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Full Of It

By Jon Lucas

. We come on the sloop John B.
. My grandfather and me.
. Around Nassau town we did roam.
. Drinkin' all night.
. Got into a fight.
. Oh, yeah.
. Well, I feel so broke up.
. I wanna go home.
. So hoist up the John B's sail.
. Hoist up the John B's sail.
. See how the mainsail sets.
. Call for the captain ashore.
. Let me go home.
. Let me go home.
. I wanna go home.
. Yeah, yeah.
. Well, I feel so broke up.
. I wanna go home.
. De de.
. De de de.
. The first mate he got drunk.
. Fell in the captain's trunk.
. Doo doo doo doooo.
. The constable had to come and take him away.
. Sheriff John Stone.
. Why don't you leave me alone?.

Yeah yeah.

. Well, I feel so broke up.
. I wanna go home.

Ha ha ha!

Hey, you're not nervous, are you?

A little.

Oh, Sam!

You're a kind, caring, responsible young man.

And I know that if you just be yourself...

Everyone's gonna end up loving you as much as we do.

And that is a whole heck of a lot!

Ohhhh!

Love you, buddy.

Mmmm!

I love you guys, too.

Thanks.

Yeah, man, short is the new tall!

Are you sure he's a senior?

Nice haircut.

Thanks. M-My mom cuts it.

You must be Sam Leonard!

Yes. - I'm Principal Hayes.

But if you prefer to call me Marcus...

that's perfectly all right with me.

Thanks. Thanks, Marcus.

Come on, I'll walk you to your locker.

I just want you to know what a pleasure it is...

to have you joining our student body for your senior year.

I'm-well-I-I'm glad to be here too, sir.

Great! Really great!

Of course, your parents have already informed me...

that you're in the running for the Math Association scholarship.

That's quite an accomplishment.

Well-I-I haven't won anything yet but-

but thank you.

This is your locker. It's one of my favorites.

This... is your welcome package.

Go Possums!

Sam, you have a great first day!

Hey, Jack!

Those are fantastic new sneakers you have on.

What is that you were humming?

Oh, it-it was nothing.

No, I liked it, what was it?

Uh, Sloop John B by The Beach Boys.

Shhh! - Who?

Uh, they were pioneers of surf music back in the '60s.

Oh. Can you sing that song you were humming...

so I can see if I know it?

Well-well... all right.

Um...

. So hoist up the John B's sail.

. See how the mainsails set.

. Call for the captain ashooooore.

. Let me go home.

You know it? - No, no, keep going.

. I wanna go home.

. Yeah, yeah, yeah.

. De de de de de de.

. De de de.

They can't hear you, little man!

I... I don't know the rest.

You gotta toughen up, newbie.
And... I would have gone with...
something more like Surfin' USA...
or Little Deuce Coupe.
All right, let's hit the showers.
Hey, hold on. Who's uh... Sam Leonard?
I got your parents' note...
and wearing your bathing suit in the shower is fine.
Thank you, sir.
You need a note to get out of gym.
Uh... no.
Condoms.
Actually, I was... just looking for a little guidance.
What exactly does that have to do with me?
Aren't you a guidance counselor?
Oh, yeah. I'm sorry. Have a seat, buddy.
Don't drop anything.
"Why don't you tell me a little bit about your problem, name?"
Today was my first day here...
and-and I thought this school might be different...
but I'm already getting absolutely killed.
"Life isn't a sprint, it's a marathon. "
Oo, well... uh, right.
I start out being myself, you know?
I- I try being friendly and nice...
but... clearly I'm doing something wrong.
I believe it was Thomas Jefferson that once said...
"Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom. "
Come on, man! I need some real help here.
This is my senior year, you know.
I definitely can't do another year as the short, weird kid.
Look, what do you want, pal? You want tail, is that it?
No! I... I mean, yeah, someday, but...
It's not what I'm after. I just-I just want one last shot at being cool.
Yeah, and I want to live next to a Xanax factory, with no locks.
It's not gonna happen.
Listen, I know where you're coming from.
I was there once, OK?
Rough childhood, right?
Mommy drinks too much, daddy's in and out of jail, is that it?
My dad's a flight attendant for-
I'm sorry, your dad's a stewardess?
OK, I'm sorry.
All right, a-are you good at anything?

Are you good at video games, sports...
forging your parents' signatures...
I'm-I'm somewhat of a math whizz.
Mm. - At my last school...
my teacher used to call me his prince polynomials.
Don't ever say that out loud again, OK?
All right, hey, kid.
Kid?
You wanna know the truth? OK.
I'll tell you the truth.
The truth is, the truth sucks.
We live in a moral cesspool of lies.
I've tried to live my life honestly and look at me.
I'm a high school guidance counselor...
with a freakishly high tolerance...
for prescription pain medication.
You think this is my dream?
You think when I was a kid growing up I had posters...
on the wall of guidance counselors?
Look, if you wanna get anything out of life...
you gotta put some spin on the ball, OK?
You want-You want kids here to like you at school, you lie.
Lie about who you are...
where you're from, what you got.
They'll believe you because they're dumb, OK?
In fact, if you remember one thing...
from your 5 years of high school...
in our society winners always lie...
and liars always win.
And don't do drugs.
. Let me go home.
. Why don't you let me go home?.
. Hoist up the John B's sail.
. Hoist up the John B's-.
. Feel so broke up. -. Yeah-eah-eah!.
. I wanna go home.. Chug-A-chug.
Ha ha ha!
Hey, hey! What about our-
I'm sorry... But you should go now.
Thanks.
Dude, sweet as sugar syrup.
Uh, yeah, I know it's totally embarrassing having...
my parents drop me off...
while my, um... uh...

Porsche is in the shop.
You have a Porsche?
Yeah, she's getting all...
pimped out right now.
So, uh, just, you know...
keep it on... D.L.
Hey, um, idiot. - Oh, hey.
When you signed this picture yourself...
you misspelt Carmen.
Heh heh.
Yeah, man, who's Camren Electra?
Ah, come on- come on guys that-
that's not-that's not cool.
I mean, everybody-
everybody knows that she's...
dyslexic.
Trust me, I-I know...
sh-she's a friend from back in L.A.
Great girl.
You know, now that I think about it I'm...
pretty sure she is dyslexic.
Yeah, you know what? I think...
I remember reading something about that too.
Where-Where are you going? - Kyle?
I know...
Out of all the others...
I have chosen you.
Excuse me?
I didn't have time to do my homework...
so I have chosen you to give me the answers.
And, if I like your work...
we can have an arrangement where you give me the answers...
for the rest of the year.
I didn't do it either.
Yeah, you should probably- you should probably just...
choose someone else...
please...
because I...
I really suck at math.
Seriously, I'm-I'm like-
I'm like a preschooler.
All right, everyone...
let's have your homework.
Yes. Thank you, thank you.

Thank you.

Can you hand me your homework, please?

I don't have it.

Now, why would that be?

M- My dog ate it?

Ha ha ha.

Your dog ate it?

Uhh...

He has this fetish and he's constantly eating my homework.

I'm not sure that joining the no-homework club...

your first week here...

is the best way for you to get that math scholarship.

Any more forced singing?

Oh, hey.

I'm Annie.

Sam.

Good morning, readers. - Morning, Mrs. Moran.

Hey, Mrs. Moran.

Please don't tell me you're one of those guys...

who actually thinks he has a shot with his teacher.

Ahem. No. No, no, no, no, no.

Not one of those guys.

Because I actually do have a shot.

Really?

And why is that?

W- Well-

let's just say that...

if things ended up getting hot and heavy...

wouldn't be the first time.

At my last school my social studies teacher...

had like this huge crush on me...

like she was in love with me, like she wanted to marry me.

She ended up leaving her husband...

was forced to resign.

Because of that, now I know...

that Mrs. Moran will be into me as well.

Are you drunk?

All right, for our Othello project...

I'd like everyone to partner up with someone today...

so that you can all get started.

I hate group projects.

I always end up doing all of the work.

Huh. Tell me about it.

You wanna partner up?

Ha ha.

I guess it can't hurt to share a grade...
with a guy who's having a steamy affair...
with the teacher.

. I'm comin' over.
. See me down at the station.
. By the lane with my hands in my pocket.
. Jinglin' a wish coin.
. That I stole from a fountain.
. That was drowning all the cares in the world.
. When I get older.
. Climbin' up on the back porch fence.
. Just to see the dogs runnin'.
. With a ring and a question.
. And my shiverin' voice is singin'.
. Through a crack in the window.
. Na na na na na.
. I better go it alone.
. Na na na na na.
. I better go it alone.
. Na na na na na.

Hey.

So, you wanna go sit over there?

They totally humiliated you yesterday.

That table is the land of milk and honey.

It's the same in every school.

Always laughing, always cool and charming.

Always happy. I mean, who wouldn't want that?

Please, that's just what they want you to think.

Trust me, their lives suck...

just as bad as ours.

Hey, hey, hey. - What?

Who's that?

Vicki Sanders.

There you go, start dating her...

and you can sit there all you want.

Sam? - What?

You know I'm joking, right?

It's-It's perfect. Heh.

It's exactly what I gotta do.

No, she dates basketball players.

Specifically, Kyle Plunkett.

You'll get assassinated if you ask her out.

Or maybe... just... maybe...

She'll say yes and before you know it...
I'll be sitting over there, swapping "how do you dos"...
with the Bridgeport elite. - Ha.
I'm sorry, this seat's saved.
Ha ha ha.
But there wasn't even a chair here.
Oh. There is now.
Thank you.
Ha.
Look at this kid. Isn't he short?
Heh heh. - What a loser.
Where's the golf course?
Ha ha ha ha!
Shall we go shopping for engagement rings now?
Actually, if you must know...
it went just as I expected.
Wow. You set amazingly low goals for yourself.
I like it.
You can't just expect her to jump into my arms...
right in front of Kyle.
But there was something there?
Oh, yeah, definitely...
I mean, tch, we have major chemistry.
So, you've been here what, a day?
And already Mrs. Moran and Vicki Sanders...
are lusting after you.
Uh, well, you know...
they're, uh, different.
Really? How are they different?
Well, you s-you see...
V- Vicki is more of the, ahem...
dangerous stalker, sex in the bathroom...
Spanish soap opera type, and-
OK, stop. That's not possible.
I have Spanish with Vicki...
and she can't conjugate a verb to save her life.
Cut the crap. Look, I-I get it...
you're lying to-
to jazz up your otherwise miserable life.
But... hanging out with them...
really cannot be worth all this.
Some of you guys may've heard, um...
my, uh, my house got vandalized after our last loss...
Uh, again. Heh heh heh heh. - Ha ha ha!

Uh, so we're-
we're gonna be cutting practice a little short today...
so I can go buy a new garage door.
Ha ha ha ha ha.
Ha ha ha ha ha.
Ha ha ha. - Woo!
Ha!
Does he shave his legs?
Uhh, start with two lines of lay-up drills.
Hey. Who are you?
I'm, uh, Sam Leonard.
Wh-Who sent you? - Uh, n-no one.
I- I'm the student that transferred into your P.E. class...
and I was really hoping to be on the team.
Oh, yeah? We're last in our conference...
we're in the middle of a 4-game losing streak, right?
Oh, but-yeah, but it's not always...
about winning, right? It's-
Not in Bridgeport. Heh heh.
Come on, kid, I'm-
I don't even think we'll have a uniform that'd fit you.
I mean, the-the shorts are gonna go up to your nipples...
I was the star point guard at my... uh, last school.
Was that a boys' school?
Seriously, Coach...
I never, never miss a shot.
My bad.
. Pistol of fire, pistol of fire.
. Pistol of fire.
. Shattered the frame.
. Go hug your sister.
. Go love your sister.
. Go hug your sister.
. One and the same.
. Aaaow!.
. Come home 'fore that rooster crows.
Aaagh!
Well, I've got my basketball scholarship.
Awesome! - What's a scholarship?
Check this out. Not only does he play like a girl...
but he must be hung like one too.
Ha ha ha ha.
It-it-it-it's not small.
Oh, yeah, man. - Yeah, right.

Look, look...
if you just admitted you had a micro...
we would tease you a little and then let it go.
But when you lie to our faces it insults us...
and we have to make an issue out of it.
Ha ha ha.
So, just admit you're sporting a chapstick-
Ha ha ha! Chapstick! Ha ha!
And we'll let it go! - The-
The-The truth of the matter is...
I'm hung like a newborn.
Oh! Ha ha ha! - See!
Even he admits it. - Ha ha ha.
The-The coach made me promise to keep it covered...
so I wouldn't hurt your self-esteem...
right before the next game.
Dude, that would-
that would really scare me.
What? You're not believing this dwarf?
Hey, guess who got 2 tickets to Homecoming.
Ah, you're joking, right?
Get in.
Will Vicki be picking you up...
or will you be escorting her on your bike?
Uhh, I'm not gonna ask Vicki.
Why, what happened? I thought you guys really had something.
That is just it.
I got a note in my-my locker, from Kyle...
basically warning me to stay away from her.
Well, that sounds really threatening.
He said that if I didn't stay away from her...
well, then he would douse me...
in some sort of common household cleanser...
pull me behind his truck...
and, uh, hook my nuts up to a car battery.
Ha. - Yeah.
I think he even wrote it in blood.
Who are you gonna ask, then?
. Well, I'm reading this poem and it's so profound.
. And I-I like its rhythm and I.
My mom's an artist. Avant-garde.
Her work's way out there.
Very famous, Jill Leonard, perhaps you heard of her?
...And I start to realize...

You wanna go to Homecoming?
. Lies, lies, lies, lies...
My name's Sam Leonard, and my dad's...
a pretty big rock star.
Isn't your dad a little old to be a rock star?
Uhh... Well, yeah-well it's not-
It's not really a-a current band.
Well, what band is it?
Poison.
Ha ha. - Poison?
That horrible hair metal band from the '80s?
Anyway, my dad's like making this huge comeback...
so if you're at all interested in maybe...
getting some backstage passes... -. Lies, lies, lies...
maybe you and I could talk about it at Homecoming.
. Lies, lies, lies, lies...
Got kicked out of my last school...
for sending the principal to the hospital.
And if this new one even looks at me funny...
he might be making a trip to the E.R. as well.
Awesome.
So, I was thinking, you know...
maybe you wanna go to Homecoming with me...
to watch me kick his ass!
. Lies, lies, lies, lies.
. Lies lies, lies lies.
. Lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies, lies.
So, you find your big Homecoming date yet?
No. And I literally asked out every girl in school...
who doesn't take the short bus.
Well, I don't take the short bus.
Yeah, but, I'm only trying to ask out girls...
who I'm 99% sure will say no.
You're a full 100%.
Well, that was in the past.
Things change, people change.
All right.
Annie, do you wanna go to Homecoming with me?
No, I hate Homecoming.
Appreciate it.
Good evening?
How do you like your Brussels sprouts?
Oh, yes, hello! - Mmmm!
They're great.

Really?

I'd have 'em every meal if I could.

I appreciate you calling.

Well, thank you.

Sam, that was your math teacher...

Mr. Von Der Ahe.

He's worried you might be getting off on the wrong foot...

since you didn't do your first homework assignment.

Sam, is this true?

I can't believe that you'd jeopardize...

your chance at the scholarship like this.

No, no. I-I did my homework.

Oh, so you're saying the teacher's lying?

I did my homework but I told him I didn't.

So you're the one who's lying.

Yeah, I guess, in a way, but-

You know what they say about liars, don't you, Sam?

That-That their pants are on fire?

Oh, no, please don't.

Sam! Sam.

Uh-

Leonard family meeting will now come to order!

Hank Leonard. - Here.

Jill Leonard. - OK, we are clearly all here-

Jill Leonard.

Here.

Sam Leonard.

Are-Are you kidding? You know I'm here-

Sam Leonard. - OK.

You know what? Here.

You know the meeting rules...

nothing but the truth.

Now, why have you been lying?

You guys have no idea how hard it is out there.

I'm down in the trenches every day...

trying to make people actually like me.

A- A-And do you know how embarrassing it is...

having my entire family drop me off at school...

in that piece-of-crap car...

kissing and hugging you like some sort of baby?

Do you?

Well, Sam, w-what can we do to help?

Nothing!

Uh, look, Sam...

Baby, if you could just explain to us why you lied.
Because lying works.
People actually like me when I lie.
No, Sam, you have got to be yourself!
People will love you-
Oh, Dad, cut it, that's the biggest lie of all.
Being yourself works great if you're actually great...
but what if you're a massive loser like me?
OK, that is it!
No more lying, end of story!
No! Not end of story!
My life sucks and lying is the only thing that makes it better.
That's why I lied today...
and that's why I'm gonna lie tomorrow...
and that's why there's nothing anyone can do to stop me!
Oh!
Oh, that's great. That's really just great!
What are you-
Let go!
Just-Look, just gimme the-
. I've spent my whole life surrounded.
. And I've spent my whole life alone.
. I wonder why I never wonder why.
. The easiest things are so hard.
. Oh, something.
. Something for nothing.
. Oh, something.
. Something for nothing.
Good morning, Sam! How you doin', fella?
What the hell's that supposed to mean?
Well, I was just wondering how you're getting along.
You know what, Marcus?
I don't need you wondering about me anymore, OK?
I can wonder just fine myself, thank you.
Y- You all right, Sam?
Keep it up and find out.
Annie, there is something really wrong with me.
You just figured that out?
No, I'm serious.
Morning, readers. - Hey, Mrs. Moran.
I don't know what it is, OK?
All I know is that something really freaky is going on.
Hi, Samuel.
Oh, uh-hi...

Mrs. Moran.

Ahem.

All right, before we get started today...

I'd like to know who you're partnered up with...

for our Shakespeare project, so, uh, Kevin-

Uh, I'm with Paul.

Alexis? - Ashley.

Mm-hmm.

Samuel?

Oh, Annie.

Oh.

Right. In Shakespeare's Othello...

who can tell me what is the core irony of Iago?

Annie.

The core irony of Iago...

is that he's viewed by everyone in the play...

as a moral and trustworthy individual...

of the highest order.

But his true character is that of an immoral liar...

who manipulates everyone...

in the name of bettering his personal circumstances.

No! Wrong.

Samuel?

I- I-I don't know.

But I think some pretty bad stuff happens.

Ha ha ha.

That is exactly right.

The core irony of Shakespeare's Othello...

is, as Samuel so eloquently points out to us...

some pretty bad stuff does happen.

Thank you, Samuel.

What is this?

My homework.

It's five-sixteenths of your homework.

Look, Mr. Von Der Ahe, I swear...

I could do this stuff in my sleep.

In that case you'll have no difficulty...

in solving the problem on the board.

All right.

What?

First let's take the square of, I think, right here.

Addition it.

Over 2.

Do you have the answer, Sam?

It's unsolvable.

Can't be done.

Ha ha ha.

Hey, good workout, buddy, killer stuff.

Holy Jesus!

Is that thing real?

Dude, it's like a firehose!

Oh, no, no, it's thicker. It's like... bridge cable.

. Hoo hoo hoo, hoo hoo hoo hoo.

. hoo hoo.

. Well, it's mine.

. And I'm happy.

. I can't help it it's just me.

. If you're wondering what happened.

. That's keepin' me laughin'.

. Just you look and you can see.

. It doesn't matter what they think.

. Doesn't matter what they say.

. Doesn't matter 'cause I'm happy now.

. If you think at any time that they listened to me.

. They'd see.

. I'm happy 'cause I'm me-e-e.

. I'm happy.

. I can't help it, it's just me.

. If you're wonderin' what happened that's keepin' me laughin'.

. Just look and you will see.

Annie.

Not even a passing glance at their table...

are you feeling OK?

Yes...

I...

am. - Oh.

I just hit puberty.

Overnight? - N-Yes!

You've gotta check it out, it's the most beautiful thing...

I've ever seen.

I even had to adjust it.

I think you're gonna have to adjust your medication...

because it's obviously way too low.

I'm serious. I-I don't know what's going on...

but something really freaky is happening.

Hello.

How are you today, Sam?

Sam?

Uh-
Fine.
I was just wondering if you were...
Uh...
Hello.
Oh, I didn't even see you there.
So, I'm organizing Homecoming this year...
and I'm just trying to figure out who's coming.
I'd rather be flogged with wet bamboo.
Oh.
What about you, Sam?
Sam?
Uh-
I am so...
going to Homecoming.
Fantastic...
because I think this could be the best Homecoming ever.
I too think this could be the best Homecoming ever...
Vicki Sanders.
You've gotta be kidding me.
I mean...
Who knows what could happen there?
Well...
goodbye...
Sam.
I told you something was happening.
Ha ha, OK, that was a little weird.
It's been happening all day.
Almost cold-cocking Principal Hayes...
Mrs. Moran flirting with me... - Don't forget your...
Mm. So funny you should remember that.
You were so proud of it.
Oh, my God.
What? What's wrong?
All my lies are coming true.
You're about to fly off the planet, man.
No, no, seriously, think about it.
Each and every one of those things, I lied about.
The broken mirror.
OK, Sam, your lies are not magically...
coming true overnight.
It's just a big series of coincidences, OK?
I promise. - Jesus had his doubters too.
Wow, OK, um...

that's my cue, I gotta go.
Or maybe something magical...
clashes with your jaded, cynical view of the world.
Are you just saying all this...
to get out of writing the Othello paper?
No, I'm gonna do it.
OK, so, um...
let's meet in 2 hours in the library.
OK.
I'll see you at 6.
In the library.
Don't let me down.
Ahem. - Oh, hey.
Are you and that girl from lunch dating?
Uh-no, uh, no.
Good.
Ahem, look, I'm way hungry.
Do you wanna go get something to eat?
I- I'd like to...
Really, but-
I- I'm supposed to meet Annie some time soon...
in the... library...
to work on a project.
Well...
are you sure that you can't join me?
Um. - Hm?
No.
Good.
Let's go. Heh.
OK, I have like the ugliest nose...
in the world.
You're crazy, it's-it's beautiful.
Aww. That's sweet.
Look, I have to get going.
Have to meet Kyle.
But I'm having a party at my house this weekend.
Do you think you might be able to make it?
Yeah! I-
I- I mean...
Yeah, sounds-sounds phat.
Cool.
. Going to a party...
. Going to-.
What the-

Sally Berkeley.
Woman as landscape.
Heady, Jill, heady.
But this begs the question...
are the legs opening or closing...
on the female experience?
It's very third rate.
Aw, is this- is that a woman's-
Oh! Mom! Mom!
What's going on here?
Impromptu art jam, Sam.
I had to show some friends my latest work. Self Portrait In Pink!
Oh! Oh, God! OK.
Oh, God. All right.
Childhood trauma. Childhood trauma. Childhood trauma.
Don't mind us, sweetie. Just grab yourself a latte and a scone.
Childhood trauma. Childhood trauma.
Childhood trauma. Childhood trauma.
Oh! Oh!
OK. Childhood trauma. Childhood trauma. Childhood trauma.
That's what I'm trying to tell you.
More of my lies are coming true.
My mom paints female...
you know.
Female private parts now.
And why would you lie about that?
I didn't. I lied about her being...
an avant-garde artist and now our house...
is some sort of installation art piece.
Look, Annie, that's why I'm calling.
What other lies have I told?
Well, let's see. Here's one-
"I'll meet you in the library at two o'clock, Annie. "
I'm sorry.
But, uh, the guidance counselor...
called me in for like a really important meeting.
Sam, I've met the guidance counselor.
Oh, look, Annie, I'm super sorry I flaked on you.
Well, sorry doesn't write our paper by tomorrow.
It's not gonna be a problem. I'll do it.
All by myself, OK? I promise.
No, no, no, no, no, no, no!
Get-Gimme-
Gimme, gimme, gimme.

Gimme that homework.

No!

Gimme the homework! Gimme!

Ugh!

Si, si. Ciao. - Mom?

A critic saw one of my pieces...

at the community center...

told his friends.

And when you get traction in the art world...

you've gotta leverage it.

I... guess.

Look, Mom, do you think you could help me with something?

Love to, but my agent wants me in Gstaad for an opening...

so, uh, perhaps when I get back.

Sure.

Uh, well, then, do you know if Dad's around?

I- I just really need to talk to somebody.

There's some pretty weird stuff going on.

Oh-

Oh, my God.

Dad, what are you wearing?

I just got in from my gig.

What gig?

Man, this comeback tour's way harder than I expected it to be.

Ah.

So you're in Poison.

Was in Poison, son. Was.

But, ah, this solo gig is gonna put me...

right back up on the top again. Whoop!

Ow.

God, you smell like Pabst Blue Ribbon.

That's a compliment coming from Vincent Van Beaver over there.

It's art, Hank.

Maybe to a gynecologist.

I have to get to the airport.

Are you sober enough to drive Sam to school?

I doubt it. He can drive himself.

What?

Yeah, I really gotta hit the rack.

Just try and keep her under 100, huh, Sambo?

Under 100?

Sambo?

Ugh!

Dad?

Mom?

. Well, I'm a weapon of mass destruction.
. Got no apologies for a hyper concussion...
I may not die a virgin after all.
. Take your love and turn it into obscenity.
. You say that I don't care about.
. All the little things that you care about.
. All the-
. I don't care about.
. All the little things that make you wanna shout.
. Ah, me me me me, is all you say that I care about.
. Me me me me, is all I ever wanna talk about.
. Me me me me, is what you think that I care about.
. Me me me me, is all I really wanna-.

That is a gorgeous car you have there, Sam.

. And all the kids on the street.
. They think I'm neat neat neat neat neat.

Did you finish the paper?

You've got to be kidding me.

Look, when it's your life you're messing up, that's fine...
but don't bring me down with you.

Look, I'm sorry, OK?

I'll make it up to you, I promise.

How? She's gonna give us an F on the paper, Sam.

Maybe not.

Hey. - Hey.

So, uh...

you're never gonna believe this, but...

my-my dog ate my paper.

And-and it-it's kinda hard to read...

but if you still want it-

I definitely still want it.

OK.

Looks like you have a very bad dog, Samuel.

Did you spank her like a naughty bitch?

Because she sounds like a naughty bitch.

We-We, uh-W- We discipl-discipline her sometimes.

Oh. Well, it looks like you need to discipline her harder.

Wow.

OK? Well, uh-

OK. Thank you so much...

for being so cool about that.

I'm just gonna go back to my seat now.

I have a feeling we're gonna do great on this paper.

Henderson sucks! Henderson sucks!
Defense. Defense, that's your man!
What is that?
Henderson sucks!
I got it!
What? No, ref! - 15 green, halt.
Come on! - That's 5, Coach.
Hey, hey, hey! - Come on!
That's 5. You're done, son. - No!
What? What? What? - Hey, hey, hey, hey...
you gotta sit down. - No, ref!
That's 5 fouls, Kyle. He says you gotta sit.
What?!
Coach, you need a replacement.
I don't got anybody else. They're all fouled out.
What about the little guy over there?
How about we play with 4? - 5 or you forfeit.
Fine.
Leonard, you're in.
What?
You're in.
Ha...
I'm open, I'm open!
I'm open!
I'm open!
What's going on?
That's our basket, douchebag!
Just stay the hell back here...
and try not to touch the ball.
You suck!
Come on!
I got it, I got it.
Yeah! Yeah!
OK, let's run that play again.
. I wanna check into the paris Hilton.
. Trade inside like Mr. Milken.
. I scream in cherries, it's very necessary.
. To pick me some Halle berries.
. You better believe I want to try it.
. To climb the mountains of Salma Hayek.
. Hotter than lava, Brazilian hot mama.
. it's Adriana, it's Adriana Lima, oh!.
. Oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh!.

Time, time, time! Get in here...

Get in here. Huddle up. Come here, come here, come here.
AII-All right, boys...
what did I always tell you the possums' motto was?
When the going gets tough, we lay down and play dead?
Yeah, yeah. - O-Only tonight...
we stand a chance, so let's get out there...
and try to win this thing right here, right now!
Free throw is one point.
I know. - Leonard, look on the scoreboard.
We're down by... what?
Uh, 13 and a half.
What? - S-Seven-eighths.
But-but then you have to carry the one, so-
We need a 3-pointer. - OK.
What play shall we do, Coach?
What does it matter? You get the ball to Leonard...
he can kick it in, for all I care.
Anybody got a better idea than that?
No. - Mm-mm. Mm-mm.
Give it to me.
possums! - Ohhhhhhh!
We really got this.
Nothing to worry about.
. Oh, oh-oh-oh-oh, oh!.
. Oh, oh, oh, oh!.
. I'm on fire.
. Yeah, Mama, let's have some fun!.
. Come on! Come on!.
Hello, BDI.
I can prove it. - What?
That my lies are coming true.
Sam? - Uh-Look out the window.
. Along with fear.
. There goes the fear again.
. There goes the fear.
. And cars speed fast.
. Out of here.
Hey, where did you get this car?
You wanna come to a party?
No, not really.
There's a huge basketball keg party at Vicki Sanders' house.
Really? Kegs, basketball guys...
and Vicki Sanders. Let's go.
How can you adequately mock this party if you're not there?

Look, just think about how much more above it all you'll be...
if you come.

Yo, Bridge Cable, you the man! Ha ha!

Since when are you friends with the supersize kids?

Ha. I kinda helped win the game today.

Kinda? He single-handedly won the game!

And now every girl at school is asking about him.

Ha ha.

Really? - Yeah. Ha ha.

Who-Who spe-Who specifically?

OK, everyone wants to know...
who you're taking to Homecoming.

Uh...

I- I don't-I don't know. I'm still, you know...
weighing up my-ahem-options. Right?

Let's dance!

Whoo! -. The sun shone down.
. The world seems right.
. During the day it feels like night.
. I'm shot down, I-.

Dude, your girl is totally freaking Bridge Cable.
. You never know what you might find.

Oh ho ho ho!

Man, I've never seen Vicki dance like that before.
I've never seen anyone dance like that before.

Ha ha ha!

. I'm shot down.
. I'm gripping tight.
. You never know what you might find.

I'm sure it's nothing, though, dude.
Whatever. The kid is still a loser.

Is that Carmen Electra?

Hm. Is Sam Leonard here?

Hey. I heard about your game on the radio...
and I just had to come by and say congratulations.
I baked you a cake.

Heh.

Oh, Sammy.

I am so proud of you.

That's my boy!

Whoo-hoo!

Yeah!

Oh.

Cake, anyone?

Kiss me, my love.
What? - Kiss me, my love.
Wait, wait, wait. Vicki, what about Kyle?
Oh, he's cool with this.
Look, just because she went into the bathroom...
with a really well-hung basketball star slash rock star...
who drives a porsche and hangs out with smokin' hot mamas...
that doesn't mean anything's going on.
Yeah, maybe they're just chatting.
Oh, Vicki Sanders' left boob.
Unbelievable.
Can I...?
Ohhh!
Thank you.
OK. OK. OK.
Enough of the kids' stuff.
I'm ready, Sam.
OK.
For what? - To lose my virginity.
Wh-What? To-To me?
To you! - Now?
Now.
Vicki, we're in a bathroom. Don't you want it to be special?
Oh...
that's what you're supposed to say.
It's a belt. - Shh!
No, I think it-
Oh... my... God!
Make love to me!
Huh? Grrr!
Yaaaargh!
It's not what you think. - Yes, it is.
Grrr!
Grr! Grrrr!
please don't kill me!
Grrr!
Sam!
Agh! Agh!
Oh!
Go, Sam! Go!
Go!
. Ah, me me me me, is all you think that I care about.
. Me me me me, is all I ever wanna talk-
Nice car!

You are my lover.
You're my boyfriend now.
I'm over Kyle, I love you now.
Are they going out now, or something?
Hey, Sam! Hey!
Hi, Sam.
Bridge Cable!
Sam, can I talk to you?
This-This'll just take a minute.
OK.
So, uh, what's up?
Oh. Um... OK.
Well, uh...
what I wanted to tell you is...
um...
uh...
I bought two tickets to Homecoming.
You? Homecoming? - Ha ha.
Annie, thi-this is huge.
Wh-What-What made you change your mind?
You were so excited about it, so...
I thought... what the hell?
So, uh, who are you going with?
Uh...
Um...
You're not the only one that-that hasn't been...
completely honest here.
Ha ha. I just-I just...
think that-that what we have...
together is really cool...
and I just thought...
maybe we could explore it a little further.
Wow.
I- I don't-
I don't know what to say.
Oh, God, this is so high school.
Do you wanna go to Homecoming with me?
Um... But I'm with-I'm with Vicki.
But... Vicki's a stupid ho.
Yeah, OK, but...
you don't just leave the hottest, most popular girl in school...
for-
For someone like me.
Annie, I-I didn't mean it like that...

it was just-
You are pathetic.
I got a call from a scout at State last night...
saying that I'm no longer on the recruiting list.
This kid stole my girlfriend, my point guard position...
and my future in one day.
He even stole my parking spot, for Christ's sakes!
That parking spot thing, man, that's totally uncalled for.
This kid needs to pay!
Yeah. You know what?
How about we dress him up as a cheerleader...
push him into a stall in the girls' bathroom...
and give him a swirlie?
Oh, yeah. Ha ha!
Wait. Or, or we could, uh-
smear peanut butter in his hair...
Yeah. - shave off his eyebrows...
and then parade him round the cafeteria at lunch.
That's awesome. - Ha ha ha!
Or, or, or...
how about we douse him...
in some sort of common household cleanser...
pull him behind my truck...
and hook his nuts up to my car battery?!

I just wanted to have this little sit-down with you, Sam...
uh, because Mr. Von Der Ahe has informed me that...
you haven't turned in any homework since you started.
I have no choice but to...
take you out of the running for the math scholarship.
It's also district policy that I put you on probation.
Which means, unfortunately...
that one more slip-up and...
I have to expel you.
Are you sure there isn't anything you'd like to say?
Bite me, Marcus!
I get two monkeys...
Well, I get the coconut monkeys then.
Oh, fine!
Hank, I'm tired of fighting about the coconut monkeys.
Go ahead and take the coconut monkeys.
What's going on? What- What are you guys doing?
Dividing up our stuff.
We're getting divorced.
Didn't you read the post-It Note we put on the fridge?

The-the post-it?

What?

We've just grown apart.

I mean, I'm a rock star on his comeback...

and she paints hoo-has.

How could it ever work?

Look, we'll talk more about this later...

but I'm supposed to be in prague.

No, you-you can't leave, I-I need you guys.

Aww, Sam, I know it may seem...

like your world's coming to an end but it's not, OK?

It's just adolescence. This too shall pass.

No, Mom, it's about more than that.

Look, I told all these lies...

and-and now they've magically come true...

Mmm! - and-and I can't get out of it.

He gets his creativity from my side of the family.

No, I'm-I'm telling the truth.

I'm not Iying.

Da-Dad, I'm literally failing out of school.

I'm not getting the M.A.A. Scholarship.

Tommy Lee didn't go to college.

Education is overrated.

Go to the university of life!

Bam!

Gotta go. My cab's here.

Yeah, I'm late for my sound check.

Where's it-

Leonard family meeting!

Leonard family meeting!

Sam Leonard-here!

Jill Leonard!

Hank Leonard.

Sorry, son. My fans need me.

Ha ha! Whoo-hoo!

Dad, come back! Dad, please!

Dad!

Ungh!

. Lie lie lie lie lie.

. You lie lie lie lie lie.

. Tell me why, tell me why.

. Why d'you have to lie?.

. Should've realized that you should've told the truth.

. Should've realized you know what I'll do.

. You're in suspension.
. You're a liar.
. Now I wanna know, now, now, now I wanna know.
. Why you never look me in the face.
. Broke a confidence just to please your ego.
. Should've realized you know what I know.
. You're in suspension.
Oh, my God, my nuts! -. You're a liar.
. I know where you go, everybody you know.
. I know everything that you do or say.
. So when you tell lies I'll always be in your way.
. I'm nobody's fool and I know all.
I loved your paper, Sam. It read like a poem.
Thank you, Mrs. Moran.
Oh, it's not Mrs. Moran anymore.
Mr. Moran and I have separated.
And I need... a man.
. You're in suspension.
Oh, look, more children.
We'll just have to finish this tonight.
What? We will?
I'm chaperoning the Homecoming dance.
Don't be late.
I love you! I love you, Sam! I love you!
. You're a southern man, you're a northern soul.
. You're a west-ender, you got an eastern soul.
. But you're no one at all.
. You're a rich man, you're a poor man.
. You're this man, then you're that man.
. But you're no one at all.
. You're a liar, you're a winner.
. An expert and a beginner.
. But you're no one at all.
. When the wind blows that's when you know.
. That your nose grows and your face shows.
. That you're no one at all.
. You're a hard rock with your own space.
. You're a disgrace but you've got your grace.
. But you're no one at all.
BDI, where the only thing colder than the ice cream...
is my attitude. This is Annie. How may I help ya?
Ooh, FYI...
I'm pregnant.
What?

Don't you want a family?
Yeah, yeah, yeah, someday, but-
Wait-It's not even possible, we never actually got to... you know.
So let's start right now, then.
So you're not- So you're not pregnant.
Oh, God, I hope he has your eyes.
Why did you-
Come on!
Oh, my God, you're insane. I gotta get out of here.
Come on! Come on. - Ah!
Haven't you always wanted to do it in a public toilet?
Are you horny?
Let's make love!
Come on, you're driving me crazy!
And when were you gonna tell me about all this, huh?
Mrs. Moran.
Hi.
No-no, wait. Mrs. Moran, wait!
Wait. Wait.
Come on, it's time for the big announcement.
And this year's Bridgeport Homecoming king and queen...
are...
Vicki Sanders and Sam Leonard!
. I don't remember what day it was.
. I didn't notice what time it was.
. All I know is that I fell in love with you.
. And if all my dreams come true.
. I'll be spending time with you.
. Every day's a new day...
Just like to take this moment to congratulate our newly crowned...
Homecoming king and queen!
And...
to our king...
Whoo! Yeah!
Samuel Leonard...
I would just like to say...
that I am madly in love with you.
Which is why it hurt so much...
to find you trying to have sex with Vicki Sanders...
in the faculty restroom.
What?
Mrs. Moran, think about your career.
Oh, screw my career! What is my life without you, Sam?
probably pretty fine.

And to our-ha, mmm-

our...

filthy skank queen, Vicki Sanders...

I would just like to say to you...

Ah!

You ball-breaking whore!

Ah!

Are you sure there isn't something you need to be telling me?

Actually, there is something...

that I need to be telling you, Marcus.

Oh, no. Oh.

Mr. -I'm sorry, Mr. - pri-principaI Hayes.

. Sloop John B!.

. Sloop John B!.

. Sloop John B!.

Mrs. Moran!

. We come on the sloop John B.

. Grandfather and me.

. Around Nassau town we did roam.

Mrs. Moran! Mrs. Moran! -. Drinking all night.

. Got into a fight.

. Well, I feeI so broke up-.

Oh!

Guys! Mrs. Moran!

Guys! please, you don't understand.

Take him to the parking lot! - No! No! No! No! No! Guys!

. The constable had to come and take him away.

Oh, please. - What are you doing, Kyle?

Come on, man, this is crazy. What are you doing?

What does it look like I'm doing?

I'm gonna pull him behind my truck!

Kyle, this is crazy!

Kyle, look, look, we were just going to rough him up a little.

But you know what, I think you're taking these threats a little too literaI!

I'd like to second that.

Damn it! I've flooded it again!

Kyle, relax! Kyle!

No! Move!

Grrrr!

Let's make you look good tonight, Chapstick!

Oh, thank you, Lord!

Kyle!

You get to skip all the way to the car battery on your nuts!

What? Wh-Kyle, please, can we just talk about this, buddy?
Kyle, you don't wanna do this.
You're only doing this 'cause I lied...
and said you wanted to do it.
Are you saying I'm your puppet? - No, no, no, no!
Kyle, buddy, I'm just saying- I'm just saying-
You don't wanna do this!
Oh, yes I do!
. This is the worst trip I've ever been on.
Kyle! Kyle! Think about your life.
Grrr!
You're gonna wear out your battery.
Grrr!
Just go ahead and do it, my life can't get any worse.
Grrr!
Everybody freeze! You're all under arrest!
. Let me go home I really wanna go home.
Or-Or maybe it can.
. Oh! I feeI so broke up I wanna go home.
. I wanna go home.. I wanna go home.
Hey there, gangster.
There goes my guidance counselor of the year award.
Hey.
Listen, uh, I'm sorry about the advice I gave you the other day.
Although everything I said is basically true.
Everyone does lie.
But that doesn't make it right.
And more importantly, I don't think it's gonna make you happy.
In fact I think honesty and happiness go hand in hand.
Though try telling my psycho ex-wife that.
Anyway...
principaI Hayes has dropped all the charges...
and I've talked him into giving you detention...
for the rest of the year instead of expelling you.
Th-Thank you. If-
If you could only get me out of all these lies.
I believe it was Thomas Jefferson who once said...
"Honesty is the first chapter in the book of wisdom. "
OK. Wow. - Thank you!
Did I say something usefuI?
I'm leaving you. - What?
Now, now, I realize you're like the most beautifuI girI ever...
and I'm, um, me...
but, uh... we have nothing in common.

And I don't even really like you.

That's fine. We'll just have a sexual relationship, then.

No commitment, no companionship...

just wild uninhibited sex whenever you wanna have it.

people do that? - I have no self-esteem, Sam.

Girls like me never do. I will do whatever you want me to do.

No! No, no, no. Vicki, OK?

We're done. I'm sorry, this has gone way too far.

Uh, it's over. Goodbye.

All-star!

I gotta tell you. You have turned my whole life around.

I haven't had a-I haven't had a death threat in a week.

I gotta quit the team.

The truth is, I'm not good at basketball.

Uh... sorry.