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Can't Hardly Wait

By Deborah Kaplan

Oh, my God. Matt. Vicki just told me about this huge party tonight.

- No way. Where?

- Dude, there's a huge party tonight.

- Cool. We crashin'?

- No, man. We're just goin'.

- I heard about this party tonight.

- Did you hear about that party, man?

Oh, my God. Did you hear?

Mike totally dumped Amanda.

I just heard Mike Dexter and Amanda Beckett broke up.

Just broke up with Amanda.

Like, seconds ago.

What? That was totally my idea.

Tell me we'll never break up.

You're there. I'm there.

- Everybody's there.

- We're there!

I've had a library book out since the third grade.

I got caught.

I'm going to community college.

My gown smells like blue cheese.

- So whose party is it?

- The girl from our French class.

- Whose party is it?

- That girl in our gym class.

- Oh, the one with the thighs?

- No, the one with the weird...

- You joined the army?

- Yeah. Serve my country, man.

- You know, they shave your head!

- What?

- I just feel so sorry for Amanda.

- You are so full of crap.

Hey, dude, did you hear?

I'm naked under my gown.

Yeah, I heard that.

How about that party?

It's gonna be huge!

Heard that too.

Oh, then I guess you heard about Mike dumpin' Amanda.

- Wait. What did you say?
- Where have you been, man?
Mike Dexter broke up
with Amanda Beckett.
This is so perfect.
Amanda Beckett is single
and on the night of this party...
a party I'll be attending,
a party she'll be attending.
It's all falling into place.
It's like it's fate.
What? I thought we weren't
even going to this party.
Don't you wanna keep your tassel?
For \$5.00, you can keep your tassel.
Yeah, then I can press it in between
my yearbook with my prom corsage.
What?
Nothing. I mean, nice to tell me
that you changed your plans.
You're only leaving tomorrow,
but, you know, whatever.
Denise, Amanda and I have to finish
what we started four years ago.
Do you know what your problem is?
It's like you're afraid to move forward.
I mean, Preston,
we are so outta here.
Now why do you wanna go
to this party tonight and look back?
Don't look back.
You should never look back.
Dudes, I actually graduated!
- Unless you're that guy.
- I'm all right.
Look, all I'm saying is...
Amanda and I are connected.
We have been, ever since the first day
that she came to school.
Oh, God. Here we go.
It was October, freshman year.
First time in history
thaf I'd ever missed the bus.
If I had arrived on time,

I never would have seen her.
But as it was, I was the first person
at Huntingdon Hills High...
to set eyes on Amanda Becketf.
It was her first day at school.
Then I'm sitting in class,
enjoying a late breakfast...
when suddenly, out of all the classrooms
in the entire school...
she walks into mine.
And where does the teacher sit her?
Right next to me.
Now up until now, one could
write this off to coincidence...
but then...
she reached into her bag...
and pulled out
a strawberry Pop Tart...
the very same breakfast pastry
that I was consuming at that moment.
What was I to do?
How was I to proceed?
Who would like to volunteer
to give Amanda a tour of the school?
- I will.
- Mike Dexter.
That's where I lost her.
I had a clear shot, and I hesitated.
But fate's finally giving me
a second chance.
Well, have fun tonight...
and be sure to tell everyone
how much I'll miss them.
You're not gonna go?
I can't believe you're not gonna go.
Why would I go?
What else are you gonna do tonight?
I can't believe
I'm going to this party.
I can't believe
he broke up with her.
I can't believe
you broke up with her, man.
Well, it's like I always say...

- But Amanda is so hot, man.
- So hot, man.
Yeah, I guess,
for a high school girl.
Guys, we're gonna be in college soon.
You know who's gonna be in college?
Girls that used to be in high school.
Women. College women.
Women with no curfew,
women on the pill, and women...
Women, bro!
We're starin' into the future, here!
And the future is women.
Huh, women.
Maybe we should break up
with our girlfriends too.
That would be sweet. We'd have
the whole summer to hang out together.
Party and get with every chick
in sight, man...
without our lame-ass girlfriends
hanging around us.
- Yeah, man. They suck!
- That's what I'm sayin'.
- They suck!
- That's what I'm sayin'!
You're right, Dex, man.
- Beth, kiss my ass!
- Yes, baby! Yes!
This is brilliant, man.
Such a good idea.
- Mike Dexter's a god.
- Mike Dexter's a role model!
Mike Dexter is an asshole.
For the past decade,
he has made a hobby of my pain.
Witness exhibit "A":
My eighth grade science project...
a working rain forest...
that Mike threw out
a third floor window.
It rains here no more.
Witness exhibit "B":
An eye patch I wore for a month...

after Mike beaned me
with a raisin in home ec.
My parents took me
to a 3-D film festival.
I saw no third dimension.
And of course,
how can I forget the pudding incident?
I know no one else has.
Well, gentlemen, tonight
Mike Dexter will know humiliation.
Tonight, Mike Dexter
will know ridicule.
Tonight is the night
we fight back.
Tonight is our independence night.
Hello?
Get this off your head.
You're actin' like... Look,
maybe we should go over the plan again.
All right.
We will set up...
behind the pool house,
right there.
This is me,
you are Grand Moff Tarkin...
and you are Boba Fett.
- Wait. How come he gets to be Boba Fett?
- Really, it doesn't matter.
All right, fine. You're Boba Fett,
you're Grand Moff Tarkin.
- I don't wanna be Grand Moff Tarkin.
- All right. You know what? Fine.
You're both Kiss dolls.
You set up here.
Now, I will lead Mike
and one of his random jock friends...
behind the pool house to here...
and here...
where you two will be waiting.
You jump down on them,
rendering them unconscious...
with the chloroform
that we mixed in chem lab.
Then we strip off

said jocks' clothes...
and take Polaroids of them
in a lurid, naked embrace.
Geez, do you think
there'll be any girls there?
Are you kidding me?
People may even be having sex tonight.
Yo, I gotta have sex tonight.
I mean, peep this.
They say in here...
92%% of honeys at UCLA
are sexually active.
92`%` of women in Los Angeles
at UCLA walking around goin'...
"Class or sex?
What shall I do?"
92`/`, yo!
You know what that means, don't you?
That means I gots a 92`%` chance
of embarrassing myself.
I roll up on that shortie, like,
"What's up, yo?"
She be like, "You don't know 20 ways
to make me call you Big Papa."
- 'Cause I don't, yo.
- Rest in peace.
What's up, man?
- Who be the lucky honey?
- Yo, I ain't decided yet, right.
But I figure all the bitches
in the class gonna be at this party.
You know, I gots to give 'em all
an equal opportunity to Special K.
It took me all day,
but I narrowed it down...
to a list of ten
very lucky finalists.
- You know what I'm sayin'?
- Well, what's up, man?
- You wanna see? Check this out.
- Yeah.
Observe.
The love kit.
Oh, damn, man.

Our boy's a fag, yo.

- Who's a fag?

- Yo, both of y'all.

That is a fragrance

of love-scented candle, bitch. Damn.

Yo, you actually think

you're gonna hit this party...

packin' a pleasure chest

and some girl's just gonna give it up?

Watch me, G.

Wait.

I have the letter.

You're not gonna give her

the letter.

Why wouldn't I give her the letter?

Preston, because you haven't had

the chance to revise it...

for the four billionth time.

All great writers revise. What...

Dear Amanda...

Now that you're finally single...

I can finally give you

this sappy love letter...

that I never had the guts to give you

during all four years of high school.

- Listen to this.

- What?

This is Barry Manilow.

Yeah, I know.

Why do we have a radio station on

that plays Barry Manilow?

- Just listen to the words, Denise.

- Oh, Mandy

Amanda. Mandy. Aman...

Mandy's short for Amanda.

That's it. That's my sign.

I hate to interrupt this alternate

universe you've wandered into here...

but, like, I hear that song's

about his dog.

It's not about a dog.

It's about a woman named Amanda.

Who the hell

names their dog Amanda?

My cousin named her dog Samantha.
Look, shut up about the dog, okay?
- You came and you gave without faking
- That's my sign.
That is totally my sign.
Consider me ready.
Hi! Oh, my God, you guys.
Come on in.
Oh, don't let the dog out. Oh, Susan,
you look so cute. Oh, hi, Ray.
Oh, and the drinks are in the back,
okay? Oh, Preston.
I'm so glad you came,
and you brought a friend.
Hi. No, it's okay.
Just come on in.
Just, you know, drink, be happy.
Preston Meyers. Not one step further
until you sign my yearbook.
I'm gonna be the first
Huntington Hills student...
to get all 522 seniors to sign.
- My, how ambitious of you.
- Don't think you're not signing either.
I saved a special space
for you to sign in the back.
Why didn't you get
your senior portrait taken?
Specifically to avoid moments
like this one, actually.
Thanks. You too.
Go, Huntington!
I almost fell out of my dress!
Let's go, boys. Time is honey.
Ah, yeah!
Cool, a key party, bro.
You look so pretty.
Oh, Christie.
Jessica,
thank you for coming. Kenny.
- What's up?
- Come on in.
Hi. Wait. You guys, no one can go
in the fancy room, okay?

I mean, seriously, my parents
are coming home on Sunday.

- Kenny Fisher, sign my yearbook.

- No, thanks. No time.

Come on. Where's your school spirit?

Go, Hot Dogs!

- Bitch, get a life!

- Ah, yeah!

We got a mad town

up in this mother.

Yo, shorties gonna be

linin' up to get with me.

Yo, check it.

Time to get busy.

Hey, yo, you think he's gonna

hizzit the skizzins?

Yo, man, that boy

ain't got no skills, man.

Watch out, guys.

Coming through here.

Hey, yo, white boy.

You better check yourself, man.

This is our first show ever.

Don't screw it up.

Yeah, look, dude. I heard Carol Brawner

invited her cousin tonight.

And the word is,

his brother's roommate...

knows a guy

who knows a scout in L.A.

- Shut up.

- Yeah.

Thank God we got these T-shirts

printed, huh? Yeah. Check 'em out.

Okay, we're gonna rendezvous here

at 0030 hours, all right?

Wait, William.

There's gonna be drinking in there.

- Yeah? So?

- So what are you gonna do?

They're gonna kick you out

if you don't drink.

Well, I will be drinking.

- But, William, you could get drunk.

- You could get addicted.
No. It's okay. Look.
I downloaded this little baby
off the net.
I will know exactly how many spirits
I may imbibe...
without affecting my judgment
or my behavior.
Wow. You've got every angle covered.
You know, William,
from this light...
you somewhat resemble
David Duchovny.
William, trust no one.
I am a sex machine!
Steve, make him say somethin' else.
Would you like to touch my penis?
Huntington Hills High,
kiss my ass!
Mike Dexter,
you have to sign my yearbook.
Which team has the winning play
Hunfington, Hunfington, hey, hey...
There they are.
Come on.
I missed you so much!
I haven't seen my boyfriend
in six hours.
How you doin', girls?
Dudes, remember the game plan.
What game plan?
Right. Exactly. Uh...
Look, Beth, we need to talk.
In fact, we all need to talk.
- Right, guys?
- Oh, my God. I can't believe she came.
Guys?
You guys.
There she is.
I think you made
a real connection there.
Oh, hey, guys.
- Hi.
- How are you?

Are you okay?

- Now look what you've done.

- Maybe we should go talk to her.

Totally. She looks destroyed.

Suicidal.

All right.

Looks like someone's auditioning
for "Soul Train."

- Do you have to rag on everybody?

- Oh, come on.

His wardrobe alone

leaves him open for public mockery.

I'm not the one that used

to spend the night at his house.

That was the fourth grade. Wanna talk

about your friends in the fourth grade?

So do you see her?

Where'd she go?

She's right there.

- God!

- What? She didn't see me.

- I can't believe you pointed at her.

- She didn't see me.

- Are you hyperventilating?

- No, I'm centering myself.

- I'm harnessing my chi.

- Your what?

I'm harnessing my chi.

Don't laugh at me.

- Were you this weird when we went out?

- Were you this bitchy when we went out?

I'm trying to think.

Yeah, I was a bitchy eighth grader
for that whole week, actually.

- What's up, Pres?

- Hey. I'm gonna do this.

I'm gonna go do it right now.

Are you gonna be okay?

Yeah. I'll get a ride home
from somebody else.

- You sure?

- Yeah.

Go.

Seriously, guys.

I'm over it. Really.
What?
Nothing. Sorry. It's just...
Well, he is the most dope guy
in school.
Yeah, and school's over.
Anyway, I mean,
who does he think he is, Brad Pitt?
Seriously,
and you're, like, Gwyneth.
Seriously, you know
he regrets breaking up with her.
You know what?
That's really sweet.
- But I think I'm gonna...
- No, we mean it.
- You are so Gwyneth!
- Totally Gwyneth, but prettier!
Totally prettier,
but with bigger boobs.
- Totally bigger boobs.
- Way bigger.
You know what? I think I'm gonna
go outside and get some fresh air.
But he's no Brad.
He is not even Brad
in "Twelve Monkeys"...
when he had that weird eye,
and he was all dirty.
Girlfriend, Mike Dexter doesn't even
deserve to breathe the same air as Brad.
- No, he doesn't.
- Mike Dexter is an asshole.
An asshole!
All right. You know what?
I don't really want to talk about this.
Okay, I don't think
she's prettier than Gwyneth.
Not even.
All right. This is it.
If is finally time
for Kenny Fisher fo become the man.
Now I done my laps...
and all ten finalisfs

are present and accounted for.
Ten lovely ladies, yo.
Each one at my disposal.
Ten willin' and able four guides
into the theme park of love.
But who will it be?
Which of you gorgeous ten
will be the lucky one?
Hey, yo, Corinne, baby.
What's up?
Nine. Which of you gorgeous nine
will be the lucky one?
Excuse me. Sorry. My fault.
My fault. Sorry.
Uh, excuse me?
Is this the beer?
What the hell
does it look like, ass wipe?
Yeah. Sorry.
- Do you want one?
- Yes, of course.
It's terrible!
Nobody drink the beer!
The beer has gone bad!
- Tastes like beer to me.
- Yeah, me too.
Mine's great.
Yo, Ashley.
Damn, you look beautiful.
- Thanks.
- Yo, check this.
I was reminiscin' today. I was thinkin'
about that time in seventh grade.
We was all playin' spin the bottle
at Lynn Eckert's house, remember?
- I guess.
- Yeah.
Well, you and me, we never did
get that kiss, right?
But I had this mad flashback
that you were starin' at me all night.
Kind of giggling with your girlfriends.
You remember that?
Oh, I do remember that.

You were eating Chee-tos.

- Yeah.

- And that orange stuff was all stuck...
in your braces and nobody
wanted to tell you.

So you just kept on eatin' 'em.

Oh, my God!

Lynn and I thought
that was the funniest thing.

- Lynn, come over here!

- What?

Oh, my God. I'm tellin' little Kenny how
we used to call him "Chester Chee-tos."

What are you laughin' at?

Cheetah.

- Oh, bye, Chester.

- Good-bye, Chester.

Yo, use me for my body, baby.

Come on, baby. Yeah.

What's up, ladies?

Yo, Jana, you wanna dance?

I'm allergic.

Allergic? To dancin'?

Yeah.

- Hey, I want you to have this.

- Oh, thank you.

I heard that Mike broke up with her
a year ago...

and she has been paying him \$50 a month
to act like they're still together.

- Uh, pathetic.

- It's so pathetic.

Preston Meyers?

Dude, what's goin' on, man?

I'm so glad I got a chance to see you.

I know you're leaving tomorrow.

- I'm gonna miss you, man, you know.

- It's okay, man. Don't worry about it.

I was totally remembering the time
we were in the seventh grade...

and we mashed up our food

on our lunch trays...

and you paid me a dollar to eat it,

and I did.

- It was the best!

- Good time.

Hey, how ya been?

Hey, and what about that time

during softball practice...

when Ricky Feldman hit that line drive

and it hit you right in your nuts?

That was the funniest, man.

I just don't know what to say about it.

You remember the time on the field trip

to the meat packing plant...

and you, like, threw up

all in your book bag?

- That wasn't me.

- Bull corn! Remember?

Because you tried to leave the bag

on the bus so no one would see it.

But then Vice Principal Billard

took it around to all the classes...

to see who it was, and I was, like,

"Wasn't that your bag?"

And you were, like, "No."

And I was, like, "I think it is, dude."

- Hi, Ron.

- Hi. Are you okay?

- I just heard you and Mike broke up.

- Yeah.

Yeah.

Well, I just can't believe

you didn't tell me.

- I mean, after all, we're family.

- Second cousins.

You know, exactly.

We should be able to talk about these...

I was like, "Dude, you're never gonna get that smell out of there."

Hey, I got one for ya.

Remember that time when I was about

to talk to that beautiful girl...

and you started telling me

all these asinine stories?

Remember that? Huh?

Gee, that's funny

'cause it just happened!

Yo, man.

I'm never gonna forget this.

Hey, man. See if I contact you
for the reunion.

It's all about the memories, man.

All about the memories.

Hey, who wants to go
in the hot tub with us?

- Hey, yo, G. What's up?

- Hey, what's up, man?

Yo, shouldn't you be gettin'
your freak on by now?

I'm just flossin' while those two 'hos
over there scratch it out...

over who gets to knock the boots
with me, you know what I'm sayin'?

- Yeah.

- What two 'hos, man?

I don't see no 'hos, Kenny.

- Yo, what, you callin' me a liar?

- Hey, yo, why you shovin', cracker?

You better recognize, fool.

Why y'all gotta waste
my flavor? Damn!

Dude, can I talk to you
for a second?

Hey, Mike.

What's up, man?

What's goin' on?

Did ya do it?

- Come on.

- Mike. Look, man. I don't know, man.

You see, Rachel's parents
are away, right?

So she was kinda thinkin' that maybe
we can spend the night, you know?

What about the game plan, man?

You promised.

See, it's just that Rachel's parents,
they have mirrors.

Above the bed, dude.

I'm gonna be like this. Look.

All right. I get the picture.

You know what?

I'm gonna go see what the other guys
are doin'. Maybe they got some balls.
Um, weren't you in my language lab?
Yeah, I was.
See, I told you guys
she went to our school. Pay up.
Anybody order a love burger,
well done?
One, two... Whoa! What is that?
It's one of our shirts, man.
I'm wearin' it for publicity.
Those are for the fans. You don't wear
the shirt of the band you're in.
I think it's cool.
Throw me one.
- We don't throw him one.
- Hey, look.
If they get to wear the shirts,
maybe I should wear the hat.
You guys suck!
- What the hell is that?
- A hat.
Take off the hat.
- No.
- Take it off.
Look, you come in here lookin' like the
white artist formerly known as Prince.
- Listen, here, Hootie.
- Hootie? You look like LeStat.
Oh, my God!
See? That's why I said
no smoking in the house!
Oh, wait. Is that poop?
Someone have poop on their shoe?
Oh, my God.
- Someone has poop on their shoe!
- Watch it!
And then I heard...
that he slept with some sophomore.
That pig!
What are you gonna do?
Beat him at his own game.
I am gonna hook up
with someone at this party...

and hope that Jason finds out.

- Wait. With who?

- Who cares?

The next guy who hits on me.

No. Hell, the next guy

who talks to me.

Wipe out.

I, uh... Yo, I must have died

and gone to heaven...

'cause I see an angel sittin'

right in front of me.

Are you cryin'?

Oh, no, baby, please!

You are far too fine to look so sad.

- Yeah, sure.

- Come on. Don't be like that.

It breaks my heart

to see you this way.

You tell Special K what he can do

to make you feel better.

Come to the pool house with me?

Of course I will.

Anything for you, baby.

Could you just wait right here.

I'll be right back. I promise.

He'll do.

All right. Bathroom, pee,

underarm check, Breath Assure...

Yo, hold up.

Do I put on a jimmy hat now or...

Nah, that ain't gonna work.

Damn!

Yo, they're out of toilet paper.

- Wait, Jen! Wait for us!

- Oh, I gotta go!

- Oh, don't you hate that?

- Oh, wait! Don't lock it!

- Let's go pee in the pool.

- All right.

What the hell is this?

Is there another bathroom upstairs?

'Cause the line in there is really long,

and I gotta go.

No one's allowed upstairs, okay?

Who did this?
I think I saw that
foreign exchange student...
walkin' around
with a black Magic Marker.
- That little foreign guy?
- Yeah. So, the ba...
You can go upstairs,
but just you.
Thanks. All right.
And don't close the door all the way
because it's sort of broken.
Damn! You the man, Kenny!
Here we go.
Yo, this ain't gonna...
Yeah. I can do...
Damn! She's gonna think I got
that premature evacuation. Damn!
Damn!
Dudel
These brownies suck!
I don't wanna waste this.
I better double bag it.
I don't know where that girl been.
Shut that door!
- No, I mean, get out!
- Yeah, I'm trying to!
- Get out!
- I can't!
Move, woman!
Look what I got now!
I got the...
Look, I am telling you...
that patch of sky right over there
above those power lines...
is like a superhighway
of U.F.O. activity.
I wonder how William's doin'
at the party.
I hope he isn't having
any trouble blendin' in.
Wasn't there somethin'
I was supposed to do tonight?
I can't feel my legs.

I have no legs!
Can I talk to you
for a second, man?
Well, did you do it or what?
Man, we will. I promise.
But her dad got us all tickets
to see Pearl Jam.
So we're gonna do it
after the concert.
I thought Beth can kiss your ass.
Come on.
Mike, sometimes we say things
we don't mean.
- Well, when's the concert?
- August.
You guys suck.
- But they're really good seats.
- We're gonna deal with it eventually!
If you ask me, I never really saw
you two together in the first place.
Yeah. You and me both.
- What?
- Well, I know why I started dating him.
I just don't know
why I did it for so long.
It's just... God, at first,
it was all so unbelievable.
And, I mean,
at my old junior high school...
I was always just this little,
well, nobody.
And then I came to Huntington
freshman year...
and Mike Dexter
wanted to date me.
And all of the sudden,
I was, like, "Little Miss Popular."
I know it sounds lame,
but it felt good.
It's the first time I'd ever felt cool
in my whole life.
Please. It was the first time
I'd ever had a boyfriend.
I don't understand.

I mean, what happened?

Nothing.

See, that's the problem because Mike is the same guy now he was then.

You know, mooning the guy at the drive-through window... giving the underclassmen wedgies.

Yeah. I've heard he does that.

So why didn't you just, you know, break up with him?

'Cause I was, um...

scared of being alone.

Mike and I went out for, like, four years.

You know, that's, like, forever.

And if I'm not Mike's girlfriend, you know, who am I?

Nobody knows me as anything else.

I don't think I know me as anything else.

Look...

I don't know about you...

but I really believe...

that there's one person out there...

for everybody.

That's what this is about.

It's not just

some sappy love letter telling her...

how my heart stops

every time that I see her.

It's in there, but...

It's not just to tell her how I think she's more than the homecoming queen...

or Mike's girlfriend or...

how there's this really amazing person inside of her...

that no one even bothers to see.

It's in there, too, but...

what it's really about...

is how she should just

give me a chance.

Just one chance.

Maybe we could find out if there's

a reason for all of this...
why she's not with Mike tonight...
and after four years,
I'm still here with this letter.
Maybe we could find out
what that reason is.
You know...
it's time to find out.
I think I'm ready to do this.
Finally.
Any words of encouragement?
Would you like to touch my penis?
I am a sex machine.
No one can hear us.
- Are you satisfied?
- Woman, this is all your fault.
Bargin' in here
like a freakin' moose, all...
Really? Well, if I'd known
you were gonna be in here...
half-naked, pleasuring yourself
or whatever...
- Don't touch that.
- I definitely would have gone elsewhere.
- I was gettin' my shit ready.
- Your "shit."
Yeah, 'cause for your information...
there is a supermad honey
downstairs just waitin'.
She is dyin'
to have sex with me.
Oh, Jason, I never should
have believed those rumors.
- Let's never fight again.
- Oh, never, baby.
- Hey, Carl.
- Hey, Preston. What's up, man?
- How are ya?
- All right.
- Have you seen Amanda Beckett?
- Yeah. I just saw her in there.
Hey. Did you hear
Mike Dexter broke up with her?
I'm thinkin' about askin' her out.

It's time to get freaky!
Thanks for listening.
God, I got to be prom queen...
and now I want people
to feel sorry for me too?
- I should just shut up.
- No. It's okay.
I mean, you know,
you need someone to listen.
Thanks.
Amanda, I feel really
close to you now.
- What are you doing?
- Oh, well, I care about you.
Oh, will you get off?
- Come on. It's okay, baby!
- That is disgusting!
Come on. You were practically
begging me for it.
That is not what I was saying.
And you're my cousin!
- Through marriage.
- Whatever! You're sick!
Shit. You're not gonna tell
my parents about this, are you?
- You see the salt on this pretzel?
- Yes.
Look at the stars.
Now some people,
they say the stars are...
billions and billions
of tons of hot gas.
But I think maybe
it's just God's salt.
And God's just waitin' to eat us.
Have I got some news for you.
Really? What's that?
That I recently became single.
And?
Well, I just remember Jeff Gurner
sayin' a little somethin' about...
you girls thinkin' I was
the hottest senior in school.
Yeah.

And I remember Jeff Gurner
saying that...
you told him we were "skanky."
He told you that?
Okay. See you later.
Hey, isn't this the weekend...
that you're supposed to meet
your girlfriend from the internet?
Yeah, but she has
some photo shoot in Fiji...
for a catalog or something.
- Oh, man. That sucks.
- Yeah.
I guess that's just the price you pay
for dating Christie Turlington.
This song goes out to Hope
from her boyfriend Ken.
It's about love.
Love hurts
Love scars
Love wounds
Maybe somebody threw it out.
You don't throw away a yearbook!
You're supposed
to cherish it forever.
Oh, thank God. Look at you.
Trisha, sign my yearbook!
- Oh, I stepped in gum!
- Come on. We're already late.
Yuck!
Cuts to the left, decks the crap
out of the wing and boom!
Open net! Scores!
Yeah!
Does that feel good?
Damn, woman. Why you gotta be
such a ragin' bitch?
Oh, please. Listen to you.
Look. There's a mirror right there.
Why don't you take a look, okay?
You're white!
What's that supposed to mean?
- I don't always talk like that.
- Oh, I guess you're okay, then.

What about you, huh?
What about you, Miss Antisocial?
Miss Walkin' Around, Just, I Think
I'm So Much Better Than Everybody Else.
I do not think
I am better than anybody.
Anyway, what do you care
what I think about you, okay?
You pretty much haven't spoken to me
since sixth grade.
Hey, you stopped speakin' to me.
- Okay. Whatever.
- Damn, you got no...
You have no idea
what you're talkin' about.
You don't even know me anymore.
Yes, I do.
I know exactly who you are.
You're Kenny Fisher
who used to play...
We used to play "Miami Vice"
in my basement.
You used to sleep over my house. You had
to leave the hall light on every night.
You're Kenny Fisher who used to buy me
a card every Valentine's Day...
and a bag of those little hearts
with the words on 'em.
Geez.
You're Kenny Fisher who got too cool
to hang out with me in junior high...
'cause I was in
all the smart classes...
and 'cause my parents
didn't make a lot of money...
and 'cause you desperately needed to sit
at the trendy table in the cafeteria.
Whaf fhe hell happened?
She's not supposed fo be wifh somebody
else. She's supposed to be with me.
I mean, fhere was even
fhat song on fhe radio.
Wasn 'f fhaf a sign?
Unless Denise was righf.

Maybe fhaf song was aboit a dog.
Well, what was I supposed to do then,
go ouf and buy a dog?
No. If had to be a sign.
It's not like you hear fhe song
"Mandy" on fhe radio every day.
I haven'f heard fhaf song
in, like, ten years.
And since today
is Barry Manilow's birthday...
we'll be playing "Mandy" every hour
on fhe hour here at Mellow 103.
- Thank you very, very much.
- And as a special treaf for you...
we'll have the Man-ilow himself
fo answer your quesfions...
live on fhe phone from
his sold-ouf concerf in Tokyo.
So if you've got a question
for fhe man who "wrides the songs"...
get fo the phone and call in now.
Excuse me.
Are you gonna be long?
I just need to make one call.
Oh. There's two other phones.
Yeah. They're broken.
- I just put my money in.
- It's sort of an emergency.
- Look. It won't take long.
- My car broke down and I need to call...
- Shh! Wait.
- A cab.
- Hello? Yeah, Mellow 103?
- Hello, 103.
- You're on the air.
- Finally. Listen...
I have a really important question
for Barry Manilow.
- Barry's listening.
- In that song "Mandy"...
Hello?
Why did you do that?
Wait a second. Lady, I was...
I was talking to somebody!

No! You don't just hang up!

- Rapid Cabs.

- Hi. I need a cab, please.

- I'm at Johnny's on the boulevard.

- Who are you? I was...

- I'm an angel.

- I had so...

Okay, I'm done now.

You don't just hang up

on somebody's call like that.

I think my emergency was just
a little bit larger than yours, junior.

How the hell do you know?

You have no idea how long...

This is great.

This is just, just great.

This is officially the worst night
of my entire life. Thank you very much.

Try having 40 drunk men
grabbing your ass...

one groom-to-be

throwin' up all over you...

and then have your car break down

at 2:

and then you can talk to me
about havin' a bad night, okay?

- You're a stripper?

- I'm a dancer.

An angel stripper.

Oh, I'm the weirdo.

You're the one calling Barry Manilow
from a phone booth at 2:00 a.m.

You're right.

I'm a total loser.

No, wait. I'm sorry.

Great.

Like I could feel any worse.

That's the most disgusting thing
I've ever seen!

What is wrong with you people?

Do you know who Preston Meyers is?

Duh. He only sat right next to you
in freshman English.

But I guess
you wouldn't remember that.
Why would Amanda Beckett pay attention
to a unique spirit like Preston...
or even a unique spirit like me,
for instance?
Maybe it's because
she's just a little too busy...
ordering around her little
conformist flock of sheep.
Sheep!
You are all sheep.
Hey, Luke doesn't push Vader.
Well, he should've.
I mean, the guy cut his hand off.
Those were our only flashlights.
Oh, yeah.
Geez.
- It's kinda dark up here.
- Yeah.
You know what?
This is just like
that Scott Baio thing.
When I was 16, I had
the biggest thing for Scott Baio.
You don't have to sit here
and go through... Scott Baio?
I said I was 16.
I mean, this went back
to the "Happy Days" years...
not to mention
"Joanie Loves Chachi."
God, I hated her.
Joanie.
See, I always knew
that somehow...
I'd meet him.
Like if I wanted it bad enough,
I could make it happen.
And it did...
right after his first season
of "Charles in Charge."
He was doing this mall tour,
and he came here to our mall.

It was like everything
was finally falling into place.
- You know, like it was...
- Fate.
Yeah!
So I went, you know.
And he had this red bandanna...
'cause, you know, Chachi
always wore that red bandanna.
And I waited there outside.
And I was the first person
when he pulled up.
He got out of that car...
He was so beautiful.
And he looked right at me.
I didn't know what to do.
I couldn't say anything.
I couldn't move.
I never even talked to him,
and he was right there.
I still have that red bandanna.
The thing is, you never know.
Like, had I at least
maybe said something.
You never know.
But anyway, the point is,
I totally realized...
you know, fate.
There is fate,
but it only takes you so far...
because once you're there,
it's up to you to make it happen.
You are so definitely right.
I know.
So look.
Don't make the same mistake I did.
If you really want to be with him,
get back on that phone...
and call Barry Manilow
and tell him how you feel.
I didn't want him.
It's okay.
I don't think it's weird.
I mean, come on. Scott Baio.

We all have our things.
And I'm ready to fake
A chance again
Ready fo put my love
on the line
With you
You are a no-talent,
posturing little smurf!
Really? That's not what your girlfriend
said last night in your van.
You guys are such amateurs.
I quit!
Way to go.
Why don't you just take off the T-shirt?
- Me?
- You!
We were fine until you pulled out
that stupid hat.
This hat is not stupid!
This hat is cool.
- Way to go, man.
- What the hell did I do?
Get outta here!
I'll be the band, dudes.
Hey, I know this song.
I know this song.
The guy I tutored in math
used to make me listen to it.
Wild Bill!
Rock and roll!
Take me down
to fhe paradise city
Where fhe grass is green
and the girls are preffy
Oh, won'f yoi please take me home
Get offl
Far away
So far away
Caf in the cenfer
has been forn apart
- He is so cute!
- I know.
Tear me a rug
Take me back to fhe start

I'll scream loose in my mind
Are you blind
Oh, my God!
Oh, yeah!
Dale! Sign my yearbook!
You know what?
My retainer kind of looks
like a Klingon warship.
Fire photons.
This is the greatest night
of my lifel
- Get up.
- What?
- I got to pee.
- You are not peeing in here.
- It's a bathroom.
- I'm aware of that by now.
Are you gonna move?
'Cause I'm gonna go.
You are disgusting.
I cannot listen to this.
So were you saving up
all that stuff to tell me?
You really want to talk about this
while you're doing that?
Geez, it could've been on your mind
the last six years.
You might've mentioned something.
When? When you were ignoring me
in the halls?
When you were writing "Denise Fleming's
a tampon" on my locker freshman year?
I did not write
"Denise Fleming is a tampon."
Just like you didn't destroy
my Cabbage Patch Kid in second grade.
Second grade?
Besides, I admitted that
right away.
No, you didn't. When I picked her up,
her head fell off, you started to cry.
That kind of tipped me off.
I did not cry.
Much.

Fine. I told John Keiserman
to write "Denise Fleming is a tampon."
I felt really bad afterwards.
It's all right. I told...
Diana Yellin you were
a dendrophiliac.
What is that?
It's someone who has sex with trees.
That's not funny.
- Oh, Bill!
- He's with me.
He asked me
to hold his laser pointer.
Now, ladies, ladies, please.
Both of you can hold
my laser pointer anytime.
Come on.
Did those two girls just go
in the make-out room with...
William Lichter?
- Yeah.
- They're so lucky.
Hey, man. You want a beer?
Trip McNealy.
No way, man.
Geez.
You were a sexual icon.
You know, girls at Huntington
still talk about you.
Really? Which ones?
You must be rackin' up at college.
College.
I wish. I can't even get
digits as a freshman.
Shut up. Come on.
You can tell me.
Seriously, man.
I thought college
was gonna be a 24-7 orgy.
That's even why I broke up
with Janeen before I left.
So what happened?
College chicks
are totally different, bro.

They're all serious and shit.
They all talk about world issues
and "ecolomological" crap.
They all wanna date older guys.
Yeah, but not all of 'em, right?
Way it goes.
Hell, I even tried crawling back
to Janeen.
She was all cozy with some senior.
He's a premed.
They all are.
Guys like us,
we are a dime a dozen.
Speaking of which...
you still with that Amanda chick?
She was a prize piece
if I ever saw one.
Yeah.
Me and Amanda, definitely.
Yep.
You're lucky, bro.
- Sure am.
- Stay with her.
That's the best advice
I can give you.
Oh, that and...
bring rubber flip-flops
to the shower.
I got warts all over my feet.
Take it easy, Trip.
All right.
Amanda!
Have you seen Amanda Beckett?
No.
Preston? I don't know.
Well, his hair's kinda,
I don't know, brown.
No, it's not really brown.
Oh, he's tall.
Yeah. He's kinda tall,
sorta tall.
And he's like always wearin',
like, T-shirts.
Sometimes.

- So he's sort of tall?

- Kind of.

- With hair?

- Yeah.

And he wears T-shirts sometimes?

- Yeah.

- Yes.

- That's it?

- Well...

I mean, he's Preston.

He's Preston, you know?

I like that guy.

You know who else I like

who never got much play...

is Velma from "Scooby Doo."

Right.

She was also a cool...

- She was a hip lady.

- Hip chick.

- Watch it!

- Amandal

Oh, God. Mike, get off.

Can't I hug my girl if I want?

I am not your girl,

and you're obviously drunk.

- So...

- Wait.

We need to talk.

- About what?

- Us.

There is no us.

No, but there is, see, 'cause...

I've been doing

a lot of thinking...

and I think...

I think...

I think we should

get back together.

Why?

- What?

- Why?

Give me one good reason why...

No. You know what?

Screw that.

No, Mike. My answer is no.
You mean you don't want me
to take you back?
'Cause I'm serious about this.
You should really think about this.
Think about what? That you're
a childish, self-centered asshole?
Take me back? Please.
Look. You're drunk,
and we're over.
Why don't you just walk away now
and save yourself the embarrassment?
Oh, yeah?
Yeah, well, you're the one...
Amanda, who's gonna be embarrassed.
Who's gonna want you now?
Somebody.
Somebody?
More like...
nobody.
Gosh, Mike,
you really got me there.
Fag!
Shut up!
Yes!
I'll kick everyone's ass
in this room!
Now that Mike is
completely out of the picture...
I was thinking maybe you'd like
to come to my van...
and I could turn that frown
upside down.
Amanda, hey,
I just saw what happened, and I...
Oh, God, you're a hottie!
Can I see you naked?
Remember that time you danced
with me at the sock hop?
I never told you,
but I had the hugest boner.
- Maybe we could work things out.
- Let me get you out of that skirt.
You're lookin' good.

Hey, Amanda, do you want
some watermelon?
Amanda, I love you!
Listen. I know that must sound
really strange, but...
Excuse me. I've always felt there was
this unspoken connection between us...
ever since the first time I saw you when
you were holding my favorite Pop Tart.
And the truth is, I'm leaving tomorrow.
If we could go someplace...
Oh, you know what?
That is enough!
God, I haven't even been single
for like five minutes...
and already you think...
that I am just gonna strip off
my clothes and do you right here...
because, I don't know,
I don't know...
you imagined that we shared
some intimate moment that you...
have probably been drooling over
for the past four years!
How sick and deluded are you?
You know, why don't you just
go off and get yourself...
a goddamn life, asshole?
Thanks, man.
That was the funniest thing
I've seen all night.
Oh, man.
I hope you guys are okay.
Don't stick that probe there, Daddy!
Hey, buddy! Hey.
You have to come outside with me,
man, 'cause we are...
There is...
There's this chick out there...
There's two chicks out there...
They're triplets, man. Huh?
You're not gonna believe what they're
doin', not 'cause I made it up...
but because it is so...

unbelievable, man.
Come on out to the pool house with me
'cause they told me...
that they want you to watch 'em.
They want you to watch 'em.
So we're goin' out.
Come on. To the pool house.
Come on.
I'm a loser.
I broke up with the hottest girl
in school.
My friends all sold me out.
Someone in there called me a fag.
Why?
I'll make love to you
Like you want me to
And I'll hold you tight
The right stuff
You loved the New Kids.
The acid-washed jeans.
With the built-in rips.
You were a fashion victim from the womb.
Thank you.
I've gotten better since then.
Yeah, if you need to fit
a family of five in your pants.
Shut up. These are cool.
All right.
But the goggles.
Everybody's wearing these.
All right.
Okay, my turn.
- What?
- The shoes.
What is wrong with my shoes?
What? What?
Do they serve
an orthopedic function?
No. Fine.
What about your shoes?
- What's wrong with my shoes?
- Is there a mission to the moon later?
Yeah.
- Your feet smell.

- They do not.
I'm the king of beer!
You still didn't sign
my yearbook.
Actually, I'm trying to get everybody
to sign by their own picture.
Oh, my God.
Oh, shit.
What is wrong with everybody?
These are memories
frozen in time, people!
A love-struck Romeo
Sings a sfreetsuss serenade
Layin' everybody low
With a love song fhaf he made
Finds a sfreetlight
Steps ouf of the shade
says something like
You and me, babe
How about if
Juliet says
Hey, if's Romeo
You nearly gave me a heart aftack
He's underneath the window
She's singing
Hey, my boyfriend's back
Shouldn't come around here
singing up af people like fhat
Who needs her?
You know what they say
about women and trolley cars, right?
There's plenty of 'em in the sea.
Am I right?
You are correct.
You're 110 percent right.
- Let me ask you something. Wait.
- What?
You remember the time...
that you had to make
that really stupid speech...
and I kinda sorta tripped you...
and everybody started laughing
at you in school?
Okay, yeah. Yeah.

I'm sorry.

Oh, man.

Hey, don't worry about it, man.

Hey, it's ancient history, right?

It's ancient history.

- When was that anyway?

- That was this morning at graduation.

Oh, yeah.

You think I could get a shirt?

You know, for nostalgia?

Yeah.

What would you think
about a reunion?

Nothing big.

A few new songs.

Mostly old stuff.

I could be into that.

Sure. Why not?

When we were in love

you used fo cry

Said I love you

like the sfars above

- I love you, man!

- I love you too.

How's my boys?

Yo, what's up with my niggas, man?

- Cold floor! Cold floor.

- I'm sorry, I'm sorry.

It's okay.

Have you ever done this before?

Yeah. Yeah.

No. Why, have you?

Yeah, once.

It was this guy...

I don't want to know.

You're right.

I'm sorry. I'm sorry.

- Are they gone? Are they still here?

- I think they're gone, man.

If they were still here,

I'd break 'em like Kato!

Cops! Let's bail!

This is it.

I knew we could do it.

One, two, three!
Everybody freeze!
The cops!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God!
Bill, you never signed
my yearbook.
- We can hide in the pool house.
- What the...
Hey, viva la pool house, right?
- Come on!
- Pool house. Pool house. Mike!
My pants!
Back here, Billy.
Mike, wait.
It worked. All right,
take off their clothes.
Get the Polaroid.
Look at you, mister.
I'm a big football jock.
How do you like me now, buddy?
Look. My flashlight.
Oh, no. It's William.
Oh, God. Let's get outta here.
Jesus cribs!
Let's load these sickos
into the wagon.
Well.
So...
You know...
It gets better.
- What?
- Well...
next time, you know...
you won't be...
It can go for longer.
No, that's not what I meant.
I meant that since
we'd never done it before...
together, that...
How do you know
it wasn't your fault?
You said yourself
you'd only done it one time before.

Does that made you
some kind of expert?
I never said I was an expert.
'Cause my shit could've been
slammin' with somebody else.
What?
Look, baby.
It ain't your fault
you lack the flavor.
You asshole.
- Who the hell is in here?
- Don't you even knock?
This is my house!
Yeah? You should fix that door!
- Don't touch me. You make me sick.
- Get out!
- Denise!
- Get out!
- I'm trying to!
- Well, let me help you!
Now, get out!
What is your problem?
My problem?
You want to know what my problem is?
I'll tell you what my problem is!
Are you just gonna walk home?
It's not that far.
Just...
Just stop, okay?
Look, just slow down a sec,
would you?
I want to explain.
- Don't bother.
- No, no, no. Come on.
Look, I'm...
I'm sorry.
You know...
Yeah.
I shouldn't have said...
You know.
I'm sorry too.
So.
Lichter!
- William!

- What?

Let's go!

Time to get up!

Your parents are here
to take you home.

Oh, God!

My parents! Have you seen them?

Are they really angry?

Have you seen my father?

Does he have a weapon?

Afraid not.

Actually, they're more worried
about you than anything else.

You know, 'cause it's
not your fault that...

"Mike Dexter beat you up and forced you
to drink alcohol until you passed out."

He wh... what?

That's the statement
we got from the Dexter kid.

He made you drink,
took your clothes off...

Yeah, you know.

It's just funny
that he finally...

came clean, you know.

Mike, always pickin' on me, yeah.

Oh, God.

Well, whatever.

It might be a good idea
to lay off that alcohol.

Your life's gonna go down the crapper,
unless that's what you're goin' for.

- Thank you.

- You bet.

- Thank you.

- You're welcome.

- That a boy.

- Thank you.

Easy now. All right.

Thank you.

To your right.

Did you like

The flowers I sent

You could've called fo thank me
Well, you could've called
And I tried to kiss you
On Brooklyn Avenue
Buf you got in your car
Before I could move
And I've been
Falling like fhe rain
You've got your imbrella
In my way
Fists and fingers
Tongues and feeth
I wanna see you
Get out.
Are you kidding me?
Kenny Fisher?
- You guys are a couple now?
- No.
No. I don't know.
Can I come to your wedding?
I really should've taken this one
to the grave.
Off of me, please. On to you.
Did you finally? Amanda?
You did? And?
It's okay. I'm okay.
You know, I...
We weren't meant to be,
which sucks, but...
I know it's over, it's done.
I don't know.
Maybe there isn't
such a thing as fate.
And maybe it's all bullshit.
I feel like...
maybe it was a hero's trial.
Something to make me
come out a better person.
I'm trying to make the best of it.
God.
It would've been cool
to make out with her, though.
Would you make out with me?
- Call me when you get there.

- Definitely.
Take care.
Gimme a hug.
Take care of yourself, okay?
Just so you know.
Just judging from
my little experience last night...
I do think there's
such a thing as fate.
It just works
in really fucked-up ways sometimes.
Especially in your case.
I'm sorry. You gave that to me.
I had to take it.
Peace out, G.
Nobody understands
the value of a yearbook.
- Memories are all we have.
- That's what I've been saying.
All I know is, tonight...
I'm gonna be at some bar
with chicks all over me.
And you guys...
are gonna be at home
with your lame-ass girlfriends.
- Maybe we should break up with them.
- That's what I'm sayin'.
I never got a chance to thank you
for covering for me last night.
Thanks for telling the cops
all that stuff.
I don't think I'm gonna be drinking
like that for a while.
- That stuff you said...
- Yo! Yo!
Who said you could sit
with us, geek?
Shouldn't you be home
playing with your computer?
Yeah, why don't you go home,
watch "Star Trek," Urkel?
Urkel.
That's genius!
When will I see you again

Yo, you want some of this?
Precious moments
Are we in love
Or jusf friends
Or is this the end
The Boston Bullet
now boarding at frack 28.
Will passengers wifh tickefs
for fhe Bosfon Bullef...
please board af track 28.
Excuse me.
I think you dropped this.
What are you doing here?
Well, your dad told me that you'd
be here, so I thought that I would...
- That's my letter.
- Thought it was my letter.
Yeah, of course it's your letter.
I just...
- Did you read it?
- Yeah.
Let me just say that I don't know
what I put in that letter.
- I wrote it so many times that it...
- Thank you.
Thank you.
I mean, you're welcome.
So...
you're leaving now?
God.
Yeah.
- It's just...
- Really bad timing?
Yeah.
I've got this workshop
with Kurt Vonnegut, and...
- He's my hero and...
- Wow!
That's great.
That's really great. Congratulations.
Thanks.
Well, you should...
You should probably go, then.
Maybe it's better this way.

Maybe I should just be single
for a while or something.
Sure.
Maybe it's like you said.
You know, all this happened
for a reason.
I said that, didn't I?
Well...
Preston, good luck.
Yeah, you too.
I'll see ya.
All I needed was fhe love you gave
All I needed for another day
And all I ever knew
Only you
This is gonna take a long time
And I wonder what's mine
Can't fake no more
You know...
there's probably a later train
I could take.
I can't believe we jumped William.
Yeah. I can't believe
we didn't go in to the party.
- It probably sucked anyway.
- Probably.
Those people are totally boring.
Yeah. This town is so lame.
Tell me about it.
Nothing exciting ever happens here.