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# The Sure Thing

By Steve Bloom

Consider outer space.  
From the time of the first NASA mission,  
it became evident...  
that being in space has a profound effect  
on the human psyche.  
During the first Gemini mission,  
some thought was actually given...  
to the notion of sending up  
a man and a woman together.  
Really?  
A cosmic Adam and Eve, if you will...  
bound together  
in a sophisticated nerve center...  
at the head of the largest,  
most powerful known rocket...  
its giant thrusters  
blasting into the dark void...  
as they hurtled towards  
their final destination:  
the gushing wellspring of life itself.  
How would you like  
a sexual encounter so intense...  
it could conceivably change  
your political views?  
- Would you like to dance?  
- Yes, please.  
I'll take that as a no.  
- Consider outer space.  
- What?  
Private Gibson! ncoming!  
What is this? "Lonely man sitting on a hill"?  
It's over, Lance.  
It's gone, I've lost it.  
High school.  
I started off so hot.  
Sophomore year, two times.  
Junior year was excellent. Four times.  
And not all with the same girl.  
Senior year looked like the best.  
The first day of classes, then nothing.  
What do you mean,  
nothing your senior year?  
What about that time with Barbara DeVillebis  
in the high-jump pit?

That was you.  
I just can't motivate myself  
the way I used to.  
Maybe I'm past my prime.  
It's not you.  
It's these high school girls, here.  
They're simple.  
They're never gonna stimulate  
a complex guy like you.  
- Maybe you're right.  
- Of course I'm right.  
Anyways...  
after tonight, you'll never have to deal with  
these simple high school girls again.  
- But won't these same girls be in college?  
- Yeah, but it'll be different.  
- Why?  
- Because they'll be college girls.  
I'm gonna miss you.  
It's your own fault. You could be  
coming out to California with me.  
Yeah, right.  
Get a totally bitchin' education  
out there, dude.  
California.  
You could be coming  
to New England with me.  
What are you, crazy? The Ivy League stinks.  
They've only got those ugly,  
intellectual girls...  
with Band-Aids on their knees  
from playing the cello. No, thank you.  
I'm really gonna miss you.  
We're college men now.  
Dear Lance, the campus here is beautiful.  
I've never seen so much corduroy  
in one place.  
Classes are classes.  
One of them even looks like  
it might be interesting.  
You never know.  
You're wrong about the women here.  
I haven't seen one Band-Aid.  
In fact, there's plenty of action.

My roommate and I have an understanding.  
Hope things are going as good for you.  
Your pal, Gib.  
P.S. All of the above is bullshit.  
I'm floundering in a sea of confusion  
and total despair.  
But, knock on wood, I still have my health.  
This week's assignment  
is to rewrite last week's assignment.  
Remember, "As the dog returneth  
to his own vomit...  
"so does the fool to his folly."  
Sorry I'm late,  
but there was this big problem...  
and I'm late because of it.  
Katherine, when I told you  
that you should develop your own style...  
I didn't mean that you should dot the i's  
with little flowers.  
And this lavender ink...  
Would you lose that?  
It strains the eye.  
You sure take a lot of notes.  
Miss Duran, this is very interesting.  
Ordinarily, the conclusion comes  
in the end of the paper, but...  
- I like that.  
- Thank you.  
Go on.  
Gibson.  
- Mr. Gibson?  
- Yes, what?  
I know what an important part  
voyeurism plays in your daily life...  
but would you mind  
if I take up a moment of your time?  
- Sure.  
- Thank you.  
See, I want to tell you...  
that I really enjoyed your paper.  
- You did?  
- Yeah.  
I don't remember the last time...  
that I have seen this much detail

**expressed on:**

"How to eat pizza  
without burning the roof of your mouth."  
Unfortunately, whatever whimsical qualities  
that your paper evokes...  
are obscured in a morass  
of marginal grammar...  
creative spelling...  
and, as I believe, sausage stain.  
Pepperoni.  
Clean it up.  
Ms. Bradbury.  
You, on the other hand...  
express your ideas very clearly.  
Thank you.  
Except that your paper is...  
Well, it's dry.  
There's not enough of you coming through.  
Loosen up, Alison. Have some fun.  
Sleep when you feel like it,  
not when you think you should.  
Eat food that is bad for you,  
at least once in a while.  
Have conversations with people  
whose clothes are not color coordinated.  
Make love in a hammock!  
Life is the ultimate experience.  
You have to experience it...  
in order to write about it.  
- Yes, Alison.  
- What did you say after "hammock"?  
- I want you.  
- All right.  
You're a dead man, dead meat.  
You'll hear footsteps.  
Set!  
One, one thousand,  
two, one thousand, three, one thousand.  
Gibson, all-pro safety out of Grambling,  
makes another sparkling defensive jam.  
- I thought Grambling was all black.  
- So what?  
What are you doing tonight?

I'll tell you, I am not rewriting  
my English paper. I have a social life.  
That's right, I forgot.  
You've got to go to a mixer.  
Stand in the corner for three hours,  
and not ask anyone to dance.  
It's the girls at this school.  
All they want is to stay indoors, smoke  
cigarettes and relate. I don't like them.  
Why do you have to like them?  
You're dead meat.  
What does Taub mean, I have to live life?  
In high school, I was delegate  
to the mock UN in New York City.  
Twice.  
When I was nine,  
I broke my brother's nose, boxing.  
On a tour of Graceland,  
I passed out in Elvis' bedroom.  
I think I've done my share of living,  
haven't I?  
- What do you think of that guy Gib?  
- I don't.  
I think he's got a cute ass.  
- Him?  
- Yeah.  
Gibson, with the interception!  
And he's got some running room!  
He's to the 30, to the 40...  
and he's run out of bounds at midfield  
by Jimbo Maccavechi!  
That's Gibson's 9th interception  
of this very young season.  
He's having an outstanding year.  
"Life's the ultimate experience."  
Forget it. She likes the intellectual type.  
I'm intellectual, and stuff.  
You're flunking English.  
That's your mother tongue, and stuff.  
The only way she'd go out with you  
is out of pity.  
- Mastin, you're a genius.  
- Stop and go, on 1.  
Break!

- Both y'all are dead.  
- Ready down. Set.  
- Hut one. Hut two. Hut three.  
- Watch it, now.  
One, one thousand,  
two, one thousand, three, one thousand.  
- Nice D.  
- Go!  
Nice.  
- Where are you going?  
- Come on!  
The ball!  
I'm flunking English. I was wondering  
if maybe you could help me out.  
Nice swimsuit.  
If I flunk English, I'm out of here.  
Kiss college goodbye.  
I don't know what I'll do.  
I'll probably go home.  
Gee, Dad will be pissed off.  
Mom will be heartbroken.  
If I play my cards right,  
I get maybe a six-month's grace period...  
and then I got to get a job,  
and you know what that means.  
That's right. They start me off  
at the drive-up window...  
and I work my way up  
from shakes to burgers...  
and then, one day, my lucky break comes.  
The French fry guy dies,  
and they offer me the job.  
But the day I have to start, some men  
come in a black Lincoln Continental...  
and tell me I can make a quick \$300  
just for driving a van back from Mexico.  
When I get out of jail, I'm 36 years old...  
Living in a flophouse. No job...  
no home, no upward mobility,  
very few teeth.  
Then one day they find me, face down...  
talking to the gutter, clutching  
a bottle of paint thinner. And why?  
Because you wouldn't help me

in English. No!  
You were too busy to help me!  
Too busy to help a drowning man!  
Okay.  
- Okay, what?  
- Okay, I'll help you.  
You will?  
When?  
How about tonight?  
Let's see. Friday.  
That's when I rearrange my sock drawer.  
- Do you want me to help you, or not?  
- I do.  
I was just kidding, there.

**-8:**

- Okay.  
See you then.  
- Where?  
- McKenzie Hall.  
Great!  
It's Friday night!  
"I'm a freshman  
at a small Northeastern college.  
"I never thought those letters were true,  
until a few days ago...  
"I had an experience that changed my mind.  
"I just had to share it with you.  
"I had resigned myself  
to another night of reading your magazine...  
"when there was a knock  
on my dorm room door.  
"And when I opened the door,  
I could hardly believe my eyes.  
"There were two of the foxiest twins  
I had ever seen...  
"with long brunette hair,  
legs that wouldn't quit...  
"and firm tits."  
How does that sound?  
Change "tits" to "generous scoops  
of mouthwatering flesh."  
And have them defy gravity.  
Is this shirt good?



Yeah. You think they'll know that  
"scoops of flesh" means "tits"?  
I don't think it sounds specific enough.  
Where else are you gonna find  
scoops of flesh?  
How's this for an opening line:  
"Did you know that  
Nietzsche died of syphilis?"  
- How do you spell "zucchini"?  
- Z-u-c-h-i-n-i.  
Nietzsche's too obscure.  
How about, "Did you know  
that Shakespeare died of syphilis?"  
She probably knows it isn't true.  
I don't know what to say.  
It's not what you say that counts,  
but how you say it.  
- Use sincerity. It's the best technique.  
- What?  
Come here.  
You know, I've never met  
anyone like you before.  
Usually, when I meet someone new,  
I feel awkward and shy.  
But with you, it's different.  
I can talk to you.  
You know what I'm thinking, without my  
having to explain it to you in fancy terms.  
We speak each other's unspoken language...  
fluently.  
I love you.  
That is the most enormous pile of horseshit  
I've ever heard in my life.  
- Get out of here, you piece of slime.  
- No chick would ever buy it.  
That's where you're wrong.  
It's how I got Lucy.  
- It's horseshit.  
- Effective horseshit.  
Get a life.  
It's true.  
It's open.  
I'm so far behind, I haven't even picked out  
a theme for my English Lit term paper.

Of course I'm still coming out there  
for Christmas.  
You think I'm gonna leave you alone  
with all those UCLA girls?  
I just can't afford to fly.  
My parents will only pay if I go to see them.  
Don't worry. I'll figure something out.  
They have this bulletin board  
where they list rides.  
I really want to see you.  
I will send you the article  
on civil liability, I promise.  
Jason?  
Do you ever eat food  
that you think is bad for you?  
I didn't think so. It's not important.  
You tell me first.  
I love you, too.  
'Bye.  
- Who's that, your lawyer?  
- Someday.  
- Ready?  
- Yeah.  
"When I recollect  
my most truly excellent experience...  
"recurrent images buzz through my brain:  
"the big bubbles of crust  
that expand right up through the sauce...  
"glistening pools of oil  
as still and inviting as a mountain...  
"lake...  
"the ropy knots of cheese  
that gather to a chewy perfection...  
"in the center as the slices are pulled apart."  
- It's good.  
- This is all wrong.  
There's no punctuation.  
It's all one sentence.  
- So?  
- It's a mess.  
You neglected to mention  
the most important thing.  
I talk about the cheese-to-sauce ratio  
right there.

You didn't state your topic,  
that this is gonna be a paper on pizza.  
But that is completely inferred.  
- Implied.  
- Whatever.  
Look, what do you say we blow this off  
and go exploring?  
Nothing gets done on a Friday night.  
Come on.  
Where are you going?  
It's too stuffy, let's go get some air.  
- You can't go in there.  
- I can.  
This is America, you can go anywhere.  
- We're not supposed to be up here.  
- See that?  
That's Ursa Major, the Big Bear.  
- We could get into trouble.  
- That's Ursa Minor, the Little Bear.  
Up to the north there, that's Cassiopeia.  
That's Cassiopeia?  
- She was the mother of Andromeda, right?  
- Who?  
- Cassiopeia.  
- Really? just know the names.  
Andromeda's there, too, next to Cassiopeia.  
Andromeda. She was the princess  
who was chained to a rock.  
She was to be sacrificed to a sea serpent.  
- Did he get her?  
- No.  
- Perseus rescued her at the last minute.  
- Perseus, good man.  
He's up there, too, next to Andromeda.  
- You know a lot about astronomy.  
- Yeah.  
When I was six, I wanted to be an astronaut.  
You know, all the Tang you can drink.  
You'll never believe what I wanted to be  
when I was six.  
- A classics professor.  
- No.  
I wanted to be a princess.  
You know, Alison,

I never met anyone like you before.  
Usually, when I meet someone new,  
I feel awkward and shy.  
But with you it's different.  
I feel I can talk to you.  
You know what I'm thinking, without me  
having to explain it to you in fancy terms.  
We speak each other's unspoken language...  
- What?  
- ...fluently.  
I love you.  
What?  
- Did I hurt you?  
- No.  
I'm sorry!  
You're not.  
You had this whole thing planned.  
Excellent.  
- What?  
- Don't you have an 8:00?  
- What time is it?

**-7:**

Shit!  
Oh, God!  
Wait up.  
I feel really terrible about Friday night.  
I was rude, insensitive, selfish...  
- Asshole.  
- Exactly.  
But that wasn't me.  
I don't know why I said those things,  
I'm really not like that. Please.  
I'm really sorry.  
Can you forgive me?  
Please.  
Come on, we're gonna be late for class.  
"He was a man, that's all."  
"A man like any other man."  
"A man like no other man."  
- That's very interesting, Marsha.  
- Thanks.  
You have a feel for ambiguity.  
Anyone else want to volunteer?

- Me?

- Give me your paper.

Here you go.

- No pepperoni today?

- It's clean.

"I am a freshman  
at a small Northeastern college.  
"I never thought these letters were real...  
"until a few days ago, when I had  
an experience that changed my mind.  
"I just had to share it with you."  
- Miss Taub, I don't think that you-  
- Take it easy.

"I am 6'2", with dark hair...  
"athletic build from football, and I'm  
considered good-looking by my friends.  
"I'm not boastful, but I must explain...  
"for the sake of clarity,  
that I am relatively well equipped...  
"with 10 inches of solid man-meat.  
"Still, it has been a dry season  
as far as girls were concerned."  
I'll get it.

- It's for you, Gib. Long distance.

- Thanks.

I'm coming.

Buddy, you getting any?

I'm talking to you cordless.

What are you doing for Christmas break?

I do. You're coming to California.

What don't you know?

My roommate's got a convertible.

We cruise to Palm Springs.

I got exams after Christmas.

We are talking SoCal, here.

It's 80 degrees outside.

My roommate's got this beach house  
in Malibu.

I can't afford the flight.

Listen. Can you hear that?

Hear that?

Those are waves calling out to you.

They're beckoning.

- "Come to California."

- It's too sunny out there.  
There's a certain someone  
I want you to meet.  
Forget it.  
She's a very special person.  
I can't deal with striking out on both coasts.  
You're not gonna strike out.  
She was released from parochial school.  
She's in her experimental phase.  
Will you forget it?  
- She loves sex.  
- What does she look like?  
You remember that last snapshot  
I sent you?  
The blonde in the string bikini? Get it.  
- I can't right now.  
- That's an order, Private Gibson.  
Excuse me.  
That's new.  
- Yeah.  
- You got it?  
- Yeah.  
- Good. Now look at it.  
Fixate on it.  
- Are you fixating on it?  
- I'm fixating.  
- Are you sitting down?  
- Yes.  
She's a sure thing.  
A sure thing.  
I don't need to explain  
the deep significance of those words.  
I told her all about you,  
and she's dying to meet you.  
But you gotta drag your ass out here  
by the 22nd...  
because she's leaving the next day  
for a semester at sea.  
So, think you can make it?  
- Are you Gib?  
- Yeah.  
Hi, welcome aboard.  
- I'm Mary Ann Webster.  
- And I'm Gary Cooper.

But not the Gary Cooper that's dead.  
Hop in.  
- Alison, this is Gib.  
- And Gib, this is Alison.  
I knew I should've taken the bus.  
What, and wind up  
sitting next to some sleazebag?  
Some sleazebag you don't know?  
- You two know each other.  
- We're old friends.  
We're not old friends. We're acquaintances.  
Very distant acquaintances.  
Kids, come on.  
Let's make this a fun trip, okay?  
- You guys know any show tunes?  
- That's a great idea.  
When the moon is in the Seventh House  
And Jupiter aligns with Mars  
Then peace will guide the planets  
And love will steer the stars  
This is the dawning of the age of Aquarius  
The age of Aquarius!  
Button up your overcoat  
when the wind is free  
Take good care of yourself  
you belong to me!  
Come on, everybody.  
Eat an apple every day, get to bed by 3:00  
Take good care of yourself  
you belong to me!  
Do the "ooh-ooh's."  
Be careful crossing streets  
Don't eat meats  
Cut out sweets  
You'll get a pain and ruin your tum-tum  
I never met anyone like you before.  
Usually, when I meet someone new...  
I feel awkward and shy.  
But with you it's different.  
I feel I can talk to you.  
You know what I'm thinking, without me  
having to explain it to you in fancy terms.  
We speak each other's  
unspoken language fluently.

Before you go any further, let's be honest.  
You want it. I want it.  
You know I want it.  
You don't have to bullshit me to get it.  
And even if you do bullshit me,  
you still get it.  
Wear your flannel underwear  
when you climb a tree  
Take good care of yourself,  
you belong to me  
Honey, what's the matter?  
You're not singing.  
I'm not gonna sing  
if they're not gonna join in.  
- Come on, honey-  
- No, they're ruining it for everyone.  
What do you think you're doing?  
- I'm going to bed.  
- Not with me, you're not.  
I'm not going to bed with you.  
I'm going to bed  
in a bed that you happen to be in, also.  
I won't try anything, I swear.  
Trust me.  
You are sleeping on the floor.  
I worked out a schedule.  
- It's not my schedule.  
- It's both of ours.  
They never shut up.  
What does she see in him?  
It's a twisted relationship.  
- You want to sleep in the bed?  
- I do.  
Fine, I'll sleep on the floor.  
You don't have to sleep on the floor.  
- Do you intend to sleep in the bed?  
- I do.  
Then I intend to sleep on the floor.  
Good night.  
- Great breakfast.  
- Protein, good for you.  
Cheese balls, anyone? Gary? They're good.  
- Cheese balls?  
- No, thank you.



You would think that was funny.  
As a matter of fact, I think that's hysterical.  
I think it's a scream. An absolute laugh riot.  
- What the hell's the matter with it?  
- It's stupid.  
Everything's stupid with you.  
All right. It is stupid. What's wrong  
with being stupid once in a while?  
Does everything you do  
always have to be sensible?  
Gary, they're at it again.  
Haven't you ever thrown water balloons  
off the roof?  
Didn't you ever sprinkle Ivory Flakes  
on the floor...  
because you wanted it to snow in July?  
Didn't you ever get really shitfaced,  
and make a complete fool out of yourself...  
and still have an excellent time?  
Gary, do something.  
Don't you feel great when  
you do something totally spontaneous?  
Something totally off the wall?  
Spontaneity has its time and its place.  
Alison, do you know what you are?  
- You're repressed.  
- I'm not repressed.  
You are.  
- I can be as spontaneous as anyone.  
- Prove it.  
What do you want me to do?  
- I don't have to prove anything to you.  
- You can't. You're repressed.  
You don't have to be stupid  
to be spontaneous.  
- Repressed.  
- Is that spontaneous?  
- Sticking your butt out of a car?  
- Repressed!  
Face it, you're repressed.  
You want spontaneity?  
- I'll give you spontaneity!  
- Repressed!  
I'll give you... Watch this!

You guys!  
What in Sam Hill?  
Twist and shout!  
Come to mama, boys!  
Oh, dang!  
I'm getting a hive.  
"Indecent exposure."  
"Driving so as to endanger."  
"Driving with a load  
not properly tied down."  
- Here.  
- Thank you, Officer. I'm very sorry.  
What the hell are you doing?  
- Lock the doors.  
- Let's be reasonable, Gary!  
You can't do this! You can't leave us here!  
You can't. Gary, please!  
- I'm pleading.  
- Lock the doors!  
I'll do anything!  
I'll sing show tunes!  
Feelings, nothing more than feelings  
Trying to forget my feelings  
Feelings of love!  
They'll be back.  
Just a little mad.  
There's a town up ahead.  
I saw a sign. We can hitch.  
Where you going?  
We're in the middle of nowhere, cold,  
there's no cars! You stay and hitch.  
- You gonna walk? t's almost 20 miles.  
- And don't follow me!  
Fried pork rinds, anyone?  
This doesn't change anything, okay?  
Suit yourself.  
You know, junk food really doesn't deserve  
the bad rap it gets.  
Take these fried pork rinds.  
This particular brand  
has one percent of the RDA...  
that's "recommended daily allowance,"  
of riboflavin.  
You ever noticed

there's three kinds of junk food?  
There's your starchy, fried, greasy type...  
Listen, I appreciate the food.  
But I'm not in the mood...  
to listen to any more  
of your scientific observations.  
You didn't have to come over here  
and sit down.  
You're right. I didn't.  
Want a ride?  
I wouldn't take that ride, if I were you.  
You're not me.  
Hello!  
- How far are you going?  
- Los Angeles.  
Los Angeles is a long way  
for a little girl like you to be going.  
This thing's like an old woman.  
You've got to kick her to get her in gear.

**I got up at 6:**

and I've been driving ever since.  
You're the first person I've talked to all day.  
Wish I could say that.  
I hope he gets a ride, but some people  
just don't know when to put a lid on it.  
A day like this, you get to thinking  
you're the only person on Earth.  
It gets lonely on the road.  
I know. I can't wait to get to California  
to see my boyfriend.  
I got my CB. But that's not real talk.  
- It's not a real person, just a voice.  
- Let's see if I...  
You never get to know what they look like,  
or who they are.  
...by Thursday night,  
or Friday morning at the latest.  
You look nice.  
Why are we stopping here?  
What are we doing?  
It gets lonely on the road.  
- Don't touch me!  
- Don't be scared.

- I wouldn't hurt you.  
- Don't!  
Thanks for the ride.  
I've been out here all day.  
Am I interrupting anything?  
Me and the wife  
are just having a little squabble.  
It's not easy getting rides, you know?  
Most people are afraid  
to pick up hitchhikers.  
You never know who you might pick up.  
I mean, I could be some crazed slimeball.  
I mean, a real deranged, violent psycho.  
You know what I mean?  
I mean, a guy  
who would rip your heart out...  
and eat it, just for pleasure!  
I'm talking about a total maniac!  
Do you know what I mean?  
Why aren't we moving?  
Don't you want to give me a ride?  
- I'm only going about another mile.  
- Then what the hell did you pick me up for?  
You think I got nothing better to do  
with my life...  
than to sit here  
and to pass the time with you?  
Shitbrain!  
I don't think I want this ride after all.  
And I think I'll take your wife,  
if you don't mind.  
- Shit.  
- The luggage!  
Gib, are you okay?  
Told you you shouldn't have taken that ride.  
- That's because you know everything, right?  
- That's right.  
Then you should also know  
that you make it virtually impossible...  
for anyone to be grateful  
for anything nice you might have done.  
I'm sorry, okay?  
- Yeah.  
- You okay?

Why did you get on the back of that truck?  
Because I'm the kind of guy  
that likes to live on the edge.  
I just want to get on that bus,  
and tilt the seat back...  
and fall asleep, and wake up in California.  
Check out those guys.  
Wonder what they majored in.  
- Where to?  
- Los Angeles.  
That'll be \$89.50.  
- Bus number 33, now boarding outside.  
- Thank you.  
- Where to?  
- Nowhere. Just browsing.  
Tell me, those guys over there?  
Do they sleep here all night?  
Come on, I want to get a good seat.  
Where to?  
Where's your ticket?  
I've been thinking it over. I'm gonna hitch.  
The way I see it,  
I'm not getting any younger.  
This could be my last chance to see  
the real America, really relate to the people.  
Loan me \$1.  
Change a \$5?  
- How much money do you have?  
- That's \$1.  
- I got money.  
- That's \$2.  
- How much?  
- Enough.  
- Can you loan me \$1.23?  
- Sure.  
How much do you got there?  
\$18.77.  
How did you expect to get to California  
on \$18.77?  
I'll get by.  
I have \$20. You can have \$50.  
- I can't take that.  
- You can. Come on.  
You can pay me back

after Christmas. Take it.  
- I won't forget this.  
- You will. But I'll remind you.  
Last call for bus number 33,  
leaving for St. Louis...  
Tulsa, Oklahoma City, Albuquerque,  
Tucson and Los Angeles.  
There's your bus. You better hurry.  
Are you sure you'll be okay?  
Don't you worry about me.  
You go have a good trip.  
- See you.  
- 'Bye.  
Back. Give Hercules some room.  
Hercules stands no chance  
against the sea monster.  
Anything good on?  
- Your bus just left.  
- I know.  
Why weren't you on it?  
I'm the kind of gal  
who likes to live on the edge.  
We're gonna have to use a towel, here.  
This could get very messy,  
if you don't know what you're doing.  
This is called shotgunning beer.  
It's an ancient tribal custom.  
Originated in Southeast Asia, I believe.  
Take the beer.  
Poke a hole in it, as I will do now...  
using any household appliance.  
I'm using a pen.  
Make it just big enough  
to fit your mouth over it.  
Eighty-six the pen, and then in one swift...  
Now listen to me, it's very important.  
In one swift, deft motion,  
you're gonna take it...  
pull it up, and then release the cork.  
Not the cork, this thing...  
and all the beer will slide down  
to your throat in two seconds.  
- Now wait. Are you sure you're ready?  
- I'm ready.

For all you kids watching,  
this is very dangerous.  
Let's not try this at home, all right?

- Sure you're ready?
- I can't believe I'm doing this.
- It's good for you.
- Mom, forgive me.

Swallow, swallow!

"Danger, Will Robinson!"

- Definite shotgun potential.
- But it went up my nose.

For a beginner,  
it's amazing what you just did.  
Really nice.  
Really?

I just remembered, I got to check something.  
Listen, tonight I'll sleep on the floor.

- I don't think so.
- I don't want any arguments from you.

I mean, it's only fair.  
Last night, I slept on the bed...

Jason, I don't think so. It's gonna take me  
a bit longer than I anticipated.  
Today's the 19th. Better not expect me...  
till the 22nd or 23rd, at the earliest.  
Everything's fine. Really.  
I'll call you tomorrow.  
Promise.

I miss you, Jason.  
I've got this great big bed,  
and no one to share it with.

- What are you doing?
- I'm going for a walk.
- It's almost midnight.
- It's too stuffy in here.

I'm here.  
Are you 21?

Okay, Dr. Levinson, what'll it be?  
Double bourbon and a beer chaser.  
Come on, Gibley, one more time.  
I can't. Tomorrow, I promise.  
It was so good.  
It was so masterful. Relentless...  
but with a delicate touch.

Confident. Creative.  
I was overwhelmed.  
You're a true artist.  
Just let me sleep awhile, regain my strength.  
Five minutes. A grace period, if you will.  
Please.  
What the heck.  
Howdy.  
- Mind if I sit here?  
- Sure, buddy, go ahead.  
Thank you kindly.  
- Two beers.  
- And another double bourbon.  
I got one of them sweepstakes flyers  
in the mail today...  
and I can't figure  
if it's worth the effort to send it in.  
You think I should bother?  
Probably not.  
She says she's from Paris.  
I don't believe that.  
Paris women...  
don't give you a hard time, like they do here.  
To a Paris woman, sex is an art.  
I was in Paris once, with my wife.  
Boy, am I glad she's dead.  
One tequila eggnog.  
I had fried food again for lunch today.  
I know I shouldn't have had it...  
but I couldn't help myself.  
You think I lack self-discipline?  
What's wrong with me?  
I'm a good-looking guy.  
You are a good-looking guy.  
And I'm a good-looking guy.  
- You are.  
- I am.  
We're all three good-looking guys.  
That's right. We are.  
And it's Christmastime,  
and I'm gonna buy you a drink.  
- What are you drinking?  
- Something light.  
- What, like a nice Chablis?



- A spritzer.

Barkeep, give this man a trough of spritzer.

And you, cowboy guy,

what do you want to drink?

- I'll have a beer.

- Get cowboy guy a beer.

It's on me tonight. Drinks are on me.

They're on me.

Chestnuts roasting on an open fire

Jack Frost nipping at your nose

Yuletide carols being sung by a choir

and folks dressed up like Eskimos

Everybody knows

that turkey and some mistletoe

Where've you been?

This guy, Jason...

may be a real brain and all,

but can he do this?

Don't worry, Mom, I'll take the garbage out

in the morning, I promise.

Chestnuts roasting on the fire

Come on, let's go.

- Okay, do you have everything?

- I have everything. You have everything.

- Sure?

- We all have everything. Everything's fine.

- Let's go.

- You can't rush me.

She's checking under the thing.

What is under there, I don't know.

- A bathroom. Again with the bathroom.

- You can't rush me!

We've got to travel by day. So let's go.

- Look at the time. We got to go.

- We're all proceeding, here.

- Just check everything.

- We got everything, here.

We're out of here.

God, I'm starving.

- How does it feel?

- Needs more bulk.

We can't eat for 200 miles.

What are you telling me, woman?

- I worked out a schedule.

- Another schedule. Great.  
I computed  
exactly how much money we have...  
how long it'll take us to get there,  
how many meals we have to have.  
It came out to one meal every 200 miles.  
After 700, though, we can have a snack.  
Good. Cheetos in Albuquerque.  
I can hardly wait.  
- What do you think, nine months?  
- More like 15.  
Excellent. Very pregnant.  
- What are you gonna name it?  
- What?  
The baby.  
The baby.  
If it's a girl, Cynthia.  
And if it's a boy...  
Elliot.  
Those are lovely names.  
Elliot? You're gonna name the kid Elliot?  
You can't name the kid Elliot.  
Elliot is a fat kid with glasses  
who eats paste.  
Not gonna name the kid Elliot.  
Got to give him a real name.  
Give him a name.  
- Like Nick.  
- Nick?  
Nick's a real name. Nick's your buddy.  
Nick's the kind of guy you can trust,  
someone you can drink beer with.  
Kind of guy who doesn't mind  
if you puke in his car.  
- God.  
- Vomit, I'm sorry.  
- Thank you.  
- Merry Christmas to you.  
I'm gonna have a huge orange juice,  
three eggs, two sides of bacon...  
home fries, four pieces of toast,  
and then lunch!  
You sure we can eat?  
I don't know if we've gone 200 miles.

I don't want to throw your schedule off.  
Leave me alone. I'm a pregnant woman.  
How could you lose your money?  
- I put it in my schedule book.  
- How could you lose your schedule book?  
That's the most important thing in your life,  
that stupid book!  
You wouldn't even remember your name  
without it. This is just excellent!  
I'm starving.  
Thank you.  
I'm freezing to death.  
My feet are killing me.  
I just swallowed my gum.  
Your incessant complaining  
isn't doing us any good.  
Can't you try and look on the bright side?  
Over there!  
Over there. There's a trailer, come on.  
It's locked! This is very good.  
It's important that this place  
should have an airtight security system...  
in the middle of nowhere!  
Wait, I might have a nail file.  
I have a credit card.  
Credit cards work  
on a completely different kind of lock.  
I don't think you understand.  
I have a credit card.  
You have a credit card?  
My dad told me, specifically,  
I can only use it in case of an emergency.  
Maybe one will come up.  
Too bad this is the only place  
that takes credit cards.  
Real shame.  
Here, try some of my veal.  
Only if you try some of this salmon.  
I'm not a big fish guy, so you take it.  
I'm not gonna eat that, but you try the veal...  
- I'm not gonna-  
- Try it.  
It's good? See, I told you.  
So, you were saying?

Anyway, my father... He grew up on a farm.  
He always thought it was a real shame  
that we only saw the suburbs.  
He used to take us on great camping trips.  
Want more wine?  
One night, I was sleeping in my pup tent  
with my younger brother.  
I must have been, what, six or seven.  
I woke up in the middle of the night,  
and I had to get outside.  
I don't know why.  
I just really wanted to go outside.  
It was dark. I mean, totally dark.  
Not like in the city, or even in the suburbs.  
I'm talking absolute blackness.  
You couldn't see  
two inches in front of your face.  
But there's one thing you could see.  
Millions of things, really.  
You could see the stars.  
There were more stars out that night  
than I've ever seen since.  
Believe me, I've looked.  
I'm standing there,  
looking up at the sky, and I'm thinking...  
that each one of these dots of light  
is another world.  
I didn't know the difference  
between the stars and the planets, then.  
But it made me feel really small.  
Lonely.  
Do you know what I mean?  
Then I thought,  
maybe on each one of these other worlds...  
there's a kid like me.  
Only, he's shaped like a sponge...  
or a pinball machine, or something.  
Whatever, but he's up there.  
Maybe he's on a camping trip,  
and he's looking up at the stars.  
I decided I want to meet this guy.  
- A rose for the lady?  
- Would the lady care for a rose?  
Would the lady care to advance

the gentleman the cost of a rose?  
Put it on the bill. That'd be great.  
For you.  
- Thank you.  
- It was nothing.  
You don't have to sleep on the floor.  
What?  
You don't have to sleep on the floor.  
Are you sure?  
I won't try anything, I swear.  
I trust you.  
Good night.  
How's your lawyer?  
My lawyer?  
What's his name? Jimmy, Jeremy.  
Jason.  
How is Jason, anyway?  
Jason's fine.  
- I guess you really miss him.  
- I haven't seen him since last summer.  
What's he like?  
Jason is very directed. He's a real achiever.  
I know, but what is he like?  
I mean, what kind of beer does he drink?  
Is he funny? Does he make you laugh?  
- He is everything a girl looks for in a guy.  
- He sounds perfect.  
We both want the same things out of life.  
We're both gonna be lawyers.  
Damn good ones.  
We might even open a practice together,  
up in Vermont.  
- Somewhere in the country.  
- I get it.  
Jason is the real outdoorsy type.  
Clear, freshwater streams,  
fragrant meadows...  
biodegradable toilet paper, the works.  
It's just that we both like old farmhouses.  
We thought it'd be nice to find one  
and restore it ourselves.  
Jason thinks  
it would make a good investment.  
I just want it to be nice and warm and cozy.

Kind of like this.  
And we're both crazy about basset hounds.  
I guess that sounds kind of tame to you.  
It sounds nice.  
Good night, Alison.  
Good night, Gib.  
- I didn't try anything, I swear.  
- I know.  
- You were on my side of the bed.  
- It's all right.  
- Nothing happened.  
- I know.  
I'm just gonna go out  
on the veranda thing for a while.  
- Where you headed?  
- Los Angeles.  
It's your lucky day. Come on, let's go!  
I got it.  
So what's in California?  
A girl.  
- What's wrong with her?  
- She's got a boyfriend.  
Too bad.  
- What's she like?  
- Who?  
- Your girlfriend.  
- I don't know. I've never met her.  
You never met her.  
You're going across the country  
to see a girl you never met.  
My best friend, Lance, set it up.  
Supposed to be a sure thing.  
A sure thing?  
A sure thing, no questions asked,  
no strings attached...  
No guilt involved.  
A sure thing.  
My whole life, I never had a sure thing.  
Probably never meet her anyway.  
She's gonna be gone in 24 hours.  
You pay for the traffic tickets,  
I'll get you in the saddle.  
- Thank you.  
- Thanks a lot.

I hope you fully appreciate the magnitude  
of your impending good fortune.

I do.

Alison, where are you going?

Wait up.

What is it with you?

You haven't said two words to me  
since Arizona.

- See you around.

- That's it?

- "See you around"?

- Isn't that what you want?

No questions asked? No strings attached?

No guilt involved?

Have fun with your sure thing.

- I bought this for you.

- I bought it!

It's the thought that counts.

Here we are.

Here, let me take that from you.

It's really great to see you.

I cleared out this drawer for you.

And you can use this half of the closet.

I bought some of those hangers  
you like so much.

We'll just put your bags up there  
after you've unpacked...  
get them out of the way.

It's so good to see you.

Look.

Flannel sheets.

You know, the longer you use them,  
the softer they get.

By the time we find our farmhouse...  
my goodness,

they'll be incredible, won't they?

Are you all right?

Yes. Great.

- I guess I'm just exhausted from the trip.

- Tired.

Those sheets are great.

- I know what you need.

- What?

A good hot mug of tea.

Restores both body and spirit.  
Let's see what we have this week.  
Let's see, we've got some Darjeeling...  
English Breakfast.  
That's more of a studying tea, isn't it?  
Let's see, Lapsang Souchong,  
for those rainy mornings.  
Earl Grey.  
Remember that camping trip to Vermont?  
Of course. China Black.  
How about a good hot mug of China Black?  
Do you have any beer?  
Walter Gibson.  
Private Gibson, incoming!  
How are you doing, buddy?  
- How are you?  
- Good to see you. Looking good.  
Looking good. Glad you made it.  
Welcome to California...  
home of the waves and the babes.  
I want you to meet some people.  
Guys, this is Gib, the guy I told you about.  
I said he'd make it.  
- Hey, dude.  
- Nice to meet you.  
I really respect that.  
Tonight is the night, Gib, man.  
- Merry Christmas.  
- I love you.  
I don't think she believes me.  
- Why is that, man?  
- I don't know.  
You are gonna love California.  
You ever make it with an avocado?  
Party!  
Gin.  
Let's see, that makes 25 for me...  
plus...  
so, 25 plus 43 is...  
Can I borrow that?  
Sorry.  
There you go.  
...which makes the score 233 for me...  
and 8 for you.



Charming.

It sounds like someone's having a party.

Let's go. It'll be fun.

You know how we feel about parties.

They're hot, loud and crowded.

The only reason anyone goes to them  
is to pick someone up.

Now, why would we want to do that?

- Let's go to Disneyland.

- Disneyland is for children.

Let's do something pointless,  
something totally crazy.

- All right. I tell you what.

- What?

I'll spot you 50 points.

That'll add some excitement to the game.

I really don't want to wear this stuff.

I really don't.

- What do you mean? You look fantastic.

- Come with me.

What's the first thing you'll do  
when you meet her?

Shave my head

and join a Polynesian monastery.

- What do you mean?

- Tito. Isn't that nice?

- What are you doing?

- Like that?

- What's going on?

- I look like a moron.

What do you mean, you look like a moron?

Look at me.

You don't like green? s that it?

- I'll get you blue, or the red.

- I don't want anyone.

- Come on.

- Because I don't.

What do you mean, because you don't?

What is that?

You know what?

You happen to be developing  
a very bad attitude, young man.

Don't move, because she's here.

It's her. Look.

Tonight is the first night  
of the rest of your sex life.  
You're gonna kill me.  
I don't think I can go through with this.  
- I knew it. The breasts are too small?  
- Breasts are fine.  
- Hi, how you doing?  
- How are you?  
- This is a drink for you.  
- Is that him?  
- Yeah.  
- He's cute.  
He's kind of going through  
a little climate adjustment.  
And so we're gonna be with you  
in just a minute.  
So why don't you just go over there  
and look for something, okay?  
- All right.  
- I love you, babe. You look good.  
What's the problem?  
What's wrong with you?  
I don't know. I'm almost 19.  
Maybe I'm getting too old for this.  
What do you want?  
A goddamn relationship?  
I don't know what I want.  
- Maybe it's a moral issue.  
- Moral issue?  
This is Lance you're talking to.  
You have no morals.  
You're just in a slump, that's all.  
It happens to the best of us.  
It could happen to me someday.  
I doubt it, but it could. You nervous?  
Get out!  
You're nervous,  
because you haven't done it in a while.  
It's like riding a bike.  
You just got to climb on and keep pedaling.  
And wear something white at night.  
You want a relationship? That's fine.  
Just remember that every relationship  
starts with a one-night stand.

You came 3,000 miles for a reason,  
didn't you?  
Would you look at that reason?  
Go for it, you've earned it.  
- Lance, you're right.  
- That's right.  
I'm not being unfaithful to anyone.  
Hell, I could use a torrid night  
of cheap, meaningless lust.  
That's right, buddy. There you go.  
Look at these people.  
They probably think  
they're having a good time.  
Let's dance.  
- Since when do you like to dance?  
- Since tonight.  
That's a nice shirt.  
From Hawaii.  
It's been a long time  
since I've held you like this.  
I know.  
Lance said you were very shy around girls.  
Did he mention what a great dancer I am?  
What else did Lance tell you about me?  
He says you're a real gourmet.  
- And you're a virgin.  
- What?  
He thinks you might be gay.  
I didn't say it. Lance said it.  
Excuse me, won't you?  
I have to go kick the shit out of someone.  
Just one second.  
- You told her I was a virgin?  
- I exaggerated a little.  
Girls like virgins.  
They find them a challenge.  
- You told her I was gay!  
- It's a bigger challenge.  
Keep your shirt on, buddy,  
you're doing great.  
Excuse me. I see a sweet young thing  
whose sarong needs adjusting.  
Get out of my life.  
Excuse me, I'd like to get some punch.

Please, allow me.

- Thank you.

- You're very welcome.

She's got lovely skin, and so much of it.

She happens to be an excellent judge  
in quality shirt wear.

She should try wearing one, sometime.

- Would you like a cup for Justin?

- Jason.

- Whatever. He probably eats paste.

- Justin's twice the man you'll ever be.

Jason.

- He's loyal, he's trustworthy-

- Housebroken?

Do you know this person?

Not really.

- Would you like a drink?

- No, thank you.

Jason, let's go to bed.

Careful, she hogs all the blankets.

- You snore.

- Not tonight, I won't.

I'm sorry to have kept you waiting.

How would you like to go up  
to Lance's room for a drink?

All right.

Let's go.

Good night.

- He doesn't even know that girl!

- How do you know that guy?

It was all set up by his friend.

He thinks love is something  
you order on the phone, like a pizza!

- How do you know he snores?

- He thinks he knows all about stars.

He doesn't know Cassiopeia's  
the mother of Andromeda.

- How's he know you hog the blankets?

- The crap he eats...

cheese balls and beer for breakfast!

How do you know

what he eats for breakfast?

Come on in.

Want to sit down?

- Do you want me to?  
- Why don't you sit down?  
All right.  
- Do you want a drink?  
- Sure.  
Great.  
Thanks.  
That's strong.  
Lance sure does drink a lot of beer.  
A lot of it's imported.  
- Are you all right?  
- I'm fine. Why, don't I look fine?  
- I don't know, it just seems like-  
- I'm not.  
- Is it that girl at the punch bowl?  
- No.  
It's nothing.  
Particularly not that girl at the punch bowl.  
Why didn't you tell me about him?  
Because he's not worth mentioning.  
He's a creep.  
You made love to him, didn't you?  
- Did you make love to him?  
- No.  
- Honest?  
- Honest.  
Do you love him?  
I have to go to the library. I'm really behind.  
That's what I should've done.  
I didn't study all this week.  
Me, neither.  
Want some?  
Good morning, everybody.  
You're gonna have to talk to me  
sooner or later.  
- No, thank you.  
- All right. Here we go.  
I've got a very pleasant surprise today.  
Comes from an unlikely source.  
Walter Gibson.  
It is called The Sure Thing.  
"It could be tonight," he thought...  
"as he stood in the corner,  
pretending to have a good time.

"He would meet her tonight.  
"All his young life,  
he had dreamed of a girl like this.  
"5'6", silky hair...  
"trim, nubile body..."  
"Nubile," by the way, is spelled with a "u."  
"...nubile body  
that really knew how to move...  
"and soft, deeply tanned skin.  
"Now, as for personality traits,  
she needed only one.  
"She had to love sex, and all the time.  
"To arrive at this moment,  
he had traveled vast distances...  
"enduring many hardships:  
"abject poverty, starvation...  
"show tunes, you name it.  
"From across the room he saw her.  
She was perfect.  
"He knew almost nothing about her,  
and she didn't know much more about him.  
"It was exactly how it was supposed to be.  
He brought her to his room.  
"The lights were soft, the moment was right.  
"Then she leaned over  
and whispered in his ear:  
"'Do you love me?'  
"Thoughts raced through his mind.  
Did she really want him?  
"What had he done to deserve this bounty?  
Does God exist?  
"Who invented liquid soap, and why?  
"'Do you love me?' Staring into her eyes...  
"he knew that she really needed to hear it.  
"But for the first time in his life,  
he knew these were no longer just words.  
"And if he said it, it would be a lie.  
"'Do you love me?' she whispered.  
'Do you love me?'  
"It would not be tonight.  
"The answer was 'no.'"  
He was a traitor!  
You didn't sleep with her?  
Still seeing Jason?

We broke up.  
That's too bad.  
You didn't sleep with her.  
She wasn't my type.