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# Dazed and Confused

By Richard Linklater

- I'm headed this way. - Oh. - Later. - So what did we decide? - About what? - About tonight? Oh, uh... Look, I'll probably get, you know, hung up with the guys. - Maybe, you know... Why don't we meet at the party? - Okay. - Wouldn't want you waitin' around all night for me anyway. - All right. - Cool. See ya later? - Bye. Bye. - Slater-son. - Hey, man. - How's it goin'? - Fixin' to be a lot better, man. - What time is your party, man? - 9:30, man. Okay, um... I'll be there, man. See ya later, alligator. Wait, wait! I gotta cruise by this afternoon... on a little business, if you know what I'm talkin' about. That's what you're talkin' about. That's what I'm talkin' about. Oh, man, I'm fuckin' wasted. Walkin' down the hall by myself. Smokin' a "J" with 50 elves. - Later. - Woodward. Bernstein. Guess that makes you Deep Throat. - So, is this a smoked or liquid lunch? - Hey. Smoked, right? - Are we gonna play poker tonight? - Count me out. - Sure. - I'll probably be going to Pickford's party. We should do somethin' like that. Goodwin's off on the senior trip. - We can play poker anytime. - Go to a party? - Mike. Cynthia. - Come on. Don't worry about it. I don't feel comfortable at those kinds of things. - Pick us up at 8:00. - Okay. - It's gonna be all right. - I guess we're going to the party then. - Okay. - All right. Oh, Mike. I gotta tell you about this dream I had. - Oh, yeah? - But, um... - you gotta promise not to tell anyone. - Yeah, sure. - Say, "I promise." - Oh, Jesus. - I promise not to tell anyone. - Okay, thank you. - Okay, there I am, and I'm gettin' it on... - With this perfect female body. - Uh-huh. But... - What? What? - I can't say. Come on, man. You can't give a buildup like that and not deliver. A perfect female body. It's not a bad start. But the head of Abraham Lincoln. - Aaah. - I mean, the hat and the beard. - Oh, well. Best not think too deeply on this one, right? - Best not. I gotta get some stuff from Mr. Birchfield. - See ya in a few minutes. - Right. Sorry. Gilligan's transistor radio. That was a good one. What about that one where that sexy surfer guy catches that huge wave? - Do you remember that? - Oh, yeah! - The Mosquitos. Remember that? - Pink, let's go. They were a rock group. Ginger and Mary Ann formed their own group... I can't go until Miss Wilk gets here, so get Benny... and check me out on the way back. - What? - Coach gave me something to give to you. - They're really doin' this. - Yeah. He wants 'em all back by the end of the day. Can you believe that? - And everybody's signing it? - Just to get him off our backs. The coach is just a big fuckin' asshole. You sign it, never think about it again. Just let it go. You're gonna make a big deal outta this, aren't ya? You're gettin' air from there, man. It's no good. You see this? It's gotta be tight. Put some gum around the base to get a good hit. Slate. Benny. I ain't believin' that shit about Bonham's one-hour drum solo. One hour on drums? You couldn't handle that shit on strong acid. We're gonna go to the bathroom. Could you let Miss Wilk know? All right. This is totally amazing. "I voluntarily agree to not indulge in any alcohol, drugs or engage in any other illegal activity... that may in any way jeopardize the

years of hard work... we as a team have committed to our goal... of a championship season in '76." What bullshit. - Guys are actually signing this crap? - Apparently. What are they gonna do next, give you guys urine tests? I didn't know drugs and alcohol were such a big problem... that they had to resort to neo-McCarthyism. They're just afraid some of us might be having too good a time. It's the old age-suppressing-youth thing. - Neo-McCarthyism. I like that. - That's good, Tommy. And there you guys were in class trying to list all the Gilligan's Island episodes... without even a hint of irony. What the hell are you talkin' about? - You weren't thinking about it, were you? - Gilligan's Island? It's what's called a male pornographic fantasy. - Oh my... - Think about it! You're basically alone on a deserted island with two readily available women: One a seductive sex goddess type, the other a healthy girl-next-door type with a nice butt. So guys have it all... the Madonna and the whore. Women get nothing. We get a geek, an overweight middle-aged guy, some nerdy scientific type. - I mean... - The professor is sexy. Pink! Come on, man. We're off to raise some hell. Look at that! Let's go kick some ass! Hey, you guys. You guys, wait up. - What? - Benny, I have a favor to ask ya. - What do ya need? - Take it easy on my brother this summer. - All of you. - Mitch Kramer? - Yeah, Mitch Kramer. - Yeah, yeah. I'm gonna give him a beating... - Ow! - He'll never forget! Just don't get him more than the other guys, any of you. - He's kinda little. - You got our word, sis. - Little brother'll be okay. - Thanks. See you guys. Ow! - Benny! These guys, I don't know. - Oh, you love it. There's just a little bit of bullshit in all that, right? - Major bullshit. He's a dead man. He's fuckin' dead! - Shotgun! Check it out. I been waitin' three long years for this. Those junior high kids are dead meat. I promise. We're gonna beat 'em! Oh, yeah. Okay, you freshman fucks, listen up! It's your lucky day. Usually you spend your freshman summer getting your asses busted... and running for your worthless little lives. But this year, because we feel so sorry for you, we're gonna take it easy on you... and save us all a lot of time. So if you meet here... right here... after school today, you'll only get one lick from each of us. But you run like cowards, well, it's open season all summer long, boys. Oh, yeah, Mitch Kramer? Mitchie? Mitchie, Mitchie, Mitchie! We're lookin' for you, pal. Your ass'll be purple before the day is over. Have a nice afternoon. You better get outta town. Go spend the summer with your grandparents or somethin'. Hey, man. You are gonna show up to our game tonight. I'm pitching. I kinda have to. How should we inscribe your tombstone? - How 'bout "Bent over"? - Yeah, right, pissant. - Why aren't they after anybody else? - They are, man. - Believe me. - I know, man. - Come on, man. Hop on. - Let's go, boy. Shit. Hey, Coach. So tell me. Any of you girls gonna be ready to play football this fall? - Oh, yeah. - I don't know, Coach. I've been doing so good in English classes, I figured I'd become a writer. What do you think about that? You wouldn't know how to

write your name if it wasn't stenciled on your locker. Seriously, everybody. Don't go getting soft on me this summer. You're sitting around the pool all day, chasing the muff around. - Break down! - Uh! Hell, man. My grandmother's quicker and tougher than you pansies. Course she's 6'3", 250 and runs a 4.540. What's the matter with you, Floyd? Quarterbacks don't have to do what their coaches say? Dawson, did you give him that pledge sheet? - Huh? - The pledge sheet. Did you give it to him? Yeah, Coach, it's right here. If you could get that to us by the end of the day, we'd feel a lot better. - You guys see that he does. - All right, Coach. - Randy Floyd. - Shit. Before next fall, you're in need of a serious attitude adjustment, young man. You better get your priorities straight. And watch out with that other crowd you're runnin' with. Don't think I haven't noticed. Hey! I want that piece of paper on my desk... before you leave here today, do you hear me? Attitude adjustment. You know what I mean? Priorities. Runs with that bad crowd! - Bad people. - Watch yourself. I've got Coach's and everybody else's... attitude-adjusted priorities... right here. - Yeah, that's good. - Yeah. Did you hear O'Bannion flunked? - What a dumbshit. Woo! You all ready to bust some ass? What's up, Don, Benny, Melvin? Good to see ya. - See ya in about half an hour. - Yeah. Hey. We gotta take your truck. I'm low on gas. - We're gonna take my truck. - Yeah. - Okay? Good. - Yeah. What are you doing, picking up trash? I was waiting for one of them idiot coaches to piss me off again. I think you take the whole thing too personally. You just gotta... You gotta shake it off. Don, have you ever thought about why we play football? How many times have you gotten laid strictly because you're a football player? I don't know. A few, probably. A few? All I'm sayin' is... I bet we could do just as well if we were in a band or something. - Look, I gotta put in a final appearance, so... - Wait a minute. Who you got going in there? Shh. Vicky. Come on. Skip out. Let's go get naked right now. Come on. Let's go, let's go. - Mr. Dawson. - Yeah. Why don't you take it somewhere else? Mr. Floyd, are you gracing us with your presence today? - Uh, might as well. - You know, Ginny? I was thinking you and I could get together over the summer. It'll be legal. I'll keep things quiet. I'll keep it mums the word. I promise. I swear to God. At the party tonight, - I heard there's gonna be a girl with knockers this big. - Bullshit. - Promise. Two handfuls. - No way. Hey. Psst! Hey. Pentico's got his brother's car. - Let's go. Cool. - Cool, man. - Go talk to him. - I'm not going alone. - Ask him. - Uh, Mr. Payne? Sir? Every second that you could let us out early... would really increase our chances of survival. It's like our sergeant told us before one trip into the jungle: Men! Fifty of you are leavin' on a mission. Twenty-five of ya ain't comin' back. Okay. The '68 Democratic Convention was probably... - the most bitchin' time I ever had in my life. Okay, guys, one more thing. This summer when you're being inundated... with all this American bicentennial Fourth of July brouhaha, don't forget you're celebrating the fact... that a bunch of

slave-owning, aristocratic, white males didn't want to pay their taxes. -  
Yeah! - Have a good summer. Over there. Let's get him. Jump in. Come on.  
Go, go, go, go. - Hurry up, Hirschfelder, or we're gonna leave your ass. -  
Sorry. - Let's go. Come on! - Back it up. - Oh, shit! - Oh, shit! - Ducks  
on the pond! - How're you doin', boys? Ow! Ow! Wake up, bitch. Wake up.  
Open, open. Hey, hey, open! Okay, open wide. Open wide. - What do you  
think? - All right. Let's go. Hey, you. Come here. You. Who are you? Uh,  
nobody. I mean, I wasn't in the truck. - Are you a freshman? - Yeah. Well,  
are you in or are you out? - In. - Let's go. Oh, God, hurry up! - Come on.  
Hurry up! - We're screwed! - Lose them! - I'm trying, man! Let's get 'em!  
Shit! Here they come! Fuckin' turn! - Oh, shit! - Right on! - Oh, shit!  
Here they come! - I think we really pissed 'em off, man. Just drop me off  
at my house. Are you still with me? - Yeah, I guess. - This is my house.  
They're slowing down. You get out and get 'em! You get out! You get out!  
Good luck, man. Be there tonight. I'll catch up with you later. Go, go! Oh,  
shit. Nice try, freshmen. Tell you what. For being brave little kids, I'm  
only gonna give each of you five licks. - All right, grab a pole and let's  
get going. I don't think so, creep. - Mom! - Carl, get in the house. Get in  
the house! And you. Get the hell off my property. I'm sorry, ma'am. I was  
just escorting your fine young son home from school. There's some ruffians  
about and I... Oh, and, Mitch, Carl, we'll be seeing each other again. Oh,  
that's it! I fuckin' saw that, you little sack of shit! You two are fuckin'  
dead! You hear me? You're fuckin' dead! Excuse me. Thank you. All right,  
you little freshman bitches! Air raid! That was pathetic! Let's try it  
again! That means get up, you lazy little bitches! Get up! Air raid! That  
was horrible, you slut girls! You little freshman sluts! Get up! Up! Up!  
Up! Air raid! What's fascinating is the way not only the school, but the  
entire community, seems to be supporting this or turn their heads. They  
apparently have permission to use the parking lot. - No parents seem to  
mind. They're selling concessions. - I know. Well, seniors, we tried. We  
gave you all a chance. But since you little prick teases can't follow  
instructions, we're just gonna have to try something else, won't we?  
Seniors? You love us. Smile. You love us. Move over! Suffer, sisters!  
Suffer! Eat it! Open wide! Open wide! Mmm-mmm-mmm! Yes! Love it, girls.  
Gorgeous babies. Welcome to high school, honey. Propose to Mr. Dawson. Will  
you marry me? Don't know. What's in it for me? - Anything you want.  
Anything. - Anything? Go like this. Do you spit or swallow? Whatever you  
like. - Whatever I like? I would definitely marry you. - That's so  
degrading. Let's go. - You're an asshole. - Yes, I am. That's terrible,  
man. Horrible. Aha! I just want you guys to know I feel for you, man. I did  
it when I was a freshman, and you'll do it when you're a senior. Now fry  
like bacon, you little freshmen piggies! Fry! Fry! - Hi. - Hi. Hello,  
there. I would like for you to propose to Tony. - Oh, God. - What? On your  
knees. Will you marry me? - What am I supposed to say? - I don't know. What

will you do for me? Um... anything you want. - Imagine the possibilities. - Oh, Jesus. Seriously, you can stand up. - What's your name? - Sabrina. - I'm Tony. Anthony, actually. - Hi. Sorry. - This is Mike. - Hey. We were discussing the utter stupidity of these initiation rituals, and we were wondering why someone like you... would subject yourself to the losing end of it all? What are we having, social hour over here? I'm supposed to be being a bitch. Back to the pit. All right. It's almost over. Am I mistaken, or was there a little unspoken thing going on there... with that young vixen, you stud? You know how it is. - I bet she's cute once you clean the shit off her. - I'll bet. Okay, girlies, it's hot out here, and I'm really sick of looking at all of you. So let's just... Let's get out of here. What you lookin' at? Wipe that face off your head, bitch. Let's go! Get in the truck! Get in the truck. Come on. Maybe if you ever left the poker table... If I ever left the poker table? What about you? The point is, that's why we're going out tonight. You might experience something more tangible than an Abraham Lincoln dream. - That's a hairline fracture. What did you do? - Holy shit! I wouldn't doubt it. My boy, Benny, was wearin' their asses out! Just givin' them a little beatin' they'll never forget. Here's to ya, Ma. That's your fuckin' mother. Say, man, fuck the coaches. Just do it for us, man. - You pick this thing up? - Yeah. What are you doin'? He ain't doin' shit, man. Any more details of my life you can let me in on, Ben? I got lots of details. - Fellas, fellas! - O'Bannion, what are you doin'? - You didn't hear, did you? - No. You didn't hear I got a shotgun pulled on my ass? Swear to God. - Hey, Mrs. Pickford. - Hi, guys. You here to see Kevin? - No, actually, we came to see you. - Oh. - Bet you're glad school's out. - We got our report cards today. - How did you do? - Straight A's. - Both of you? - Just kiddin'. - Big trip, huh? - We're going away for the weekend. - You're taking Kev with you? - No, he's staying here. Oh! Oh, he is. Oh. - Thanks. - Go on in. He's up there somewhere. Let's get together sometime. - Yeah, that would be fun. - Yeah. What do you do? I mean, for fun? Usually just hang out with the girls, drive around. That kind of stuff. There's a big party tonight. It should be really great. So. - Do you wanna come? Yeah? Cool. - Yeah. That would be fun. - You think it would be all right? - It'll be fine. - Okay, great. We'll pick you up about 8:30. - Okay. - See you then. Bye. - Okay, bye-bye. Let's go. We gotta get ready. Sample of the goods. Fifteen bucks. - Can you spot me ten? - Hmm? I'll pay you like... Tuesday and shit. Thank you. - Who is it? - Kevin, - I think you need to come out here. - It reeks in here! There's someone out here who says he needs to talk to you. - What about? - Go get the door, man. Here. - Slater, lose it! Kevin, open the door. Hey, Dad, Mom. What's up? - Did you order some kegs of beer? - No. There's a fella on a beer truck out on the street that says you did. - Oh, really? Just a sec. - Yeah. Shit. - That guy said I ordered a keg of beer? - Yeah. He said it was to be delivered to the Pickford residence. - This address? - This address. Humph. That's kinda

funny. - Why don't I go out there and see what's goin' on? - I think you better. - I'll be right back. - You guys... know anything about a party here tonight? - No, sir. - No. Hey, hey, hey. Hey, man. Aren't you a little bit early? Uh... yeah, about an hour and a half. I wanted to get here early, see if anyone was here. I got this little action happenin', if you know what I mean. So I guess you got the wrong house. Yeah. Inconvenience for you. I'm sorry. Wrong Mr. Pickford altogether. Hey, these things happen. Don't worry about it... Ben. Yeah. Were you going to have a party here tonight, son? I don't know what that was all about. Start unpacking. We're not goin' anywhere. - Fucker! - Frank! Look out, look out! Hey, batter, batter, swing! Concentrate out there! Strike... two! - Time! - Kramer, one more pitch. You better get this kid out, or we're really gonna beat your ass. - Let's go! - We're gonna beat you like a runnin' mule. Hey, man, forget about those guys. Let's just get this last guy out, okay? - Easy for your ass to say. - Hey, man, there's nothin' you can do about it. How did they know I was gonna be here? Hey, Kramer, quit stallin'. Let's go! Hope you got more than a jock strap under there, you little rat! Because you're not gonna be able to sit for the summer, don't let it affect your concentration. Up yours. Mitch, could you do us a favor and leave through the gate in right field? That'll draw them out of here. They're gonna get you anyway. Yeah, get outta here. What are you lookin' at? Keep your head in the game. Strike... three! Ball game. - Good game. Good game. - Good game. Good game. - Good game, man. - Yeah, right. Good game, good game, good game, good game. Yeah, right. Good game. - Good game. - What's happening? - Good game, good game! - Way to go, buddy. Aw, what happened to your buds? Come on. Let's get this guy. - Hey, Mitch! Mitch! - Kramer! - How's your dad doing? - He's doing great. This arm ready to throw about 2,000 yards next fall? Oh, I don't know. We'll see. We're dependin' on you boys. Let me tell you what. You're looking good! Thirteen starters coming back, - Lookin' tough. - Yeah. - Well, you folks take care. - Good to see you, Randy. - Well, you folks take care. - Good to see you, Randy. Oh, God, you know that hurts! - You know that hurt him. - What's goin' on here? - Oh, Pink, you missed it! - What's up buddy? What's up? - Where are you headed off to now? - The point. Gonna join us? Yeah, see you up there. Need you to sign my paddle later. - I gotta get seconds with him. - Wait. - You next, Pink? - Sure. - You already got him. - All right, fuck it. I'm gonna go find your little skinny partner Carl and his mom. I took it easy on you. You're not smilin' now, are ya, you little sack of shit. Benny, Don. - Say, man, bummer about Pickford's party, huh? - Yeah. Yeah. His old man found out. Total rip-off, man. Hey, man, we got a few sixers. You with us? Yeah, I gotta go home and change. I'll catch up with you. All right, see you later. Hey, kid, take care of that butt. Say, guys, hold up! - You need a ride? - Yeah. Uh... I think they left me. Here you go, man. Yeah, there's always one senior who has to be the bad ass. I think O'Bannion's gonna be

the first senior in history... to take that honor two years in a row. The guy's a dick, right? Yeah, he's, uh, kind of a joke. - He's not a bad guy to have on your side blocking for ya. - Yeah. - Did you get it bad when you were a freshman? - Aw. Shit, man. They waited for my ass after baseball practice and got me. God, it was vicious. Actually, it is best to get a lot at once, 'cause after about ten licks, your ass gets so numb, you might as well get it over with. I had some pretty cool seniors. They'd take you out and bust the hell out of you and then... go get you drunk, stuff like that. Cool. - Thanks, man. - Yeah, take care, man. Uh, hey, man, look, since the party's not goin' on, me and some of the other guys'll probably end up ridin' around. You want us to stop by and pick you up? - You think that's a good idea? - Oh, yeah, sure, man. The guys who haven't got you yet will give you a few days to rest. It, uh... It'd be a pretty cool move to show up... and let 'em know it doesn't bother you that much. Yeah, okay. Cool. - See ya later? - Yeah, sure. Thanks for the ride, man. Hey, man, uh... put some ice on it for a while. After that, it won't be anything a few beers can't take care of. After that, it won't be anything a few beers can't take care of. Like, what did she say? I'm just interested. - I mean, what did she call me? - You hang out with her. You know it. We know they talk about us. Just tell us. - Nothing. - Aw, come on! Nothing? That's a lie. When you do that, I know you're lying, you bitch. - You're not gonna get mad? - I'm not gonna get mad. I think it's a riot. - I don't care what she thinks. - Just tell us. - She called you a bitch and you a slut. - She called me a slut? - That bitch! - Everybody calls you a slut. - Oh, shit! - That bitch! I'm gonna kick her ass. I can't believe that. What a bitch. - You said you weren't gonna get mad. - I'm not mad. - Look, I got a confession to make. - What do you mean? You know I've been talkin' about going to law school so I can be an A.C.L.U. Lawyer... and help people who are getting fucked over? Well, I was standing in line at the post office yesterday and I'm lookin' around. And everybody's looking really pathetic. People got drool just sorta... - And this guy's bending over, you could see the crack... - Aw! It was just like wife beaters... Anyway, it was... And I realize I just didn't want to do it! It sounds good and all, but I have to confront the fact... that I really don't like the people I've been talking about helping out. I don't think I like people, period. You guys are okay. I'm just trying to be honest about being a misanthrope. So you're not gonna go to law school? What do you wanna do? I wanna dance! All right, let's rock and roll. Hey, hop in, man. Hey, man, whose car? - You know Wooderson? - How's it goin', man? Pretty good. How's it goin' with you? Say, man. You got a joint? Uh... no, not on me, man. It'd be a lot cooler if you did. All right, all right. Hey, man, you still drivin' into Houston and get those Aerosmith tickets? You damn right. - Evenin', ladies. - Nice. - Need me to pick you up a couple? - Yeah, two. Cool. - Man, you sure I'm okay in here? - You'll be okay. If anyone starts messin' with ya, play it cool. One to go. Prickford!

- "Wood-a-been," happenin'? - Bummer about your party. What can I say? It's beyond me. Delivery guy bricked. And it's a... Keep your eye on the ball. Dead issue! - How's it going? - Good. What's goin' on? - Nothin'. Nothin' at all. - Not much? - You know Mitch? - I think I just heard about you. - What did you hear? - I don't know, man. Are you okay? Oh. Yeah. - Oh. I guess I'll see you guys later? - Okay. - Talk to you later. - Okay. See you. Hey, man. - What grade's she in? - Sophomore. Come on. Hurry up. We gotta hurry, though. - Check this out, man. - Donny! I got a big surprise for ya. Come on. Oh, God! Hold onto this, tight. - Yeah! - Yeah! Oh, wow! Geez! Nice tongue! - Who painted 'em? Ah! - Mostly Michelle. Ah! - I got an idea. - What? - A beer bust later on. - Hey, man. Pickford's got a duber about to burn. You with us? Think about it. Yeah. You cool, man? Like how? Okay. Hey, man, wait up. He was just askin' if you get high. - Yeah, like smoke pot? - Yeah. I never have before, but, you know... - Where you goin'? - Where you goin'? All right, you... knock. Just... Hi. No. Crank it up! Oh, yeah! Hey, it's the chicks. Shavonne's still mad at me. - Watch me get something going. - Hey, what's goin' on? - What are you up to? - A little weed. - There may be a beer bust later on. - Oh, really? - Yeah. - Cool. - Guess we'll see you around. - All right, check you later. Bye. Slate, man, why are you always such a dork, man? - What are you talkin' about? - "Check you later." Get off my case, man. Oh, man. Chicks don't wanna hear that shit. They don't wanna hear anything, man. The girls, man, in our classes, they're all prudes. - Worthless little bitches, man. - Oh, my God. The girls ahead of us were wild. Our class is worthless, man. Maybe you've never got past the sniffin'-butt stage. Hey, man, it's, it's quality not quantity. And wait 'til I get to college, man. - I can't wait to get to college. - Yeah, when I get to college, all I'm gonna do is bang, bang, bang, bang! Hey, Hirschfelder, let's go. Let's go. Let's get outta here. - Let's go. - Come on, man. All right. - It's time to leave. - I'll be right back. Love is like a flame that burns you... Hey. You boys leave, you can't come back. Aw, gee. You hear that? If we leave, we can't come back. Oh, no! What should we do? What the hell are we doing? I was gettin' there. - Man, I had my hand up her shirt. - Oh. You were gettin' there? You hear that? He was gettin' there. You wouldn't know what to do if you had gotten there, so don't worry about it. - Just 'cause you guys are striking out... - Grow up, boy! - That was our last junior high party. - That's right. We're in the big time now. We're freshmen, where all the girls'll be puttin' out. Your days of lyin' around and pullin' tongue all night are over. Your days of lyin' around and pullin' tongue all night are over. You didn't know she stuffs her bra? - Terry stuffs her bra? - You didn't know those were socks? They looked real to me. - Shit. - Scatter! Get over there! Where you runnin' to? We ain't gonna hurt ya... much. Hold onto that fence and just squeal like a pig. - You ready to switch hit? - Oh, yeah. Geez. Bastards. Hey, you guys! Take it easy on the kid! Ladies. Hey, who is that kid? Some

kid we saw that shouldn't have been by the rec center. Can we have some of those beers? - One of these? - Yeah. - Why? - Just gimme a beer. Yeah? Catch. Huh, huh. Tubs, catch! Get outta here! - What are you wastin' a beer on him for? - What? - Son of a bitch. - It's no big deal. This fuckin' sucks. Last fuckin' day of school, no fuckin' party, no fuckin' nothin'. - You just wasted another fuckin' beer. - Shut up! - Thanks. - Hmm. Hey. Which one of your friends bought you the beer this time? Hey, fuck her. I did! - Bite me! - You wish, asshole! - Fuck you! - Why are guys such pigs? - What? - Let's get outta here. We're outta here. Let me tell ya what Melba Toast is packin'. We got 411 positrack out back, Edelbroc intakes, Ford over-30, Turbo-jet 390 horsepower. We're talkin' some fuckin' muscle. I know you got this thing out of a comic book. I saw the ad... 295. It was right next to the sea monkeys. You see that? That's white lightning. See the shoes on that thing? You gotta get some tires. They're pizza cutters, man. - Yeah. - Ow. This is sad. Shouldn't we be doing something else? - Yeah, like what? - I'm bored. Let's split. Where do you want to go? - Pink! - Hey. - You hear anything more about a beer bust? - Talk to this man right here. Patience, darlin', patience. - Hey. - What are you doing here? I was just about to ask you the same question. - I heard you got busted. - Oh, yeah. - They just got Hirschfelder too. - Really? - Like how bad? - Bad. - Was it O'Bannion? - Yeah. God, I hate that jerk! I know. So, um... Like, what have you guys been doin'? Just... I don't know. Drivin' around mostly. I didn't know Jodi was your big sister. Hey, I hear my name over here? You talkin' about me? Hey, kiddo. Heard they got you pretty bad. Man, I asked them to take it easy on you. - I can't believe they did that. - Man! God, no wonder! - Where'd they find Hirsch? - Walkin' out of the rec center, I think. What have you guys been doing? Hi. - Ow! - Hi. Face it. You got busted because you couldn't get away. You try and outrun those guys. I'm gonna laugh my ass off when it's your turn. Oh, man, I heard last year, they caught about ten freshmen at once. O'Bannion backed his truck over some pizzas and made 'em eat it, man. Idiot flunks his senior year so he can be a dick two years in a row. Is that legal? Damn you, Carl! Okay, let me out. Hey, Slater, you fuckin' hippie, gimme drugs, man! Get some from your mother, man. - We just bagged your mother. Fuck you, dick-head. Those guys, man. What's goin' on? I haven't seen you in so long. Man, what is happenin'? Long time... no see. - What have you been up to? - Same old shit, man. - Workin' for the city. - Workin' man, huh? Been thinkin' about gettin' back in school, man. - Back in J.C., somethin' like that? - Yeah, man. That's where all the girls are, right? On the other hand, I'd just as soon keep workin', keep a little change in my pocket. Rather than listen to some dipshit... who doesn't know what the hell he's talking about. - You're a freshman, right? - Yeah. So tell me, man. How's this year's crop of freshman chicks lookin'? Wood, you're gonna end up in jail sometime really soon. No, man. No, let me tell you. That's what I love about these high

school girls, man. I get older, they stay the same age. Yes, they do. -  
Yes, they do. - You guys wanna go for a spin? - Yeah. Shotgun! - Aw. -  
Woods. - I'm here, man. - You gonna come along? Uh, yeah. Why not? - You  
boys have fun now. - Thanks a lot. Listen, I'm gonna give you shotgun. But  
I want you to know it's only 'cause I'm goin' inside. - You keep that in  
mind. - Got it. - Hey, man, whose bowling ball is this? - It's yours. -  
Hey, man, what's happenin'? - Play a little foosball? - Yeah! - All right.  
Pull over to the trash here. Pull over to the trash here. Shit, yeah! Yeah!  
Yeah! - Hey, guys, pull over to that one over there. - Yeah, yeah, yeah.  
Here, hold this, hold this. Got it! Go! Go! Yeah! Yeah! - Bowling ball.  
Throw the bowling ball. - Yeah. Think I should? - Yeah. Throw it. Throw it.  
- Throw it. Throw it. - Come on. You're playin' with the big boys now, man.  
- Do it. Throw it. Faggot-sissy-pussy-freshman, throw it! Throw it! Heave  
it! That bowling ball said "Oof!" To that damn windshield! - Yeah. - You're  
nuts, Junior! You're nuts! Hey, man, we're outta beer. We gotta make a  
Grab-'N'-Go stop. - I don't have any money. Who's got money? - I gave mine  
to... Where's your money? Doesn't matter. Pull in, heading out that way. -  
Are you gonna hoist it? - Yeah. All I need's the freshman as a lookout. I  
don't wanna get in trouble. Do you, Pink? I don't know about this, Don. -  
Come on. Better be careful... Junior. - Sunflower seeds. - Zigzags. -  
Zigzags. - Hey, man, I'm not too sure about this. Shh! I'm gonna pay for  
it. I'm just messin' around with 'em, okay? Good. Run! Go, go, go, go! - We  
gotta get outta here, man! - Let's go! - Come on. Let's go! - Oh, my God!  
Don't try anything, or I'll shoot the shit outta you. - Don, give the beer  
back, man. - I paid for the beer, man. You busted my mailbox, didn't you?  
Look me in the eye, punk! - I don't know what you're talking about, but I  
suggest that you... - You busted it, didn't ya? Tamperin' with mailboxes is  
a felony offense. Now I done called the police. - I think you boys oughta  
get outta the car. - Just go, man. - Nice and slow. - Go, go, go, go, go!  
Get down! He's shooting at us! Holy... Fairly uneventful, huh? Which one of  
you had the theory... about how President Ford's old football head injury  
is affecting the economy? - Did you know Ford was on the Warren Commission?  
- Who cares? - He's outta there this fall. Look, we need some alcohol. -  
That's a thought. Say, man, why don't you run out to the Centennial over  
there... and pick me up a sixer of this stuff. - Think you can do that? -  
Uh... Thanks, man. Good luck. I'm just sayin' if we're gonna drive around,  
we should just do somethin'. Yeah, you know, you're right, man. I'm just  
gonna get drunk, maybe get laid or get in a fight. I'm serious. We should  
be up for anything. I know. We are, but what? I mean, God, don't you ever  
feel like everything we do... and everything we've been taught is just to  
service the future? Yeah, I know. It's like it's all... preparation. -  
Right. But what are we preparing ourselves for? - Death. - Life of the  
party. - It's true. You know, but that's valid. If we're all gonna die  
anyway, shouldn't we be enjoying ourselves now? You know, I'd like to quit

thinking of the present, like right now is some minor, insignificant preamble to somethin' else. Exactly. Man, that's what everybody in this car needs... is some good ol' worthwhile visceral experience. Remember to eat a green thing every day, and have lots of calcium. It's very important for young mothers to have lots of calcium. - Here you are. See you tomorrow night. - Bye. - How are you this evenin'? - Pretty good. How's it goin'? - Be goin' a lot better when I get off in a couple of hours. - Yeah, I hear that. - You're 18, right? - Oh, yeah. - Just graduated. - Graduated. Congratulations. - So you off to college in the fall? - Oh, ya know, I'm still not sure; I'm workin' right now for the city. Thinkin' of holdin' on to the job for a while. - It's like... You know, it's money in my pocket. - I hear that. Here's some more money for your pocket. You have a nice night tonight. Okay, thanks. Hey, take it easy. Psst! Hey, Mitch. - Hey, there you guys are. - Hey, man, what's in the bag? - Uh, sixer. You owe me one, man. - Yeah. - They busted the hell outta Hirschfelder too. - Yeah, I heard. - Hey, man, you over at the Emporium? - Oh, yeah. - Eh, is that bastard O'Bannion over there? - Yes. I hate that jerk. - Do you guys wanna get him back? - Yeah. - They really sold it to you? - Of course. Cool. There ya go, buddy. - Whoo! - Paycheck. Oh, yeah. - Way to shoot, man. - Thanks, man. - Oh, yeah. - He got it. - Whoo! - I got your change too. Oh, don't worry 'bout it, man. A beer for my partner. - Want a beer? - Yeah. - All right. - Guys, party at the moon tower. - Oh, I'm in. - You and Benny pick up the first keg. I'm going to collect for the rest. Spread the word, man. - Max, Phil, party at the moon tower. - Eh, good game, man. You too. Y'all are an embarrassment to the sport of pool... and should be proud that I let you play... at my table. You are the worst pool player I've ever seen in my life. You keep watchin' me, you might learn somethin'. Shit, you got so many balls on the table, I'm gonna have to start knockin' your balls in to get 'em out of my way. - Corner pocket. - Take it easy - Check this out. - God, you are terrible! Okay, Elmo, I hope you are ready... to taste the agonizing, bitter humiliation of defeat. So did you hear they're busting Carl Burnett out back? - What did you say? - About what? - Carl Burnett. - I just heard he's gettin' busted. - Benny, they got Burnett out back. - Carl Burnett? - Let's go, let's go. - Gimme two, three minutes and let me finish this game. - You hold him for me! - All right, all right! Hey, man. That Julie chick? Loves you. Oh, yeah. You want her? Gotta play it cool, ya know. Can't let her know how much you like her. If she knows, she'll dump ya like that. Like if she asks you to ride out there with her, you say somethin' like, "Nah, got my own ride, but maybe I'll see ya later." Sounds stupid, doesn't it? It works. We got another one, huh? Whoa, whoa, guys. You wouldn't mind if I went first there, would ya? Is that all right? It's kind of a personal thing... between me and this little piece of shit here. So... we meet again, huh? Did y'all hear this little motherfucker's mom pulled a shotgun on me this afternoon? Fuckin' bitch. - You, you haven't

had any licks yet, have ya? Hmm? - No. Whoo! Another cherry, boys. Man, get the fuck against the wall. You have to be the dumbest freshman, skinny little cocksucker, son of a bitch... to be out here tonight, ya know that? You knew I was gonna find you. I would like to dedicate this first lick... to your mother. Fucker! Oh-ho, not yet. Oh, it's gettin' warmer. What the fuck? Remember me, you pig? Oh! Let's go, man! Come on! Hurry, man! - Let's go! - I'm hurrying! Come on, come on! Hurry up, guys! It was beautiful! You should have seen the look on that fuck's face. Get in! Jesus! You let that little fuck get away! What is the matter with you? It's fuckin' pitiful! Fuck! Freshmen shit-heads! What the fuck are you lookin' at, huh? Kick your fuckin' ass right now. Pussy. What are you smilin' at, freshman faggot, huh? Fuck you. Fuck all of you! Fuck you! Goddamn it! Oh, man. Oh, I can't believe I'm doing this. I swore to God I'd never come to a Top Notch, and here I am sorting through jalapeo burgers and soggy fries. - Here take 'em. - All right, all right, all right. Oh, Christ. How ya doin'? Pretty good. Cool. You heard about the party bein' busted, right? - Oh, yeah. - Yeah? Not to worry. There's a new fiesta in the making as we speak. It's out at the moon tower. Full kegs, everybody's gonna be there. You oughta go. - Okay. - Okay, we'll be there. - Okay. - So ya need a ride? - Uh, no. I got my own car. Thanks. - Yeah, well, listen. You oughta ditch the two geeks in the car and get in with us, but that's all right. We'll worry about that later. I will see you there. - All right? - Bye. - I love those redheads, man. - I know you. We had geography together, remember? Oh, great. - Oh, God. - What a dick. That was so creepy. Ugh! - Why are you smilin'? - I thought he was cute. - Oh, that's disgusting. - You thought he was cute? Do you realize when he graduated, we were like, three years old? Cynthia, what are you thinking? Ugh! I don't know. - Ugh! - So we gonna still go? Huh? Yeah, what the hell? Oh, get back! Gangway! This is a moving party, butt face! - Hey, Benny, you better have your wood screwed... - Fuck you! 'Cause I'm gonna blow your doors completely off! Man, someone's tokin' some reefer. Hey, man. Hey, slow down. - Yeah, what? - What's up? - What'd you just say? - When? Just now, man, when you walked past. What'd you say? - A-About what? - You said, "Someone's tokin' some reefer." No, I may have said somethin' about smellin' some pot. - It was just an observation. - Oh, an observation, huh? Well, who the hell are you, man, Isaac fuckin' Newton? Well, guess what, genius? I'm the one smokin' marijuana? You got a problem with that? - No, of course not. - Well, why'd you say that? Come on, man. Don't let your mouth write a check your butt can't cash. I'm blazin' with my friends, so I'm a fuckin' pothead, man. What's it to you, huh? Huh? Outta observations? Observe while I punch your teeth down your throat! Come on, dude, relax! - He's cool, man. Relax. - Hey, I'll be watchin' you, Newton. I only came here to do two things, man: Kick some ass and drink some beer. Looks like we're almost outta beer. - You okay, man? - Yeah. Why's it called the moon tower? Uh, I guess they just decided to put it up

here when they were buildin' the power plant. Actually, it's a good idea. I mean, you got a full moon out here every day of the year, you know? Yeah, but nothing's ever been repaired, so this whole place could fall down at any time. So you better watch your step, Junior. - Whoa! - This place used to be off-limits, man, 'cause some drunk freshman fell off. He went right down the middle, smackin' his head on every beam, man. I hear it doesn't hurt after the first couple, though. Autopsy said he had one beer, man. How many'd you have? - Four. - You're dead, man. You're so dead. Look at the bloodstains right there. Shut up. - I'm gonna get that guy. - What guy? That asshole on the way in. Clint. That superdominant male in a '50s greaser uniform. - I wouldn't suggest that, Mike. - Most fights at places like this... never get past a punch or two before they're broken up. There's an almost natural instinct not to upset the herd. So all I gotta do is get in one good punch, play defense and wait. - What? - What are you talking about? At first, I was relieved to get out of the situation, but now there's this... level of humiliation setting in that's gonna be with me for fucking ever! I'm not gonna let this be another situation which contributes to me being... a little ineffectual nothing the rest of my life, you know? Would you look at this fucking town, man? It's dead. Imagine how many people out there right now are fuckin', man. - Step inside my... - Just goin' at it. - Hey. - Hey. - Remember me? - Sure. You're Sabrina, right? - Right. - How ya doin'? - Okay. - Hey, let's go. - What brings you here? - Oh, just hangin' out. - You havin' fun? - Yeah. Yeah. So, uh, does your offer from this afternoon still stand? What am I supposed to say? Anything you want. Why'd we even come here? I always feel a little out of place at these things, you know? You're tellin' me. I'm being stalked by a Nazi. That a little bit of reefer I smell on you, boy? Coach is right. You're running with that bad crowd again. You've got an attitude adjustment you've gotta make right now. Like I'm the only athlete at this fuckin' party. Coach is right, Don. Those guys don't care if we win or lose. Just remember that. Check this out. Watch this, both of you. Watch me get this beer. Watch. Oh, no, it's the cops! Look! Look, look, look, look! It was so easy. Oh, shit. He needs another drink real, you know, bad. Ah! Hey, Mitch! - Hi. Wonderin' if you were around here. - How's it goin'? Aw, man! So, uh, I just wanted to talk, you know? Are you quittin' football? Or is it just this pledge? You don't wanna sign the pledge, right? That's what it is. I don't know, man. Well, maybe I'm not into any of it anymore. - You're not into any of it anymore. - Um. That will be the biggest mistake of your life, Pink. No one quits senior year, pal, especially if you're starting quarterback. I mean, we got a shot at state. We kicked some butt this year. It's what we've been working for all of our lives, man. Me and you, Benny. We wanna be champions together. Look, man, all I'm sayin' is... that if I do play next year, it's gonna be on my terms, not theirs. You just remember one thing, Pink. It ain't just about you, pal. It's about us:

Me, Donnie, Mel. You'll be fuckin' us over. Or maybe you're just fuckin' scared, huh? Have a nice night. Do you guys know what that song's about? It's about aliens. We're the aliens, man. We're the savages. We're the savages. Wait, man. That song's about that? - Yeah, man, that song's about that. - About aliens? Yeah, man. You didn't know that? This country is founded... It was founded by people who were into aliens, man. George Washington, man, he was in a cult, and the cult was into aliens, man. - You didn't know that? - No. Oh, man. They were way into that type of stuff. It's like the every-other-decade theory, you know? The '50s were boring, the '60s rocked, and the '70s... Oh, my God, they obviously suck. - Come on. - Maybe the '80s will be radical. You know? I figure we'll be in our 20s and, hey, it can't get any worse. Wait a minute. Who put the keg way out here in the woods? - Hmm, I don't know. - Uh-uh. - This is just where they told me it would be. - Oh, yeah? Yeah. I don't think we need beer anyway. - George toked weed, man. - Absolutely George toked weed. Are you kiddin' me, man? He grew fields of that stuff, man. That's what I'm talkin' about. - He grew that shit up in Mount Vernon, man. - He grew it all over the country. He had people growin' it all over the country. The whole country back then was gettin' high. 'Cause he knew he was on to somethin'. He knew that it would be a good cash crop for the southern states, man. So he grew fields of it, man. But you know what? Behind every good man, there's a woman, and that woman was Martha Washington, man, and every day, George would come home, she'd have a big, fat bowl waiting for him, man, when he'd come in the door. She was a hip, a hip, hip lady, man. Wait a minute. - Wait, wait, wait. - What? - What are you doing? - I don't know. Don't you have a girlfriend? - What girlfriend? - What's her name? Simone. Hmm? And she, she was real cool too. She'd harvest the crops. That's what I'm talkin' about. She'd put in, um, bushels and stuff and sell it, you know? Because they had to, you know, make ends meet and stuff. I mean, did you ever look at a dollar bill, man? There's some spooky stuff goin' on on a dollar bill. It's green too. - Later. - See ya. - Yeah, cool. - Wait, wait, wait. What was that all about? - What were you doin' back there? - Exactly what you wish you were doin'. - Look at your boy. Look at your boy. - Kramer! Yeah, you, you! Freshman, right here. Come on. - Right here, buddy. - He waves at us. - What is this wave shit? - Freshman, over here. - Over here. Now. Come on. - Over here. Come on. - Come on, come on, come on. - Aw, shit. I should go. - Yeah, I guess you probably should. - Shit. I'll be back. Okay. He's like a little Casanova. It's amazing. - Look at that shit-eatin' grin on his face. - Not bad for a freshman, but you better watch out for them older girls. Hey, hey, hey, come here. We just wanna know somethin', okay? Are you gonna be fuckin' that later, or are you gonna be a little wimp? - How do you know I haven't already? - Oh, yeah! Get outta here. I think it's past your bedtime. Run along. Come here. Why don't you go get a ride with her? Say we left ya. It will work. It will work. Go.

- Hey, Kramer, show it to her. - Give it to her. Go, boy. - Air raid, freshman. - What? Air raid, freshman. - Aw, come on, Darla. Leave her alone. - This is between me and her, and she better be on the ground in five seconds. Wait. She doesn't have to air raid because she's with me, okay? Air raid or it's your ass. - Don't do it, Sabrina. - Oh, that's it. Miss Hot Stuff. I'm going to make the next year of your life a living hell. Lick me, all of you! Good for you. Don't air raid for that bitch. I hate that shit. It's like that Clint fucker in front of all his friends. - "Huh? Huh, motherfucker?" - All right. Okay, Mike. - Dominant male monkey motherfucker. - God! - T-A-R-A. - I never met a "Tara" before. You're my first. Hey, what... All right! - He did it. I can't believe it. - I fuckin' knew I should have kicked your ass. Come on! Come on, man! Come on! - Ha! Whoo-hoo! - Stop now! You guys, that's Mike. Oh, shit. That crazy bastard. - You like this? You like this, motherfucker? Kick his ass! Come on, man! You want some more? You fuckin' bitch! - Come on, you fuckin' bitch! - Aaah! Aaah! Hey, hey, hey, hey! Get the fuck off me! - Come on. Stay down! - Fuckin' dick! You fuckin' faggot! You got fuckin' smoked! Yeah, come on, man. You want some more? You dick! Hey. Hey, little brother. - Is that a beer in your hand? - Why, yes, it is. - Have you had more than one of those tonight? - A few. Nobody's counting. - Hey. How ya doin'? - Hey, how's it goin'? Guess I might as well just get used to you being at the same social functions as me, huh? And, uh, hangin' out with people I know? Hey, what time are you supposed to be home anyway? Oh, geez, I don't know. Couple of hours ago. That's bullshit. That's major bullshit. Do you know Mom barely even let me out of the house when I was your age? - Aw! - Aw! Don't think for a minute... she's not gonna be waiting up for you. - I've been through it. And she's tough. - Yeah, well... Just don't ask her to take it easy on me, please. What's that supposed to mean? Take it easy on him? - Let's go smoke that joint. - He's in for a surprise. - Good. - Thanks a lot, man. Hey, man, no worries. Take care. - Listen, I'll pick ya up tomorrow at 4:00? - Okay. Hey. Aerosmith. Three weeks. - Front-row seats, babe. - All right. I won't forget. So, uh, who's buying breakfast? - Not me. - I will, I guess. - Great. You comin' along? - Sure. - Night, John Boy. Ali. - Good night. - "Wood-a-been." - Pink, my man. What's happenin'? - Not a lot. - Cynthia, man? I like it, man. - Very nice. My favorite color. - Yeah? Red's a good color for you. - Hey, have you seen Jodi around? - She left your ass. Really? Well, ya win some, ya lose some. What about Peter Pan? Hey, brother, roll it back. What's goin' on, man? - Guys, what's goin' on? - Nothing. - Pickford wouldn't know. - What time is it? Let's go smoke a joint, man, on the 50-fuckin'-yard line, in honor of your daddy, Coach Conrad. - We're there. - Great idea. - Hey, man with the plan. - Wanna come with me? - Okay. - Yeah, dude, man. - Hey. - Joint subcommittee meeting on the 50-yard line in 15. - You there? - Okay. Don, y'all ride with me. Let's hit it. - This is cashed, man. It's cashed. - It's in there, man. You can

ride with us, man, but you're ridin' in the back 'cause I ain't gonna  
shotgun you. - Yeah, yeah, yeah. - Hey, hey. Hey, hey, watch the leather,  
man. - Don't you quit? You wanna hit him? - He was wide open! - You want to  
hit him! - Jesus, son, you're wearin' Rebel gray! - Now break down! Break  
down! - I'm sorry, coach. I want you on him like stink on shit, stink on  
shit! Break down! You don't deserve to wear that Rebel gray, boy! You won't  
hit him? You won't hit him? O-T-S-S! Only the strong survive! - Only the  
strong survive! - Only the strong survive! - That's it! - Only the strong  
survive! - Now where's your pitch man? Hit your goddamn pitch man! - Oh, my  
God! He spins around! Pink runs! Ya! He fumbles! Hell, my grandmother can  
hit harder than that. What the fuck, man? 'Course she's a 8-foot-4, drives  
a Mack truck and runs a 40 in 10.2. She's gotten bigger. She was only  
six-two, 195 in my day. - Still drivin' that Mack truck, though. - Pink,  
you got my papers? - Uh, yeah. There's some in my glove compartment. - I  
got 'em. Hit me on the slant. Gimme the keys to an inside. Hut! Down!  
Marijuana on one. Reefer on two. Hut! Hut! - Wide open! - Huh! - Oh, that's  
pretty good, you know? - Yeah. Could be a little... I don't know... Maybe  
perhaps a little more symmetrical. - Does that hurt? - Ow! Yes, it hurts. -  
Sorry, sorry. - It's a, it's a bruise. I don't know. Let me ask you  
somethin'. I mean, I got some pretty good ones in there. - I mean, you  
wouldn't say I got my ass kicked. - Oh, no. After a couple of years, people  
won't even remember if you won or lost. No, you're right, 'cause like I  
read about, um, like a Jackson Pollock or Ernest Hemingway. - You never  
read who won or lost, just they got into a brawl. - Exactly. - Well, uh,  
thanks for the ride and breakfast and everything. - No problem. Sure is  
nice to pile on some old pancakes and syrup... after a night of beer  
drinking, isn't it? Um... Good night. Good night. - Hope you're not  
grounded or anything. - Thanks. "Not to indulge in any alcohol, drugs, sex  
after 12:00... or any other illegal activity." Slater, babe. Found that in  
your glove compartment, man. You know, you're the third person who's given  
me this today? God. What do you reckon you're gonna do? I'll probably end  
up signin'. I just don't wanna give in so easy. Man, it's the same bullshit  
they tried to pull in my day. If it ain't that piece of paper, some other  
choice they're gonna try and make for you. You gotta do what Randall "Pink"  
Floyd wants to do, man. Let me tell ya this. The older you do get, the more  
rules they're gonna try to get you to follow. You just gotta keep livin',  
man. L-l-V-l-N. roll it up, sign the joint, man. - That's gonna tell 'em  
somethin'. - That's what I'll do. Yeah. Assholes. They're all a bunch of  
assholes, but you gotta think about it. - We've had a lot of good times  
here, Pink. - Yeah, come on, Pink. I can't believe this. You act like  
you're so oppressed. Man, you guys are kings of the school; you get away  
with whatever you want. - What are you bitchin' about? - Well, look, all  
I'm sayin' is... that if I ever start referring to these as the best years  
of my life, remind me to kill myself. All I'm sayin' is... I just wanna

look back and say... that I did it the best I could while I was stuck in this place, had as much fun as I could when I was stuck in this place, played as hard as I could when I was stuck in this place, - dogged as many chicks as I could when I was stuck in this place. Yeah, right, Mr. Premature Ejaculation. Ooh! Oh, that's great. That's good. That's good. That the cops? - What the hell... - Hey! All of you! Get over here! - Now! - Hey, man, ditch that pot. - Is it illegal to be on the football field? - I got some more. All right, just be good, okay? - Come on, Slater. - What'd we do? You got any Visine? Man, I can't believe this. If it ain't old Richard Wrath. How ya doin', Dick? Well, well, well. Couple of football players. Wonder what Coach is gonna think of all this. Line up. - Wooderson? - Slavey? Reliving old glories on the football field? Get through there. You shouldn't still be mad 'cause I got all-district and you didn't. - What? - Floyd! Dawson! Get your scrawny butts over here! Mornin', Coach. So what the hell's goin' on? - Why am I gettin' wake-up calls from the cops? - Oh, that was nothin'. - They just left. - False alarm, Coach. Come here, Randy. Come here. - You been out with those losers all night? - Hey, Coach Conrad. Remember me? Second-period gym class? That's the kind of people I was tellin' you about. Trouble like this means nothing to that bunch of clowns. - You're the one with something to lose. - Coach, you don't even know them. - How can you even pretend to talk that way, huh? - Okay, Randy. I shouldn't do this, but I'm willing to wipe the slate clean and forget about this. I want you to get your priorities straightened out, quick hangin' out with hoodlums and sign your commitment to your team. - Have you done that yet? - I'm still thinkin' about it. No one's paying you to think about it! Just do it! You know, Coach? I gotta get goin'. Me and my loser friends, you know, we gotta go get Aerosmith tickets. Top priority of the summer. Oh. Coach, uh... I forgot. I might play ball, but I will never sign that. Let's rock and roll. All right, man. Livin'. Shit! I'm gettin' my third wind. Let's get on the road. - Let's go. You gonna come, man? - Shotgun! - All right, man, talk to you later then. - Yeah. - You guys not goin'? - Pink, can I use your keys? - It's time to boogie on outta here. - Hey. So that's that, huh? All right. Slater. Aah! I never get shotgun. Aah! Oh, hi, Mom. Hmm. Okay, Mitchell. This is your one get-outta-jail-free card. - So I hoped you enjoyed it. - No. Your sister told me everything, so I've decided to make this deal with you. I'm... Well, I'm gonna be open-minded about it this time, but... next time you come in at sunrise, we've got problems. And, uh, who is this older girl who gave you a ride? Oh, she's just like... Have you been drinking? No. Are you drunk?