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Daria: Is It College Yet?

By Unknown

I must say I'm honored you've chosen to spend your valuable Saturday night with me. What happened? Tom's parents send him off for more forty-watt bulbs? I was just craving a bit of sisterhood, so long as it doesn't involve my actual sister. What'd you do today? I actually accomplished something... I mean, other than getting up. I applied to Lawndale State and State University. Really? Why? I thought you wanted to go to Boston Fine Arts College? I do want to go to BFAC, but unlike Lawndale State and State U, you have to have talent to get in. So they give you extra time to put together a killer art portfolio. How's that going? Why, it's going so well that when you called to go out, I only cried tears of relief for ten minutes. What about you? Still thinking about... Bromwell? They don't really talk like that there... I hope. Anyway, I'm applying because it's an outstanding university, not because the students engage in the rectal transport of steel rods. The Equestrian Club must be in constant pain. What about your safeties? I've applied to Raft, Ellis, Lloyd... Raft's your safety? Gutsy, Morgendorffer. No, no, no. Raft's my second choice. My parents won't think I've sent out enough applications if I only get rejected from one place. Hey, Raft's in Boston, right? Wouldn't it be great if we went to college in the same town? We could meet on the weekends to eat pizza and complain. Well, they say college is all about broadening your horizons. Gaaaah! Six hundred dollars for shoes? That you walk in? On the ground? Relax, Jake. I'll take care of it. Quinn! I want you to come downstairs and explain yourself! Finally, the mystery will be solved. Sandi, I'm just saying tangerine isn't as orange as... call you back. Sorry, Fashion Club crisis. Never mind. What's this six hundred dollar charge at Cashman's? But Mom, I actually saved money by buying faux alligator instead of real alligator. Well, you can also save your excuses. The shoes are going back.

But I can't return them. Final markdown. However, if it makes you feel better,
I promise never to buy on sale again.
You're not buying anything, period, until you pay off this bill.
I understand. I shall require a substantial increase in my allowance.
No!
But you know I don't have any money. It's why I have to buy on credit.
Let's
work together, Mother, and attack the problem at its source.
Good idea. You'll have to go out and get a job.
Uh! Water.
Hope she doesn't get any on the shoes.
Gah!
Sit down, Jake. She's not wearing them.
Shouldn't you be working on your college applications?
Hey, yeah! You know, Daria, I'd be happy to give your application to
Middleton a
quick going over. I think I know a thing or two about what they like at the
old
alma mater.
Ummm, gee, thanks. Yes... I... uh, you're right. I should be working on my
applications. Right now.
You know, Jake, just because we went to Middleton doesn't mean Daria will.
She's
applying to a lot of different places.
Oh, sure. But why would she want to go to just any old college when she
could
follow in our footsteps? Middleton's a Morgendorffer tradition.
So's military school.
Bite your tongue, Helen. No daughter of mine is ever going to share a
latrine
with fifty hateful boys who can sniff out weakness like day-old cheese.
Let's hope not, dear.
Everyone hates the message board miscreant, but now you can do something
about it!

Flame wars:

Finish your college applications yet?
All except Bromwell's. Mom and Dad want to want to review the alumni
section to
make sure I didn't leave anyone out.
That shouldn't take more than a week or two.
Did you ask about going up to Newtown to visit Bromwell with me?
It's cool with my mother as long as your mother's definitely chaperoning

and we
can drive up to Boston afterwards to check out a couple of other colleges.
That's the plan. Boston's where all my safeties are.
Umm, mine, too.
Hey, don't worry, Daria. You'll get into Bromwell with your incredible test
scores and grades. I'll get in the old fashioned way: bribery and nepotism.
Gee, when you put it that way, it all sounds so fair and just.
Guys, it is so nice of you to take me out on my birthday.
Our pleasure, Stacy.
Just because the rest of us had dates on our birthdays...
Oh, yes, Sandi. You mentioned that. Boy, I can't believe I'm another year
older.
Time goes by so fast.
I know. Just yesterday I was playing with makeup starter kits, and today
I'm
being forced out in the working world. And I thought these were supposed to
be
the carefree years.
I know, Quinn. Why don't you get a job here? There are lots of cute guys,
and
the hostesses get to dress up and wear hoopy earrings.
Stacy! Are you suggesting that a Fashion Club member serve the public?
Stacy, tsk.
Uh, geez, Sandi, it's not that bad an idea. This place is sort of fun, and
it
wouldn't be like the kind of job where you'd endanger your nails or
anything.
Mmmm... good point.
Fine, if you want to sully the fine name...
Surprise...
Make a wish, Stacy!
And don't worry. I'm sure that chocolate won't cause your sensitive skin to
break out.
Yay!
Thanks, guys.
What'd you wish for?
Ummm; nothing.
Come on, Stacy. Tell us! Don't be your usual drippy self.
Nothing. Anyway, it didn't come true.
How did your father's meeting at the bank go?
Not good. My Dad says I can't go to Vance unless they give me a
scholarship. We
can only afford State University, and they don't even have a business
school.

Oh, Mack. You've worked so hard. You've just got to get that scholarship.

What about you? How are your applications going?

Well, I got the big ones in today. Turner and Crestmore.

Crestmore... the dream of dreams.

Hmmm.

What's wrong?

It's a top school and everything, but I'd really rather go to Turner.

Your father's alma mater? He must love that.

He doesn't know I applied.

Why?

Because he wouldn't let me go anyway. He says not even a great

African-American

college like Turner can beat the Crestmore name on a resume.

Oh, man. That sucks.

You know, my grandmother was in the first Turner graduating class to admit

women. I'd be carrying on a tradition. Plus, I'd finally get a break from

having

to be the perfect Jodie doll at a mostly-white school.

I hear that.

I wish my father did. I can always transfer to Crestmore after a year or

two. At

least, I'd find what Turner's like. But his mind's made up.

Well, Crestmore hasn't accepted you yet.

Hey, maybe we should both go to State University. Then we wouldn't have to

worry

about how to get together on weekends.

Hi, Jodie. Hi, Mack. You know, I applied to State University, too. They've

one

of the best cheerleading squads in the country.

God help me!

Ummm, that's nice, Brittany. Kevin, do you know where you're going?

It's a secret, man.

Why? Is the school embarrassed?

Why would it be embarrassed? I'm a QB. It's not like I'm a brain or

anything.

Truer words were never spoken.

Thanks, man!

Tsk, tsk. Oh, Kevin. Well, maybe you'll find a job that doesn't require the

ability to read and write.

I'm so depressed!

Janet!

Do you know what today is? D-Day, the fifth anniversary of my D-vorce.

Janet, I'm sorry.

You're sorry? You didn't spend years of your life telling him again and

again to
get his grubby hands off of the remote, quit his damned coughing, stop
behaving
like an imbecile, only to be tossed into the trash like a broken record!
Um, Janet! I can certainly understand your, um, sadness.
Why, marriage is a sacred union that's supposed to represent the love and
trust
two people...
Skinny, what did you say?
Marriage is a sacred union that...
Yeeees!
Euh... yes?
I accept!
Um, hmmm, huh?
My silly, silly Skinny. You don't have to ask again. Yes, I will marry you!
Oh, dear!
Daria, the Sloanes are here.
Hey, is Middleton is on this whirlwind college tour of yours, kiddo?
Umm, not this trip.
Oh, um, Daria, you know, some people just aren't cut out for military
school.
I know, Dad, but I think it's admirable the way you've managed to pull your
life
together despite that early trauma.
Hey, thanks kiddo. I... What?
Now Daria, when you meet the college representatives, please try to be
enthusiastic!
Less unenthusiastic...?
At least promise me you won't physically assault anyone.
Lindy, this is Quinn. I just hired her to be our new hostess.
Great! I can really use the help. Have you done hostessing before?
Actually, um, this is my first job.
Really? Are you still in high school?
Umm, yeah. Although, people say I dress like I'm older.
Well, this isn't all that different from high school, except instead of
telling
teachers your homework isn't ready, you're telling customers their table
isn't
ready. And they can't take a single point off your grade.
Tom, if I'd known you were going to wear those scuffed-up sneakers, I would
have
bought you new ones.
But I just got new ones a year ago.
That's exactly what your father would say. You two are so stuck in your

ways.

We're stuck in our ways? Two sugars, a tiny slice of lemon would be dreamy,
just

place it on the saucer, dear, I don't like it in the cup.

I can't help if I'm particular about my tea. Oh, look. We're here!

Boy, did I do well tonight. A lot of the guys trying to distract their
dates

from their toupees by leaving big tips.

Hmm. Must be first dates.

Really? Why?

Well, not that I date inconsistent tippers, but some of my friends say that
guys

tip twenty percent on the first date, seventeen on the second, and fifteen
on

the third. Although to be fair, a lot of people order more food on the
third

date because they're not as worried about looking like pigs.

Quinn, you're a riot.

I know!

Hey, I don't know if you guys are interested, but my roommate and I are
having a

party on Saturday.

Sounds cool.

I'd love to go!

Great. Let me write down my address.

You call that a tax cut? I've seen haircuts more drastic.

Um, Dad? Could I talk to you a second?

Sure! What's on your mind?

Well, I've been thinking a lot about Crestmore, and a lot about Turner.

Turner's a great school. Not nearly as elite as Crestmore, though.

That's just it. I don't want to go to an elitist school.

Sure you do.

I want to go to a school where I fit in, where I can be myself and relax
for

once and really focus on learning. I want to go to Turner. At least for a
year

or two.

You want to go to college to relax? That doesn't sound like my Honor
Society daughter.

Relax socially; stop being the black kid, and just being a kid. I'm tired
of

being in the extreme minority, and I don't want to go to a place where
people

might think I got in just because I'm African-American.

Let people think what they want.

But Dad, you don't know what it's like. You went to a black high school and then to Turner.

Because I HAD to. If I had a Crestmore degree in my pocket... Jodie, their graduates are literally running this country. Think of how that degree can help

you catapult ahead. Where is that Landon spirit?

What's shaking, bacon?

I don't smell anything. Hey, cool sculpture. It's like a comment on the underbelly of pain... or something.

Actually, it's a comment on BFAC's incredibly high admission standards.

Um, why do you want to go to art college? You're already an artist.

I know. But I want to be a starving artist, so I need to ring up more debt.

Well, I'd never go to music school. I wouldn't want any teachers trying to corrupt my vision.

Can you imagine what Spiral would sound like if we were, like, forced to practice, even when we don't want to?

Umm... oh, lookie, missed a spot.

There it is, Tom: the place where your father and I met. I was a sophomore, Angier was a senior. It was a free concert by the Carpenters.

Um, I hope you weren't injured in the ensuing riot.

Well, I guess Daria and I better go in for our meetings.

Good luck!

Thanks.

Hi. We have appointments to see Lisa Goldwin.

So that's why the skating rink has that sign saying "clothes required."

Well, according to my grandfather, anyway. Then again, his motto is, "never let

the truth get in the way of a good story."

Tom, it was really nice meeting you.

You too, Lisa. Daria, I guess it's your turn. See you later.

Come on in, Daria. Are you as full of Bromwell lore as Tom?

Um, I doubt it. He seems to be really full of it.

Daria, now that you've had a chance to drink in the campus, so to speak, what

are your impressions.

Talk about the atmosphere? No, that's frivolous. The resources? No, she'll think

I mean money. The campus? No, shallow. Oh no, inappropriately long pause.

Talk,

say anything.

Ummm, I like the campus, the dorms, and, um, libraries... the learning... feeling?

The learning feeling? Could I be any less articulate?
Yes, we like those things, too. Tell me, Daria, aside from gaining a first-rate education from one of the finest faculties around, why did you want to attend Bromwell?
Should I talk about wanting to be a writer and hoping Bromwell will help me find my voice? Oh, God, how pretentious can I get?
Um, well, I guess I'm hoping that if I come here, I may be exposed to, um, points of view I never considered.
Right, education. But what are you hoping to reap from your Bromwell experience?
Reap? Reap... reap reap!
Um, I hope to reap...
God, what does she want?
Ummm, a chance to grow...?
I did not say that!
You're asking me?
Um, well, I think at Bromwell, I can, umm...
Find your voice, perhaps?
Hmm, yes, exactly. Find my voice.

Note to self:

Daria, is everything all right?
Ummm, do you think we might possibly start over, and this time, I'll just answer your questions instead of agonizing over them internally and then blurting out something asinine?
Sure.
And so I seated this one couple right next to this other couple, and all of a sudden, the guy at the first table started screaming at the girl at the second table. I mean, how was I to know that she dumped that guy for the other one?
Quinn, that's terrible!
I know! The first guy was a lot cuter. Hey Sandi!
How are you?
What did you say Sandi?
Whaaat?
Can't talk. Laryngitis. Sandi! You lost your voice!
So once I stopped worrying about what to say and just said it, I thought

the
interview went okay, but by then, I'd used up five of my fifteen minutes.
Your interview was only fifteen minutes? I mean...
Ummm, we should probably be get going if we want to make Boston by dinner.
Right. Mom? We should be...
Look, Tom. It's Bill Woods.
You're right. He's a lit professor here; he was also in the lawn tennis
team
with my father.
Of course.
Kay! Tom! I don't believe it! Why didn't tell me you were coming to town?
Well, I knew we'd only be here for the day, but... please, Bill, do join
us!
Actually, I'm on my way to a meeting. MacArthur winners get so testy if
they're
kept waiting. How about lunch tomorrow?
Umm, Mom?
We'd love to, but I'm afraid we have to go to Boston and look at some other
schools.

How about a 7:

do you say, Tom? You can update me on your interview here. Maybe I can even
throw a little influence your way. Not that you'll need it.
That would be great. Daria had an interview, too.
Then it's a date. I'll see everyone tomorrow in the faculty dining room.
Daria, you don't mind, do you?
Umm. No, it's fine.
Mom, Bill was supposed to meet us at seven-thirty. It's eight.
I promise. If he's not here in another... there he is!
Sorry I'm a little late, but I just couldn't get my publisher off the
phone. He
does love to chat.
Well, the worst of rush hour should be over, so with a little luck, we'll
be in
Boston by one.
Yeah, that'll be plenty of time.
Oh dear.
Oh my.
"And so, due to her inability to manage Fashion Club meetings and a minor
part-time job, Quinn has been granted permission to take an officially
sanctioned sabbatical..." "sabbatical..."
Let me help. "Saaaa..."
"Vacation from her vice-presidential duties."
Ooohhh.

Daria, my sincerest apologies for arriving here so late.
Mom, it's not your fault. It's raining, and there was that pile-up, and then
that really slow truck.
Daria, if you like, maybe we could stay on an extra day.
Um, I don't think the Admissions Office is open on Saturday.
Oh, dear. Well, let's at least drive through the campus and try to get some sense of it.
Wow, deserted.
Daria, just let me know if you want to pull over.
Good thing we didn't get to Bromwell this late, huh?
Janet, about our... situation, and all. I was thinking... things are moving awfully fast.
Exactly. None of this long engagement crap. We've got to get cranking before my
eggs dry up!
Janet, we really have to talk.
We'll live at my house. Your house, with all those plants and macram...
See, Janet, that's what I mean. This talk about moving in...
Now, about the honeymoon, I've always had an itch to learn parasailing.
Oh, dear!
Absolutely, Eric! Accidents can happen. Listen, they're bound to have pictures
of seagulls covered in oil; maybe we can have pictures of sailors covered in
guano. Okay, Eric, bye.
Daria, how was your trip?
Let's see. We spent so much time at Bromwell that we only had time for the drive-by tour of Raft, but I can safely report it has nice smooth roads.
Oh, that's a shame. But, at least you got to see Bromwell. What did you think?
Well, it's pretty obvious you have to be in Who's Who to teach there, the libraries are big enough to park a jumbo jet in, and what can I say about the
dorm room's high speed computer lines, except that hacking the Pentagon just got
a whole lot easier.
That sounds wonderful!
Yeah. The only drawback is trying to find your classes through the fog of smugness.
Yes, it's a small price to pay for a Bromwell education.
So you don't care either that I never got to see Raft.
What?
Hey, Daria! Guess what came in the mail? The Middleton course catalog! And

guess

what? They've eliminated all the requirements, so you can take whatever you want!

You know, Bromwell isn't the only university in the world.

Bromwell? I was talking about Middleton.

Wait a minute! Bromwell's not a military school! Yeah, Bromwell! Great idea, Daria!

Leave me alone.

What's the matter with her?

"Will you accept our gift of a dollar just to answer a few simple questions about potency?" Yeah!

Hey, Quinn, glad you could make it. These are my friends, Cain and Don.

What's your major?

Um, I don't have a major per se. I'm kind of still in high school.

High school? Lucky... not!

But I'm planning on going to college.

College is absolutely essential. The concerts and parties are so much better.

I know. I heard "Boys R Guys" are coming.

Yeah. Can you believe it? Are they bad enough?

Awful.

Yeah! They're terrible! So, what bands do you guys like?

I can't submit you to BFAC. You suck. You all suck, too. Or maybe it's time for

Janey's sugar break.

Oh, look, this month's mail. Wow, State University and Lawndale State. "We regret to inform you that..." "Due to an unprecedented number of applications..." Damn.

Huh?

Both the colleges I applied to rejected me. I knew I shouldn't have taken the

math portion of my SATs.

Oh. Hey, sorry. Wasn't there some other college?

BFAC? They're waiting for my portfolio. Hmm. No point in busting my ass to finish that.

No kidding. Who are these people to judge you, anyway?

What do you mean?

Hey Janey, if they could create art, they wouldn't be teaching it.

You know, you're actually beginning to make sense. Why waste four years learning

a bunch of useless technique and theory I'll probably just have to unlearn if I

ever want to create my own style?

I've come to a decision. I'm not going to college.

Good plan.

You and I will pursue our muse together, hunker down here in our creative bunker, periodically issuing forth new works that will invariably rock the art and music worlds, respectively.

Hmmm. This isn't going to require of me to get up for breakfast, is it? And when my friend woke up, they had stolen his liver. That's what he said. Although the way he drinks, it's possible he just left it in a bar somewhere.

I wonder who her designer is?

I know, Alicia's dress is awesome!

You like it?

Sure. That's what you meant, right? You weren't trashing her?

No, of course not.

I didn't think so. You're not the type who has to build herself up by putting

others down. I hate people like that.

Yeah, me too. This mirror is so pretty. Where did you get it?

I made it.

Really? You know how to make glass?

I bought the actual mirror, but I painted the tiles and put the frame together.

I'll make one for you if you like.

Lindy, that's really, really nice, but I can't pay you right away.

Quinn, don't be silly! It's a gift. I make mirrors for all my good friends.

I'm gonna grab another beer, and then you can tell me what colors of tiles you like.

Okay.

Huh? When will Ms. Li stop trying to collect fingerprint samples?

Oh.

The Liquid Dinner?

I hate bad bang fluff days.

Oh, Quinn! I have to talk to you about something just awful!

Hum, Stacy, if this is about how your little toe is all knobbly...

Not that. You know when I made that birthday wish at Governor's Park? Well, I

didn't mean to, but Sandi was talking and it was ruining my concentration, and,

well, I wished she'd just shut up and I blew out the candle and it was too late

to take back the wish and then Sandi came down with laryngitis!

That's terrible! It's like that movie where that lady put that curse on that guy

and he kept losing weight, although I still haven't figured out what was supposed to be bad about that.

I don't know what to do, and I don't want to tell Sandi, because you know how her eyes get all narrow and her lip curls and she gets that lizard face. Stacy, this is easily solved. Just lift the curse.

But how do you do that? I didn't know I was cursing her!

God, Stacy! What do I look like, a whoodoo expert? I don't know how to lift a curse. You're gonna have to find someone who does.

I'm so excited! I just found out I got in the Great Prairie State University!

You did? Me too!

So did I!

Me, too!

Wow! It was really nice of them to take all of us!

Hey, how's it going?

Kevvie! Guess what? Practically the whole cheerleading squad is going to Great Prairie State University.

That's nice, babe.

Wait, where are you going?

Practice.

Ooh!

Brittany? Didn't you mean where's he going to college?

Hey, yeah!

Brittany, isn't football season over?

Hey, yeah! Kevvie!

Hey, shake the hand of a Vance University man.

You got the scholarship? Oh, Mack! That's great!

You're actually shaking my hand?

Oh, Mack!

Is something the matter?

What could be the matter? Everything's perfect. I got into Crestmore. Crestmore took you when Turner didn't? That's weird.

I got into Turner, too.

What? But didn't you tell your father that's where you want to go?

I tried, Mack, but he's right. Crestmore is gonna open doors for me that Turner never could. I think it's a better choice.

No, you don't. Look at you! You're miserable!

I don't want to talk about it anymore, okay? I told you, I want to go to Crestmore.

This college waiting game sucks, although it does provide the unexpected

benefit

of taking my mind off of every other aspect of my life.

I know the feeling. Well, I did know the feeling.

Or, at least, kind of knew the feeling.

Wait, you heard from BFAC?

Um, no.

When do you send in your portfolio?

See, the thing is, Daria, after much thought and consideration, I decided not to

bother. I don't need college to be an artist.

You what?

It's not completely my choice. I got rejected by Lawndale State and State University.

Oh, sorry. But, you said yourself their art teachers couldn't even draw Spunky.

Exactly, and if college is about placing your fate in the hands of such untalented dopes, it just seems like a colossal waste of time. Besides, you know

me, I gotta be footloose.

The phrase you're looking for is screw loose. You can't let two rejections from

places you don't even want to go make you afraid to try again.

You know, Daria, not everyone goes to college. In fact, get past the Sloane-esque snobbery, and you'll realize there are a lot of really successful

people with mere high school diplomas, or no diplomas at all.

I'm not saying everyone has to go to college. I'm saying old footloose Jane Lane

doesn't know all there is to know yet about art or anything else, and may be

making an ill-advised decision to end her education based on temporary, if admittedly justified, disappointment.

Daria, you're so predictable. I knew you were going to try to talk me out of this.

Is that why you brought it up?

Look, Dr. Freud, I appreciate your concern and all, but our 45 minutes are up.

See you later.

"Sloane-esque snobbery?"

"Welcome to Raft." Great, one down.

"Thank you for your interest in Bromwell... record number of qualified applicants..."

Waiting list! Well, I guess that's settled.

Daria, is everything all right?

I got into Raft.

You did? Congratulations!

Don't put on your party hat just yet. I've been wait-listed at Bromwell. Oh. Daria, I'm sorry. Although Bromwell's still not out of the question. You're right. The entire incoming class could still be stricken with a crippling

disease, moving me up a couple of notches on the waiting list.

Honey, I know you're disappointed, but Raft is a great university, and it's smaller than Bromwell so you'll probably get more individual attention.

Says the woman who thinks Bromwell is a magic carpet ride to success. Don't patronize me.

Don't patronize me, Daria. I haven't changed my opinion of Bromwell, but I haven't changed my opinion of Raft, either. It's a wonderful school.

It's just not the wonderful school.

One Mai Tai.

Anthony?

Timothy, forgive me if my actions are presumptuous, but I cannot stand idly by

when a colleague and friend teeters on the precipice of unimaginable misery.

Oh, really? It's very refreshing. The citrus adds a tang...

I'm talking about your espousal to the she-devil who walks among us!

Umm... huh?

You... Barch... Engaged!

Eep! You sent me the card! But, how did you know?

What'll it be, bub?

I'll have the same, whatever it is.

We're keeping our engagement a secret because of Ms. Li's rule about faculty fraternization.

Timothy, I cannot be silent! I'm going to help you, help you be strong, help you

stand up for yourself, help you take back the night!

You'd do that for me? Oh, Anthony, I felt so scared, so alone. You're my best

friend in the whole world.

Now, now, Timothy, there's no need for that. You'd do the same for me. Oh, God,

I'm getting dewy-eyed.

Hello?

Hey, Daria.

Hi.

What's the matter?

I can't do a thing with my hair. Oh, and I've been wait-listed at Bromwell. Wait-listed? Nobody gets in from the wait-list.

Stop being so diplomatic, would you?

God, I'm sorry, I didn't mean to blurt that out. I'm just shocked.

I did get accepted to Raft.

I can't believe it. I was sure you'd get in.

Did I mention that I was accepted at Raft?

Yeah. I mean, that's good.

Try to control your enthusiasm.

Hmm, what about you? You hear anything? You got into Bromwell.

That's sort of why I was calling.

Well, surprise of surprises. A Sloane at Bromwell.

Hey, come on, Daria. It wasn't a sure thing.

Your uncle built them a wing. The only thing that might have kept you out of Bromwell

is a murder conviction, and even then, only if you'd killed the Dean of Students.

Hey, it's not my fault you had a shaky interview.

Yes, well, nothing like dropping a few ancestor anecdotes to convince them of

your qualifications. I got into Raft without any interview at all.

I'm not gonna touch that one.

What are you saying? I got in because they didn't meet me? Screw you!

Quinn, I'm so glad you wanted to see A Kiss Before Heaven. I can't help myself;

I'm a sucker for those tear-jerkers.

Are you kidding? I love hospital room movies. And I hate seeing them with guys.

They always get mad because nothing blows up.

Daria, can we finish our conversation?

Tom got into Bromwell. So you see, they're not rejecting everyone.

Oh, well, some people have a certain... edge over the rest of us.

You don't say. Look, I didn't mean to snap at you, but you're the one who told

me about the advantages of a Bromwell education.

That doesn't mean Raft...

I didn't get into the school that I wanted, and you wanted for me. What am I

supposed to think about my prospects?

Your prospects? Daria, you'll be going to your second choice college, not prison. Look at me: I went to Middleton. It's not half the school that Raft is.

What?

Middleton's not half the school that Raft is, as you know damned well. I applied

to college during the height of the baby boom. Competition was so fierce I

got
rejected from my first and second choices. And, see, I lived to tell about
it.
Hmm.
I made the most of the education I did get, and so will you. Raft is an
excellent school. You should be very proud. I know I am.
Um, Dad seems to think Middleton's hot stuff.
Your father needs to maintain certain illusions about his youth in order to
function. It's... cute.
I hope I don't end up the same way.
Daria, you're destined for great things no matter where you go to school. I
know it.
Hmmm. All right, then. I suppose I can stop worrying about getting into
college
and start worrying about this disgusting elitism I have managed to develop
during the process.
Good. That'll keep you from worrying about what kind of weirdo you'll get
for a roommate.
Quinn, didn't you love that movie? It was so sad when Eleanor died.
Um, Eleanor didn't die. Her sister Eileen did.
Oh, right. Eileen. What should we do now? Wanna to go clubbing?
Um, thanks, but I'm still in high school. You know, underaged.
Oh, yeah. That sucks.
Well, look, it's so nice out, let's just pick up some wine and hang out in
the park.
Umm, Lindy, are you sure you want more to drink? It's getting kind of late.
That's what the morning's for. Sleep. Now, where is my car?
Lindy, maybe you shouldn't drive. Come on, I'll call us both a cab.
Well, well, if it isn't Miss Morgendorffer the Younger.
And who is your comely companion?
Upchuck, don't get any ideas or anything, but I need a ride home.
No, you don't.
Do my ears deceive me? A delectable damsel in distress reaching out to Senr
Suavicito in her hour of need?
Lindy, it's no big deal, he just lives around the corner from me, that's
all.
In fact, why don't you come, too? We can pick up your car tomorrow. Do you
mind
driving my friend home, Upchuck?
Quinn, the night is so young. I think I'm gonna hit a couple of clubs after
all.
See you tomorrow.
Lindy, come on, we'll drive you to the clubs! Lindy!
I don't understand the charade about being neighbors, my lissome

enchantress,
but it concerns me not. Come, allow me to escort you to my... chariot.
Get away from me, you creep. Hello, Cabs 'n Stuff?
Hello?
That crack I made was stupid and completely out of line.
Thank you for the bulletin, but I already knew that.
Forgive me?
What's in it for me?
Let's say, for the sake of argument, that my family connections at Bromwell
did
help me get in. I'm sure that my parents would be happy to write a letter
of
recommendation for you. What do you say?
Yes, Virginia, there really is such a thing as noblesse oblige. Thanks, but
I'll
pass. I'd rather get in on my own merits, and besides, I think I'm gonna
like
Raft just fine.
You sure?
Yeah, but thanks.
Your eight o'clock is here.
Send him in.
Come in, Mack. Have a seat, and congratulations about Vance.
Thank you. Thanks for squeezing me in before school.
No problem, no problem. You said on the phone you wanted to talk about
Jodie?
Yeah.
You're not gonna ask me for her hand in marriage, are you? Because I'm too
young
to be a grandfather, Mack, you understand?
Grandfather? Ummm, no, Mr. Landon, it's nothing like that.
Thank you, God! I mean... of course not. So, how can I help you?
I hope you don't think I'm out of line, but Jodie's been acting really
unhappy
lately, and I think it's because of Crestmore.
Impossible! We had a long talk about it and she's really looking forward to
going.
With all due respect, sir, I don't believe that's true. I think she really
needs
a different kind of environment. Like Turner.
How is she gonna go to Turner? She didn't even apply.
Look, Michael, if Jodie passes on Crestmore, she'll end up regretting it
for the
rest of her life.

Anyway, if she really wanted to go to Turner, she'd have applied there. She did. She got in.

What?

She got in. She's afraid to tell you.

Well, that was nice of Tom to offer to get his folks to write to Bromwell. It's just that the whole thing smacks of some crappy romance novel where the troubled young viscount decides the lowly stable girl is good enough for him after all.

I always saw you as more of a scullery maid. And why should the Sloane's seal of approval matter more to Bromwell than my transcripts?

"Dear Dean Skippy, please admit Daria. She's a fine young woman, even if she isn't one of us."

Exactly. Besides, if they write a recommendation, it'll just make it that much worse when I do get that ultimate rejection.

You are very wise for a humble laundress, and generous, too.

How come you bought the pizza?

To make you feel too guilty to storm off in a huff when I ask if you've sent your portfolio in to BFAC yet.

Why bother? It's too late.

Not for mid-year enrollment.

Daria, I already told you. I'm just not the college type.

Oooh, a cheeseless bell pepper pizza! And you don't even like cheeseless. Hey! Nothing but the best for my babe!

I just love bell peppers. You can almost hear them ringing.

Hey, Brit, even if you're gone away to Great Prairie State next year, you'll

still be my babe, right? I mean, no matter where I go? Right?

Um, sure. Why do you ask?

I just wanted to see how deep is your love, babe. Hey, and speaking of deep,

watch this! I'm a clown, I'm a clown, I'm a... Funny, huh babe?

I couldn't paint anything decent with that application hanging over my head,

anyway. Believe me, that portfolio would never have gotten me into BFAC. Que ironico, the minute the pressure was off, I started doing some really interesting stuff again.

So it's the old "reject them before they reject me."

Yeah, the same thing you're doing with Bromwell.

I was already rejected by Bromwell.
So was I. By State U and Lawndale State.
But you told me you don't care what their sucky art departments thought of your work.
Really. They're so sucky they didn't even ask to see it.
What?
They didn't ask to see any of my stuff, so I didn't send any.
Wait. You get rejected by schools that don't care if you have artistic talent,
but the one that does care, you decide not to go for?
For the same reason you're not gonna let the Sloanes write a letter that might
get you into Bromwell, even though you wouldn't have to lift a finger.
Rejection
sucks. You said so yourself.
I'll make you a deal. If I prostrate myself before the Sloanes and ask them
for
that letter, will you finish your portfolio and send it to BFAC?
God, Daria! You must really think I have a shot.
You drive a hard bargain, Morgendorffer, but you've got yourself a deal.
Hello?
Hey. You know that letter we talked about?
Well, I guess it couldn't hurt.
Great.
I'll ask my parents right now. I'm sure they do this kind of things all the
time.
Oh, good. Then they can just send out the form letter.
The good form letter. Let me catch them before they go out. Call me later?
Sure. Um, thanks.
Damn.
Yo, Trent! You're just in time to run me down to Package-Air. I want to get
my
portfolio off to BFAC.
Whoa. I thought you weren't going to college.
I changed my mind, although first, I kind of have to get them to take me.
What about focusing on your art?
See, I can do that at Boston Fine Arts College. That's why they put in the
word
"arts." Come on, let's go.
I don't know. I have to get used to this whole selling out thing first.
Trent, I'm not selling out. I'm attempting to acquire the skills and
knowledge
that will allow me to sell out. Now, are you gonna give me a ride, or do I
have

to throw fear into the hearts of pedestrians by myself?

Huh. See you later.

Yeah... later.

Hi, Jodie. What are you doing?

Do you need me something? I'll get up.

We just want to talk to you. About Mack.

What about him?

He came to see me at my office.

What? Without telling me? Why?

He's got quite an imagination. He seems to think you want to go to Turner
so

much you applied there behind our backs.

"Curse Begone. For the reversal and elimination of curses, spells and
incantations. No animals were harmed to make this product, other than the
ones

we sacrificed." Boy, I hope this stuff works, or Sandi will never talk to
me

again. Actually, she'll never talk to anyone again. That's not funny,
Stacy!

Sandi, I'm so sorry it took me so long, but I wanted to make sure the ice
in

your soda was crushed enough because I know how you hate big or even medium
chunks of ice. You know, my Mom says soda rots your teeth, but if it were
really

true, wouldn't you see a lot more people in high school with dentures or no
teeth at all, just tiny little stubs?

Stacy. Eww...

Sorry. So, how are the sodas? I mean, not that they shouldn't be okay.

Oh, no! I must have given you the one with the potion.

Oh, Sandi, I am so sorry. See, when I was blowing out my birthday candles,
I

accidentally wished you'd be, well, quiet, and then you lost your voice and
I

was afraid to tell you so I got this curse undoer stuff over the Internet
and I

guess I used too much because I really wanted you to be cured, and then
Tiffany

got it by mistake and I am so sorry!

No, Sandi, I swear! I didn't try to kill you! See, it's only Cayenne
pepper,

cooking oil, and some big long name. Sandi, you know I would never hurt
anybody,

especially not you. I mean, I really, really care about people. Please,
I'll do

anything to make it up to you! Just tell me what to do.
Now, here is my kind of credit card bill. No Cashman's, no Doo Dads, just a single two-hundred dollar charge to Bulk Cat Food dot com. Cat food? This isn't our address... this isn't my name! Damn idiot mailman!
Jake, settle down! Hmmm, from Bromwell. Daria, look what just came in. Either that's a rejection, or they printed the registration forms on microfilm.
Now, don't jump to any conclusions.
Well, the freshman class is full. I won't be going to Bromwell.
Oh, honey.
That sucks, Daria! Passing on a smart kid like you! They're idiots!
You know what? I'm not even sorry.
You have nothing to be sorry about.
Stuffy arrogant... "Oh, look at us, we're Bromwell!" But listen, Middleton is a very good school. Well, a pretty good school. Well, anyway it was good enough for your mother and me.
Jake...
Um, Dad... about Middleton... I didn't apply there.
You didn't? So... you're going ahead with this crazy notion about military school?
Military school?
Jake! What are you talking about? Daria is going to Raft.
Raft? You mean, no barracks? No buzzcut? No inspection time? Latrine duty? Training marches at 0600 hours?
Hmmm, if Raft has those things, it was pretty crafty of the brochure just to show kids on the quad hanging out and throwing frisbees.
Oh, thank God! My daughter, going to college instead of a military academy.
Hey,
Raft is a damned good school. Daria, you won't be sorry you did this.
There'll always be time for the army later!
You'll understand when I don't invite my roommate home for Thanksgiving, right?
How long is the wait for two?
Table twenty-one is ready.
I'll seat you right now.
I'm sorry. Is there a problem here?
That hostess seated those people who just came in, and we've been waiting forty minutes.
My apologies. Let me see what I can do, and dessert's on me.

Folks, we've been holding a table for six we can split up. Please, come with me
and I'll get you settled right away. Then the three of us are gonna have a little talk.
What's that about?
Oh, Quinn, I'd never thought he'd find it there.
Find what?
My screwdriver.
Lindy! You've been drinking?!
Just a little hair of the dog. I wouldn't have done it except I'm really hung over.
But we're at work!
I know. Damn, damn, damn! Quinn, listen to me. Normally, I would never, ever ask
you to do something like this, but I'm in college, I'm broke, I really need this
job. Maybe if we said we think one of the bus boys left it there or something?
But then, won't they get in trouble?
Ladies, Shawna's gonna man your post for a while. Come with me.
Okay, I want to know whose cup this is. Quinn?
Umm, it's not mine.
We don't know whose it is.
Then explain to me why this smudge here matches your lipstick.
That could be anybody's lipstick!
Not really.
For instance, Quinn asked me if she could try my lipstick... not that I'm saying
it's hers, of course...
Oh, Lindy...
Come on, Lindy.
Please, Michael, I've never done anything like this before, I swear. I don't
even like to drink. It's just I have this migraine...
I'm gonna have to let you go.
Damn! You know what I've just realized?
The phrase "chicken fingers" is misleading ?
Besides that. We forgot to check out the pizza in Newtown.
Oh. Well, I guess you'll just have to send mine Package-Air to Boston.
Won't that be a little messy? Oh, Daria! No!
Yep. It's official. I didn't get into Bromwell.
I'm really sorry. And after my parents wrote such a glowing recommendation,
too.
Shocking, isn't it? I'm such a loser, even a nod from the Sloanes couldn't

help me.

That's not what I meant.

Good. Because I'm not a loser, and even if I didn't go to the right prep school,

or pull the right strings, or donate a wing...

It was my uncle!

Listen. You're a smart guy and a good student. I'm sure you deserve to get into

Bromwell, and I wish you every success there.

Well, that's a nice thing to say, even if that Daria voice of yours makes it

sound like a kiss off... wait...

I think we should break up.

What? When did you decide this?

Just now.

Because I got into Bromwell and you didn't? That's not fair, Daria.

It's got nothing to do with Bromwell.

Well, if it's not about Bromwell, then what? Why?

Because you're going one place and I'm going another.

So what? We won't be that far away.

I don't mean physically. I mean you're from one place and I'm from another, and

college is going to make it even more obvious.

I don't believe that.

Tom... we have little enough in common as it is. Now we won't see each other for

months at a time, and every time we do, it'll be more difficult to pick up where

we left off.

Not if we work at it.

Why should we work at it when we are already getting bored?

Who's bored? I'm not bored.

Really? Or are you just upset that I admitted it first?

You'll get over it. We both will.

Hey, kids! What's new?

Oops, sorry. Wrong table.

Hi.

Hmm.

TV's off.

Yeah. Want something?

No. Just... if you had a friend and you knew she had a problem but she didn't,

would you tell her?

Huh?

This girl I was working with... I think she has a drinking problem. If I don't say anything, I'm afraid she'll get an accident or something, but if I do say something, she'll probably never speak to me again. Not that she is now. I don't really feel qualified to give any advice on interpersonal relationships today.

Why not?

I just broke up with my boyfriend. It's kind of a first for me. So's this feeling in my stomach like it's been through a paper shredder.

You broke up with Tom?

You sound almost surprised as I was.

Why?

Because I felt we'd come to the end of our relationship, for a bunch of reasons,

and we should both move on.

So you said that to him, just like that?

For some reason, I continue to opt for honesty, despite mounting evidence that

it's inexorably transforming me into an old woman alone in a one room apartment

filled with thirty year old newspapers and cats.

Oh, Daria, that's not gonna happen to you. I was at a college party. I know what

goes on there. People are smart and nice.

So it's the opposite of high school?

You're gonna have friends and everything. I know it sounds hard to believe.

Gee, thanks. But, um, thanks.

You were right to be honest. That's what I'm gonna do.

Good. You can help me feed the cats.

Daria, your face at the pizza place. Your face now... did that bastard dump you?

I was always afraid he'd do that!

No, I dumped him.

You dumped... you're the bastard? Whoa.

Yes, I'm the bastard, and the bastard is hurting like hell.

Oh, hi. I didn't think I'd ever see you again.

Why not? We're friends, right?

I mean, that was a really crappy thing I said about you borrowing my lipstick. I

can't believe I did it. I was desperate.

I know.

It was, like, the worst thing I've ever done in my life, and I'm really sorry.

Lindy, I know I'm only in high school and I'm not really used to be around people who drink except for my father, but that's only when he's really mad and talking about military school and even then... and okay, my mother had a few too many at this wedding, but if you knew my aunt Rita, and I think you have a drinking problem.

All right, I hurt you, you hurt me, fair enough.

I'm not trying to hurt you, Lindy. You really need to think about your drinking.

Quinn, I'm in college. Everybody drinks. If I had a problem, it would be affecting my schoolwork or personal life, wouldn't it?

But you got fired because of it!

I got fired because Michael's a jerk. And guess what? I already found another job.

But you just said that what happened in Michael's office was the worst thing you ever did in your life. Doesn't that mean it's affecting you?

That was out of panic, and now with your nasty little accusations, you've gotten me back for. Which is what I guess you came over in the first place. So, we're even, okay? So goodbye.

Goodbye?

I've got a paper due tomorrow and I've got a lot of writing left to go. You noticed I said writing, not drinking. You'll noticed I've a got a book opened, not a bottle And now the door's open, too.

Hello?

All right! Last day of school. No more classes.

Or homework!

Or those things with the pages!

Books?

Yeah, that's it.

I want to talk to you. Alone.

Okay. Obviously, you found out that I went to see your father. And told him what I confided in you.

Look, I was just trying to help.

Yeah? Well, as a result of your butting in... I'm going to Turner! I'm going to Turner!

You are? That's great!

My parents said that if I was so upset about Crestmore that I applied to Turner behind their backs, they had to respect my feelings. They told me I'd

earned the
right to be treated like an adult.
I knew you'd work it out.
I wouldn't have worked it out without you. Did I ever tell you how lucky I
am to
have you?
Jodie! Mack! Have you seen Mr. O'Neill?
Nope, haven't seen him.
Oh sure. All you males stick together!
Kevvie, do you want to go to the place we have to go to get the cap and
gown
with me?
Mmmm, nah! But, you go ahead.
Why? Did you already get yours?
Um, Brit... remember when you said you'd still be my babe, no matter where
I
went to school?
Umm... I think so.
But you will, right?
Sure! Where are you going?
Right here, babe!
Huh?
Right here. Lawndale High. See, um, my grades were so good, they want to
see if
I can do it again.
Ohhh. Wait a minute... your grades aren't good... Kevvie, you flunked!
No, no, no! I just, um, didn't pass.
But, see, if I repeat this year, then my grades will be really good.
Mr. O'Neill says I can go away to any college in the country!
Really?
Or did he say some college way out in the country? Anyway, we're still,
like,
boyfriend and girlfriend, right?
Ummm, sure.
Timothy, you've got to be firm. Now, repeat after me: "Barch, it'll be a
cold
day in hell before I kiss my common sense and will to live goodbye, and
enter
the bonds of unholy matrimony with such a shrew!" Now, you!
Um, Janet, it'll be a chilly day in Hades...
LOUDER!
Uh, Janet...
There you are. If I didn't know better, I'd swear you were hiding from me!
Oh. Me? Hiding?

Madam? Timothy has something he'd like to say to you! Don't you, Timothy?
Well, what is it? And make it snappy, Skinny, we have to go pick our
honeymoon
cruise wear.

Um, Janet, about the wedding, well, um, you see...

There's not gonna be a wedding, so you can dig your talons into the flesh
of
some other prey!

WHAT?

You heard him.

Uh, you see, Janet, It's not that you wouldn't make a very desirable life
partner...

All right then, Mr. Gigolo, you hear this: if there's no wedding, then
that's

it. It's over, buster. We will never play farmwife and National Geographic
photographer again.

Timothy?

As you wish.

Aargh!

Congratulations! You stood up to her like a man!

Exactly!

Ow! My good eye! Aaaaaah!

Stacy, of course Sandi didn't say anything about being mad at you.

She can't talk, remember?

Stacy, I've got to call you back. Um, hi, Lindy. Come in! How are you?

I'm just fine, really great. Um, I forgot to give this to you when you came
over

the other day.

Lindy! The mirror; it's beautiful!

You really like it?

I love it! Thank you!

Um, listen, about our conversation. Maybe every now and then I do go a
little

overboard when I drink, but that doesn't mean I've got a problem. Believe
me, I

you'd had my mother, you know how the real problem looks like.

Oh.

You know how I'm sure I can handle it? Whenever I think I'm drinking too
much, I

stop for a week, just to prove to myself that I can.

Really?

Yeah. I do it all the time. So you see?

Yeah, that's great, Lindy.

Anyway, I'm glad you like the mirror.

It's beautiful.

Thanks. I'll see you around.

Um, Lindy? Do you want to go to a movie or something?

I can't today, but I'll give you a call, okay?

Okay, sure.

Hey.

Wow, you're talking to a sellout like me?

About that...

Yes?

I don't really think you're a sellout.

Well, that's not exactly an apology, but you know what they say about beggars.

That they only spend it on booze?

Never mind.

Um, Janey?

Um, Trent?

This college thing... I gave it... thought... and, um, I kind of understand if

you want to go.

What I don't get is why you were so against it in the first place.

I guess I didn't want you to go because... well... you would be there...

Admirable grasp of the situation.

...and I would be here.

Oh. You're worried about losing me?

Well, the house gets kind of spooky at night. Maybe I should get a puppy.

Hey, Trent, do you really think I'm gonna let you slack off being my brother

just because of an address change?

Hmm.

Now, listen. My guess is Mom and Dad won't be back from the Azores until monsoon

season's over. You want to represent the Lane family at my graduation?

I didn't even go to my own graduation.

So you did graduate.

I'm pretty sure...

Hmm. What's Tom doing out there? He looks unhappy about something.

He's probably mad at those stuck-up Bromwell goons, too!

Lousy, tea-drinking, pinky-raising...

Jake! Tom got into Bromwell. Oh!

Um, hello.

Hey, Daria.

I'm not getting into that car.

That's how all this trouble started in the first place.

Trouble? Is that how you think of our relationship?

I'm just kidding. What's up?

Oh, Jake! I think something bad is happening! And she's already had one disappointment. Oh, no! I was dreading this day!

Sounds like I should do something! I think I'll go clean the attic!

Jake!

Um, I've been thinking a lot about why you said we should break up, and I don't

disagree. I just wanted to know: you liked me for a while, right?

Tom, come on. I still like you. You're a good guy. A little spoiled, a hair smug, a trifle egotistical...

This isn't going quite the way I hoped.

...but a smart, funny guy who's basically very caring and sensitive in the not-pukey way. I'm glad we went out. It was a really good experience.

You mean that?

Yeah, of course. What's the matter with you?

Nothing. It's just... I really look up to you, and your opinion's important to me.

You look up to me? Huh.

Do you think next year I could call you from school, and we could compare notes

on our lives in a completely nonromantic fashion? You know, like friends?

Hmm, yeah. Yeah! That's a good idea. Call me. That'll be nice.

OK. I'm starting to feel a little better. How about you?

I've got one more bed of hot coals to walk through first.

Daria! Hi! How was the last day of school? Do you want to lie down?

I have an announcement to make.

Oh, God, Daria! It'll be all right, I promise!

I have broken up with my boyfriend.

Yes, it hurts, but it was my idea, and despite the pain I feel,

I remain convinced it is for the best.

I am looking forward to summer, and, to my amazement, excited about college next year.

Now I shall go to my room without taking questions.

Ignore any muffled screams you may hear, especially if they're Quinn's.

She and Tom broke up? Just like that? No clues, no warning signs? I'd better go

talk to her! This could drive her back to military school! What should I say?

Damn it, Helen! Where's our copy of Mr. Spock?

Jake, your concern is very sweet, but I think she's going to be okay.

Just tell me what I did to make you drag me to Jodie's graduation party?

You need a break from the break-up. One more night with those whose stupidity

has so tormented and entertained us, lo, these many years. A farewell to

dopes!

Andrea, my dark-eyed mistress of sweet, sweet pain. Are you, like me, finding

this party a bit too... festive? Let us depart for a darker place, where we can

explore the melancholia that always accompanies true, unbridled passion!

You're hitting on me?

Um...

Okay.

Really?! I mean, say no more, my raven-haired ravisher!

Behold, Daria! The group dynamic you crave so much!

I suppose pulling out a can of mace right now would be considered bad form.

Hey, guys. Thanks for coming.

No Tom tonight?

Um, no Tom no more.

What? He dumped both of you? I mean...

Au contraire! Tom was the dumpee!

Wow!

Yes, I terminated the relationship so I could indulge my compulsive need to play

the field.

Hi, Daria! Hi, Jane! Where's Tom?

Um, covert mission.

Really? I didn't know he was religious.

Hey, Daria! Where's that guy you know?

He joined a mission!

Really? He's going to Mars?

So, once I paid off my credit card bill, I just quit. My friend was already gone, and I mean, who works in the summer? Puh-lease!

You're so good with money, Quinn!

Could you balance my checkbook?

You've got fiscal smarts!

Well, I see I'm the only one who still believes in arriving fashionably late.

Sandi! You got your voice back!

That's great, Sandi!

Yeah... great...

Stacy, you'll be happy to know I figured how you can almost make it up to me for

the physical and emotional anguish you caused.

You have? Oh, Sandi, thank you! Organize your Waif magazine inventory, ironing

any and all wrinkled pages... take over babysitting your brothers all summer...

clean your lipstick tubes...

Whoa, Stacy... I pity you.

Um, Sandi, I'm really, really sorry about what happened and all, but this seems

kind of... unfair. I mean, we don't know if I really made you lose your voice, right?

Are you saying you don't care if you jeopardize your status in the Fashion Club?

Sandi, if this is what it'll take to keep me in the Fashion Club, maybe I'm better off taking a sabbatical like Quinn.

Um... fine. But you're missing out, because Quinn is coming back. Right, Quinn?

Um, actually, Sandi, the time off was a nice change of pace. I'm thinking of

extending my sabbatical.

What?

Huh. I think I'll take a sabbatical, too.

Well, that is certainly an amusing coincidence, because tonight I was going to

announce my sabbatical from the Fashion Club. Yes, I find that your precious

club no longer serves my needs as a multi-faceted young woman of today. It's

just too confining.

Gosh! Does this mean there isn't any more Fashion Club?

I guess it's time to move on.

It's like the end of an era.

I'm gonna miss it.

Me, too.

You want to come over tomorrow and discuss what we'll do with all our new free time?

That's a great idea, Sandi!

I'll bring some magazines to look at.

I can't wait to brainstorm.

Then it's a date.

He said he looked up to you?

Isn't that weird? Flattering, but weird.

Well, I kind of take what you say seriously.

That's why, after your constant haranguing and brow-beating, I went ahead and

sent my portfolio to BFAC... and got in.

Jane Lane! What did you say?

You. Me. College. Same town. Be ready to have your ass dragged to more parties.

I knew you could do it. I knew it!

Why the hell didn't you tell me?

I just found out today. Besides, you know what a drama queen I am. So, what do

you say? Make a pledge right now to go up there and get separate boyfriends?

Thanks for talking me into applying.

Thanks for helping me get through high school.

Me at BFAC, you at Raft. You think it's true that things happen for a reason?

Naah!

... for today we leave the days of our youth behind and begin our journey into

adulthood. Many years from now, I'm sure we will look back on our days at Lawndale High with a great fondness, for what once was, and will never be again.

That last part sounded good.

Thank you.

Thank you, Jodie Landon, valedictorian of the graduating class of Laaawndale

High. And remember, parents, your child doesn't have to be a current student for

us to accept your generous donations. And now, people, and now... and now, awards time! We'll do the sports and other good prizes after I get these academic jobbies is out of the way. Now, as you know, at Lawndale High we prefer

to reward students for both their scholarship and contribution to student life.

But, occasionally, a student does so well in one area that we are forced to recognize him or her despite crippling deficiencies in the other. And so, I give

you the winner of this year's Lawndale High School Diane Fossey Award for dazzling academic achievement in the face of near-total misanthropy...

Ms. Daria Morgendorffer!

Bravo, bravo!

Very good, Daria! You go, girlfriend!

Brav... oh!

All right, Timothy! This is it! You've gone this far; you can't turn back now!

Anthony! Where are you going?

Sorry, but that right hook is a killer!

Now, Janet, I know you're disappointed...

No, I'm not! I'm intrigued...

...but as the poet said, time will heal thy wounded heart in... you're

what?

Intrigued by this alluring new backbone of yours. Where have you been hiding

that erogenous chutzpah all these years, you big lug?

Oh, well, I...

Um... thank you. I'm not much for public speaking, or much for speaking, or, come to think of it, much for the public. And I'm not very good at lying. So let

me just say that, in my experience, high school sucks. If I had to do it all

over again, I'd have started advanced placement classes in preschool so I could

go from eighth grade straight to college.

However, given the unalterable fact that high school sucks, I'd like to add that

if you're lucky enough to have a good friend and a family that cares, it doesn't

have to suck quite as much.

Otherwise, my advice is: stand firm for what you believe in, until and unless

logic and experience prove you wrong; remember, when the emperor looks naked,

the emperor is naked; the truth and a lie are not "sort of the same thing"; and

there's no aspect, no facet, no moment of life that can't be improved with pizza.

Thank you.

So, dazzling academic achievement, eh? What a sellout.

I know. And then I had the perfect opportunity to beat Ms. Li senseless with my

trophy, and what do I do? Give a heart-warming speech.

You're getting soft around the edges, Morgendorffer.

Maybe, or maybe you've got glaucoma.

To college! I can't wait! What do you think we'll find when we get there?

Hmm. That the students are shockingly ignorant, the professors self-centered and

corrupt, and the entire system geared solely to the pursuit of funding?

Hmmm, yes. You know that thing I said about you getting soft?

Yeah?

I take it back.