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Crime and Punishment

By Fyodor Dostoevsky

I don't recall requesting
the pleasure of your company.

-Rag?

-Brush.

You know, after van Gogh
chopped off his own ear...

...there was a rash of copycat
mutilations amongst his students.

Your point being?

My point being that

the whole world reveres the artists...

...envies their talent,

wants to be just like them.

That's what I'm doing. I'm hoping
some of your genius will rub off.

-You got kicked out of your house again.

-Not exactly.

It's more like they're filming a Lifetime
Original Movie in my living room.

And which one of the Witter sisters...

...is in complete distress right now?

That would be numero uno.

Left the sergeant major

for conduct unbecoming...

...fled back to the home front and
brought along my screaming nieces.

So I finally get my own room and
you have been exiled to Sofa City.

-Ouch.

-My sentiments exactly.

So....

So, what do you think?

Oh, is it done?

Yes, it's done.

I thought that Principal Green had
commissioned you guys to do murals...

-...exemplifying school spirit and unity.

-He did.

Well, no offence,

but this looks like something...

...you'd find tattooed on

Kwai Chang Caine's forehead.

-You don't like it.

-I didn't say I don't like it.

I'm pretty sure the rest
of the murals...
...will probably be more
traditional, but--
Like football players and lighthouses?
And what do they say about
the high-school experience?
Jo, this is the U.S. of A.
When we have art in public places,
we want it to be as subtle as Godzilla.
Yeah, but don't you think
that art can have this power?
I mean, it can bring people together.
Oh, yeah, absolutely.
In museums,
the thinking man's pickup joint.
You know, that's what I like
about you, Pacey.
You just go so deep.
Thanks.
No peeking.
-What, I don't get a preview?
-No.
Why not? Pacey did.
Dawson, the unveiling is
a crucial part to any new work...
...and I want you to have
the complete experience.
-He didn't tell you what it is, did he?
-No.
He didn't, but he said it was great.
That means a lot, coming from
the most discriminating critic.
Hey, well, he knows what he likes.
Dawson, Pacey's prized possession is
a black velvet painting of baby Elvis.
So how's your speech coming?
I don't know why I have
to even say anything.
An artist is supposed to
let her work speak for itself.
But when PTAs and the school board
let you paint something in the hallway...
...they expect a

little pointless ceremony in return.

-So are you gonna be there?

-Of course.

-I mean, if you want me to.

-Yeah.

-I want you to.

-Okay.

And whatever you think,
be honest with me, you know.

-Even if you hate it.

-Even if I ha--?

What makes you think
I'm gonna hate it?

Nothing.

It's just....

Stepping out from behind the curtain?

I can understand that.

It can be terrifying.

Up there in the lights
in front of all those people.

-Being judged.

-It's even more than that. I mean...

...I feel like I'm declaring
myself for the first time...

...what I really think about this place.

And with everyone staring at it...

...it's gonna be like they're all
looking right into my soul.

Give me a break. It was a joke.

There's nothing funny
about cheating, Matt.

Principal Green, members
of the disciplinary committee...

...I admit it.

I didn't know

the answer on the quiz.

So I did what any self-respecting kid
would do in a cellular age, you know?

I whipped out my StarTAC,
I dialled home...

...and I asked my mom, '' How many
justices sit on the Supreme Court?''

You know, call me crazy.

You know, even Mr. Higgins laughed.

Okay. And you claim that your mother didn't know the answer either.

Okay. So....

How do you explain your perfect score on the quiz?

I guessed.

Okay. Well...

...then I guess my recommendation would be...

...that you get a failing grade on the work at question...

...and a three-hour detention.

-Why don't you just bust my kneecaps?

-That'll be enough, Mr. Caufield.

While your behaviour clearly violates the letter of the honour code...

...I do not believe it is in violation of the spirit.

Am I free to go, then?

Yes, you're free to go.

Mr. Caufield.

Let's let this be the last time we see you before this committee.

Andie, would you wait for me for a minute, please?

Sure.

Principal Green,

I'm really sorry about earlier.

-I overreacted to the--

-No, that's not what this is about.

-Andie, I have news.

-News?

I was contacted this morning by the Educational Testing Service.

Andie, your phenomenal PSAT results...

...have placed you among the top 50,000 scorers in the country.

You have taken one giant step toward a National Merit Scholarship.

Isn't that fantastic?

Fantastic.

Andie, what's wrong?

You seem stunned.

No. No, no. It's just....
Well, it's just--
Yeah, I'm a little stunned.
Congratulations.
No. No. No! Look!
Pacey, last time you were here...
...you left water rings
on my deco coffee table.
Mom and Dad just wanted me
to bring you something.
Yeah? What?
Me!
-Look, what are you doing?
-I'm moving in, bro.
-Wait. Excuse me?
-You heard me. I'm moving in.
Dad gave me a check to give to you.
It's like a security deposit
in case I break your stereo.
You're not touching my stereo,
because you're not moving in with me.
Not now, not ever.
This is not Party of Five.
Come on. You can't make me
go back to that house.
Think about it. You got this whole
styling bachelor pad all to yourself...
...with the nice lighting
and the fancy window dressings...
...and all the trappings of the extremely
closeted homosexual male...
...and I don't even have a room
to myself anymore.
Since when?
Since Carrie decided to take
a leave of absence from Jerry.
You remember Jerry, our favourite
brother-in-law, with the tattoos?
She brought the no-neck monsters,
who are currently residing in my room.
So, what do you say, man?
Can I stay here, please?
Okay, look, if I agree to this...
...and it is a very big 'if' ...

-...there will be rules.
-I am your willing pupil.

Rule number one:

anything that Mom sends over.
The woman thinks that iceberg
lettuce is haute cuisine.

-Agreed.

-Rule number two: the coaster.

-Live it, love it, use it at all times.

-Done.

You will keep the CD collection
alphabetical...

...by last name, not first.

Do you understand?

Oh, perfectly. But I don't foresee the
need to dip into your diva collection.
I think you would be surprised at how
a tortured, impassioned female voice...
...can soothe an achy-breaky heart.

My heart is just fine,
thank you.

Oh, sure it is, little brother. Sure it is.
If you're referring to our conversation
the other night, chalk it up to rambling.

Well, there won't be any
of that on my watch.

And I won't have any moping around
like a lovesick puppy, either.

By the way, are you any
good at decoupage?

Oh, God help me.

-You're not taking pictures?

-Don't try and stop her, Joey.

When a little sister accomplishes
something impressive...

...it's important for a big sister to
create an embarrassing fuss over her.

Yeah. The more embarrassing,
the better.

Thank you. I know it's not gonna be fun
to walk the halls of Capeside.

It wasn't exactly your favourite place.
Yeah, but I'm old, remember?

That was a long time ago.
-Things are different now.
-Not that different.
What, are there, like, ten black kids
in that school?
Eleven. And don't try to rewrite history.
I mean, I remember, you picked
me up from kindergarten...
...and complained the whole way home
about some smug idiots...
...who thought they were better
because you had the wrong jeans.
Okay, I admit it. I hated high school...
...but that's why I'm so glad
it's not like that for you.
You're talented,
and everybody at that school knows it.
They've known for years,
and today they're going to see proof...
...that Joey Potter is a force
to be reckoned with.
And I painted this so that we all can
remember the beacon of knowledge...
...that our teachers shine
on us every day.
In closing, I would like
to thank Principal Green...
...and all of you for this opportunity...
...to impart my message of unity.
And now, the last of our
Capeside High murals.
I'd like to ask Joey Potter
to step up...
...and grace us with a few words
about her creation.
Well, Principal Green
said the mural should focus...
...on what unifies us as a school.
And if you think about it,
nothing really unifies us.
Even our mascot is divisive.
The Minuteman?
Right there, you've alienated
half the student population.

So the only thing
that I could think of...
...that unites us all,
that we all have in common...
...is that we all start off
in kindergarten thinking...
...that we can be anything
that we wanna be...
...and by the time we get here,
we've somehow lost that feeling.
We've all started to believe
whatever our parents...
...or our friends have told us we can
achieve and who we can be in life...
...and we've forgotten that possibility
we had when we were younger.
And that's what I think
we all have in common...
...and that's what the symbol
on my painting means.
Possibility.
I painted it because I thought we
could all use a daily reminder that...
...if you believe in yourself, even when
the odds seem stacked against you...
...anything's possible.
So I hope you like it.
Okay?
Excuse me.
Wait a minute. Joey.
Hey, wait up. You okay?
That's what I get for answering the call
to public service. Humiliation.
Nobody's humiliated, except
for the person who did this.
It felt humiliating to me.
-Look, it was a silly prank.
-You don't know that.
You put your soul into that.
I don't blame you for being angry...
...but don't turn this into some sort of
personal attack on you.
Not to stick my nose in here,
but just to stick my nose in...

-...it was a personal attack.
-What?
There were three murals. Yours was the only one that got touched.
-So?
-So someone didn't like...
...what Joey was trying to say or someone just didn't like you. Your logic leaves a lot to be desired. We're in high school.
It's a society unto its own...
...with a pecking order that makes the caste system look forgiving. Who knows what line you crossed or offence you might have given?
-Paranoid much?
-There's a possibility...
...somebody out there hates Joey just for being Joey. The way she talks, dresses, chews on her lower lip. Look, I don't chew on my lower lip! Okay, look, I'm just putting it out there. Does anybody come to mind? So we can gang up on him and call him names? Do me a favour, just stay out of this. It was an act of vandalism. Some idiot trying to rage against the machine.
-That doesn't make sense.
-Heckle and Jeckle.
This is exactly what a girl needs in the middle of a crisis. And you know what? It's not helping. So thanks, but no thanks.
-Shouldn't we--?
-No. Let her go. So have you heard any word on Joey? She's pretty broken up about it. Yeah, obviously. I mean, who wouldn't be? They'll catch the guy, and you can have the last laugh.
-Huh?

-D.C. Throw the book at him.
Right. You know what? Actually, Jack,
I'm thinking about quitting my position.
On the disciplinary committee?
Andie, you're the senior-most
student representative.
That's below the saviour for mankind,
as far as colleges are concerned.
I know, but it's just taking up
way too much time.
And besides that, my schoolwork's
starting to slip.
The more I think about it,
the more uncomfortable I feel...
...about sitting in judgment of others.
What?
I'm just a little shocked.
Why?
It's not like you
to bail on a commitment.
Come on, Jack. A lot of things aren't
like me, but I've done them anyway.
Can you set the table?
Yeah.
-Any room at the inn?
-Depends.
-On what?
-The length of the lecture...
...I'm gonna be forced to sit through.
No lectures, I promise.
Although, I do wanna say that I'm sorry
that what happened today happened.
The whole thing was lame
to begin with.
As if painting on a wall is going to make
the slightest bit of difference in school.
Maybe. Maybe not.
For some reason, I don't like
the sound of those ''maybes.''
Repaint the mural.
-What?
-Do it tonight.
Surprise that bastard
when he shows up.

I would rather shove red-hot needles
underneath my toenails, okay?
Come on. You're gonna
let some school prank...
...keep you from finishing something
you care about?
I finished it, Dawson, okay?
It's not my fault that not everybody
got a chance to see it.
-I can't believe you're like this.
-Like what?
Defeated, dejected, demoralized.
I can't always be
your plucky little Joey.
I don't have this unlimited reserve
of goodwill and faith in humanity.
Sometimes, I am
going to be depressed.
It's not about demeanour.
It's about not being a victim.
It took me a month
to do that, Dawson.
I had to conceive it and execute it, and
you can't just expect me to start over.
Why not?
For the same reason you haven't
shot a roll of film since January.
That's completely different.
-Really?
-Yes.
I chose to quit filmmaking.
That was a personal decision.
It had nothing to do with the fact that
it was poorly received at the festival?
Truthfully? No.
Well...
...then how convenient for you.
What does that mean?
You have all of
these choices, Dawson.
You have all of these choices
that you just take for granted.
I mean, one day, you're a filmmaker,
and the next day, you're not.

And tomorrow, you could wake up and
decide you wanted to be a sculptor...
...or you wanted to just
backpack through Europe...
...or climb Mt. Everest,
and you can do that.
-You can't?
-No, I can't.
-Why not?
-I can't afford to waste the time...
...to go find myself and be artistic...
...and I can't afford to reject reality
and chase pipe dreams.
I can't do it because that's not my life.
That's your life.
-You know what I think this is about?
-What?
I think you're relieved.
I think you're relieved somebody
painted over that mural.
You never had to go through
the hard part.
Never had to show it, never had to hear
what anyone else thought about it.
You never had to decide for yourself
how good or talented you really are.
Look.
Why I came over tonight....
These are the keys to the school.
Principal Green gave them to me.
Do what you want.
-Oh, if it's brown, it must be Tuesday.
-What do you call these things again?
Elephant scabs. Packed with
whole-grain goodness.
Did you guys see the look on
Principal Green's face?
I thought the guy was gonna
have a breakdown.
That girl Joey,
she totally lost it. Classic.
Yeah. Look...
...I'm running myself a little pool here.
Guess the culprit. Winner takes all.

-You guys in?
-How much?
It's only a buck a pop.
-Had to be Caufield.
-Yeah, definitely.
What makes you guys so sure?
Because there's no other possibility.
Okay. Caufield it is.
Hey, Caufield.
Do I know you?
No, not really, thankfully for me.
Look, rumour has it that you have
this irrepressible urge...
...to express yourself artistically.
What, that thing yesterday
at the mural?
That was pretty classic, huh?
Too bad I can't take credit for it.
So you didn't do it?
I don't know.
I mean, everyone seems to think I did.
Maybe I should do the polite thing.
Accept the credit, say 'thank you.'
Maybe.
But, look, I'm here to tell you...
...that not everybody thinks
what you did was funny.
Well, some people don't have
a sense of humour.
Is that your problem?
Yeah, that's me.
I'm humourless.
What do you want?
I want you to apologize...
...and then I want you
to turn yourself in.
-Do it before the day is done.
-And why would I do that?
Because this time, you just happened
to mess with somebody I care about.
-Hey, have you seen Joey?
-No. She wasn't in homeroom.
-That's a nice rig.
-It's a Christmas present.

-That sucks, huh?
-What's that?
Your parents shorted you
on the off-road package.
-Get your hands off me.
-Oh, come on, tough guy.
-What the hell do you want?
-You know exactly what I want.
So, what's next, Witter?
You gonna sic your
civil-servant dad on me?
Can't you see? I'm barely
shaking in my boots.
Well, you know my name.
That's a good starting place.
What I know is I'm gonna count to
three, and you're gonna step aside.
Dream another dream, cowboy.
That's not how this is gonna shake out.
One.
Two.
Three.
-Are you whacked or something?
-Oh, no. Not yet. Not by a long shot.
What? You want me to say I did it?
Okay, I did it. There. Satisfied?
Okay, good. Now, what are you
gonna do about it?
I said, what are you gonna do about it?
I'm gonna go and apologize.
Okay?
Check it out!
Hey!
On your feet! Both of you!
Inside! Now!
Get me Dawson Leery
and David Curren, please.
-Can I talk to you for a minute?
-I'm in the middle of something.
Please, it'll only take a second,
and it's really important.
What is it?
I'd like to tender my resignation
from the disciplinary committee.

What?

I think that you have
this idea about me...

...that I'm somebody I'm not, that I'm
somebody with unwavering integrity...

-...and I can't live up to that.

-Can we discuss this later?

I don't know that there's anything more
to discuss, Principal Green.

Thank you.

Now, since neither

Mr. Witter nor Mr. Caufield...

...choose to clarify the meaning of
their little fight in the parking lot...

...I'm counting on their friends to look
out for their best interest. Mr. Leery?

Don't say anything, Dawson.

-Mr. Curren?

-Not a word, Dave.

Somebody better speak up,
and you better speak up fast...

...because a call to the dean
over at Dartmouth...

...will trigger an immediate review
on your admission status.

Mr. Witter, one more suspension...

...and you can bend down and kiss this
whole higher-education deal goodbye.

-Okay. I have no other alternative.

-It's because of the mural.

-Hey, shut up! This is not your fight!

-It's not yours either.

You're saying Mr. Witter picked a fight
because he believes...

...Mr. Caufield had something to do
with the vandalization of the mural.

I went nowhere near that thing.

As if I could give a rat's ass about
some stupid Chinese drawing.

If you didn't go anywhere near it,
how'd you know what it was?

That's a very good question.

Anyone could've taken a look.

She's been working on it for weeks.

At night and before school. Other than
that, it's been sealed tight as a drum.
I didn't even know what it was.
This is ridiculous.
Not to mention, if you didn't
'give a rat's ass' ...
...why go through the trouble
of finding out what it was?
Check the floor, Caufield.
I think you just painted
yourself into a corner.
Okay, you got me.
Busted.
I Jackson Pollock-ed
some meaningless mural.
You know what?
For one thing, it was ugly.
It was an eyesore. Not to mention, why
do I have to look at some trivial girl's...
...little message to the masses
every morning?
Frankly, it offends me.
Possibility is offensive to you?
I'm white. I'm rich.
That's all the possibility I need.
Say again?
You heard me.
The advance copy of the PSA that Dawson had...
...I'm the one who stole it.
That's how I did so well
on the test, Jack.
That's how I scored
in the 99th percentile.
That was you?
Oh, Andie....
I know. Surprise, surprise.
But why? You knew that stuff cold...
...inside and out,
backwards and forwards.
If anybody was gonna ace
that test, it was you.
It was just sitting there on the table
like this piece of forbidden fruit...
...and not a chance of getting caught.

I don't know. It just seemed like
the answer to all my problems.
What do you mean?
I thought that...
...you know, if I aced the test...
...then everybody would think
I was okay again.
You know, that that would
somehow convince them.
But now that I really am okay...
...I'm having a hard time
living with myself.
Hence your resignation
from the disciplinary committee.
Jack...
...for the past six months,
I have been...
...feeling like the biggest hypocrite.
I've been so hard on
all these other people...
...just as a way of punishing myself.
But now it's time
to make amends for that.
Wait a minute. What are you
planning on doing?
-I'm gonna tell Principal Green.
-No, you're not.
-Yeah, I am.
-No, no.
Andie, think about this, okay?
You screwed up. Fine. Okay?
It was a moment of weakness.
You want to get kicked out for cheating
on something that has "practice" in it?
Jack, you know what I want?
I want to be free of this thing,
once and for all.
You know?
Free of what I did...
...and I want to be able to go to the
mirror and recognize who I am again.
Andie, there's got to be a better way.
Jack, I've thought long
and hard about this. Okay?

There is no better way.

Not for me.

Do you mind? I'm having this steak
for dinner with a nice barnaise sauce.

-Well, what am I having?

-Bread and water.

Doug, I'm a soldier here,
returning from the killing fields.

I mean, where's my Purple Heart,
my ticker-tape parade?

Watch it on your black and white.

The one with a coat hanger as an
antennae at the Chevron station.

Where you're going to be pumping gas
for the rest of your natural born life.

-Of all the bone-headed moves.

-What?

I was right. It was Matt Caufield.

-Yeah, that lets you off the hook how?

-The guy deserves whatever he gets.

Preferably his silver spoon
shoved up his ass.

That's funny, Pacey.

That's really funny.

Oh, this is rich.

I am trying to do the right thing.

Sometimes a guy can't win.

No. Not if he completely
overreacts to a situation.

Throw away your future
on your own account.

Don't think I ever cared here.

I was only doing Dawson a favour.

-Dawson.

-Yes, Dawson.

You know, looking out for you.

Think back with me, way back.

Like the beginning of the school year.

Dawson returns from the city
a changed man...

...determined to sever ties with girl.

So he asks trusted friend
to look after said girl...

...during the transitional period.

Trusted friend obliges...
...and now trusted friend gets his
head handed to him on a platter.
So you guys just traded me off...
...like some sort of baseball card?
Is that what this is about?
-What?
-Us. You and me.
-I thought that--
-You thought what?
I guess I thought something else,
Pacey.
You have consistently flaunted
my authority, Mr. Caufield.
You have undermined the ability
for my teachers to educate.
And now, you challenge
my commitment...
...to reshape this school
into a community.
Principal Green...
...it was only a mural.
Yes, it was only a mural...
...but it was so much more
than just a mural.
You don't fool me, Mr. Caufield.
I know exactly who you are.
You've been led to believe
you're untouchable.
So you disrupt the school.
You disobey the rules.
You divide the student body
with your arrogance and attitude.
Now, you may be smart and
you may be rich, Mr. Caufield...
...but you are not above the law.
And for that reason, it is my decision...
...that you be expelled
from Capeside High.
Expelled?
You heard me.
-For the rest of the year?
-For the rest of the year.
Principal Green...

...do you have any idea what
my father's gonna say about this?

Yes.

I have a very good idea of what
your father's gonna say about this.

So, what's going on in there?

I don't know. It's hard to tell.

No sign of birch cane
or knuckle rapping.

No.

Let's face it. Pacey's gonna be lucky if
he gets off without another suspension.

The way things are going, you should
have just asked me to look out for him.

-Excuse me?

-I know all about the wife-swapping.

Wife--? Joey, that's not how it was
and you know it.

Then how was it?

First, it was months ago.

-Things were very different between us.

-You're right.

Back then I felt like
you understood me.

-Oh, and I don't now?

-No.

I never asked for your pity!

It wasn't about pity.

I couldn't be there, but I wanted
you to have someone...

...someone you could talk to.

Now, tell me...

...where is the harm in that?

It would have been nice if that someone
mustered a shred of genuine concern.

That someone is in that room
because he's got a lot more...

...than a shred of concern.

-Why are you doing this?

-Doing what?

Casting aspersions on people
who obviously care about you.

Do you really think that I
don't want the best for you?

Pacey-- I mean, Pacey's a lot of things.
Impulsive, thoughtless, stubborn.
But after everything...
...can you honestly doubt
for a second...
...that he doesn't truly care about you?
Let me just state for the record,
I like that man in there.
I'll go you one better.
He is a great human being.
He's got the fairness of Lincoln,
the charisma of Martin Luther King Jr.
He's even-handed and tempered...
...and, if I may say so myself...
...susceptible to a certain
type of irreverent humour.
-So he let you off.
-Not exactly.
But he didn't suspend you.
Let's just say I'm not
packing my bags yet.
Although, three days off would've
provided a welcome diversion.
Okay, so divulge.
What happened in there?
-I'm gonna be a mentor.
-Be a what?
Mentor. You know,
the Capeside mentoring program.
Since I seem to be incapable of
suppressing my juvenile impulses...
...Principal Green seems to think that
I would benefit from the company...
...and example of someone half my age.
-What's so funny?
-Well, what about the poor kid?
-What are you gonna teach him?
-What are you talking about?
Teach the importance
of keeping a secret?
Like, say, from, you know,
Joey, for example?
Oh, that.
-She told you?

-Yeah.

What do you think the odds are
that you will be as enlightened...

...and forgiving as a person
as Principal Green just was?

Not good, Pace.

Not good.

To say that I am profoundly shocked
and disturbed...

...by what you did would be
an understatement.

Your behaviour was deceitful,
immoral...

...and, ultimately,
a disgrace to this school.

I know.

I just wish that I could have
told you sooner.

I'm going to have to inform
the Educational Testing Service...

...and they're gonna
cancel your scores...

...and that you're gonna have to forfeit
your chance at a Merit Scholarship.

I'm aware of that. Yes.

Now, you say that there were other
students who were aware of this test...

...but you were the only one
who exploited it.

Are you absolutely certain
about that?

Absolutely certain.

What do you want me to do here?

What am I supposed to do
about this, Andie?

Well...

...I heard that Matt Caufield was
expelled from Capeside today.

And what I did...

...was no less grave or serious
an offence.

Is that what you think?

I've cleared out my locker, and I know
that all actions have consequences.

-Andie--

-Most of all...

...I'm sorry for letting you down
and for letting myself down.

Andie...

...you and Matt Caufield
have nothing in common.

He is a selfish, spoiled young man...

...who has no sense
of right or wrong...

...who takes pleasure
in hurting others.

The only person that you hurt
is yourself.

But I did cheat.

And it was wrong,
and I should be punished for it.

When you were on
the disciplinary committee...

...one of the things that I tried to teach
you was the idea of proportionality.

Make the punishment fit the crime, yes,
but, also, look at the person.

Now, Matt Caufield...

...he doesn't deserve, nor would
he benefit from my leniency.

But Andie McPhee...

...she just might.

I don't know what to say.

Don't say anything.

Get your stuff.

Put it back in your locker.

As for your punishment...

...I have to think about that
for a couple of days.

Thank you, Principal Green.

Thank you.

What on earth?

Hey, Potter.

Pacey, what are you doing?

Painting.

It would be good if you started
with a blank canvas.

Blank canvas, huh?

Yeah, you know, wipe the slate clean,
tabula rasa...
...return to point A.
All that good stuff.
And who told you I was planning on
repainting the mural in the first place?
It's just this guy
I met out on the street.
-Some guy?
-Yeah, your typical do-gooder type.
So you gonna thank me?
For what?
Well, for all manner of things.
You know, defending your honour,
bucking the system--
Tilting at windmills while in the throes
of a misguided hero complex?
Well, yeah, that too.
Pacey, if I was going to thank you
for anything...
...it would be for being yourself...
...and, you know, not caring
what anybody else thinks...
...and for knowing in your heart
what's right and wrong...
...and for being there this year...
...when I needed you the most.
You're welcome.
So wanna help?
-One condition.
-Sure. Name it.
Be honest.
The reason you've been
hanging out with me...
...is simply because Dawson
told you to?
Yep. That's the only reason.
You need to get a life.