:

How's Johnny doing?

:

Not so good.

:

Would you come and see him?

:

-No, I couldn't.

-Why not?

:

I couldn't.

:

He killed Bob.

:

Maybe Bob asked for it.

:

I know he did.

:

But you didn't know his other side.

He could be real sweet.

:

He wasn't just any boy.

:

Bob had something
that made him different...

:

...made people follow him. A little better
than the crowd, you know what I mean?

:

I don't want you to go see him anyway.
We don't need your damn charity!

:

I wasn't trying to give you charity.

:

I only wanted to help.

:

I liked you from the start.

:

The way we talked.

:

Wouldn't you try to help me if you could?

:

Can you see the sunset
from the Southside very good?

:

Yeah. Real good.

:

You can see it from the Northside, too.

:

Thanks, Ponyboy.

:

You dig okay.

:

See you around.

:

-Soda, when did you start shaving?

-When I was .

:

-When did Darry?

-When he was .

:

Why? Growing a beard for the rumble?

:

You're funny.

:

Readers Digest pays a lot of money
for funny things.

:

You like fights, huh, Soda?

:

Yeah, I like fights.

:

-How come?

-It's a contest.

:

It's like a drag race,
or a dance or something.

:

We'll beat those Socs' heads in.

:

When I get into a fight, I want to stomp.
I like it, too.

:

Why do you like fights?

:

He likes to show off his muscles.

:

I'll show them off on you,
if you get any mouthier.

:

I don't know if you ought to be
in this rumble.

:

How come? I've always
come through before, ain't I?

:

You were in shape before.

:

You ain't looking so good,
you're tensed up all the time.

:

Come on, it's a fight.
Everyone is tensed up before a rumble.

:

It's skin against skin.
He ain't gonna get hurt.

:

I'll grab a little one.

:

We will need every man we can get,
but I don't know.

:

If it was with knives or chains,
it would be different.

:

I'll be okay.

:

All right, but you be careful.

:

I will.

:

Why don't you worry about him so much?

:

That's one kid brother I ain't gotta worry about 'cause he can use his head...

:

...at least to grow hair on. Let's go!

:

You and Ponyboy, if the fuzz show, beat it out of there.

:

We'll get jailed, but you two will get the boy's home. Understand?

:

Ain't nobody gonna call the fuzz in this neighborhood.

:

All the same, you two beat it out of there. Do you hear me?

:

How are you doing, Tim?

:

Pretty good.

:

You and the quiet kid killed the Soc.
Right?

:

Yeah.

:

Good going, kid.

:

Curly always said you were a good kid.

:

Curly's in the reformatory
for the next six months.

:

-Hey, Greasers!
-We're on our way!

:

We'll go out there as even as we can get.
You stay close to me, kid.

:

Hello, Darrel. Long time no see.

:

Hello, Paul.

:

What's up?

:

They used to buddy around together,
play football.

:

I'll take you.

:

A rumble ain't a rumble without me.

:

Ponyboy, are you okay?

:

Are you okay? Come on.

:

Act sick, and I'll pretend like
I'm taking you to the hospital.

:

You've got to have a good reason
for driving like that.

:

The kid fell off his motorcycle
and I'm taking him to the hospital.

:

How bad is he?

:

Do I look like a doctor?
He looks pretty bad to me.

:

Follow me.

:

Sucker.

:

I was crazy. You know that?

:

I was crazy about wanting Johnny
to stay out of trouble.

:

If he was smart like me,
he wouldn't be in this mess.

:

If he was smart like me,
he wouldn't have ran in that church.

:

You better wise up, man.
You just better wise up.

:

Get tough like me and you don't get hurt.

:

Watch out for yourself

and nothing can touch you, man.

:

We beat the Socs, man. Chased them
right out of our neighborhood.

:

It's useless.

:

Fighting ain't no good.

:

They're still writing editorials in the papers
about you being a hero.

:

We are all proud of you.
It's gonna be all right.

:

Stay gold, Ponyboy.

:

Stay gold.

:

Johnny, come on.

:

So, this is what you get for helping people?

:

You punk!

:

Come on, Johnny, don't die.

:

Come on, don't die on me now.

:

Please!

:

Bastards!

:

You're not allowed here.

:

I'm allowed anywhere I want.

:

-You're out of your mind.

-Why do you help people?

:

It doesn't do any good.

:

What do you think, Soda?

Do you think it makes me look tough?

:

It makes you look different.

:

That guy had sharp teeth.

:

What do you mean by "different"?

:

You got a hole in your mouth.

:

Where have you been?

:

What's wrong?

:

Johnny's dead.

:

Told him about beating the Socs.

:

He just died.

:

Told me to "stay gold."

:

Dally's gone.

:

He couldn't take it. He's gonna blow.

:

Do you want to buy one of those?

:

You tear them, you have to pay for them.
Don't do that!

:

You gotta pay for that magazine.

:

Oh, God. Don't shoot.

:

Give me the money. Give me the money!

:

I'm so sick of you punks.

:

Take it and get out!

:

-Hello, Darrel?

-No, it's Steve.

:

Steve, I want to talk to Darry.

:

I robbed a store.

The cops are looking for me.

:

-Can you meet me in the park?

-Sure. Are you all right?

:

-Johnny's dead.

-We know.

:

-Meet me in the park, will you?

-We'll be right there.

:

It was Dally. The cops are after him.

We have to hide him.

:

You'll never get me alive!

:

Drop it!

:

It's not loaded! Don't!

:

Stop!

:

Not Dally, too!

:

He's just a kid.

:

Pony?

:

"I asked the nurse to give you this book,
so you could finish it.

:

"It was worth saving those kids because
their lives are worth more than mine.

:

"They have more to live for.
Tell Dally I think it's worth it.

:

"I'm gonna miss you guys.

:

"I've been thinking about it, and that poem,
that guy that wrote it.

:

"He meant you're gold when you're a kid,
like green.

:

"When you're a kid everything's new.
Dawn.

:

"Like the way you dig sunsets, that's gold.

:

"Keep it that way. It's a good way to be.

:

"I want you to ask Dally to look at one.
I don't think he's ever seen a sunset.

:

"There's still lots of good in the world.

:

"Tell Dally, I don't think he knows.

:

"Your buddy, Johnny."

:

"When I stepped out
into the bright sunlight...

:

"...from the darkness...."