Risky Business

By Paul Brickman
The dream is always the same.

**JOEL:**
I go to the neighbors'.
I ring, but nobody answers.
The door is open, so I go inside.
I'm looking around for the people,
but nobody seems to be there.
And then
I hear the shower running...
...so I go upstairs
to see what's what.

[WATER RUNNING]

**JOEL:**
Then I see her.
This... girl.
This incredible girl.
I mean, what she's doing there
I don't know...
...because she doesn't live there...
...but it's a dream, so I go with it.
''Who's there?'' she says.
''Joel,''' I say.
''What are you doing here?''
''I don't know what I'm doing here.
What are you doing here?''
''I'm taking a shower,'' she says.

Then I give her:
''You want me to go?''
''No,'' she says.
''I want you to wash my back.''
So now I'm getting enthusiastic
about this dream.
So I go to her, but she's hard to find
through all the steam and stuff.
I keep losing her.
Finally, I get to the door...
...and I find myself in a room
full of kids taking their College Boards.
I'm over three hours late.
I've got two minutes
to take the whole test.
I've just made a terrible mistake.
I'll never get to college.
My life is ruined.

**BARRY:**
All right, here's the game:
Five-card draw with a spit.
Anaconda, high-low.
Pass two to the right,
one to the left...
Deuces, aces, one-eyed faces wild.
Guts to open.
So, what happened?
Last night?
That's right, with Kessler.
She was babysitting down the street.
We know that.

**JOEL:**
So I went over there.
Turns out that, uh,
she was giving the kid a bath...
...and accidentally hit
the shower thing.
Her clothes were drying upstairs.
That could happen.
That's possible.

**BARRY:**
So she plops down
right on the kitchen floor...
...under Mr. Coffee...
...she looks up at me and she says:
"I think I'm in the mood."
She said that?
Ha, ha.
I'm telling you.
What did you say?
I didn't have to say anything.
What did you do?
What do you think I did?
I think you got the hell out of there,
rán home and whacked off.
[ALL LAUGHING]
-Right.
-I disagree.
Did you have your bike there?
Yeah.
I think you jumped on your bike, pedaled home and whacked off.
[ALL LAUGHING]
-That's what you guys think, right?

GLENN:
Ride home? With Kessler sitting there on the floor like that, just wanting me?
Yup. Flog the bishop.
[OTHERS LAUGHING]

MILES:
No guts, Goodsen.
Yeah. Only when it came down to it, I just wasn't attracted to her.
That should never stop you.
She seemed too big.
It could've worked out.
I figured I'd have gotten into trouble.
God. Sometimes you gotta say, "What the fuck" Make your move.
That's easy for you to say.
I mean, you're all set.
You're probably going to Harvard.
Me, I don't want to make a mistake, jeopardize my future.
Joel, you wanna know something?
What?
Every now and then, say, "What the fuck."
[CAR ENGINE STARTS]
"What the fuck" gives you freedom.
Freedom brings opportunity.
Opportunity makes your future.
[CAR HORN HONKS]

GLENN:
-Be right there.
So your folks are going out of town.
Tomorrow.
You've got the place all to yourself?
Yeah.
What the fuck.
If you can't say it...
...you can't do it.
Joel, did you get your SAT scores yesterday?

JOEL:
Yes.
Well, how did you do?

JOEL:
Five sixty, Verbal.
If you wanted to,
could you take them over again?

JOEL:
-Great.
Joel, I want to show you something.

MOTHER:
Honey, did you pack my Mace?
It's in your cosmetic case.
[EASY-LISTENING MUSIC
PLAYING ON STEREO]
Joel, do you hear something odd?
Something unpleasant?

JOEL:
No.
A preponderance of bass, perhaps?

JOEL:
Uh, no.
Is this the way I left the equalizer?

JOEL:
-No.
This is not some toy
for you and your friends.
If you can't use it properly,
you're not to use it at all.
My house, my rules.
FATHER:
Joel, I spoke to Bill Rutherford.
Turns out he interviews for Princeton.

JOEL:
I'll never get into Princeton.

FATHER:
I already arranged an interview.
Friday night, the 4th, at the house.

JOEL:
Oh, Jesus, Dad.
Honey, tell him about your involvement
with Future Enterprisers.
They look for that sort of thing.
Right?
There's 50 for food,
which should be more than enough...
...another 50 for emergencies,
and an extra 25 just in case.
Don't forget to water the plants
around the patio and in the dining room.
I wrote that down,
it's on the fridge door.

JOEL:
-The car will be fine.

JOEL:
For the battery, I mean.
Please, you're not to use my car.
You're not insured.
-Use the station wagon.
-Use my car, honey.

JOEL:
-Joel?
Do we understand each other?

JOEL:
Okay!
Oh, uh...
...darling, as far as the house is concerned, just use your best judgment. You know we trust you.

JOEL:
Have a great time.
Be good.
We will, honey. You too. Mwah.
Bye.
[SIGHS]
[JOEL HUMMING]
[BOB SEGER'S "OLD TIME ROCK AND ROLL" PLAYING ON STEREO]
[MOUTHING WORDS]
-Hey.
-Hey.
Guess what?
Dalby got into Harvard.

BARRY:
Shit.

GIRL:
He must have aced his Boards.
Seven eighty, Verbal.
Seven sixty-five, Math.
Shit.

GLENN:
a Harvard M.B.A. makes, first year?
Forty grand.
I've got a cousin who went into dermatology.
First year, over 60,000.
-Just for squeezing zits?
-Ha, ha!
Why don't you try it, Barry?
You got the experience.

GIRL:
-Ha, ha.
Thank you, you're very kind.

JOEL:
Hey, listen to you guys.
I mean, doesn't anyone
wanna accomplish anything?
Or do we just wanna make money?
Make money.

GIRL:
-Yeah.
Make a lot of money.
What about you, Joel?
Serve my fellow mankind.
-Oh, please.

JOEL:

GLENN:
Get out of here.
Profit motive.
[STUDENT COUGHS]
Competition.
Free enterprise.
Is there any company that doesn't have
a product in production?
JOEL [WHISPERING]: We're falling behind.
-You haven't been helping.
-You wanted to be the production exec.
-Bullshit.
Every sales manager I know
helps with production.
Yeah? Like who?
Just help me with the production.
Forget it. I'm busy enough
with marketing and sales.
How can you be busy with marketing
when I haven't given you the product?
Barry, just bring the goddamn thing
over tonight.

BARRY:
I thought it'd look good on my record.
[DOORBELL RINGS]

GLENN:
-Hi, Glenn. What's up?
Uh, I heard your parents were away.
Yeah.
I thought maybe
I could borrow a room?
Well, um, Barry is here
and we're working.
Ha. We won't bother you.
We don't have anywhere to go.
You know how it is.
Sure, go ahead. Take my room.
-Great.
-Thanks, Joel.
Ready?
The "Memo-Minder."
Okay, here's how it works.
Let's say a call comes in.
It's for your mom.
Fairly important. What do you do?
You write the message down here,
hit the switch...
...you've got the light. Okay?
Now, another call comes in, and this one
is for your dad and it's really important.
You're gonna get your ass kicked
if he misses it, so, what do you do?
[MOANING UPSTAIRS]
Write the message down there,
hit position two. Boop.
[MEMO-MINDER BEEPING]
One eighty-six in parts,
sell it for 9.95 and make a fortune.
[MOANING CONTINUES]
I can't concentrate with this.
This is really annoying.
[THUMPING UPSTAIRS]
It's ridiculous.
I'm getting out of here, Barry.
[JOEL SIGHS]
Lock the door when you leave,
okay, Glenn?
If you read me, grunt twice.
[GLENN AND GIRL GRUNT TWICE]
Thank you.
[ENGINE SPUTTERS, DIES]
I can't believe Glenn bringing Statwiler over like that.
-Why?
-Because he boffed Hendricks last week.
-He did?
-Yes.
And then, after the game Saturday, he fucked her.
-Barry?
-What?
Boffing and fucking are the same thing. They are?
Ha-ha-ha.
Yeah. What did you think it was?
-I thought it was something else.
-Ha-ha-ha!
You sure on this?
I'm positive.
[LAUGHING]
Shit.
[ENGINE REVS]

GIRL:
Hey.
-Sublime breasts.
-They're what kind of breasts?
-Sublime breasts.
-Sublime breasts.
[MEN SHOUTING INDISTINCTLY]

MAN 1:
A couple of boys in daddy's car.

MAN 2:
Do you want to race?
Come on, let's go for it, huh?

MAN 1:
Hey, come on, pussy.
Hit it.
[TIRES SCREECHING]
Okay. Good.
You've done the old-man's-car bit.
That's a good start.
Now, try this on for size.
"The Leather Castle.
Chicago's finest dominants
and submissives.
Fully-equipped dungeons.
Beginners welcome."
It sounds great, Miles.
Oh, oh! Here's one.
"My daddy used to spank
my bare bottom.
Now he's gone.
Will you take his place?
Call Misty."
Come on, Joel.
You gotta take advantage of this.
They come right to your house.
"Countess Angelique seeks
young submissive with large ankles!"
Joel, how can you miss?

MILES:
This is the one.
"For a good time in the privacy
of your own home, call Jackie:
Succinct, to the point,
down to business. What do you say?
Look...
...if you wanna call,
call for yourself, okay?
Ha, ha. A good time, Joel.
In the privacy of your own home.
What else can you ask for?
I'll make my own calls, thank you.
Then...
...call.
Forget it.
Forget it.
All right, all right.
I'm calling.
You're calling?
Someday, you'll thank me for this.
You'd better not mention me, Miles.
Hi, Jackie?
Oh, answering machine.
Hi, Jackie, this is Joel Goodsen, -Asshole. Hey.
-I'd like a good time tonight. Bye.
[LAUGHING]
-Really cute, Miles.
-Thank you.
-That was really cute.
-Ha-ha-ha.
Now give me the number so I can call her back.
What number?
There's no number.
Give me the number, damn it.
-I'm telling you...
-Miles.
--there's no number.
You're an asshole.
Gotta go. Check you later.
[MILES COUGHS]
Shithead.
Shithead!
[TV PLAYING FOOTBALL GAME INDISTINCTLY]
[VEHICLE APPROACHING OUTSIDE]
[CAR DOOR CLOSES]
[FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE]
[DOORBELL RINGS]
[KNOCKING ON DOOR]

JOEL:
Oh, God.
[KNOCKING ON DOOR]
Hello, Joel. I'm Jackie.
How are you this evening?
Nice to meet you, Jackie.
I'm not Joel.
Joel stepped out for a moment. Um...
I'll go call him. Joel.
Thank you.
Holy shit.
[DIALING PHONE]
Dalby, get your ass over here.
MILES:
I'm playing cards, Joel.
Just get over here!
Is she there?
Yes, she is here,
and she is waiting for you.
No, she's not waiting for me, Joel,
she's waiting for you.
Are you coming?
No. I'm playing cards.
You're not coming?
No.
Get over here, Dalby!
No.
[SIGHS]

JOEL:
Hi.
I'm... Look, I'm sorry about
the misunderstanding.
Joel, be a courageous person.
Open the door.
That way, you see, I can call a cab.
Uh, again, I'm really sorry.
As long as we come to an arrangement,
I'm in no mood for complaining.
I mean, when you put
your good money down...
...you gotta get what you went after
in the first place. Know what I'm saying?
When you buy a TV,
you don't buy Sony if you want RCA.
I mean, I know we could
get along real nice, but, hey...
...it's your hard-earned dollar,
am I right?
-Hey.
-This way...
...we make an arrangement,
everybody comes out right.
You had carfare.
A long ride, Joel.
I don't ever come out this far.
-And your time?
-My time, my effort...
...my infinite patience
and understanding.
-Thank you.
-Seven-fifty dollars.
Fair enough.
Joel, I'm going to give you a number.
You ask for Lana.
It's what you want.
Thank you.
It's what every white boy
off the lake wants.
[POLICE RADIO CHATTERING]
MAN [OVER MEGAPHONE]: All right,
Goodsen, we know you're in there.
What's that?
I think someone's out there.
[SIREN WAILING]
Joel, the house is surrounded.
Do exactly as we say,
and no one gets hurt.
Holy shit.
Get off the babysitter.
Put on your pants,
and come out with your hands up.
Please, Joel, do as they say.
Just get off the babysitter.
Don't throw your life away like this.
Listen, you goddamn punk...
...you'll never have a future.
Not if I can help it.
You got that? No future.

JOEL:
Who is that?

KESSLER:
My father.
[SIGHS]
[SIGHS]
Hello.
Lana?

LANA:
Yes?
-Hi.
-Hello.
Hello?
Uh...
I'm a nice guy,
and I'd like to meet you tonight.
Fine. Where are you?
Excuse me?
Where do you live?
Glencoe.
What's your name?
Ralph.
Ralph, can I have the address?
It would make things easier.
...Remson.
Ralph?
Yes?
See you tonight.
[RAZOR BUZZING]
[SHUTS OFF RAZOR]
[DOORBELL RINGS]
[DOORBELL RINGS]
[FOOTSTEPS OUTSIDE]
[DOOR OPENS]
[DOOR CLOSES]
[FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING]
Are you ready for me, Ralph?
[LAUGHS]
Beautiful place you got here, Ralph.
Is this all yours?

**JOEL:**
My folks', actually.
Do you know what it's worth?
A lot, probably.
Oh, yeah. Real estate?
It's fabulous.
Look, Lana,
my name really isn't Ralph.
Um, ahem.
It's Joel. Ha, ha.
I need $300, Joel.
You're kidding.
LANA:
No, I don't believe I am.

JOEL:
Uh, can I send it to you?
Can you send it to me, Joel?
Well, it's just because, you know, I don't have that much here in the house.
Well, how much do you have?
I have $50.
Fifty dollars?
What are we gonna do about this?
Well, I, uh...
-I have a bond at the bank I could cash...
-I'm not real good at waiting for people.
I'll be quick.
Give it a try.
[DOOR CLOSES]
I'm back.
Hello?
Hello.
Okay for you.
Damn it.
-How the hell...? It's so stupid.
-Tell your mother it broke!
I mean, it's not fair. That egg was worth one hell of a lot more than $300.
Well, what are you gonna do?
I'm gonna get it back,
is what I'm gonna do.
-Are you going to help?
-Sure. When?
Right now.
Well, I can't do it right now.
I've got a trig. midterm tomorrow.
Hey, Mr. What-The-Fuck, what about exploring the dark side and all that?
Or was that just bullshit?
That was just bullshit, Joel.
-I'm surprised you listened to me.
-Jerk.
[CHILDREN LAUGH]
Are you coming or what?
How can you even tell if she's gonna be here?
I don't know. Look, I called Jackie and she said try here. Okay?
This was a great idea, Joel. Where else can you get a hot chocolate for $4?
She's here.
Where?

**JOEL:**
The blue dress. Those legs. That's her.

**MILES:**
Jesus, she's fantastic.
Yeah.

**MAN:**
prepared me very well...

**MILES:**
God, she's looking right at us.

**MAN:**
We are nearing the information age...
...so demand for software is certainly...

**MILES:**
She knows we're here.
Uh-huh.
That's it?
That's it, Joel?
I can't believe we came all the way out here for that.
At least she knows we're on to her, Miles.
Oh, yeah, she must be terrified.

**LANA:**
Joel?
Joel.
Is this your car?
Maybe.
Could we talk a minute?
Okay.
Let's talk.
Okay. In the car, all right?
It's freezing.
[DOOR CLOSES]
Look, will you do me a favor?
You want me to do you a favor?
I just need a lift.

JOEL:
Look, I want my egg back.

GUIDO:
- Joel, better get moving.

GUIDO:
- I want my egg back.
- You got it, all right? Just start driving.

JOEL:
- Now. Let's go.
- Open the door. Lana.
- When do I get it back?

LANA:

GUIDO:
Are you gonna open the door?
Hey, buster!
Oh, fuck. Will you just...?
- Get off the car!

LANA:
Start driving, now.
- Why don't you start the car?

GUIDO:
Fuck! Get out of here!
- Start the goddamn car, Joel!

GUIDO:
[ENGINE STARTS]

GUIDO:
Hey, asshole, don't...
Where are you going? Lana!
Get out, or I'll kill you!
[TIRES SCREECH]
Who was that guy?
My manager.
He gets a little crazy sometimes.

**JOEL:**
This is my friend, Miles.
Do you like excitement, Miles?
Love it.
Okay, where do you want to go?
I don't know, Joel.
I haven't given it a lot of thought.

**JOEL:**
Well, tell me this:
Am I going in the right direction?
[CAR HORN HONKING]
Oh, shit. Here he comes.

**JOEL:**
Here who comes?
Who, that manager guy?
[HORN HONKING]
Hey, Guido!
Big man, huh, Guido?
Big man with a gun!
What are you gonna do, huh?
Shoot us all? Stupid!
Moron.
This guy, uh, Guido...
...he's a manager?

**LANA:**
Or a pimp?
Well, now, that's quick, Joel.
You always been this quick,
or is this something new?
I don't believe this.
I've got a trig. midterm tomorrow...
...and I'm being chased by Guido,
the Killer Pimp.
Miles.

**MILES:**
-I think I can take him.
What are you talking...?

[ENGINE REVVING]
[TIRES SCREECHING]
[LAUGHING]
I'm really not enjoying this.
Oh!
I think I'm gonna throw up.
I think I'm gonna throw up
on you, Joel.
Porsche...
...there is no substitute.
Fuck you.
[JOEL AND LANA LAUGHING]

**MOTHER:**
Joel?
Hi, dear. It's Mother. Yeah.
How are you?
Just, uh, checking in to say hello,
see how you're doing...
...and, uh, give you
our flight information.
Okay.
Wait a minute.
Uh, let me write this down.
Okay. Uh, Saturday, United,

**Flight 162, 3:**
Right. So how is everything else?
You got enough money?
Well...
...it never seems to go as far
as you think it will.
Yes, I know.
I'm learning, Mom. Okay, good.
And how is Aunt Tudi?
Okay. Uh...
All ri... Good, I will.
See... Okay. See you then.
Bye, Mom.
Your folks, huh?
Mm-hm.
So how are they?
Oh, they're just great.
Yeah? How about Aunt Tudi?
Hip is much better.
She sends her love also.
Oh, good.
So you were telling me about Guido.
Yeah, well, I quit Guido.
How come?
He thought he owned me.
Nobody owns me.
[SIGHS]
The problem is, I owe him
for some clothes and hospital bills...
...and stuff.
Oh, you were in a hospital?
Yeah, I, uh...
I had this, uh, pain in my chest.
I thought it was a heart condition.
[CAR HORN HONKING OUTSIDE]
Um... What was it?
The doctor said nerves.
Nice service.
-Reed & Barton.
-Um...
Thank you for breakfast.
It was really good.
I'm gonna go to school now.
So, uh...
...I'm gonna have to ask you to leave.
I'm sorry.
You won't let me stay?
No, I've, you know,
gotta go to school.
Look, I'm really sorry.
No, I'm sorry.
[CAR HORN HONKS]
I'll be right back.
You guys go ahead without me.

MILES:
She's still here?
She won't leave.
She won't leave.
Lana, look...
...I just want my egg back.
I want my house back.
I've got a lot of work to do.
Did you have a good time last night?
You mean, when we, you know, got back here?
I think you know what I mean.
[CHUCKLES]
Yeah.
I, uh... Heh.
I had a great time.
Don't tell me
I owe you another $300.
[SIGHS]
-Did I say you owe me anything?
-No.
No, you didn't.
I don't remember saying
you owe me anything.
What...? What about my mother's egg?
You're the one who's going to college,
you figure it out.
Okay.
How much time do you need?
I need long enough
to make a few phone calls, okay?
I gotta figure out
how to get my stuff back.
Guido's probably got me
locked out of the apartment by now.
All right.
But will you do me a favor?
Anything, cookie.
Don't steal anything.
You know, if I come back here
and I find anything missing...
...I'm going straight to the police.
I'm not joking.
Joel, go to school.
Go learn something.
May I see your pass, please?
TEACHER:
chapters six through eight by now...
...so here's a little pop quiz
to confirm it.
Wanna put your books
on the floor, please?
-You didn't tell anyone, did you?
-No. Glenn knows.
What about Barry?
-He knows too.

JOEL:
-Just don't tell anyone.

MILES:
I won't! I won't!
Lab reports should be on my desk
by tomorrow afternoon.
I won't accept any that aren't typed.

[TRAIN HORN HONKING]

TEACHER:
term papers are due on Friday.
They count for 50 percent
of this semester's grades...
-...so make sure they're in on time.
-Oh, damn it!

[SCHOOL BELL RINGING]

-Hello, Joel.
-Hello, Miles, what's going on?
I'm waiting for Glenn.
For Glenn? Where is he?
Inside.
In the house?
-He wanted to meet her.
-What is this?
-What are you doing?
-I was inside.
Yeah, I can see that.
So, uh...
...you're home now.
Yeah, I live here, remember?
-Yeah, take it easy, man.
Glenn.

[SIGHS]
Tell me you didn't
do anything with her.
Who, Lana?
Yeah, Lana.
No.
Nothing. I met her. She's nice.
You're sure you didn't
do anything with her?
Yeah, I swear.
You did it with her,
didn't you, Glenn?
I did not do it with her, Joel.
Okay.
[DOOR OPENS]
Ask me about Vicki. Ha-ha-ha!

JOEL:
Owe you one. Ha-ha-ha!
You Joel? Nice place you got here.
Where's Lana?
Den.

VICKI:
I like your friend.
Get out. I'm not kidding.
What's your problem?
Just leave. Please.
Look, we're not exactly
ripping you off or anything.
Look...
Here.
What is this for?
Fifty goes to the house.
You're the house.
I am not the house, okay?
Just leave. I mean it.
He's mad, Vicki.
Already? I just got here.
I think he wants us to go.
Do you want us to go?
[SIGHS]
Thank you.
[TIRES SCREECH OUTSIDE]
[PEOPLE CHATTERING OUTSIDE]

GUIDO:
I don't want no problems.
You know what
you did to me last night?
-You know how you humil...

LANA:
-Come on.

GUIDO:

LANA:
with you anymore.

GUIDO:
-No. No.
[WOMEN YELLING]
Lana! Get...
[DOOR CLOSES]
Excuse me.
What can I do for you?
Who are you?
Joel.
Are you the kid I chased last night?
Is there something
I can help you with?
You know,
you shouldn't drive like that.
People get hurt all the time.
It's stupid.
Are you a smart kid? Huh?
I mean, you look like a smart kid.
-I'm okay.

GUIDO:

JOEL:
ask you to leave.
Joel...
...the door is locked.
You're starting to give me
a stomachache.

**LANA:**
Good. I hope it hurts.
You gonna open the door or what?

**LANA:**
We don't need you anymore.

**GUIDO:**
-No.
Listen, maybe we don't
work for you anymore.

**GUIDO:**

**VICKI:**

**GUIDO:**
Then who you work for, huh?
-Who? If you don't work for me?
VICKI [AS GUIDO]: Who?
Maybe we work for Joel now.
Heh. She's only kidding.
I hope so. Heh.
Look, Joel,
you look like a smart kid...
...so I'm gonna tell you something
which I'm sure you'll understand.
Now, you're having fun now, right?
Right, Joel? The time of your life.
In a sluggish economy, never, ever
fuck with another man's livelihood.
Now, if you're smart,
like I hope you are...
...you're not gonna make me
come back here.
-[CAR DOOR OPENS]
Thank you, Joel.
Very decent of you.
Just as long
as we understand each other.
One night, all right?
And then you find another place to stay.
We get in touch with Tandy, we'll have a place.
-Did you try her again?

VICKI:

JOEL:
And my mother's egg?
If I can get my stuff back, I can get the egg.
-Then you'll leave?
-And then we'll leave.

VICKI:
He's got such nice friends.
Clean, polite, quick.
I think there's a real future here.
[BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN'S "HUNGRY HEART" PLAYING ON STEREO]
[KNOCKING ON DOOR]
-Hi.
-Hi.

What are you studying?
[JOEL CLEARS THROAT]
It's a workshop...
...on free enterprise.
See, we make a product and we, um, try to market it.
Do you make a lot of money?
No. Not really.
No?
No, but we, uh...
...get to compete with other student companies.
Actually, it's fucked. Ha.
I... I'm just kidding.
It's really, uh, quite competitive.
You ever get high, Joel?
Yeah. All the time.
Because, see, me and Vicki were thinking about getting high. Maybe going out and getting some ice cream or something like that? You wanna come?
I could go for some ice cream right now. Heh.

BARRY:
Are you stoned?
No. I do not believe so.
I think you're really wasted.
This is not wasted, Barry.
This is definitely not wasted.
[CHUCKLES]
Bar?

BARRY:
Yeah?
-I'm a little wasted.
-Yeah, I know.
-Don't let me do anything stupid.
-Don't worry.

BARRY:
Wanna take a walk?
How do you like living at home?
It's okay.
I'll be out next year.
I'll bet your folks are nice.
And they're gone till Sunday?
Yeah.
Because, you know, I was thinking...
I mean, after your friend came over,
I couldn't believe it.
A kid our age walks in with a hundred dollars?
Glenn. Ha.
Where did he get that kind of change?
I don't know.
He said he cashed a bond.
You people have a lot of bonds.
So I was thinking...
...if we ever got our friends together,
we'd make a fortune, you know that?
Yeah. You're right.
You wanna do that?
-What?
-Get our friends together...
...next couple of days.
No. I don't think so.
Make some money.
Be a Little Enterpriser.
Future Enterpriser.
Be whatever you wanna be.
What if I said I'd be your girlfriend
the next couple of days?
No charge?
Hey, I'm not pushing you on the idea
or anything.
It's just that my mind keeps working
all the time.
Nothing I can do about it.
It just keeps working and working.
Warm enough?
I'm okay.
How come you left home?
Why?
I was just wondering.
I left home because my stepfather
kept coming on to me.
What else do you wanna know?
You have any brothers and sisters?
I've got a brother.
What else?
Look, if you don't wanna talk...
-No. Ask me anything.
- I don't think you wanna talk. It's okay.
No, I wanna talk.
I really wanna talk to you.
What does he do?
He's in school.
Yeah?
How come you're not in school?
I'm not my brother.
Look, I'm really...
I'm really trying
to be friends with you...
...but I'd appreciate it if you'd stop
laying judgments on me...
...while you're leaning
on your daddy's $40,000 car.
I'll see you around.
Hello.
Was it something I said?
Uh...
Oh, God. You locked the door!
The keys are inside!
Please, stop, stop.
Stop.
[GRUNTING]
No. Please stop.
Please stop.
[DOCK CREAKS]
Thank you.
Oh, thank you.
Thank you.
Aah!

**BARRY:**
Joel!
Joel!
Joel!
–Joel!

**VICKI:**
All right, everybody, watch your feet.

**MAN:**
What the hell? Ha!
You okay?
You want an aspirin?
Your dad own a gun?
Who's the U-boat commander?

**JOEL:**
right to respond this way. I, uh...
I did not have
a doctor's appointment...
...but I'll tell you
exactly what happened.
"Unexcused." See, Nurse Bolik...
...If you write "unexcused,"
I fail two midterms.
It'll wreck
my whole grade point average.

Look, if you'd just stop and listen to me,
just for a minute...
...I'll explain everything.

Thank you.

You see, uh...
...the truth of the matter is,
my parents are away and I met this girl...
A call girl, actually.
--and she came to my house.

Look, you're writing again.
This is not "unexcused."

If you just let me explain,
if you just listen to me...
...then you'll understand, Nurse Bolik.
Why? Why won't you listen to me?
I had a doctor's appointment.

Excuse me.

It just wasn't the girl,
it was my father's car.

I put my father's car
into Lake Michigan...
...I had to get it fixed.

Look, just give me a break.
Let me put it this way:
I have spent the last four years
of my life...
...busting my butt in this shit hole.

I... I'm sorry.
I just don't think I can leave until I get
just a little compassion from you.

What did he get?
Suspension, five days.

Kicked him
out of Future Enterprisers too.

Shit. They trashed his whole record.

What's he gonna do about the car?

-You okay, Joel?
-Yeah.

I'm okay.

[SIGHS]
I need a bike.

He needs a bike.

-Glenn, can I borrow your bike?
-Jesus!
-Come on, Glenn.
-Sure. Here, use mine.

**LANA:**
Two hundred, 100?
Totals. Look it. You got... Hold on.

**JOEL:**
the way her mind worked:
-No guilt, no doubts, no fear.
-Pretty good, huh?
-None of my specialties.
-Gonna have to check that out.
Just this shameless pursuit
of immediate material gratification.
What a capitalist.
She told me I could make more money
in one night than I'd make all year.
Enough to pay for my father's car.
She told me she'd be my girlfriend.
She told me a lot of things.
I believed them all.
So she introduced me to her friends.
[LAUGHS]
-Boss.
-Um...
...would you just have a seat in the...?
Hey, Barry.

**JOEL:**
I introduced her to my friends.
We made Barry our treasurer.
Stacey?

**JOEL:**
Lana did production.
I concentrated on sales.

**JOEL:**
So you took her to dinner twice.
What did that cost you?
-About 30.
JOEL:
Okay, maybe 35.
Movies. Any movies?

STAN:
Three movies.
~Twenty dollars.

STAN:
~Parking?
~I park on the street.

JOEL:
Gas?
Maybe $6.
All right, Stan,
you're in for roughly 60-odd dollars.
And, uh...
...what happened?
She slept with Jacobsen.
[LAUGHS]
That's all I'm saying.
You know what he said afterwards?
No.
He said the lady had knowledge.
And he was glad
to get that knowledge.
You know why?
Why?
Because college girls
can smell ignorance...
...like dog shit.
I'll think about it.
~Where you going to school next year?
~Wisconsin.
Wisconsin.
Big school.
All I'm saying is...
...walk like a man.
[HORN HONKS]
[CAR HORN HONKS]

BO Y:
Hey. Whoo!
Hey, Chuck. What's going on?
Joel.
- Hey, how are you guys doing?
- Good.
Have a good time.
Glenn, all right.
- Joel. Hell of a party.
- Hey.
- You having a good time?
- Yeah.
Excellent idea, Joel. Really excellent.

**GIRL:**
Hi there.

**LANA:**
- Some of the girls are wearing...
- ...my mother's clothing.
- What's wrong?
I don't want to spend
the rest of my life in analysis.
- Could you just talk to them, okay?
- All right.

**WOMAN:**
[CAR HORNS HONKING]
[BOYS CHATTERING]
[BOYS HOOTING, CHATTERING]
[HORNS HONKING]
Hi.
Is Howie Rifkin here?
- Here.

**WOMAN:**
[**TALKING HEADS' "SWAMP"**
PLAYING ON STEREO]
Joel. Joel.
Somebody at the front door for you.
- All right, thank you. I'll be right there.
- Okay.
The thing is...
... I don't have to pay for it.
I get it anyway.
I'm gonna get going, you know,
or I'll miss the party.

[BOOTH LAUGH]
Miles, you know...

...whatever you wanna do, I mean...
- Good.
- Really.

[TALKING HEADS' "SWAMP"
PLAYING ON STEREO]
Excuse me. Uh, can I help you?

RUTHERFORD:
Are you Joel?
- Yes.
- Bill Rutherford, Princeton Admissions.
- I believe we had an interview scheduled.
- Yes, sir. Of course.
- If this is in any way inconvenient for...

JOEL:
Excuse me, excuse me.
Barry, excuse me.
Is it okay if I have the room?
Okay.

JOEL:
if anyone calls, please?
It's my understanding, Joel, 
that you would like to attend Princeton.
Um, yes, sir, very much so.
Well, fine.
Let's take a look at what we have,
shall we?
Oop. I'm sorry.

LANA:
Does this couch open?
Lana, I'm in a meeting.
We need the room.

JOEL:
Yeah, I need a few minutes, okay?
All right.
[DOOR CLOSSES]
Fine. Now, you've taken
your SATs already.

Math:
Correct me if my information is inaccurate.
Uh, well, yes, sir, but I was planning on taking those again.
Fine. Now, your grade point average is 3.14.

You class rank:
Which places you in the 84th percentile. Correct?

[KNOCKING ON WINDOW]
Joel. Joel, listen, this is my cousin, Ruben. He's from Skokie.
-Can you get him in tonight?
-Not now, okay?
-He's gotta be back by 1 2:00.
-All right, later, guys.

JIMMY:
All right.
[LAUGHS]
Excuse me.
And you wish to major in?
[BOYS SHOUTING NEARBY]
Business.
Business. Yes.
-Please.

LANA:
Fine, well, let's see what else there is.
"Junior Varsity Tennis Team. Recording Secretary, Spanish Club.
Varsity Track Team, one year. Honorable Mention:
Cook County Science Fair.
Future Enterprisers. Yearbook staff.

Student Council:
Well, Joel...
...your stats are very respectable.
You've done some solid work here...
...but it's not quite Ivy League, now, is it?

[SIGHS]
You know, Bill...
...there's one thing I've learned in all my years.
Sometimes you gotta say, "What the fuck."
Make your move.
I beg your pardon?
So how we doing?
Looks like University of Illinois.

[PRINCE'S "D.M.S.R."
PLAYING ON STEREO]
[TOY TRAIN WHISTLE TOOTING]
Some of your friends are looking for you.
What do you want me to tell them?

[SHUTS OFF TRAIN]
Has that guy from Princeton left yet?
No, he's still here.
He's talking to some of the girls.
Talking?
They're very good talkers.
You know, I don't think I'm going to say, "What the fuck" anymore.
I mean, this thing has gotten way out of control.
I'm gonna kill Miles.
Oh, come on, Joel.
Look, look at it this way: you're making some good money.
You're providing your friends with an invaluable service.
I mean, God knows, they needed the service.
And, right now, you're one hot-shit Future Enterpriser.
Don't worry so much.
I'll be upstairs.
And you got a girlfriend to boot.

JOEL:
Do I?
Phone call for Joel.

LANA:
Here, I'll get it.
Well, do I?
What do you think?
I don't know. You tell me.
Yes? No? Maybe?
Yes.
No.
Maybe.

FATHER [ON PHONE]:
Joel?
-Dad?
-Who answered the phone?
-Just a friend, Dad.
-Do I know her?
[WHISPERING] Have you ever made love on a real train?
I... I don't think so.
-He's got a girl there.
-So?
Let's go make love on a real train.

FATHER:
Joel, are you there?
Yeah, I'm still here, Dad. How is Mom?
Is everything going okay?
-Come on, let's go.
-Did I hear others there?
Uh, just a couple of friends, Dad.
I'll give the key to the girls to help.
Maybe they'll do you a favor.
Sounded like a party.
A party?
Come on, let's be alone together.
I don't remember giving permission for a party, Joel.
All right, come on.
Honey, can you hear me?
There's nothing wrong with having friends over.
Just use your best judgment.
We trust you.
Now, remember, we're coming in
on United, Flight 162 at 3:30.

JOEL:
''Trust.''
Seems to me if there were any logic
to our language...
-...''trust'' would be a four-letter word.

MOTHER:

JOEL:
We had good cash flow.
Rutherford made a couple
of new friends.
Good night, everybody.
He said he'd do his best for me.
Finally, it was time to close shop.
The girls were exhausted.
Lana was hungry.
She wanted to go out for a bite.
She wanted to make love
on a real train.
Who was I to say no?
I thought you said
nobody was gonna be here.
Be patient.
[INAUDIBLE DIALOGUE]
[TRUCK HORN HONKS]
[WHISTLING]
[DIALING PHONE]
[LINE RINGS]

LANA:
-They stole the goddamn house, Lana.
-They took...
-I'm not here right now.
[OVER MACHINE] Leave your name
and number, I'll get back to you.
[LANA SPEAKS ITALIAN,
MACHINE BEEPS]
They took everything.
This is unbelievable.
My parents will be back in two hours, and they took fucking everything.

JOEL [OVER MACHINE]:
I don't know if you know about this... ...but you gotta call me right away.
I'm at the house: KL5-2 1 2 1.
Look, you've really got to help me.
Time of your life, huh, kid?
Where's Lana?
Maybe she's on the choo-choo.
I hear she's got this thing about choo-choos.
Listen, I wanna know who took my stuff.
Oh, I took your stuff, Joel, are you kidding?
Well, then, you listen to me, buster.
You... You A-hole.
If I don't get this stuff back...
Oh, shit.
[LINE RINGING]
[PHONE RINGING]
"A-hole"?

JOEL:
I want my furniture back right now.
Now, you listen to me.
Oh, no, no, no.
You listen to me. You...
[LINE HANGS UP]
Shit!
[LINE RINGING]

GUIDO:
This is getting boring.
Can I have my furniture back, please?
Now, you listen to me, you little fuck.
You don't only take my two best girls, right?
You call me names. You insult me?
Well, I'm sorry.
If I had any self-respect...
...it wouldn't just be the furniture...
...it would be your legs, your arms,
your head!
Do we understand each other?
Yes, we do.
No. Do we understand each other?
Yes, we understand each other.
Well, you're lucky in one respect.
How is that?
I like you, Joel.
Don't you know that?
What time have you got?
Four-fifteen.
I'm gonna get a cab.
-Something must have happened.
-Excuse me.
Taxi!
- [MECHANICAL BUZZING] 
Joel, do you like music?
This is beautiful equipment.
What do you say, uh, 300 bucks...
...amps, speakers, the works?
It's a bargain, Joel.
You go downtown anywhere, it would cost you double that.

GUIDO:
All right. The kid likes music.
How about some, uh, women's outfits?
-You know, something for your mom?
-Should fit her okay.
Yes.

GUIDO:
-Yes, I'll buy it.
I didn't give you a price yet.
-Can we get through this, please?

GUIDO:
That's it, you got everything.

VICKI:
Oh, wait a minute.
What about this?

GUIDO:
What's that?
Some glass, artsy-fartsy thing.
-What do you got left, Joel?
-Forty dollars.
I don't know, man, I don't think
I can go 40 on the artsy-fartsy thing.
-What do you think, Vic?
-He's only got 40.
-I've only got $40.
-I know, I know. Uh...
I tell you what, we go 340?
I'll spot you the three.
You're good for it, right?
Certainly.

**VICKI:**
I think he is too.
-Here. Catch.

**JOEL:**
No!
[DISCORDANT NOTES PLAY]
[GRUNTS]
[TRUCK ENGINE STARTS]
To Joel.
Here's wishing you good luck
on your future as a businessman.
Because, God knows,
you're gonna need it. So long.
[CHIMES CLANG]
Don't, you're gonna break it.

**JOEL:**
Look, will you m...?

**BARRY:**
-Thank you, thank you, thank you.
I'd put all the Chinese things together,
and the Greek on a separate shelf.
I don't think you should mix centuries.
I would do this.
-Joel?
-Honey.
Mom, Dad.
You're home.

**FATHER:**
Where were you?
-Well, I was here.
-We called from the airport.
Oh, you're kidding. Gee,
I must have been out back watering.
I didn't think you were coming home
till tomorrow.
Sweetheart, I said the 5th.
No, uh, you said the 6th.
I wrote it down.
I'm sure I said the 5th.
Give me a hand with the luggage.

**JOEL:**
She said the 6th.

**MOTHER:**
-Yeah, Mom?
Can I talk to you for a minute?
What happened to my egg?
What do you mean?
There's a crack in it.
You're kidding.
No, Joel, I'm not kidding.
There is a crack in the egg.
A small crack, inside the egg.
-What's wrong?
-My egg is ruined.

**FATHER:**
What happened?
-I don't know.

**MOTHER:**
Mom, maybe it was there before.
I don't think so, Joel.
How could you let this happen?
I'm sorry.
This is so damned
irresponsible of you.
FATHER:
Joel will pay for it.
Sure, I'll pay for it.

MOTHER:
Sure.
Where will you get the money
to pay for something like that?
I'm sorry,
I am very disappointed in you.
She'll be all right.
Why don't you put in a little yard work?
[SIGHS]
Joel...
...do you have something to tell me?
No...
...I don't think so.
I just got off the telephone
with Bill Rutherford.
Apparently, uh,
you two had quite a meeting.
"Princeton can use a guy like Joel"?
What?
"Princeton can use a guy like Joel."
His exact words.
That's unbelievable.
You're as good as in.
I knew you could do it.
Haven't I been telling you,
one in a while, say, "What the heck"
...and take some chances?
You were so right.
You've made me very proud.

JOEL:
I was just thinking...
...where we might be
[LAUGHS]
You know what I think?
I think we're both gonna make it big.
I am very optimistic.
I mean it.
Can I ask you something?
Was our night together...
...just a setup...
...for Vicki and Guido?
No.
You don't believe me, do you?
RUSSELL [OVER SPEAKER]: My name is Russell Bitterman, from Wheaton High.
Our product is a paper-towel holder that sells for $8.95.
We made a profit of $850 last semester.
[CROWD APPLAUDING]
I just don't want you to get hurt.

EVONNE:
We sell decorative planters for $7.
We made a profit of $500 last semester.
[CROWD APPLAUDING]
Guess we won't see each other for a while.
I know.
So you going straight home now?
I don't know. Why?
I just thought it might be nice if, uh, we spent the evening together.
I'd really like that.
How much you got on you?
How much have I got on me?
I got $20.
Twenty dollars, Lana?
What are we gonna do about this?

LANA:
-Can you send it to me?

LANA:
Because I don't have that much here.
How about I write you a check?

JOEL:
I'd accept a check from you?
What am I, stupid?

LANA:
What if I had a bond in the bank?

JOEL:
My name is Joel Goodsen.
I deal in human fulfillment.
I grossed over $8,000 in one night.
The time of your life, huh, kid?
By program SubRip 1.50b4 by user dima360
On the 16-th of June in 2009