Not Another Teen Movie

By Mike Bender
I just hope it doesn't cause any permanent damage.
- How long have you been here, anyway?
- A while.
- You missed your prom?
- Yeah.
The thing is, when I made that bet--
There he is. It's Freddie.
He's wearing a tux.
What's up? I met a whole other person inside of you.
There's a whole other person inside of both of us.
Would the whole other person...
... like to dance?
Yes.
- Morning, sweetie!
- Daddy!
- Why are you in here?
- Why am I in here?
It's her birthday, Dad.
Happy birthday, sweetie.
- What's that buzzing sound?
- I just need a minute, here.
Maybe it's that construction.
Where's my little angel?
Happy birthday, honey.
Grandma? Grandpa?
Rosco!
Rosco, go.
- Hello.
- Father O'Flannagan?
I brought your special friends from the center!
- Happy birthday!
- Janey's making faces.
It smells in here.
Okay, make a wish, dear.
No.
This isn't a typical high school.
At John Hughes, there are no cliques, no exclusive social groups.
You're accepted for you, not who you hang out with.
We'll divide into groups
so you can get to know your peers.
Let's get all you jocks
in one group...
...and get you slutty girls
over here by me.
Hey, how you doing?
Welcome.
You losers should
hang out in the back.
That clearly includes you.
Come on, get back there.
Take a look at the kid
standing beside you.
They're your only friends
for the next four years.
Okay, let's move it, people!
- You need to start dating.
- I don't date. You know that.
Janey, you know Dad's rule.
I can't have sex before you.
I don't conform to
typical high-school norms.
I read Sylvia Plath,
listen to Bikini Kill and eat tofu.
- I'm a unique rebel.
- More like you're a lesbo.
Mitch, leave your sister alone.
Thank you, Daddy.
If Janey wants to be a rug-muncher,
that's her decision.
Go! Fight! Win!
Nice combination, Crissy!
I've been meaning to get that fixed.
Later, Dad.
I'll be late to pick you up.
Why? A job interview?
No, honey.
I'll probably just be way too drunk.
That's good.
No drinking and driving.
Oh, I'll be driving.
I'll just be too drunk to remember.
Okay. Bye, Daddy.
Bye, pumpkin-head.
- Oh, my God!
- Get out of the road!
Oh, my God, it's Jake.
- Hi, stud.
- Hi, Jake.
- I love that thing with his eyebrows.
- Those sideburns.
Oh, my God, there's Jake.
He's so popular.
He just looked at me.
- Here. You can keep it.
- Tiff.
Hi, Jake. It's all wet.
Melanie.
Hey, Jake.
Hey, Arthur.
Here's Ricky!
Hey, Ricky.
How was your weekend?
Friday night I stood
outside your window in the rain...
...screaming your name.
Then I spent Saturday and Sunday
making you this great...
...l've-been-desperately-trying-
to-tell-you-that...
...l'm-madly-in-love-with-you...
...mix tape for your birthday.
A mix tape?
That's so sweet, Ricky.
See you in English.
Catch you guy later.
What happening?
Damn, Shorty, Dog is pretending
to be Asian, and shit.
That cracker is white!
Can't he see that, yo?
Did you get any action this weekend?
- I visit grandfather.
- I played with my sisters.
We're pathetic.
How will we ever lose our virginity
by graduation?
- We're freshmen.
- What's with the attitude?
- Not easy to get lucky here.
- Girls are sensitive.
They're not looking for sex.
They're looking for love.
Love me! Harder!
Amanda Becker.
She is so perfect.
Keep dreaming.
What's up, Reggie Ray?
I can't wait until Friday's game.
What about your head? You have
a blood clot the size of a grapefruit.
Five more concussions and you'll die.
You should take it easy.
- Don't listen to him.
- Austin.
Mr. Not-First-String-Anymore,
 isn't first-string anymore.
We know what happened last time
Jake called the plays.
And now, our hometown hero...
...first-string quarterback,
Jake Wyler!
Malik, could you hold these books?
Sure. Why not?
I am the token black guy.
I smile, stay out of
the conversation...
...and say things like "Damn,"
"Shit," and "That is whack!"
What's she doing here?
She graduated four years ago.
  - Hi, Jake.
  - Catherine.
Can I ask you a question?
Why is it when I tell a guy
to put it anywhere...
  - ...they always stick it in my ass?
  - Damn!
Way too much information.
Oh, no. Too much information
would be telling you...
...that after they're done
I take a huge dump.
Shit!
On their chest.
Oh, that is whack!
Priscilla, there you are.
Jake, I need some
T-to-the-fourth-power-Y.
Some time to talk to you.
God.
It made sense to me, Priscilla.
You're leaving me for this guy?
I'm sorry, Jake.
We met over spring break.
I'm not ordinary.
You're leaving me for this guy?
His name is Les...
...and he's the most beautiful thing
I've ever seen.
And so is his bag.
Janey Briggs,
please report to the office.
Being a foreign exchange student
is scary...
...adjusting to a new school,
a new country.
But you'll find that the students
are very accepting.
- I am so happy to be in America.
- You have a sunny disposition.
- You got your schedule?
- I don't need it.
I come to school to be
object of lust...
...for poor nerds who cannot get
American pussy.
Well, isn't that wonderful?
Janey, come in.
This is Areola,
our foreign exchange student.
Janey will show you
to your first class.
Hi.
- I like your backpack.
- Grazie.
Dude, I heard there's an undercover reporter posing as a student.
Dude, no way, dude.
Do you know where
Mr. Keller's English class is?
- Down the hall, on your left.
- Sweet, dude.
For the thousandth time, I said, "Swallow that thing."
Am I right?
How could Priscilla dump me,
Jake Wyler?
Who does she think she is?
I got two words for you, Jake:
Prom queen, material.
Austin, she's an illusion.
You take away the makeup,
the clothes...
...the way she wears her hair,
the smell of her perfume...
...that cute face she makes
when she's tonguing my balls...
Look, she's replaceable.
Given the right look,
the right boyfriend...
- ...any girl could be prom queen.
- I smell a bet.
Jakey, Jakey,
about to make a big...
...mistakey.
I'll pick the most
hopeless girl at this school...
...and I'll bet that you
can't turn her into prom queen.
You're on, Austin.
I'll bet you lose that bet...
...but learn a much more
valuable lesson, and win.
In life, that is.
You're both on.
All right.
Let's find you a prom queen,
Mr. Let's-Find-Me-A-Prom-Queen.
What about her?
Baby's got back.
Hunch, that is.
No, way too easy.
- I have no pigment
- Any girl with a guitar is hot.
I need sunscreen
Even a hippie albino.
She could be prom queen.
What about the Fratelli sisters?
So they're slightly disfigured
and connected.
But combined, those two make up
one pretty decent chick.
- I'd do them!
- I know, Reggie Ray.
I'm looking for somebody
really messed up.
I'm talking about a real shitbomb.
Well, bombs away.
No, no, no, anyone but her!
Not Janey Briggs.
Guys, she's got glasses
and a ponytail.
She's got paint on her overalls!
What is that?
There's no way
she could be prom queen.
Damn, that shit's whack.
Aim for the head!
Can you imagine
what they do in there?
Holy cow.
Guys, get your heads
out of the gutter.
It's a locker room.
It's no sexier in there...
...than it is in here.
Molly, can you help me
take off my panties?
Hold on, I've got lotion
on my hands.
That's okay.
You can just use your mouth.
Thanks, Miss Peters.
So...
...who would like to share their poem
with the class?
Mr. Keller? Over here.
Right here. Please.
Anyone?
Please pick me.
I'm the one.
Yes...
...Ricky.
- "Ten Things I Love About Janey."
- Oh, not again.
By Ricky Lipman.
I love it when Janey talks
I love it when Janey walks
I love it when Janey drinks
I love it when Janey blinks
I love it when Janey says hi
I love it when Janey says
See you in English
I love following Janey to the mall
And I love...
...collecting strands
of Janey's hair...
...and rolling them up
Into little Janey hairballs
Thank you, Ricky,
for that interesting poem.
- I'm not sure we should be doing this.
- Quiet. I hear them.
I can't believe
what we just did, Molly.
It was a once-in-a-lifetime experience
that will never happen again.
Shit, we missed it.
Let's keep going.
Hey, I found a buffalo nickel!
Jackpot.
Girl go pee-pee
not what I want to see-see.
I agree-gree.
Would you two please try and be
a little open-minded?
Class, let's open our books and continue with our poetry lesson. You know what I think about poetry? Oh, is that amusing? Is that what your generation considers humor? This make me kind of happy in pants. Goodness. That make me kind of sad in pants. Shakespeare, Molire... ...Oscar Wilde. These were humorists. I'm gonna be sick. The sublime poetic genius of a clever turn of phrase. That is true comedy. Heavens to Betsy. Your modern, moronic, feeble-minded, sophomoric excuse for wit... ...is merely a parade of nasty... ...filthy, vulgar... ...human excrement! Excuse me.

- Hey, Janey. What's up?
- Excuse me?

Ever want to be the most popular girl in school? Anorexic, superficial? A whore who lacks any real long-term goals? Exactly. If you're interested, I thought we could go out sometime. Be seen in public.

- We haven't spoken in four years.
- Actually, more like six.

That time when we were in line at that theater... ...I was actually saying "hey" to the person behind you. Friday's championship game is against North Compton... ...and that squad always tries to bring it.
- Bring what, Priscilla?
- Bring it.
Right, but what is "it"?
It's just what they bring, okay?
New girl.
I'm Sandy Sue.
It is simply swell to meet all of you.
Peachy.
You brought a routine?
Oh, you bet.
Give me an H.
Give me a U.
Give me a giant pussy-licking, ass-fucker cock shit!
I'm sorry.
That was my Tourette's.
I don't know about her.
Let's get it straight.
This isn't a cheerocracy.
I am the cheertator.
I make the cheercisions,
I will deal with the cheeronsequences.
If there are no more cheeruptions,
we can cheertinue.
Thank you.
Grandpa stuck a finger in my ass!
Cum face!
She'll cheer do.
Great.
Goddamn it, let's go now!
Thirty-two draw!
Goddamn it!
Let's show some goddamn hustle!
Look alive out there!
This isn't a goddamn tryout!
- Goddamn it!
- Blue 21! Hut!
What the hell?
Nobody's covering that hole!
Goddamn it!
Let's do it again!
Marty! Marty! Marty!
All right, Marty.
- Get your ass in there.
- You sure?
  Just go, goddamn it.
Wyler, we got this wrapped up.
All you gotta do is run out the clock.
For God's sakes,
don't try anything fancy!
Goddamn it.
Listen, boys.
We got time for one more play.
- I say we get the ball to Marty.
- Damn.
No, I'm just happy
being on the field.
Coach reckons we should take a knee.
We're up 42- 0.
I don't care what coach reckons.
You can't go through life
being scared.
If you do, you'll always wonder,
"What if?"
But if you go out there
and you give it your all...
...that's heroic.
Guys, I appreciate this, but--
That's the spirit! Ready?
What are you doing?
Get out of here.
Not here. Down there.
Over here?
What are you doing?
Over here!
Here?
We love you, Marty!
Set, hut!
No. No.
No, don't throw it to me.
No!
- Nice hands, Marty!
- I did it.
- I'm a hero!
- Walk it off!
All right, goddamn it!
Hit the showers, goddamn it!
Bunch of candy-asses.
Lousy practice!
We'll get our asses kicked Friday!
What about fourth-string?
I didn't get to practice.
After all the shenanigans
you pulled last season...
...thank God you're still
in goddamn uniform, goddamn it!
If my parents hear I got detention,
no dessert for a week.
We've disgraced ourselves
and our families.
I sense the morale's a little low.
I say we make a pact...
...right here, right now.
Before the end of the year,
we all get laid!
We always make that pact.
We've been waiting for this
since puberty.
- Two weeks ago!
- I just got first hair on ball.
I don't think you understand.
We'll become the masters of our
sexual destiny.
No longer will our penises remain
flaccid and unused.
No longer steal Grandfather's porn.
No longer will we use blindfolds
when we jerk each other off.
All right, that's it.
What in God's name is going on?
- What was that ruckus?
- I no hear ruckus.
- I heard a ruckus.
- Can you describe this ruckus, sir?
You better watch your tongue,
young man!
We were just sitting here.
You just bought yourself
another detention.
- That's not fair.
- Cry me a river, dickface.
- You bought another one.
- Eat my shorts.
What was that?
Eat my shorts!
- Don't mess with a bull.
- I'm shaking.
- You got another.
- Good!
- You through?
- Not even close, bud.
- Want another one?
- Yes.
- You got it!
- Good.
- Another one. Had enough?
- No.
- Another one.
- So?
- I can keep going.
- Go!
- Eenie, meenie, minie--
- Moe.
- Your mom's a--
- Ho.
- He's a famous clown.
- Bobo.
Mitch, cut it out.
- Another one.
- But I was--
That's another one!
- One more for Ox or for Mitch?
- Another.
- I confused.
- Shut up, Wang Chung.
I got you for the rest of your lives.
You're mine.
Next time, I'm cracking skulls.
How many times have I said
I'm not going to Princeton?
I'm not pressuring you.
Just give it four years.
If you don't like it,
you can work at my firm.
I don't want your life!
That's okay, son.
I heard about what happened with Priscilla.
The good news is...
...I've got the perfect rebound girl.
Really?
Beverly! Could you come in here?
That's Mom!
What do you say, kiddo?
I'm gonna leave you two alone.
Make me proud, son.
So, you in love?
- Yeah, I think I am.
- Well, who is this guy?
His name is Blane. He's a senior.
He's so beautiful.
Janey? Sweetheart?
Hi, Daddy.
Is something wrong?
You were quiet at dinner.
You were passed out on the table.
Listen, honey...
...I may not always be coherent or conscious...
...but I know when my girl's got something on her mind.
Well, there is this popular boy, Jake.
Oh, sweetie.
Jake knocked you up, didn't he?
No, he asked me out.
Do you like him?
Are you attracted to him?
I mean, would you give him head?
He is kind of cute, but...
...he's always been a total jerk.
It's weird that he's talking to me now.
Especially after you've packed on a couple of pounds.
What do you think I should do?
Look, sweetie.
I never want you to do anything that compromises who you are...
...because you're very,
very special to me.
If Jake is only asking you out
to get into your pants...
...well, then I'd say...
...go out with him.
You could certainly use
the popularity points.
And if Jake likes you...
...then maybe those kids'll quit
throwing bags of shit on the porch.
I feel better.
Thanks for the advice, Daddy.
That's what I'm here for,
pumpkin-tits.
- I need to ask you a favor.
- It's about time.
No, not that.
You're the cruelest girl
in high school.
You're the only one who can help
trick Janey into liking me.
That girl with the glasses
and the ponytail?
Don't forget the
paint-covered overalls.
Well...
...it's going to be difficult.
But I think I can help you.
Sit.
For a price.
And this time,
I don't want your car.
I want you.
Catherine, that's disgusting.
You're my sister.
Only by blood.
- What is wrong with this family?
- Hey, do you want my help or not?
There are three things
you need to do...
...to have Janey
eating out of your hand.
First, you earn her trust.
Come on, leave him alone!
Hey! Come on, guys, back off.
That's enough, okay?
You little shit.
Don't you guys mess with him again.
Once you've got her trust, it's time to make her feel special.
Pick a song with her name in it.
That always works.
She's got a gun!
Janey's got a gun!
Take it easy, miss.
Wait.
Get back here!
Hold her down.
Give me your hand!
Just give us the gun, Janey.
After you've made her feel special...
...it's time to put the icing on the cake.
I'm really glad you showed up, Janey.
The only reason I came here was to tell you to leave me alone.
You know, I was just making a snack.
You want one?
No. Listen, Jake--
I'll be right back.
Hungry?
I don't like sundaes.
It's not a sundae, it's a banana split.
I don't like those, either.
Goodbye, Jake.
I left some money on the kitchen counter.
Emergency numbers are by the phone.
And remember, son:
No parties.
I know, Dad.
Keg coming through.
Hey.
What's up, man?
We're trusting you, Preston.
Where do you want the speakers?
In the dining room.
You guys should hit the road.
I'm taking your Ferrari
to buy hookers.
We'll call you later to check in.
I'll be so high,
I won't know where the phone is.
That's my boy.
Jake, what are you doing here?
I'm taking you to Preston's big party.
I can't.
I'm not dressed to go to a party.
I'm a complete mess.
I'd say you're one big fucking
train wreck.
Do I know you?
That's it. I've got it.
What?
It might seem crazy,
but you'll have to trust me.
That's it.
I did it. I'm a miracle-worker.
Gentlemen...
...may I present to you
the new and improved...
...Janey Briggs.
Congratulations. You just got
your first slow-motion entrance.
I'm okay!
Janey?
Come on out of there, honey.
Quit farting around.
- Got your mom's car keys?
  - Check.
- Sleeping bags.
  - Check.
- Condoms.
  - Check.
Three pubescent libidos to take us
on a series of wild adventures.
Check! Road trip!
We here.
Gentlemen, tonight we go to our
first high-school party.
This is the place to buzz the Brillo.
How you plan on buzzing Brillo?
With this letter.
Amanda Becker will know the truth:
I've loved her since I first saw her.
Welcome to the party.
If you're going to have sex,
do it in my parents' bedroom.
- Does she go to our school?
- It's not even the same person.
Janey-stainey-stained-pants-overalls?
How did you talk me into this?
Priscilla's freaking out
now that Janey's lost her ponytail.
I'm going to go
fuck a complete stranger.
Hey, I'm a complete stranger.
Relax, all right?
It's going to be okay.
Nice turtleneck.
What's your name?
I'm Sandy Sue.
Limp-dick fag fucker!
Who told you that?
Alison?
Alison was bitter when we broke up.
- Completely fake.
- Yeah, that's not her real hair color.
- She's wearing the same outfit as me.
- It looks much better on you.
Where is she?
I thought she'd be here by now.
What's going on?
We can't talk
until she starts moving again.
She took forever this time.
What are you doing here?
What do you mean?
I'm supposed to be the only black guy
at this party.
- Damn. Shit.
- Yeah, I know.
It's whack.
My bad, man.
- Take this.
- Thanks.
- Do your thing.
- Peace out, brother.
- Honest mistake.
Hi, my name is Catherine.
Yeah, I know.
We just had sex five minutes ago.
Not scoring any cock, either?
Cock? I've never even been kissed.
What up, my yellow brothers?
Chinks in the house!
Reggie Ray, have you
seen Janey anywhere?
It's a good night for smoking.
Ain't that right, Sausage?
Okay, now close your eyes
and wet your lips.
- Are you for real?
- Do you want to learn or not?
  I guess.
- See? That wasn't so scary.
- It was nothing.
Okay.
Let's try again.
Only this time, I'm gonna
stick my tongue in your mouth.
And when I do that, I want you
to massage my tongue with yours.
- And that's what first base is.
- Okay.
Eyes closed.
That was cool.
Now...
...have you ever eaten pussy before?
You call this a party?!
I'm a golden goddess!
- Show us how drunk you are!
- Go for it!
You're a unique rebel, Janey!
Janey, are you all right?
- I told you not to let me drink.
- I gave you a nonalcoholic beer.
What the hell are you doing here?
I was invited.
Look, you may have lost those glasses and that ponytail thing...
...but you're still a loser.
Look at that. Oh, my God. That's going to stain.
You're not going to cry now, are you?
Look, you can't just start a slow clap at any old time.
- You gotta wait for the right moment.
- When is it the right moment?
You'll know.
Nobody's allowed down here.
Janey, I just thought--
How did you get in here?
I deadbolted the door.
There's a hole in the side of your house.
Who's that?
- It's my mother.
- You have her eyes.
She died when I was 6.
I'm sorry.
I remember it like it was yesterday.
Christmas, 1989. Dad had been fired from the zipper factory.
Mom was pulling in tricks to make ends meet.
Daniel Day-Lewis won an Oscar for My Left Foot.
And all I wanted was a little Betsy Wetsy doll.
I remember those. Push her belly, she'd piss all over herself.
She said she was going out to get my dad a bottle of gin...
...but I knew she was going to get me that present.
It was raining really hard that night...
...and the roads were slippery.
Oh, God, Janey.
A car accident.
No. Cancer.
I had to take on
all of her responsibilities:
Cooking and cleaning and
breast-feeding Mitch.
It's in the past.
Think about your future.
Look how talented you are.
I have this dream of just
hopping on a plane and going to Paris.
There's an art school
but I can't afford it.
Unless I raise $26,000
before the admissions cutoff.
My parents give a scholarship to girls
who can't get into art school.
Really? That's amazing.
This year we gave it to Lupe,
the Mexican finger painter.
I think you'd really like her work.
Sometimes I wish my life
was a fairy tale...
...and some guy would come
and take me away.
- My eyes were shut.
- And we couldn't even--
- I'm going to go.
- Okay.
Congratulations to the men
and women nominated for prom queen.
Think you'll be prom queen?
Well, think again, Janey.
You put the "ass" in "embarrassment."
The "boo" in "taboo."
And the "suck" in "liposuction."
Is that the best you can do?
No.
You also put the "brat"
in "bratwurst."
And the "eew" in "jujitsu."
And the "ism" in "This is all
just a defense mechanism."
So I told her, "Take the old lady and
send your mama back."
So, you asked your four-eyed
circus freak to the prom yet?
We resent that!
Why don't you just drop it, Austin?
Jake made a few paint stains
in his pants thinking about Janey.
It's just a bet. Okay, man?
You always had a thing
for ugly girls...
...Mr. I-Have-
a- Thing-For-Ugly-Girls.
You mean Janey?
She looks as good
as a dumpster full of gristles.
Bling-bling.
Janey Briggs...
...is hot.
- Hey, Janey.
- Hey, Jake.
I've been doing a lot of thinking...
...and there's something
I want to ask you.
I don't want to make
a big deal of it...
...so I'm just gonna lay it out there,
okay?
Here it is.
See, I don't like making big speeches.
I'm a straight shooter.
I call them like I see them.
What you see is what you get.
Ain't nobody gonna break my stride.
Ain't nobody gonna slow me down.
Jake, are you trying
to ask me to the...?
Yeah.
I'd love to go with you.
Great. Great.
I'll see you in English.
It's time to play some football!
The John Hughes Wasps take on
the North Compton Wildcats.
Goddamn!
That's the fastest half
of football ever.
We saw you at our practice.
I know you stole our routine.
I don't know what you mean.
We do our own cheers. Right, girls?
That's right.
Well then, you better bring it.
Oh, it's already been broughten.
Nice comeback, Priscilla! Yeah!
We are the North Compton Wildcats
We're black, we know it
We shake ourbooty and show it
We ain't white
We ain't white
We definitely ain't white
Break it down, nigga
Damn, those bitches represent!
- Reggie Ray.
- I smell a bet.
You all right?
Coach says it's okay
to bleed from the ears.
I got to go back out on the field.
All right. Be careful.
You only have three--
Two concussions left. Reggie Ray.
And we're back.
Let's go, Wasps!
Blue 33! Set!
That's defense right there.
Say "good day" to Reggie Ray.
Sit down. He got the wind
knocked out of him.
Come on, Reggie Ray, get up!
You still have another concussion!
Come on, dog!
It doesn't look good, coach.
- Can he play?
- He's in a coma.
Answer my question! Can he play?
He can't breathe.
Get him to a hospital.
Listen right now!
I don't care what you have to do!
He stays in the game, goddamn it!
Holy shit, this motherfucker's heavy.
Blue 15!
Set! Hut!

Goddamn it, Reggie Ray!
Aw, shit.

Wham, bam! What the fuck just happened?
Okay, Wyler, I've got no choice.
You're the only quarterback I've got.
- I say give the ball to Marty.
- I'm just happy being on the field.
- You'll always wonder, "What if?"
- I'm a hero!

Goddamn it! Get in the game!
You're our only chance!
- You're a pussy, Wyler!
- Do it for Marty's torso!
You got butterflies, huh?

Who are you?
I'm the wise janitor.
I impart knowledge and help overcome fears.
I also replace the urinal cakes.
I'm here to help you get your throw back.
- How did you-- ?
- I've been watching.

During practice, in the hallways, in the lockers, taking a shower...
...whipping boys with a wet towel.
- Can tell you kind of like that.
- Hey! Let's get back to the throw.

What happened to Marty wasn't your fault.
Really?
Okay, it was.
But you got to get over it.
It could've happened to anybody.
Anybody that disobeyed the coach and the team...
...and threw to a 90-pound kid who shouldn't have been on the field.

Stop! How is any of this supposed to be helping me?
Right. Forget what I said.
You got to go out there, believe in the ball and throw yourself. You can do it. I'm going out there. Only 25 seconds remaining, and the season... ...rests in the hands of fourth-string quarterback Jake Wyler.

Translation:
Give me a W!
Give me a Y!
Give me a--
Lick my pussy ass cock shit!
Lick my pussy ass cock shit!
Blue 83!
I reckon I'm feeling better.
Set! Hut!
Shit.
That has to be the worst pass I've ever seen, ever.
What the hell was that?
- You did great out there.
- I blew the game, Janey.
I let everyone down.
It's just a football game, Jake.
Besides...
...you didn't let me down.
Really?
Jake, you've taught me to be myself.
You never saw me as the girl in glasses.
Don't forget the paint-covered overalls.
Right, you never noticed those either.
You taught me a lot about myself too.
Oh, Jake. Nothing could ever come between us now.
Jake Wyler.
Congratulations.
You blew my perfect season.
- SeorYou-Blew-My-Perfect-Season.
- What do you want, Austin?
A life.
And payback.
- Come on, don't do this.
- No, I'll hang around.
Maybe tell Janey a little
S- E-C-R-A-T-P...
What's going on?
This isn't funny!
No.
I don't believe it.
I said I'd turn you into prom queen
when I thought you were ugly...
...the girl with no friends who was
dirt poor and smelled a little funky.
Look, I made a mistake.
If I could go back, I never would've
made that stupid bet.
What bet?
I never said anything about a bet.

All I said was:
"I'm pretending to whisper...
...so Jake thinks I'm telling you a
secret, and will confess...
...revealing a secret and confirming
everything I whispered in your ear."
I wish I didn't make that bet
That's not the guy I want to be
If I could just turn back the clock
Then Janey would still be with me
Tell me, Mom, what should I do?
I love this boy
But he has been untrue
I'll do my best to make things right
I wish we could resolve this fight
It could happen
It could happen
At the prom tonight
I'm getting pussy no matter what
Even if it with dirty slut
True love is what I want the most
I just jerked off in your French toast
So what if we have the same mother
Tonight I'm going to fuck my brother
In a few hours
I'll be queen of the prom
I've been an alcoholic
Since my first tourin Nam
I asked Janey to the prom
And she doesn't know why
I'm only in the song because
I'm a black guy
I have no money
I have to make my own dress
Look at me, my breasts are perky, yes
I'm gonna win her back
No matter what it takes
Here I go, I'm gonna forget about Jake
Prom tonight
Prom tonight
Prom tonight
It's gonna happen, gonna happen
At the prom
Tonight
When I was a freshman,
I threw 176 touchdown passes.
My sophomore year, I ran 14 in
on my own with a sprained ankle...
...a broken phalange, a ruptured
duodenum and a subdermal hematoma.
I bet she great bonk.
Excuse me, Bruce? No.
You don't bonk Amanda Becker.
You make sweet, sweet love to her.
Amanda Becker's like a flower.
You smell her.
You touch her gently.
You admire the beauty.
You watch it blossom.
And you thank God he created
something so perfect.
Go to her.
Be strong, Mitch!
What do you expect from me?
- Do you think I'll have sex with you?
- No! You don't understand.
Because I am not a cheap slut.
I don't screw every pathetic guy
that gives me a letter.
I give them handjobs.
- Want to dance?
- Only if we're horizontal.
I totally heard that.
We're dancing.
It's funny.
You'd never suspect everyone here is a professional dancer.
Oh, God. No.
I want to do it here on the dance floor.
Don't you forget our deal.
She wins, you're mine.
And now the moment every popular guy who's made a bet...
...to turn a rebellious girl into prom queen has been waiting for:
The announcement of the prom king and queen.
This year's prom king is...
Marty!
...Jake Wyler!
Way to go, Jake!
This year's prom queen is...
You got it, Priscilla!
I don't believe it. It's a tie.
A tie?
- Holy shit!
- Oh, my God.
Your new prom queens are...
- ...Kara and Sara Fratelli.
- Fuck.
- Oh, my God!
- They deserve it.
Congratulations!
There we go! Your king and queen.
I say we make like a tree and branch...
...out of here.
All right, Kara and Sara.
Now, it is traditional for the king and queen...
- ...to share a ceremonial dance.
- Come here.
You smell good.
Do you know where Austin went?
I know he rented a room at
the Sunrise Motel. Room number six.
Past the ice dispenser. Hit the
Pepsi machine, you went too far.
Oh, and the door will not be locked.
That's all I know.
Thanks, Malik.
You're intelligent and insightful.
You don't get the respect you deserve.
You really mean that, Jake?
That's great! I've always wanted
to discuss--
I actually got to go. Sorry.
Motherfucker.
Hold it right there, mister.
I am not going to let you hurt Janey
again, okay? Besides, I love her.
Well, so do I.
But I'm the best friend, and I've
been in front of her the whole time...
...and she just doesn't realize
it yet, but she will.
I'm the cool guy who's learned
the error of his ways.
She'll forgive my mistakes
and realize I love her.
Damn it. That's true.
Why's this door locked?
It's a fire hazard!
Get out of the road!
Hey, watch it, man!
She's not attracted to you!
She doesn't love you!
You'll never be more than a friend!
Two dollars!
Ice dispenser.
Six.
Yeah! I'll make you forget all
about losing prom queen.
Tell me who your daddy is!
Tell me who your papa is!
Get off her, man!
Priscilla.

Don't move.

- What's going on?
- Something beautiful.
- Where's Janey?
- Miss Run-Home-To-My-Daddy...
  ...ran home to her daddy.
- That's for taking Janey to the prom.
- You put the--
- That's for hurting her at the party!
- This is really turning me on.
That's for being really weird.
Thank you.
I don't know what that was for.
I never thought I'd hear myself
say this...
...but for once, I wish I could meet
a nice, sensitive guy...
...who wanted more than just sex.
That is very admirable.
I wish a guy would
take me out for dinner.
I feel the same way.
And for once...
...I wish a guy would take a dump
on my chest.
That is appalling.
That really upsets me.
I can't believe nobody's ever taken
a dump on your chest.
Will you be that guy?
It would be an honor and a privilege.
Hello?
Is anybody home?
Get down! Enemy fire!
Mr. Briggs?
Excuse me, sir.
Do you know where Janey is?
She went out there. On her own.
There's Charlie everywhere.
Right. Do you know where she went?
Couldn't take it. Went to the airport.
Something about Paris.
Her tour was over.
Paris. Thank you, sir.
I need ammo! I can't hold them off much longer!
Off the road, you glasses and ponytail freak!
Two dollars!
- Two dollars!
- Two dollars!
Next stop, airport.
The red zone is for the loading and unloading of passengers.
No parking.
Attention, please.
All red Porsche 944s parked in the white zone will be towed immediately.
Paris Air, flight 805 to art school in Paris...
...from gate 122, is now boarding.
Excuse me, everyone!
There's a girl boarding a plane right now to Paris, that I love.
If I don't get there in time and tell her how I feel...
...I may never see her again.
Go get her, son.
Good luck, young man.
- Go get her!
- Go for it.
Oh, hell, just go.
Freeze, bitch!
You're bleeding on my suitcase.
Excuse me!
Excuse me, everyone!
There's a girl about to board a plane to Paris right now that I love--
We already heard that one. Asshole.
This is the final call for Paris Air flight 805 to art school...
...departing from gate 122.
Hey, shithead, that's mine.
Give it back!
Just believe in the ball, Jake.
And throw yourself.
Nice shot, Jake.
Thank God I got to you in time.
I'm not going to let you go to Paris.
- This is the final call...
- Why not?
...for flight 805 to art school.
If you're finding words to stop a girl from leaving, now would be the time.
I made that bet before I knew you.
Before I really knew me.
Oh, Jake.
Okay, hold it right there.
Tell me you didn't quote
Freddie Prinze Jr.
I knew it. That was a line from She's All That.
I masturbate to that movie.
Do you mind?
No, not at all.
Masturbation's very healthy.
Janey, you said you couldn't believe in someone that didn't believe in you.
Well, I believed in you.
I always believed in you.
Oh, Jake.
Oh, God. I can't believe you fell for that crap.
- That's Pretty in Pink.
- Are you sure?
Trust me.
- Excuse me. What are you doing?
- Let me give you some advice, Jake.
Lose the I'm-The-Cute-And-Sensitive Popular-Boy routine.
It's pathetic.
And tell Janey what's true in your heart.
Stop being such a little bitch.
And you. Miss Other-Side-Of-The-Tracks Awkward-Rebel-With-Glasses.
Wise up to Jake's bullshit.
Stop being such a dumb-ass.
She's right.
- Janey...
- Yes, Jake?
Maybe you should get on that plane and go to Paris.
Well, if you stay, we really only have the summer.
Then I go to college. We'll spend the occasional weekend together.
Which is nice.
But chances are, one night I'll get wrecked and have sex with some girl.
You'll call me a slut.
I'll call you a cocktease and we'll break up.
So when you really think about it, what's the point?
Well, that wasn't exactly the kind of truth I was expecting.
But I'm not gonna fall for it. How big a dumb-ass do you think I am?
You obviously stole that from Karate Kid.
No, actually, l--
Jake, it's okay.
I love you too.
We all know where this is going.
Fucking teenagers.
This is it.
The right moment.
Son of a bitch!
Betty...
...meet Apollonia.
We're going to have a three-way.