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School Ties

By Dick Wolf

Davey! Oh, Davey, come here!

Edie, he's not going off to war, only Massachusetts.

Here, Davey... For the trip.

Edie gives something away! I'll have a heart attack!

Go and become a gentleman, not like this riff-raff.

We ought to kick his butt for breaking up the team.

Hey! You want to stay in here?

If I had your brains, I'd go.

- His brains? Any brains! - Look who's talking.

- I don't know. - What?

- I don't know about that place. - You know it's not this place.

- Oh, shit. Kocus. - So what?

The night before last, his sister gave me a hand job.

- Her idea. - Yeah, right.

- Hey, Bear. - Hey, Kocus.

We was thinking about going in there, you know, eat something.

- I don't think it would be a good idea. - Why not? They let Jews in there.

Your sister can come in, only she'll have to wash her hands.

You got a Jew friend with a smart mouth.

- I guess I do. - It don't bother you they killed Jesus?

No. I didn't know the man.

It bothers the shit out of me, you sheeny bastard!

Hey! Take it to the alley!

Yo, man! Come on! Don't let him do that! Come on! Yeah!

Hit the Jew!

Give 'em hell, kid!

You're late.

Look at me.

- Goddamnit, David. - I had to.

- Such an opportunity and you do this! - I had to!

This is a school two presidents went to.

They'll think you're a hoodlum. They might send you back.

- Fine. - Fine?

Take a look at this place. You want this life?

He called me a sheeny bastard. Should I walk away?

Yes. It ain't your problem. You can't fight your way through life.

- You never got into any fights? - Sure, but nobody handed me Harvard.

- You're going to miss the bus. - We'll make it.

- Who did you fight with? - Kocus.

OK, kids.

You can fit in or hack around with a chip on your shoulder.

- All right. All right, I'll fit in. - They came to you, not you to them.

You don't have to explain nothing to nobody. Understand?

All right.

Right. Say goodbye to your brother and sister.

- Goodbye, Sarah. - Bye, David.

Bye, Petey.

You kids wait over there.

Change your shirt.

- What did the other guy look like? - Worse.

- You're sounding like Grandpa. - You should be so lucky.

Got to go, Dad.

Go. Make us proud.

- Bye. - Bye.

- Hi, Coach. - Welcome to Cabot.

I had a little accident. It's nothing.

- Let me get this for you. - Thanks.

- How was your trip? - Fine. I slept.

- Good. How's your dad? - Fine.

He's pretty excited about all this.

- What father wouldn't be? - Yeah.

The team's looking forward to meeting you.

Good. I'm looking forward to meeting them, too.

- Jesus, this is a high school! - Yeah. It's your high school.

- Thanks for the lift. - I'll get your bag.

Thanks. I'll see you at practice.

Just a minute. I meant to ask you... Do you have any diet problems?

- Diet problems? - Is there anything you can't eat?

- Turnips. - Turnips. I can't eat them, either.

I'd better let you get settled.

- The kids will be curious about you. - I'm curious about them.

Nobody comes here for just their last year. It's unusual.

They're great kids, don't get me wrong. But they're privileged.

They take a lot for granted you and I never would.

Just play your cards close to the vest.

What do you mean?

Don't tell people more than they need to know.

- See you at practice. - All right.

- Hi! Chris Reece, your roommate. - Hi! David Greene.

Pleased to meet you. Rip Van Kelt, Jack Connors, Charlie Dillon.

We're the big men on campus.

- It's true. - Where you from?

- Scranton, PA. - Scranton?

- It's in America, Connors. - No shit.

You're the first ringer St Matt's ever hired.

- Dillon... - No, he is. It's an honour.

- Aren't you honoured? - I hadn't thought about it.

- The best quarterback money can buy. - Dillon, lay off!

Don't pay any attention to him. Peanuts?

No problem.

Even in Scranton, a prick's a prick.

You don't have to be so sensitive. Come on, it's not required here.

There was some talk about me playing quarterback, so...

- Were you in an accident? - I got into a fight.

- Seriously? - A fistfight?

- Kind of a going-away fight. - What, you mean like a rumble?

- Yeah, like a rumble. - Over girls and stuff?

There's a place we hang out and these motorcycle guys wanted to come in.

- Bikers. - We wouldn't let them.

- You didn't want them on your turf? - Right.

Everybody knows not to go on someone else's turf.

Who knows what evil lurks in the hearts of men?

The Shadow knows.

Crime does not pay. The Shadow knows.

McGiv! My roomie!

David Greene, our new quarterback.

- This is Mac. - How do you do?

Hi.

Football is a game for bug squashers, cretins and criminals. Don't you agree?

- Mac wants to play, but he's too frail. - So we let him be student manager.

That's it! I'm going to kick your smelly ass back to Greenwich.

I guess you didn't get a school tie yet.

Here, you can wear this one.

I got extras because I'm always dragging them through the soup.

Thanks.

You mind if I ask... How did you wind up here?

- I'm not supposed to talk about it. - Let me guess.

Coach McDevitt visited and said you could get an alumni scholarship?

Good guess. How did you know?

St Luke's has whipped us for three years in a row.

The alumni are pissed. They want to win real bad.

Not too much pressure, huh?

I want a good seat at the back.

It's different from public schools.

Chapel three times a week. But it's not that bad.

No kidding?

Gentlemen of St Matthew's...

...welcome to the finest preparatory school in the nation.

Welcome especially to our new boys. I am Dr Bartram, your headmaster.

The rest of you may conceivably remember me.

His annual joke. Make the most of it.
Tomorrow begins the 193rd fall term.
No, I was not in office when the first one began.
Some of you new boys may find
that academics and discipline here are very demanding.
Much of what is policy here,
including our cherished Honour Code, has been established,
not by me or your teachers, but by your fellow students,
to be enforced by your own tribunal of prefects,
as it has been for the last two centuries.
We judge ourselves here,
and we judge ourselves by the highest standards.
You, my boys, are among the elite of the nation,
and we strive at St Matthew's
to prepare you for the responsibility that comes with favoured position.
Today, more than ever, this country needs an elite
that cares more for honour than for advantage;
more for service than for personal gain.
To that end, let us beseech the help of God,
in whose name we pray.
Our Father, who art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy name...
- Decent hi-fi, Mac. - Bought it from a friend back home.
- How much? - I jewed him down to \$30.
I'll give you \$25 for it.
He always wants something for nothing.
And he's not even Jewish.
- Evening, gentlemen. - Evening, sir.
Evening.
Whose music is that? And I use the term advisedly.
- That's the great sound of The Robins. - No.
I mean the man who would purchase such swill.
- That would be me. - That would be I.
- Have you a name? - McGivern.
- And you? - Mr Cleary.
I happen to be the new housemaster.
Turn it off, please.
One's cultural environment ought to be as important
as the air he breathes and the food he eats.
- Surely, in your day, you had music? - Yes, and my day has not passed.
Dave Brubeck, Ray Anthony,
Les Elgart, Mitch Miller,
Les Baxter, Roger Williams...
We'll have no problem.
Gentlemen, we all have to live here.

But we're not going to bring the jungle into my house, thank you very much.

God, Greene, where did you get the balls?

- You are in. - I hope all the teachers aren't like him.

Most are OK. Who'd you get for History?

- Gierasch. - Me, too. He's tough.

- French? - Renard.

Good. We'll get him talking and go to sleep.

- You shower morning or night? - Night.

Hurry up. We'll just make it before lights out.

What a beautiful day.

Renard will be a breeze.

Well...

Well, well.

My musical upstairs neighbours.

Please, do sit down.

Monsieur Renard is cutting back on his teaching load,

so I will have the pleasure of teaching this section of French 4.

I don't understand...

You know how a team works.

I wasn't the quarterback you wanted.

- You are our number one back-up. - But I'd better play halfback.

It's our weakest spot now. You'll make a great halfback.

You can run and you can block. You've got all the stuff, kid.

- And I'll give it my best. - I'm counting on it.

Listen up!

New face on the varsity this year. David Greene.

- Greene comes from Pennsylvania. - Hi.

Played quarterback.

Led his team to a championship win last year in a tough league.

This year, we're concentrating on passing.

McGivern has some new plays.

If captured, eat them. If still alive, meet here tomorrow.

We'll run them through tomorrow.

Today, let's get out there and warm up. Hit it!

- Hi, Coach. - Dillon.

Hi, Dillon. How was practice?

How was practice!

- Where's Greene? - I don't know.

- I thought he'd be here. - Save a place for him, huh?

- Like this... - Will you get off me!

Thank you, God, for your bountiful gifts...

- I'm holding my own. - And French?

- Hate the teacher. - Everybody hates at least one.

I'd better get back to the books.

- Talk soon. - Don't forget Saturday.
- Saturday? - It's Rosh Hashanah.
I've got a game against Winchester, Pop.
It's a very holy day. It goes back longer than us.
You show respect and get to temple.
Davey, do you hear me? No excuses.
OK. Sure, don't worry, Pop.
- I'll speak to you next week. - OK. Bye.
Down!
Set!
Go! Go!
St Matt's, third and five, on the Winchester 41.
Two!
Three!
St Matt's touchdown. St Matt's six. Winchester nothing.
That boy's good. What's his name?
Van Kelt. The boys call him Rip. He's the team captain.
I think he means the boy who threw the pass.
Oh. That's David Greene.
The score is tied seven apiece.
St Matt's ball, third and seven on the Winchester forty-yard line.
Set!
Down!
Set... One!
Go!
Yeah!
Touchdown, St Matt's!
We've got a quarterback! We've found our quarterback!
- Lights out! - Lights out!
You go ahead, dear. I'll be right there.
Who is it?
- David Greene, sir. - What are you doing here, Greene?
Praying, sir.
I imagine your God allows prayer during daylight.
I couldn't get away before. It's Rosh Hashanah, Jewish New Year.
I know what Rosh Hashanah is.
And it ends at sunset if I recall the custom.
Technically. But it wouldn't go over too well if I said I couldn't play.
- My scholarship depends on football. - Yes. I saw the game.
You seemed thoroughly concentrated on the task.
Thank you, sir.
You people are very determined, aren't you?
Sometimes we have to be, sir.
I seem to recall a blessing:

"Blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth."

I wonder how meek they'll be when they do, sir.

Are you finished here, Mr Greene?

Yes, sir.

Then I suggest you sneak back to your room.

I shall overlook this evening's infraction.

- Mr Greene? - Sir?

Was it worth it? Breaking a tradition just to win a football game?

Your tradition or mine, sir?

The son of a bitch gives us English to French!

The pig won't last here. I'll bet you.

Won't last? Connors, I flunked that test.

I'm getting sick of these goddamned bells!

- Henry VIII assumes throne? - 1509.

- 1649, Mr Smith? - Charles I was executed.

Correct. Which resulted in the establishment of what?

- A commonwealth, Mr Gierasch. - Very good.

Mr Dillon, when did Mary Queen of Scots lose her head?

- 1687. - Close. You're only a century off.

- Mr Greene? - 1587.

Indeed. And what occurred during the years 1553 to 1558?

- Mr Collins? - Bloody Mary.

So it was. Which resulted in what, Mr Reece?

Catholicism was restored.

How come, Mr Connors?

She married what's-his-name.

- Philip? - Well, more or less.

August 9th, 1593?

Anybody?

The birth of Izaak Walton.

A personal favourite.

Mr Dillon, a literary event...

1611?

- McGivern? - Publication of the King James Bible.

Correct.

You care to try for three, Mr Dillon?

I remind you, Mr Dillon, this course has no shallow end.

Sink or swim.

If I don't get total tit tonight, I'll cut my throat.

Sex is my only reason for living.

Then be careful you don't cut your hand!

Life isn't over yet, Mac.

When Princeton might accept a C in French
and you're flunking French, life is over.

Princeton isn't the only Ivy League school.
Someone explain to our friend from Scranton.
Five generations of McGiverns have gone to Princeton.
If I don't get in, it means the others had cocks,
and I just have a wee-wee.
I have trouble sympathising. Harvard wants monthly reports on me.
- How about you, Greene? - Touch and go.
I'm getting a C in French.
Dillon's brother graduates this year. The back-up quarterbacks are thumbs.
I wouldn't go to Harvard. All those Jews and Communists.
- That's just the faculty. - You are so full of shit.
Jew-lover!
So what if there are Jews? They're not in the clubs.
- That's not the point. - It is. You don't have to be with them.
- Why would you want to? - I don't want to.
Then don't go to Harvard, Dillon.
- Help? - How would you know?
- What? - If you're with them?
Are you kidding? How would you not know? It's hard to miss a heeb.
Oh, God, girls, eat your hearts out!
Oh, no! You never mess with my hair! I can't believe you did that!
No way! You're dead!
Hurry up, fellas. Come on.
Don't forget to make room for the Holy Ghost.
- You can roll your tongue back up. - She's beautiful!
Sally Wheeler. Dillon says she's his girlfriend.
- Is she? - I guess so. That's the word.
- Isn't that your new quarterback? - David Greene.
He must be half nigger! He can dance.
Introduce me.
- David! - Excuse me.
You move as well on the floor as the field.
- Sally Wheeler, David Greene. - Dillon!
- I'll be back in a minute. - No rush.
- I saw you dancing. - I saw you dancing, too. With Dillon.
- Dillon's a great guy. - He's fun.
Yeah.
Do you think he'll go to Harvard?
Is that what you do in your spare time? Worry about Dillon?
I don't have any spare time.
This is a great song.
- Would you like to dance? - Yeah, I would.
Are you two going steady?
No. Our families share some woods,

so we've known each other since we were five.
We're thrown together a lot,
so everybody thinks we go steady, but they're wrong.
I know how it is. My family shares some woods in Pennsylvania.
With 300,000 other people.
You must think I'm a spoiled brat.
I think you're so pretty.
- I must sound like a real nosebleed. - No.
- Don't tell your roommate. - How do you know her?
I don't. I just don't want her to know.
- You're pretty, too. - Thanks for taking care of my girl.
Try the punch.
Maybe he won't show.
- I'm going to puke. My stomach hurts. - You'll be OK.
25% of the grade! That's crazy. That's just not right.
- I wonder who he'll call on first. - Take a guess.
It all comes down to this one day. Jesus!
- It doesn't. You're worked up. - My mouth's all dried out.
Shit! I can't do this!
- That asshole Cleary! - Sadistic shiteater!
- Mac was doing all right. - Will he be OK?
- Let him alone. He'll be OK. - Poor bastard. He really took it.
David, your sister's on the phone.
- Hello, Sarah, what's up? - I didn't know you had a sister!
- Who is this? - Sally Wheeler.
- Hi. Where are you? - At school, at the dorm.
- Are you studying? - Yeah. Chemistry.
- I hate Chemistry. - Me, too.
- You ever go to Skip's Diner? - Skip's Diner?
- Seen McGivern? - Hold on... Haven't you?
Not since French class. Where the hell is he?
- Check with Dillon and Van Kelt. - All right. See you later.
- Hi... Skip's Diner? - Yeah, it's in town.
Kind of a hang-out.
I thought if you weren't doing anything tomorrow, we could go.
- What time? - Ten o'clock?
He hasn't shown up. I'm going to go look for him.
Lights out!
McGivern! Mac! Come on, Mac, buddy! Where are you?
Mac!
- Hold on, I'll get the lights. - McGivern?
Mac?
- McGiv! - Mac!
- Let's tell somebody. - Maybe he's drunk.

- Mac never drinks. - Do you think he went home?
- He would have said something. - Isn't that French class?
Come on, let's go.
- Mac! - McGiv?
Come on. Hey!
Hey! Get some help.
Shh... Shh... It's OK.
Gentlemen, please! Please, gentlemen, go back to bed. Please.
You did this! You did this!
You rode him until he broke!
David, walk away! Just walk away!
You wouldn't let up, would you? You did this!
- Come on! - I'll get you, Cleary! All right?
That was horrible.
But David, you can't go after a teacher like that here.
It's the end if you do.
My friends back home wouldn't believe this.
Over a failing grade in French!
Good grades. The right schools, colleges, connections.
Those are the keys to the kingdom.
None of us goes off and lives by his wits.
We do what they tell us and they give us the good life.
Goddamn hope we like it when we get it!
- What will happen to Mac? - He's not coming back.
Man! I've heard of nervous breakdowns,
but I always thought it happened to women who were 40 years old.
Not to a kid my age.
When I was a sophomore, there was this senior, William Whitton.
- He hung himself in the gym. - Why?
- He didn't get into Harvard. - Shit!
- Yeah. - I want to go to Harvard.
I'll be goddamned if I croak myself if I don't.
I envy you.
Me? Why?
Because if you get what you want, you'll deserve it.
And if you don't, you'll manage.
You don't have to live up to anybody else's expectations.
That's what draws people, not that you're quarterback.
You're the most popular guy on campus.
If my name weren't Dillon, it would be different.
- Bullshit. - David, don't forget my name's Dillon.
Son of Grayson Jr, brother of Grayson III.
I'm a Dillon, a part of those right connections.
People don't care about that.

You'll see.

Evening, sir.

Evening, sir.

- You don't smoke? - No, I tried it, but it didn't take.

You're too good. Is that to impress the mothers?

- What mothers? - Of all your girlfriends.

No, too many to try.

We were talking about Saturdays in Scranton.

Oh, yeah. Garbage day.

We had to haul our trash to the dump.

Don't knock it.

One day, my father and I see two guys.

One of them's got a rope around his waist
and his buddy is lowering him into the pit.

- What for? - They were scavenging for tin cans.

- Who'd do that? - That's what I said.

And my dad gave me this long, hard look
and he said, "Davey, it's an honest living."

I never forgot that.

- You're different from the other boys. - How?

The others, like Dillon, you know everything about them in two minutes.

- But you... - Four minutes, easy.

You have a serious side.

Let's go. Move it. Move it, move it!

- Wait. - Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa!

- Night, David. - Can I call you?

You'd better!

- We'll finish off St Luke's. - I'll drink to that. It's about time.

Don't inspire me to increase my bet. You can't beat St Luke's.

This year is different. You haven't seen our secret weapon.

Hey, hello, hello! Mom, Dad, Gray, this is David Greene.

How do you do? Pleased to meet you.

Mr and Mrs Wheeler. David Greene.

- Pleased to meet you. - You've met Sally.

- Hello, Sally. - Hi.

- Are we going to punish St Luke's? - Severely, sir.

- Stop eating! You'll be playing soon. - I'm hungry.

- Poor Wheeler attended St Luke's. - Your winning streak's over.

- Not today. - Join us for dinner?

- Sure. Thank you. - Remember, loser pays.

All right, you're on.

- We should get back. - Yeah. See you later.

- Bye-bye. - Nice to meet you.

- He's very cute. - Yeah.

No, really, who found the boy?
He applied. Just like anybody else.
In the black Thunderbird,
St Matthew's oldest living alumnus, Franklin Benson, class of 1875.
Ladies and gentlemen, prior to the second half,
each year three alumni are named
to the St Matthew's Football Hall of Fame.
Until the announcement, nobody knows who will be named.
This year's inductees are, from the class of 1951,
the youngest member of the Hall of Fame,
quarterback Grayson Dillon III.
I don't believe it!
Grayson is currently attending Harvard and plays football for the Crimson.
St Matt's ball, second and twelve on their own ten.
Set! One!
Chesty, fake off tackle right. Pass to the flat. Left to Reece, go!
Hey David, they're looking for a pass.
Give it to me on the right side. I can get the first down.
- Come on, my father's here. - All right.
David, fake over tackle right.
Left formation, Dillon takes it, right draw. On two. Ready?
One! Two! Three!
Oh, yeah! Show them!
Fumble!
St Matt's fumbles.
What the hell's going on?
I send in a play, that's the play I want to see.
- I'm the coach. You got that? - Yeah, got it.
Go out and bring this game home.
St Luke's ball, third and goal.
Blue! Set!
Hut! Hut!
Touchdown St Luke's.
Damn it, Dillon!
St Matt's ball, third and five on St Luke's thirty-yard line.
Down!
Set!
One!
Greene! Greene!
Go! Go!
It's good! St Matthew's is on the scoreboard.
Give me another chance. I know I can get six yards.
- Let me make up for that fumble. - Coach calls the plays.
We're going to win now! Left draw, quarterback keep left on two.

Dillon, you'd better block your ass off for me.

One! Two!

Yeah! Yeah!

Let's have dessert, since dinner is on Mr Wheeler.

I consider it a moral victory.

There is no column in the record books for moral victories.

- How do you like our club? - Unbelievable.

In Scranton, a club is three guys who chipped in to buy an old Buick.

Good arm, good sense of humour. Not a bad combination.

- Hello, Grayson. - Oh, Tom Keating. How are you?

- See the game? - Wouldn't have missed it.

- The new quarterback's our hope. - Meet him.

David Greene, this is Mr Keating, a trustee.

Son, many thanks. It's good to be a winner again.

- You know the Wheelers? - Oh, yes.

- Nice to see you, Tom. - And my boys, Gray and Charlie.

Of course. Gray...

- Congratulations. Quite an honour. - Thank you.

- Call me in the city, Tom. - I will, Grayson. Have a nice evening.

I'd like to introduce you to someone. Do you mind?

- Tom Keating has had a drink or two. - He does have that problem.

Excuse me, I see Mrs Bartram left unattended.

Please, don't get up.

How about a dance?

If one of these young men will dance with Sally.

Mother!

David, do you mind? I'd like to have a word with this guy.

- Would you like to dance? - Sure.

OK.

- Son, you played a good game today. - Not as good as some people.

Don't sell yourself short. That was a key block.

Without it, David couldn't have scored.

Fine game, wasn't it?

- I have a secret. - Oh?

I think about you. More than I ought to.

That's too bad.

Because if you think of me as much as I think of you,

we're both going to flunk right out of school.

Am I all sweaty and red in the face?

You look like an angel.

Don't let your brother's award detract from your day.

Of course not. I threw a good block, he got into the Hall of Fame.

People have different abilities.

I should accept my mediocrity.

You are not mediocre. You wouldn't be at St Matt's if you were.

- What are you looking at? - Dillon looks like he's dying.

Mention him once more, I will sit down in a huff.

You know I'm a spoiled brat!

Dillon, Dillon, Dillon. Charlie, Charlie, Charlie.

You beat St Luke's. Nobody thought you had a chance.

- Enjoy it! - Fine. I'm enjoying it. Can I go now?

Yes, yes, you can go.

- Thanks for taking care of my girl. - Stop saying that! I'm not your girl.

- What the hell is this? - You don't listen very well, do you?

Sally, you're embarrassing me in front of my friend. Let's talk.

No, you're embarrassing me in front of my friend.

Charlie, I'm sorry. It just kind of happened.

- Screw you, friend. - Charlie, come on!

No! Let him go. I know him.

He needs time to cool off. I'll speak to him later.

The victors! Where's your friend?

- What friend? Do I get a drink? - Absolutely.

- Scotch and soda. - Dewar's and soda.

- You met Cal Reynolds, class of '35? - Hi, Charlie. Congratulations.

St Luke's class of '35. That's why he looks so down in the mouth.

I wish we had found Greene first.

- St Luke's wouldn't have taken him. - No, probably not.

- Why not? - They wouldn't have enrolled a Jew.

Not even for a championship.

A Jew?

Holy shit!

Reynolds, have I ever told you how nicely you keep a secret?

Sorry.

- I can't believe I dropped that pass. - Neither can I.

- Punish me. - Suffer!

Forget it, Rip! We won.

We won!

Hey, Dillon. What a block, boy!

- I taught him all he knows. - God save me!

- You did play a great game, Dillon. - Well, we beat St Luke's.

That was the grand plan. Mission accomplished.

The old boy network bought us a victory.

But...

The joke is on us.

What joke?

- You didn't hear the joke? - All right. Let's hear it.

True story. Last weekend, there was a religious revival meeting.

Bishop Sheen gave such a stirring address

that 10,000 people converted to Catholicism.

Then Billy Graham got up and, after an hour of inspired preaching, 10,000 people converted to Protestantism.

Finally, to end the programme, Pat Boone got up and sang There's a Gold Mine in the Sky and 20,000 Jews joined the Air Force.

What's the matter, David? Don't Jews have a sense of humour?

It turns out our golden boy here is a lying, back-stabbing kike.

- Kike! - You son of a bitch!

Get the door.

- Come on, damn it! - I don't want to fight him!

Come on! Go ahead! Deny it!

- Deny it! - I don't want to fight him!

It's true! It's true! He's a heeb.

Come on, stop it!

All right, enough! Come on!

No.

You going to keep your face in a book all year?

- What do you expect me to say? - That it's no big deal.

If it's no big deal, why didn't you tell me in the first place?

- I'm your roommate. - You never told me your religion.

- Methodist. - Methodist.

- And all the time I didn't know. - That's different.

- Really? How is it different? - It just is. Jews are different.

It's not like between Methodists and Lutherans.

I mean, Jews, everything about them is different.

OK, let's get it out. You think Jews are dirt.

- Come on, David! - If you think like them, admit it!

- Say it. Jews are greedy... - Come off it! Come on!

Come on, I...

You know the first day I came here, I thought I was dreaming.

I knew it was only for a year, but I thought, man, what a year!

I'd get into Harvard.

It's not easy when you come from Podunk Public High School.

You guys were my friends.

We were winning games. I met Sally.

I didn't want to be told I couldn't be part of it because I was a Jew.

Can you understand that? It's happened before.

You could have told us. It wouldn't have made a difference.

Sure. I knew that the first night I got here

when I heard how McGivern got his hi-fi. He "jewed him down".

Remember?

Sure. It wouldn't have made a difference.

One moment, please!

I've graded your take-home translations.

They weren't all that bad.

Connors, especially, wrote a near flawless translation.

I noticed, Mr Connors, like the rest of the class,
you signed the Honour Code agreement.

- Yeah? - This indicates a promise not to cheat.

Yeah.

Use of a published translation would be cheating.

I didn't use anything except a dictionary.

If you say so. Your translation, however,
was a quantum leap over your previous efforts.

Maybe it's because you're such a great teacher, sir.

Pick up your graded papers.

Dillon. Dillon! Here he comes.

- A Jew! - Grow up!

Oh, Reece, you're so mature.

Excuse me, there's no salt on this table. I need salt for my fruit.

- Someone's not doing his menial job. - It's so hard to find decent help!

- Can't you move any faster? - I'll show you how fast I can move!

David! David!

David, come on! It's not worth it.

It's not worth it, all right?

My name is Richard Collins. What's yours? Reeceberg?

David! I'll work your table, you take mine.

You need this job as much as I do.

Come on, Greene, don't blow it, all right?

All right.

I'm open. Pass it up! McGoo, pass it up!

Lights out!

Cowards!

OK, Elsie...

Keep kicking! Good girl!

Kick harder! Reach forwards, that's it!

Elsie, nice going.

Betsy, keep pulling. Nice going, Anne Marie. Great!

- May I help you? - Yes, I have to talk to Sally Wheeler.

Sally, you have a visitor.

- What? - You wouldn't talk on the phone.

- Sally, take this outside. - Yes, Miss Jones.

- Did you have to come here? - I had to hear it from you.

You have no idea what you've put me through.

- My mother is going on and on. - You could have said on the phone.

My friends, they just keep pestering me.

They say, "What's it like to kiss a Jew? Does his..."

Go on.

- "Does his nose get in the way?" - Nice friends.

At least they're honest.

All that stuff about Scranton, you didn't say the important thing.

That's not right, David.

I was afraid you wouldn't want to be with me. Would you?

Don't look at me that way.

This may be a surprise,

but you're not the first Jew I've met, just the first who denied it.

I'm the same guy, Sally.

I know.

No, I'm sorry. It just can't happen.

No, it can't happen. Just... Not now.

- You lied to me. - I didn't lie to you!

I lied to my father. I lied to myself.

I have to get back to practice.

Go ahead.

- Test Act? - 1685.

1686. Jack, suspend Protestant bishops?

- What? - Suspend Protestant bishops?

- 1606. - McGoo, Declaration...

I either know this stuff now or I'll never know it.

Sack time.

Are you sure your notes are right?

Yeah. Now all I have to do is remember them.

Please reaffirm your Honour Code.

This test will comprise 30% of your final grade.

You may begin.

Oh, shit!

Bless you!

Time is up, gentlemen. Papers to the front.

Well, that wasn't so hard, was it?

My, my, Mr Connors. You usually don't have this much to communicate.

You were bound to ask the right questions sooner or later, sir.

Dismissed, gentlemen.

What's with Rip? He must have gone down in flames.

- Sure, and I guess you aced it? - Naturally.

You're dead! You are dead! You are a fink! Connors, you jerk!

Be seated, gentlemen.

I regret to announce that someone cheated on yesterday's exam.

Everyone signed the Honour Code.

So we have a rather bleak situation confronting us.

Today is Saturday. Your next class is on Monday.

If the cheater does not come forward, or is not identified by then,
I will be forced to fail the entire section.

Need I remind you what that means?

Isn't that unfair? Only one of us cheated.

We have all been dishonoured by this person.

How can you be sure that someone cheated, sir?

I prefer to keep the evidence to myself for the time being.

- Can't you give us another test, sir? - That's fair.

And pretend no one cheated? But someone did cheat.

Whoever has done this has robbed you of your honour.

If I ignore it, he will have robbed me of mine, as well.

I leave it in your hands, gentlemen.

- Someone had better answer quick. - Someone must have seen something.

Yeah, and then what do we do?

I work my ass off for four years and now one lying bastard ruins my life!

- Take it easy. - Whoever did this, admit to it!

- You can't let him fail the whole class. - You still have time.

I've got this appalling feeling. I have a good idea who did it.

Who?

- Connors. - You like having teeth?

Cleary all but accused you in French.

Cleary is a sick shit and so are you, you four-eyed runt!

I've been in more trouble than all of you and I always admit to it.

- So admit to this. - Come here, you little runt!

Come on! Come on, Jack!

You bastards aren't pinning this on me.

Fine. Just fine. Very cool, McGoo.

I'm sorry, but this could ruin all our lives.

Look, we've got three prefects here.

You guys have got to handle this.

Let's sleep on it and meet tomorrow after Chapel in the Founders' Room.

Whoever's guilty, think it over.

- Dillon, we have to talk. - We've got nothing to talk about.

I know it was you. I can describe the crib sheet.

That's Gierasch's evidence. Have you seen it since you used it?

If you saw me and didn't report it, you'd be in violation, too.

I know. But I can't let the whole class fail.

- He's bluffing. He won't fail anybody. - Gierasch wouldn't bluff.

David, you don't understand the way it is.

You don't know what this can do to you.

My family expects me to measure up to the impossible.

- I try, but I can't. - Set it straight, Dillon.

- David, David! - What?

Look... I'm begging you.

I'm sorry. I was a prejudiced prick. I know.

It's nothing to do with that. Just confess.

All right!

Nothing for nothing, right? How much is it going to cost?

Either you tell them or I'll tell them.

Son of a bitch! Stay where you belong!

All I want to know is how many of you guys think I could have done it?

- You did screw up some assignments. - So?

- What are you pulling? C? - What about this French test?

- Cleary says he cheated. - Why wouldn't he cheat again?

- I told you I didn't cheat. - How can we believe you?

- Maybe we should... - All right. Lay off.

It wasn't Connors.

This isn't easy for me to say.

I know it's going to disappoint some of you and I'm sorry.

I should have said yesterday.

- I know who cheated. - Who?

- It was Greene. - What?

- Yeah, I saw him. - You're a liar! I saw him cheat.

- Just admit it. - I gave him the choice of confessing.

Hey! Hey!

I saw you cheat! Word of Honour I saw him cheat.

Let's tell Gierasch the situation.

What? I turned him in and he's denying it.

- Tell Gierasch! - We have to make the decision here.

Would you both trust us to be fair?

- Of course I do. - Greene? Do you trust us?

- Why should he? - Why shouldn't he?

Unless he's hiding something.

- Greene? - David, don't do it, all right?

This is the way it's always been done, right?

This is the way it's always been done.

All right. You guys decide.

It's one guy's word against the other's.

- Maybe we should go to the Head. - We can handle it ourselves.

- Let's just do it. - Have we heard from everybody?

Donald?

I submit Dillon didn't cheat. He didn't have to.

- He'll be fifth generation at Harvard. - Not like Greene.

- But like McGivern and Princeton? - So?

So, nothing's for sure, McGoo.

Let's go over this again. There's an objective fact.

One has lied and one hasn't.

- David never lied. - Yes, he did.

- He lied about being a Jew. - No one asked him.
Because no one had any idea, because he lied.
Gierasch says it was block-printed. No way to tell who wrote it.
He said the reputation of the school is on our shoulders.
- Screw the school! What about us? - We get our lives ruined.
My life is screwed if I don't get into Yale.
- I need my grades for a scholarship. - I can't tell my father I failed
History.
We've busted our butts, now one person is killing us.
- It's got to be Greene. - Rip, what do you think?
I don't know. I mean, what's so different about him, anyway?
Everything! It's like my dad says about Jews.
He madly tried to ingratiate himself.
- Bullshit! - He wanted success without working.
- He was a senior. - Jesus! Leave the Jewish stuff out!
We can't, because David is Jewish, stupid!
- You're a bigot. - I resent that.
Resent it all you want. You were the first to needle him.
Hey! Hey!
I confess.
I admit it, you know, I'm an anti-Semite.
I crack Jew jokes. I think they're greedy, pushy.
But you want to know something else? David Greene's the first one I met.
- What's your point? - He was a good guy.
That guy wouldn't cheat.
- Which means you think Dillon did. - Yeah, I do.
That makes two of us.
- Three. - I can't believe this!
- I can't either. - You're dumping Dillon for a dirty Jew!
It's now one a.m. Are we going to decide?
Not unless we can be fair.
You know he cheated. We know what Jews are like.
How many do you know? When did you last have one home?
I only have to know one.
- He stole Dillon's place on the team. - Then his girl.
- Stabbed him in the back. - He's not even paying.
Wake up, guys! Can't you see what's going on here?
You want to nail Greene because he knew how you feel.
- Anyone else tired of this? - Yes!
- Let's vote. Hands or secret ballots? - Secret ballots.
Look, if we do this, we do it out in the open!
Ballots!
As Head Prefect, I've been asked...
It's the finding of the class, the majority of the class,

that the guilt lies with David Greene.

Mr Greene, you're requested to turn yourself in to the headmaster.

All right.

I'll honour your traditions.

I'll go to the headmaster.

And I'll lie.

Thanks, buddy.

- Goodnight. - Goodnight.

Good morning, Mr Greene.

We were wondering if you'd changed your mind.

- You know why I'm here? - Indeed. To confess to cheating.

That's right. I cheated on the History exam.

No, David. You did no such thing.

I saw Dillon cheat.

He was my roommate for four years.

Thank you, Mr Van Kelt. You're excused.

David...

I'm sorry.

- I did break the Honour Code. - Yes. As did Van Kelt.

But the Honour Code is a living thing. It cannot exist in a vacuum.

We absolve you both on that account. Mr Dillon, however, is expelled.

David, you represent the best of what we hope for at St Matthew's.

Please, don't think of leaving.

Good. Then it's settled.

- I'd like to forget this ever happened. - No, sir.

You never will, because I'm staying here.

Every day you see me, you'll remember that it happened.

You used me for football.

I'll use you to get into Harvard. Excuse me.

You know something?

I'm still going to get into Harvard.

And in ten years, nobody will remember any of this.

- But you'll still be a goddamned Jew. - And you'll still be a prick.