

FADE IN:

EXT. RIDGEMONT CENTER MALL - NIGHT

From the outside parking lot it looks like an enormous beached whale. It is the prime hangout for all the teenagers in the area. Kids mill around the parking lot or stand by the mall entrance.

INT. RIDGEMONT CENTER MALL

There are three levels of stores underneath a massive fluorescent roof. Different music comes from each store. It looks seventies-modern, but already used and run-down. Groups of kids cruise the mall, eyeing each other and acting cool.

INT. SWENSON'S ICE-CREAM PARLOR - NIGHT

The teenage waitresses in their peppermint pattie uniforms are rushing around, trying to keep up with their orders.

A good-looking man in his mid-twenties enters and sits. He wears a plastic name tag that says:  
"Pacific Stereo Audio Consultant, RON JOHNSON."

Two Swenson's Waitresses pass by with supreme indifference, and take their orders into the back kitchen.

INT. SWENSON'S BACK KITCHEN

WAITRESS #1

I think he looks like Richard Gere.

The two Waitresses discuss the issue at hand. One of them, Linda Barrett, is the seventeen year old, retired sex queen of Ridgemont High.

WAITRESS #1 (CONT'D)

I think he looks like... Richard Gere. (Bruce Springsteen)

LINDA

Did you see his cute little butt?

A third waitress enters.

WAITRESS #2

Let's talk about C-19.

WAITRESS #1 AND LINDA

We were!

WAITRESS #2

I think I'll drop over and change the shakers.

LINDA

No, be cool, that's Stacy's section.

Through the entrance, we see Stacy Hamilton. She is the fifteen-year-old trainee, sweet-looking with just the last traces of baby fat. She puts down a glass of water for Ron, spills some and mops it up.

WAITRESS #1

He's too old for Stacy, she hasn't even started high school yet.

A flustered Stacy enters the back kitchen.

LINDA

How's it going.

STACY

Do you think that guy's cute?

WAITRESS #1

In a blow-dried kind of way.

STACY

Does anyone else want to take his table?

LINDA

Don't you like him?

STACY

Yeah, but I fucked up. You can take it. Really.

LINDA

Come on, Stacy, it's your section and your man.

STACY

What should I do?

LINDA

Just take his order, look him in the eye and if he says anything remotely funny, laugh a lot.

She fluffs up Stacy's hair and gently shoves her towards the door. Stacy reluctantly exits.

INT. SWENSON'S DINING ROOM

Stacy goes to Ron's table.

RON

So you working hard or hardly working?

Stacy thinks it over, decides it's a joke and laughs (a little too late). Ron looks at her soulfully.

RON (CONT'D)

You look like you could still be in high school.

STACY

I know, everyone says that.

He stares at her and she stares back uncomfortably.

STACY (CONT'D)

What can I get for you tonight.

RON

How about your phone number?

Stacy smiles nervously.

INT. RIDGEMONT MALL - OUTSIDE SWENSON'S - NIGHT

A teenage boy stands in front of an in-mall theatre across from Swenson's. He wears a stiff over-sized tuxedo suit. He is Mark "The Rat" Ratner, a ticket taker on the job.

Mike Damone, a transplanted Easterner, bops over from the record store, eyeing every girl he passes. He stops at the movie theatre.

THE RAT

Do you ever look at those girls who

work at Swenson's? They're beautiful. And I have to stand out here and watch them six nights a week.

DAMONE

You should work for yourself.

Two Junior High Kids spot Damone, walk up to him.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

What can I do for you, gentlemen?

JUNIOR HIGH KID #1

You the guy with the Van Halen tickets?

DAMONE

I could be.

JUNIOR HIGH KID #2

What do you want for something in the first ten rows?

DAMONE

Twenty bucks apiece.

JUNIOR HIGH KID #1

Those tickets were only twelve fifty!

DAMONE

So don't buy 'em.

JUNIOR HIGH KID #2

(to friend)

All the other scalpers are sold out, Arnold.

Damone reacts indignantly.

DAMONE

Scalper? You call me a scalper? I perform a service, my friends. The service costs money. Now do you want the tickets or not?

The Kids look at each other.

JUNIOR HIGH KID #1

Are you sure you can't go any

lower.

DAMONE

These are my special back-to-school prices.

JUNIOR HIGH KID #2

We'll take 'em.

Damone reaches inside his pants pocket for a wad of tickets.

EXT. CARL'S JR. - NIGHT

At the other end of the mall is a neon-lit Carl's Jr. Hamburger Restaurant. If Swenson's was the warm up, this is the main attraction of the Ridgemont Mall.

INT. CARL'S JR.

Back-to-school banners hang from the walls. Many kids are lined up at the counters. In the middle of the kitchen, directing all the orders, is a seventeen year old named Brad. He moves confidently, observing the fryer, checking cup supply, and giving an affectionate squeeze to a pretty cashier named Lisa. She lets him kiss her, but only once.

A teenage Customer shouts to Brad from the front counter.

CUSTOMER

Hey Brad! I waited till you came on! I wanted your fries.

Brad smiles, walks over to the fryer and discards the fries left from the previous shift. He shouts to the other employees as he puts in a new batch, "his" batch.

BRAD

We need fifteen Superstars, David!

FELLOW EMPLOYEE #1

Okay, Brad!

BRAD

I'll take care of the fry orders!  
Just get me the Superstars!

FELLOW EMPLOYEE #2  
Fish sandwiches!

Brad spots three surfers sitting in the dining area. None of them are wearing shirts.

BRAD  
Hey you guys! You had shirts on when you came in here.

ANGLE ON THE MAIN SURFER

a bleary kid sitting at the head of the table. He runs a hand through his long, stringy blond hair. After a time, he speaks.

SPICOLI  
Something happened to them, mon.

BRAD  
Come on, Spicoli. Why don't you just put your shirts back on? See the sign?

ANGLE ON HANDWRITTEN SIGN IN WINDOW

that reads: "No Shirts, No Shoes, No Dice"

INT. CARL'S JR.

A store manager, Dennis Taylor, bustles up to Brad.

DENNIS  
Any problems?

BRAD  
No, just a couple of surfers with no shirts on. I took care of it, Dennis.

ANGLE ON SURFERS

grumbling, putting shirts back on. It pains them.

Dennis heads back to his office when he sees something in the trash bin.

DENNIS  
Did you throw away those fries, Hamilton?

BRAD

They were left over from the last shift.

DENNIS

Those were perfectly good fries, Hamilton.

(glares at Brad)

Perfectly good.

BRAD

But they weren't mine.

Brad laughs, goes back to work.

INT. MALL - LATE NIGHT

It is closed and only a few janitors remain. Stacy and Linda walk through the large empty mall.

STACY

He gave me his card.

(lovingly)

'Ron Johnson, Audio Consultant.'

LINDA

(amused)

Should we buy a frame for that?

STACY

Come on, Linda, I haven't had a boyfriend all summer. You promised when I started working at the mall that my life would change... Do you think he'll call this week?

LINDA

Listen, Stacey, you want to know about guys? I'll tell you. They're mostly chicken. Before I met Doug I chased after every guy I thought was cute. I thought if I gave out a vibe they'd get the message and call me up. Well, guess what? They don't call.

STACY

So what did you do?

LINDA

I called them. If I was sitting next to a guy and I wanted to sit closer, I'd sit closer. If I wanted to kiss him, I'd just do it. You want Ron Johnson? Grab him.

STACY

I can't do that.

They pass a janitor cleaning graffiti that says:  
LINCOLN SURF NAZIS and MAGGOT LUST FOR THE DUST.

LINDA

Face it. With some guys you have to make the first move. A lot of guys are just... wussies.

STACY

Really?

LINDA

Stacy, what are you waiting for? You're fifteen. I did it when I was thirteen. It's no huge thing. It's just sex. If you don't, one of the other girls will.

STACY

(cute)

He was hot, wasn't he?

LINDA

If I didn't have a fiance in Chicago, I'd go for it.

A young Girl runs and catches up with Linda and Stacy.

GIRL

(breathless)

Are you Linda Barrett?

LINDA

Yes.

GIRL

I'm Carrie Frazier from Toys 'R Us. Judy Hinton from May Company told me I could ask you something.

Linda nods.



GIRL (CONT'D)

I have this situation with my boyfriend, and I wanted to...

(looks at Stacy, then whispers in Linda's ear)

Linda listens thoughtfully, then clicks into her "sex expert" mode.

LINDA

Okay, are you over sixteen?

The Girl nods.

LINDA (CONT'D)

All right, what you want to do is go to the Free Clinic and tell the doctor that you have sex regularly - several times a week -- and that you need Nornel One Plus Fifty's.

GIRL

And they don't call my parents?

LINDA

Not if you're over sixteen.

GIRL

Okay. Thanks a lot, Linda.

LINDA

And don't let them talk you into a diaphragm either.

The Girl thanks Linda again. Linda and Stacy get to the back exit of the mall and Linda uses a key to open the door.

STACY

I can't believe I start high school tomorrow.

LINDA

Believe it.

They exit the mall, into the night.

EXT. RIDGEMONT SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL - DAY

We see all the elements of the first day of school.

The students carry new books, explore new lockers, begin to stake out their ground.

Someone has taken the steel letters from the green vanguard out front. It reads: "IDG MON SENOR HI HO."

The rest of Ridgemont High is covered with toilet paper. And a black spray paint message along the side of the front office building reads, "LINCOLN SURF NAZIS."

EXT. RIDGEMONT PARKING LOT - DAY

Brad pulls into the Ridgemont High parking lot. He drives a beat-up, four-door model LTD sedan. Three friends wait for him near his parking space. They are dressed in the same golf caps with brand logos on the front like CAT, NATIONAL and CHAINSAW.

BUDDY #1  
Hamilton!

BUDDY #2  
The cruising vessel! Hey -- Yooooo!

Brad climbs out of his car and pats it admiringly.

BRAD  
Six more payments, gentlemen.

Brad joins his friends, and they walk towards the gymnasium.

EXT. RIDGEMONT PARKING LOT

We see a shiny, new, blue Mustang whip into the parking lot. Students scatter from the parking space. Behind the wheel is football star Charles Jefferson. A huge, black kid. The halls at Ridgemont part for Charles Jefferson.

Rat and Damone are in the parking lot. Damone surrounded by underclassmen (customers) selling tickets.

DAMONE  
See that Mustang? U.C.L.A. gave Charles Jefferson that car when he was a sophomore.

The underclassmen are impressed. They watch as Jefferson opens his car door and stands to his full height, over six-foot tall. He opens his trunk and pulls out no books, just a football duffel bag. He slowly walks by Damone, Rat and the underclassmen.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

How ya doing! That car looks great,  
Charles!

Jefferson gives Damone a death glare.

JEFFERSON

Don't... fuck... with... it.

He moves on. Damone resumes selling tickets.

DAMONE

Shit, that's my man.

EXT. RIDGEMONT PARKING LOT

We see a clutching, smooching couple walk by. Cheerleader Cindy Carr and her boyfriend, Gregg Adams.

EXT. RIDGEMONT PARKING LOT - DAY

The Four Stoners (from Carl's Jr.) tumble out of a van in the parking lot. They head towards the gymnasium.

INT. RIDGEMONT GYMNASIUM - DAY

Standing by the A-B-C-D-E registration counter in the gymnasium, Brad waits to pick up his red ad card. He stands surrounded by his buddies. They nod vigorously at everything Brad says. As he talks, fellow students all say hello or pat him as they pass.

One troubled-looking boy, Arnold, walks up to Brad.

ARNOLD

Brad, can I talk to you a minute?

BRAD

Arnold. What's happening?

Arnold speaks confidentially to Brad.

ARNOLD

Brad, I really fuckin' hate McDonald's, man. Ever since they started in with the chicken, everything went downhill.

BRAD

You want to work at Carl's?

ARNOLD

Oh, man, if you could swing something there, I'd do anything for you. I want to work with you guys.

BRAD

I can probably get you in there. Just let me talk to Dennis Taylor.

ARNOLD

All right!!

Brad notices Stacy and nods with complete inner cool.

STACY

Hi, Brad.

BRAD

Sis.

BRAD'S BUDDIES

Hey, Stacy.

STACY

Hi... Where's Lisa?

BRAD

Everyone wants to know where Lisa is. How should I know where Lisa is?

(to buddies)

What am I gonna do? Now my little sister goes to the same high school. The party's over.

(to Stacy)

So who do you have first period?

STACY

U.S. History. Mr. Hand.

BRAD

Hey-yo.

DAVID

Hey-yooooooooooooo.

STACY

(concerned)

What's wrong with Mr. Hand?

BRAD

Nothing... if you like 'Hawaii Five O.' You better get in class, Stacy. That's not the one to be late to.

Stacy hurries off.

RICH

(as soon as she is gone)

Your sister is really turning into a fox.

BRAD

You should see her in the morning.

BRAD'S BUDDIES

Hey-yooooooooooooo.

INT. U.S. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

Stacy barely slips in the door before the final attendance bell sounds. She finds a seat just as the teacher's cubicle door opens at the back of the classroom. A tall figure comes barreling down the aisle. He is Mr. Hand. The man makes a double-speed step to the door at the front of the class, kicks the door shut and locks it. The windows rattle in their frames. Stacy watches, wide-eyed, at her first high school class.

MR. HAND

Aloha. My name is Mr. Hand.

Mr. Hand writes his name on the green chalkboard before his class. Every letter is a small explosion of chalk.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

(almost sweetly)

I have but one question for you on our first morning 'together.'

(pause)

Can you attend my class? Pakalo?... Understand?... History has proven us one basic fact. Man does not do anything that is not for his own good. It is for your own good that you attend my class. And if you can't make it... I can make you.

An impatient knock begins at the front door of the classroom.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

We have a twenty-question quiz every Friday. It will cover all the material we've dealt with during the week. There will be no make-up exams. It's important that you all have your Land of Truth and Liberty textbooks by Wednesday. At the latest.

The knock continues.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

Your grade is the average of all your quizzes, plus the midterm and final, which counts for one-third. Got it?

The mystery knocker tries a lazy calypso beat on the front door. No one in Mr. Hand's U.S. History class dares mention it, much less answer it.

Stacy grips her desk with the tension of her first day.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

Also. There will be no eating in this class. You get used to doing your own business on your own time. That's one demand I make. I don't like staying after class with you on detention. That's my time. I don't like wasting it. Just like you wouldn't want me to come to your house some evening and discuss U.S. History on your time. Pakalo?

Hand finally turns, as if he has just noticed the sound at the door and opens the door an inch.

Jeffrey Spicoli stands in the doorway, red eyes glistening. His long, blond hair is still wet and streaming down the back of his white peasant shirt. He grins, oblivious to such trivial matters as attendance bells. A Student sitting near Stacy turns to his friends.

STUDENT

That guy has been stoned since the third grade.

MR. HAND

Yes?

SPICOLI

Yeah. I'm registered for this class.

MR. HAND

What class?

SPICOLI

This is U.S. History, right? I saw the globe in the window.

MR. HAND

(appears enthralled)

Really?

Spicoli holds his red ad card up to the crack in the door.

SPICOLI

Can I come in?

MR. HAND

(swinging door open)

Oh, please. I get so lonely when that third attendance bell rings and I don't see all my kids here.

Spicoli laughs. He is the only one.

SPICOLI

Sorry I'm late. This new schedule is totally confusing.

Mr. Hand takes the red ad card and reads from it with utter fascination.

MR. HAND

Mr. Spicoli?

SPICOLI

That's the name they gave me.

Mr. Hand slowly tears the card into little pieces and sprinkles the pieces over his wastebasket. Spicoli watches in disbelief. His hands are frozen in the process of removing his backpack.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

You just ripped my card in two!

MR. HAND

Yes.

SPICOLI

Hey, bud. What's your problem?

Mr. Hand moves to within inches of Spicoli's face.

MR. HAND

No problem at all. I think you know where the front office is.

It takes a moment for the words to work their way out of Jeff Spicoli's mouth.

SPICOLI

You... dick.

In the tense moment that follows, no one in the class is sure what might happen.

Mr. Hand simply turns away from Jeff Spicoli as if he ceased to exist and coolly continues his lecture.

MR. HAND

I've taken the time to print up a complete schedule of class quizzes, and the chapters they cover. Please pass them back to the desks behind you...

Hand begins passing out stacks of purple mimeographed sheets.

ANGLE ON STUDENTS

all smelling the purple mimeographed sheets.



Still standing in the doorway, hyperventilating with fifteen-year-old adrenalin, is Jeff Spicoli. After a time, he fishes a few bits of his ad card out of the wastebasket and huffs out of the room.

EXT. RIDGEMONT LUNCH COURT - AFTERNOON

It's packed. The school's outdoor dining area is actually just a small courtyard lined with fast food machines and dominated by a large oak tree in the center. Standing at the center of lunch court, under the large oak tree, is Brad Hamilton and his golf-cap Buddies.

BRAD

You hear about the surfer in Mr. Hand's class?

His Buddies shake their heads.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Told Hand to fuck off.

BRAD'S BUDDIES

Whoa!\_

Brad sees another friend pass through lunch court.

BRAD

Thompson!

Brad waits for him to pass.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I hear Thompson got canned at Bob's this summer.

BUDDY #1

Yeah. They hacked his hours, so he quit.

BRAD

Where is he now?

BUDDY #1

Making two eighty at Seven-Eleven.

BRAD

Man.

(pause)

They make you wear a fuckin' candy stripe suit over there.

BUDDY #2  
Poor guy.

BRAD  
Poor guy.

EXT. LUNCH COURT - ANGLE ON THE 200 BUILDING  
BATHROOM

near the outer rim of lunch court. Jeff Spicoli comes stumbling out into the daylight, surrounded by a small group of Ridgemont Stoners. Marijuana smoke billows out behind them.

STONER BUDDY #1  
It was so bitchin', mon. Everybody is talking about it.

STONER BUDDY #2  
Totally.

SPICOLI  
The motherfucker pissed me off.

STONER BUDDY #2  
Totally. You don't have to take that shit.

SPICOLI  
I didn't take that shit.

They all laugh, flip hair out of their eyes.

STONER BUDDY #1  
Tell us again. What happened after he ripped up your ad card?

SPICOLI  
I called him a dick. And then I reached for his class notes, and I ripped 'em up. I said, 'Hey bud. Two can play this game.'

The Stoners go wild.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)  
I'll tell you this. If he hassles me again, I can't be responsible

for what happens... you know why?

STONER BUDDY #1

Because he's a fuckin' dick!

SPICOLI

You got it.

(pause)

Gimme a dollar.

One surfer digs out a dollar for Spicoli. They look out at lunch court, see it teeming with straight kids. They turn and walk towards the parking lot.

EXT. LUNCH COURT - ANGLE ON STACY AND LINDA

as they walk onto lunch court. They take a seat on the outskirts of the area and watch all the students crowding onto the eating area.

LINDA

I hear some surfer pulled a knife on Mr. Hand this morning.

STACY

No way! He just called him a dick.

LINDA

God. People exaggerate so much at this school.

The school couple, Cindy and Gregg walk by.

CINDY

Hi, Linda. God, you look so great.

LINDA

Hi, you guys. This is Stacy. Stacy, this is Gregg Adams and Cindy Carr.

GREGG AND CINDY

Hi, Stacy.

Stacy smiles. Gregg and Cindy move on, repeating the same scene a few feet away.

LINDA

If there's one thing that never changes... it's a cheerleader.

Stacy turns to see a girl with short, black hair

passing by, wearing tight black spandex pants, and dark lipstick.

STACY

Linda. That girl looks just like Pat Benatar.

LINDA

I know.

They watch her pass.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Actually, there are three girls at Ridgemont who have cultivated the Pat Benatar look.

Linda gestures out on lunch court.

ANGLE ON ANOTHER PAT BENATAR LOOK-ALIKE

wearing pink spandex pants and short-cropped black hair with dark lipstick.

ANGLE ON STILL ANOTHER PAT BENATAR LOOK-ALIKE

wearing blue spandex pants and short black hair. She stands a good distance away from the other two.

LINDA (CONT'D)

None of them talk to each other.

Linda looks at them with bemusement but Stacy is wondering.

STACY

Do you think guys find that attractive?

LINDA

Oh, give me a break, Stacy. You're much prettier than them.

They sit and eat their lunches. Linda has her perennial diet lunch of yogurt and raw vegetables.

STACY

Yeah but they look more sophisticated. You'd probably think they'd be better in bed.

LINDA

What do you mean 'better in bed.'  
You either do it or you don't.

STACY

No there are variables that, like,  
I might not be good at.

LINDA

What variables?

STACY

(shyly)

Like, you know, giving blow jobs.

LINDA

What's the big deal?

STACY

Well I never did it.

LINDA

There's nothing to it.

She takes out a carrot stick and eases it down her  
throat. Stacy tries one but chokes.

LINDA (CONT'D)

You just have to practice a little  
first.

(feels her throat)

Relax these muscles. Think of your  
throat as an open tunnel.

The girls try sliding the carrot sticks down their  
throats without gagging.

ANGLE ON A BOY

at the next table; sees them and points them out to  
his companions.

STACY

What happens... don't laugh at me,  
but when a guy has an orgasm... you  
know, like, how much comes out.

Stacy stops practicing and looks horrified. Linda  
laughs.

LINDA

Just kidding. About 10cc.

STACY

(enlightened)

Oh! That's where that group got its name from.

They continue practicing as the boys look on. Stacy manages to get almost a whole carrot down her throat to Linda's amazement.

The group of boys break out in applause.

Stacy looks very embarrassed.

INT. BIOLOGY LAB - DAY

The class is situated so that all students sit at Bunson burner tables lining the room.

Pat is seated at one of the tables and Stacy takes a seat nearby; she looks at the ledge in front of her. It contains a pig embryo. She listens to the conversation next to her.

GIRL STUDENT

I'll tell you right now. I'm not going. I'll get sick or something. I'm not going into a room with a bunch of dead guys.

ARNOLD

You'll go. It's part of the final.

GIRL STUDENT

(a Pat Benatar)

Have you heard what they do? I'm serious. Have you heard?

BOY STUDENT

What?

ARNOLD

The bodies are dissected, Mike, and Mr. Vargas pulls out parts of the dead body and holds them up. Okay?

BOY STUDENT

You mean he reaches in and pulls this stuff out?

GIRL STUDENT

Yes.

BOY STUDENT

Like a heart?

GIRL STUDENT

Hearts, lungs, guts...

Stacy strains to hear more, just as Mr. Vargas -- a diminutive man holding a coffee mug -- enters the class.

MR. VARGAS

Good day, everyone! I just switched to Sanka. I'm running a little slow today, so have a heart.

ANGLE ON THE RAT

He is riveted on Stacy Hamilton, swooning.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. STACY'S ROOM - NIGHT

We see Stacy's room, a young girl's room with posters and frilly pillows. Stacy is in bed, and her Mother is just leaving the room.

MOTHER

Sleep tight, Stacy.

STACY

Good night, Mom.

Her Mother shuts off the light, exits. Stacy pulls back the covers. She is fully dressed.

EXT. STACY'S WINDOW - NIGHT

We see the window to Stacy's room slide slowly open, and watch her slip outside. She hikes down a drainage pipe to the street.

EXT. STREET CORNER - NIGHT

A brown MG pulls up. Stacy jumps from the shadows and hops in. The car drives away.

INT. RON'S CAR - NIGHT

Ron sits behind the wheel, humming casually along to the music on his car stereo.

Ron has on a light-brown leather jacket. He looks like a contestant for "The Dating Game."

STACY

(a little nervous)

Thanks for picking me up.

RON

No problem.

He speeds off, turning up the radio to sing along.

RON (CONT'D)

'The Cuer-vo Gold, the fi-ine  
Columbian.'

(eyes Stacy)

You look nice tonight.

STACY

Thanks. So do you.

RON

Where do you feel like going?

STACY

I don't know. Wherever you want.

RON

How about the point?

STACY

(nervously)

The point sounds fine.

RON

(looks at her knowingly)

All right, the point it is.

We see Stacy's anxious face, as the car speeds up Ridgmont Drive, with music.

EXT. THE POINT - NIGHT

Stacy and Ron sit in the car, listening to music. The "point" is a natural lookout spot that lovers can "discover." It is behind the baseball field and



dugout of Ridgemont High School.

Stacy and Ron get out of the car and walk to the baseball dugout.

INT. DUGOUT - NIGHT

They sit side-by-side. Above them, a single light bulb shines a very private fifty watts on things.

STACY

That's a nice shirt.

RON

Thanks. Thanks a lot.

Silence. They look at each other, look away.

RON (CONT'D)

It's very warm out tonight.

STACY

It is. It's very warm. I wonder how long it will last?

Ron leans over and kisses Stacy lightly on the cheek. Stacy sits quietly for a moment, thinking, was that the first move? Then she lunges at Ron and kisses him square on the mouth. At first surprised, Ron then holds her there and kisses her in return. After a time, he breaks away.

RON

Are you really nineteen?

STACY

Yes... I am really nineteen.

They continue making out.

RON

I think I better take you home.

STACY

What about those other guys you live with?

RON

No. I mean back to your home.

But they make no moves in any direction. They

continue making out. Ron begins unbuttoning her blouse and massaging Stacy's breasts. A moment later, he tugs at her pants. Awkwardly, she starts to help him. He tilts her backward onto the concrete dugout bench. They kiss feverishly, her hand pulling off her shoes, then her pants. Ron goes to work.

RON (CONT'D)

(whispers)

Is this your first time?

STACY

Yes.

STACY'S POINT OF VIEW

as she feels a man enter her for the first time, we see the graffiti above her:

Surf Nazis

Lincoln was here -- Sieg Heil

Led Zeppelin

Dan y Roberto (Disco Fags)

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. SCHOOL LOCKERS - DAY

Stacy is standing by her locker, twirling the combination. She is joined by Linda Barrett.

LINDA

Was it great?

STACY

It was okay.

I LINDA

You'll always remember your first time.

STACY

It was nice.

LINDA

So tell me, do you like Ron? Is it serious?

STACY

Come on, Linda. It's just sex.

LINDA

Hey! That's my line!

They both laugh and walk down the hall.

EXT. HAMILTON HOME - LATE AFTERNOON

Stacy arrives home. The Hamilton home has that anonymous prepackaged tract look, like many others in this lower-middle class neighborhood.

Brad washes his car in the driveway and listens to the car radio.

BRAD

Mom says to clean up the pool.

STACY

Why can't you do it?

BRAD

Your friends use the pool. Your friends messed it up.

STACY

Your friends use the pool too.

BRAD

I take out the garbage.

STACY

Don't strain yourself.

Stacy bristles, and heads inside the front door.

INT. HAMILTON LIVING ROOM - AFTERNOON

The furniture in the Hamilton living room looks like it was gleaned for a sale at Pic 'N Save. Through the living room, one can see a very small, kidney-shaped pool.

Stacy checks an erasable telephone message sheet near the refrigerator. There are two names on it: BRAD/STACY. Brad's side is filled with messages. Stacy's is empty.

She notices a summer bouquet floral arrangement. Stacy reads the attached note. It reads: "Memories of You, Ron Johnson." She quickly gathers it up and

carries it back outside. She fans the door several times to dispel the odor.

EXT. HAMILTON DRIVEWAY - AFTERNOON

STACY

Brad! Have Mom or Dad seen this?

BRAD

They're not home yet.

STACY

Brad, what would you say if I asked you to just put these flowers in the trunk of the Cruising Vessel and get rid of them at work?

BRAD

I'd say... who the hell is Ron Johnson?

STACY

I'll explain everything later.

Brad nods, as Stacy pushes the flowers into his arms.

INT. DAMONE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

Damone expertly fills two glasses three-quarters full of Kahlua, then adds a few drops of milk. Music is playing on a nearby speaker. Damone hands The Rat a drink and checks himself out in his mirror.

DAMONE

See that moustache coming in, Rat?

There is only a hint of peach fuzz, but he grooms it anyway.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

See? You can almost press it out.

Damone turns around. His friend is preoccupied.

THE RAT

I am in love.

Damone takes a sip of his drink, looks at The Rat.

DAMONE

You... are a wuss. Part wimp. Part pussy.

THE RAT

What do you mean -- wuss? This girl is my exact type. It's her. Definitely her.

DAMONE

(distracted)

It's definitely your mama.

THE RAT

Damone, you gotta listen to me.

Damone quits puttering around his room with the Kahlua and milk. He grabs a chair and straddles it.

DAMONE

All right... where did you see her?

THE RAT

She's in my biology class.

DAMONE

Did you get her number?

THE RAT

No.

DAMONE

Did you get her name?

THE RAT

No. It's too soon.

DAMONE

It's never too soon! Girls decide how far to let you go in the first five minutes.

THE RAT

Well, what do you want me to do? Go up to this strange girl in my biology class and say, 'Hello! I'd like you to take your clothes off and jump on me?'

DAMONE

(thoughtfully)

I would. Yeah.

THE RAT

Really?

DAMONE

I can see it all now. This is going to be just like the girl you fell in love with at Fotomat this summer. You bought forty bucks of fuckin' film and you never even talked to her.

THE RAT

(woeful)

You tell me, Mike. What do I do?

DAMONE

Okay. Okay.

(sighs, but loves it)

Here's what you do.

Damone gets up, moves to the door.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

You start from the second you walk into biology. Don't just walk... move across the room.

He saunters over to the chair.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

Don't talk to her. Let her know. Use your face. Use your body. Use everything. This is what I do. I just sent out the vibe and I have personally found that... girls do respond. Something happens.

THE RAT

Of course something happens. You put the vibe out to thirty million chicks, you know something's gonna happen.

DAMONE

That's the idea, Rat. That's The Attitude.

THE RAT

The Attitude? The Attitude dictates

that you don't care if she comes,  
stays, lays or prays. Whatever  
happens, your toes are still  
tappin'.  
When you are the cruelest and the  
coolest... then you have The  
Attitude.

Damone knocks down the rest of his drink, and we...

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. CARL'S JR. KITCHEN - NIGHT

We see Brad operating at full throttle in the  
kitchen, and taking a moment to sneak a kiss with  
his girlfriend Lisa as she goes to the front  
counter to open up a cash register. She allows him  
only one kiss.

LISA  
Were those flowers really for me,  
Brad?

BRAD  
Of course.

LISA  
How much did they cost?

BRAD  
Don't worry about it.

She gives him a kiss... on the cheek.

BRAD (CONT'D)  
Let's go to the Point tonight.

She pulls away.

LISA  
What's there to do at the Point?

Brad shifts his weight, tries to find the right  
words.

BRAD  
What's there to do at the Point?  
God, Lisa, we've been going  
together almost two years, and...

LISA

Brad. I don't want to have to use sex as a tool.

BRAD

Tool? Tool for what? We've been going together almost two years!

LISA

I don't want to talk about it here, Brad.

Brad prepares to respond. He squints his eyes, prepares for a truly sizzling comeback, when Dennis Taylor, short and prematurely balding assistant manager of Carl's Jr., comes bustling out of his back office. He quickly surveys the situation in the kitchen.

TAYLOR

Hamilton! You have fifteen double cheese to box!

Lisa returns to her cashier post, leaving Brad's last words stalled in his mouth.

EXT. HAMILTON HOUSE - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see the Hamilton's cul-de-sac home. All the lights are off in the house at this hour. Except for Brad's room.

INT. BRAD'S ROOM

Brad is alone in his room. He's prone on his neatly made bed, reading a paperback book entitled Power With Class. On the wall of Brad's room is a large framed photo of a Carl's Jr. hamburger.

Brad hears a muffled knock at his door.

BRAD

Come on in.

Stacy walks into Brad's room.

STACY

Thanks for getting rid of those flowers.



BRAD

Don't worry about it. Who sent the flowers?

STACY

It's just some guy I met at Swenson's. You don't know him.

BRAD

I don't care if you tell me or not. I got problems of my own.

He begins pacing.

STACY

Is everything okay at work?

BRAD

Are you kidding? Work is great. I kill at work. I don't even mind Mom and Dad making me pay rent.

STACY

You're going to break up with Lisa, aren't you?

BRAD

I've been doing some thinking. It's my last school year. I'm a single, successful guy. I think I want my freedom.

STACY

Why? Because she won't sleep with you?

BRAD

Where did you hear that?

STACY

I'm just guessing.

BRAD

Well... it's true.

STACY

Maybe you just need to give her some time. She's so nice, Brad. Everybody loves Lisa.

BRAD

Everybody loves Lisa. Everybody loves Lisa. But everybody doesn't have to be her boyfriend.

Suddenly, Stacy pops the question.

STACY

Hey, Brad. Are you still a virgin?

BRAD

Why?

STACY

I don't know. I was just curious.

BRAD

Maybe yes. Maybe no.

STACY

You are a virgin!

BRAD

I didn't say that.

STACY

But your face did!

They laugh. Then Brad turns serious.

BRAD

Are you still a virgin?

STACY

Maybe yes. Maybe no.

BRAD

Don't give me that shit! I know you're still a virgin!

Stacy smiles and stands up. She playfully slaps her brother on the arm and walks down the hallway to her room. We can see there is less frill and lace in Stacy's room. The junior high paperbacks are gone. There are no dolls in sight.

EXT. MALL PARKING LOT - NIGHT

Linda and Stacy walk past rows of cars. Stacy stops at a brown MG.

STACY

There... There's his car. I know he's at work tonight. He hasn't come into Swenson's since he called my house. My mother told him I was still at high school, after I told him I was nineteen. I guess I should tell him I'm fifteen.

LINDA

Don't you dare, you'll never hear from him again.

STACY

Does Doug care that you're seventeen?

LINDA

Doug sees beyond that stuff to what the person inside is like. That's why I'm marrying him.

STACY

If he ever calls again I'll say I'm eighteen.

LINDA

Boy I am so glad to be through with all these games.

They enter the mall.

INT. U.S. HISTORY CLASS - MORNING

We are now several weeks into the school year. Mr. Hand is dropping test papers on desks like they are pieces of manure.

MR. HAND

C... D... F... F... F... three weeks we've been talking about the Platt Amendment. What are you people? On dope? A piece of legislation was introduced into Congress by Senator John Platt. It was passed in 1906. This amendment to our Constitution has a profound impact upon all of our daily liv....

Mr. Hand stops on a dime. He is like a champion hunting dog that has just picked up the scent. He

scans the room.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)  
Where is Jeff Spicoli?

There is silence in the U.S. history classroom.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)  
I saw him earlier today near the  
200 Building bathrooms. Is he still  
on campus?

Silence.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)  
Anyone?

One student sitting next to Stacy raises his hand.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)  
Yes, Desmond?

DESMOND  
I saw him by the food machines.

MR. HAND  
How long ago?

DESMOND  
Just before class, sir...

Mr. Hand snaps his fingers, Hawaii Five-O style.

MR. HAND  
Okay. Bring him in.

Desmond hustles out the door.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)  
What is this fascination with  
truancy? What is it that gets  
inside your heads?

Mr. Hand begins to pace the aisles as he speaks.  
Occasionally, for emphasis, he bends down to  
lecture directly into the students' faces.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)  
There are other teachers in this  
school who look the other way at  
truants.

(points to attendance clip  
on the doorway)  
It's a little game that you both  
play. They pretend they don't see  
you, you pretend you don't ditch.  
Who pays the price later? You.

Desmond returns to the room with a red-eyed Jeff  
Spicoli.

SPICOLI  
Hey! Wait a minute! There's no  
birthday party for me here!

MR. HAND  
Thank you, Desmond.  
(to Spicoli)  
What's the reason for your truancy?

SPICOLI  
I couldn't make it in time.

MR. HAND  
(in top form)  
You mean, you couldn't? Or you  
wouldn't?

SPICOLI  
I don't know, mon. The food lines  
took forever.

MR. HAND  
Food will be eaten on your time!  
(pause)  
Why are you continuously late for  
this class, Mr. Spicoli? Why do you  
shamelessly waste my time like  
this?

SPICOLI  
I don't know.

Mr. Hand appears mesmerized. He then turns and  
heads for the board. He writes in long, large  
letters as he slams the chalk into the green board.  
He writes: "I DON'T KNOW".

MR. HAND  
I like that.

He stands back and admires it. He turns randomly to

Stacy.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

Don't you like that, Miss Hamilton?

STACY

Yes, sir.

MR. HAND

I really like that too. 'I don't know'... that's nice. 'Mr. Hand, will I pass this class?' 'Gee, Mr. Spicoli, I don't know'. I like that.

I think I'm going to leave your words on this board for all my classes to enjoy. Giving you full credit, of course, Mr. Spicoli.

We hear the blare of the dismissal bell. Stacy and the other students get up to leave. Spicoli stays in place. He has just figured out a truly bitchin' comeback... and his mouth is forming the first word, when Mr. Hand cuts him off.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

You can go now.

Hand turns back to his desk. The rest of the students have already left. Spicoli's audience is gone. He shrugs and lopes out the door.

INT. RIDGEMONT MALL - AFTERNOON

It's Christmas time at the Ridgemont Mall. All three tiers are strung with neon lights, and we hear the sound of the bell-ringing Santas.

INT. SWENSON'S - AFTERNOON

Stacy and Linda are enjoying a brief lull in the Christmas season madness. They sit at the sundae bar. Stacy looks forlorn, almost red-eyed, as she makes a sundae.

LINDA

You've got to get used to working Christmas. People are always screaming and yelling... then they get home and they're all Christmasy.

STACY

I think Christmas brings out the worst in people.

LINDA

I guess Ron hasn't called yet.

STACY

Not since November.

Linda nods her head, always the coach.

LINDA

Stacy, it doesn't look good for the relationship.

Stacy continues making her ice cream, slapping the scoops onto the stainless steel dish.

STACY

(sighs)

Don't you think it meant anything to him. Even if I am fifteen?

LINDA

Stacy. What does it matter? He's a stereo salesman. You want to marry him? You want to have kids with him? You want this guy to come home, fifty years old, and he's still got that little Pacific Stereo badge on? Come on.

ANGLE ON GREGG AND CINDY

who are seated at a back table, feeding each other.

Stacy looks at her finished sundae.

STACY

I should quit this job. I'm going to get so fat working here... nobody will ever take me out.

LINDA

Stacy. How many times do I have to tell you? You are really going to be beautiful... someday.

STACY

Thanks a lot.

Linda punches Stacy lightly on the shoulder.

LINDA

Hey -- Ron Johnson? It's his loss.

We follow Stacy, as she walks into the dining room to serve the sundae.

INT. WHEREHOUSE RECORDS - MALL - DAY

We see a group of buzz-cut young toughs, walking in formation, hunched over, sneering and wearing sleeveless U.S. Army fatigue jackets. None of these damaged-looking kids is over the age of fourteen. They pass to reveal this legend on their backs:  
LINCOLN SURF NAZIS.

Angle on Mike Damone and Mark Ratner, who are standing by the upcoming concert list posted on the door to Wherehouse Records. Damone sees the Surf Nazis pass, turns to Mark Ratner, who is still wearing his Cinema Four jacket.

DAMONE

The business is changing, Rat. I'll tell you, these kids today... they don't even listen to Aerosmith.

THE RAT

I hear they all dress like that at Lincoln now.

DAMONE

There used to be three or four of those guys. Now we see 'em every time we come to the mall.

Damone is approached by a couple of young ticket Customers.

CUSTOMER #1

Got any Blue Oyster Cult tickets?

DAMONE

No Cult. I ate twenty-four pairs of Blue Oyster Cult tickets last time around. I was this close to working at 7-11. No Cult.



Suddenly we see all ticket business stop. Damone and his customers see someone menacingly coming directly for them. The small crowd parts as Charles Jefferson, football duffel bag in hand, walks up. With him is a thick, tough, miniature version of himself. This is Little Charles. They both stop in front of Damone.

JEFFERSON

(after long look)

When is Earth, Wind and Fire coming?

DAMONE

(respectfully)

I'm really not sure. I haven't heard anything yet, but I'll let you know the second there is the slightest news, sir.

JEFFERSON

I'm taking my little brother.

DAMONE

Excellent. So that will be two tickets... All right. Fine, sir.

Jefferson and L.C. push past the customers.

CUSTOMER #2

Wow. He really lives here. I thought he just flew in for the football games.

DAMONE

(gaining composure)

Shit, he's my man. He knows where to come for tickets.

Damone turns to The Rat.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

Well, Rat. Are you ready for the moment of truth?

The Rat adjusts his jacket, and nods.

THE RAT

She is immune to my charms.

They walk together towards Swenson's, as The Rat

drapes his aqua-blue Cinema Four jacket around his shoulders, like a French film director. Damone walks a few steps, then stops Rat.

DAMONE  
Hey, Rat.

THE RAT  
Yeah?

DAMONE  
Ace the jacket.

The Rat considers the suggestion, gets rid of the jacket. They continue towards Swenson's.

EXT. SWENSON'S - DAY

The Rat pulls open the door to Swenson's. He walks toward the counter to Stacy Hamilton.

STACY  
Hi. May I help you?

The Rat feels the beginnings of cold panic, but barges through nonetheless.

THE RAT  
Yes. I have two questions. I was curious...

His voice becomes a shade deeper. He begins to pull The Attitude together.

THE RAT (CONT'D)  
What do you do with the jackets people leave here?

STACY  
(smiling)  
We keep them.

THE RAT  
You keep them.

STACY  
We keep them, in case the people come back.

She reaches under the counter and pulls out a cardboard box with some rumbled jackets and other

items.

STACY (CONT'D)

Here they are. You can look through it, if you want.

The Rat chuckles to himself, struggling with The Attitude.

THE RAT

It's cool. It would take too much time to go through all that stuff. I'll just pick up a new one.

Stacy smiles. He's obviously awkward, and she likes it.

STACY

What's your other question?

THE RAT

My other question is... can-I-have your-phone-number-so-I-can-ask-you out-sometime?

To The Rat's surprise, Stacy continues smiling.

STACY

Do you have a pen? This one's out of ink.

THE RAT

Oh... yes.

He pulls one out of his jacket pocket, gives it to her. Stacy writes her name and phone number on a scrap of paper and gives it to him. The Rat looks at the paper.

THE RAT (CONT'D)

Stacy. Nice to meet you, Stacy. My name is Mark Ratner.

He sticks out his hand, and they shake. We see The Rat turn around and walk out of Swenson's.

EXT. SWENSON'S - AFTERNOON

The Rat exits with ultimate cool. He sees Damone waiting just off to the side, talking to some girls. The Rat nods, gives him the thumbs-up.

Damone returns the gesture. All-Attitude.

EXT. CARL'S JR. - MORNING

Carl's is happening tonight. There are lots of kids inside. We hear charging rock music -- "Girls Got Rhythm" by AC/DC -- coming from a radio in the back kitchen.

INT. CARL'S JR. BATHROOM - MORNING

Inside the bathroom, Brad Hamilton applies the Carl's scrub brush to a felt tip graffiti message near the mirror: I EAT BIG HAIRY PUSSY. He pauses and catches himself in the mirror. He adjusts his hair.

BRAD

(talking to mirror)

Lisa? I have something to tell you.

Look, I'm a senior now.

I'm a single, successful guy and

I've got to be fair to myself.

Lisa... I think I need my freedom.

Brad pauses, looks at the mirror soulfully.

BRAD (CONT'D)

Aw, don't do that... don't take it personally, okay? Please? I knew you'd understand, because...

The bathroom door opens -- it's Arnold, the boy who Brad got a job.

ARNOLD

Brad! I know you're on your break, but would you cover me on register three?

Brad nods, exits:

INT. CARL'S JR. COUNTER

Brad stands at the register.

We see a prominent display over Brad's head: TRY OUR 100% GUARANTEED BREAKFAST. The last of many harried businessmen customers gets his breakfast order and takes his seat.

Brad is joined by Dennis Taylor, the Assistant Manager.

DENNIS

Come on. Clean that counter off  
Brad. Let's go. Play ball.

BRAD

Okay, Dennis.

Brad begins polishing the counter and Dennis Taylor returns to his office at the back of the kitchen.

Brad watches him disappear behind the door that says: ASSISTANT MANAGER.

As soon as Dennis disappears behind the door, the one Businessman in the place rises and returns to the counter.

BRAD (CONT'D)

(nervously)

May I help you?

The Businessman has short, curly brown hair. He speaks in a whine.

BUSINESSMAN

Yes. This is not the best breakfast  
I ever ate.

The Businessman points to the huge display over Brad's head: TRY OUR 100% GUARANTEED BREAKFAST.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

And I want my money back.

Brad begins searching under the counter.

BRAD

Well, I believe you have to fill  
out a form. There's a pad right  
around here.

BUSINESSMAN

No. I want my money back right now.

BRAD

Well, that's not the way it works,  
really. And you ate most of your  
food already, too...

BUSINESSMAN

See that sign? It says 100% Money Back Guarantee. Do you know the meaning of the word 'guarantee'? Do they teach you that here? Give me my money back.

Brad begins looking to the restroom. "Where's Arnold?"

BRAD

I can't do that. But if you wait a minute...

BUSINESSMAN

(as if talking to a kindergartner)

Look. Just put your little hand back in the cash register and give me my \$2.75 back. Okay?

(looks at name tag)

Please, Brad?

BRAD

I'm sorry, sir. Just let me find the forms here.

BUSINESSMAN

I am so tired. I am so tired of dealing with morons. How hard is it to...

Brad looks up from under the counter. No amount of pay will make him take that kind of insult.

BRAD

Mister, if you don't shut up, I'm gonna kick 100% of your ass.

BUSINESSMAN

Manager!!

"Bam!" The door to the Assistant Manager's office swings open, and Dennis comes hurtling out of the back.

DENNIS

Can I help you, sir? Is there a problem?

BUSINESSMAN

You bet there's a problem! Your employee used profanity and threatened me with violence! I'm shocked, frankly. I've eaten here many times and I've always enjoyed the service -- until today!

Angle on bathroom door as it opens and Arnold starts towards the register. He quickly sees the incident with the irate Businessman and ducks back inside the bathroom.

BUSINESSMAN (CONT'D)

All I wanted was my money back for this breakfast. It was a little undercooked. And this young man threatened me. Now I plan to write a letter! I plan to...

Dennis wheels around to Brad.

DENNIS

Did you threaten this man or use profanity in any way?

BRAD

He insulted me first. He called me a moron.

DENNIS

Did you threaten this customer or use profanity in any way?

BRAD

Yes, sir.

DENNIS

You're fired.

Brad looks around, expecting his friends to defend him. Dave and Rich seem very occupied with their work. Brad is stunned.

DENNIS (CONT'D)

(to Businessman)

I'm very sorry this happened to you, sir.

BUSINESSMAN

Thank you very much.

Then Brad unhooks his fryer's apron and throws it on the counter. He grabs a backpack and walks out of the place. On the way, he bangs the bathroom door with his fist.

BRAD

I hope you had a hell of a piss,  
Arnold.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. BRAD'S ROOM - DAY

He arrives back in his room and locks the door. He yanks the burger picture off his wall, dumps it into the trash. Then he takes it back out of the trash and cracks the cardboard picture and plastic frame in half.

DARKNESS

We are in the middle of a deep, dark void. After a moment, a pinprick of light appears in the distance. We head towards the light. We are being led somewhere important.

As we draw still closer, curtains suddenly part to reveal a wildly cheering studio audience. We hear the voice of Merv Griffin.

MERV GRIFFIN (O.S.)

Will you please give a warm welcome  
to... Jeff Spicoli!

The Merv Griffin Show band begins playing a Merv Griffin Show version of AC/DC's "Highway to Hell". Someone hands Jeff Spicoli a microphone. He works the studio audience into a frenzy as he sings the words to "Highway to Hell": Merv Griffin show style.

SPICOLI

(singing)

'Layin' ladies!  
Drinkin' wine!  
You gotta dollar --  
You're a friend of mine!  
Gettin' loose!  
Feelin' fine!



You and me -- It's get down time!  
We're on the Highway to Hell!  
The Highway to Hell!'

Spicoli finishes up with a spectacular pump. The audience goes wild as Merv Griffin greets him warmly, and guides Spicoli to his seat. Spicoli motions for the cheers to die down. Griffin is obviously happy to see him. He touches Spicoli's arm lightly.

GRIFFIN

How've you been?

SPICOLI

Outrageous, Merv. Nice to be here.  
I feel great.

GRIFFIN

I was going to say... your eyes  
look a little red.

SPICOLI

I've been swimming, Merv.

The audience howls. It's a famous Spicoli line.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Seriously, Merv, everything is  
great.  
I was thinking about picking up  
some hash this weekend, maybe going  
up to the mountains.

GRIFFIN

(concerned)

I wanted to talk a little bit about  
school, if I could...

SPICOLI

School.

(sighs)

School is no problem. All you have  
to do is go to get the grades. And  
if you know something, all you have  
to do is go about half the time.

GRIFFIN

How often do you go?

SPICOLI

I don't go at all.

The audience is howling again. He is Merv's favorite guest.

GRIFFIN

I hear you brought a film clip with you. Do you want to set it up for us?

SPICOLI

Well, it pretty much speaks for itself. Peter, you want to run with it?

EXT. A MASSIVE WAVE - DAY

The film clip begins. It is a mammoth wave cresting against the blue sky.

SPICOLI (V.O.)

Merv, this is the action down at Sunset Cliffs at about six in the morning.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Fascinating.

A tiny figure appears at the foot of the wave.

GRIFFIN (CONT'D)

Who's that?

SPICOLI

That's me, Merv.

The audience gasps.

GRIFFIN (V.O.)

Are you going to ride that wave?

SPICOLI

Totally.

We watch as Spicoli catches the perfect wave, and it hurtles him through a turquoise tube of water.

GRIFFIN

What's going through your mind right here, Jeff? The danger of it all?

SPICOLI

Merv, I'm thinking... I've only got about four good hours of surfing left before these little clowns from junior high start showing up with their boogie boards.

The audience is howling once again... when suddenly we hear the loud noise of a door opening, followed by a shrill voice. It is Spicoli's eight-year-old brother, Curtis.

Jeff Spicoli's dream of glory evaporates.

INT. SPICOLI'S TRAILER HOME - MORNING

It is a messy trailer, part of a trailer park by the sea. Spicoli's area is small, but he has made it his own. The walls are covered with posters, almost all of them naked centerfolds. It is obvious Spicoli's parents are not welcome in his room.

CURTIS

Dad says you have to get up!

SPICOLI

Ugh.

He groans, starts to struggle out of bed.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Leave me alone!

CURTIS

Dad says you're late again, you butthole!

SPICOLI

Leave me alone.

CURTIS

Dad says!

Spicoli reaches over to the floor next to his bed. He pulls a snorkel from the mess, heaves it at the door and his little brother. It bounces off the wall and doesn't even hit Curtis, but the kid starts crying anyway.

CURTIS (CONT'D)

Daaaaaaaad! Jeff threw a snorkel at me!!!!!!

Spicoli gets out of bed, groans again, and kicks the door shut.

EXT. RIDGEMONT GYMNASIUM

celebrating the big game with rival Lincoln High School. We see Jeff Spicoli stumble from the direction of the parking lot. He heads into the gym, which is already full for a mandatory assembly.

INT. GYMNASIUM - DOORWAY - DAY

Spicoli wanders into the assembly, takes a seat on a corner bleacher. He sits just below Brad Hamilton and Lisa.

On podium in front of assembly, Cindy Carr and another cheerleader, Dina Phillips, are making a presentation before the school.

CINDY

I just want to say that we are not 'Spirit Bunnies' anymore. We always hated that name. It bugged the heck out of Dina and me...

DINA

It's just such a put down.

CINDY

They don't call the Chess Club 'Checker Champs' or anything like that. We're going to go to everything this year, you guys. We're going to go to soccer, wrestling, basketball... everything. We know you've got a lot of spirit! Everybody -- riiiiiiight? And we're gonna destroy Lincoln next week? Riiiiiiight?

ANGLE ON THE STUDENTS OF RIDGEMONT

They don't respond.

ANGLE ON JEFF SPICOLI

who is asleep in the bleachers.

ANGLE ON BRAD AND LISA

sitting nearby. We hear them over the drone of the assembly.

BRAD

Man, I don't even want to see those guys from Carl's again.

LISA

If you'd apologize I think Dennis would take you back.

BRAD

Apologize to that wimp? No way. Fuck Dennis Taylor.

They sit in silence for a moment.

BRAD (CONT'D)

I'm just glad we're still together, Lisa, because I need you this year.

LISA

(sighs)

Look, Brad, I've been trying to think of a way to tell you this. We're almost out of high school, this is our last year. I think we owe it to ourselves to be free, and meet some new people. Then, if we get back together, we'll know it's the right thing.

TIGHT ANGLE ON BRAD'S FACE

as he accepts the news.

LISA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

But I still want to be friends.

TIGHT ANGLE ON BRAD'S FACE

as it falls slack.

INT. GYM - PODIUM IN FRONT OF ASSEMBLY

CINDY

We're going to be going to every

game this year. We just want the crowd to participate and we want spirit from every little person in this entire school. Alllll-Riiiiight?

There is unenthusiastic, minor applause from the assembled students of Ridgemont High. Vice Principal Ray Connors, a tough-looking man with an H.R. Haldeman crew cut, approaches the podium. He has a sour look on his face.

CONNORS

Well, thank you, girls. People, don't forget, the big game is one week away. We'll see everybody back here on Monday and have a good weekend.

For the first time during this assembly, there is a loud and hearty applause.

A GRAINY HIGH SCHOOL FILM 57

We are suddenly watching a movie shown on a class projection screen. We see footage of a serene, middle-class neighborhood -- as seen through the glass windshield of a car. Judging from the other vehicles parked on the street, the film is from the early Sixties. We hear the narrative voice of Desi Arnaz, speaking in his inimitable Latin accent.

ARNAZ

Driving ess an important part of each and every one of our da-ily lives. Ees a responsibility like no o-ther and ess a matter of life and...

A ball comes rolling out into the serene street. A small child runs out after it. The driving of our vehicle brakes, but not in time. The film freeze frames on the terrified face of a child about to be splattered.

ARNAZ (CONT'D)

Death.

There is a swell of dramatic music.

ARNAZ (CONT'D)

They have foun'... The Braking

Point.

The words flash on the screen and we hear a high school Driver's Training class groan in mock horror.

INT. DRIVER TRAINING CLASS - DAY

ANGLE ON CHARLES JEFFERSON AND BRAD HAMILTON

who are seated in this class.

ANGLE ON LINDA AND STACY

sitting together in the class. They are oblivious, lost in conversation.

STACY

What do you think of that guy who works at the theatre? You know, Mark Ratner.

LINDA

Oh, come on. What is he? Fifteen?

STACY

Sixteen.

Linda looks nauseous.

LINDA

Just watch out if he pulls up in a van, and then puts on a Led Zeppelin tape.

INT. DRIVER TRAINING CLASS

The film returns to another serene street scene as seen through another front windshield.

ARNAZ

The driver here has had jus' two drinks. Two drinks at the home of a frien'.

We hear the very-present sounds of Driver's Training students.

STUDENT #1

He's fucked-up, Ricky!

STUDENT #2

They guys a drunk, Ricky!

ARNAZ

And although this driver thinks he ees drivin' well, he may be 'doing okay, but he forgets to per-ceive what ees real goin' on...

In the film, another car comes barreling from the left, running a stop sign and exploding into the side of the two-drink goner. In the class, the Driver's Training students are howling.

EXT. RIDGEMONT MALL - EARLY EVENING

The parking lot is full. Kids and shoppers stream through the entrance in groups of all sizes.

INT. RIDGEMONT MALL

All three levels are teeming with kids.

ANGLE ON THE VIDEO PINBALL ARCADE

where we see Jeff Spicoli manning the Missile Command machine. Spicoli wears a red bandana across his forehead. A cigarette dangles from his mouth. He is surrounded by a fleet of young surfers who listen to him with reverence.

SPICOLI

Be noble. Be aggressive. The thing about Missile Command is to decimate before you can be decimated. Just like in real life.

The youngsters hang on every word of the sage advice.

ANGLE ON A GANG OF SURF NAZIS

walking in formation.

ANGLE ON MIKE DAMONE AND MARK RATNER

walking the mall.

DAMONE

Check it out, Rat. The Surf Nazis... out for a Sunday stroll.



Damone and The Rat walk on. The Rat is barely interested. He appears deep in thought.

THE RAT

What do I say after she gets in the car?

Damone, obviously in his element here at the mall, stops to flash a winning smile at a well-built older housewife.

DAMONE

No problem, Rat. What you need is my special Five Point Plan.

As he talks, Damone passes a Country Farms shop. He plucks a free sample of cheese and sausage.

THE RAT

Knock it off, Damone. I need real help.

DAMONE

What do you mean? Men have died trying to obtain this information. I will give it to you for free.

The Rat and Damone continue on.

THE RAT

Okay. Tell me. What's the Five Point Plan?

DAMONE

All right. Pay attention.

The Rat nods, always the student, as they pass a Warehouse Record store. Damone stops right in front of a seductively posed life-sized cardboard stand-up of Debbie Harry, the alluring rock singer.

Damone begins his speech.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

First of all, Rat... never let on how much you like a girl.

Damone turns to the cardboard cutout of Debbie Harry to demonstrate.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

(disinterested)

Oh. Hi.

(turns back to The Rat) )

Two. Always call the shots.

He turns to Debbie Harry, who looks on with an inviting cardboard smile.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

Kiss me.

(to The Rat)

Three. Act like wherever you are,  
that's the place to be.

(to Debbie Harry;  
debonair) )

Isn't this great?

(to The Rat)

Four. When ordering food, find out  
what she wants and then order for  
both of you... it's a classy move.

(to Debbie Harry; Cary  
Grant)

And the lady will have...

(to The Rat)

Five. And this is most important.  
When you get down to making out,  
whenever possible, put on the first  
side of Led Zeppelin IV.

(to Debbie Harry;  
seductive)

Why don't you put this tape on? It  
sounds great in the back of my  
van... why don't we listen from  
there?

ANGLE ON DEBBIE HARRY

with the same inviting smile.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

And that is how you talk to a girl,  
Rat. Voila. You can't miss.

THE RAT

I think I've got it. Once I get  
going, I'll be okay. But... how do  
I get started? I mean, I hardly  
know her.

DAMONE

You wuss. It's no problem. One person says something to the other and that's how it starts...

Standing there in the front of the Warehouse, The Rat nods his head and smiles. He's finally beginning to understand, and we...

CUT TO:

EXT. THE RAT'S CAR - LATER THAT NIGHT

We see The Rat behind the wheel of a green Volvo. Stacy sits beside him. They are driving the streets of Ridgemont.

INT. THE RAT'S CAR

This is it. The Big Date. "Led Zeppelin IV" is on the car stereo of his sister's van.

Finally...

STACY

Thanks for coming to get me.

THE RAT

Sure thing.

Silence.

EXT. THE RAT'S CAR

He rounds the corner of Luna Street, off the neon fast-food stand that is Ridgemont Drive.

INT. THE RAT'S CAR

Yet another silence has fallen. Then, after a time...

STACY

This is a nice car.

THE RAT

Yeah. It's my sister's.

Silence.

STACY

Do you have Mrs. George for

English?

THE RAT

Yeah. She is pretty good.

STACY

Yeah. She is pretty good.

EXT. ATLANTIS RESTAURANT - NIGHT

They pull into the parking lot of a steak and lobster house called The Atlantis.

THE RAT

Joey at Cinema Four said this is a pretty good restaurant.

STACY

I've heard that, too.

The Rat finds a parking spot near the back of the lot, grateful that the long silence is over. He walks with Stacy to the front of The Atlantis.

INT. THE ATLANTIS - NIGHT

The Rat and Stacy are escorted by the host to a nearby table. They are given large wooden menus.

THE RAT

Do you know what you want?

STACY

I think I'll have the Seafood Salad Special.

THE RAT

Excellent.

The Rat leans back in the booth. He is starting to feel in control now. Then something hits him. The panic sweeps across his face.

Slowly, The Rat reaches back to check his wallet. It's gone.

STACY

Are you all right?

THE RAT

(weakly)

Oh yeah.

Cool. Cool was the name of the game. Stay cool.

THE RAT (CONT'D)

Do you mind if I excuse myself for a moment?

STACY

Not at all.

Just as The Rat is about to get up, the Waitress approaches the table.

WAITRESS

Are you ready to order here?

THE RAT

Well... sure.

(settles back down)

She will have the Seafood Salad Special. And I will have... the same.

WAITRESS

Anything to drink?

THE RAT

Two Cokes.

WAITRESS

Okay. Thanks.

The Rat gets back up again, looking paler by the minute. He excuses himself and walks over to the pay phone by the Atlantis toilets.

The Rat dials a number. Damone answers.

INT. DAMONE'S ROOM - NIGHT

He is sitting in a chair, leaning onto the back two legs, watching television.

DAMONE

Yo.

THE RAT (V.O.)

Damone. It's Mark.

DAMONE

Mark. What happened to your date?

THE RAT

It's happening right now. I'm here at the Atlantis. Everything's fine except... I left my wallet at home.

DAMONE

Did you go home and get it?

THE RAT

No. It's too late. The food is coming and everything. Damone, I've got to ask you this favor, and I'll never ask you for anything again in this lifetime or any other. Will you please borrow your mom's car, go by my house, get my wallet, and meet me back here?

There is silence.

THE RAT (CONT'D)

Damone, are you there?

DAMONE

(world-weary sigh)

I'm really pretty busy...

ANGLE ON DAMONE'S TELEVISION

as we see the flickering images of Leave It To Beaver.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

You owe me for this one.

INT. ATLANTIS

The Rat hangs up, mildly relieved, and returns to the table.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. STACY AND THE RAT'S TABLE - AN HOUR LATER

The Rat and Stacy have finished the meal, and desert.

ANGLE ON THE CHECK

as it sits in a little tray before The Rat.

The Waitress approaches the table. It is clear she wants to make room for other customers and bigger tips.

WAITRESS

Are you sure there's nothing else I can bring you?

THE RAT

I'll have one more Coke... Do you want another Coke, Stacy?

STACY

(quizzical) )

Sure. I'll... have another Coke.

THE RAT

Two more Cokes.

WAITRESS

(sarcastic)

Two... more... Cokes.

ANGLE ON FRONT DOOR

as Mike Damone finally walks in. Damone looks over the diners, then feigns great surprise when he sees The Rat.

DAMONE

Hey, Mark. Is that you?

THE RAT

Damone! You come here?

DAMONE

I come for the seafood. It's great! Hey... you know what, Mark? I found your wallet the other day. You want it back?

THE RAT

Wow. I've been looking for that thing! Hey, Damone, have you met Stacy Hamilton? Stacy, this is Mike Damone.

Stacy smiles politely, with the slightest sparkle

in her eye, as the Waitress returns with the two Cokes.

DAMONE

Well, I've gotta be running.

THE RAT

Okay. See ya.

ANGLE ON STACY

looking strangely at the proceedings.

DAMONE

Nice to meet you, Stacy.

STACY

Nice to meet you.

Damone leaves. The Rat takes a few quick gulps of Coke, and gets up to pay the bill. As he moves out of camera range, we see the strange look on the faces of waitresses and diners.

INT. THE RAT'S CAR - LATE EVENING

The Rat pulls up to Stacy's house in the cul-de sac. He stares straight ahead, like a zombie.

THE RAT

I had a really nice time tonight.

STACY

Me, too. I'm real sorry someone broke in and stole your tape deck.

The Rat nods glumly.

THE RAT

I never thought it would happen at The Atlantis. Jeez.

STACY

Do you want to come inside?

THE RAT

Aren't your parents asleep?

STACY

No, they're away for the weekend. Brad and I are watching the house.



THE RAT

Okay. Sure. I'll come in.

We see a confused but interested look on The Rat's face.

INT. THE HAMILTON HOUSE - EVENING

They walk in the front door. The Rat stands uncomfortably in the doorway to the living room.

THE RAT

Where's your brother?

STACY

I don't know. Probably out. Want something to drink?

THE RAT

No. That's okay.

STACY

Well, I'm going to change real quick. I hope you don't mind.

THE RAT

Naw. I don't mind.

Stacy turns her back and pulls up her hair.

STACY

Will you unzip me?

ANGLE ON THE RAT'S FACE

as the wheels inside his mind start to spin. This can't be what it seems. He unzips Stacy, past her bra, down to the small of her back. It's the first time he's ever done anything like that.

STACY (CONT'D)

Thanks!

She walks down the hall to her room, easing out of her dress as she walks. She leaves the door to her room open.

STACY (CONT'D)

You can come in, if you want!

ANGLE ON THE RAT'S FACE

He is completely unsure of himself, as he begins to walk down the hall. His heart pounds into his throat. He turns the corner and steps into Stacy's room.

INT. STACY'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy stands there, looking gorgeous in an almost seethrough white robe. The Rat pretends not to notice.

THE RAT

So... pretty nice house you've got here.

STACY

Thanks. So...

(puts hands on hips)

What do you want to do?

ANGLE ON THE RAT'S FACE

as he struggles with the memory of Damone's words. "Always call the shots."

THE RAT

I don't know.

STACY

Do you want to see some pictures? I kept a lot of scrapbooks and pictures and stuff from junior high. How stupid, right?

THE RAT

Sure.

Stacy goes to her closet, reaches up to grab the books from the top shelf. The Rat watches her robe slip up her legs. Then she sits down next to him. Her knee grazes his. It is almost too much for The Rat. Go for it. We see The Rat struggle with the action of putting his arm around her. He almost does, but then reacts as she says suddenly...

STACY

This is me in the eighth grade. Did you have Mr. Deegan?

THE RAT  
(looking pained)  
Oh, yeah. I had Mr. Deegan.

Her knee grazes him again. Does she expect something?

THE RAT (CONT'D)  
Look, Stacy, I want you to know that...

The Rat struggles. Try as he might, he can't seem to cross the line. He can't make his move. He is woeful as he completes the sentence.

THE RAT (CONT'D)  
... I've got to go home.

STACY  
Do you really have to go?

THE RAT  
Well... it's getting kind of late.

Suddenly, The Rat is seized with ambition. He reaches one hand around her right shoulder and plants the other hand directly on her left breast. It looks something like a wrestling hold. The Rat looks at Stacy. Stacy looks back at The Rat. The Rat is absolutely frozen.

STACY  
I guess it is getting late, Mark.

She shrugs him off, walks him to the door.

EXT. THE HAMILTON HOME - NIGHT

We see The Rat's forlorn face as he trudges towards his car. He stops. He takes a breath -- it wasn't that late, he really didn't want to leave. The Rat turns and begins walking back up the Hamilton steps. Just as he does so, Stacy's bedroom light clicks off. It was too late. He kicks at his car.

THE RAT  
You blew it, asshole.

Behind him, recklessly speeding towards Ridgemont Drive, is Charles Jefferson's blue Mustang.

EXT./INT. THE BLUE MUSTANG - NIGHT

Jeff Spicoli is behind the wheel. Sitting next to him is Little Charles, "L.C.", Jefferson's younger brother. They're smoking grass and holding Lowenbrau beers in between their legs. The radio is blasting the music of Rick James.

L.C.

Hey, slow down. This is my brother's car.

SPICOLI

I thought he was out of town.

L.C.

He is.

SPICOLI

Then don't hassle it.

They speed off down Ridgemont.

L.C.

Seen the new Playboy?

SPICOLI

Naw. Any good?

L.C.

Suzanne Somers' tits.

SPICOLI

All right.

L.C.

I like sex.

Spicoli sees something in the rearview mirror.

SPICOLI

Hold your beer down, L.C., I think it's a cop.

Spicoli slows down. The car behind him slows down.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

This is a cop. He's definitely cruising me at busting distance.

The high beams switch on behind Spicoli.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this guy doing?

The car behind Spicoli then advances to the point where it is now almost touching the blue Mustang.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

What the fuck is this guy doing?

L.C.

This ain't no cop.

The mystery car bumps them lightly from behind.

L.C. (CONT'D)

Hey! He's gonna scratch my brother's car!

The two boys start yelling. High beams fill the Mustang with bright light and...

EXT./INT. MUSTANG AND GRANADA

Then mystery car pulls back, then up alongside Spicoli and L.C. on the left. We hear the music on the radio of George Thorogood's "Ride On, Josephine".

SPICOLI

It's a bunch of Jocks in a Granada!

L.C.

They're fuckin' with us.

The drivers of the two cars eye each others. Then the Granada begins inching over, trying to force Spicoli off the road.

L.C. (CONT'D)

My brother's car!

SPICOLI

All right. Die, Granada Jocks!

Spicoli guns ahead, in a real bullet move, and easily overtakes the Granada. Spicoli is proud of himself. He checks himself out in the rearview and turns to L.C.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Would you roll your window up,  
L.C.? It's messing my hair.

Spicoli pulls way ahead of the Granada, while L.C.  
rolls his window up. Spicoli looks over to L.C. and  
smiles wickedly.

Now Spicoli wants to show off. He pushes the pedal  
to the floor.

L.C.  
We just missed the turnoff to the  
party.

SPICOLI  
You know the thing I love about  
Mustangs? The steering wheel.

Spicoli fingers the bubbles in the wheel.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)  
With a genuine Mustang steering  
wheel, you can negotiate a hairpin  
turn with ease, my man.

EXT./INT. MUSTANG

on the word "ease", Spicoli curls his finger into  
one of the Mustang steering wheel bubbles and whips  
it clockwise. The idea is to turn off onto a side  
street and head back to the party. But instead, at  
the moment of the hairpin turn, L.C. is attempting  
to switch the radio station. Spicoli crooks his  
finger farther into the bubble than he expected.  
The car swings in a complete circle, a circle that  
includes a bright yellow fire hydrant. The hydrant  
rips the side of the car open like a can of tuna.  
There is a silent moment of terror.

SPICOLI  
Are you okay?

There is silence. Outside the smashed car, the  
Granada Jocks pass Spicoli and L.C.

GRANADA JOCKS  
Fuck youuuuuuuuuu!

Then L.C. stirs and utters his first words.

L.C.

My brother is going to kill us.  
He's gonna kill you and then he's  
gonna kill me. He's gonna kill us.

SPICOLI  
Just be glad you're all right.

L.C.  
My brother is gonna shit.

SPICOLI  
Make up your mind. Is he gonna  
shit, or is he gonna kill us?

L.C.  
First he's gonna shit. And then  
he's gonna kill us..

SPICOLI  
Will you just relax, mon? He's not  
gonna kill us. My father is a  
television repairman. He's got all  
kinds of tools. I can fix-this car.

L.C.  
You can't fix this car, Spicoli.

#### ANGLE ON THE BLUE MUSTANG

waffled and mangled. It is just inches away from  
scrap iron.

SPICOLI  
I can fix it.

#### MONTAGE OF SHOTS

as we see Ridgemont High gearing up for its big  
Homecoming Game against Lincoln. We see a series of  
shots of kids talking about it, wagering on the  
chances of a Ridgemont victory. We see the many  
signs and placards all over school, proclaiming  
Ridgemont revenge. We see students lining up to  
vote for Homecoming King and Queen in the  
gymnasium. It is the most spirit that Ridgemont has  
shown this year.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

EXT. RIDGEMONT SCHOOL - FLAGPOLE - DAY

From the back of the parking lot, we see a crowd around the flagpole. A group of kids are staring at something. They sadly shake their heads at the sight, as if they are witnessing a funeral.

As we draw closer, we see the center of commotion. It is an ugly sight. Someone had wrecked Charles Jefferson's Blue Scholarship Mustang and welded it to the flagpole. Spray-painted on the side was the message: LINCOLN SURF PUNKS RULE.

EXT. RIDGEMONT BLEACHERS - NIGHT

The Ridgemont football bleachers are full of cheering students. We see the same basic groups from lunch court, and many more.

The cheerleaders are on the field -- Cindy Carr, Dina Phillips and company -- and their cheerleader "husbands" sit directly in front of them in the stands. Linda and Stacy sit in the bleachers with some of the Swenson's girls. The Rat and Damone sit several rows above them, watching. The teachers sit together in another section.

ANGLE ON BRAD HAMILTON

who is again sitting alone in the bleachers. Watching. Several old lunch court friends pass by, on their way to the concession area.

STUDENT #1

Hey, Brad! How's going?

BRAD

All right.

STUDENT #2

Where you working?

BRAD

Fish and chips place.

STUDENT #1

Which one?

BRAD

Just a fish and chips place.

Brad says nothing more. The students look at each



other.

STUDENTS

We'll be seeing you, Brad!

BRAD

(sullen)

Later.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - THE GAME - NIGHT

Everyone is cheering the amazing game on the field. Charles Jefferson is poised on the offensive line. He mutters a string of obscenities at the opposing Lincoln player. The ball is snapped, and Charles Jefferson comes directly at the player with both elbows up and angled to hit inside his helmet. The Lincoln player is hit and keels over.

Charles Jefferson sets up for another play. The ball is snapped. Ka-boom. Down falls another Lincoln player. Jefferson doesn't know who it was who wrecked his Mustang, but he wasn't about to spare any of them. There is pure madness in his eyes. It has taken him over.

The Ridgemont points rack up. Jefferson is single handedly maiming Lincoln for Homecoming.

EXT. RIDGEMONT BLEACHERS - NIGHT

We see Jeff Spicoli and L.C. sitting calmly in the bleachers, watching.

SPICOLI

I think we may have gotten away clean.

EXT. FIELD AND SCOREBOARD

The half-time gun fires and the score is 36-7... Ridgemont. Even the Ridgemont players steer clear of Charles Jefferson as they return to their locker room.

EXT. THE HAMILTON POOL - HOT AFTERNOON - SEVERAL WEEKS LATER

Linda and Stacy are sitting by the pool, dressed in string tie bathing suits. They are listening to the music of Tom Petty's "Breakdown" playing on the

living room stereo. Linda luxuriously applies suntan lotion to her chest and legs, in long and writhing strokes. Stacy reads a book. It's called Total Orgasm. Several beats pass.

LINDA

I sent a letter to Doug today. I'll be so glad when he gets out here.

STACY

(engrossed in book)

You really ought to look at this, Linda. There's a drawing on every page... and all these quizzes. It's like school.

LINDA

Why don't you put your mother's secret book back?

Linda continues regally applying lotion.

STACY

Listen to this... 'What are your mate's three most erogenous zones?'

LINDA

(automatic)

Okay, penis, that's one, balls...

STACY

Wouldn't penis and balls be the same category?

LINDA

You're right. Probably penis, mouth and neck.

STACY

All right! Here's another one. 'The most satisfactory lovemaking occurs when your mate climaxes first, you climax first, you and your mate climax together?'

LINDA

Climax together.

STACY

Does that ever happen?

LINDA

No. But it's a nice idea.

STACY

Listen to this ... it says 'Most women derive pleasure from sex, but they don't have real orgasms.'

Linda stops applying lotion, considers that thought.

LINDA

Well... they obviously don't know about Doug.

They laugh. Linda resumes applying the lotion. Stacy continues reading the book. A couple of beats pass.

STACY

How long does Doug take?

LINDA

I don't know. Thirty to forty minutes.

STACY

(pause)

What's Doug do in Chicago?

LINDA

He works for the airline. He'll be out here. You'll meet him.

Stacy looks at Linda, almost disbelieving.

LINDA (CONT'D)

(wistful)

He's no high school boy.

There is a noise by the side fence leading into the Hamiltons' backyard. It is Mark Ratner and Mike Damone. They are already wearing swimsuits.

DAMONE

Hey! We came over to help you with Math homework!

STACY

Oh, really?

THE RAT

Really. We figured you needed the help. On such a hot day.

Stacy quickly stashes the book in a stack of towels beside her. She leans over to Linda and speaks confidentially.

STACY

What do you think?

LINDA

I think they're both virgins.

Stacy smiles, gets up and goes over to the fence.

STACY

I didn't ask for any help. Did you, Linda?

LINDA

No.

DAMONE

Well, that's exactly why I brought some Wisk for the jacuzzi.

STACY

O-kay, you guys can come swimming. But you have to leave as soon as my Mom gets home. Okay?

EXT. HAMILTON POOL

Mike Damone yells "banzai!" and dives into the small pool. At one end of the pool is the jacuzzi, which is separated by a tile wall. Damone has already poured the Wisk into the jacuzzi, and the detergent has created a huge bubble bath effect. Damone surfaces and flips into the jacuzzi.

Stacy, looking great in a green bikini, sits kicking her legs by the side of the pool. Linda stands on the board. She is poised to dive. The Rat treads water and stares at both girls. Inside the Hamilton living room, the family stereo plays the music of Deep Purple's "Woman From Tokyo".

DAMONE

Hey, Linda! I'll judge your dive. I'm a champion diver myself.

Brad arrives home by the side gate and slams it behind him. He is home from a bad day at work. He walks out onto the patio and stands with his hands on his hips. For the first time, our former campus hero looks absurd. He is still in his uniform from Captain Kidd Fish and Chips -- it is a blue and white striped Pirates of the Caribbean outfit, complete with black plastic sword at the side, and a ridiculously large Ponce de Leon-esque hat. Brad carries the hat under his arm.

BRAD

Does Mom know you have company?

STACY

It's just Linda. And Mark from school.

Brad ignores the underclassmen, and notices Linda on the board in her maroon bikini. He smiles.

BRAD

Hi, Linda.

LINDA

Hi, Brad.

BRAD

Well, you guys, keep it down. I've got some work to do upstairs.

Brad turns and heads back inside. He is just out of earshot when they begin talking about him.

LINDA

God, he hardly even talks anymore.

STACY

I know. He hates to have to wear uniforms.

DAMONE

Poor guy.

THE RAT

Really.

Stacy breaks the spell by jumping into the water, surfacing, and flipping over the tile wall into the Jacuzzi. She sits next to Damone, looking

mischievous.

ANGLE ON DAMONE AND STACY IN THE JACUZZI

talking while the others are at the other end of the pool.

ANGLE ON THE RAT

casually catching sight of them together from the other side of the pool. We can read the emotions on The Rat's face. He is still taken with Stacy, but his big moment for her appears to have passed.

ANGLE ON DAMONE AND STACY IN THE JACUZZI

as they talk.

Underneath the water, her leg accidentally knocks against his. Then he feels her continue. Damone feels Stacy's cool hand on his inner thigh. Moving upwards, stopping just short of the bulge in his trunks.

ANGLE ON DAMONE'S FACE

as it loosens and quivers just the slightest bit. This is uncharted territory, even for Mr. Attitude.

ANGLE ON LINDA

who is now sunning herself by the side of the pool. She rubs her legs against each other, slowly, enjoying the hot afternoon.

EXT. BRAD'S WINDOW - ANGLE ON BRAD

who is watching Linda from the window in his room. We see him from behind, peeking out the curtains.

EXT. POOL - ANGLE ON LINDA

who smiles at Damone and flips back into the pool with a splash. Damone steals a look down at his swimsuit. He's popped a big one.

THE RAT

Why don't you get up and do a dive,  
Mike?

LINDA

Go ahead.

ANGLE ON DAMONE'S FACE

and we know he can't get out of the water yet.

DAMONE

No. I don't think so. Not right now.

THE RAT

Chicken!

Linda, for one, loses interest quickly. Standing by the side of the pool, she jams a finger in her ear and wiggles it.

LINDA

Stacy! I've got water in my ears. Do you have any Q-Tips?

STACY

God, I don't think so. Better look in the house.

Linda towels off and heads back inside the Hamilton house. She knows how to walk.

INT. BRAD'S BEDROOM AND BATHROOM - AFTERNOON

We see Brad's room. The Carl's burger picture on the wall is conspicuously missing. There is music playing from his stereo -- Pink Floyd's "You and Me".

We see Brad. He is kneeling on the bathroom floor, his back to us. His green T-shirt is on, his underwear in a pile on the floor behind him. His arm is pumping slowly. Brad is jacking off.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. HAMILTON POOL - BRAD'S DAYDREAM

It features Linda Barrett, just as she stood on the diving board a moment ago. She is gorgeous. Her breasts seem even bigger than usual. Her nipples are hard, poking through the film maroon string bikini. Water rolls slowly down her cheeks, into the corners of her mouth. Her lips are parted

slightly. Her eyes are filled with desire as she says...

LINDA

Hi, Brad.

(pause)

You know how cute I always thought you were. I think you're so sexy. Will you come to me?

ANGLE ON BRAD IN DAYDREAM

in a nice shirt, his hair combed back and looking great. He walks to Linda. She reaches out and grabs him for a kiss, pulling him close. Then she pushes him away, so he can watch as she carefully unstraps the top of her bathing suit. The incredible Linda Barrett's breasts fall loose.

She takes Brad's hands and places them on her, as she begins unbuttoning his shirt. They are just about to fall into passionate lovemaking when we hear...

LINDA (O.S.) (CONT'D)

Hey, Brad! Do you have any Q-Ti...

The daydream evaporates and we see real life again with an...

INT. BRAD'S BATHROOM - ANGLE ON LINDA'S FACE

in the doorway of Brad's bathroom as she watches the sight before her.

ANGLE ON BRAD

trying to cover himself and act nonchalant and keep his back turned at the same time. The words barely escape his mouth.

BRAD

Wait just a... minute.

LINDA

Sorry. I didn't know anybody was in here.

Linda turns and goes immediately, as if she wants to forget what she saw as quickly as possible. She closes the door behind her.



ANGLE ON BRAD

still kneeling. It had all happened so quickly, so fast

BRAD

Doesn't anybody fuckin' knock anymore?

He slams the toilet seat down and we...

CUT TO:

INT. U.S. HISTORY CLASS - DAY

The third attendance bell rings, and Mr. Hand strides to the front of the class. He locks the door. Then he takes the front of the class and notices something very different.

ANGLE ON JEFF SPICOLI

bright and clear-eyed, sitting in the front row. His hands are clasped in front of him on the desk. His textbook is open to the proper page.

Mr. Hand is suspicious, but continues with class.

MR. HAND

Now in 1898, Spain owned Cuba. Outright. Think about it. Cuba, owned by a disorganized parliament 4,000 miles away. Cubans were in a constant state of revolt.

Mr. Hand begins pacing the aisles as he talks.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

In 1904, the United States decided to throw a little weight around, and...

There is a brief, sharp knock at the door. Mr. Hand whips his head around, like McGarrett. He approaches the door like a cat.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

(sweet voice)  
Who is it?

VOICE

Mr. Pizza.

MR. HAND

Again?

VOICE

Mr. Pizza, sir!

Hand swings the door open, out of curiosity. In walks a young Man in a Mr. Pizza delivery shirt.

PIZZA MAN

Okay, who had the double cheese sausage and bologna?

Jeff Spicoli speaks up.

SPICOLI

That's me.

The Delivery Man takes the pizza, sets it on the desk, as Spicoli whips out some crumpled dollars. Then he produces yet another crumpled dollar, and presses it into the Delivery Man's hand.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

For you, my man.

The Delivery Man thanks him warmly, just as Mr. Hand rages into the picture.

MR. HAND

Am I hallucinating here? Just what in the hell do you think you're doing?

SPICOLI

Learning about Cuba. Having some food.

MR. HAND

Mr. Spicoli, you're on dangerous ground here. You're causing a major disturbance in my class and on my time.

SPICOLI

(cool and urbane)

I've been thinking about this, Mr. Hand. If I'm here... and you're

here... doesn't that make it our time?

Mr. Hand is so furious he's almost shaking.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

So I thought I'd order us a pizza.  
Just leave me a lot of bologna...

Mr. Hand snatches up the pizza, and starts to throw it in the wastebasket. Then he thinks better, and heads for the door. He opens it just as a gang of young Stoners walk past.

STONER #1

There's the pizza.

STONER #2

Totally!

Mr. Hand pushes the pizza into their hands and slams the door.

SPICOLI

You better save some for me, you swine!

MR. HAND

And you, my friend. I'll see you for a two-hour detention every afternoon this week.

Spicoli eases back in his chair, shrugs. It was a good idea at the time.

INT. CAPTAIN KIDD FISH AND CHIPS - DAY

Brad Hamilton, looks terribly uncomfortable in his Ponce de Leon hat and buccaneer uniform. He rings up an order for an older Customer.

CUSTOMER

Why aren't you in school, son?

BRAD

I go to school in the mornings. I have a work study program for the afternoon.

He bags one final coffee and punches up the amount.

BRAD

\$8.46, please.

CUSTOMER

Here you go. I have it exactly.

(sets money down)

Good luck!

BRAD

Thank you, and thanks for coming to  
Captain Kidd.

Brad loosens his buccaneer scarf, and starts back towards the kitchen. He is stopped by the sudden appearance of Captain Kidd Assistant Manager, Harold.

HAROLD

Hamilton! I'll take over the fryer. Those boys at IBM need some Catch of-the-Day boxes, and I told them you would personally deliver them within the hour. I'll reimburse you for gas.

Brad dutifully unhooks his apron, to reveal the bottom half of his pirate suit.

BRAD

Just write me out a bill.

While Harold leans down to tally up the fish order, Brad goes to a nearby employee's closet. He has completely perfected the art of changing back into his street clothes, and it takes less than a minute. He is just about to finish buttoning his street shirt when Harold sees him.

HAROLD

Hamilton, come over here. What is that you've got on?

BRAD

This is how I dress all the time.

HAROLD

But you took off your Captain Kidd uniform.

BRAD

I thought I'd take it off for the

drive over to IBM. It's kind of uncomfortable.

Harold can barely fathom the idea.

HAROLD

Come on, Hamilton. You're going over there to represent Captain Kidd Fish and Chips. We have stores all over Southern California. Part of our image, part of our appeal is in our uniforms. You know that!

BRAD

You really want me to put all this stuff back on?

HAROLD

Yes. I think so. Show some pride, Hamilton.

ANGLE ON BRAD

as he stands there, stoic looking.

BRAD

I don't believe you're asking me to do this, but okay.

He begins taking off his street shirt. He looks at Harold, looks at the boxes, and returns to the closet.

INT. THE CRUISING VESSEL

Brad is driving down the freeway, listening to the music of Bruce Springsteen's "Out in the Streets." He pries open one of the fourteen Catch-of-the-Day boxes on the seat next to him and pulls out a small piece of fried fish. Brad takes a bite. The look on his face says it is the worst piece of shit he has ever tasted. He throws the piece out the window, and drives on.

Brad turns to see a girl smiling at him from another car. It makes his afternoon. He returns the smile with gusto.

ANGLE ON THE GIRL

as she bursts out laughing and drives away.

ANGLE ON BRAD

looking perplexed. Then he realizes that he hasn't taken his Ponce de Leon hat off. Brad drives on.

A SERIES OF ANGLES ON BRAD'S CAR

as we see the Cruising Vessel move down the highway. We see the Captain Kidd hat go flying out the window. Then the plastic sword, and the scarf. Then a couple boxes of Captain Kidd fish. Then the rest of them. We see Brad rip past the IBM Building.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. RIDGEMONT HIGH SCHOOL - AFTERNOON

School is out and kids are leaving campus, heading for the parking lot and bus stop. We see Mike Damone carrying some books, walking towards Ridgemont Drive. He is joined by Stacy Hamilton, who hurries to catch up to him.

STACY

I can't wait until I can drive next year. I walk every day. It's such a drag.

DAMONE

Get a ride with somebody.

STACY

Sometimes I get a ride with my brother. But he usually works in the mornings, and then drives to school himself.

DAMONE

What a guy.

Damone turns to her after a moment, all Attitude.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

You know Mark Ratner really likes you. You like him?

STACY

Mark is a really nice boy...

Stacy walks along, then stops and looks at Damone.

STACY (CONT'D)

But I think I like you.

They turn the corner.

EXT. HAMILTON HOME

They have arrived at Stacy's house. There are no cars parked out front. No one is home.

STACY

Do you want to come in for a second?

The Attitude starts to weaken. After a long pause, Damone responds.

DAMONE

Do you have any ice tea?

STACY

Sure. Come on in.

Stacy unlocks her front door, they go inside.

INT. HAMILTON KITCHEN

Damone stands in the white linoleum Hamilton kitchen. Stacy opens the refrigerator door.

STACY

I guess the annuals are coming in pretty soon. Are you going to get one?

DAMONE

I don't know.

STACY

Aren't you curious to see how your class picture turned out?

DAMONE

I know what I look like.

Stacy places a glass of ice tea in front of him. They are all alone in the house.

STACY

Do you want to take a quick swim?

DAMONE

Well...

STACY

Brad probably has some trunks you can borrow... I'm going to my room to change!

Damone stares straight ahead. She's going to her room to change. Stacy scoots down the hall toward her bedroom.

DAMONE

This is great ice tea!

INT. STACY'S ROOM - ANGLE ON STACY IN HER ROOM

In the middle of changing, she has caught her own reflection in the mirror. She pauses a moment, looking at the young girl looking back.

INT. KITCHEN - ANGLE ON DAMONE IN THE KITCHEN

He continues staring straight ahead.

STACY

(from other room)

You don't have to shout! You can come back here to my room!

Damone doesn't move. He pretends he doesn't hear. A moment later, Stacy comes bounding back down the hall in her green bikini. She grabs Damone by the arm.

STACY

Come with me! I know there's a suit in the changing room!

She pulls him away.

INT. THE CHANGING ROOM

They enter the wood-panelled changing room next to the Hamilton pool. There are two swimsuits hanging from wooden pegs.

STACY



Pick a suit.

DAMONE

I don't know. It's getting pretty late...

She locks the door to the changing room and begins to walk towards Mike Damone.

STACY

Are you really a virgin?

DAMONE

Come on...

He could feel his leg starting to shake the slightest bit.

STACY

It's okay if it's your first time.

She gives him a kiss.

DAMONE

Listen. I feel pretty strange here. Because Mark really likes you, and he's my friend.

STACY

He's my friend, too.

She gives him another kiss. He kisses her in return. Standing there, feeling Stacy in her bikini, feeling her kiss him, Damone also felt some of his reservations slip away.

DAMONE

You're a really good kisser.

STACY

So are you.

(pause)

Are you shaking?

DAMONE

(shaking)

No. Are you crazy?

It is clear that this is as far as Mr. Attitude has ever gotten with a girl. Stacy takes the initiative, rubbing her hands through his hair,

rubbing his sides, kissing his neck, then pulling away.

STACY

(whispers)

Why don't you take off your clothes, Mike?

DAMONE

You first.

STACY

How about both of us at the same time?

Damone nods, and watches as Stacy unhooks her top and steps out of her bikini bottom. She stands naked in the shadows of the afternoon sun. She sits down naked on a red changing room couch, and gathers her legs up to her chest. She watches as Damone struggles with his clothes.

ANGLE ON DAMONE

hopping on one leg, pulling first out of his pants, then his jockey underwear. Bashfully, he goes to sit next to Stacy on the couch. They begin to kiss, and it quickly escalates into heavy petting. Stacy pulls away.

STACY

I want you to know that it's your final decision if we should continue or not.

DAMONE

Let's continue.

Stacy leans back and pulls him on top of her. He enters her and begins pumping so hard, so fast, that he doesn't notice he's banging the sofa into the wall of the changing room.

But just as quickly as Damone starts, he stops.

STACY

(whispers)

Hey, Mike?

DAMONE

What? Are you all right?

STACY

I think we're making a lot of noise.

DAMONE

I'm sorry. I'm really sorry.

He has a strange look on his face.

STACY

What's wrong?

DAMONE

I think I came. Didn't you feel it?

STACY

I guess I did.

They lay there, Damone still on top of her on the red couch.

ANGLE ON DAMONE

as we read the confusion on his face. He is embarrassed, a little confused... mostly he just wants to be alone.

DAMONE

I've got to get home. I've really got to go, Stacy.

ANGLE ON STACY

as she looks up at him. She gives him a kiss. Damone gets up puts his pants and shirt on. He leaves the changing room.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. BIOLOGY CLASS - AFTERNOON

We see Stacy sitting at her usual seat, and she's wearing a bright spring dress with a slight amount of makeup.

She looks at Damone's seat with anticipation, but it remains empty as other students file in.

Finally, she turns to The Rat.

STACY

Where's Mike today?

THE RAT

Today's April 16th. Damone never comes to school on April 16th.

STACY

What's April 16th?

THE RAT

It's John Bonham's birthday.

STACY

John Bonham?

THE RAT

John Bonham. The drummer for Led Zeppelin. He died a couple years ago. Every birthday he stays home and plays everything John Bonham ever recorded. It's like his own holiday.

STACY

Oh. I see.

The bell rings, and Mr. Vargas enters the room with his Sanka cup.

INT. COLLEGE COUNSELOR'S OFFICE - AFTERNOON

Seated at the desk is Mrs. O'Rourke. There is a knock at the door.

The door swings open. Brad Hamilton holds out his yellow slip.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Have a seat, Brad... Brad have you got your list of college applications?

BRAD

Well, to tell you the truth Mrs. O'Rourke, I've kind of been putting it off. I'm not sure what I want to do yet.

MRS. O'ROURKE

(by rote)

All right Brad. Let me ask you like

this. If I were queen of the world,  
and I could make you whatever you  
wanted to be, what would it be?

BRAD

I don't know... Burt Reynolds.

There is no humor on Mrs. O'Rourke's face.

MRS. O'ROURKE

I realize it's important to have  
fun in your senior year, with your  
friends, but there comes a time  
when you have to get serious about  
your future, think about college,  
and put aside all this fun.

Brad looks up suddenly.

BRAD

You know what, Mrs. O'Rourke? I  
broke up with my girlfriend this  
year. I lost my job at Carl's, and  
two other places. I wake up at 5:30  
to work at 7-11, then I go to  
school, then I go back to 7-11. I  
have to pay rent, you know. My  
grades haven't been that bad, and  
now you're telling me that the fun  
is over. Well, I'm still waiting  
for the fun to start.

MRS. O'ROURKE

Brad, I'll see you when I'm through  
with the rest of the seniors. If  
you want to visit the career  
office, go right ahead. I'll talk  
to you when you're more prepared.

Brad gathers his books and opens the door to leave.

MRS. OIROURKE

Next!

An absolutely exuberant Cindy Carr pops her head in  
the door.

CINDY

Hi-yeeeeeeee!!!

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. RIDGEMONT HALLWAY - MORNING

The bell has just rung, and Mike Damone comes out of Youth and Law class. He has an absorbed, driven look on his face. He walks past the rows of lockers, and doesn't even notice as he passes Stacy Hamilton standing by her locker. She smiles, grabs his arm affectionately.

STACY

Hi Mike!

Damone turns to see her, is thoroughly unimpressed.

DAMONE

Oh. Hi.

STACY

I didn't see you this morning.

DAMONE

Look, I'm kind of in a hurry.

STACY

I'm in a hurry too. I just thought I could say hi to you.

DAMONE

Hello.

He pulls away, leaving a bewildered Stacy standing by her locker. She grabs some books and hurries in the other direction.

EXT. SCHOOL BUS - DAY

The bus pulls up to the front entrance of University Hospital. The students file out and collect next to the front door. Mr. Vargas gleefully addresses the class. This is his favorite field trip.

MR. VARGAS

Today we're going to explore how this hospital works to preserve human life. We'll be visiting every floor, every level where these fine doctors and nurses take care of us,

in life... and in death.

INT. MATERNITY WARD

The class exits from a hospital elevator, onto another floor. They are now standing outside the maternity ward. We hear the loud noise of babies.

MR. VARGAS

Over thirty children are delivered here each day...

The class moves on.

INT. THE BOTTOM FLOOR

The class exits another hospital elevator.

MR. VARGAS

This is part of your third quarter exam, and I'd advise you to take careful notes on what we're about to see.

ANGLE ON DR. MILLER

a young intern who has joined the class for the last part of their tour.

MR. VARGAS

May I just ask you one last time to conduct yourselves with the utmost maturity...

The kids are beginning to get very nervous now as they are led down the hall to the "Cold Room." The door to the "Cold Room" has only one sign on it. It reads: CADAVERS -- MEDICAL EXAMINATION ONLY. Mr. Vargas opens the door, and the class seems to gasp.

INT. THE COLD ROOM

There are six examination tables in the "Cold Room". Each of them contains a cadaver covered by a white sheet. Mr. Vargas has gathered the class around one table in particular. He fingers the edge of the white sheet as he talks.

MR. VARGAS

As you know, all the bodies in this room are recently deceased human

bio-structures.

A student raises his hand.

MR. VARGAS  
Yes, Randy?

RANDY  
Who are these guys?

MR. VARGAS  
Most of them were derelicts, Randy.  
They sold the right for medical  
examination of their bodies for  
money. Something like thirty  
dollars, I believe. Isn't that  
right, Doctor Miller?

DR. MILLER  
Twenty-five dollars.

ANGLE ON JEFF SPICOLI

who turns to Stacy.

SPICOLI  
Twenty-five bucks is pretty good.

MR. VARGAS  
Now this gentleman here is named  
Arthur. Arthur died from heart  
failure last week and we are  
fortunate enough to view his body  
in its pristine state.

Mr. Vargas suddenly pulls the white sheet aside and we see the body of Arthur. The students' eyes widen. Some gasp. Others cover their mouths. Others begin furious notes. Nobody speaks. The body of Arthur is smallish and withered. It is orange, flaky, and not quite real looking. A deep cut has been made in Arthur's chest.

Mr. Vargas bends Arthur upright for a better student view. He gestures to the deep cut made in Arthur's chest.

The tension mounts.

MR. VARGAS (CONT'D)  
This incision allows us to pull



aside the skin covering of the chest cavity and really observe the human organs as they exist in their natural state.

ANGLE ON ARTHUR

and his shrunken face, which seems to say please don't.

MR. VARGAS (CONT'D)

I want all of you to take a look at the chest cavity for just a moment.

Mr. Vargas grabs the two sides of Arthur's chest cavity covering, and rips it open.

MR. VARGAS (CONT'D)

Here we have the human lungs and heart, which you can see is actually located in the center of your chest.

With a squish, Mr. Vargas reaches inside Arthur and pulls out the human heart for display. The class stands in silent shock. Only one comment escapes from any of them.

SPICOLI

Bitchin'.

ANGLE ON STACY HAMILTON

who goes running out of the "Cold Room", holding her mouth. The Rat runs after her.

INT. BOTTOM FLOOR HALL

Rat and Stacy sit side-by-side on some orange plastic chairs, by a nurse's desk. Stacy is shook up.

STACY

I made a fool of myself.

THE RAT

Nobody noticed. Don't worry about it. We'll just stay out here until everyone comes out, we'll blend back in.

STACY

What about the notes?

THE RAT

I'll get you the notes.

She squeezes his arm.

EXT. HOSPITAL - AFTERNOON

The students file out of the hospital, looking like they've just been through a war.

INT. LINDA'S BEDROOM - NIGHT

It is night, and Linda and Stacy are watching Fantasy Island.

MONTALBAN

You see, Tadoo, what this man doesn't realize is that he must one day leave Fantasy Island. And he must continue his life as an incurable leper.

Stacy is fighting back tears. Linda looks angry.

Telephone rings. Linda jumps to get it.

LINDA

Hello.

Linda obviously is disappointed when she hears a female voice.

LINDA (CONT'D)

Yeah... you're kidding... What did he say... What did you say... How much did it cost? Look, tell him he can have a relationship with you or a 'more open' relationship with someone else... Listen, Debbie, can I call you later. I'm waiting for Doug to call.

She plops back on the couch with Stacy.

LINDA (CONT'D)

I'll bet he forgets to call again.

She notices that Stacy is crying over the TV show.

LINDA (CONT'D)

God, Stacy, it's not that sad. It's just David Soul and Ricardo Montalban.

STACY

I don't know, I'm just so depressed. Everything is just so... depressing.

Linda shuts off the television.

LINDA

You have been acting very strange the last few weeks.

STACY

I don't know... I just don't feel right.

Linda sits down next to Stacy on the bed.

LINDA

What do you think it is?

STACY

What do you think it is?

LINDA

It couldn't be.

STACY

It could be. I had a pregnancy test at the clinic. I'll find out Monday. I guess it was Damone.

LINDA

Of course it was Damone. If it was Ron Johnson, you'd be out to here!

STACY

I'm not going to tell him. He's an asshole. I hate him.

LINDA

But it costs money to have an abortion. Even at the Free Clinic. You tell Damone to pay for it. It's the least he can do. It's the guy's responsibility too.

She puts the TV back on and they watch.

STACY

You know, there's one thing you didn't tell me about guys.

LINDA

What?

STACY

You didn't tell me that they can be so nice, so great... but then you sleep with them and they start acting like they're five years old.

LINDA

You're right. I didn't tell you that.

EXT. FOOTBALL FIELD - TWO DAYS LATER

Stacy Hamilton is walking towards Mike Damone on the football field. We see him from a distance, timing track runners.

DAMONE

What's going on?

STACY

Mike, there's something that's been on my mind and I have to tell you about it.

DAMONE

What? Now?

He clicks off the time on a runner, and then turns to face her.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

Why don't you call me up tonight?

STACY

Mike. I want you to know that I'm pregnant.

ANGLE ON STACY

as she looks down. They are words she never thought she would be speaking.

DAMONE

How do you know it's mine? We only did it once.

STACY

I know it's yours.

ANGLE ON DAMONE

as he realizes she is sincere, and he truly begins to panic.

DAMONE

You made me do it! You locked the door. You made me do it! You wanted it more than me!

ANGLE ON STACY

She does not flinch.

STACY

Take that back.

DAMONE

All right, I take it back.

ANGLE ON DAMONE

He hugs his arms tighter across his chest, and decides to try a more mature tact.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

There's only one thing we can do. We've got to get rid of it. We've got to get an abortion.

STACY

We've got to get an abortion?

DAMONE

Yeah. My brother Art got his girlfriend one once.

STACY

It's already planned, Mike. It's going to cost \$150 at the Free Clinic.

DAMONE

Doesn't sound free to me.  
(pause)  
So you want me to pay for it?

STACY  
Half. Okay?  
(bites back tears)  
Seventy-five dollars. And a ride to  
the clinic.

DAMONE  
Seventy-five dollars, and a ride.  
Okay.

Stacy stands there, hands folded, nodding.

DISSOLVE  
TO:

INT. DAMONE'S ROOM - AFTERNOON

He is working at his desk, counting through a wad  
of money.

ANGLE ON THE LIST

in front of him, which has a split line down the  
middle. People Who Owe Me -- fifteen dollars Rick.  
People I Owe -seventy-five dollars REO Speedwagon  
tickets, seventy-five dollars abortion. Damone  
counts fifteen dollars into his stack, crosses out  
Rick. Then he counts through the money. Seventy  
five dollars exactly. He crosses out REO Speedwagon  
tickets. This leaves him no money for the abortion.

EXT. STREET CORNER - AFTERNOON

Here, at the same corner where she once waited for  
Ron Johnson, Stacy waits for Damone. Cars pass, no  
Damone.

INT. HAMILTON HOUSE - AFTERNOON

Stacy is on the phone, calling Damone. We see the  
phone messages sheet that lists two calls for  
Stacy, and none for Brad. The line rings four  
times, then it's answered.

FEMALE VOICE  
Hello?

STACY

Hello... is Mike there?

FEMALE VOICE

Hold on.

Stacy sags, disbelieving, and looks at the clock on the kitchen wall. It's getting late...

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

He says he's helping his father in the garage and he'll call you back.

Stacy is stunned.

FEMALE VOICE (CONT'D)

Hello?

Stacy hangs up. She punches out another number, quickly.

MRS. BARRETT (V.O.)

Hello?

STACY

Hi, Mrs. Barrett. Is Linda there?

MRS. BARRETT (V.O.)

She went off to the beach. She'll be back later, though.

STACY

Okay. Thanks.

She looks at the clock again, then hears a noise in the driveway.

STACY (CONT'D)

Brad! Hey, wait a second!

She runs out.

EXT. CRUISING VESSEL - AFTERNOON

Brad and Stacy pull up next to the flea market.

STACY

Yeah. This is it. I have some shopping to do.

BRAD

See you later.

STACY

Thanks a lot, Brad. I really appreciate it.

She gets out of the car.

EXT. FLEA MARKET

Stacy Hamilton watches her brother drive away. Then she looks to both sides, and walks on. She passes the entrance to the Flea Market. She walks around the corner to another building marked BIRTH CONTROL - FREE CLINIC. Brad follows her in the rearview mirror.

INT. BIRTH CONTROL CLINIC

Stacy is lying in bed wearing a paper dress. Her hair is stuffed in paper shower cap. She looks anxious. In a bed next to her an older girl is being affectionate with her visiting boyfriend.

A Nurse comes in with an IV.

NURSE

This is going to prick a little.

She sticks the needle into Stacy's hand. Stacy looks pained but doesn't yell. The Nurse pats the rolling bed.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Now scoot over here.

Stacy moves onto it. Looking up from her point of view, we see the ride out of the room and into:

INT. OPERATING ROOM

Stacy gets wheeled in. The Doctor looks down at her.

DOCTOR

Hello, Stacy, I'm Doctor Bartell.

Stacy moves onto the operating table as the Nurse and Doctor get ready.

DOCTOR (CONT'D)



Any questions before we begin?

STACY

This is going to hurt, isn't it?

DOCTOR

We'll use a local but you'll feel some pressure. It doesn't last that long.

STACY

Does it hurt more to have a baby?

The Doctor pauses and considers her question.

DOCTOR

Yes... but I think you mind it less.

Stacy looks up at the lights and listens to the sound of suction tubes.

INT. B.C. WAITING AREA

The other girl and Stacy sit at a table eating toast and jelly. The girl is reading. The Nurse enters.

NURSE

How are we doing in here? Debbie, ready to leave?

The girl nods and gets up.

NURSE (CONT'D)

Right through here. Stacy, I can't let you go unless you have a ride home.

STACY

Uh, my boyfriend said held be waiting downstairs.

The Nurse studies her, decides she's telling the truth and allows her to leave.

EXT. ENTRANCE TO THE FREE CLINIC

Stacy walks back out into the sunlight, slowly and weakly. She is surprised and amazed at who she sees standing outside, waiting for her.

ANGLE ON BRAD HAMILTON

He stands, hands on hips, just outside the door.

STACY

Brad!

He puts an arm around her and leads her toward his waiting car.

BRAD

Since when do you shop at the Flea Market anyway?

STACY

Brad. Please don't tell Mom and Dad...

He helps her into the cruising vessel. He starts up the car and drives off.

BRAD

Who did it?

Stacy stares out the window. Tears well in her eyes.

BRAD (CONT'D)

You're not going to tell me, are you?

STACY

No.

BRAD

All right, then. It's your secret.

Stacy smiles at Brad. Brad smiles back. The car drives on.

INT. LINDA'S ROOM - NIGHT

Stacy is in Linda's room, sitting on her bed. Her eyes are red and moist from crying. Linda listens to her story.

STACY

I really thought he would show up. I waited... and waited... and waited...

LINDA

That little prick.

STACY

Then I called his house, and his mother told me he was in the garage helping his father.

LINDA

That little prick.

STACY

I paid for it and everything.

LINDA

There goes your stereo for another year. Mike Damone is a no-brain little prick. I'm not letting him get away with this.

STACY

Don't do anything, Linda. I'd rather just forget about it. I don't even like the guy.

LINDA

Stacy, he's not a guy.

(loud)

He's a little prick!

Stacy lies back on the bed.

EXT. DAMONE HOUSE - MORNING

The front door to the Damone house opens, and out walks Mike Damone carrying some books. He looks troubled, burdened, and stares down at the walkway as he moves towards his car. He walks around, starts to open the car door, then he sees it. There, in white spray paint across the driver's door, is the message: PRICK.

DAMONE

Shhhhhhhhhhit.

He looks both ways, and starts back towards the house.

EXT. DAMONE CAR

Mike Damone travels down Ridgemont Drive, making the turn into the school parking lot. There is a large cardboard panel taped on the side of his car.

EXT. DAMONE'S LOCKER

He arrives at his locker, where, in white spray paint, there is another message: LITTLE PRICK. Several girls walk by, they laugh knowingly.

GIRL #1

Hi, Mike!

GIRL #2

Hi, mike!

Damone backs up against the locker, with a sick smile on his face.

DAMONE

Hi... girls.

More students pass, looking strangely at the young man pinned against his own locker.

EXT. BOY'S LOCKER ROOM - AFTERNOON

Damone exits the boys locker room. Just as he does, he is accosted by The Rat. We have never quite heard this tone in The Rat's voice before.

THE RAT

Damone? What happened between you and Stacy?

Damone feigns The Attitude, shakes his head. Damone sighs.

DAMONE

Let me tell you something, Rat. Sometimes girls just go haywire. It was a month ago, I've been trying to think of a way to tell you ever since. We started messing around and...

(shrugs)

... something happened. It's all over with. It's no big deal. I never called her again.

The Rat says nothing.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

If you ask me, she's pretty aggressive. You understand what I'm saying?

THE RAT

No Damone. I don't understand.

DAMONE

She wasn't really your girlfriend anyway.

THE RAT

Hey fuck you Damone. There's a lot of girls out there and you mess around with Stacy. What have you got to prove?

DAMONE

Jesus. I'm sorry.

THE RAT

I always stick up for you. Whenever people say 'Aw, that Damone is a loudmouth' -- and they say that a lot -- I say 'You just don't know Damone.' When someone says you're an idiot, I tell them 'Damone's not an idiot. You just don't know him.' Well, you know, Damone, maybe they do know you pretty good. And I'm just finding out.

DAMONE

Fine. Get lost.

Damone starts to push past him, but The Rat shoves his shoulder hard.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

All right, Rat. You want to do something about it?

Damone begins the classic high school fighting ritual. He throws his books down. He takes a step back. He goes into a crouch. He gestures towards himself. Then Damone says the universally recognized high school fighting words.

DAMONE (CONT'D)

Well come on.

The Rat shows no fear. As other kids begin to crowd around the two boys, Rat throws his own books down. He takes a step back, goes into the crouch. He gestures toward himself.

THE RAT

You come on.

They stand there, gesturing, neither one of them wanting to make the first move.

DAMONE

No. You come on, you wuss.

Assistant Coach Mr. Sexton comes running out of the boy's locker room, and steps in front of the two boys.

SEXTON

Hey! Knock this crap off!!

The Rat stalks off, disappearing into the crowd of onlookers.

DISSOLVE

TO:

EXT. RIDGEMONT DRIVE - NIGHT

The Ridgemont Drive strip is filled with cars, cruising for parties. There is a lot of honking, and yelling out windows. Everyone is headed towards the beach. We stay on a lowly 7-11 store near the freeway entrance.

EXT. 7-11 STORE - NIGHT

A yellow Firebird slowly, menacingly cruises the empty parking lot. It does not stop.

Then, around the corner, walks Jeff Spicoli. We see him in the neon 7-11 light, his hands stuffed deep into the pockets of baggy jeans. He walks inside the store. He is the only shopper.

INT. 7-11 STORE

Brad Hamilton stands behind the counter in a red and white striped shirt and cap, making fresh

coffee. Jeff Spicoli trudges up to the counter. He looks at Brad. Brad looks at Spicoli. There is an unspoken edge between them.

SPICOLI

Hey, mon, can I use the bathroom?

Brad squints his eyes, looks at the sign on the back room door.

ANGLE ON

sign which reads: Rest Room For Employees Only.

BRAD

Go ahead. Just make it quick.

SPICOLI

Totally.

BRAD

It's the first door on your left.

Spicoli disappears into the back room. Brad sighs, looks at the clock. It reads: 11:15. Then he hears Spicoli from the back room.

SPICOLI (O.S.)

I can't find it, mon!

BRAD

It's the first door on your left!

SPICOLI (O.S.)

On the ledge?

BRAD

First door on your left!

SPICOLI (O.S.)

There it is!

Brad sighs again. He loads a new filter into the coffee maker.

EXT./INT. 7-11 STORE

A moment later, the yellow Firebird pulls into the 7-11 parking lot. A man in a windbreaker comes hurtling out of the car, into the store. He spray paints the scanning camera above the door. He

hustles up to the counter, produces a .45 Magnum and points it chest high at Brad. There is a glazed and nervous speedy edge to his voice.

ROBBER

I want money. And I want it all -- now.

Brad looks pale and young under the fluorescent 7 11 light.

He speaks slowly.

BRAD

They empty and close the big safe here at midnight.

ROBBER

(getting tougher)

I know this store. I know where the safe is.

He bangs the gun on the counter, hard.

ROBBER (CONT'D)

Over there behind the donut case. Now move!

Brad slowly moves to the donut case, like a zombie.

BRAD

I'm instructed to tell you that we are on a video alarm system and there are other hidden cameras in the store ...

ROBBER

Just give me the money. Move it.

BRAD

Okay.

(legs are shaking)

I just started here, and they just taught me the procedure. I'll give you the money, just let me figure this out.

ROBBER

(very menacing)

Move it. Move it.



Brad opens the phony back of the donut case and fiddles with the strongbox combination.

ROBBER (CONT'D)  
(more menacing)  
Let's go, stupid.

Brad looks at the gunman.

BRAD  
You motherfucker. Get off my fuckin' case.

The Robber is about to react when the bathroom door opens and Jeff Spicoli starts out, wiping his hands on his pants.

SPICOLI  
No towels, mon...

The Robber turns to look at Spicoli, and that is all that Brad Hamilton needs. Just like it is the most natural thing in the world, Brad reaches for the hot, steaming coffee pot he has just made and throws it into the gunman's face and hands.

ROBBER  
Aaaaaaaaaaaaaarrrrrrrrrrr!!!

The .45 falls out of his hand and rattles to the floor. The gunman is still grabbing his face, and looking at his skinless hands in horror when Brad snaps up the gun. In the parking lot, the gunman's accomplice, poised behind the wheel of the yellow Firebird, spots the foul-up and screeches out of the parking lot.

BRAD  
There goes your ride home.

Brad pulls the under-counter alarm with newfound confidence. Jeff Spicoli stands there, mesmerized at the entire event.

SPICOLI  
Awesome. Totally awesome.

EXT. RIDGEMONT MALL - NIGHT

Kids are pouring into the Ridgemont mall. Summer banners are already up.

INT. THE MALL - NIGHT

In the midst of all the kids and shoppers, we see The Rat walking slowly down the promenade. He is wearing an Army surplus jacket, and his hands are buried deep in his pockets.

Two girls pass his way. One smiles briefly at him, and The Rat turns to watch her pass. He is about to say something to her, then no. He walks on, sees Swenson's Ice-Cream Parlor up ahead. The Rat decides to walk the other way.

INT. SWENSON'S - NIGHT

The place is busy again, filled with shoppers and teenagers in summer-type clothing.

We see Stacy Hamilton, once again, at the cash register wearing an Assistant manager name tag and a hostess gown.

She handles a customer's bill, then stands there a moment, looking glum. Linda Barrett approaches.

STACY

Another summer of working at Swenson's.

LINDA

Come on. There's lots of men around here. Keep your eyes open.

STACY

You know, Linda. I've finally figured it out. It's not sex I want. Anyone can have sex.

LINDA

What do you want?

STACY

I want romance.

LINDA

Romance in Ridgemont? We don't even get cable TV.

ANGLE ON

the back kitchen door, which swings open, and out

comes Mike Damone in a peppermint Swenson's shirt.  
He wipes some grime on his pants.

STACY

Mike! You have a mess on C-9!

DAMONE

All right. All right. I just  
cleaned B-8. Give me a break.

STACY

Get going.

The two girls smile, go back to their posts.

INT. JEFF SPICOLI'S ROOM - NIGHT

Jeff Spicoli sits in his room, and it is his  
castle. Clothes lie in disarray on the floor. A  
huge half-waxed surfboard is propped against the  
window. We see Spicoli dressed in a too large white  
short-sleeved shirt, attempting to tie his father's  
fat paisley tie. He stops to take a hit from his  
bong, all the while talking on the phone. The music  
of Lynyrd Skynyrd's "Freebird" plays on the radio.

SPICOLI

I... am... so... wasted, mon. What  
is in this shit?

(pause)

Doesn't that stuff cause brain  
damage?

(pause)

Bitchin'.

Spicoli listens for a moment. He rubs his eyes,  
shakes his head. He is really buzzed.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Hey, mon, I am going to Mexico as  
soon as school is out. Two more  
weeks, bud. Week from Wednesday.

(pause)

I am gonna take both boards, my  
duck feet, many cases of beer, and  
just jam.

(pause)

No, mon, from school. I'm leaving  
as soon as school gets out. I'll be  
at Sunset Cliffs by nighttime.

(pause)

Totally.

(pause)

Later.

Spicoli hangs up, and concentrates on tying his tie. He almost strangles himself. Then suddenly the door to his room flies open and Spicoli's little brother Curtis bursts in.

CURTIS

Jeff you have company!

SPICOLI

Go away, Curtis. If you can't knock, I can't hear you.

Curtis slams the door and leaves. A moment later there is a knock.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

That's better. Come in.

The door swings open and Jeff Spicoli sits in stoned shock at the sight before him. There, standing in the doorway of his room is Mr. Hand.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Mr... Mr. Hand.

MR. HAND

That's right, Jeff. Mind if I come in?

Spicoli can only nod.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

(calling downstairs)

Thank you, Mr. and Mrs. Spicoli.

Hand walks into Spicoli's room, takes off his suit jacket and lays it on the chair back. He stops a moment and catches the stare of Miss January Penthouse on the wall, then turns to Spicoli.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

Were you going somewhere tonight, Jeff?

SPICOLI

Yeah. The Graduation Dance Mr. Hand. It's the last school event of

the year.

MR. HAND

I'm afraid we've got some things to discuss here, Jeff.

SPICOLI

Did I do something wrong, Mr. Hand?

Hand removes several copies of Oui Magazine from another chair and sits down. He sets his briefcase on Spicoli's dresser, next to a bag of pot, and opens it up for easy access.

MR. HAND

Do you want to sit there, Jeff?

SPICOLI

I don't know. I guess so.

MR. HAND

Fine. You sit right here on your bed. I'll use the chair here.

(pause)

As I explained to your parents just a moment ago, and to you many times since the very beginning of the school year -- I don't like to spend my time waiting for late students, or detention cases. I'd rather be preparing the lesson.

Mr. Hand takes a sheet from his briefcase and looks at it.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

According to my calculations, Mr. Spicoli, you wasted a total of eight hours of my time this year. And rest assured that is a kind estimate.

He returns the sheet to his case and looks into Spicoli's weed-ravaged eyes.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

Now, Mr. Spicoli, comes a rare moment for me. Now I have the unique pleasure of squaring our account. Tonight, you and I are going to talk in great detail about

the Davis Agreement, all the associated treaties, and the American Revolution in particular. Now if you can just turn to Chapter 47 of Lord of Truth And Liberty.

SPICOLI

Hey, it's in my locker, Mr. Hand.

MR. HAND

Well, then, I'm glad I remembered to bring an extra copy just for you.

Hand reaches in his case and produces the book. He hands it to Spicoli.

DISSOLVE

TO:

INT. SPICOLI'S ROOM - HOURS LATER

Wearily, Spicoli is trying to grasp the material.

SPICOLI

... so, like, when Jefferson went before the people what he was saying was 'Hey, we left this place in England because it was bogus, and if we don't come up with some cool rules ourself, we'll be bogus, too!' Right?

ANGLE ON MR. HAND

who nods his head.

MR. HAND

Very close, Jeff.

Hand reaches over and gets his case.

MR. HAND (CONT'D)

I think I've made my point with you tonight.

SPICOLI

Hey, Mr. Hand, can I ask you a question?

MR. HAND

What's that?

SPICOLI

Do you have a guy like me every year? A guy to... I don't know, make a show of. Teach other kids lessons and stuff?

MR. HAND

Well, you'll find out next year.

SPICOLI

(smiling)

No way, mon. When I graduate U.S. history I ain't even coming over to your side of the building.

MR. HAND

If you graduate.

SPICOLI

(panicked)

You're gonna flunk me?!

Mr. Hand pauses a moment, then breaks into the nearest approximation of a grin we have seen all year. It isn't much, but it's noticeable. His lips crinkle at the ends.

MR. HAND

Don't worry, Spicoli. You'll probably squeak by.

SPICOLI

All right! Oh, yeah!

Mr. Hand has now gathered all his material, and he stands to approach Spicoli's door. Jeff jumps up, extends his hand.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Aloha, Mr. Hand!

MR. HAND

Aloha, Spicoli.

Mr. Hand exits the room, and descends the staircase of the Spicoli household. Spicoli kicks the door shut, grins, and continues struggling with his tie.

INT. RIDGEMONT GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

Tight angle on the emotion-filled face of the lead singer in a cheesy high school band called the T Birds. He is bathed in a blue light, singing the last verse of The Eagles' 'Take It To The Limit'.

We pull back to reveal a large, clumsy banner reading: LAST DANCE. Students are pouring into the gym for this event. Many have brought their annual yearbooks. On stage, the lead singer snaps his fingers and the band goes into Nick Lowe's 'Heart of the City'. Some students start to dance.

Every one of our characters is either here, or about to arrive. From Charles Jefferson to Spicoli to Mr. Hand. For once, all classes are partying together. But, just as in the beginning of the year on lunch court, the kids are still cordoned off into their distinctive cliques.

ANGLE ON MORE STUDENTS ARRIVING

at the Last Dance. They see Mr. Hand signing annuals by the door. They all say the same thing as they pass, "Aloha, Mr. Hand". He nods in return.

ANGLE ON STACY

surveying the growing mob of annual-crazed students. From behind her comes Linda Barrett in a low-cut black dress.

STACY

Where's Doug?

LINDA

He's not coming.

STACY

Not coming? What happened?

LINDA

He says he's got to stay in Chicago.

(sighs)

He says I should visit him sometimes.

STACY

Sometime?



LINDA

Yeah, like maybe never.

STACY

But what are you going to do?

LINDA

Well I might go to Dartmouth.

STACY

Dartmouth?!

LINDA

I didn't tell anyone I applied  
cause I never thought I'd make it.

STACY

I can't believe it! But what about  
Doug?

LINDA (STOIC)

There's a world of guys out there.  
I just wish I didn't have to date  
any of them.

STACY

Hey -- Doug Stallworth? It's his  
loss.

ANGLE ON MIKE DAMONE

in another part of the dance, by the Junior class  
sponsored food counter. Damone is standing, talking  
to several girls, gesturing and being Damone, Mr.  
Attitude.

DAMONE

Sign my annual, honey.

The girls look at each other, laugh. They walk  
away.

ANGLE ON THE RAT

standing nearby.

THE RAT

You're losing it, Damone.

DAMONE

You're crazy. Those girls love me.

ANGLE ON JEFF SPICOLI

sprawled out in the bleachers with his surfer stoner buddies. He turns to one admiring stoner (Todd).

SPICOLI

Hey, mon. Sign my annual.

Spicoli slips the annual into the kid's crotch. The stoner winces in pain, but still opens the book and lingers on all the signings in Spicoli's annual. They are all drug-related messages from fellow stoners. After a moment, Spicoli's friend signs: "Thanks for the reds. Todd."

TODD

Hey, mon, good thing we're going to Mexico this summer. 'Cause you're gonna get kicked out of your house when your parents read your annual.

INT. GYMNASIUM - ANGLE ON DOOR

Brad Hamilton pushes both doors open, and makes his entrance into the Last Dance. There is a lot of activity going on, but all nearby eyes turn to Brad as he walks into the dance. Fifteen kids immediately gravitate towards him. They all want Brad to sign their annuals, to talk about the 7-11 incident. Onstage, the T-Birds play the Beatles' "It Won't Be Long".

We see Brad's old girlfriend Lisa push up to him. Her new jock boyfriend holds a protective arm around her.

LISA

I saw your picture in the paper. You had the greatest look on your face!

ANOTHER STUDENT

Front of the Metro Section. I'm telling my parents, 'I know this guy, I know this guy.'

Lisa's boyfriend pulls his arm tighter around her.

LISA

Will you sign my annual, Brad?

Brad smiles, nods. He signs, and gives her his. We then see Brad's three Buddies from Carl's Jr. come up, pat him on the back and grab his shoulder. Brad studies them warily.

BUDDY #1

Fuckin' manager of 7-11!

BUDDY #2

Get us jobs over there, Brad! You can do it!

BRAD

Since when do you guys want to work at 7-11?

BUDDY #2

Come on, Brad! It would be great! All of us together!

BRAD

Well, 7-11 is a tremendous operation. It's really changed, man. They've got great food, great magazines, videogames... it's class. Total class.

BUDDY #3

As soon as you can get us in there, we're gone from Carl's, Brad.

BUDDY #2

Yeah, man, all the little punks from junior high have taken over the place.

Brad leaves his old buddies. He grins and notices someone across the crowded dance floor.

BRAD

Hey, Thompson! Wendell! Get a job!

They laugh, flip him off. Brad is back in his element at last. He moves into the main dancing area, works his way across the room, past the bleachers, when he hears a voice.

SPICOLI (O.S.)

Hamilton!

Brad turns around, seen Spicoli sitting on the bottom rung of the bleachers. Spicoli looks back with true respect.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Awesome.

He throws Brad his annual. Brad gives him his. They sign.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Easy, mon.

BRAD

Later.

ANGLE ON THE BLEACHERS

where several couples are passionately making out. Four teachers clomp up into the stands from different angles. They pin the couples in flashlight beams, like the main tower pinning an escaping prisoner.

ANGLE ON THE T-BIRDS

onstage, singing the Rolling Stones' "I'm Free".

EXT. GYMNASIUM - NIGHT

We see Jeff Spicoli leave the dance and come backing down the stairs with a stoner bud. His fist is in the air.

SPICOLI

Summer, mon! We're there!

He turns to his stoner bud.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Let's roll, my man.

Spicoli backs right into a young buzz-cut kid.

SPICOLI (CONT'D)

Hey, bud! Watch yourself

Spicoli turns around to see he's backed into a squad of eight Lincoln Surf Nazis. They are all standing on the steps, waiting.

SURF NAZI

Are you Jeff Spicoli?

Spicoli looks up and down the row of Surf Nazis. On the end, he sees L.C.

L.C.

That's him! He did it!

SPICOLI

Hey, mon, I don't know what your trip is, but...

Spicoli dashes off down Luna Street. L.C. and the Surf Nazis take out in hot pursuit, chasing him through the parking lot, past Ridgemont High, and into the night. They will never catch him.

SLOW

DISSOLVE:

INT. RIDGEMONT MALL

School is out and it's summer business as usual at the Ridgemont Mall. We see the same stores, the same packs of kids roaming the three tiers.

ANGLE ON MARK RATNER

who stands against the railing in his Cinema Four jacket, gazing across the mall at Swenson's Ice Cream Parlor. He sees Stacy walk two girlfriends to the outdoor front tables, and almost look his way. The Rat turns away suddenly. Then he hears her calling out after him.

STACY

Hey Mark! Turn around!

Ratner turns around, affects total and complete cool. He waves across the mall to her.

STACY (CONT'D)

Come over here!

He looks back at his post at the theatre, decides it's okay to step away. He walks across the mall.

INT. SWENSON'S

Stacy is standing by the sundae bar. Next to her are two empty stools. After a moment, we see The Rat plop onto one of the metal stools. He pounds the seat next to him with the palm of his hand.

THE RAT

You. Sit.

Stacy turns to look at him, smiles. She sits.

STACY

Hi, Mark.

THE RAT

Hi, Stacy. How are you?

STACY

I'm fine. Mark, I'm so glad you came over here because I want you to know something. I just thought I would tell you that I really enjoyed getting to know you this year.

The Rat maintains The Attitude.

THE RAT

Yeah? About fifty people I didn't know wrote that in my annual.

STACY

I know everybody says it, but I really mean it.

The Rat looks at her from the corner of his eyes.

THE RAT

Really?

STACY

Yeah. I want you to have this picture, so you won't forget what I look like. And so you'll remember to call me over the summer.

She withdraws a picture from her pocket, hands it to The Rat.

THE RAT

Well, I don't know, I may be doing some traveling this summer. I don't

know how much I'll be around...  
(breaks down, takes  
picture)  
But I'll give you a call sometime.

STACY  
I'd like that.

She gives him a kiss on the mouth, gets up and walks away. The Rat sits there, smiling at the way things sometimes turn out. He slips the picture into his pocket, a satisfied young man.

INT./EXT. SWENSON'S AND MALL

The Rat is joined by Mike Damone, who has changed into his street clothes.

DAMONE  
She wants it, Rat.

The Rat snickers, shakes his head.

DAMONE (CONT'D)  
I saw you. You had pure Attitude.

The Rat turns to look at his friend.

THE RAT  
The Attitude, Damone, is only good until you meet the right girl.

DAMONE  
Whatever you say, Rat.

They take off together, blending into the crowd of kids walking the mall.

THE RAT  
And... you can only tell it's the right girl if you're sensitive.

DAMONE  
Sensitive -- what is that?

THE RAT  
Sensitive is when you can tell how people feel without asking.

DAMONE  
So what makes you so sensitive?

THE RAT

Well, for one, I read. I don't watch as much television as you. I'm trying to feel things more. I'm learning a lot about people.

DAMONE

What do you read? What's the last book you read?

THE RAT

Lust For Life. It's the story of Vincent Van Gough.

DAMONE

(scoffs)

Yeah, well, I saw the movie. That must mean I'm sensitive too.

THE RAT

It's a way, Damone. It's a vibe. I put it out, and I have personally found that girls do respond.

Damone laughs, shoves him hard. We lose sight of the two boys in the sea of kids.

A SERIES OF ANGLES

of Ridgemont Center Mall with music.

CREDITS

FADE TO  
BLACK

THE END