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Valley Girl

By Andrew Lane

They're playing at the Hollywood Bowl
tonight, sold out.
We'll be giving away six more tickets
this morning. 75 degrees in Hollywood.
You've been listening to an hour of nonstop
power rock 'n' roll, on HollyPower 92.
- There's more.
- At the top of the hour...
here in the Valley, it's a balmy 83 degrees.
Gotta go, but first...
here's the story of my life.
I don't want to, like, start a family.
I'd get all puffed out to the max
and all, for sure!
Oh, God, gag me. How could you?
Sure, I'd be freaking-
I'd be scarfing up everything in sight.
I'm sure. I don't know.
I'd get so fat and all,
and what would happen to my zits?
They can get so grody.
And besides, it's totally gnarly birth control.
He's not so awesome.
Awesome's not the word for Brad.
- Oh, I'm sure.
- He's okay, I guess.
Who am I kidding?
He makes my mouth water.
Brad'll be at my party tonight.
Great, that'll attract every girl
west of Van Nuys Boulevard.
Your place will be packed.
Okay, so he's awesome!
God, Julie, don't be so greedy.
You know, save some for the rest of us.
Tommy is such a hunk, I can't stand it.
I mean, he is so bitchin'.
I can't even believe
you'd give Brad the time of day.
But Tommy can be such a dork, you know?
Like, he's got the bod,
but his brains are bad news.
But he is bitchin'.
You really are so lucky, Julie.

I know, but we've been going together
so long now.
I'm beginning to think I'm a piece
of furniture or something, like an old chair.
Total bad news.
I definitely need something new.
...bags off at home and hit the beach, okay?
Let's do that.
- Sounds good.
- Julie, like-
I hate these escalators.
Guys, we won't have time
to get ready for my party.
Yes, we will.
What a surprise finding you here.
Should I be at home,
waiting for the phone to ring?
I could grow old and prune up,
waiting for that.
Funny. What's your problem?
What's my problem?
Try two days and no phone calls.
I'll see you guys at the bus.
- Okay.
- That's all right.
I'm totally not in love with you
anymore, Tommy.
I mean, it's so boring.
Here.
Not too cool, Julie. I won't be bummed out.
Who else is there?
No other Val dude can touch me.
She must be really freaking out.
- I want a corn dog.
- I want a pizza.
- Diet Pepsi with French fries.
- Those are totally fattening!
I got it.
- I'm sure!
- Diet Pepsi's diet.
It'll be a great party night.
Everyone will be there.
Pass on cotillion just this once, okay?
My mom would kill me

if she found out I'd skipped out on it.
Look, this is the social event of the season.
Don't be dull.
- Where does she live?
-23727 Sierra Vista.
I'm sure. Move.
The best guys will be there.
It'll be totally hot.
- That guy is so cute!
- He is.
- Look at him!
- He smiled.
- You guys...
- His hair-
- Look how hairy that guy's back is.
- Gross!
The guy has fur all over his face, too.
My God!
What a hunk!
Oh, God, check out those pecs!
I'd go for that in a minute. For sure.
He's hot!
- He's my kind of guy.
- Aren't they all?
Most of them are.
They didn't have corn dogs, so I got-
I hate...
Hey, man, 23727 Sierra Vista.
It's a party. It is going to be amazing.
I've seen the chicks.
I know about these things.
I got a feeling about this.
It's going to be hot. I'm telling you.
And it's in the Valley.
What?
- The party's in the Valley.
- I don't want to go to the Valley.
- Trust me, I know-
- I don't want to go to the Valley.
I'm not in the mood to go there.
Come on, Julie. You know Loryn
won't let her mom wait for us.
She'll want to pounce
on the first available bod.

God. Hey, do you think
she does everything she says?
I don't know. She'll get in a lot of trouble,
though, if she doesn't watch out.
I think she does.
Who could make up,
"That stuff tastes like Clorox"?
God, gross me out!
I don't know.
I think she's lonely, you know?
When does she have the time?
- She's got problems.
- Yeah. Hormones, I guess.
- No, that's when you grow a mustache.
- Puke! Gross!
I don't know,
it's up to us to look out for her.
She is our friend.
She'd do the same thing for us.
I guess.
Okay.
- Hold still.
- God, what am I going to do?
Tommy's going to be there.
You know how he is.
He's not going to appreciate
me talking to Brad.
Get real. You're not
going through with this, are you?
I'm so sure! Brad's totally hot.
I think he's totally not.
- God, I'm so nervous.
- Okay, let's go!
- We're taking off now, guys.
- Don't you two look great!
Stacey, if I were 20 years younger, honey...
God, Dad! I won't be too late, I'm sure.
We don't want to pressure you, dear.
Just let us hear from you by next Tuesday,
okay, honey?
I'm not going away on a peace march
or something heavy like that, Pop.
- I can dig the scene. No sweat.
- I have to be home by 1:00.

We try to give Julie all the space she needs.

I know, Mom.

- 'Bye. Have a good time.

- 'Bye.

- Bye-bye.

- Have a good time.

Sarah, do you know

how much she looks like you?

I mean, you were just her age

when I met you.

Do I still look that way?

Better.

But things were sure a lot wilder then.

Different priorities, that's all.

Sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll.

I tell you what.

You spend the night at my house, okay?

We'll take his mother's car...

Sounds good.

- Forget about her, Tommy.

- Don't worry about it.

Brad?

- Great party.

- It's all right.

Do you like the music?

It's okay.

- Have you tried the sushi yet?

- No. I haven't made it in there.

It won't to be easy. Anytime

you want to come back, you let me know.

I'll think about it.

- I told you to forget it.

- You'll be back.

Yeah, right.

She can't live without me.

He's totally awesome!

- Who, dear?

- Skip! Mom, you're not listening to me.

Skip's a really nice guy,

and I want him to like me...

so I just want to make sure...

Is there something I shouldn't know

that I should know?

Of course there is.

You're right. He is cute.
- I was hoping you'd come.
- Oh, yeah?
Yeah.
What about that one?
- He dresses like a dork.
- Yeah, but he's cute!
How can you like a dork?
Don't look now. Guess who?
Hello.
Good-bye.
God, he's such a total pukeoid.
He's just really bitchin'. You'll see.
Why don't you take this out now?
The guests are waiting for some food.
What was that all about?
I'm only her stepmother, and since Jim died,
she's been kind of competitive with me.
Spring-up?
Freak me out, it's him!
- Who?
- The guy with the brown hair.
Hi, Skip.
Don't be so obvious with boys.
- Hi, Skip.
- Hi, Suzi.
I'd like you to meet my mother.
- Hi, Mrs. Brent. Nice to meet you.
- Call me Beth.
It's nice to meet you.
- Skip! Lyle.
- How do you do?
Honey, the phone's ringing.
Come on, Skip. Let's go dance.
- Look at who Tommy's with.
- Who cares?
Come on.
He's totally juvenile, Stacey.
- Hi, Tommy.
- Is it?
- Yes, it is.
- What?
The most beautiful girl in the world.
- What's the matter with you, dude?

- I think I'm falling in love.
Come on. What about Julie?
That's a real tragedy. Dumped.
Jilted. Right in the toilet. My heart's broken.
I'm sure you got to be drunk.
That's what I've always enjoyed about you.
You're perceptive.
You know how to read a guy.
- I need help.
- Yeah?
I was wondering
if you'd step into my office?
God!
- No.
- Don't worry about it.
Oh, Jesus.
Wait, I got a great idea.
Let's do it.
Okay, smart guy. We're here. Now what?
Mingle. Blend in.
Right.
- Can I pick 'em, or what? Check it out.
- Why don't you lower it?
You don't need to raise up a flag or nothing.
Just looking for action.
Let's check out the eats.
What've we got going here, a bait shop?
It's sushi, don't you know? This is tuna.
This is flying fish eggs,
and that's sea urchin.
This is pistachio paste, isn't it?
Come on, Fred, dig in.
I think I'll just get something to drink.
Wait.
This is not right.
- How can this not be right?
- 'Cause what about Julie?
That's over.
She tossed me out.
Don't penalize me for what she did.
I'm the one that got hurt. I am.
- I've always thought about you.
- You have?
I thought about you all day.

- You want to dance?
- In another life.
I didn't either. I was just taking a poll.
Fred, I didn't know you were this good.
- At least I'm trying.
- What is this, points for effort?
I told you this place
was going to be a waste.
This place sucks.
- Well, well.
- What?
- Hot. Very hot.
- Where? Which one?
They're staring right at us.
Gross! Let's move.
Wait, let's see what happens.
I'm sure! Tell me all about it.
I'm going to talk to Ralphie.
- Bad luck, Fred. Yours is leaving.
- What do you mean, mine's leaving?
- She winked at you, didn't she?
- She did?
Yeah, don't let her get away.
- Hello.
- Hello.
Having a good time?
I'm trying.
That's good.
- What are you doing here?
- It's a party.
I know it's a party, but who invited you?
You mean you have to be invited?
That explains it.
- What?
- Why everyone is dressed so weird.
If I'd been invited,
I'd have known this was a costume party.
Right.
- I saw you once before, you know.
- Where?
At the beach.
That was you?
Do you think a girl should pet
on the first date?

Who are you, Bozo the Clown?
What's your sign?
Is this gonna mean we're going together?
What?
Is this gonna mean we're going together?
No.
What?
I think it means
you're a pretty lousy friend...
messing around with your friend's boyfriend
while he's in a bad way.
But I'll tell you what.
- What?
- I won't tell anybody if you don't.
Get out...
- I never said that.
- Did you?
- That wasn't you. I'm sorry.
- You know, football.
- I'm not playing this year.
- That was Rick.
Who's Rick?
How you doing, Tommy?
- Is she good?
- Oh, man.
She's a four-star lay, good buddy.
How's your mother?
She's dead.
...and the wind blows it up.
No, I want...
Why don't you get out of here?
You make me get out of here.
Crazy is the word-
Get up!
- You have nothing, faggot!
- Tommy! Stop it!
- Fuck you!
- Get the hell out of here!
- I don't want to hurt you guys.
- You get out-
Fuck you!
Jerk!
Kiss my ass!
You're good, man.

What were you doing in there,
kissing girls goodnight?
- Listen-
- Don't!
- I won't.
- Good.
That chick, Julie, she's truly dazzling.
Yep.
But she's not one of ours.
Hey, what the hell?
Dickhead, what are you trying to do,
get us killed?
What the hell's the matter with you?
Shit, this is my mother's car.
Who the fuck was that guy?
And I was doing all right with that chick.
Who the fuck does he think he is?
Maybe he was her boyfriend.
Nobody is going to tell me
who I can score with!
I want this chick, she wants me,
so fuck it. We're going back.
My mom will shit
if she knows you're driving this car.
I really don't give a shit
what your mother thinks.
It's bad enough you got to be here.
Be far worse if I got the same treatment.
Wait a second. What are we doing here?
I don't have a death wish.
- They're cute, aren't they?
- Yeah, so swell.
- What if somebody comes?
- Don't worry about it.
Somebody could come.
I told you.
Hurry up in there!
- They can wait.
- Come on, man, I gotta go.
- Take a hike.
- Doug.
- Come here.
- No!
Okay. Lose out.

- I'm sure.
- Come on, hurry up.
I'm hurrying. Meet me later?
Will you?
- Creep.
- Thanks a lot, man.
- I can't believe he did it.
- I can.
I can't. But guess who's looking at you?
So I said, "Oh, my God,
I just can't touch that thing. "
Oh, God, it looked so...
So what? Tell me.
Awesome.
It's like shaking hands with your best friend.
Only, like, real fast.
Come on, let's go.
How many is it we've had?
- You getting high?
- Golly! Where did you get that?
- I'm making some lines here for you.
- Oh, wow!
How is it? Okay?
Hey, you're gonna lose your nose. Look out.
- Don't be afraid.
- What are you doing here?
Do you have a death wish or something?
- That's what Fred said.
- Fred said?
Never mind.
You live around here?
This is very strange.
- What are you doing back here?
- I forgot my comb.
Really, now?
To tell you the truth,
I thought that maybe you and I could...
We could what?
We could get out of here.
I don't think you'd be any more welcome
down there, right now.
Let's leave the party.
- I'm so sure.
- Cool.

I'll meet you out front.
Wait a minute. Where are we gonna go?
I don't care.
- What are we gonna do?
- Anything.
- Okay, but I have to bring my best friend.
- That's fine.
I'll be waiting for you.
God, I don't want to go! I told you.
- It's going to be fun.
- It is not going to be fun.
They're not even here.
Let's go back.
- I know they're around here.
- Where?
- Right there.
- Hey, come here.
Oh, no. Not those guys.
They're hoods. Juvenile delinquents.
- No.
- You've lost your mind.
- No.
- Look at them.
The rating scale is okay.
- Do this for me.
- I am freaking out!
- No.
- Come on.
Hi. I'm Fred. I like tacos and '71 cabernet,
and my favorite color is magenta.
- I'm Julie, and this is Stacey.
- Charmed, I'm sure.
I'm simply going to freak out and die!
- Would you get in the car?
- God!
I will pay whatever it takes to make sure
nobody breathes a word of this.
I'll be totally bummed out...
if anyone on Earth, outside this car,
finds out about this.
God, where is your sense of adventure?
Will you shut up?
I personally guarantee you,
you will have the time of your life tonight.

- You'll see things you've only read about.
- I'm sure.
I'm freezing.
- Please put the top up?
- Hope you don't mind if I change-
- This is the last time I take you anywhere.
- I'm sure.
- I like this song.
- Oh, God, I hate this song.
I hate this music.
Look!
No way, Bob!
Sweet cheeks and velvet thighs.
Hey, Harvey!
- I thought you were getting the mohawk!
- Nah, I wussed out.
I like this song.
Hey, Rico! What? You didn't! No way, man.
You didn't do that. I'll talk to you later.
Rad! What's doing?
- Check out the cool wheels on that.
- Shit.
- Sid Vicious lives.
- I'm not getting out of this car.
All right. But when they attack the car,
save the radio.
Hey, baby, why don't you get rid of the bum,
and meet me later?
I don't want to go in here.
- What's doing?
- Nothing going.
Hey, Sean, so what's your salami like?
- Is this your hangout?
- This is my home away from home.
- Do you want to sit down?
- Yeah.
You guys want something to drink?
I got some friends I want to see. Let's go.
I don't even wanna know
what's on this seat.
- Where do you live?
- Hollywood. I go to Hollywood High.
Me, too.
Oh, my God. Don't you have a straw?

Totally out of touch with civilization.
This is what we call living on the edge.
You don't have places like this
in the Valley, do you?
- No, we're just not into...
- Slumming it.
So what do you do over there that's hot?
We go to normal parties,
we go to normal places.
Buy nice, new clothes.
That's no different from what we do.
It's the way we do things
that makes the difference.
I guess so.
You know, these guys
all look sick, or something.
- You'd all look healthier with a tan.
- You won't catch anything here.
This is the real world.
It's not fresh and clean,
like a television show.
I always thought
the Valley was real enough for me.
Do you think they could
crank this noise up louder?
Noise?
This music's got emotion, power.
That techno-rock
you guys listen to is gutless.
I'm sure.
Fred, that's my leg!
You guys think
you're so different, don't you?
- We are. We're ourselves.
- And we're not?
You're like her
and all the rest of her friends.
You're all fucking programmed.
- So what does it take to be so free?
- That's a good question.
So when can I see you again?
- Thank you.
- Really, Randy...
why don't you wait until

the end of the evening to say these things?

It's the way I feel. It's what I want.

All right, we're going to play a song.

It's called A Million Miles Away.

I'm here with you now.

I know.

It's like I can't explain it, you know?

It's like my brains won't stop going.

You know?

Yeah?

It's like I feel connected to you somehow.

It's like I'm...

It's like we're linked, or something.

I'm starting to sound like my parents.

Steve, honey, come on. Stop worrying.

She's going to be all right.

Remember our night in the cemetery?

God! You are so weird. Go away.

My little pickle.

My darling.

- This is so embarrassing.

- I think you're cute.

God!

Look, I just hope I can see you again.

Why not? I thought you liked me.

For sure.

Well?

My friends will freak, you know?

None of us have had a dude
outside of school.

Fuck 'em. Be the first one on your block.

Do you always have to talk like that?

- My darling.

- You're so weird.

I want to see you tomorrow.

You can't. I have to work,
if you can believe that.

It's so uncool.

Where do you work?

In my parents' store.

- What kind of a store?

- It's a store, you know?

I know, a store. What do you sell?

Health foods.

That's cool.
It's not. It's so uncool.
Why couldn't they own
a Pizza Hut, or something?
God!
- I have to go home now.
- You don't.
Come on!
- My parents must be up, I'm sure.
- Are you going to get into trouble?
They're pretty cool.
But I've never done this before.
I better go.
I want to see you tomorrow.
- Julie, is that you?
- Yeah, Mom, it's me. Sorry.
We have been worried sick about you.
Where have you been,
that you'd have to stay out all night?
- I don't think I want to hear this.
- We have no secrets in this family.
We know you're at an age now
where boys are more important...
and nature plays its little part
in the scheme of life.
- What am I talking about? I'm sure-
- God! Get serious.
I was out all night, but I didn't-
- You don't have to... Cool it.
- Julie, listen.
What your father is trying to say, dear,
is whatever you do is all right with us...
as long as it doesn't hurt you,
or anyone else.
- Right.
- Wait, Mom, I just-
You see, we just want you
to be careful and responsible.
Your mother and I worry about you, honey.
It's not fair, with all the creepy-crawlers
out there, and everything.
- I'm just going to bed now.
- Wait a minute.
We were young once.

Your mother still is. We understand.

- This isn't the Age of Aquarius.

- I would that it were.

Why don't you just punish me
like Stacey's parents do?

Bad karma, dear.

- Guess what?

- What?

Skip asked for my phone number.

God, I hope he calls.

- Fasten your seat belt.

- God, I hate these things.

They totally ruin the crease in my pants.

Make sure you're in park, then turn the key.

Where did you guys disappear to
the other night?

Let Julie concentrate.

Let Julie drive.

You don't want to be part of the pavement.

I have the right to know. It was my party.

Suzi, I mean, I didn't feel good.

I almost barfed from all that sushi,
you know?

And Julie took me home.

Cut the chatter, girls.

I want you to know you're my best friends.

- Eyes forward, Julie.

- Tell us quick, who is he?

- He was at the party.

- Eyes forward, mouth shut.

- Who is it? Brad was there the whole night-

- Who is it, Julie?

- Randy.

- Who's Randy?

- He's the most awesome dude ever.

- Where was I when he was around?

Where were you?

- You don't mean that guy-

- Cut the conversation, girls.

He's that guy from Hollywood.

He came back for Stacey and me...

and took us back over the hill.

We had a super time.

I mean, your party was super and all.

Man, he's just like trippin'- dicular,
you know?

- Wasn't he, Stacey?

- You die, Richman.
Straighten out!
You can't go through there. Stop!
You'll be in big trouble if this gets around.
What if Tommy finds out?

- So what?

- You've got a reputation to protect.
Don't we all?
Fail.
Dump the Sohio at 34 and one eighth.
Sure. Did you net in the cocoa futures?

- Today would be great.
- Delivery.
Hold on.
Come on in. The gate's open.
I'll get right back to you.
Hi, Mrs. Brent.

- Skip. From the party.
- I know.
Skip. From the party.
Don't stand there holding those.
Put them down.
Put them down there.

- You had a good time, I hope?
- Ma'am?
- You enjoyed yourself at the party?
- Yes, ma'am.
I'm a little bit disappointed in you.
- Ma'am?
- We talked quite a bit at the party...
and I watched you...
I believe in being direct. How about you?
Just tell me exactly what you're thinking.
Say, "Beth, I... "
Okay.
It's no accident
that I'm the one delivering the groceries.
That's a start.
I guess so.

- Can I get you something to drink?
- Sure.

I mean, no.
I've still got a few more deliveries to make.
I've really got to get back to work.
That was quick.
I've got a little tip for you, Skip.
You got to be kidding.
Plastics.
The time to do something
is when the time is right.
What time is it?
Actually, it's almost time
for Suzi to get home.
- I guess I see what you mean.
- Good.
If nothing else, we've learned that.
Don't be a stranger.
'Bye.
- 'Bye.
- See ya.
See ya.
A Red Zinger tea.
A Bombay Avocado Delight.
And a cup of wheatgrass juice.
Okay. Would you like some bean sprouts?
Steve, we're out of the A, the B-12,
and the D, and the C.
- I think there's some B-12 in the back.
- Okay.
- What?
- There go the water buffaloes.
They are kind of old, dear.
Beg your pardon.
I got these for Woodstock, remember?
Or was it the march on Washington?
That was almost 14 years ago,
and you were right the first time.
- You got the Earth shoes for Washington.
- Right, the Earth shoes.
- Are you sure?
- Positive, dear.
Remember? You were going to do
a lot of walking?
You're right.
I think I'll go get the B-12.

God, this stuff is so gross.
How could people eat that?
Because it isn't greasy,
doesn't mean it's bad for you, dodo.
It's yuck.
You're a yuck.
Oh, my God, I'm going to die!
- What are you doing? Are you all right?
- I'm humiliated to the max.
- Hi.
- Hi.
- Randy, this is my dad.
- Steve Richman.
- What's happening? How's it going?
- Fine. How are you doing?
Great.
- That's great.
- He wants a sandwich.
Right, okay.
- What are you doing here?
- I wanted to see you.
- But why here?
- What's wrong with this place?
This place is gross.
All this stuff that tastes like nothing,
but is so good for you.
What about the sprouts?
Did you get in trouble the other night?
- For what?
- Coming home so late.
- No.
- Didn't your parents find out?
Yeah, they were waiting up.
- Don't they care?
- Sure they care...
but I'm supposed to develop
into my own person, you know?
That sounds good.
How about a Coke?
Sorry, my dad said
they supported the war effort...
and it rots the enzymes in your stomach.
- That sounds good to me.
- Right.

- Let's get out of here.
- Don't you have to work?
I've got flexible hours.
See you, Dad.
Bye-bye, sweetie.
Come up with any new gizmos?
We got some new stuff.
You can take a look at it.
Honey, where's Julie?
- She left with Randy.
- Who's Randy?
I think he's that dude
she was out with the other night.
Do you think
we should talk to her about this?
- I don't know.
- Maybe I should talk to her.
So, where's Julie?
We haven't seen much of her
in the last week.
She doesn't have time
for her friends anymore.
I can't believe that.
You guys were such good friends.
- What's with her?
- It's more like who's with her.
I mean, this guy, Randy,
is filling her head with air.
I nominated her for class rep,
and she wasn't even there.
If she'd listen to me, I'd set her straight.
You girls are her friends, you should try.
She dumped me.
Far be it for me to interfere with her life.
You're right, Tommy.
She did dump you and your advice, buddy.
Go on and laugh. I still love that girl.
I know how to make her happy...
This geek that she's with
could scar her for life.
God. For life?
No. Come on, Suzi.
What is it with Loryn?
What's going on? Way to go, spaz!

- I didn't mean to do it, spaz.
- Get lost.
She's always into everything, you know?
Suzi, it's a total bummer
when you're young...
and you don't even know why you're here.
Yeah, I mean...
Okay, this one is so tubular.
Suzi, pass the chips, will you?
Can you, like, grow some more zits?
No, but I thought
maybe I could borrow some of yours, okay?
My thighs just grow, looking at that stuff.
- What can you do?
- You chew them up and spit them out.
How gross!
People do that to stay skinny.
It's very serious.
Cindy Boo lost 90 pounds,
and even, like, scarfed on ice cream.
- Are you serious? No way.
- Yeah, you know, like, splurge and purge?
Or, like, scarf and barf.
- Very immature.
- I'll start my diet tomorrow.
You better watch out.
Randy might like the Hollywood lean look.
Yeah, but blimps don't get to go
with Tommy.
Who?
- Tommy.
- Who?
Fuck him.
Girls, we must fuck him.
What is that little brat doing?
- Give me the chips.
- Sorry.
- Not too cool, all right, Peggy?
- I am, too, cool.
Your mom is so bitchin', Suzi.
Put that back, Loryn.
You're too small for that.
I am not too small. I look totally hot in this.
No man could resist my...

- What do you call it?
- Your tits.
Put that stuff back.
- Do you think Randy will like me in this?
- Yeah, if it was made out of black leather.
Tommy's going to look real good
after six grody bus rides into Hollywood.
Like, all those sweaty bods. Barf me out.
You'll really get off
hearing about all the parties.
What do you mean?
Because you'll never be able to go to any,
as long as you got Randy.
Don't you think they have parties
over there?
Where, at the zoo?
You can just kiss class rep good-bye.
Big deal, okay?
Hello?
Who is this? Hi, Skip.
I was hoping you'd call.
My mom said she saw you the other day.
- She did?
- Yeah. She thinks you're all right.
She does?
- Tell him to come over.
- Go for it!
Why don't you come over?
My mom is gone.
Oh, yeah? For how long?
For most of the night.
Maybe all night. She's out on a date.
What do you say?
I can't.
My mom's got a lot of stuff
for me to do around here.
I was just calling to say hi and all.
You know, see what you're up to.
- I'll talk to you later, okay?
- When?
Jeez, I don't know. Later, I guess.
Okay.
Okay. Good-bye.
A date.

- Do you think he likes me?
- He called you, didn't he?
You know the type. He's shy.
I could die. He's so buff.
- I know he likes you.
- Like the way Randy likes you?
For sure, Stacey.
You know, Julie, you can
kiss all the bitchin' Val dudes good-bye.
Like I really care.
I hear there's something really grody
about the air in Hollywood.
And the guys, they only get to be that big.
- Is that true?
- Yeah.
- What's the biggest one you've ever seen?
- Like in the National Geographic, or what?
No, in your hand.
Damn it. God!
Hello?
It's me, Skip.
I'm just returning one of Suzi's books.
Jesus Christ.
What do you think?
Everybody thinks
Tommy is so tubular and all, you know?
So you think I should pick Tommy.
What I mean is, if you were
to get back together with Tommy...
do you think things would be better?
You mean I should pick Randy?
I don't know about that.
What I'm trying to say...
It's really hard for me to say
what I'm trying to say.
Loryn, this isn't helping me.
I don't know what to do about this.
Me, either.
- Oh, shit.
- Mom.
What's up?
I got this problem,
and I don't know what to do about it.
Yeah? That's easy.

Take it back and get a more expensive one.
The expensive ones always fit better, honey.
Dad.
That's not it? All right, what is it?
You know, this is really hard.
All right.
Shoot.
I like Randy a lot, you know?
He's different.
What, he was in an accident?
Things don't work the way they should?
- No!
- I saw a movie like that, once.
Did you?
- All right. How is he different?
- I don't know.
He doesn't dress like my friends,
or even talk like them.
I see.
Is that wrong?
My friends think so.
That's important?
Sure, I guess.
- I don't want to lose them.
- Of course not.
And they all want me to be with Tommy.
- What do you want?
- I want to be with Randy.
It's getting hard. I don't want any problems.
There's the rub, you see? Nothing's easy.
I want to show you something.
You see, honey,
sometimes the way things look...
aren't the way they really are...
or the way they're going to turn out.
Here.
I don't think you ever saw these.
- Are these you?
- Yep, that's me.
- Who's this?
- She's a friend of mine.
Before I met your mother.
Not everyone looked or dressed like that
back then.

In fact, lots of people didn't look like that.
I can believe that.
I don't think Randy's ever looked this bad.
The point is,
what difference does it all make?
The way you look, the kinds of clothes
you wear on your body...
It's what you are that counts,
what's inside you, what you stand for...
not what other people want to make you.
Honey, there are lots of people out there...
who ain't happy unless you live and think
the same way they do.
And if you don't...
- You dig what I'm saying?
- I know all about that stuff.
But which one do I pick?
Randy or Tommy.
Beats me, love,
but let me know when you decide.
- Okay?
- Okay.
- Hi, Julie.
- Hi.
- How are you?
- Good.
This has been too tough, you know?
It's not really fair.
It's either Randy, or you guys.
Life's not fair.
Randy is totally special to me, Stacey...
and I don't understand why.
I mean, he doesn't do
the things we like to do...
- but-
- Julie, you left out one possibility:
totally gnarly sex.
It hasn't gotten that far.
I know everyone is counting on me
to do the right things.
So did you?
I don't know.
But it was fun while it lasted.
So you've done the right thing.

I don't know, you guys,
being popular can be so lonely.
It doesn't have to be, Stacey.
What am I going to do?
I kissed Tommy off in a major way.
Forget that. I mean, Tommy is such a hunk.
He told us he still loves you a bunch.
He did? When?
He just said it one day, you know?
Just make up with him. He'll take you back.
- He's got to be bummed to the max with me.
- He'll get over it.
Hey, you know, why break up
the most bitchin' couple at school?
I mean, Tommy can't be king of the prom
going stag.
He's got his position to worry about.
Okay, I'll talk to him.
Are you sure he wants me back, though?
Of course. I just told you so.
Hey, Julie, I asked Arthur to the prom.
What'd he say?
He goes, "Okay. "
- Hi, Tommy.
- Hi.
I gotta go.
I've got all this homework
I forgot about. Come on, Loryn.
- See you, Julie.
- Bye-bye.
- 'Bye, Julie.
- See ya.
- How you been?
- I've been getting by, I guess.
You?
All right.
How's your new boyfriend?
What's-his-name?
It's over.
He wasn't mean to you, was he?
If he was, I'll go kick his ass sideways.
I did it once, I'll do it again.
It wasn't that.
It was just that he was different, that's all.

Is this what you want?
Listen, Doug's got his dad's Mercedes.
We're gonna cruise Van Nuys.
You wanna go?
- Sure, I guess.
- All right.
Can I have some of your hamburger?
You can.
- Hey, babe.
- Randy.
- What's the matter with you?
- Why didn't you call me first?
It slipped my mind.
I didn't think it was that important.
But I will tell you what I'm gonna do.
I'm gonna reach in my pocket, get a dime...
go down to the phone booth, make a call,
come right back up, and talk to you.
Why do you always barge in like that?
- You shouldn't talk like that.
- Don't tell me what to do.
You have no control over my life.
I can see anybody I want to, okay?
I'm sorry.
I didn't think it was that big a deal.
Look, I have to go to bed now.
Hey, come over here.
I love you.
That's all I wanted to say.
I love you.
So, when can I see you... Hey.
When can I see you again?
- You can't.
- What?
Don't do that to me!
You can't see me anymore.
Is it your father or mother?
Let me talk to them. I can fix things.
There's nothing to fix. It's not them.
It's not them at all. It's me, okay?
I can't see you anymore, okay?
Okay.
I know what it is.
I know what this is.

It's your fucking friends, right?
Shit, Julie, what is this?
It's between you and me...
not between the rest of the fucking world.
So fuck off!
It's your friends.
Fuck you!
Fuck off, for sure! Like, totally!
I don't fucking care. I don't give a fuck.
I don't fucking care, man.
- Randy? You look like shit.
- Hey, how you doing?
- I shouldn't let you in here.
- You been doing good?
- Come on.
- All right. That's what I want.
You feel so good.
Hello, Samantha.
I've been looking for you tonight.
Liar. You haven't been looking for me...
and I haven't been looking for you
in two months now.
You're right. But here we are.
Did I ever tell you how good you feel?
You did tell me that.
Let's make up.
You want to make up some more?
Your place or mine?
How about a cigarette?
How about a sip?
What's he getting?
- Who's that?
- Don't know.
Go home, Randy.
Hey, puto, want a light?
Fuck you, scum! Get out of the car.
- Are you bad at me?
- Yeah, I'm bad.
- Get out of the fucking car, shit.
- Are you bad, man?
- Get out of the car.
- I'll show you bad.
Come on, keep going!
- Hey, man.

- What are you doing?
You're a dumb son of a bitch, man.
Guys like that'll kill you.
I don't give... Fuck 'em.
Just leave me alone.
- What the hell's the matter with you?
- Fuck you, too.
Hey, man, who're you talking to?
It's me, Bailey.
You're shitfaced.
I don't feel so good.
I'm going to be sick.
Go on. Leave me alone!
Go on, now, leave me alone.
Leave you alone? Why?
So you can feel sorry for yourself...
because some little Valley chick
wanted somebody else, is that it?
Hit me with that brick. I'm dying.
- Just put me out of my misery.
- Come on, man.
Man, you smell fucking awful.
Screw it, man.
- You gonna make me feel great?
- Come off that, man.
Look, if you want this girl so bad...
why don't you do something about it?
I mean...
go for the wild, crazy stuff.
- Wild and crazy.
- Yeah.
Don't tell me that.
Come on, man. It's romantic shit.
Girls love that stuff, you know?
Trust me. It never fails.
I know.
We have to talk.
I told you we can't.
- Young man...
- What?
Are you being held prisoner, or what?
- Give me a signal.
- Get out of the car.
- But I love you.

- Get out of the car!
Let's go.
You've just heard Men at Work.
We have more dedications tonight...
to Billy from Dina. She says, "You're a fox. "
Andrea to Doug, she'll do
"anything to get you back. "
To Julie, his favorite Valley girl,
Randy sends his undying love, and says;
"Like, come back soon, you know. "
- I've got to get to Algebra. I'll see you later.
- Okay. See you.
Enjoy your ride.
- Oh, bitchin'. Is this in 3-D?
- No, but your face is.
Like, I hate 3-D. It gives me a headache.
It's not in 3-D.
Have a nice flight.
Good. Check this geek out.
Who is this guy?
I guess these go
right back down there now, don't they?
How you doing down there?
It appears you forgot
our French fries and Coke, fishhead.
Peter Piper picked a pepper,
I guess I did. I'm sorry.
- That guy's nuts.
- What a geek!
Oh, my God!
Don't do that. Come on, Julie!
Don't do this.
- She's out there somewhere.
- Yep.
What you're doing ain't working.
You need a good plan.
I didn't know that.
Listen, if you're going to have
that kind of attitude, I won't even tell you.
Just forget I ever tried to save you
from your miserable existence.
Okay, I'll tell you. Twist my arm.
Listen, I got a plan...
that's going to get you in solid with the

love of your life, and at the same time...
achieve the grandest form of retribution
against the guy who kicked your ass.
So he had a little help.

Oh, man.

Where are you and Arthur going?

We're going straight to the hot-tub club.

Listen. We were on the waiting list,
and we got in.

- Oh, my God.

- Where's Julie going with Tommy?

I heard...

Tommy made reservations
at the Valley Sheraton!

Does she know?

- No.

- No way!

Far out. This kid doesn't miss a trick.

Sarah, you got to see this.

Sarah! Lancelot's here!

Not so loud, dear.

Look at me. I'm probably more nervous
than the kids are. Look at these hands.

I don't understand
what you're so nervous about.

You act like it's your prom.

I don't know. Feel these hands. They're wet.

- Wow.

- Look at her.

Look at you, honey.

You look lovely, darling.

Beautiful!

That's Tommy. Quick, get the camera.

We can't miss a moment of this. Hurry.

What's the deal with him?

I think your father
has just faced his mortality.

You're both in pink, you just look beautiful.

Steve! Hurry up, dear! Tommy's here.

Are you all right, honey?

I'm coming. I'm looking for the camera.

Just wait two more minutes. Steve will be
here in just one minute with the camera.

We have to get a picture of this.

We really do.
Hurry up, dear!
- Here he is.
- Hi, Tommy. How you doing, man?
Mighty spiffy.
Look at them. Are they a picture?
We got to get a picture of this.
I still got film in here from the wedding.
- What wedding?
- They were married last September.
- Newlyweds.
- Can't be too careful.
Okay, let's get some snapperroos here.
Dad. Earth to Dad.
Imagine that. The old lens cap.
- Okay, here we go.
- Closer.
No stopping us now. Get closer together.
Give us a big smile, Tommy.
- Smile, come on. Closer.
- That's it. Not too much.
- A little goes a long way with some people.
- I got to go.
You look beautiful. Have a wonderful time.
- Trust me.
- Me, too.
'Bye!
Come on. Let's go see 'em.
Her first prom.
Far out.
Feeling better, dear?
Yeah!
You know...
maybe we should have gone.
I mean, how bad could it have been?
What?
Your prom.
What is this, Bangkok?
I don't need a massage.
Do you have any of that stuff for me?
Sure. Come on. We'll light it up.
- Are you ready to party?
- Yeah!
Let's hear it.

Here's Josie Cotton and the Party Crashers!

- You think this is something, wait till later.
- What do you mean?
- I can't believe this.
- Shit.

We should've shined up the wagon,
or cleaned out the back seat.

- I'm doing the best I can.
- What is this?

Did you clip butterflies' wings
as a kid? Maybe you still do.

Listen, I told you, I've got a plan.

Enough said?

This is it, Fred.

I'm rushing that birthday cake.

Cool everything and listen.

This is all going like clockwork.

I'm getting very excited about this.

So just hang on.

This will be a night we'll never forget.

- Come on, what is it?
- You'll see.
- They really are rather dissolute.
- Where are the cups?

Miss Liebman, do you know
where the cups are?

- I don't know where the cups are.
- Looking for the cups?
- Mr. Brooks, do you know-
- I haven't seen cups all evening.

Suzi was supposed to bring them,
but she never even showed up.

Thank goodness.

I think we should get out of here.

Arthur, let's wait until after they announce
the king and queen at least, okay?

Okay.

Boys, how we doing?

- Mr. Brooks.
- Hi, Mr. Brooks.
- How's that punch?
- It's Bosco.

I'd like to try some. Where are the cups?

Wow, there's no cups.

A little flat.
She's there.
Suzi, where have you been?
Everybody's been waiting for the cups.
Where have you been?
What have you been doing?
- Have you been getting laid, Suzi?
- Loryn, just...
Where's Ralphie?
Indian wrestling with the boys,
or something totally grody like that.
Wow. Sorry.
It's cool. I'm not going to eat
anything now...
so when we go to La Serre,
I can scarf up half the menu.
- All right.
- Okay, 'bye.
- Stacey. Check out this, dude.
- I don't want to see Stacey.
That's it, Bailey. I've had it with you.
- I didn't think her haircut was so bad.
- What do you mean, her haircut?
I just want to know
the rest of this big plan of yours.
What do you mean, "the rest"?
This is it. Simplicity at its finest.
Simplicity at its finest?
At least you got me here.
So let's...
crush that fly.
Is this on?
And now, students...
the moment
that you've all been waiting for...
the announcement of
the king and the queen of Valley High.
What is being king and queen all about?
Is it about who wears the nicest clothes?
I think not.
Is it about who's dating
the captain of the football team?
Or who's seeing the head cheerleader?
I don't think so.

Is it a popularity contest?
I doubt it.
I'm going to give you the chance
you never gave me.
...when one is honorable,
when one is disciplined...
when one has school spirit.
Yes...
kings and queens...
they don't grow on trees.
Hold this.
Everyone can't be a king and a queen.
Let's go, boy. Get up.
I remember my prom.
I wanted to be the queen.
I wasn't.
Stop it!
Watch this.
...who have set an example
for our whole school with their behavior.
They need no introduction...
because they are not just
the king and queen of Valley High...
they are Valley High.
Your king. Your queen.
Get your hands off me, you fucking dick.
Julie, what's going on here?
That must be some party
you got going there.
Yeah.
Valley Sheraton?
Sir?
Yeah.