



Scripts.com

# Better Off Dead...

By Savage Steve Holland

Get... Get...

Up!

You missed!

You missed this time,  
you little menace!

I beat you!

Morning.

Honey, you're getting  
all upset over nothing.

- I'm not getting...

- Here.

A nice breakfast  
will cheer you up.

I am not  
getting upset over...

- What is that?

- It's bacon.

I know it's bacon.

What have you done to it?

You said you didn't like  
all the grease from fried bacon...  
so I boiled it.

What is Lane doing up  
at this hour on a Sunday?

Doesn't he turn to dust  
if the sun hits him before noon?

It's tryouts  
for the high school ski team.

He's going up  
to Mt. Brody with Beth.

Sure he's going up with Beth.

He can't do anything  
without that girl.

I tell you, Jenny,  
that boy is obsessed.

Now, honey...  
obsessed?

Do we not throw things away  
when they're empty?

What in the name  
of all that's holy...

Badger likes the prizes  
you can get...

from cutting the coupons

from the boxes.  
He's mailing them today.  
Can't you wait until the...  
Lane, a closet door can be closed  
as well as it can be opened.  
Sorry, Dad.  
Dear, your breakfast  
is getting cold.  
It's all right, Mom. I can't  
have breakfast today. I got tryouts.  
Nervous stomach. Don't wanna  
throw up from the chairlift again.  
Had to buy that guy  
a new hat last time. Bye, Dad.  
Memorandum. I would like to  
take a meeting with you tonight...  
to discuss that vehicle  
you purchased several months ago...  
yet has darkened our driveway,  
immobile, ever since.  
Okay, Dad. Noted.  
Talk to you tonight.  
I gotta pick up Beth.  
Ricky.  
Don't be so shy. Come on.  
Monique, this is Ricky.  
Ricky, this is Monique...  
the French foreign exchange student  
who'll be staying with us.  
It's an awesome spectacle...  
and a vicious display  
of seething opponents...  
once again paralleled  
in an obstinate attempt to prove...  
superiority of the roads  
unequal in our lifetime.  
The crowds swell with anticipation  
as the lights turn green!  
You stupid bonehead!  
I'm gonna activate your dental plan!  
Come here, you idiot!  
Get out of this car!  
If he asks me out,  
of course I'm gonna go out with him.

I mean, he skis the K-12.  
Yeah. He's so boss.  
I'll tell him after tryouts. You  
know how he gets when he gets upset.  
Yeah. From the chairlift.  
He had to buy the guy  
a new hat last time.  
Lane's here. I gotta go.  
I'll call you later. Bye.  
He's the only person  
in Greendale...  
that's ever skied the K-12  
from the glacier and lived.  
Man, what a hunk.  
Listen up.  
Your running time has to be...  
under 58 seconds to even  
be considered for the team.  
Your time will be gauged  
along with a rating...  
of one to ten on your style,  
which will be judged solely by me...  
and my vast expertise  
of skiing technique.  
Why don't we have you sorry-looking  
lot of hopefuls make your way up.  
You future members of the girls'  
ski team can all keep me company...  
until it's time  
for you to take the track.  
- Who'd like to hold my clipboard?  
- Me! Me!  
You'll make a fine little helper.  
What's your name?  
- Charles De Mar.  
- Shut up, geek.  
- What's your name?  
- Beth.  
That's my favorite name.  
- Buenos das. Roy Stalin.  
- Hola. Lane Myer.  
I can see you and I  
share one common desire...  
the desire to be a part

of the well-oiled machinery...  
that is the Greendale  
High School ski-racing team.  
- The desire for victory.  
- Well, I...  
Right on! Get up there,  
and let's see what you got.  
- Ready up there?  
- Yeah. We're all set.  
What is the next victim's name?  
"Myer. Lane Myer."  
Is that as in Oscar Mayer?  
That's a roger, dude.  
You were standing with Oscar.  
Is he your main wiener man?  
Don't listen to Stalin, kid.  
He's a punk.  
Now, you show 'em, Rock.  
You show 'em how a skier  
really skis.  
- We're sending him down.  
- That's a roger. Counting down.  
Drei, fry. Go!  
Too bad. Real close. Next.  
Listen. I think we should talk.  
We've been seeing an awful lot  
of each other lately...  
and I really think  
it's in my best interest...  
if I went out  
with someone more popular...  
better looking,  
drives a nicer car.  
Six months! Six months,  
and she dumps me for him.  
For Stalin. Just like that.  
Six damn months!  
Truly a sight to behold...  
a man beaten.  
The once-great champ...  
now a study in mawkishness.  
No longer  
the victory-hungry stallion...  
- All right.

- We've raced so many times before...  
but a pathetic...  
washed-up, aged ex-champion.  
Let's go!  
Someone's gonna see God.  
I'm gonna break  
your goddamn neck!  
Get outta the car!  
Get outta the car!  
Hello. How was your day?  
- Beth broke up with me.  
- That's nice.  
We're through. That's it.  
What the hell?  
Wait a minute here.  
Wait. This is death here.  
I haven't even been  
to New York City.  
Jesus. I haven't  
even been anywhere.  
Suicide is never the answer,  
little trooper.  
Greendale is a bodaciously  
small town.  
It's a flyspeck on the map...  
a rest stop on the way  
to a ski slope.  
I can't even get real drugs  
here.  
Stalin's a hero, the only one  
in this town who can ski the K-12.  
You're a great skier,  
but he's incredible.  
What if I ski the K-12?  
You think she'd take me back?  
I'm back to suicide again.  
I think we're all going  
to enjoy this little treat.  
I got the recipe  
from the Ladies' Home Journal.  
The mail got wet in the rain,  
so some of the pages ran together.  
But what I couldn't read  
I improvised with my own ideas.

You see, it's got raisins in it.  
You like raisins.  
There is still one more thing  
I would like to discuss with Lane.  
The subject is...  
is the mystery car.  
Thank you, honey.  
Which even as we speak...  
darkens our domain  
under a moldy tarp.  
You do know the car  
of which I speak?  
- Yeah. I just never...  
- Let me refresh your memory.  
Cast your mind back.  
It's a crisp September morning.  
You borrowed \$200 from me  
to purchase the car...  
mainly because  
your girlfriend Beth said it was...  
I believe the term was "tasty."  
Since then, that "tasty" car...  
has slept in an auto cocoon  
on my front lawn.  
I'll get around to it.  
Have you seen the exchange student  
who's staying at the Smiths's house?  
Perhaps you should go over  
and welcome her to our town.  
I think she would like that.  
Mrs. Smith probably got her  
so that weirdo son...  
could see what  
a real girl looks like.  
You know,  
he never goes outdoors.  
Just sits in that house,  
crochets all day long.  
The Chapmans had  
their exchange student...  
stay with them for six months.  
He practically became a son  
to Jules and Irene.  
You mean that kid

from El Salvador?  
Can I be excused?  
I'm not feeling well.  
I'm just gonna be excused.  
I can't figure it out, Badger.  
You seem smart. Why waste your time  
with all this kid-stuff garbage?  
You're almost eight.  
It was love at first sight.  
Red dog! Red dog!  
Bring it home, mama!  
Got it! Got it!  
So, how do you  
like Greendale?  
Fine.  
And the school system,  
you find it adequate?  
School hasn't started yet.  
She itched her nose.  
I wonder if that was...  
some kind of message to me  
that there's something on my nose.  
That's funny.  
He wiped his nose after I did.  
Maybe I got dirt on my nose  
when I itched it.  
God, he's too embarrassed  
to tell me.  
I must look sickening.  
There she goes again.  
What could it be?  
Dirt? Relish?  
Relish on my nose? How gross.  
- She might think it's...  
- Usually Nazis.  
Not that. Please don't  
let it be a booger.  
Not now. Please, God.  
I don't get it. How could...  
How could she  
throw away six months?  
I mean, six months?  
Just like that?  
No explanation, no reason.



Just throw it away.  
Doesn't...  
How can you just  
throw away six months?  
I mean, when you're  
in love with someone...  
Six months is just...  
I'm history.  
Just bam!  
Like that, I'm gone.  
She's probably just testing me.  
A big test.  
That's probably... That's her.  
That's her.  
- Johnny.  
- Four weeks.  
Twenty papers.  
That's two dollars.  
- Plus tip.  
- I don't have a dime. Sorry.  
Didn't ask for a dime.  
Two dollars.  
Well, it's funny, see.  
My mom had to leave early...  
to take my brother to school  
and my dad to work 'cause...  
Two dollars. Cash.  
The problem here is...  
my little brother, this morning...  
got his arm caught  
in the microwave and...  
and my grandmother dropped acid  
and freaked out...  
and hijacked a school bus  
full of penguins.  
So it's kind of a family crisis.  
So come back later? Great.  
Breakin'up is hard to do  
Don't take your love...  
- To me, and she's gone  
- And she's gone  
Fifty ways to leave your lover  
Hurts so bad  
They say that breakin'up

is hard to do...  
The three cardinal  
trapezoidal formations...  
hereto made orientable  
in our diagram...  
by connecting  
the various points...  
HIGK, PEGQ and LMNO...  
creating our geometric  
configurations...  
which have no properties,  
but with location...  
are equal to  
the described triangle CAB...  
quintuplicated.  
Therefore...  
it is also  
the five triangles...  
composing  
the aforementioned NIGH.  
Each are equal to the triangle  
CAB in this geometric concept.  
Therefore, in a like manner...  
the geometric metaphors...  
can derive  
a repeated vectoral sum.  
This was your assignment...  
and I would like  
to see the results.  
Please, take them out.  
Oops.  
Sophia.  
- And Buster.  
- Please!  
- Me! Me!  
- And... Beth.  
- And...  
- Please! Please!  
- Please, please!  
- Mr. Myer.  
Please join us  
at the blackboard...  
and show us your solution  
to this paltry geometric dilemma.

Sorry.

For God's sakes,  
would you relax?

- It's just our virginity.

- Yeah, I agree totally.

I feel like we should tell someone  
or do something.

I can get my dad's Polaroid  
or something.

- What was that?

- What was what?

I heard something.

We're in the most secluded place  
in the Northern Hemisphere.

I assure you  
we are totally alone.

Come on.

What's wrong?

That thing I put on me...  
it broke.

Broke? It broke?

- Take it easy. I'll buy a new one.

- I don't want a new one!

- Do you know what that means?

- I'm sorry! I'm sorry!

Now, now.

I'll see you all tomorrow.

Just remember to memorize pages

- All right!

- Cool!

I just can't wait  
till tomorrow.

Wait for me at my locker.

Listen...

I've been thinking about what  
you told me last night...

and I've decided

I'm gonna help you.

How?

I've been going to this high school  
for 7 1/2 years.

I'm no dummy.

I know high school girls.

Two things. One...

how about your sax?  
The thing about Roy is  
he plays the guitar.  
- He does?  
- Yeah. Girls love that.  
- Why don't you take up sax again?  
- Number two?  
The K-12, dude.  
You make a gnarly run  
like that...  
and girls will get sterile  
just looking at you.  
Would you stay behind?  
I'd like a word with you.  
We'll do this.  
Talk to you later.  
Yes, sir?  
This is a bit awkward.  
Yes, sir.  
Well...  
I've heard a few things, and...  
Well, I was wondering...  
if you would mind  
if I took out Beth.  
And I love you so much  
'Cause I met you  
in first grade  
Yes, I love you  
What'd you go  
and do that for?  
Really. Why?  
That's sick.  
"Sick"? I love you.  
How could you dump me for him?  
Face it.  
You're a no-show, a loss.  
You're immature. You can't do  
a single thing by yourself.  
You're a spastic Nerf bag  
all the time.  
And besides,  
Roy can ski the K-12.  
How could I enjoy high school  
with you as a boyfriend?

Any girl in this school would be  
overwhelmed to go out with me.

Chris Cummins?

You haven't got a chance.

- She'd go out with me in a second.

- Listen, you forget.

Chris Cummins dates  
the basketball team.

Not certain members of the team.

The whole team.

You so much as talk to her,  
you're dead.

So let's just say  
you give it up.

Yeah, Oscar Mayer.

I think that's a fine idea.

I will not give it up!

You'll be sorry.

Someday you'll want me back!

Sorry.

I'm gonna get some milk.

Just one milk.

I'll be okay.

Watch this.

- Can I borrow these a minute?

- What's the idea?

Just for a minute.

Here. Buy yourself another leotard.

Be back in a minute, okay?

Excuse me.

I was thinking...

you skate, I skate...

we skate.

- Maybe we could get together and...

- You're a jerk.

Be a skating team.

- I was saying before...

- See you later, guys.

Let's go! Let's go!

- What?

- What are you doing?

- Nothing.

- Yes, you are.

Buck up, little camper.

- We'll beat that slope together.

- Yeah?

Yeah.

I'm right behind ya, buddy.

Man, it's a real shame  
when folks be throwin' away...

a perfectly good white boy  
like that.

If I could get past this first lip,  
the rest would be a breeze.

I'm telling you...

Hold on!

Wait one second.

I think I'm on  
to something here.

This is pure snow.

It's everywhere.

Have you any idea what the street  
value of this mountain is?

Wait a minute. Hold it.

Outrageous.

I think I froze  
the left half of my brain.

Look. I can't move  
my right arm.

- Will you get serious?

- Look, dude...

it's Christmas Eve.

I could be home right now  
drinking this monster eggnog...

my brother makes  
with lighter fluid.

You've been staring  
over that edge for hours.

People die down there.

And dying  
when you're not really sick...

is really sick, you know?

This is very important to me.

I mean, really.

If I don't believe in myself,  
I'm nothing.

I'll be as bad as Ricky Smith.

He sits around crocheting all day

and snorting nasal spray.  
- I gotta do it!  
- He snorts nasal spray?  
Know where I can score some?  
- Are you gonna help me or not?  
- All right. All right.  
I'll tell you what to do.  
Go that way really fast.  
If something gets  
in your way, turn.  
What a coach.  
I'm gonna do it.  
All right! Now turn!  
Hello, Beth? Hey, it's Christmas.  
I was thinking  
maybe me and you could...  
No, we didn't open  
our presents yet.  
You did.  
The cutest thing ever.  
From Roy.  
A giant teddy bear  
bigger than you.  
Sounds great.  
It really does sound good.  
Look, I gotta go.  
The Christmas tree's on fire.  
Now open this one next.  
I remembered  
how much you liked...  
the chocolate-nut brownie  
in this one.  
And look, corn in seasoned sauce.  
He likes corn.  
Now, come on. Don't be shy.  
Give her your present.  
Come on.  
Give her your present.  
Come on.  
That's a Christmas present.  
Do you have Christmas  
in France?  
Christmas.  
Christmas.

Yeah. It's from Ricky.  
You can take that  
wherever you go...  
to always remember your trip  
to the United States.  
How come you're so small?  
Now. Everyone's gonna be  
wearing one of these this year.  
Honey, what have you done?  
There.  
It's real aardvark fur.  
Really?  
Well, honey, it's sure...  
warm.  
- Now for the best part.  
- What?  
The hood.  
Everybody's gonna be  
wearing one of these.  
Isn't it fun?  
- What is it?  
- I'll show you soon. Almost there.  
- You'll see it in a second. Ready?  
- Yeah.  
- Okay?  
- Okay. All right.  
Al, you fixed the windows.  
It's a Christmas miracle.  
Wait a minute, Mr. Bear. This  
is crazy. I bet we get her back.  
- Merry Christmas.  
- Merry Christmas.  
Your book on how to  
pick up trashy women came today.  
Tell me something.  
What's a little boy like you  
doing with big-boy smut like this?  
Hi. I was just wondering...  
I know that we don't  
even know each other...  
but I know that you were going out  
with that girl Beth.  
I can see that you're not  
going out with her anymore...



and I was wondering if perhaps

I could just be with her...

go to the movies,

have a soda.

- Can I talk to you for a moment?

- Yeah.

Come in here and sit down,

please, young man.

- Look, I'm sorry about the garage.

- Let me give you the bottom line.

It would be entirely beneficial...

if you were to reenter

the sociological mainstream...

by reengaging in the ritual act of

dating members of the opposite sex.

I don't wanna date other girls.

I wanna date Beth.

I'm sorry to inform you that you are

going to start dating other girls.

- Starting tonight.

- Oh?

**Tonight at 6:**

you're picking up Joanne Greenwald.

- Your law partner's daughter?

- That's right.

The one with the big antenna

on her face?

Come on.

Mellow off.

It's a brand-new year.

There's a New Year's Eve dance

at your school.

- You kids love this disco thing.

- Disco? Come on, Dad.

You are really...

bringing me over, man.

- **6:**

- Right off.

- On.

- On. Right...

All right, Joanne Greenwald,

you horrible thing...

here's your one chance  
to go out with a real stud.  
One night with me, and she'll  
probably go blind with ecstasy.  
Poor creature.

I hope she doesn't  
grab on to my leg and start...  
crying when the date's over.  
God, what do you do?

All right, Joanne Greenwald.

Hi, Joanne.

Pal, let's get something straight.

I don't wanna go out with you...  
and I'm just doing this  
as a favor to my dad, right?

- I know you're happy to be...

- Right.

So let's make it a whole lot  
easier on ourselves, shall we?

First, we'd have gone out to dinner.

That's ten bucks apiece.

Unless you're a cheapskate...

but I'm willing to give you  
the benefit of the doubt.

- Thanks.

- I would've ordered double desserts.

That's \$22 altogether.

Tax and tip... 25.

Making it a grand total  
of \$26.37.

Half of which

is approximately \$ 13.67.

Why don't you give me that 13.67,  
and we'll call it a night?

- Do you take checks?

- Sure.

You never know if you're  
the victim or the fool

Only know I can't stop  
thinkin'about you

Love was good until

you took it on the run

But I fell too hard

I guess I ain't the one

Starin'the night away  
Don't know where you are  
Callin'out your name  
This crazy feelin'  
Of a one-way love  
You want a sandwich?  
Sure?  
Face to face  
I had no secrets to hide  
Well, you sure got my vote  
for cutest couple.  
Better shave her a little closer  
before you kiss her good night.  
"You better..."  
"You better shave..."  
I've been searchin'every day  
Tryin'to find another way  
I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
I'd rather be a fool  
I'd be lost  
with someone new  
I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
I've been searchin'every day  
Tryin'to find another way  
I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
I'd rather be a fool  
I'd be lost  
with someone new  
I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
I've been searchin'every day  
Tryin'to find another way  
I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
I'd rather be a fool  
I'd be lost  
with someone new  
I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
I'd be tempted  
I'd be tempted

I'd be better off dead  
Than to live without you  
You're the best thing  
that ever happened to me  
I knew right away  
I knew right away  
It's okay.

I was planning on having my nose  
flattened by a professional anyway.  
You're that French kid staying with  
the dorkheads... Smiths next door.  
We're neighbors.

Me Lane.

Monique Junet.

I can't believe  
you're here tonight  
Who told me dreams  
don't work out great  
You do speak English,  
don't you?

That's okay.

I don't speak French.

I had no idea  
where you'd gotten off to.  
You shouldn't make me worry.  
I see you've made Monique's...  
acquaintance.

A number of times, yes. She's  
a delightful girl with a firm grip.

Mother will pick us up  
at the entrance of the school.  
She'll be very disappointed  
if we aren't right...

at the entrance  
of the school.

Tell you what. Why don't you wait  
in the front of the school?

And when Mom gets here,  
you have her honk the old horn.

Monique and I would like  
to continue our conversation.

You should not upset Mother...  
ever.

I guess people do a lot

of handshaking in France.  
I wanted to let you know there's  
an opening on the water ballet team.  
I can make a call if you want.  
Come on.  
All right.  
Studs and babes with Roy!  
Why aren't you with Ricky?  
Well, nice meeting you.  
Good night.  
Why weren't you there  
as I told you?  
- I told her, Mom.  
- I know.  
Don't you understand English?  
Bye.  
Two dollars.  
Two dollars.  
- Two dollars.  
- Two dollars.  
Keys!  
Hi. How was your date?  
They're out there.  
They're after me.  
Happy New Year.  
- Honey, where's Lane?  
- He just came in.  
He went skiing this morning  
with Charles De Mar.  
I think he's in the shower.  
In me, you see  
A man alone  
What's taking him so long?  
It's his first day at work.  
I don't want him to be late.  
A man who listens  
To the trembling of the trees  
With sentimental ease  
In me, you see  
A man alone  
Behind the wall  
He's learned to call his own  
A man who still goes  
Walkin'in the rain

- Expecting love again
- You better...
- So you're Al Myer's kid.
- Yes, I am.
- You look pretty stupid to me.
- Thank you.

Let's see if you have any brains.

First you take the meat.

- You understand?
- Yeah.

Then you pat it  
in the pig mold.

- Push it in the pig mold.
- This is a push.

This is a pat.

Then take the pig mold  
and put it on the tray.

Now put on this hat.

See that sign up there?

You wear it with pride.

Put it on!

You gotta have pride and class  
in this business. Understand?

Now...

What's that?

Those are the keys  
to this establishment.

I want you in here at 6:00 a.m.

Saturday morning.

This place has to be mopped up  
before the breakfast crew get here.

- Roger.
- All right.
- Where you goin'?
- I'm gonna go wash my hands.
- I gotta mold and pat.
- Wash your hands on your own time.
- Now, get to work.
- Yes, sir.
- Fat pig.
- What?

Pat. Pat pig.

Everybody wants some.

I'll show you

what everybody wants.  
They call me mad!  
Mad! Mad!  
Me, a fool?  
It's alive!  
Oh, yeah  
Yeah, yeah  
You can't get romantic  
on a subway line  
Conductor don't like it  
Says you're wastin' your time  
But everybody wants some  
I want some too  
Everybody wants some  
Baby, how 'bout you  
Yeah, yeah, yeah  
I seen a lot of people  
lookin' for a moonbeam  
Yeah, ya spent a lot  
Ya got lost in the jet stream  
Everybody wants some  
I want some too  
Oops.  
Lookin' really good today, buddy.  
Lookin' real good.  
Goon.  
All right.  
This is it.  
- Look, Barney, a falling star.  
- Yeah.  
- Let's make a wish.  
- A wish?  
If you wish on a falling star,  
your wish will come true.  
No kiddin'?  
- What did you wish for, Betty?  
- Can't tell ya.  
It would spoil the wish.  
- Don't tell me your wish either.  
- I won't.  
Hey there. I know this is awkward,  
me being a cartoon and all.  
I was just wondering how you'd feel  
if I took out Beth.

Matches.

Where have you been?

We've all been waiting for you.

You come and sit  
right down here.

- Have you met Monique?

- Hi.

Now, in honor of our special guest,  
I've created "Dinner Mon Dieu."

First we have...

"Fraunch" fries.

And...

"Fraunch" dressing.

And "Fraunch" bread.

And to drink... ta-da!

"Peru."

You really do go to the outer limits  
to make an impression.

Monique, enjoying your stay  
in our town?

I say, are enjoying your stay  
in our town?

- She doesn't speak English, Dad.

- Of course she does.

- Are you enjoying your stay...

- It's no good, Al.

- She don't speak a word.

- Wait a minute.

I thought foreign exchange students  
had to speak some English.

Well, as we're discovering  
around our household...

you don't need words  
to speak the international language.

Right, Ricky?

The international language.

You know... love.

The language of love.

I think Monique and our little Ricky  
have a regular...

cross-continental romance  
brewing here.

- Him? And her?

- Mm-hmm. Mm-hmm.



That makes sense.

What does that mean?

I think she wants  
to use the bathroom.

It's down the hall,  
second door on the left.

Jennifer,

this is fabulous liqueur.

Reminds me of the moonshine

Ricky's dead pappy used to make.

- God bless him.

- Mrs. Smith! No! Wait!

I'm real sorry your mom blew up,  
Ricky. Doctor said she'll be okay.

I guess she just won't be able  
to eat any spicy foods for a while.

Not now.

- What do they want?

- They want a race.

- Lane Myer, the kid from Greendale.

- Here's a good example.

- I don't know.

- Brothers. One speaks no English.

The other learned English from  
watching the Wide World of Sports.

You tell me which is better...

speaking no English at all...

or speaking Howard Cosell.

The chances seem slim that

this once-great has the nerve...

the desire to win,

that he once had.

You must obey the proper  
speed limits. A car is not a toy.

- We'll take these guys!

- It's a close race.

Myer takes the lead.

This could go in Myer's favor.

You're exceeding the speed limit.

Lane Myer, slow down.

Myer takes the lead.

This could go in Myer's favor.

It looks very, very close.

Oh, my God.

Oh, my God. Ricky's dead.  
Ricky, are you dead?  
I think he's dead. Monique.  
Monique, I'm sorry.  
I'm telling my mom.  
See you later.  
Ever since I got my license, those  
kamikaze pilots have been after me.  
If I only had my Camaro running.  
If I had my Camaro running...  
I would blow those boys  
off the street... vroom.  
That thing goes so fast.  
It's got an engine...  
Looks good, huh?  
I guess after my mom's cooking,  
you'll probably tolerate anything.  
Have a Ding Dong. They're good.  
There they are.  
Don't get me wrong.  
My mom means well, she really does.  
Cooking's her new thing.  
She cooks all the time now.  
- It's better than it used to be.  
- Hey! Buenos das.  
I stopped by to tell you I'm gonna  
be picking a new captain...  
for the ski team on Sunday.  
All you gotta do to be captain,  
Myer, is beat me.  
The tryouts won't be the same  
if you're not there, champ.  
So what are you and Myer  
talking about?  
Is he telling you  
what a great lover he is?  
She only speaks French, Roy.  
She doesn't speak "imbecile."  
There's one language I speak  
that all women understand.  
Just ask your last girlfriend.  
Would you like  
to learn some new words?  
Shit! Stupid!

- What's going on here?

- Nothing!

Myer's new frog girlfriend here  
is just as much of a clod as he is.  
Hold on. You think you're such a big  
tough guy because you're captain.  
The truth is, I could  
out-ski you any day of the week.

- Really?

- You want a race, I'll take you on.

- Yeah, I'm sure.

- From the K-12, champ.

- Chicken?

- What did you say?

- Anytime. You name it.

- You're diggin' your own grave.

No one has to know.

Just me and you.

Sunday. High noon.

You're on.

This just in. Lane Myer  
will be racing Roy Stalin...  
down K-12 this Sunday at noon.

I must be brain-damaged.

I'm gonna race. I'm gonna lose.

And I'm gonna die.

That? Is my car. The Camaro.

Remember? I was telling you  
about it before? It doesn't work.

My little brother, he's building  
a space shuttle out of appliances.

That thing's going to work. I can't  
get that out of the driveway.

I'll talk to you later.

I gotta go.

Smitty? Yo, Smitty!

How's it going?

Here's the ski you called about.

My God. What happened to you?

You're all mangled.

- You get hit by a truck?

- I was trying to ski the K-12.

After the Olympics,  
everything looked so damned easy.

You gotta be a real moron  
to try to ski that run, you know?  
Yeah.  
- Charge it.  
- Have a nice day.  
This is as bad  
as it will ever get.  
I want my two dollars!  
Two dollars!  
I want my two dollars! Two dollars!  
I want my two dollars!  
No! I can't swim!  
Something wrong, Monique?  
Nice talking to you.  
Hell, yes, something is wrong!  
This, how you say, "dorkhead"...  
is an unleashed sex fiend.  
Look. He will not leave me alone.  
He thinks because I stay here...  
I am his love goddess,  
his prostrate.  
No. Prostitute.  
Holy shit.  
You big faker. You speak English.  
But of course I speak English.  
I speak very good English.  
I will not, however,  
speak Mrs. Smith's...  
international language of love  
with this reptilian son.  
Well, honk my hooter!  
I don't believe it. You've  
understood everything we've said?  
Look, Lane. If you were living  
with a family like that...  
the less you spoke, the happier  
you would be, I promise you.  
God, I never thought of that.  
I thought if Casanova and I  
had nothing to say to each other...  
he'd get bored, go away.  
Instead, he used it as a chance  
to put his testicles all over me.  
His what?

How you say... octopus, testicles?  
Tentacles. "N-t." Tentacles.  
- Tentacles.  
- There's a big difference.  
All I want is to come to the States  
and see Dodger Stadium.  
Now all I see is that... that face  
in my door every time I move.  
Dodgers, huh? I notice  
you have a pretty good pitching arm.  
What else is there that is  
of interest in the States...  
but the Brooklyn Dodgers?  
I don't know.  
You might find a nice friend.  
You do have friends in France?  
You know... friend.  
Friend.  
- Then you will not tell?  
- That you're a Dodgers fan?  
No. That I speak English.  
- Cross my heart and hope to die.  
- Do you?  
Not at the moment.  
What are you doin' out here?  
Do you know what time it is?  
Get in here before  
you catch your death.  
Jesus.  
You are my friend. Good night.  
Good luck.  
Is that Myer boy bothering you?  
Little Ricky's been lookin'  
all over for you.  
We've been worried sick.  
Damn.  
Hello? Hello?  
No, thanks. I already had breakfast.  
What are you doing to my car?  
What are you doing to my Camaro?  
Monique, what are you doing  
to my car? It's already screwed up.  
- "Screwed up"?  
- Yeah. Very.

You got my car running! You brought  
my car back from the dead.

- From the dead?

- Yeah.

- Not entirely.

- Can you put that back in?

Together? Where it goes?

If I cannot,

I am sure you will.

I have a great fear of tools. I once  
made a birdhouse in wood shop...

and the Fair Housing Committee  
condemned it.

"I cannot do it"

is your middle name.

Come. Help me push this  
into the garage.

I think you're kind of remarkable.

How'd you learn to do all this?

Some things are not that hard  
to understand, Lane.

Like you, for instance. You think of  
these ways of killing yourself...  
yet you never do it.

- Why is this?

- Isn't that kind of personal?

But I told you the sordid details  
of my intimate sex life with Ricky.

I just figured you could  
explain this dramatic death wish.

I used to go out  
with this girl named Beth.

I really thought I loved her,  
and she dumped me.

And I guess I thought I couldn't  
live without her or something.

You would die to get the attention  
of this woman?

You know, Lane, there are better  
ways of getting attention.

Yeah. When she dumped me, she  
dumped me for this real slimebag...  
a guy named Stalin.

I race Stalin tomorrow. Oh, my God.

I have to get to a cave right now.  
No. This is what I speak of.  
This is good way of getting  
this attention, when we beat him.  
- Beat him? I can't beat him.  
- Yes!  
I think all you need  
is a small taste of success.  
You will find it suits you.  
Step up.  
One minute.  
Voil.  
Hold that thought.  
I got these for Christmas.  
Bon apptit.  
Monique, I just wanted  
to thank you for everything.  
Merci buckets.  
Wait. I forgot  
the most important thing.  
Look at this! How am I supposed  
to live through this?  
All you've got to do  
is go that way really fast.  
If something gets  
in your way, turn.  
Watch. It's no sweat.  
Now you!  
Hell, if you can do it...  
Lane, are you all right?  
You're mad about me, aren't you?  
I'm okay, really. Nothing's broken.  
It's just a little... Thank you.  
I'm telling you, practically everybody  
in the state of Northern California...  
is around this particular mountain  
waiting to see one Lane Myer...  
tackle this totally  
untamed slope, dead or alive.  
So get the lead out.  
That is all.  
- Well, I guess this is it.  
- Please hurry.  
We have unfinished business.

Do not forget.

- Language lessons.

- You gonna teach me French?

The international language.

Kick his ass.

Shit!

I want my two dollars!

Oh, my God.

Two dollars!

- I want my two dollars!

- Of course the guy chickened out.

He's just a geek. Listen,

the wet wimp ain't gonna show up.

Of course not. So what do you

want us to do? Pack it up?

I tell you what. While I'm up here,

might as well break one more record.

- We'll set the synchros for ya.

- Ten-four.

Spencer, we're gonna

send Roy down alone.

- Looks like Myer is not gonna show.

- Count me down.

- Myer, you don't know when to quit.

- Myer's on the hill!

- Two dollars!

- Go!

Go!

- He's skiing on one ski!

- What?

Two dollars! Two dollars!

- There's something following them.

- What?

Two dollars!

I want my two dollars!

- I want my two dollars!

- Not now.

Two dollars!

Get out of here! Get lost! Get

out of here. Take a hike, brat.

Two dollars.

They're coming

out of the woods!

Come on, little buckaroo!



Come on!

You fiend! Man, you're  
the hottest thing since sunburn!

- Nice try.

- Get lost.

Lane, you really are the best.

- We've been worried about you.

- What are you doing up here?

Do you know how long a drive  
it is to get here?

Get her skis.

We're goin' home.

Excuse me.

This was a sublime metamorphosis  
of the Lane Myer...

I think the crowds

were expecting to see here...

at Brody Mountain today.

Perhaps you can tell us

what brought on...

such an enchanting,

exhilarating fate?

Language lessons.

Language lessons.

Inspired words from a man

who knows how to ski.

You're nothing but a little tramp,  
you know.

I don't know what Ricky

even sees in you.

- What are you doing with her?

- She's coming with me.

- She's coming with us.

- Wrong.

You would be wise

to do as Mother says, Myer.

Do something to him.

Son of a bitch!

Come on, honey!

Nail the sucker!

What are you doing to him?

Come on. That's a boy.

Come on.

Ricky, where are you going?