



Scripts.com

# Some Kind Of Wonderful

By John Hughes

Run, run, run. | He's gonna get you.

Good, he's dead.

It's semiconscious Keith. | Hi, ugly.

- Hi, honey. How was work? | - All right.

You still haven't told me | when you're gonna cut your hair.

I got it cut, Mom.

Mom, you're flapping your lips in vain. | Keith vacated.

Keith! | Keith, is that you?

- Yep. | - Hey, pal.

Been checking out some colleges.

Dad, you going to college?

That's great.

If I'd gone to college, I wouldn't be | selling tires six days a week.

That's what you're gonna be doing | if you don't get with the program.

Come here. Take a look at these. | Bunch of new ones came in the mail.

"Co-ed Phys Ed."

Can I do this later?

Jesus, Keith, l...

I'm not trying to | break your back here, pal.

I know.

I just want you to | think about your future.

You got a shot to be | the first guy in this family...

who didn't have to wash his hands | after a day's work.

"Co-ed Phys Ed."

Hey.

I'm looking for that song about the guy | that killed himself...

for the girl | that hated his guts.

Do you know what song | I'm talking about?

Do you understand the concept | of the word "privacy"?

Yes, I do, and that's why | I never let anyone in my room.

Get out of here | before I throw your ass out my window.

- God, are you in a nice mood today. | - I said, get out.

Is this a side effect | of being massively unliked or what?

I get a black-and-blue mark, | you're dead!

Mom!

Look at it. | You see what he did to me?

Get your head out of the light.

Sweetheart, I can't say that | I see anything. I'm sure it hurts.

Mom, then you need some glasses.

At this point, if I wanted to lie out | I could not wear a bathing suit.

You know, exposing your skin to sunlight | will make you old before your time...

and eventually you'll look | like an albino raisin.

- Thank you, Cindy. | - My pleasure.

- Stay out of his room.|- Yeah.

And you...

see me if you've got a problem with her|before you start roughing her up.

What right does she have|to break into my room?

And I did not rough her up.

I have practically no feeling left|in the upper part of my arm.

Drop it!

You know, that suggests|a circulatory problem.

I'd put more fiber into my diet|and spend less time on the phone.

- Shut up, please.|- It's my pleasure.

I wish just once you guys|could experience the humiliation...

of having the weirdest guy|in a huge school be a blood relative.

Your father said drop it.

This whole family revolves around Keith,|and I'm sick of it.

Laura, that is absolutely not true,|and you know it.

Excuse me.

Honey, you haven't|finished your dinner.

You know, I don't think|I've had a balanced meal here.

I think I'm missing one|of the important food groups.

Hey, Keith,|what about these colleges?

I expect an answer.

Did you get your eight|essential vitamins today?

Are you aware|of how close that was?

Come on, Mr. Sunshine.

Skill beyond skill.

Technique.

Imagine what I can do|when I get my driver's license back.

Don't you have any books?

No, not on me.|I forgot 'em.

You never study.

You must be getting heat|from the old man about college again.

That's all he thinks about.

Well, it's probably better to have an|old man nagging you about your future...

than no old man|not nagging you about nothing.

Things aren't too great|at home, huh?

Hey, it don't matter.|As long as you stand by me, I'm covered.

Where would I be without you?

Seeing as I drive you to school every|morning, you'd probably be at home...  
asleep in bed.

Do you mind?

Very much so.

I think it's hip you paint.|I think it's hip I drum.

Hip.

It's perfect that we're friends.

You know, I'm beginning to think...

Oh!

That's original. |How long you been pulling that one?

- Watts. | - No, wait.

How long have you been a lesbian?

Excuse me?

You have a little bit too much up front |to be a guy, so you must be a lesbian.

I beg your pardon.

You know, a little too much |breastage here...

Shut up!

You faggot. Come on!

That's enough. |Break it up.

That's enough.

- Animal! | - Clear out.

Wimp.

Oh, sweetheart...

See, wait a minute, okay?

They jumped me. Why don't you |nail them? I didn't do anything.

Those aren't mine.

Oh, man, that's just for show.

I don't...

It's like, those were a gift |from your wife.

You just got detention, mister.

For what? For what?

Come on. We'll talk about it |in detention hall.

What's this?

Isabella of Spain.

Women who rule.

Are we getting feisty?

What?

Yo, are you sitting down?

No, I'm walking down the hall. |Why?

- I've got some bad news for you. | - What?

It's unconfirmed, |but I got it from a reliable source.

- What? | - I think your father's in school.

Has Keith decided |on a school yet?

We're zeroing in on a few.

Well, he indicated to me that he was |interested in a couple of art schools.

I don't think that's gonna happen.

Comes out of an art school, |what's he qualified to do?

I'm looking for a good business program. |I think he has a good head for business.

Well, the indications I've gotten...  
are that he's more creatively inclined.  
Fine. But we're looking for a business school.  
He can be creative in his spare time.  
How's he doing otherwise?  
Fine.  
Grades holding up okay?  
Very well.  
Well...  
thanks for the help.  
Call me any time you have a question. Don't hesitate.  
I will. Thank you. I appreciate it.  
You're welcome.  
Keith Nelson.  
Could I ask you a question about number five on...  
page three?  
Hi, honey!  
Could I go to the nurse?  
Trust is the basis of any relationship.  
I trust you.  
Now, I want you to stay close, but not too close.  
You back off when I say. Okay?  
Do both your parents work?  
Yeah?  
Well, maybe I'll stop by one day after school this week.  
Amanda.  
Hi.  
Wanna go to your place?  
What's wrong?  
- Do you mind? - Yes. I wanna know what's wrong.  
She's a friend of my little sister.  
Her brother was in a car accident and she's a little upset.  
I know you're coming. Why would I be trying to make it with another girl?  
How can you be so beautiful and so insecure at the same time?  
Trust is the basis of any relationship.  
I trust you.  
I want to give you this.  
Now go get the car and I'll meet you out front.  
Hey, hey, whoa, don't.  
That belongs to the slumlord that owns this place.  
It's his pride and joy.  
Pretty sick.  
How does it feel to stand under a real Mercedes-Benz?  
About the same as standing under a Ford. Why? Do you get off on it?

Can I ask you a question?

You know a girl|named Amanda Jones?

In school?

- What about her?|- What do you think of her?

Rat bait. Why?

-Just curious.|- What about?

Her. Who she is.

Because she's beautiful, right?

Guys are so sickening.

Really, it must be a drag|to be a slave to the male sex drive.

I didn't say anything about sex.

Oh. Want to start|a book club with her?

I didn't say I wanted|to do anything with her.

I just think she's interesting.

Don't go mistaking paradise|for a pair of long legs.

What's that mean?

Don't go roaming where|you don't belong. It's just an opinion.

I express an interest in someone I don't|even know, and you're getting tense.

This is not tension. |This is reason.

The way this girl and her big money, |cruel heart society spit on everyone...

is not interesting, |it's pathetic.

She's not big money. |Do you know where she lives?

Yeah, in our sector.

But she runs with|the rich and the beautiful...

which is guilt by association.

This is getting stale.

You calling out for food?

No. You can call if you want.

Don't you ever eat at home?

I don't like to eat alone.

Amanda Jones?

Forget about it. |It's nothing.

It's not important.

You couldn't score her|in a million years.

"A," you're too shy and closed up|to even approach her...

and "B," she'd kill you.

Chicks like her|have one thing on their mind...

and you don't make enough of it|to matter to her.

You can't judge a book|by its cover.

Yeah, but you can tell|how much it's gonna cost.

That's deep.

You want shallow, |call Amanda Jones.

Speak of the she-devil.

Could you fill it up?|Super unleaded.

Check the oil.

- Can you turn off your engine, please?|- My pleasure.

Be nice, or I'll make you|check the tires.

So, this is what you do|for a living, huh?

I'm sorry. My hand slipped.

- Would you cut it out.|- Mind your own business.

-You like looking at my girlfriend, huh?|-Shut up, Hardy.

What?|He likes looking at you.

Sorry.

I'd recommend you keep your eyes|and your mind off my property.

Here's ten for gas|and ten for the look.

Oh, Amanda Jones.|Right this way, please.

I'd say excusing yourself|from class...

and leaving the school grounds|with the boy with the hot car...

buys you...

two weeks of morning detention.

Well, we were just talking.

If all you wanted was talk, you could've|gotten that without leaving school.

What are you saying,|Mrs. Albright?

Nothing that hasn't been said before.|Now get inside.

- Get inside. Read my lips. Go.|- It's not fair.

Welcome.

Is this detention?

Actually,|it's your mother's house...

and we're all having a party.

You really shouldn't cut classes,|even if it's just gym class.

It's incredibly nice of you not to|make me sit down there with those guys.

I felt kind of weird|being the only girl.

I suppose it wouldn't matter if you|served out your detention in my office.

Oh, well, I had a better idea.

I was kind of wondering if I wouldn't|have to serve detention at all...

if I promised|I'd never ever do it again.

We'll keep this|just between you and me.

Oh, you're incredibly sweet,|Mr. Sauner.

And I love the way|you wear your hair.

- Really?|- Yeah, it's great.

- All the girls say it.|- No.

Yeah. It's true.

You're the best|driver's ed teacher there is.

Thank you.

Thanks very much.

Sure. Bye-bye, Amanda.

Bye.

Amanda Jones doesn't know you...

doesn't care about you.

You're trying to|jerk off the impossible.

How many times do I have to tell you|this? I don't know. How many times?

Do you know|what kind of a guy Hardy is?

Handsome, rich...

muscular, popular,|hot, happening...

and capable of reducing your head|to a crimson stain on the wall.

Hardy's a jerk.

He screws around on her, he treats her|like dirt, he has no respect for her.

And obviously she gets off on it.

You're losing it.

And when it's lost,|all you are is a loser.

You obviously don't know how I feel,|so why don't you just butt out of this.

I know how you feel.

Oh, you do? Really?

You've been in love before?

There's a lot of things|you don't know about me.

Really?

Who have you|ever been in love with?

Huh?

You want to abuse yourself,|be my guest.

Hey, Watts, nothing ventured,|nothing gained, right?

Keith, once a fool,|always a fool.

Right?

Are those boys' underpants?

Yeah. So?

So, I've just never seen a girl|wearing boys' underpants before.

You ever seen a girl|with a drumstick shoved up her nose?

- Oh, is that some kind of a threat?|- It's some kind of a warning.

I'm petrified.

Really.

Don't worry. Everything's gonna be fine.|I've done this before.

There's Amanda.

Hi.

- Hardy, I've had about enough of this.|- What? What?

If you were more of a person, you might|be enough for two girls, but you're not.

Yeah? Well, this jealousy crap|is really getting a bit tedious.

Yeah, well, you won't|have to deal with it anymore.



- What does that mean?|- Get out of my way.  
No, no, not until|we straighten this out.  
It's not gonna|work anymore, Hardy.  
Yeah?  
You walk out on me,|where you gonna go?  
You got a minute?  
- What do you want?|- Well...  
I wanted to know if|maybe you wanted to go out...  
with me.  
But if it's too difficult a time,|then I understand.  
So you're asking me out|on a date?  
- Bye.|- Bye!  
- So, what did he want?|- He asked me out.  
- What did you say?|- I said yes.  
She's just mad.  
Why are you smiling?  
I wasn't aware that I was smiling,|but if it bothers you I can stop.  
It's just that you haven't smiled much|lately. I was curious about the  
change.  
Well, I haven't had that much|to smile about, Clifford.  
- You have a beautiful smile, young man.|- Thank you, Carol.  
She's Mom. I'm Dad.  
And you're nuts.  
This is not true.|It can't be.  
This has got to be the most|hilarious rumor ever floated.  
- Right?|- What are you talking about?  
Last night I hear everybody talking|about how Keith has asked this girl  
out.  
- No way.|- Check it out.  
This girl is popular,|she's beautiful...  
and obviously in the middle|of some emotional shootout...  
to consent to date|the human tater tot.  
What did you do to her, Keith?|Threaten her life?  
I just asked her out.  
Well, her boyfriend's a man,|for Christ's sake.  
Hey, hey, hey.  
He's extensively easy on the eyes,|he's a total buck, and you're...  
you're... Keith.  
Is she nice?  
Mother, the girl is sex.  
For God's sake, I'm eating!  
Glad you got time|to think about the girls.  
Between the girls and your art kick,|you have no time for anything  
important.

You'll be dead and buried before you get|off your butt and apply to a college.

Ease up, Dad.|Any fool can get into a college.

Only a precious few|may say the same about Amanda Jones.

Am I wrong?

- Mom, what kind of milk is this?|- If you don't like milk, drink juice. It's none of your business.

What, Keith?|What did you say?

That's what my girlfriend|would look like without skin.

And while we're on the topic of|the double-breasted party machine... congratulations|on your latest coup, yeah.

You know about Amanda Jones?|How?

You think I live here?|I have a personal life too, man.

How did you swing that one?

I don't know, Duncan.

I asked her out, she said yes,|we're gonna...

Any time somebody from the outside lifts|a woman from a "gwat" like Jenns...

we can all find cause to rejoice.

- I'm proud of you.|- "Gwat"?

Punch her apron one time|for me, huh?

Do you want me to feel you up|or anything?

Do you want to die young?

- What kind of question is that?|-Just sit here and shut up.

You don't have a boyfriend,|do you?

See, a lot of guys I know|think that you're...

What?

Confused.

But I know it's just an act.|Do you know how I know?

Enlighten me.

'Cause you radiate|this sexual vibe.

And if you wanted to,|you could be a girl like that.

Ray, this is 1987.

Did you know that a girl|can be whatever she wants to be?

I know.|My mom's a plumber.

That explains|a lot about you, Ray.

And I have an enormous amount|of respect for her.

-Just sit here and act like you like me.|-Okay.

That'll be absolutely no problem.

Hello.

Keith, hi. What's up?

Are you busy now?

Oh, no. We were just talking.|Why?

'Cause I would like to|borrow your car.

If you have something to do, |I can come back and pick you up.  
But can I borrow your car?  
Well, where are you going?  
I'd like to give Amanda |a ride home.  
Hey, by the way, congratulations, dude. |She's smokin'.  
All right.  
Thanks.  
Is that okay?  
I'd appreciate |a couple bucks for gas.  
Sure. |I'll come back in about an hour?  
It's just time. |Not like it means anything.  
Thanks.  
So, you gotta wait around |an hour?  
If I want to.  
Do you know how much damage |we could do to each other in an hour?  
It's kind of a revolting thought, |actually.  
Really? |What's "revolting" mean?  
- Oh, my God. Get your hands off me. | - Does it mean you wanna come over?  
For spring break? |Are you out of your mind?  
That's it, I'm taking you to Aspen. |No, I'll take you to Chile.  
- Amanda. Hello. | - Hi.  
Would you like a ride home?  
Well, I'm going home with Shayne.  
Shayne, this is Keith.  
Keith, Shayne.  
Well, I was just hoping |we could talk.  
Why don't you call me?  
Okay.  
Why don't you go with him?  
Okay, I'm sorry.  
Where's your car?  
Well, I'll pull around.  
Okay.  
Thanks a lot.  
- What? | - You made me look really stupid.  
I did not. He's giving you |the perfect opportunity to back out.  
He wants to talk, so tell him |you're back with Hardy.  
- I'm not back with Hardy. | - Okay, then tell him you used him.  
- I didn't use him. | - Oh, really?  
You didn't use him |to get away from Hardy?  
It wasn't deliberate. |I was mad, and he stepped in.  
- It was bad circumstances. Okay? | - Okay.  
Regardless, the longer you wait |to kill it, the worse it's gonna be.  
You saw his face. |I mean, he's completely deluded.

Unless, of course,|you're really interested in him.

Please, please.

The car won't start.

Wait, wait, wait.|Shayne. Shayne!

Look, I gotta get home.|I really do.

I'm sorry.

No, I understand.|That's fine, that's fine.

I'll see you later.

Can I have a ride?

What happened|to Prince Charming?

Come on.

- It's okay?|- Come on!

- There's no door.|- Get in.

- Are you in?|- Yes.

So, where are we going?

Home.

- Where's that?|- "D" Street.

It's around the corner from...|under the bridge from my house.

Those are nice earrings.

Oh, thank you.|They're not mine.

I borrowed them from Shayne.

They're real.

What?

Amanda, isn't there something|you wanted to say to...

I'm sorry.|What's your name again?

- Keith.|- Oh, yeah, Keith.

You wanna back out of the date?

No... I mean, if you want out,|I'll understand.

I wouldn't have asked you out|if I didn't want to go.

I don't want out.|Do you?

No.

It's the white house on the left.

- Well, thank you.|- My pleasure.

- You okay?|- Yeah.

- Bye.|- Bye.

Thanks.

Well, that was swift.

I gave you a perfect window|to throw him out of, and you went limp.

Look, maybe you can do|something like that, but I can't.

At least not in cold blood.

Then I guess you got yourself|a new boyfriend.

Hi, guys.|Did you come by to see my brother?

Oh, my God.

What? No.

I mean, |we just dropped him home.

He told you we live here?

He is so modest. |He kills me.

I suppose |he didn't mention anything...

about our ancestral estate |in Scotland...

or our apartment in Paris.

So modest.

Hi, ass-face.

- I just saw your girlfriend out front. |- Did she say anything to you?

Well, that's for me to know |and you to find out.

- Mom! Let go! |- Tell me!

Look, how far are you going?

- The nearest gas station. |- Oh. Wonderful.

How far is that? |Russia or something?

Don't worry about it. |You're young.

Not anymore.

Look, you'd better give me |your phone number after this.

- How you doing? |- All right.

- You nervous about something? |- No. No.

- You look nervous. You okay? |- I'm fine.

Do you always |come to school this early?

- No. Do you? |- Never.

So why today?

I wanted to talk to you.

About?

Not about art. Look, I'm |totally cool with the situation.

I was looking for a way out of the thing |with Amanda. You saved me a tough talk.

I'm supposed to |believe this, right?

It's true.

I don't want Amanda hating me. |I don't want anybody hating me.

So I'd appreciate |you doing me a favor.

I don't know your plans for Saturday, |but I'd like you to swing by my place.

I'm having a party. |My parents are in Europe.

You're inviting me |to your house?

Yeah, I invited a lot of people. |Is something wrong?

- Gee, I don't know. You tell me. |- There's nothing wrong on my end.

You got an inferiority complex |or something?

I've known Amanda a long time, |and I'd like to keep it that way.

If it's too much to ask you to bring her |to a party, hey, I'm sorry I asked.

Put yourself in my position. |This doesn't sound too good.

Put yourself in my position.

I invite a former girlfriend and the|guy who stole her from me to a party.  
You think this makes me look good?|I've taken a lot of shit over this.  
That's why I'm a little cautious|about your motives.  
I'll buy that.  
Come on. It's a party.|It's not the end of the world.  
Are you being straight with me?  
Do you see any reason at this point|why I should play games?  
Well, I'll...  
- I'll talk to Amanda about it, but...|- I've already talked to her.  
- She's fine with it.|- You talked to her?  
Really?  
Well, we'll drop by, then.  
Good.  
You know, it wouldn't be|the weirdest thing in the world...  
if you and I actually|turned out to be friends.  
Yes, it would.  
See you.  
- Got a coat and tie?|- No.  
See you Saturday.  
You took the words|right from my lips  
Without askin'  
I played this scene before  
And I won't be the one|left cryin'  
And if you think|that love's for sale  
Well, I'm not buyin'  
Once you've crawled on the floor|you can't find it no more  
'Cause I'm all out of love|I can't take no more  
Still awake at night|and I call your name  
Dreamin'of you  
Awake at night|Always the same  
I call your name|but you slip right through  
Since when do your parents|let you go clubbing on school nights?  
I'm waiting for Amanda.  
Here? She's coming here?|On a school night?  
Did I miss something?|Is there a new world order?  
Look, if you're gonna bug me and make|me feel bad, can you do it later,  
please?  
She said she'd meet you here?  
Not in those words.  
In any words?  
Maybe she didn't have ID.  
Who doesn't have ID?  
Maybe she doesn't like you|as much as you think.  
Maybe.

Do you miss me, Keith?|Do you miss not being around me?  
This isn't the third grade|anymore.  
She doesn't love you.  
It's a joke.|It's all a joke.  
How do you know?  
I'd bet my hands on it.  
You don't wanna make that bet.  
Yeah, I do.  
I've been thinking a lot lately|about you and me...  
and I came to a conclusion|that I didn't want to deal with.  
But now that we've talked|I can't hide it anymore.  
We'd get along much better if we didn't|spend so much time together  
anymore.  
Why?  
Because I'm driving you crazy|and you're driving me crazy.  
And I'd rather not see you and|have you think good things about me...  
than have you see me|and hate me.  
'Cause I can't afford|to have you hate me, Keith.  
The only things I care about in this|goddamn life are me and my drums...  
and you.  
Adios.  
Wait. Watts.  
It's ten after.|Mrs. Albright's gonna kill me.  
Get lost, Hardy.  
You still mad at me?  
Can we talk? Please?  
Oh, this is cute.  
- I wanna talk to you.|- It's too late.  
- I've been in agony over this.|- I doubt it.  
- How can I convince you I love you?|- Start by leaving me alone.  
I'm late.  
You're going out with a low-life just to|hurt me. It's working. It hurts.  
Okay?  
Is that why you're trying to convince me|to go to your house?  
So you can prove what a stud you are|by beating him up?  
- Where did you hear that?|- Give me a little credit.  
True, I invited him,|but not to beat him up.  
To show you|what a good loser I am.  
You're not a good loser.|You're just a loser, period.  
What is this?  
What is this?  
I am talking to Amanda. Could I please|have two minutes to finish? Thank  
you.  
- What is your name?|- Do you mind?

There is nothing here|that I have not seen before.

Can I drive you home, please?

What is your name?

Hardy Jenns, with two N's.|All right?

All right, that's it.|Get out. Go on, out.

I really appreciate this, lady.|Be a bitch, why don't ya?

Consider yourself reported.|Now get out of here.

Your reputation's|hanging in the balance here.

You play me around, and you're|gonna have a real lonely year.

So I hear.

Look, I am not playing.|Just get out of here.

Amanda, may I see you|for a minute, please?

I'm his sister, so if you're|a brother or a sister, you're in.

It's like they have to accept you,|or the whole social structure caves in.

- You get to go to parties?|- Of course.

I'm probably going to the one Saturday|at Hardy Jenn's.

Keith's bringing Amanda,|so we might double.

- Who'd go out with you?|- The choices are limitless.

Can we go too?

Eventually, yeah,|if you stay cool.

You're lying.

Oh, really?

Yeah. If you're so tight with Hardy,|why aren't you over there with them?

Because I'm here with you, twerp.

Maybe you're here|because you're false.

Is this a challenge|or something?

Yeah.

Look, I was hanging with you fungi|in a vain effort to cool you out...  
but all I am getting is breeze...

so c'est la vie.

She's a liar.

Her brother loathes her.|He'd never let her play with his rep.

Amanda has to bring him.|What else can she do?

- Not bring him.|- She can't take the pressure.

She'll bring him.

The party will go down|as expected.

Amanda will blow in with her guy,|and we'll nail him.

Then we'll go back to business as usual.|It's real simple.

All right?

Hey, Laura, what happened?|They send you for beer?

I guess you just wouldn't be you if you|knocked before breaking into my  
room.

I'm sorry, Keith. I thought|if I knocked, you wouldn't open up.

- I want to talk to you.|- Well, this should be interesting.



I heard something|today at the mall.  
Hardy Jenns and his guys were there,|and I heard them talking about you.  
What's your point, Laura?  
Keith, it's a joke.  
Amanda Jones, the date, the party,|the whole thing.  
It's a joke.  
She's only going out with you so she|can get you to Hardy Jenns's house...  
so he can mess you up.  
I heard Hardy say it, Keith.|I heard him myself. It's true.  
You're not kidding?  
It's a joke?  
Yeah.  
Keith, I'm sorry.  
For everything.  
You're getting really good.  
Thanks. I'm working on it.  
Your brothers don't mind you|playing this late?  
I don't know.|I never asked.  
To what do I owe this honor?  
I have a little problem.  
You know how you told me|the thing with Amanda was a joke?  
Yeah.  
Well...  
it is a joke.  
You mean a joke,|as in a joke on you?  
Yep.  
Laura heard Hardy|talking about it.  
Amanda's supposed to get me|over to Hardy's house...  
and they're gonna pound me.  
It's a good thing|you found out about it.  
I'm not afraid of him.  
- You're gonna go through with this.|- I have to.  
You think it's just Hardy?  
If he's gonna get me, he's gonna get me.|It doesn't have to be at this  
party.  
He's gonna have lots of chances.|I'm not gonna hide from him.  
- Leave it alone.|- I can't.  
Why?  
Because I want to|stand up to him.  
Well, forget it.|It's impossible.  
In another year you're gone.|It's better to swallow pride than blood.  
You don't think that. I don't believe|for a second you think that.  
I'm not giving in to them anymore.|Not for another year or another minute.  
I get it.

I'm sorry.

I'm sorry that|I was so tough on you.

Me too.

You always hurt|the ones you love.

So, when are you beating the shit|out of Amanda Jones?

Amanda! Oh, sorry.

What time do you want me|to pick you up Saturday?

You have to check with your friends|to see when you can go out?

No, I just...

It's a simple question.

When?

Pick me up|anytime you want to.

Oh, I hate Mexico. I'd much rather|go to the Virgin Islands.

- We're going to Aspen over Christmas.|- I said hi.

Oh, Aspen's okay, but there's|really nothing much to do at night.

What is this?

Yeah, it's mostly private parties.|I had a good time there last spring.

- Shayne.|- Spring is completely different.

There's so many more|college people.

True. But what's|in the Virgin Islands?

Are you kidding me?|Try a million guys.

So this is it, right?

I'd go anywhere if I could|bag the family and be on my own.

Thanks.

I had my parents almost talked into|letting me go to Ricky's in Santa Fe.

She's gone.

See you.

How's it feel to be carrying|all that cash in your pocket?

Well, a little uncomfortable.

Yeah. Want me to tell you one more time|that I think you're crazy?

Nope.

- Been hoarding that cash for years?|- Yep.

How bad's your dad|gonna ream you?

You won't be able to measure it|with existing technology.

He's a miser, right?

No, it's just real important to him|that I go to college.

'Cause he didn't go.

Exactly.

Hey, I just rag on you a lot|about your parents because I'm jealous.

It's gotta feel good to have someone|looking out for you like he does.

Sometimes.

Still gonna kill you, though,|right?

Yeah.

Is it her body or her face?

Amanda?

I don't know. | It's everything.

My grandmother told me when I grew up | I'd have big boobs.

What happened?

I guess I just got lucky.

Hey, I got some | great news today, pal.

You know those "T" bills at the B of A | at six and three-quarters percent?

Yeah. Yeah, yeah.

They're at seven.

- That's great. | - You know what that means?

It means you're earning | an extra \$16 a year per bill.

Wow.

You got your | first year's money, Keith.

Now all you gotta do is get off your can | and pick a school to spend it on.

Yeah. I gotta do that.

Where did another | quarter of a percent come from?

Those are them.

Those?

Yeah, those.

Solid choice.

That's the ticket.

I think we've pretty much | covered everything.

All the arrangements | have been made.

Yep.

- You know what you're gonna say? | - Whatever comes to mind.

Uh-huh. You wanna | plan it out a little?

It'll sound false.

I wanna be true | to my instincts.

Don't think I'm being weird, | but what if...

what if she wants you | to kiss her?

Well, then I guess I'm just | gonna have to kiss her.

Amanda's no minor leaguer who'll be | swept off her feet by your amateur lips.

Thanks.

This babe | has plenty of battle scars.

- I think I can handle it. | - Great.

Well, I just think maybe...

you should consider whether or not | you can deliver a kiss that kills.

What, you think I can't?

If you say you can, | you probably can.

Well, no, I'm no expert.

It's cool. I was just gonna work on it | with you, but if you're comfortable...

great.

Wait, wait, wait, wait.

How do you work on it?

Pretend I'm a girl.

Okay?

I mean...

pretend I'm her.

Amanda.

I know it's a big stretch,|but try it.

Come here.

I didn't mean to scare you.

All right.

What do you do with your hands?

- Well, that depends.|- No, it doesn't depend.

They go on her hips.

Okay.

Do it.

Look into my eyes.

- I don't have to do this, you know.|- I know. I'm sorry.

Just grow up a little.

She'll probably do this.

- How do you know?|- I watch a lot of TV.

Close your eyes.

What? What?

Lesson's over. You're cool.

You're blushing.

Yeah, right. The day I blush...

No, no, that was very nice.|You're... You're pretty.

This is how you repay a favor, I'm|not rich enough to be your friend.

No, wait. I didn't mean anything.|I'm sorry.

Don't be mad, okay?

I'll see you tonight.

Geez!

Dad. What are you doing?

Get dressed.|I wanna talk to you.

I wanna know what's wrong.

- Are you in trouble?|- No.

Were you at the bank recently?

You withdrew the college money,|didn't you?

- Yeah.|- It's going back, pal.

Every last cent of it's going back.

You don't get this close|to something and piss it away.

It's not going back|'cause I don't have it.

I spent it.

What'd you buy, a car?

Whatever you bought you can take|back and you're gonna take it back!  
Dad, I can't.|I don't want to.  
I don't care what you want!  
The money's going back in the bank|and that's final!  
You're not listening to me. I don't|have the money. I can't get it back.  
You had no right|touching that money!  
I had every right!|I earned it!  
- Where's the fucking money?|- Dad, calm down.  
- The money is not important here...|- You don't know what's important!  
You don't know|what you're talking about!  
I do know what I'm talking about!  
You just never listen to me!|You only hear what you want!  
- Will you listen to me for once?|- I'm listening.  
I'm not gonna go to college.|The money is gone.  
You can't get it back!|It's over, this whole dream!  
It's not what I wanted.|It's what you wanted!  
I never wanted it! I just didn't|have the guts to tell you!  
You're only 18 years old,|for Christ's sake!  
Then I'm 19, then I'm 20!|When does my life belong to me?  
Dad, listen to me.|I'm going out with a girl tonight.  
She's beautiful,|and everybody's in love with her...  
and she's going out with me.  
Get it?  
See, in the eyes of most people|around here, I'm a nothing.  
So I don't start agreeing with them,|I'm gonna go through with this date.  
I just... I want to show this girl|that I'm as good as anybody else.  
So what, are you gonna|impress her with money?  
Think that's the solution?  
Didn't you ever have guys|at your school that didn't fit in?  
- Yeah, of course.|- Yeah?  
Well, I'm one of those guys.  
Thought things were|going okay for you.  
Yeah, well, I like art,|I work in a gas station...  
my best friend's a tomboy.  
These things don't fly well|in high school.  
I didn't know about this.  
How could you know about it?|You're my father.  
Jesus, Keith.|How could you blow all that money?  
Believe me, there's a good reason|behind all this.  
You've just got to trust me.  
Trust you?|There's a limit.  
How can you put a limit on trust?  
Do you know any father who would|let his kid do something like this?  
So why should I have to|go along with it?

Because you believe in me.

Listen, I'm gonna replace the money.

Think about it. You know I will. | I'm not stupid.

I didn't work all this time...

just to throw everything away | without thinking about it.

I know what I'm doing.

You sure?

Yeah.

Okay.

I'm still gonna ride your ass about | college. I'm not giving up on that.

All right.

I've said my piece.

- Do me a favor, will you? | - Sure.

Stop calling me Clifford.

No problem.

Hi.

Stop sneaking around | listening at people's doors.

- Me? | - Yeah, you.

Dad, I just came up to tell Keith | that Watts is downstairs waiting.

Well, don't get in his way.

- Did he go apeshit? | - No.

- Really? | - I'm really in kind of a hurry...

I just came up | to wish you luck tonight.

Okay? I have all my friends | crossing their fingers for you.

Thank you.

He really didn't go apeshit?

He's probably saving it for me.

- You want me to lock up for you? | - Please. Thanks.

Gimme a break. | Would you look at us?

I think you look tremendous.

Too bad my grandmother | bit the dust.

She'd be very proud | I'm wearing a bra.

Go get your scag | and let's roll.

Ma, it's for me.

What time will you be home?

- Early. | - Tell Hardy hello for us.

- Okay. Bye. | - Bye.

- Hi. | - Hi.

- You look different. | - Than what?

- Than before. | - I'm wearing a suit.

- So. | - Are you ready?

Yeah. I'm standing in an open door. | I guess you could say that.

- Let's go. | - All right.

- Check that out. Did you steal it? | - No, I borrowed it.

I figured your ass was|too precious for vinyl.  
You're right.  
Wha...  
Thank you.  
So, do you always bring|an extra girl when you go out?  
I like to cover my bets.  
That's very cute.|I'll have to remember that.  
I'm gonna love this one.|I can feel it already.  
Is it moving?  
Well, what is it?  
It's beluga caviar.  
It's the most expensive caviar|you can buy.  
I thought you were an uptown girl.|You should know this stuff.  
Look...  
How this happened is as much of|a mystery to me as it is to you.  
I'm no more thrilled about it|than you...  
so why don't you just stop|giving me attitude, please?  
- I'm giving you attitude?|- Yeah.  
Like on Friday,|pulling that he-man power play...  
about how I have to ask my friends|for permission.  
I didn't appreciate it. I don't like|being treated like that.  
Well, it's true, isn't it?  
- At least I have friends.|- Are you sure?  
Look, do you want|to end this right now?  
Relax.|Calm down. Please.  
Listen, we ordered.|I don't want to end it.  
Enjoy the atmosphere.|Pretend I'm dead.  
I wish.  
Throw it out. Dice coming out.  
- All right. Makes a point...|- A point is ten.  
All right, onetime bet.|Onetime bet only.  
- I'll give you five to one on it.|- Five? Five to one?  
Seven to one.  
Seven to one? Does it look like|the Sahara here?  
- Do I look Italian?|- I don't need this. I got action.  
- Sit. Conference. What do you say?|- No way.  
To win big you gotta do what?  
- Lose.|- Lose big.  
What are we doing now?|We're losing big.  
Double nickels.|Ten the hard way.  
Mess with the bull, you get the|horns. You know what I'm saying?  
Very uptown.  
Hey, you're smiling.  
I'm sorry.

Don't apologize. It's nice. | You have a lovely smile.  
- You should smile more often. | - Okay.  
Whenever I try not to smile, | I smile more.  
No, I got the chin.  
- I'll get the door. | - No, I got it.  
Sorry I wasn't more on the ball. | I was... comatose.  
Here, I brought you | something to eat.  
A gift? For me?  
- Yeah, thought you might be hungry. | - Gee, thanks.  
Eating and driving, it's as handy | as skiing and doing your taxes.  
Well, maybe you can eat it | at the next stop.  
Could I book time to take a leak?  
- What's your problem? | - Nothing.  
Excuse me a minute, please.  
Listen, you volunteered to do this. | I was all prepared to drive.  
You said, "No, I'll drive | so you guys can talk." Remember?  
It was this morning, moron. | Of course I remember.  
So why are you giving me shit?  
Let's go.  
If my dinner reeks, let me know. | I'll put it in the trunk.  
It's fine, really.  
Well, then, we're off.  
- Pardon me. | - No problem.  
Good.  
Thank you.  
Break his heart, | I break your face.  
What are we doing here?  
- It's an art museum. | - What are we doing here?  
You don't like art?  
I do like art. It's just that...  
Isn't it closed?  
That doesn't mean | we can't go in.  
Okay.  
Hello. We've been waiting for you | a long time, my pop and I.  
Come on in. Right this way. | Gimme five over here, pal.  
- There you go. | - Amanda, Duncan.  
- Nice to meet you, Amanda. | - And...  
No monkey business.  
Dad, freeze it, okay?  
I told you before, | this is gonna be all fine.  
God.  
Those are nice legs, man.  
I lose my job because of this, | you're in the dumper, Duncan.  
Absolutely, Pop, absolutely.



Hey, thanks a lot.

Just remember, anything for a pal, okay?

Have you ever been here before?

Yeah. Sixth grade. I don't remember.

I come here all the time.

I've never been here at night, though.

This place is my church.

I could come here and what anybody says about me doesn't matter.

I have to come back here when I can spend more time.

We have all night.

There's one in here that I'd like to show you.

So what do you see in me?

- Be honest. - What do you see in me?

You first.

Nobody thought anything about me other than I look good next to them.

I went along with it because I'd...

I'd rather be next to somebody for the wrong reasons...

than alone for the right ones.

I'd rather be right.

Can't stand being alone.

Nobody can stand being alone.

The minute you stop thinking there's someone for you, it's over, isn't it?

- Isn't it? - I don't know.

I've been waiting a long time...

and I still don't have it, but I will.

What are you talking about?

You know what I'm talking about.

- No, I don't. - Yes, you do. It's not funny.

- I know you know what I mean. - I don't.

This.

Tonight was a joke.

I was set up. You used me, right?

- You think I used you? - Didn't you?

- I don't know, in a way. - In a way?

There's only one way you use someone.

You either do, or you don't.

You didn't use me?

God, you hypocrite.

What's hanging in that museum? My soul? No, it's my face.

You're using me to pay back every guy...

with more money and more power than you.

Paint it any color you want.

It's still you using me.

You're right.

I did use you.  
For all those reasons.  
I'm sorry.  
Can we call it even?  
We're even.  
- This is for you.|- What is this?  
It's my future.  
In this box is my future.  
Every cent I've ever earned.|- It's for you.  
- I can't take these.|- You have to.  
I know you liked them. I saw you|wearing Shayne's, remember?  
This is insane.|- It doesn't make any sense.  
You shouldn't|have to borrow anything.  
You're too good for that.  
Why are you crying?  
I feel so terrible|for what I've been doing.  
I hate feeling ashamed.  
I hate where I'm from.  
I hate watching my friends get|everything their hearts desire.  
I gave in to that hatred|and I turned on what I believed in.  
I didn't have to.|- You didn't.  
So you won't do it again.  
You don't have to.  
Ever.  
What now?  
Hardy's house.  
Did you forget something? He wants|to beat the crap out of you.  
- It's for real.|- I know.  
If you want to do that,|drive yourself.  
I have to face him sooner or later.  
- It's not just Hardy. It's his friends.|- I can handle it.  
I could beat the crap out of you.|- You won't last six seconds.  
I know what I'm doing.  
Don't go overboard, studly.  
Let's go.  
- You don't have to do this.|- Yeah, I do.  
Okay. I'll be here.  
Thanks.  
Guess what? Amanda brought him.  
Welcome.  
Glad you could come by. I was|worried you would disappoint us.  
- Did you have a good time?|- Yeah.  
She's deceptively innocent,|isn't she?  
Clean, nice on the outside.

Did she do you?

See...

the one thing that I'm glad about...

is that you get her used.

Back off, man!

That was not very smart, friend. I don't even care about you.

She's the trash. You're just a fool!

Take him outside and kick the shit out of him.

Why don't you take me outside?

What?

I said, "Why don't you take me outside?"

I don't play that way. I would love to.

I am the host here. I have guests.

I said take him outside, okay?

- You don't want to do this. - Oh, really?

Yeah. You said yourself, I'm the trash.

I got him into this. Why don't you deal with me?

That's very touching, standing up for your new man. I like that.

Let him go. Why don't you do something right for once?

Forget it. It's worthless. You can't talk to him.

What do you want?

You know what I want.

Okay.

Okay, you want me back? I'm back.

Come on. It's not that easy.

You're gonna have to convince me. I want you to beg.

Let him go.

Come on, you're a beggar. Beg.

Bastard.

You're gonna have to beg.

I don't think that's gonna be necessary.

I didn't know Jenns lived in a henhouse. Did you know that?

Must be a henhouse, 'cause I don't see nothin' but chicken shit.

I don't want any trouble. My parents will be home soon.

You leave now, and we'll forget everything.

Let's just cut the bullshit. All right?

Please? I'm here to wipe the floor with your ass.

You know it, everybody knows it, and you deserve it.

I think it's safe to say...

that this party is about to become a historical fact.

Wait, wait.

- Let me talk to him. - Okay.

Look, I'm perfectly willing to forget this.

Okay? I see no reason in carrying this on any longer.

It was a joke. It's gone too far. | It's over. Okay?  
You want the truth?  
You want the plain truth?  
You're over.  
Are you just gonna leave?  
There isn't anything | I could do to him...  
that he hasn't | already done to himself.  
Wish I could live with that.  
Good move, Amanda. I approve.  
- Thanks again, Duncan. | - No problem, no problem.  
You guys go along. | We're gonna stick around here.  
Try to crank up this party | to a nice respectable level.  
Don't worry. I won't mess him up. | I'm not even gonna touch him.  
Just gonna make him cry | a little bit.  
Good night.  
All right. Let's cut the bullshit. | We're gonna have some fun.  
We're gonna have some fun. | All right, guys.  
These girls have been lookin' at you | like I don't know what.  
All right. Now we're ready to party.  
What a beautiful woman right here. | She is dying for you.  
Remind me never to get you | mad at me.  
Did you see the look on their face?  
Nice move. I saw it from out here.  
Well... Why don't | you guys run along?  
I'll walk. My butt's asleep | from sitting all night.  
I'm sorry if I misjudged you.  
That's okay.  
Keys are in the car.  
Remember how I said I'd rather be | with someone for the wrong reasons...  
than alone for the right ones?  
I'd rather be right.  
It's gonna feel good | to stand on my own.  
Here.  
In your heart you wanted | to give these to somebody else.  
Go.  
Go on.  
I'm sorry. I didn't know.  
Yeah. Well, you're stupid.  
I always knew you were stupid.  
- Why didn't you tell me? | - You never asked.  
I wanted these.  
I really wanted them.  
They're yours.  
- You knew you were gonna get these. | - No, I didn't. I hoped.

- I didn't know.|- You knew.

I had a feeling.

Well, how do they look?

You look good wearing my future.