

T H E O U T S I D E R S

---

From the novel

by

S. E. Hinton

Screenplay

by

Francis Ford Coppola

Shooting Script  
March 1, 1982

# "THE OUTSIDERS"

## Cast of Characters

### THE GREASERS

The POOR KIDS from the Northside of Town:

- PONYBOY CURTIS - 14. Digs books and movies. Wears his hair longer than most boys, squared off in back and long at the front and sides. Small for fourteen, but with a good build. He is the central character and the storyteller.
- SODAPOP CURTIS - 16. PONYBOY'S second oldest brother. Never cracks a book. Always happy-go-lucky and grinning-movie-star kind of handsome, the kind that people stop on the street to watch go by. He gets drunk on just plain living. And he understands everybody.
- DARREL CURTIS - 20. Nicknamed DARRY. PONYBOY'S oldest brother. Since the death of their parents a year ago, DARREL has the responsibility for keeping his brothers together as a family. Works long and hard roofing houses, always pulling muscles. Hollers at PONYBOY about school work. Hard and firm and hardly grins at all. Has grown up too fast. DARREL is six-foot-two, and broad-shouldered and muscular. He looks older than twenty -- tough, cool and smart.
- DALLAS WINSTON - DALLY, the real character of the gang. Tougher than the rest, tougher, colder, meaner. He doesn't like haircuts, or hair oil either so it falls over his forehead in wisps. Bitter. Has been arrested, gets drunk, rides in rodeos, lies, cheats, steals, rolls drunks, jumps small kids. PONYBOY doesn't like him but respects him because he's smart.
- JOHNNY CADE - 16. Youngest next to PONYBOY. Hard home life. Smaller than the rest with a slight build. A nervous suspicious look in his eyes. The gang's pet.

## Cast of Characters (contd)

STEVE RANDLE - 17. Tall and lean, with thick greasy hair he keeps combed in complicated swirls. Cocky, smart, and SODAPOP'S best buddy since grade school. STEVE'S specialty is cars. Works part time at the same gas station with SODAPOP. Doesn't like PONYBOY, thinks him a tag-along and a kid.

TWO-BIT MATTHEWS - 18. Oldest of the gang and the wisecracker of the bunch. Six feet tall. Stocky. Very proud of his rusty-colored sideburns. Life is one big joke to him. Famous for shoplifting. Likes fights, blondes and for some unfathomable reason, school. Still a junior at eighteen and a half and he never learned anything. He just goes for kicks.

### THE SOCS

(abbreviated from the "Socials")

The RICH KIDS from the Southside of town:

CHERRY VALANCE - 16. Has long red hair, green eyes. A cheerleader at school, admires DALLAS. A really beautiful, sensitive girl. Drives a Sting-Ray. BOB'S girlfriend.

MARCIA - 16. Short dark hair. Is CHERRY'S best friend. She and CHERRY barrel race at rodeos. A little crazy like TWO-BIT.

BOB SHELDON - 17. Blond hair, handsome, lots of rings, wild, gets drunk sometimes. CHERRY'S boyfriend. Smart.

RANDY ANDERSON - 17. MARCIA'S boyfriend. Tall, with a semi-Beatle haircut. BOB'S best friend.

-- The story takes place in a mid-western city sometime in the Sixties. --

5 EXT - THE MOVIE HOUSE/STREET - DAY: SOCS jump PONYBOY.  
PONYBOY leaves the theater and starts on his way home.  
PONYBOY'S POV: MOVING THROUGH THE CURTIS NEIGHBORHOOD

PONYBOY (O.S.)  
"... Anyway, I went on walking home,  
thinking about the movie, and suddenly  
wishing I had some company.

The VIEW stops momentarily by a wall with a section of  
MIRROR. We can SEE PONYBOY waiting, listening.

PONYBOY (O.S., contd)  
"... Greasers can't walk alone too  
or they'll get jumped, or someone  
will come by ... and scream ..."

A BURGUNDY CORVAIR comes out of nowhere and some guys  
holler:

GUYS IN CAR  
Greaser!

CLOSE ON PONYBOY -- MOVING  
walking fast.

PONYBOY (O.S.)  
"It doesn't make you feel too hot,  
if you know what I mean. We get  
jumped by the SOCS..."

MEDIUM CLOSE VIEW -- CORVAIR  
Harrassing him; playing cat and mouse.

PONYBOY (O.S.)  
"... it's the abbreviation for THE  
SOCIALS, the jet set, the Southside  
rich kids..."

VIEW ON PONYBOY -- MOVING  
Stops. Looks around for them.

PONYBOY (O.S.)  
"It's like the term GREASER, which  
is used to class all us boys on the  
Northside..."

Things happen fast -- he's almost running with the Corvaair  
trailing him. It doesn't do much use, as the Corvaair pulls  
up ahead, and FIVE GUYS get out of it. PONYBOY has his



3 CONTD

(SP. FX. #1 -- blade break and blood)

PONYBOY turns suddenly, the blade slips drawing blood by the side of his throat. The SOC'S hand hits the ground, breaking the blade clear off the handle, and cutting the holder's hand badly.

PONYBOY  
Darrell!!

The SOC panics, tries to put his bleeding hand over PONYBOY'S mouth. PONYBOY bites it.

PONYBOY  
Soda!!

He gets slugged again by the infuriated SOC.

RANDY (O.S.)  
Shut him up, for Pete's sake --  
Shut him up!

They try stuffing a handkerchief in his mouth.

PONYBOY'S POV

Some of the SOCS are running back to the car. RANDY screams to BOB.

RANDY  
Shut him up!

Then CHAOS -- feet jumping over; faces; pounding of feet. Shouts.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY  
being shaken.

DARREL (O.S.)  
Are you all right, Ponyboy?

PONYBOY  
I'm okay ...

MEDIUM CLOSE ON DARREL CURTIS  
He looks older than his twenty years -- tough, cool and smart. He would be handsome if his eyes weren't so cold.

3        CONTD

Shaking his BROTHER.

                  PONYBOY  
Darry, quit shaking me, I'm  
okay.

                  DARREL  
                  (stopping)  
I'm sorry.

He moves away from PONYBOY, jamming his fists in his pockets.

                  DARREL (contd)  
... they didn't hurt you too  
bad, did they?

VIEW ON THE BURGUNDY CORVAIR

The SOCS lock their doors from the inside while they try to get it started. Finally it starts.

VIEW ON THE GREASERS

TWO-BIT MATTHEWS, and STEVE RANDLE running -- they stop and fling rocks. We HEAR the Corvair PEAL out.

VIEW ON JOHNNY CADE

He has the look of a kid who's been kicked too many times, and lost in a crowd of strangers. He sees the SOCS, and then retreats into the shadows with a look of fear on his face.

VIEW ON DALLAS WINSTON

A loner. Tough and mean; wearing an old brown leather jacket. He's about to heave a hunk of brick and mortar at the escaping Corvair. He realizes it's too late, hesitates -- and then heaves it anyway. He turns.

                  DALLAS  
The kid's okay?

VIEW ON PONYBOY, SODAPOP and DARREL

SODAPOP pulls out a handkerchief, wets the end of it with his tongue, and presses it gently against the side of PONYBOY'S HEAD.

3 CONTD

SODAPOP  
You're bleeding like a stuck pig.  
(showing handkerchief)  
Look. Did they pull a blade on you?

PONYBOY  
Yeah.

SODAPOP looks closely at his little BROTHER.

OVER SHOULDER -- PONYBOY  
about to cry; turning away. SODAPOP puts a hand on his  
shoulder.

SODAPOP  
Easy, Ponyboy. They ain't gonna  
hurt you no more.

PONYBOY  
I know.

Tears rush down his cheeks. He brushes them away.

PONYBOY (contd)  
... I'm just a little spooked,  
that's all.

He looks at DARREL, embarrassed.

SODAPOP  
You're an okay kid, Pony.

PONYBOY  
You're crazy, Soda, out of  
your mind.

MEDIUM VIEW  
heading back to the rear porch of the Curtis House.

DARREL  
You're both nuts.

SODAPOP cocks an eyebrow.

SODAPOP  
It runs in the family.

DARREL cracks a grin; he likes to be teased by SODAPOP.  
PONYBOY is up and they all start toward the house.

The other guys quit throwing rocks and head back to join  
the brothers.



5

CONTD  
VIEW ON PONYBOY

PONYBOY  
Did you catch 'em?

THE VIEW LOOSENS.

TWO-BIT  
Nup -- they got away.  
(mumbled)  
... damn Socs. Nice cut, too.  
Makes you look tough.

PONYBOY  
You mean tough like rough, or  
tuff like cool?

TWO-BIT  
Both.

MOVING VIEW -- THE GROUP

STEVE is combing his hair -- siding up to SODAPOP, as they  
head back.

STEVE  
(flicking ashes at PONYBOY)  
What were you doin' walking by  
your lonesome?

PONYBOY  
I was comin' home from the movies.  
I didn't think.

DARREL  
You don't ever think.

SODAPOP  
He thinks at school, don't you,  
kid?

DARREL  
He doesn't think anywhere when it  
counts.

SODAPOP  
Come on, Darry, it coulda happened  
to any of us.

3        CONTD

DARREL

If you did have to go by yourself  
you should have carried a blade.

SODAPOP

Sure -- it would have been a good  
excuse for the Socs to cut him to  
ribbons.

DARREL

(impatiently)

When I want my kid brother to  
tell me what to do with my other  
kid brother, I'll ask you --  
kid brother!

He heads toward the back porch, enters the house. STEVE  
and SODAPOP talk for a moment before STEVE goes on.

TWO-BIT

Next time get one of us to go  
with you, Ponyboy -- any of us  
will.

DALLAS (O.S.)

Speaking of movies ...

They turn.

VIEW ON DALLAS

leaning by the gate, lighting up a Camel. JOHNNY sits on a  
pile of firewood, still rattled by the Soc.

DALLAS

How about tomorrow?

He passes the cigarette to JOHNNY, calming him.

PONYBOY

I didn't know you were out of  
the cooler yet, Dally.

DALLAS

Good behavior -- got out early.

He moves across the Curtis yard -- JOHNNY following like a  
tag-along.

PONYBOY

Hey, Johnny.

3

CONTD

DALLAS

Yeah, hey, Johnny, are those  
the same guys that got you?

JOHNNY

No. It was a blue Mustang.

DALLAS yawns and flips away his butt.

DALLAS

I'm walking over to the Nightly  
Double tomorrow night. Anybody  
want to see a movie and hunt some  
action?

STEVE

(shouting to them)

Me and Soda are pickin' up Evie  
and Sandy for the game. No kids  
allowed.

PONYBOY

(doesn't like STEVE)

Big deal.

DALLAS

How about y'all? Johnnycake, you  
and Pony want to come?

STEVE climbs over the hedge to his car. SODAPOP enters the  
house.

PONYBOY

Me and Johnny'll come. Okay,  
Sodapop?

SODAPOP

(enters house)

I'll ask Darry -- it ain't a  
school night, so it's probably  
okay.

TWO-BIT gets into his wreck of a car, parked in the yard.

TWO-BIT

I was planning' on getting boozed  
up tomorrow night. If I don't, I'll  
come over and find y'all.

TWO-BIT waves and drives the clunker off. By now, DALLAS,  
JOHNNY and PONYBOY are the only ones left, and move by the  
front of the Curtis house. PONYBOY sits on the stoop next

3     CONTD

to JOHNNY. DALLAS shuts the cyclone fence behind him.

JOHNNY

You got your bracelet back -- you  
break up with Sylvia again?

DALLAS

(playing with the  
chain ID bracelet)  
Yeah, and this time it's for good.  
(a little smile  
and a wave)  
That little broad was two-timin' me  
while I was in jail.

He walks up the street, lighting another cigarette.

PONYBOY

You goin' home, Johnny?

JOHNNY

(shrugs)

Maybe.

He walks off aimlessly. PONYBOY enters the front door.

4     EXT - CURTIS HOUSE - NIGHT

A ramshackled structure in the poor neighborhood. Not too  
far from the railroad yard. MUSIC up.

5     INT - PONYBOY'S ROOM - NIGHT: PONYBOY and SODAPOP talk at  
night.

VIEW ON PONYBOY  
by his desk, staring out the window.

THE VIEW MOVES CLOSER

PONYBOY

What have the Socs got against us?

SODAPOP

Turn off the light and get to bed.

PONYBOY

(shutting off the light)  
We leave them alone.

5        CONTD

          SODAPOP  
Who can figure it? You cold,  
Ponyboy?

          PONYBOY  
A little.

SODAPOP throws one arm over his kid BROTHER'S neck. Then  
he moves very close, almost whispering:

          SODAPOP  
Listen, kiddo, when Darry hollers  
at you ... he don't mean nothin'.  
He's just got more worries than  
somebody his age ought to. I mean,  
he loves you a lot. Savvy?

          PONYBOY  
(trying to keep sarcasm  
          out of his voice)  
Sure. Soda?

          SODAPOP  
Yeah.

          PONYBOY  
How come you dropped out?

          SODAPOP  
'Cause I'm dumb. The only things  
I was passing anyway were auto  
mechanics and gym.

          PONYBOY  
You're not dumb.

          SODAPOP  
Yeah, I am. Shut up and I'll  
tell you something. Don't tell  
Darry, though.

          PONYBOY  
Okay.

          SODAPOP  
I think I'm gonna marry Sandy.  
I might wait till you get out  
of school, though. So I can  
still help Darry with the bills  
and stuff.



7 CONTD

DALLAS, JOHNNY and PONYBOY sitting around cokes and blowing straws at the WAITRESS. DALLAS starts wandering around, eyeing everything left out in the open. The MANAGER gets wise to them and shows them the door.

8 EXT - THE DRUGSTORE - DAY: DALLAS shows Kools.

VIEW ON THE FRIENDS

DALLAS shows them the two packages of KOOLS he managed to slip under his jacket.

9 EXT - DINGO DRIVE-IN - DUSK: Dingo Fight.

Passing by some GREASER'S car; leaning in the window. There is a disturbance off to the side: a twenty-three-year-old GREASER and a MEXICAN HITCHHIKER.

This is a pretty tough place, and pretty soon most everyone is trying to get a look. Then the switchblades come out, and everyone disappears. A COP CAR arrives -- DALLAS ducks into a doorway and then signals PONYBOY and JOHNNY to disappear.

10 EXT - SPENCER'S SPECIAL - NIGHT: Chase little KIDS.

JOHNNY and PONYBOY hurry around behind the discount house, laughing and excited. DALLAS too.

DALLAS

All I need is to get picked up again by the fuzz.

Two unsuspecting KIDS are across the lot behind Spencer's.

DALLAS (contd)

Hey, did you ask permission to cross? Who are you?

JOHNNY

They're junior high kids.

The KIDS run like hell.

MOVING VIEW

DALLAS, PONYBOY and JOHNNY chasing them. PONYBOY is a tremendous runner.

VIEW ON THE KIDS

10 CONTD

They have a good start; they are really terrified.

MEDIUM VIEW

PONYBOY stops, embarrassed by picking on little kids.  
DALLAS pursues them a little further and then notices the sky.

DALLAS  
The sky is dark enough ...  
(breathless)

JOHNNY  
C'mon -- it's dark.

DISSOLVE:

11 EXT - REAR AREA OF DRIVE-IN MOVIE - NIGHT: Sneak in drive-in.

MEDIUM VIEW

THREE SHADOWS sneak in over the drive-in fence. They notice some GIRLS arguing with their SOC BOYFRIENDS around a Blue Mustang. They move on.

12 EXT - SEATS NEAR THE CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT: DALLAS bothers CHERRY.

DALLAS, PONYBOY and JOHNNY sit in the second row of seats. The GIRLS come in and sit down in front of them.



12      CONTD:

MARCIA

You want to do this?

CHERRY

I came to see a movie, and I'm going to see a movie.

DALLAS

Some cute redhead.

He puts his feet up behind one of them, CHERRY VALANCE. The other one, MARCIA, pretends not to hear.

JOHNNY

(leaves hastily)

I'm going to get a coke.

DALLAS

(loud and vulgar)

Are you real?

(leaning forward)

Are you a real redhead?

(obscene sound)

The redhead, CHERRY, is getting mad. Or scared. She sits up straight and chews on her gum hard. She is very pretty, and clearly not one of them. DALLAS winks at PONYBOY.

DALLAS (contd)

How can I find out if you're a real redhead.

JOHNNY comes back with his coke -- clearly upset that DALLAS is still rudely teasing the girls. Finally:

CHERRY

Take your feet off my chair and shut your trap.

DALLAS

Who's gonna make me?

MARCIA

That's the greaser that jockeys for the Slash J sometimes.

CHERRY

You'd better leave us alone, or I'll call the cops.

12     CONTD:

DALLAS

Oh, my my --  
    (looking bored)  
You've got me scared to death.  
You ought to see my record sometime,  
baby.  
    (grinning slyly)  
Guess what I've been in for?

CHERRY

Please leave us alone. Why don't  
you be nice and leave us alone?

DALLAS

    (grinning roguishly)  
I'm never nice. Want a coke?

CHERRY

    (mad)  
Get lost, hood!

DALLAS shrugs and strolls off. She looks at PONYBOY.

CHERRY (contd)

Are you going to start in on us?

CAMERA MOVES CLOSER

PONYBOY

    (shaking head,  
    wide-eyed)  
No.

CHERRY

    (suddenly smiling)  
You don't look the type. What's  
your name?

PONYBOY

    (shy, expecting her  
    to make fun of his  
    name)  
Ponyboy Curtis.

CHERRY

That's an original and lovely  
name.

PONYBOY

My dad was an original person.  
I've got a brother named Sodapop,  
and it says so on his birth  
certificate.

12      CONTD:

          CHERRY

My name's Sherri, but I'm called  
Cherry because of my hair. Cherry  
Valance.

          PONYBOY

I know. You're a cheerleader.  
We go to the same school.

          MARCIA

You don't look old enough to be  
going to high school.

          CHERRY

What's a nice, smart kid like  
you running around with trash  
like that for?

          PONYBOY

          (stiffening)

I'm a grease, same as Dally.  
He's my buddy.

          CHERRY

          (softly)

I'm sorry, Ponyboy.

          (briskly)

Your brother Sodapop, does he  
work at a gasoline station? A  
DX, I think?

          PONYBOY

Yeah.

          MARCIA

How come we don't see your brother  
at school? He's not any older  
than sixteen or seventeen, is he?

          PONYBOY

He's a dropout.

JOHNNY comes back, looking around for DALLAS.

          JOHNNY

          (shyly)

Hi.

DALLAS comes striding back with an armful of Cokes.  
He hands one to each of the GIRLS and sits down beside  
CHERRY.

3/1/82

12      CONTD:

DALLAS

(handing her a  
Coke)

This might cool you off.

She gives him an incredulous look; and then throws the  
Coke in his face.

CHERRY

That might cool you off, greaser.  
After you wash your mouth and  
learn to talk and act decent, I  
might cool off, too.

DALLAS wipes the Coke off his face with his sleeve  
and smiles dangerously.

DALLAS

Fiery, huh? Well, that's the way  
I like 'em.

He starts to put his arm around her, but JOHNNY reaches  
over and stops him.

JOHNNY

Leave her alone, Dally.

DALLAS

Huh?

JOHNNY

(gulping)

You heard me. Leave her alone.

DALLAS gets up and stalks off, his fists jammed in his  
pockets and a frown on his face.

CHERRY sighs in relief.

CHERRY

Thanks. He had me scared to  
death.

JOHNNY

You sure didn't show it. Nobody  
talks to Dally like that.

CHERRY

(smiling)

From what I saw you do.

3/1/82

12     CONTD:

                  MARCIA  
                  (grinning at them)  
Y'all sit up here with us. You  
can protect us.

The BOYS move down by the GIRLS.

                  PONYBOY  
Okay ...  
                  (nonchalantly)  
might as well.

                  MARCIA  
How old are y'all?

                  PONYBOY  
Fourteen.

                  JOHNNY  
Sixteen.

                  MARCIA  
That's funny, I thought you were  
both ...

                  CHERRY  
                  (finishing for her)  
Sixteen.

                  JOHNNY  
                  (grinning)  
How come ya'll ain't scared of  
us like you were Dally?

                  CHERRY  
                  (sighing)  
You two are too sweet to scare  
anyone. Besides that, I've heard  
about Dallas Winston and he looked  
hard as nails and twice as tough.  
You two don't look mean.

                  PONYBOY  
Sure,  
                  (tiredly)  
we're young and innocent.

                  CHERRY  
No,  
                  (slowly, looking at  
                  him carefully)  
not innocent. You've seen too  
much to be innocent. Just not  
... dirty.

12     CONTD:

          JOHNNY  
          (defensively)  
Dally's okay. He's tough, but  
he's a cool old guy.

          PONYBOY  
He'd leave you alone if he knew  
you.

          MARCIA  
Well, I'm glad he doesn't know  
us.

          CHERRY  
          (softly)  
I kind of admire him.

Suddenly there's a hand on JOHNNY's shoulder.

          DEEP VOICE  
Okay, greasers, you've had it.

It is a grinning TWO-BIT.

          PONYBOY  
Glory, Two-Bit, scare us to death!  
JOHNNY closes his eyes in fear.

          JOHNNY  
          (weakly)  
Hey, Two-Bit.

          TWO-BIT  
          (messing up Johnny's  
          hair)  
Sorry, kid, I forgot.

TWO-BIT climbs over the chair and plops down beside  
MARCIA.

          TWO-BIT (contd)  
Who's this, your great-aunts?

          CHERRY  
Great-grandmothers, twice removed.

          TWO-BIT  
Shoot, you're ninety-six if you're  
a day.

          MARCIA  
I'm a night.

12      CONTD:

                  TWO-BIT  
                  (staring admiringly)  
Brother, you're a sharp one.

                  JOHNNY  
Dally was bothering them and  
when he left they wanted us to  
sit with them to protect them.

                  TWO-BIT  
Hey, where is ol' Dally, anyway?

TIM SHEPARD strolls up.

                  TIM  
Yeah, where is ol' Dally?

                  PONYBOY  
Uh, he left.

                  TIM  
I think he could give me some  
information about my slashed  
tires.

                  PONYBOY  
He left, Tim. He left a long  
time ago.

                  TIM  
I'll keep lookin'.

TIM exits.

                  JOHNNY  
Oh geez.

                  TWO-BIT  
Tim'll fight fair if Dally don't  
pull a blade on him.

                  CHERRY  
You don't believe in playing  
rough or anything, do you?

                  TWO-BIT  
A fair fight ain't rough.

                  CHERRY  
                  (sarcastically)  
Yeah, boy, real simple.

                  MARCIA  
                  (unconcerned)  
Sure, if he gets killed or something,  
you just bury him. No sweat.

3/12/82

12 CONTD

TWO-BIT

(grinning and lighting  
a cigarette)

You dig okay, baby. Anyone  
want a weed?

CHERRY

Ponyboy, will you come with me  
to get some popcorn?

PONYBOY

(jumping up)

Sure. Y'all want some?

MARCIA

I do.

TWO-BIT

Me, too.

(flipping Ponyboy a  
fifty-cent piece)

Get Johnny some, too. I'm  
buying.

CHERRY and PONYBOY walk over to the concession stand  
-- there's a long line so that they have to wait.

13 EXT - CONCESSION STAND - NIGHT: PONYBOY & CHERRY  
concession.

CHERRY

Your friend -- the one with the  
sideburns -- he's okay?

PONYBOY

He ain't dangerous like Dallas  
if that's what you mean. He's okay.

PONYBOY notices plenty of SOCS milling around and  
looking at him as though he shouldn't be with CHERRY.

CHERRY

(her mind wanders)

Johnny ... he's been hurt bad  
sometime, hasn't he?

PONYBOY

(nervously)

Yeah. He's kind of a nervous  
wreck anyway -- he gets belted around  
at home a lot -- but about four months ago.

(MORE)



13      CONTD

                  PONYBOY(contd)  
he got beat up by some Soc.

                  CHERRY  
Oh.

                  PONYBOY  
They messed him up pretty bad.  
One of them was wearing a lot of  
rings. Johnny's been carrying a  
switchblade ever since.

                  CHERRY  
You have to believe me, Ponyboy,  
not all of us are like that.

                  PONYBOY  
Sure.

                  CHERRY  
That's like saying all you  
greasers are like Dallas Winston.  
I'll bet he's jumped a few people.  
                  (looking sad)  
I'll bet you think the Socs have  
it made. The rich kids, the  
Southside Socs. I'll tell you  
something, Ponyboy, and it may  
come as a surprise.  
                  (looking him straight  
                  in the eye)  
Things are rough all over.

                  PONYBOY  
I believe you. We'd better get  
back out there or Two-Bit'll  
think I ran off with his money.

14      EXT - THE DRIVE-IN- NIGHT: Walking GIRLS home.

MEDIUM VIEW ON THE GROUP OF TEENAGERS

                  MARCIA  
I like the Beatles and Elvis Presley is out.

                  TWO-BIT  
The Beatles are rank and Elvis is tuff.

MOVING CLOSE ON PONYBOY

Strong feelings about walking quietly in the night with an  
older girl, a pretty girl, a rich girl.

14      CONTD:

MOVING CLOSE ON CHERRY

So lovely and serious.

          CHERRY

          You read a lot, don't you, Ponyboy?

          PONYBOY

          Yeah, why?

MOVING SHOT ON CHERRY AND PONYBOY

          CHERRY

          I could just tell. I'll bet  
          you watch sunsets too.

PONYBOY nods yes.

          CHERRY (contd)

          (hiding a smile)

          I used to watch them, too, before  
          I got so busy ...

          MARCIA

          (suddenly gasping)

          Cherry, look what's coming.

They all look.

WHAT THEY SEE:

A blue Mustang comes down the street.

VIEW ON JOHNNY

Turns away, frightened.

          MARCIA (contd)

          (shifting nervously)

          What are we going to do?

          CHERRY

          (biting a fingernail)

          Stand here. There isn't much  
          else we can do.

The searchlight switches on them.

          TWO-BIT

          Who is it? The F.B.I.?

14      CONTD:

          CHERRY

No,  
          (bleakly)  
it's Randy and Bob.

          JOHNNY

Your boyfriends?

CHERRY starts to walk casually down the street.

          CHERRY

Maybe they won't see us. Act  
normal.

          TWO-BIT

          (grinning)  
Who's acting?

The blue Mustang passes them slowly and goes on by.

          MARCIA

          (sighing in relief)  
That was close.

          CHERRY

          (to Ponyboy)  
Tell me about your oldest brother.  
You don't talk much about him.

          PONYBOY

          (shrugging)  
What's to talk about? He's big  
and handsome and ~~likes to play~~ ~~football~~  
~~football~~

          CHERRY

I mean, what's he like? I feel  
like I know Soda from the way  
you talk about him; tell me about  
Darry.

          (urging Ponyboy on)

Is he wild and reckless like Soda?  
Dreamy, like you?

          PONYBOY

He's ...  
          (bursting out bitterly)  
He's not like Sodapop at all and  
he sure ain't like me. He can't  
stand me. I bet he wishes he  
could stick me in a home somewhere,  
and he'd do it, too, if Soda'd  
let him.

14      CONTD:

                  TWO-BIT  
                  (dumbfounded)  
No, no, Ponyboy, that ain't  
right ... you've got it wrong ...

                  JOHNNY  
                  (softly)  
Gee, I thought you and Darry  
and Soda got along real well.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (snapping)  
Well, we don't. An' you can shut  
your trap, Johnny Cade. You're  
not wanted at home either.

TWO-BIT slaps PONYBOY across the side of the head.

                  TWO-BIT  
Shut your mouth, kid.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (miserably)  
I'm sorry. I was just mad.

                  JOHNNY  
                  (shrugs)  
It's okay.

TWO-BIT messes up JOHNNY's hair.

                  TWO-BIT  
We couldn't get along without  
you so you can just shut up.

ANGLE DOWN THE STREET

The blue Mustang comes down the street once again.

                  CHERRY  
                  (resignedly)  
Well, they've spotted us.

It comes to a halt. The TWO BOYS in the front seat  
get out. One wears a white shirt and a madras ski  
jacket -- the other a wine-colored sweater.

                  BOB  
Cherry, Marcia, listen to us ...  
just because we got a little  
drunk last time ...

14      CONTD:

          CHERRY

A little? You call reeling and  
passing out in the streets a  
little? Bob, I told you, I'm  
never going out with you while  
you're drinking, and I mean it.

          RANDY

          (to Marcia)

Baby, you know we don't get drunk  
very often.

          (getting angry)

And even if you are mad at us,  
that's no reason to go walking  
the streets with these bums.

          TWO-BIT

Who you callin' bums?

          RANDY

Listen, greasers, we got four  
more of us in the back seat ...

          TWO-BIT

Then pity the back seat.

          RANDY

If you're looking for a fight ...

TWO-BIT snatches up an empty bottle, breaks it and hands  
it to PONYBOY; then he flips out his switchblade.

VIEW ON CHERRY

          CHERRY

No! Stop it!

          (looking at Bob)

We'll ride home with you. Just  
wait a minute.

          TWO-BIT

Why? We ain't scared of them.

          CHERRY

I can't stand fights ... I can't  
stand them ...

PONYBOY and CHERRY

PONYBOY pulls her over to one side and drops the  
bottle.

14      CONTD:

PONYBOY

(to Cherry)

I couldn't use this, I couldn't  
ever cut anyone ...

CHERRY

(quietly)

We'd better go with them. Ponyboy  
... I mean ... if I see you in  
the hall at school or some place  
and don't say hi, well, it's  
not personal or anything, but ...

PONYBOY

I know.

CHERRY

You're a nice boy and everything ...

PONYBOY

It's okay. Just don't forget  
that some of us watch the sunset  
too.

CHERRY

(looking at him  
quickly)

I could fall in love with Dallas  
Winston. I hope I never see him  
again, or I will.

She runs back to the Mustang and it roars off.

After a minute PONYBOY begins to pick up broken glass from  
bottle.

TWO-BIT

What are you doing?

PONYBOY

I don't want anybody to get a  
flat tire.

TWO-BIT shakes his head.

15      EXT - VACANT LOT - NIGHT:   Fall asleep in lot.

MOVING VIEW -- walking home.

TWO BIT

Well, those were two good-lookin'  
girls if I ever saw any.

15      CONTD:

PONYBOY

What was that?

TWO-BIT

Marcia's number. Probably a phony one, too. I must have been outa my mind to ask for it. I think I'm a little soused. Y'all goin' home?

PONYBOY

Not right now.

(CONTINUED)

3/12/82

15     CONTD:

TWO-BIT

I don't know why I handed you  
that busted bottle. You'd never  
use it.

PONYBOY

Maybe I would have. Where you  
headed?

TWO-BIT

Gonna go play a little snooker  
and maybe get rip-roarin' drunk.  
I dunno. See y'all tomorrow.

TWO-BIT leaves. JOHNNY and PONYBOY lie down, shivering  
on the grass. They look up at the stars.

JOHNNY

It was because we're greasers.  
We could have hurt her reputation.

PONYBOY

I reckon.

JOHNNY

Man, that was a tuff car. Mustangs  
are tuff.

PONYBOY

Big-time Socs, all right.

JOHNNY

I can't take much more. I'll  
kill myself or something.

PONYBOY

Don't.

(sitting up in alarm)

You can't kill yourself, Johnny.

JOHNNY

But I gotta do something. It  
seems like there's gotta be a  
some place without greasers or  
Socs, with just people. Plain  
ordinary people.

PONYBOY

Out of the big towns ...

He lies down on the grass next to JOHNNY.



15      CONTD:

                                PONYBOY (contd)  
                        ... in the country.

  DISSOLVE:

16      SHEET OF PAPER

                PONYBOY'S HANDWRITING

                        "I loved the country ... I wanted to be out  
                        of towns and away from excitement ... "

17      EXT - THE COUNTRYSIDE - LATE DAY:   Countryside MONTAGE.

                                PONYBOY (OS)  
                        ... I only wanted to lie on my  
                        back under a tree and read a book  
                        or draw a picture, and not worry  
                        about being jumped or carrying a  
                        blade or ending up married to  
                        some scatterbrained broad with  
                        no sense.

                ANGLE ON SODAPOP

                riding his horse.

                                PONYBOY (OS contd)  
                        ... I would have a yellow cur  
                        dog, like I used to, and Sodapop  
                        could get his horse "Mickey Mouse"  
                        back and ride in all the rodeos  
                        he wanted to ...

                ANGLE ON DARREL AND PONYBOY

                                PONYBOY (OS contd)  
                        ... and Darry would be like he  
                        used to be, eight months ago,  
                        before Mom and Dad were killed.  
                        ... Since I was dreaming, I brought  
                        Mom and Dad back to life ...

                VIEW ON PONYBOY'S PARENTS

                Enter into view, getting out of the automobile they  
                died in.

                DAD slaps DARREL good-naturedly on the back.

                CLOSE ON PONYBOY

17     CONTD:

          PONYBOY

          ... Maybe Johnny would come and  
          live with us ... and Mom ...

MEDIUM VIEW ON PONYBOY'S MOM

talking to DALLAS. DALLAS grins in spite of himself.

          PONYBOY (OS)

          ... She could talk to Dally and  
          keep him from getting into a lot  
          of trouble.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY'S MOM

          PONYBOY (OS contd)

          ... My mother was golden and  
          beautiful ...

18     EXT - VACANT LOT - NIGHT: Wake up in lot.

          JOHNNY (OS)

          Ponyboy ...

ANGLE ON JOHNNY

shaking a sleeping PONYBOY.

          JOHNNY

          ... Hey, Pony, wake up.

PONYBOY sits up, shivering, looks around disoriented.

          PONYBOY

          God, what time is it?

          JOHNNY

          I don't know. I went to sleep,  
          too. You better get home. I  
          think I'll stay all night out  
          here. Who'll care?

          PONYBOY

          Okay.

          (he shivers and  
          yawns)

          If you get cold or something,  
          come on over to our house.

          JOHNNY

          Okay.

PONYBOY springs up, worried.

18     CONTD:

                  PONYBOY

                  What's Darry gonna say?

                  He runs off in the cold night.

                                  CUT TO:

19     EXT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: PONYBOY sees his BROTHERS  
                  through the window.

                  He moves cautiously up the steps of their house; he  
                  peeks in, the lights are all on.

                  WHAT HE SEES:

                  SODAPOP is stretched out on the sofa, asleep. DARREL  
                  is in the armchair under the lamp, reading the newspaper.

20     INT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: DARREL slaps PONYBOY.

                  PONYBOY steps into the house. DARREL is on his feet  
                  in a second.

                                  DARREL

                                  (real mad)

                                  Where the heck have you been?  
                                  Do you know what time it is?  
                                  Well, it's two in the morning,  
                                  kidde.

                  PONYBOY starts chewing his fingernail.

                                  PONYBOY

                                  I ...

                                  (stammering)

                                  I went to sleep in the lot.

                                  DARREL

                                  You what?

                  SODAPOP sits up and rubs his eyes.

                                  SODAPOP

                                  (sleepily)

                                  Hey, Ponyboy, where ya been?

                                  PONYBOY

                                  I didn't mean to. I was talking  
                                  to Johnny and we both dropped  
                                  off ...

20 CONTD:

DARREL

Yeah, and I can't even call the cops because something like that could get you two thrown in a boys' home so quick it'd make your head spin. Can't you use your head? You haven't even got a coat on.

PONYBOY

I said I didn't mean to ...

DARREL

(shouting)

I didn't mean to! I forgot! That's all I hear out of you! Can't you think of anything?

SODAPOP

Darry ...

DARREL

You keep your trap shut! I'm sick and tired of hearin' you stick up for him.

PONYBOY

You don't yell at him!

DARREL wheels around and slaps PONYBOY, knocking him against the door. Silence.

DARREL

Ponyboy ...

(screaming)

Pony, I didn't mean to!

DARREL looks at the palm of his hand where it had turned red and then looks back at PONYBOY. SODAPOP is wide-eyed.

DARREL (contd)

Ponyboy ...

PONYBOY turns and runs out the door as fast as he can.

DARREL

(screaming after him)

Ponyboy!

21 EXT - NEIGHBORHOOD - NIGHT: PONYBOY runs away.

ANGLE ON PONYBOY RUNNING

22 EXT - THE LOT - NIGHT: PONYBOY and JOHNNY run.

MEDIUM VIEW ON PONYBOY

running in the darkness.

PONYBOY

Johnny ...

He practically trips over JOHNNY, sleeping in the dark lot.

PONYBOY (contd)

Come on, Johnny, we're running away.

JOHNNY asks no questions. They run together unquestioning until they are out of breath. Then, as they walk, PONYBOY breaks into tears.

JOHNNY

Easy, Ponyboy,  
(softly)  
we'll be okay.

PONYBOY

Gotta cigarette?  
(pause)  
Johnny, I'm scared.

JOHNNY

Well, don't be. You're scarin' me. What happened?

PONYBOY

Darry hit me. We used to get along okay ... before Mom and Dad died. Now he just can't stand me.

JOHNNY

I think I like it better when then old man's hittin' me.  
(sighs)  
At least you got Soda.

PONYBOY

Shoot, you got the whole gang.

22     CONTD:

          JOHNNY

It ain't the same as having your  
own folks care about you.

          PONYBOY

Let's walk to the park and back.  
Then maybe I'll be cooled off  
enough to go home.

          JOHNNY

Okay.  
          (easily)  
Okay.

23     EXT - THE PARK - NIGHT:   SOCS try to drown PONYBOY.

LONG SHOT

About two blocks square, with a fountain in the middle  
going merrily. It is two thirty in the morning and  
the park is empty. PONYBOY and JOHNNY entering ...

          JOHNNY

Ain't you about to freeze to death,  
Pony?

          PONYBOY

You ain't a'woofin'.

MUSIC up.

We realize that the blue Mustang is 'circling the park  
slowly.

MEDIUM VIEW ON PONYBOY AND JOHNNY

          PONYBOY

What do they want? This is our  
territory.

          JOHNNY

(shaking his head)  
I don't know. But I bet they're  
looking for us. We picked up  
their girls.

WHAT THEY SEE

FIVE SOCS get out of the Mustang and come reeling,  
straight at them.

23 CONTD:

VIEW ON PONYBOY

PONYBOY  
They're drunk.

VIEW ON JOHNNY

His hand reaches down to his back pocket for his switchblade. He's really scared.

CLOSE VIEW ON THE SOC'S HAND  
with three distinctive rings.

VIEW ON THE SOC

shaded and obscured by the shadows of the elm trees.

BOY  
Hey, whatta ya know. Here's the little greasers that picked up our girls.

Another Soc, RANDY, is really drunk and mad. He steps forward and swears at them.

VIEW ON PONYBOY AND JOHNNY

JOHNNY  
(frightened)  
You're outta your territory.  
You'd better watch it.

VIEW ON THE SOC

RANDY steps forward.

RANDY  
Nup, pal, yer the ones who'd better watch it.

PONYBOY is getting angry.

BOB  
You know what a greaser is?  
White trash with long hair.

PONYBOY  
You know what a Soc is?  
(voice trembling)  
White trash with Mustangs and madras.

23     CONTD:

He spits at them.

BOB shakes his head, smiling slowly.

BOB

You could use a bath, greaser.  
Give the kid a bath, Randy.

PONYBOY ducks and tries to run for it, but RANDY grabs his arm and twists it behind PONYBOY's back, and shoves his face in the fountain.

CLOSE UP

as PONYBOY's head is forced below the water level of the fountain. He struggles and coughs, as he is repeatedly pushed under water. The water darkens, and becomes confused with IMAGES of DARREL and his MOTHER, and SODAPOP and "Mickey Mouse" and his DAD. Until it becomes DARKNESS. We HEAR JOHNNY crying.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

24     EXT - THE PARK - NIGHT: BOB is dead.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

He opens his eyes. His clothes are drenched. Beside him is JOHNNY, one elbow on his knee and staring straight ahead.

JOHNNY

I killed him.  
(slowly)  
I killed that boy.

ANGLE ON BOB

lying in the moonlight, doubled up and still. A dark red pool growing from him, spreading over the white cement.

ANGLE ON JOHNNY'S HAND

Clutching his switchblade, dark to the hilt.

ANGLE ON PONYBOY

Staring. Suddenly, his stomach heaves.



24      CONTD:

PONYBOY

Johnny.

JOHNNY

I killed him. I killed that boy.

PONYBOY

Johnny, I think I'm gonna be sick.

JOHNNY

Go ahead. I won't look at you.

PONYBOY

You really killed him, huh,  
Johnny?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

(his voice quavering  
slightly)

I had to. They were drowning  
you, Pony. They might have  
killed you. They were gonna  
beat me up ...

PONYBOY

Like ...

(swallowing)

Like they did before?

JOHNNY

(quiet for a minute)

Yeah, like they did before.  
They ran when I stabbed him.  
They all ran ...

PONYBOY

(nearly screaming)

Johnny! What are we gonna do?  
They put you in the electric  
chair for killing people! I'm  
scared, Johnny. What are we  
gonna do?

JOHNNY jumps up and drags PONYBOY by his sweatshirt.  
He shakes him.

JOHNNY

Calm down, Ponyboy. Get a hold  
of yourself.

PONYBOY

Okay, I'm okay now.

24     CONTD:

JOHNNY slaps his pockets nervously.

          JOHNNY

          We gotta get outta here. Get  
          somewhere. Run away. The  
          police'll be here soon. Dally.  
          (with finality)  
          Dally'll get us outta here.

          PONYBOY

          Where can we find him?

          JOHNNY

          I think at Buck Merrill's place.  
          There's a party over there tonight.

They run off in the cold night.

25     EXT - BUCK MERRILL'S - NIGHT:   SEE BUCK and DALLAS.

MEDIUM VIEW

By a desolate part of town, a small, two-story. Road  
cut with a little bit of neon.

JOHNNY and PONYBOY are crossing the shadows up to the  
door.

          BUCK

          (glaring down at  
          them)

          Whata ya want?

We HEAR the clinking of glasses and female giggles and  
Hank Williams.

          JOHNNY

          Dally! We gotta see Dally.

          BUCK

          (snapping)  
          Dallas is busy.

          VOICE FROM LIVING ROOM

          A-ha! Yee-ha.

          PONYBOY

          Tell him it's Ponyboy and Johnny.  
          He'll come.

BUCK glares at them, and then stumbles off. The two  
BOYS move around the porch to look into the window

25      CONTD:

and watch the rowdy doings. After a moment DALLAS surprises them.

                  DALLAS  
Okay, kids, whata ya need me for?

                  PONYBOY  
Johnny killed a Soc ...

                  DALLAS  
                  (after a pause)  
Good for you.

                  JOHNNY  
We figured you could get us out if anyone could. I'm sorry we got you away from the party.

                  DALLAS  
Oh, shoot, kid ...  
                  (glancing contemptuously  
                  over his shoulder)  
I was in the bedroom.  
                  (staring at Ponyboy)  
It wasn't anything like that, kid. I was asleep, or tryin' to be, -- Ol' Tim sure can pack a punch. He won't be able to see outa one eye for a week.  
                  (looking them over)  
Well, wait a sec and I'll see what I can do about this mess.  
                  (taking a good look  
                  at Ponyboy)  
Ponyboy, are you wet?

                  PONYBOY  
                  (stammering)  
Y-y-es-s.

DALLAS opens the screen door and pulls PONYBOY in, motioning for JOHNNY to follow.

26      INT - BUCK MERRILL'S - NIGHT: Walk to BUCK's bedroom.

                  DALLAS  
You'll die of pneumonia 'fore the cops ever get you.

He drags PONYBOY into an empty bedroom.

27 INT - BUCK MERRILL'S BEDROOM - NIGHT: DALLAS gives clothes and a gun.

DALLAS

Get that sweatshirt off.  
(throwing towel)  
Dry off and wait here.

JOHNNY

(laying back on bed)  
Wish I had a weed.

DALLAS

(brings shirt and jacket)  
Here --  
(handing them a gun and a roll of bills)  
the gun's loaded. For Pete's sake, Johnny, don't point the thing at me. Here's fifty bucks.

(sighs)

Boy, howdy, I ain't itchin' to be the one to tell Darry about this and get my head busted.

PONYBOY

Then don't tell him.

DALLAS

Here!  
(handing Ponyboy an oversized shirt)  
It's Buck's -- you an' him ain't exactly the same size, but it's dry.  
(hands him jacket)  
Hop the three-fifteen freight to Windrixville. There's an old abandoned church on top of Jay Mountain. There's a pump in back so don't worry about water. Buy a week's supply of food as soon as you get there -- this morning, before the story gets out, and then don't so much as stick your noses out the door. I'll be up there as soon as I think it's clear.

(thinks about it)

Man, I thought New York was the only place I could get mixed up in a murder rap.

(MORE)

27 CONTD:

DALLAS (contd)  
(walking them to the door)  
Git goin'l  
(messing up Johnny's hair)  
Take care, kid.

JOHNNY  
Sure, Dally. Thanks.

They run into the darkness.

28 EXT - RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT: Jump on train.

PONYBOY and JOHNNY crouch in the weeds beside the railroad tracks, listening to the whistle grow louder. The train slows to a screaming halt.

JOHNNY  
Now.

They run and pull themselves into an open boxcar.

29 INT - RAILROAD CAR - NIGHT: TRAIN MEN pass by.

They press against the side, trying to hold their breath while they listen to the RAILROAD WORKERS walk up and down outside. ONE pokes his head inside, and they freeze. He doesn't see them, and the boxcar rattles as the train starts up.

JOHNNY looks at the gun.

JOHNNY  
I don't see why he gave me this.  
I couldn't shoot anybody.  
(pause)  
I wish we asked Dally for some cigarettes!

DISSOLVE:

30 EXT - RAILROAD TRACKS - NIGHT: Moving train MUSIC.  
MUSIC up.

Moving along the railroad.

31 OMIT

32 INT - RAILROAD CAR - DAY: Jump off train.

They jump off and land in the meadow.

33 . EXT - MEADOW - DAY: Need directions.

MEDIUM VIEW

Climbing up out of the meadow.

PONYBOY

Now how do we find Jay Mountain?

JOHNNY

Go ask someone. The story won't be in the paper yet. Make like a farm boy taking a walk or something.

PONYBOY

I don't look like a farm boy.

He looks at his and JOHNNY's clothes.

PONYBOY (contd)

... they'll know we're hoods the minute they see us.

JOHNNY

I'll have to stay here. My leg went to sleep.

(rubbing his leg)

You go down the road and ask the first person you see where Jay Mountain is.

PONYBOY sticks a piece of grass in his mouth and tries to look like a farm boy. JOHNNY cracks up, still wincing at pain in his legs.

MOVING VIEW

PONYBOY climbs over the barbed-wire fence. JOHNNY's still laughing at him. He strolls down the red dirt road.

34 EXT - COUNTRY ROAD - DAY: Ask FARMER directions.

PONYBOY walks to a sunburned FARMER, driving a tractor down the road.

(CONTINUED)



36      CONTD:

CLOSE ON JOHNNY

watching -- a little frightened.

          JOHNNY

          (quietly)

Yes.

          (he laughs)

Soda can't sit still long enough  
to see a movie.

          PONYBOY

          (exploring the dark  
          church)

Steve and Two-Bit started throwing  
paper wads at each other and  
clowning around. Then Steve  
dropped the hymn book. Pow!

MEDIUM SHOT - THE TWO BOYS IN THE ABANDONED CHURCH

sitting down, giggling over their reminiscence.

PONYBOY flops down on the floor.

THE VIEW BEGINS TO MOVE CLOSER

The floor is stone, and hard. JOHNNY stretches out  
beside him, resting his head on his arms.

          PONYBOY

          (sleepily)

Everyone in church turned to look  
-- and Two-Bit waved at them.

PONYBOY turns, as if to say more. But JOHNNY is asleep.  
PONYBOY closes his eyes.

          PONYBOY (contd)

          (flops on the floor)

This floor is stone, and hard ...  
(curling up)

                          FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

37      INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: PONYBOY dreams of BROTHERS.

EXTREME CLOSE UP ON PONYBOY

in the darkness of the church. MUSIC up.

WHAT HE SEES:

down the corridor, through the open doorway. DARREL's  
in the kitchen, cooking breakfast.



37      CONTD:

                                  DARREL  
                                  (echoed)  
                          School days! Rise and shine.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

Blinks. Sits up.

WHAT HE SEES: (PROCESS)

PONYBOY imagines DARREL and SODAPOP come into his bedroom and drag him out of bed and wrestle him down and tickle him until he thinks he'll die. Then they go into the kitchen and figure out whose turn it is to do the dishes. Then they go outside and play football.

VIEW ON PONYBOY AND JOHNNY

PONYBOY jumps awake, doesn't know where he is for a second, wrapped in DALLAS' jacket on the cold rock floor. The wind is rushing through the trees' dry leaves outside.

PONYBOY pushes himself up. He's stiff and sore from sleeping on the hard floor. He pushes aside JOHNNY's jeans jacket, which somehow got thrown across him, and blinks.

                                  PONYBOY  
                                  (loudly -- frightened)  
                          Johnny?

His voice echoes around the church: "Johnny ... Johnny ... " He looks down.

WHAT HE SEES:

Crooked lettering in the dust of the floor:

                  "Went to get supplies. Be back soon.  
                  J. C. "

38      EXT - THE CHURCH - DAY: JOHNNY comes back with baloney.

PONYBOY moves out into the cold morning to the pump, to get a drink. He splashes the cold water on his face, which wakes him up pretty quick. Suddenly, he hears something coming up through the dead leaves toward the back of the church, and quickly PONYBOY ducks inside the door of the church. Then we HEAR a whistle, long and low, ending in a sudden high note.

38      CONTD:

PONYBOY returns the whistle, and then darts out of the door so fast he falls off the steps and sprawls flat under JOHNNY's nose. He grins up from his elbows.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (clowning around)  
                  Hey, Johnny, fancy meeting you  
                  here.

JOHNNY's got a big package.

                  JOHNNY  
                  You're gettin' to act more  
                  like Two-Bit every day.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (cocks an eyebrow)  
                  Who's acting?  
                  (rolling over and  
                  springing up)  
                  What'd you get?

                  JOHNNY  
                  Come on inside. Dally told us  
                  to stay inside.

They go into the church.

39      INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: PONYBOY gets his hair cut.

JOHNNY dusts off a table with his jacket and starts taking things out of the sack, and lining them up neatly.

                  JOHNNY  
                  A week's supply of baloney, two  
                  loaves of bread, a box of matches ...

                  PONYBOY  
                  Whee!  
                  (sitting down on a  
                  dusty chair and  
                  staring)  
                  A paperback copy of Gone With  
                  The Wind! How'd you know I always  
                  wanted one?

                  JOHNNY  
                  (reddening)  
                  I remembered you sayin' something  
                  about it once. And me and you  
                  (MORE)

39      CONTD:

                  JOHNNY (contd)  
went to see that movie, 'member?  
I thought you could maybe read  
it out loud and help kill time  
or something.

                  PONYBOY  
Gee, thanks.  
                  (putting book down  
                  reluctantly)  
Peroxide? A deck of cards ...  
                  (suddenly)  
Johnny, you ain't thinking of ...

                  JOHNNY  
                  (sitting down and  
                  pulling out his  
                  knife)  
We're gonna cut our hair, and  
you're gonna bleach yours. They'll  
have our descriptions in the  
paper. We can't fit 'em.

                  PONYBOY  
Oh no!  
                  (his hand flying  
                  to his hair)  
No, Johnny, not my hair!

                  JOHNNY  
We'd have to anyway if we got  
caught. You know the first thing  
the judge does is make you get  
a haircut.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (sourly)  
I don't see why.

                  JOHNNY  
I don't know either -- it's just  
a way of trying to break us. I'm  
gonna cut mine too, and wash the  
grease out. Oh, come on, Ponyboy,  
it'll grow back.

                  PONYBOY  
Okay. Get it over with.

CLOSE VIEW - PONYBOY

JOHNNY flips out that razor-edge of his switchblade,  
takes hold of PONYBOY's hair and starts sawing on it.

39     CONTD:

                  PONYBOY (contd)  
                  (examining tuft of  
                  hair)  
                  It's lighter than I thought it  
                  was. Can I see what I look like  
                  now?

                  JOHNNY  
                  No.  
                  (staring at him)  
                  We gotta bleach it first.

                                  DISSOLVE:

40     EXT - THE CHURCH - DAY: JOHNNY gets his hair cut.

                  VIEW ON JOHNNY

                  carries an old cracked mirror ...

                                  JOHNNY  
                  Here.

                  He holds the mirror for PONYBOY.

                  VIEW THROUGH THE MIRROR - PONYBOY

                  with his new hair. He does a double take, his hair is  
                  even lighter than Sodapop's. It makes him look younger,  
                  scareder -- it just doesn't look like him.

                                  PONYBOY  
                  This really makes me look tuff.

                  JOHNNY hands him the knife. He looks scared too.

                                  JOHNNY  
                  Go ahead.

                  PONYBOY does the best he can. He cuts the front --  
                  stops. Looks.

                                  DISSOLVE:

41     EXT - THE CHURCH - DAY: "Halloween costume."

                  JOHNNY sits shivering in the cold. PONYBOY gives him  
                  DALLY's jacket to wrap up in.

                                  JOHNNY  
                  I guess,  
                  (weakly)  
                  I guess we're disguised.

41     CONTD:

                  PONYBOY  
                  (leaning back sullenly)  
I guess so.

                  JOHNNY  
                  (with fake cheerfulness)  
Oh, shoot, it's just hair.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (snapping)  
Shoot, nothing. This just ain't  
us. It's like being in a  
Halloween costume we can't get  
out of.

                  JOHNNY  
Well, we got to get used to it.  
We're in big trouble and it's our  
looks or us.

42     INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: Talk about murder.

PONYBOY is eating a candy bar -- tears running down his  
cheeks.

                  PONYBOY  
I'm still tired.

He brushes the tears away.

                  JOHNNY  
I'm sorry I cut your hair off,  
Ponyboy.

                  PONYBOY  
Oh, it ain't that.  
                  (between bites of  
                  chocolate)  
I really don't know what's the  
matter. I'm mixed up.

                  JOHNNY  
                  (through chattering  
                  teeth)  
I know. Things have been  
happening so fast. Two-Bit  
coulda walked out with half  
that store. Good ol' Two-Bit.

                  PONYBOY  
Remember how he was wisecrackin'  
last night? Last night ... just  
(MORE)

42      CONTD:

PONYBOY (contd)

last night we were walkin' Cherry  
and Marcia over to Two-Bit's.  
Just last night ...

JOHNNY

Stop it!  
    (gasping from between  
    clenched teeth)  
Shut up about last night! I  
killed a kid last night. He  
couldn't of been more than  
seventeen or eighteen and  
I killed him.  
    (crying)

PONYBOY holds him.

JOHNNY (contd)

How'd you like to live with that?  
    (quiet for a minute)  
There sure is a lot of blood in  
people.

JOHNNY gets up suddenly and begins pacing back and  
forth, slapping his pockets.

PONYBOY

    (crying)  
Whata we gonna do?

JOHNNY

    (stops crying)  
This is my fault, for bringin'  
a little thirteen-year-old kid  
along. You ought to go home.  
You can't get into any trouble.  
You didn't kill him.

PONYBOY

No!  
    (screaming)  
I'm fourteen! I've been fourteen  
for a month! And I'm in it as  
much as you are. I'll stop crying.  
in a minute. I can't help it.

JOHNNY

    (slumping down  
    beside him)  
I didn't mean it like that,  
Ponyboy. Don't cry, Pony, we'll  
be okay. Don't cry ...

42 CONTD:

PONYBOY leans against him and bawls until he goes to sleep.

DISSOLVE:

43 INT - THE CHURCH - NIGHT: Wake up in dark.

PONYBOY and JOHNNY huddled together in the darkness of the freezing church. The MUSIC is tender.

CLOSE SHOT - THE TWO FRIENDS

PONYBOY

Johnny?  
(yawning)  
You awake?

JOHNNY

Yeah.

PONYBOY

We ain't gonna cry no more, are we?

JOHNNY

Nope. We're all cried out now.  
We're gettin' used to the idea.  
We're gonna be okay now.

PONYBOY

(drowsily)  
That's what I thought.

FADE OUT.

OVER DARKNESS

PONYBOY (OS)

(reading, slowly)  
" ... Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful; but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were. In her face ... "

FADE IN:

44 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: Playing poker.

PONYBOY's narration comes over the Gone With the Wind text, as the two BOYS play poker, with bottle caps as chips.

DISSOLVE:

3/1/82

45 VIEW ON PONYBOY'S THEME

The handwriting. MUSIC in.

" ... the next four or five days were the longest days I've ever spent in my life ... "

DISSOLVE:

46 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: GWTW -- "Different."

CLOSE on JOHNNY, daydreaming.

PONYBOY

(reading dramatically)

" ... As I've told you before, that is the one unforgivable sin in any society ... "

CLOSE on PONYBOY reading, intently.

PONYBOY (OS)

"Be different and be damned!"

DISSOLVE:

47 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: PONYBOY reads Gone With the Wind.

EXTREME CLOSE UP - PONYBOY

reading past the cover of the paperback Gone With the Wind. We HEAR him reading from the text.

PONYBOY

"Everywhere swarms of flies hovered over them, crawling and buzzing in their faces ... "

VIEW ON JOHNNY

making a face.

JOHNNY

Gross.

DISSOLVE:

48 INT - THE CHURCH - NIGHT: Gone With the Wind -- "Gallant."

MEDIUM VIEW

JOHNNY and PONYBOY eating baloney and smoking at the same time.

3/12/82



48      CONTD:

          PONYBOY

... riding into sure death  
because they were gallant.  
Cool, huh?

          JOHNNY

Gallant! Cool ol' guys. They  
remind me of Dally.

(CONTINUED)

48      CONTD:

          PONYBOY

          (startled)

          Dally? Shoot, he ain't got any  
          more manners than I do. Soda's  
          more like them Southern boys.

          JOHNNY

          Yeah ... in the manners bit and  
          the charm too, I guess.

          (preparing more baloney  
          for Ponyboy)

          But Dallas ...

CLOSE UP - PONYBOY

          looking at JOHNNY.

          PONYBOY

          Dally's so real he scares me.

                          DISSOLVE:

49      EXT - THE CHURCH - DAY: Farm KIDS pass by.

          JOHNNY and PONYBOY peek around the side of the church  
          with caution. Past them we can make out farm KIDS  
          riding by on their horses on their way to the store.  
          The BOYS stay back. MUSIC up.

                          DISSOLVE:

50      SHEET OF PAPER: "One morning ... "

          PONYBOY'S THEME: HIS HANDWRITING

          " ... One morning, I woke up earlier than  
          usual ... "

                          DISSOLVE:

51      INT - THE CHURCH - MORNING: PONYBOY wakes up in church.

          MEDIUM CLOSE UP

          PONYBOY wakes up, sleeping together with JOHNNY.

          He slips out of the jackets without disturbing JOHNNY.

52      EXT - THE CHURCH - MORNING: Sunrise "Nothing gold ... "

          The dawn is coming up. All the valley is covered with  
          mist, sometimes breaking off and floating away in small

52      CONTD:

clouds. The clouds change from gray to pink, and the mist is touched with gold. There is a silent moment when everything holds its breath, and then the sun rises. PONYBOY smokes a cigarette and watches in awe.

          JOHNNY

Golly -- that was sure pretty.

          PONYBOY

Yeah.

          JOHNNY

The mist was what was pretty.  
All gold and silver.

          PONYBOY

~~Uhhmmmmmm.~~

(trying to blow a  
smoke ring)

          JOHNNY

Too bad it couldn't stay like  
that all the time.

THE TWO AGAINST THE SPECTACULAR SKY

          PONYBOY

Nothing gold can stay.

          JOHNNY

What?

          PONYBOY

"Nature's first green is gold,  
Her hardest hues to hold.  
Her early leaf's a flower;  
But only so an hour.  
Then leaf subsides to leaf.  
So Eden sank to grief,  
So dawn goes down today.  
Nothing gold can stay."

          JOHNNY

(staring at him)

Where'd you learn that? That  
was what I meant.

          PONYBOY

Robert Frost wrote it. I always  
remembered it because I never  
quite got what he meant by it.

52      CONTD:

          JOHNNY

You know, I never noticed colors  
and clouds and stuff until you  
kept reminding me about them.  
It's like they were never there  
before. Your family sure is  
funny.

          PONYBOY

And what happens to be so funny  
about it?

          JOHNNY

I didn't mean nothing. I meant,  
well, Soda kinda looks like your  
mother did, but he acts just  
exactly like your father. And  
Darry is the spittin' image of  
your father, but he ain't wild  
and laughing all the time like  
he was. He acts like your mother.  
And you don't act like either one.

          PONYBOY

I know. Well, you ain't like  
any of the gang. I mean, I  
couldn't tell Two-Bit or Steve  
or even Darry about the sunrise  
and clouds and stuff. I couldn't  
even remember that poem around  
them. I mean, they just don't  
dig. Just you and Sodapop. And  
maybe Cherry Valance.

Johnny shrugs.

          JOHNNY

Yeah, I guess we're different.

          PONYBOY

Shoot,  
          (blows a perfect smoke  
          ring)  
maybe they are.

(CONTINUED)

52. CONTD:

MUSIC up.

SUPERIMPOSITION:

PONYBOY'S THEME:

"By the fifth day I was so sick of baloney  
I nearly got sick every time I looked at  
it ... "

53 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: Passing time MONTAGE.

JOHNNY

You'll get sick if you smoke  
so much.

PONYBOY

(lighting another  
Camel)

I need a Pepsi ...

JOHNNY

Be careful -- Man, you don't  
want to catch this place on fire.

PONYBOY nods, and carefully puts out his match. He  
returns to Gone With the Wind.

PONYBOY

(reading)

" ... Do you know that when the  
Yankees were marching on Milledge-  
ville they called out all the cadets  
from the military academy no matter  
how young they were?" Just think,  
we could have been in the war,  
back then they had kids fighting,  
toward the end.

MONTAGE AS HE READS

The BOYS play poker; JOHNNY winning; smoking cigarettes;  
PONYBOY getting sick, and JOHNNY throwing out empty  
packs of Camels. And finally, PONYBOY curling up in  
the corner of the church, to sleep off his sickness.

JOHNNY sits on the back porch, trying to read to himself.

54 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: DALLAS comes to church.

CLOSE UP ON PONYBOY

sleeping, then -- a familiar whistle, from a distance.  
PONYBOY stirs, then rests, when a toe nudges him.

54      CONTD:

DALLAS (OS)

Hey, he looks different with his hair like that.

PONYBOY

(yawning and blinking)

Hey, Dally.

DALLAS

Hey, Ponyboy.

(grinning down at him)

Or should I say Sleeping Beauty?

PONYBOY

How's Sodapop? Are the fuzz after us? What ...

DALLAS

Hold on, kid. I can't answer everything at once. You two want to go get something to eat first? I'm about starved.

JOHNNY

(indignant)

You're starved?

DALLAS searches his shirt pocket for a cigarette and finds none.

DALLAS

Gotta cancer stick, Johnnycake?

JOHNNY tosses him a whole pack.

DALLAS

(lighting up)

The fuzz won't be looking for you around here. They think you've lit out for Texas. Hey, Ponyboy,

(fumbling with a piece of paper in his back pocket)

I got a letter for you.

PONYBOY

A letter? Who from?

DALLAS

The President, of course. It's from Soda.

54      CONTD:

                  PONYBOY  
                  (bewildered)  
Sodapop? But how did he know ...

                  DALLAS  
I told him I didn't know where you  
were, but he didn't believe me ...

PONYBOY isn't listening. He quickly opens the letter,  
and rushes to lean against the side of the church to  
read aloud: MUSIC.

MOVING CLOSER TO PONYBOY

                  PONYBOY  
                  (reading)  
" ... Ponyboy,  
Well, I guess you got into some  
trouble, huh? Darry and me nearly  
went nuts when you ran out like  
that. Darry is awfully sorry he  
hit you. You know he didn't mean  
it ... "

CLOSE VIEW ON JOHNNY

listening.

                  SODAPOP (VO)  
" ... And then you and Johnny  
turned up missing and what with  
that dead kid in the park and  
Dally getting hauled into the  
station, well, it scared us  
something awful ... I wish you'd  
come back and turn yourselves in  
but I guess you can't since Johnny  
might get hurt ... "

                  PONYBOY  
" ... You sure are famous. You  
got a paragraph in the newspaper  
even. Take care and say hi to  
Johnny for us.

                  Sodapop Curtis ... "

PONYBOY takes a sigh and then:

                  PONYBOY (contd)  
How come you got hauled in?

                  DALLAS  
                  (grinning wolfishly)  
Shoot, kid -- them boys at the  
station know me by now. While  
(MORE)

54      CONTD:

          DALLAS (contd)

I was there I kinda let it slip  
that y'all were heading for Texas.  
So that's where they're lookin'.

          (giving Ponyboy a  
          hard rub on the head)

Kid, I swear it don't look like  
you with your hair all cut off.  
It used to look tuff.

          PONYBOY

          (sourly)

I know. I look lousy, but don't  
rub it in.

          DALLAS

So y'all want somethin' to eat  
or not?

          PONYBOY

          (leaping up with  
          Johnny)

You'd better believe it.

55      EXT - THE T-BIRD: Speeding from church.  
          MEDIUM VIEW - BEHIND THE CAR

          doing eighty-five along the red dirt road.

          VIEW ON THE BOYS

          JOHNNY and PONYBOY are a little green, as DALLAS takes a  
          corner on two wheels with the brakes screaming.

56      INT - THE DAIRY QUEEN - DAY: Barbeque sandwiches.

          We HEAR Presley. PONYBOY and JOHNNY gorge themselves on  
          barbeque sandwiches. PONYBOY savors a Pepsi.

          DALLAS

          And I thought I was hungry!  
          (finishing his third  
          hamburger)

          We've really been havin' a war  
          since you killed that kid. All over  
          the town it's Soc against Grease.  
          I started carrying a heater...

          PONYBOY

          (frightened)

          Dally! You kill people with  
          heaters!



56      CONTD:

DALLAS

(in a hard voice)

Ya kill 'em with switchblades,  
too, don't ya, kid?

(smiling)

Don't worry, it ain't loaded.  
I ain't aimin' to get picked up  
for murder. Tim Shepard's gang  
and our outfit are havin' a  
rumble with the Socs tomorrow  
night at the vacant lot. If  
we win, they stay outa our  
territory but good. Hey, I  
didn't tell you we got us a spy.

JOHNNY

A spy?

(looking up from  
his banana split)

Who?

DALLAS

That good-lookin' broad I tried  
to pick up that night you killed  
the Soc. The redhead. Cherry  
what's-her-name.

CLOSE ON JOHNNY AND PONYBOY

Their mouths momentarily stop eating.

JOHNNY AND PONYBOY

Cherry? The Soc?

DALLAS

Yeah. We were hanging around the  
lot when she drives up in her  
little ol' Sting Ray. That took  
a lot of nerve. Man, next time  
I want a broad I'll pick up my  
own kind.

JOHNNY

Yeah.

DALLAS

She said she'd testify that the  
Socs were drunk and looking for  
a fight and that you fought back  
in self-defense.

(MORE)

3/12/82

56      CONTD:

DALLAS (contd)

(grim laugh -- he  
likes her)

That little gal sure does hate  
me. I offered to take her over  
to The Dingo for a Coke and she  
said, "No, thank you" and told  
me where I could go.

(pause)

Man, this place is out of it.  
What do they do for kicks around  
here, play checkers?

(surveying the scene  
without entrance)

I ain't never been in the country  
before.

PONYBOY

How'd you know about the church?

DALLAS

I got a cousin that lives around  
here somewheres. Tipped me off  
that it'd make a tuff hide-out in  
case of something.

JOHNNY finishes his fifth barbeque sandwich.

JOHNNY

We're goin' back and turn ourselves  
in.

DALLAS

(gagging and swearing)

What?

JOHNNY

I got a good chance of bein'  
let off easy. It was self-  
defense. Ponyboy and Cherry can  
testify to that. We won't tell  
that you helped us, Dally, and  
we'll give you back the gun so  
you won't get into trouble, okay?

DALLAS

(chewing on the  
corner of his ID  
card)

You sure?

56      CONTD:

          JOHNNY

          (nodding)

I'm sure. It ain't fair for Darry and Soda worryin' about Ponyboy all the time. I don't guess ...

          (swallowing, trying  
          not to look eager)

I don't guess my parents are worried about me or anything?

          DALLAS

          (matter-of-fact voice)

The boys are worried. Two-Bit was for going to Texas to hunt for you.

          JOHNNY

          (repeating doggedly)

My parents, did they ask about me?

          DALLAS

          (snapping)

No, they didn't. So what? Shoot, my old man don't give a hang whether I'm in jail or dead in a car wreck or drunk in the gutter. That don't bother me none.

57      INT - THE T-BIRD - DAY: Drive back to the church.

JOHNNY stares at the dashboard as they fly along the red road.

          DALLAS

Dammit, Johnny, why didn't you think of this five days ago? It would have saved a lot of trouble.

          JOHNNY

          (with conviction)

I was scared. I still am. I guess we ruined our hair for nothing, Ponyboy.

          PONYBOY

I guess so.

          DALLAS

Johnny, you don't know what a few months in jail can do to you.

          (MORE)

57     CONTD:

DALLAS (contd)

Oh, damnit, Johnny, you get mean in jail. I don't want that to happen to you. Like it happened to me.

DALLAS slams on the brakes and stares.

DALLAS

Oh, good God.

58     EXT - CHURCH - DAY: Church on fire.

WHAT THEY SEE:

The church is burning.

MEDIUM VIEW

PONYBOY hops out of the car and starts running.

PONYBOY

Let's go see what the deal is.

DALLAS

What for? Get back in here before I beat your head in.

PONYBOY runs to the CROWD by the church, mostly little KIDS. He taps the nearest GROWNUP.

PONYBOY

What's going on?

JERRY

(good-naturedly)

Well, we don't know for sure. Thank goodness this is a wet season and the old thing is worthless anyway. Stand back, children -- the firemen will be coming soon.

JOHNNY has moved up to PONYBOY.

PONYBOY

I bet we started it. I must have dropped a lighted cigarette or something.

A LADY runs to the MEN with the MAN taking care of the CHILDREN. Some kind of elementary school outing, with TEACHERS. The WOMAN is upset.

58      CONTD:

          WOMAN

Jerry, some of the children are missing.

          JERRY

(looking about)

They're probably around here somewhere. You can't tell with all this excitement ...

          WOMAN

No -- they've been gone for at least half an hour.

EVERYONE is suddenly quiet, including the BOYS. As though they heard something.

VIEW ON THE BURNING CHURCH

Faintly, we can HEAR the sound of children yelling.

She goes white ... about to scream.

          WOMAN (contd)

I told them not to play in the church ... I told them.

JERRY shakes her, seeing her hysteria.

VIEW ON PONYBOY AND JOHNNY

          PONYBOY

I'll get them, don't worry.

He breaks into a dead run, the VIEW TRACKING with him. JERRY runs after him, catches him by the arm.

          JERRY

You kids stay out -- I'll get them.

          PONYBOY

I'll get them, don't worry.

PONYBOY jerks loose and continues, THE MOVING VIEW is EXTREMELY CLOSE ON PONYBOY.

          PONYBOY (contd)

(to himself)

We started it -- we started it.

58 CONTD:

MEDIUM CLOSE VIEW

PONYBOY stops at the flaming door, backs away from the heat. Then turns and takes a huge rock and hurls it through the window, and climbs in. It is only then that we realize that JOHNNY is right behind him.

59 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: Fire rescue.

Smoke fills their tearful eyes.

MOVING VIEW

PONYBOY  
Is that guy coming?

JOHNNY  
(shaking his head)  
The window stopped him.

PONYBOY  
Too scared?

JOHNNY  
(grinning)  
Naw ... too fat.

SMOKE AND FLAME SEQUENCE

We really SEE very little other than glimpses of PEOPLE and mostly smoke and occasionally, a sudden burst of flame.

JOHNNY  
(shouting)  
Where's the kids?

PONYBOY  
(hollering)  
In the back, I guess.

They stumble through the church. A load of cinders and embers fall on them in a hot shower -- they scream out.

NEW VIEW

The two BOYS push the rear door open and move in, finding five little KIDS, 6 - 8, huddled in the corner. ONE is screaming his head off, and JOHNNY has to shout:

59       CONTD:

                  JOHNNY

                  Shut up. We're goin' to get you  
                  out.

The KID looks surprised and quits hollering.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

surprised at JOHNNY's nerve as he moves into action.

WHAT HE SEES:

JOHNNY looks over his shoulder, and seeing the door  
blocked by flames, pushes open the window, causing an  
enormous "whoosh" of air, and throws one of the little  
KIDS out of it.

CLOSE ON JOHNNY

His face is red-marked and sweat stained, but he smiles  
at PONYBOY. He isn't scared. Without the self-defeated  
look he always carries, most likely he is having the  
time of his life.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

He picks up a KID, who promptly bites him hard. He  
leans out of the window and drops him as gently as he  
can.

VIEW THROUGH THE WINDOW

There's a CROWD out there. DALLAS too, and when he  
sees PONYBOY he screams:

                  DALLAS

                  For Pete's sake, get out of there!  
                  That roof's gonna cave in any  
                  minute. Forget those blasted  
                  kids!

Sections of the roof framework fall in flames, missing  
them, but PONYBOY and JOHNNY drop the last KIDS out  
of the window, not looking to see how they fall.

PONYBOY is coughing so hard he can barely stand up.  
He struggles to take off DALLY's jacket it's so hot.

60       EXT - THE CHURCH - DAY: Crumbling church.

The CROWD panics, steps back, the front of the church  
is beginning to crumble.

61 INT - THE CHURCH - DAY: PONYBOY escapes fire.

SPECIAL FX SHOT

JOHNNY shoves PONYBOY towards the window.

JOHNNY

Get out!

PONYBOY leaps through the window with timber crashing and flames roaring right behind him. He staggers, almost falling, coughing and sobbing for breath. He turns as he hears JOHNNY SCREAM. He turns to climb back in, when DALLAS' face looms up BIG as he cusses him and clubs him across the back as hard as he can. PONYBOY loses consciousness.

FADE TO BLACK.

FADE IN:

62 INT - THE AMBULANCE - NIGHT: Ambulance.

EXTREME CLOSE ON PONYBOY

bouncing and moving, as the MUSIC plays.

Gaining consciousness. He HEARS the siren.

PONYBOY

(groaning to himself)

The cops. Soda.

Someone gently sponges his face.

VOICE

I think he's coming around.

He opens his eyes.

PONYBOY

(weakly)

Are you taking me to jail?

He can slowly make out JERRY, the teacher.

JERRY

Take it easy, kid, you're in an ambulance.

3/12/82



62      CONTD:

PONYBOY

Where's Johnny? And Dallas?

JERRY

They're in the other ambulance,  
right behind us. Just calm down,  
you're going to be okay. You  
just passed out.

PONYBOY

I didn't either ...  
                  (tough)  
Dallas hit me. How come?

JERRY

Because your back was in flames,  
that's why.

PONYBOY

Yeah? I didn't feel it.

JERRY

We put it out before you got  
burned. That jacket saved you  
from a bad burning ... maybe saved  
your life.

PONYBOY

Are Johnny and Dally all right?

JERRY

We think the older kid is going  
to be all right. Johnny, well, I  
don't know about him. A piece  
of timber caught him across the  
back.

                  (hurriedly changing  
                  subject)

I swear you three are the bravest  
kids I've seen in a long time.  
Or are you just professional  
heroes or something?

PONYBOY

No, we're greasers.

JERRY

You're what?

PONYBOY

Greasers. You know, like hoods,  
JD's. Johnny is wanted for murder,  
                  (MORE)

62      CONTD:

                  PONYBOY (contd)  
and Dallas has a record with the  
fuzz a mile long.

                  JERRY  
Are you kidding me?

                  PONYBOY  
I am not. Take me to town and  
you'll find out pretty quick.

PONYBOY starts to laugh weakly.

63      INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT: PONYBOY reunited  
with BROTHERS.

MEDIUM VIEW

PONYBOY is sitting on a bench with some burns and  
bruises. He rises and watches as JOHNNY and DALLAS  
are carried by him on stretchers. Then he sits back  
down. He is smoking.

                  JERRY  
You shouldn't be smoking.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (startled)  
How come?  
                  (not seeing a "No  
                  Smoking" sign)  
How come?

                  JERRY  
Why, uh,  
                  (stammering)  
uh, you're too young.

                  PONYBOY  
I am?

                  JERRY  
                  (sighing, then  
                  grinning)  
There are some people here to  
see you.

PONYBOY leaps up and runs for the door, but it is  
already opened, and SODAPOP has him in a big bear hug,  
swinging him around.

63      CONTD:

                  SODAPOF

                  Geez, man, what'd you do to  
                  your hair? Your tuff hair ...

PONYBOY almost cries, as SODAPOF sits him down and  
brushes back his hair.

Then he looks up:

WHAT HE SEES:   DARREL

                  leaning in the doorway, wearing his olive jeans and  
                  black T-shirt. His fists are jammed in his pockets  
                  and his eyes are pleading. He swallows and says in  
                  a husky voice:

                  DARREL

                  Ponyboy.

PONYBOY merely stands there, letting go of SODAPOF.  
Then he realizes that DARREL is crying.

                  PONYBOY

                  Darry!

And suddenly PONYBOY has got his arms around his older  
BROTHER, squeezing the daylights out of him.

                  PONYBOY (contd)

                  Darry -- I'm sorry.

                  DARREL

                  (stroking his head  
                  and crying)

                  Oh, Pony, I thought we'd lost  
                  you. Like we did Mom and Dad ...

                  PONYBOY

                  (laughing and crying)

                  Oh, Darry.

The BROTHERS hold each other.

MUSIC up.

DISSOLVE:

64      INT - DARREL'S FORD - NIGHT: PONYBOY sleeps in Ford.

PONYBOY is overcome by sleepiness.

DISSOLVE:

3/1/82

65 EXT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: DARREL carries PONYBOY.  
The Ford pulls up. SODAPOP tries to wake PONYBOY.

SODAPOP  
Hey, Ponyboy, wake up.

PONYBOY  
(sleepily)  
Hmhmhm.

He lays back in the back seat.

SODAPOP  
Oh, come on, Ponyboy.  
(shaking him)  
We're tired too ...

DARREL steps over, picks up PONYBOY in his big arms,  
and carries him into the house.

SODAPOP (contd)  
He's getting mighty big to be  
carried.

DARREL  
He's sure lost a lot of weight.

MOVING VIEW ON PONYBOY

being carried into the house like a baby, in his  
older BROTHER's arms.

WE HOLD ON THEIR HOUSE A MOMENT. Then:

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

66 INT - PONYBOY'S ROOM - MORNING: PONYBOY wakes up by  
SODAPOP.

MEDIUM CLOSE SHOT

PONYBOY opens his eyes, and pulls himself from under  
SODAPOP's arms. SODAPOP is fully clothed, but PONYBOY  
had his shirt and shoes taken off for him. He pulls  
the blanket over SODAPOP, and moves into the shower.

67 INT - LIVING ROOM - MORNING: TIM SHEPARD at house.

PONYBOY walks through living room on way to kitchen.  
Startled to see TIM SHEPARD on couch, reading newspaper.

67      CONTD:

                  PONYOYY

Uh, hi, Tim.

                  TIM

                  (not glancing up)

Hi, kid.

                  PONYBOY

                  (clearly in awe of  
                  him)

You want some breakfast?

TIM folds the newspaper and rises to leave.

                  TIM

Nope. Thanks for the use of  
your couch.

TIM exits.

                  PONYBOY

Uh, sure. Anytime.

                                  DISSOLVE:

68      INT - THE KITCHEN - DAY: Breakfast with the GANG.

PONYBOY enters the kitchen.

                  PONYBOY'S VOICE

The first one up has to fix  
breakfast and the other two do  
the dishes ...

CLOSE VIEW - PONYBOY

takes out the cake mix from the pantry.

                  PONYBOY (VO)

... That's the rule around our  
house. All three of us like  
chocolate cake for breakfast.  
Mom had never allowed it with  
ham and eggs, but Darry lets  
us talk him into it.

As PONYBOY starts making the chocolate cake from a  
Betty Crocker mix.

THE VIEW DETAILS HIS PREPARATION AS:

3/1/82

68      CONTD:

                  PONYBOY (VO, contd)  
We really didn't have to twist  
his arm: Darry loves chocolate  
cake as much as we do.

CLOSE ON DETAIL

PONYBOY mixing the ingredients.

                  PONYBOY (VO, contd)  
I like Darry's cakes better;  
Soda always puts too much sugar  
in the icing.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

inaudibly talking to himself, as he works.

                  PONYBOY (VO, contd)  
I don't see how he stands jelly  
and eggs and chocolate cake all  
at once, but he seems to like it.

INSERT

Mixing the chocolate milk.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

pulling the chocolate cake out of the oven.

                  PONYBOY (VO, contd)  
All three of us are crazy about  
chocolate stuff. Soda says if  
they ever make a chocolate  
cigarette I'll have it made.

                  TWO-BIT (OS)  
Anybody home?

                  PONYBOY  
In here.  
                  (his brothers are  
                  sleeping)  
Don't slam the door.

STEVE and TWO-BIT slam the door as they enter.

TWO-BIT comes running into the kitchen, catching PONYBOY  
in his arms and swinging him around, ignoring the fact  
that PONYBOY has the pan with two eggs in his hands.

68      CONTD:

TWO-BIT

Hey, Ponyboy, long time no see.

TWO-BIT springs PONYBOY to STEVE, who gives him a playful slap on his bruised back and shoves him into the room. One of the eggs goes flying. It lands on the clock, and when PONYBOY tries to keep a hold of the other egg, it breaks all over his hand.

PONYBOY

Now look what you did. There went our breakfast.

TWO-BIT walks in a slow circle around him; PONYBOY sighs because he sees them looking at his hair.

TWO-BIT

Man, big baldy here!

PONYBOY

Aw, lay off.

STEVE

Why, he had to get a haircut to get his picture in the paper. How do you like bein' a hero, big shot?

PONYBOY

How do I like what?

STEVE

Being a hero. You know --  
(shoving morning  
paper at him  
impatiently)  
-- like a big shot, even.

WE SEE the paper.

"JUVENILE DELINQUENTS TURN HEROES"

TWO-BIT

What I like is the "turn" bit.  
(cleaning the egg up)

PONYBOY pulls the paper up close and reads.

PONYBOY

They're charging Johnny with manslaughter.

3/12/82

68      CONTD:

THE FACES OF THE OTHER BOYS

PONYBOY (contd)

What do they mean if Johnny  
recovers?

STEVE

Says how you saved those little  
kids too, Ponyboy. How they would  
have been burned to death, if it  
hadn't been for you.

TWO-BIT

Boy, Dallas'll be mad when he  
hears they didn't mention his  
police record.

PONYBOY

(gravely)

It's all about us -- Darry, Soda  
and me.

(he looks up)

You mean ... that they're thinking  
about putting me and Soda in a  
boys' home or something?

STEVE combs his hair in complicated swirls.

STEVE

Somethin' like that.

PONYBOY sits down in a daze.

PONYBOY

No.

STEVE

No what?

PONYBOY

No, they ain't goin' to put us  
in a boys' home.

STEVE

(cocksure)

Don't worry about it. They don't  
do that to heroes. Where's Soda  
and Superman?

DARREL, shaved and dressed, comes in behind STEVE  
and lifts him off the floor; and then drops him.

3/12/82



68. CONTD:

STEVE (contd)  
All brawn and no brains.

STEVE and DARREL don't love each other. SODAPOP comes running in.

SODAPOP  
Where's the blue shirt I washed yesterday?

He takes a swig of PONYBOY's chocolate milk.

STEVE  
(still on the floor)  
Hate to tell you, buddy, but you have to wear clothes to work. There's a law or something.

SODAPOP  
Oh, yeah. Where're those wheat jeans, too?

DARREL  
I ironed them. They're in my closet. Hurry up, you're gonna be late.

SODAPOP runs back, muttering.

SODAPOP  
I'm hurryin', I'm hurryin'.

STEVE follows him back and in a second there is a general racket of a pillow fight.

PONYBOY  
(suddenly)  
Darry, did you know about the juvenile court?

DARREL  
(looking in refrigerator)  
Yeah, the cops told me last night.

They look at each other for a while without saying a word -- they both fear the same nightmare.

DARREL and PONYBOY are still looking at each other. There is MUSIC.

DARREL starts to say something, but then SODAPOP and STEVE come noisily in.

68      CONTD:

SODAPOP

(to no one in  
particular)

You know what? When we stomp  
the Socs good, me and Stevie  
here are gonna throw a big party  
and everybody can get smashed.

DARREL

Where you gonna get the dough,  
little man?

(handing out pieces  
of cake)

SODAPOP

(assuring him between  
bites)

I'll think of somethin'.

PONYBOY

You going to take Sandy to the  
party?

Silence.

PONYBOY looks around.

SODAPOP

(staring at his feet)

No. She went to live with her  
grandmother in Florida ...

STEVE

(surprisingly angry)

Look, does he have to draw you  
a picture? Her parents hit  
the roof at the idea of her  
marryin' a sixteen-year-old kid.

SODAPOP

Seventeen. I'll be seventeen  
in a couple of weeks.

PONYBOY

(embarrassed)

Oh.

DARREL

(affectionately to  
Sodapop)

We'd better get on to work,  
Pepsi-Cola. I hate to leave you

(MORE)

68      CONTD:

DARREL (contd)  
here by yourself, Ponyboy. Maybe  
I ought to take the day off.

PONYBOY  
I've stayed by my lonesome before.  
You can't afford a day off.

DARREL  
Yeah, but you just got back and  
I really ought to stay ...

TWO-BIT  
I'll babysit him.  
(ducking as Ponyboy  
takes a swing at  
him)  
I haven't got anything better  
to do.

STEVE  
Why don't you get a job? Ever  
consider working for a living?

TWO-BIT  
(aghast)  
Work? And ruin my rep? I  
wouldn't be babysittin' the kid  
here if I knew of some good  
day-nursery open on Saturdays.

PONYBOY pulls his chair over backward and jumps on him  
-- but TWO-BIT has him down in a second.

TWO-BIT  
Holler Uncle.

PONYBOY  
I got to cut out smoking or I  
won't make track next year.

TWO-BIT  
Uncle.

PONYBOY  
Nope.

DARREL pulls on his jacket.

DARREL  
You two do up the dishes.  
(MORE)

68      CONTD:

DARREL (contd)  
(pausing for a second)  
Two-Bit, lay off. He ain't lookin'  
so good. Ponyboy, you smoke more  
than a pack today and I'll skin  
you. Understand?

PONYBOY  
Yeah.  
(getting to his feet)  
You carry more than one bundle  
of roofing at a time and me and  
Soda'll skin you.

DARREL  
(a rare grin)  
Yeah. See y'all this afternoon.

PONYBOY  
Bye.

DARREL, SODAPOP, and STEVE exit.

PONYBOY does the kitchen while TWO-BIT dries the same  
glass.

PONYBOY  
We're gonna clean up the house.  
The reporters or police or somebody  
might come by, and anyway, it's  
time for those guys from the  
state to come by and check up  
on us.

TWO-BIT  
This house ain't messy. You  
oughtta see my house.

PONYBOY  
I have. And if you had the sense  
of a billy goat you'd try to help  
around your place instead of  
bumming around.

TWO-BIT  
Shoot, kid, if I ever did that  
my Mom would die of shock.

PONYBOY picks up DALLAS' brown leather jacket, looks  
at the burned back, and slips it on. ELVIS up.

CUT TO:

3/1/82

69 EXT - TENTH STREET - DAY: Thumb a ride.

MOVING TWO-SHOT

PONYBOY and TWO-BIT trying to thumb a ride, to the MUSIC.

TWO-BIT

I would drive us, but the brakes  
are out on my car. Almost killed  
me and Kathy the other night.

He flips up the collar of his black leather jacket to serve as a windbreaker while he lights a cigarette. PONYBOY turns, and notices something.

WHAT HE SEES:

A blue Mustang, trailing them.

MOVING TWO SHOT

TWO-BIT (contd)

You oughtta see Kathy's brother.  
Now there's a hood. He's so  
greasy he glides when he walks.  
He goes to the barber for an  
oil change, not a haircut.

PONYBOY looks back at the Mustang -- his head aches.

70 INT - TASTY-FREEZE - DAY: PONYBOY meets RANDY.

MEDIUM VIEW

They stop at the Tasty-Freeze as the blue Mustang pulls in. PONYBOY almost runs, but TWO-BIT shakes his head ever so slightly, and tosses him a cigarette.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

lights up and looks.

WHAT HE SEES:

The SOC who jumped JOHNNY and him at the park, hops out of the Mustang.

CLOSER VIEW:

RANDY ANDERSON

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

recognizing the BOY who almost drowned him.

70      CONTD:

CLOSE VIEW

A hand on his shoulder. He looks up and TWO-BIT leans against him, dragging on his cigarette.

TWO-BIT

No jazz before the rumble. You know the rules.

RANDY

We know.  
    (he looks toward  
    Ponyboy)  
I want to talk to you.

PONYBOY glances at TWO-BIT, who shrugs. RANDY turns, and PONYBOY follows him over to the blue Mustang, out of earshot of the rest.

RANDY

I read about you in the paper.  
How come?

PONYBOY

I don't know. Maybe I felt like playing hero.

RANDY

I wouldn't have. I would have let those kids burn to death ...

PONYBOY

You might not have. You might have done the same thing.

RANDY

    (pulling out a cigarette,  
    pressing car lighter)  
I don't know, I don't know anything anymore. I would never have believed a greaser could pull something like that.

PONYBOY

"Greaser" didn't have anything to do with it.

RANDY enters the Mustang -- indicates that PONYBOY should too. PONYBOY gets in, impressed with the car's interior.

71 INT - THE MUSTANG - DAY: RANDY and PONYBOY in Mustang.

RANDY

(slowly)

I'm not going to show at the  
rumble tonight.

(pain in his eyes)

I'm sick of all this. Sick and  
tired. Bob was the best buddy  
a guy ever had. You dig?

PONYBOY nods.

RANDY (contd)

He's dead -- his mother has had  
a nervous breakdown. They spoiled  
him rotten. They gave in to him  
all the time. If his old man had  
just belted him -- just once, he  
might still be alive. I don't  
know why I'm telling you this.  
I couldn't tell anyone else. My  
friends -- they'd think I was  
off my rocker.

(pause)

That kid -- your buddy, the one  
that got burned, he might die?

PONYBOY

Yeah.

RANDY

And tonight ... people get hurt  
in rumbles, maybe killed.

PONYBOY remains silent.

RANDY (contd)

You can't win. You know that,  
don't you? Even if you whip us.  
You'll still be where you were  
before. We'll forget it if you  
win, or if you don't. You'll  
still be where you were -- at the  
bottom. And we'll still be the  
lucky ones with all the breaks.  
Greasers will still be greasers  
and Socs will still be Socs.

(he takes a deep breath)

I think I'm going to leave town.  
Take my little old Mustang and  
all the dough I can carry and  
get out.

71      CONTD:

                  PONYBOY  
Running away won't help.

                  RANDY  
                  (half-sobbing)  
Oh, hell, I know it, but what  
can I do? I'm marked chicken  
if I punk out at the rumble, and  
I'd hate myself if I didn't. I  
don't know what to do.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (after a pause)  
I'd help you if I could.

                  RANDY  
No you wouldn't. I'm a Soc. You  
get a little money and the whole  
world hates you. Thanks, grease.  
                  (trying to grin,  
                  stops)  
I didn't mean that. I meant,  
thanks, kid.

                  PONYBOY  
My name's Ponyboy. Nice talkin'  
to you, Randy.

PONYBOY exits car.

72      EXT - TASTY-FREEZE - DAY: Back to TWO-BIT.

MEDIUM VIEW

PONYBOY walks back to TWO-BIT -- and RANDY honks for  
his friends to get into the car.

TWO SHOT

TWO-BIT is curious.

                  TWO-BIT  
What'd he ask? What'd Mr.  
Super-Soc have to say?

                  PONYBOY  
He ain't a Soc, he's just a  
guy. He just wanted to talk.

MEDIUM VIEW

PONYBOY lights another weed. The two walk off.



73 INT - THE HOSPITAL - DAY: DOCTOR lets them in.

MEDIUM VIEW

The DOCTOR moving.

DOCTOR

Let them go in. He's been asking  
for them. It can't hurt.

CLOSE UP ON PONYBOY

He understands what the DOCTOR means.

74 INT - JOHNNY'S ROOM - DAY: Visit JOHNNY.

They practically tip-toe in. JOHNNY is lying still,  
with his eyes closed.

CLOSE ON JOHNNY

He opens his eyes, and tries to grin.

JOHNNY

Hey, y'all.

NURSE

(smiling)

So he can talk after all.

TWO-BIT

(looking around)

They treatin' you okay, kid?

JOHNNY nods.

TWO-BIT (contd)

(pulling up a chair)

We're havin' the big rumble  
tonight.

CLOSE ON JOHNNY

He says nothing.

TWO-BIT (contd)

Too bad you and Dally can't be  
in it. It's the first big rumble  
we've had -- not countin' the  
time we whipped Shepard's outfit.

JOHNNY

He came by.

74      CONTD:

MEDIUM VIEW

TWO-BIT

Tim Shepard?

JOHNNY

(nodding)

Came to see Dally.

TWO-BIT

Did you know you got your name  
in the paper for being a hero?

JOHNNY

(almost grinning as  
he nods)

Tuff enough.

JOHNNY is really weak.

TWO-BIT

You want anything?

JOHNNY

(barely nodding)

The book --

(looking at Ponyboy)

can you get another one?

PONYBOY

(to Two-Bit)

He wants a copy of Gone With the  
Wind so I can read it to him.

You want to run down to the  
drugstore and get one?

TWO-BIT

(cheerfully)

Okay. Don't y'all run off.

NEW VIEW

PONYBOY sits in TWO-BIT's chair and thinks of something  
to say.

PONYBOY

Dally's gonna be okay. And Darry  
and me, we're okay now.

(alarmed)

Johnny! Are you okay?

74      CONTD:

JOHNNY

(nodding with eyes closed)  
Yeah, it just hurts sometimes. It usually don't ... I can't feel anything below the middle of my back ...

(breathing heavily  
for a moment)

I'm pretty bad off, ain't I, Ponyboy?

PONYBOY

(with fake cheerfulness)  
You'll be okay. You gotta be. We couldn't get along without you.

CLOSE VIEW - PONYBOY AND JOHNNY

JOHNNY

I won't be able to walk again.

(faltering)

Not even on crutches. Busted my back.

PONYBOY

(firmly)

You'll be okay.

JOHNNY

You want to know something, Ponyboy? I'm scared stiff. I used to talk about killing myself ...

(drawing a quivering  
breath)

I don't want to die now. It ain't long enough. Sixteen years ain't long enough. I wouldn't mind it so much if there wasn't so much stuff I ain't done yet and so many things I ain't seen. That time we were in Windrixville was the only time I've been away from our neighborhood.

PONYBOY

You ain't gonna die. And don't get juiced up, because the doc won't let us see you no more if you do.

JOHNNY

You know what? That time we were in Windrixville was the only time I've been away from our neighborhood.

3/12/82

74      CONTD:

NEW VIEW

A NURSE appears in the doorway.

NURSE

Johnny, your mother's here to see you.

JOHNNY

(eyes opening wide  
with surprise,  
then darkening)

I don't want to see her.

NURSE

She's your mother.

JOHNNY

(voice rising)

I said I don't want to see her.  
She's probably come to tell me  
about all the trouble I'm causing  
her. Well, tell her to leave  
me alone. For once --

(voice breaking)

-- for once just leave me alone.

He struggles to sit up -- then gasps and goes white.  
He passes out. The NURSE hurries PONYBOY out of the door.

NURSE

I was afraid of something like  
this if he saw anyone.

(to Two-Bit)

You can't see him now.

TWO-BIT hands her Gone With the Wind.

TWO-BIT

Make sure he can see it when he  
comes around.

(looking at the closed  
door, turning abruptly)

I wish it was any one of us but  
Johnny.

75      INT - THE HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - DAY: JOHNNY'S MOTHER.

The BOYS walk out, past a little WOMAN with straight  
black hair.

75      CONTD:

          JOHNNY'S MOTHER

But I have a right to see him.  
He's my son. So this is our  
reward! He'd rather see those  
no-count hoodlums than his  
own folks ...

          (giving them a look  
          of hatred)

Always running around in the  
middle of the night getting  
jailed and heaven knows what  
else ...

ANGLE ON TWO-BIT

His eyes narrow as though he's going to start something.

          TWO-BIT

No wonder he hates your guts.

He's about to tell her off real good, when PONYBOY  
shoves him along.

MOVING VIEW ON TWO-BIT AND PONYBOY

          TWO-BIT

          (a catch in his voice)

Oh, Lord! He has to live with  
that.

They move on.

76      INT - DALLAS' HOSPITAL ROOM - DAY: Visit DALLAS.

They come in while DALLAS is arguing with ONE of the  
NURSES.

          DALLAS

          (grinning at them)

Man, am I glad to see you! This  
place gives me the creeps. I  
want out! Shepard came by to  
see me a while ago.

          PONYBOY

That's what Johnny said. What'd  
he want?

          DALLAS

Said he saw my picture in the  
paper and couldn't believe it  
didn't have "Wanted Dead or

          (MORE)

76      CONTD:

DALLAS (contd)  
Alive" under it. He mostly  
came to rub it in about the  
rumble. Man, I hate missin' it.

PONYBOY  
Here's your jacket, Dally.  
(hands him the burnt  
brown jacket)

DALLAS  
(sounding casual)  
Thanks, uh ... how's the kid?

TWO-BIT  
We just left him.  
(debating whether to  
tell Dallas the truth)  
I don't know about stuff like  
this ... but ... well, he seemed  
pretty bad to me. He passed out  
cold before we left.

DALLAS  
(swearing)  
Two-Bit, you still got that  
fancy black-handled switch?

TWO-BIT  
Yeah.

DALLAS  
Give it here.

TWO-BIT reaches into his back pocket for his prized  
possession. A jet-handled switchblade, ten inches  
long. Then he hands it over to DALLAS without further  
hesitation.

DALLAS (contd)  
We gotta win that fight tonight.  
We gotta get even with the Socs.  
For Johnny.

He puts the switchblade under his pillow and lays back,  
staring at the ceiling.

They know better than talk to DALLAS when he's like  
this -- they leave.

77 EXT - BUS STOP - DAY: Waiting for the bus.

TWO-BIT  
(looking at Ponyboy,  
worriedly)  
You feel okay? -- You look hot.

PONYBOY  
I'm all right.  
(a bit panicky)  
Don't tell Darry, okay? Come  
on, Two-Bit, be a buddy. I'll  
take a bunch of aspirins.

TWO-BIT  
(reluctantly)  
All right. But Darry'll kill  
me if you're really sick and  
go ahead and fight anyway.

PONYBOY  
(getting a little angry)  
I'm okay. And if you keep your  
mouth shut, Darry won't know a  
thing.

TWO-BIT  
You know, the only thing that  
keeps Darry from bein' a Soc  
is us.

PONYBOY  
I know.

78 INT - THE BUS - DAY: PONYBOY on the bus.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

riding the bus.

PONYBOY  
Tonight -- I don't like it one  
bit.

TWO-BIT  
(pretending not to  
understand)  
I never knew you to play chicken  
in a rumble before. Not even  
when you was a little kid.

PONYBOY  
I ain't chicken, Two-Bit Matthews,  
and you know it.

(MORE)

78     CONTD:

                  PONYBOY (contd)  
                  (angrily)  
          Ain't I a Curtis, same as Soda  
          and Darry? Something awful is  
          gonna happen.

79     EXT - THE STREET - DAY: Off the bus.

Getting off the bus.

                  TWO-BIT.  
          Somethin' is gonna happen. We're  
          gonna stomp the Socs' guts, that's  
          what.

80     EXT - THE VACANT LOT - DAY: PONYBOY sees CHERRY in  
Corvette.

The BOYS walk toward the vacant lot, and then hesitate.  
CHERRY VALANCE is sitting in her Corvette by the lot  
as they come by.

CLOSE ON CHERRY

Her long hair is pinned up and in daylight she is  
even better looking.

                  CHERRY  
          Hi, Ponyboy. Hi, Two-Bit.

TWO-BIT stops.

                  TWO-BIT  
          What's up with the big times?

She tightens the strings of her ski jacket.

                  CHERRY  
          They play your way. No weapons,  
          fair deal. Your rules.

                  TWO-BIT  
          You sure?

                  CHERRY  
          (nodding)  
          Randy told me. He knows for sure.

                  TWO-BIT  
          (turning and starting  
          home)  
          Thanks, Cherry.



80      CONTD:

          CHERRY

Ponyboy, stay a minute. Randy's  
not going to show up at the rumble.

THE VIEW TIGHTENS

          PONYBOY

Yeah, I know.

          CHERRY

He's not scared. He's just sick  
of fighting. Bob ...

          (swallowing)

Bob was his best buddy. Since  
grade school. How's Johnny?

          PONYBOY

Not so good. Will you go up to  
see him?

          CHERRY

          (shaking her head)

No. I couldn't.

          PONYBOY

Why not?

          CHERRY

          (in a quiet, desperate  
          voice)

I couldn't. He killed Bob.  
Oh, maybe Bob asked for it. I  
know he did. But I couldn't  
ever look at the person who  
killed him. You didn't know his  
other side, how sweet he could  
be. Bob was something special.  
He wasn't just any boy. He had  
something that made people follow  
him, something that marked him  
different, maybe a little better,  
than the crowd. Do you know what  
I mean?

          PONYBOY

          (sharply)

That's okay. I wouldn't want  
you to see Johnny. You're a  
traitor to your own kind and  
not loyal to us. We don't need  
your damn charity.

80      CONTD:

He starts to turn and walk off, but something in CHERRY's face makes him stop.

CLOSE ON CHERRY

She has started to cry, almost.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

He is ashamed, lowers his head.

OVER SHOULDER - CHERRY

The clouds behind her are beautiful.

          CHERRY

I wasn't trying to give you charity, Ponyboy. I only wanted to help. I liked you from the start ... the way you talked. Wouldn't you try to help me if you could?

OVER SHOULDER - PONYBOY

Clouds.

          PONYBOY

          (suddenly)

Hey, can you see the sunset real good from the Southside?

          CHERRY

          (blinking, startled,  
          then smiling)

Real good.

          PONYBOY

You can see it good from the Northside, too.

OVER SHOULDER - PONYBOY

          CHERRY

Thanks, Ponyboy.  
          (smiling through tears)  
You dig okay.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

looking.

80 CONTD:

EXTREME CLOSE - CHERRY

She has green eyes.

MEDIUM VIEW

PONYBOY walks off.

FADE OUT.

FADE IN:

81 INT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - EVENING: Getting ready for the rumble.

MEDIUM VIEW - LIVING ROOM

PONYBOY (OS)  
(calling from bathroom)  
Soda, when did you start shaving?

SODAPOP  
(yelling back)  
When I was fifteen.

PONYBOY (OS)  
When did Darry?

SODAPOP  
When he was thirteen. Why? You figgerin' on growing a beard for the rumble?

PONYBOY  
(entering)  
You're funny. We ought to send you in to the Reader's Digest. I hear they pay a lot for funny things.

SODAPOP laughs and goes on playing poker with STEVE in the living room. DARREL has on a tight black T-shirt that shows every muscle on his chest.

PONYBOY (contd)  
You like fights, don't you, Soda?

SODAPOP is keeping up a steady stream of wisecracks and clowning, and STEVE has the radio up loud. He hears a folk song, and switches it off in disgust.

81      CONTD:

SODAPOP

(shrugging)

Yeah, sure, I like fights.

PONYBOY

How come?

SODAPOP

I don't know. It's action. It's a contest. Like a drag race or a dance or something.

STEVE

Shoot. I want to beat those Socs' heads in. When I get in a fight I want to stomp. I like it, too.

PONYBOY

How come you like fights, Darry?

DARREL gives him one of those looks that hides what he's thinking.

SODAPOP

He likes to show off his muscles.

DARREL

I'm gonna show 'em off on you, little buddy, if you get any mouthier. I don't know if you ought to be in this rumble, Pony.

PONYBOY is frightened at the prospect.

PONYBOY

How come? I've always come through before, ain't I?

DARREL

(with a proud grin)

Yeah. But you were in shape before. You don't look so great, kid. You're tensed up too much.

SODAPOP

Shoot, we all get tensed up before a rumble. Let him fight tonight. Skin never hurt anyone -- no weapons, no danger.

81      CONTD:

          PONYBOY

          (pleading)

          I'll be okay. I'll get hold of  
          a little one, okay?

          DARREL

          Well, we will need every man we  
          can get.

          PONYBOY

          Let me fight, Darry. If it was  
          blades or chains or something  
          it'd be different.

          DARREL

          (giving in)

          Well -- I guess you can. But be  
          careful.

          PONYBOY

          (wearily)

          I'll be okay. How come you never  
          worry about Sodapop as much?

DARREL grins and puts his arm across SODAPOP's shoulder.

          DARREL

          Man -- this is one kid brother  
          I don't have to worry about.

SODAPOP punches him in the ribs affectionately.

          DARREL (contd)

          This kiddo can use his head. You  
          can see he uses it for one thing  
          -- to grow hair on.

82      EXT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: Acrobatics.

TWO-BIT sticks his head in the door just as DARREL goes  
flying out of it. Leaping as he goes off the steps,  
DARREL turns a somersault in mid-air, hits the ground,  
and bounces up before SODAPOP can catch him.

          TWO-BIT

          (cheerfully)

          Well, I see we are in prime  
          condition for a rumble. Is  
          everybody happy?

SODAPOP screams as he does a flying somersault off the  
steps.

82      CONTD:

SODAPOP

Yeah!

NEW VIEW

SODAPOP flips up to walk on his hands and then does a no-hands cartwheel across the yard to beat DARREL's performance. The excitement is catching. STEVE screeches like an Indian and runs across the lawn in flying leaps, stops suddenly and flips backward.

PONYBOY (VO)

We could all do acrobatics because Darry had taken a course at the Y and then spent a whole summer teaching us everything he'd learned on the grounds that it might come in handy in a fight.

PONYBOY does a no-hands cartwheel off the porch steps, hits the ground and rolls to his feet. TWO-BIT follows him in a similar manner.

SODAPOP

I am a greaser, I am a JD and a hood. I blacken the name of our fair city. I beat up people. I rob gas stations. I am a menace to society.

STEVE

(sing-songing)

Greaser ... greaser ... greaser  
... O victim of environment,  
underprivileged, rotten, no-count  
hood!

DARREL

(shouting)

Juvenile delinquent, you're no  
good!

TWO-BIT

(in a snobbish voice)

Get thee hence, white trash. I  
am a Soc. I am the privileged  
and the well-dressed. I throw  
beer blasts, drive fancy cars,  
break windows at fancy parties.

PONYBOY

(in a serious, awed  
voice)

And what do you do for fun?

82     CONTD:

                  TWO-BIT  
                  (screaming, doing a  
                  cartwheel)  
                  I jump greasers!

83     EXT - THE STREETS - NIGHT: Walk to the rumble.

They settle down as they walk to the lot. TWO-BIT is the only one wearing a jacket; he has a couple of cans of beer stuffed in it.

                  PONYBOY  
                  Hey, Two-Bit, how come you like  
                  to fight?

                  TWO-BIT  
                  (looking at him  
                  like he is off  
                  his nut)  
                  Shoot, everybody fights.

MOVING VIEWS ON THE GANG

Each fights for their own reasons. DARREL stops, turns to SODAPOP.

                  DARREL  
                  Listen, Soda, you and Ponyboy,  
                  if the fuzz show, you two beat  
                  it out of there. We'll get  
                  jailed. You two stay out of a  
                  boys' home.

                  STEVE  
                  (grimly)  
                  Nobody in this neighborhood's  
                  going to call the fuzz. They  
                  know what'd happen if they did.

                  DARREL  
                  All the same, you two blow at  
                  the first sign of trouble.  
                  HEAR ME?

                  SODAPOP  
                  You sure don't need an amplifier.

SODAPOP sticks his tongue out at the back of DARREL's head. PONYBOY stifles a giggle.

84 EXT - THE VACANT LOT - NIGHT: The rumble.

TIM SHEPARD and COMPANY are already waiting.

ANOTHER VIEW

Another GANG from the suburbs.

CLOSE VIEW - TIM SHEPARD

Lean and cat-like, 20 years old. The JD you see in movies.

TIM and his GROUP move forward and shake hands with DARREL and his GANG, proving they are all fighting on the same side.

VIEW ON THE SUBURB BOYS

stepping forward.

TIM

You and the quiet kid were the ones who killed the Soc?

PONYBOY pretends to be proud of it.

PONYBOY

Yeah.

TIM

Good goin', kid. Curly always said you were a good kid. Curly's in the reformatory for the next six months.

EVERYONE is silent; yet no one moves suddenly, or moves their heads in more than a glance.

MEDIUM VIEW

The blue Mustang, followed by two other cars turn off the street, and head toward the park. They begin circling the park.

MEDIUM GROUP - THE GREASERS

as the SOCS' cars circle the park, the blue Mustang's searchlight floating over the GREASERS' faces.

VIEW ON A SUBURB GUY

SUBURB GUY

That big guy with ya'll, you know him pretty well?



84      CONTD:

                  PONYBOY

I ought to, he's my brother.

                  SUBURB GUY

No kiddin'? I got a feelin'  
he's gonna be asked to start the  
fireworks around here. He a  
pretty good bopper?

                  PONYBOY

Yep, but why him?

                  SUBURB GUY

Why anybody else?

                  TIM

Hey, Curtis!

                  SODAPOP

Which one?

                  TIM

The big one. Come on over here.

                  SUBURB GUY

(looking at Ponyboy)  
What did I tell ya?

VIEW ON TOUGH FACES

The Mustang's searchlight scans them.

THE FACES

Future convicts.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

The searchlight moves from DARREL to SODAPOP to TWO-BIT.

THE CARS STOP.

The searchlight goes out. The SOCS start moving out  
of the cars, silently. It's hard to make them out --  
it seems like about fifteen of them.

VIEW ON THE GREASERS

PONYBOY edges closer to DARREL. EVERYONE is assessing  
the odds. There are about the same number.

84 CONTD:

VIEW ON DARREL

leaning down to PONYBOY.

DARREL

(sotto voce)

The odds are as even as we can  
get them.

(then)

Stay close to me, kid.

VIEW ON THE SOCS

in the darkness. ONE steps forward.

SOC (IN MADRAS SHIRT)

Hey. Nothing but our fists, and  
the first to run loses. Right?

TIM steps closer, and flips away his beer can.

TIM

You savvy real good.

MEDIUM VIEW

There is an uneasy, awkward silence as everyone tries  
to figure out how the first punch will be struck.

VIEW ON DARREL

Looks toward PONYBOY, and then steps out into the  
center of the field, under the circle of light made by  
the street lamp.

It is formal and unreal. Then ONE of the huskiest of  
the SOCS, a good looking boy named PAUL, steps forward  
to meet the challenge. They seem to know each other.

PAUL

Hello, Darrel.

DARREL

(remembers him, a  
friend)

Hello, Paul.

VIEW ON TIM SHEPARD AND HIS BUNCH

TIM

(to Two-Bit)

What's up?

84      CONTD:

                  TWO-BIT  
          They used to play football  
          together.  Buddy around.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

looking at his OLDER BROTHER.  The moment is paralyzed.

VIEW ON DARREL AND THE GREASERS

He represents all greasers.

VIEW ON PAUL AND THE SOCS

He represents all the Socs.  WE SEE the sense of  
friendship drain away from their faces.

                  PAUL  
          I'll take you.

DARREL smiles.  It's clear he knew he could take PAUL  
three years ago.  But now?

                  DALLAS (CS)  
          Hold up.  Hold it.

VIEW ON DALLAS

                  DALLAS  
          Don't you know a rumble ain't  
          a rumble unless I'm in it?  
          (approaching)

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

Turns to see who it is, when he is punched right in the  
face -- blood sprays from his mouth.  And the fight is  
on.

VIEW ON DALLAS

He pulls the SOC off of PONYBOY and knocks him unconscious  
with a sharp jab.

                  PONYBOY  
          How'd you get out of the  
          hospital?

                  DALLAS  
          Talked the nurse into it with  
          Two-Bit's switch.

84      CONTD:

VIEW ON SODA

wrestling, jabbing in a deadlock with some SOC. The fight is almost a release of all the passion built up in him. He and his buddy, STEVE, fight together almost like twins.

VIEW ON DARREL AND PAUL

A tough and respectful fight between two giants, not unlike the fight in the "QUIET MAN." Big blows are struck -- and then a pause, and another blow.

However, PAUL is so much of a match, that an exhausted PONYBOY is dragged away from DARREL's side.

Now TWO GUYS have him, and he is alternately kicked and punched. There's blood all over PONYBOY, and we are horrified that he is being so terribly beaten. Another blow to the face.

VIEW ON DARREL

giving a sledge hammer blow -- and runs to save his LITTLE BROTHER.

DARREL lifts ONE of the guys kicking PONYBOY by his collar almost three feet in the air, before punching him out, and manages only to hang on to the torn shirt of the OTHER, who runs out of there with all his strength. Soon the SOCS are running as well.

TWO-BIT is helping get some GUY off of DALLAS, since he only has one arm. We HEAR:

                  STEVE

                  They're running! Look at them  
                  run!

We HEAR GROANS and WEEPING from the BOYS huddled in the darkness.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

beaten especially badly. DARREL is over him, trying to help him up.

HIS POV

The SOCS are piling into their cars and driving off.

3/1/82

84     CONTD:

SHEPARD is working over ONE of his guys for using a piece of pipe.

STEVE is doubled up and groaning.

SODA is beside him talking in a low steady voice.

TWO-BIT has blood streaming down one side of his face and one hand is busted open -- grinning happily.

                  TWO-BIT

                  We won. We beat the Socs.

VIEW ON DARREL

looking toward the cars.

                  DARREL

                  (in a tired voice)

                  We beat the Socs.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

really starting to look sick. Suddenly, DALLAS pulls him up.

                  DALLAS

                  Come on.

He starts to half drag PONYBOY down -- toward the street.

                  DALLAS (contd)

                  You're going to see Johnny. He was gettin' worse when I left.

                  He wants to see you.

MEDIUM VIEW - DALLAS AND PONYBOY

They start running in the night -- but it's clear that PONYBOY is dizzy and has only a dim realization of where he is going.

85     INT - THE T-BIRD - NIGHT: Pulled over by COPS.

DALLAS drives recklessly fast past a waiting cop car.

Flashing light behind them. PONYBOY really looks sick.

                  DALLAS

                  Look sick. I'll say I'm taking you to the hospital. Which'll be truth enough.

85      CONTD:

                  POLICEMAN  
                  (looking disgusted)  
All right, buddy, where's the  
fire?

                  DALLAS  
                  (jerking thumb toward  
                  Ponyboy)  
The kid -- fell over on his  
motorcycle and I'm takin' him  
to the hospital.

PONYBOY is groaning.

                  POLICEMAN  
                  (changes his tone)  
Is he real bad? Do you need an  
escort?

                  DALLAS  
How would I know if he's bad or  
not? I ain't no doc.

The POLICEMAN hurries back to his motorcycle.

                  DALLAS (contd)  
                  (hissing)  
Sucker!

86      EXT - STREET - NIGHT: Motorcycle escort.

The T-Bird gets a motorcycle escort.

87      INT - T-BIRD - NIGHT: DALLAS tells PONYBOY to wise up.

TWO SHOT

                  DALLAS  
I was crazy, you know that, kid?  
Crazy for wantin' Johnny to  
stay outta trouble. If he'd  
been smart like me he'd never  
have been in this mess. If he'd  
got smart like me he'd never  
have run into that church ...  
You'd better wise up, Pony ...  
you get tough like me and you  
don't get hurt. You look out  
for yourself and nothin' can  
touch you.

88 INT - HOSPITAL CORRIDOR - NIGHT: DALLAS threatens DOCTOR.

DOCTOR  
I'm sorry, boys, but he's dying.

DALLAS  
(flicking out Two-Bit's  
switchblade, voice  
shaking)  
We gotta see him.

DOCTOR  
(not batting an eye)  
You can see him, but it's because  
you're his friends.

89 INT - JOHNNY'S ROOM - NIGHT: JOHNNY dies.

TWO SHOT

DALLAS  
Johnnycake? Johnny?

JOHNNY  
(softly)  
Hey.

DALLAS  
(panting)  
We won. We beat the Socs --  
we stomped them -- chased them  
outta our territory.

JOHNNY  
Useless ... fighting's no good.

DALLAS  
(licking his lips  
nervously)  
They're still writing editorials  
about you in the paper. For  
being a hero and all.  
(talking fast and  
calmly)  
We're all proud of you, buddy.

JOHNNY  
Ponyboy.

PONYBOY can barely hear him. He tip-toes to hear what  
JOHNNY is going to say.

JOHNNY (contd)  
Stay gold, Ponyboy, stay gold ...





91     CONTD:

                  TWO-BIT

So even Dally has a breaking  
point.

                  SODAPOF

Ponyboy, you okay?

PONYBOY glances around himself, feverishly. He can  
feel them all staring at him.

DARREL takes a step toward him.

                  PONYBOY

Don't touch me.

91A    EXT - QUICKTRIP - NIGHT: DALLAS outside Quicktrip.

DALLAS wild, punching the walls, talking to himself.

                  DALLAS

                  (crazy)

I'm gettin' outta here, man.  
I am gettin' out. I want out,  
man.

Notices where he is, bolts into store, pulling his gun.

91B    INT - QUICKTRIP - NIGHT: DALLAS robs Quicktrip.

                  DALLAS

The money, man. Stay wise and  
you won't get hurt. Just give  
me the money -- NOW.

The CLERK hands him all the bills, and DALLAS bolts out.

91C    INT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: PONYBOY senses something.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

feeling something.

                  SODAPOF (OS)

Ponyboy --

                  (softly)

You look sick. Sit down.

CUT TO:

91D    EXT - STREETS - NIGHT: DALLAS runs to phone.

MOVING VIEW

DALLAS running hard as he can. He rounds a corner, and

91D CONTD:

disappears into a telephone booth. We HEAR a police siren in the distance.

91E INT - THE TELEPHONE BOOTH - NIGHT: DALLAS in phone booth.

CLOSE VIEW ON DALLAS

out of breath, dialing the number.

91F INT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: DARREL answers phone.

VIEW ON DARREL

The phone rings. He answers it.

MOVE IN ON DARREL

He hangs up.

DARREL

It was Dally -- He says the cops are after him -- we gotta hide him. He'll be waiting at the park.

They look at one another; and then, in a moment they are out of the house at a dead run.

92 EXT - THE PARK - NIGHT: DALLAS is killed.

MEDIUM MOVING VIEW

The GROUP, running as hard as they can despite their injuries and pain from the rumble.

As they approach the park, we can SEE DALLAS running hard into the park area. We can HEAR the WAIL of a police SIREN.

VIEW ON THE BOYS

They hesitate and watch this scene in the distance ahead of them.

THEIR POV

A police car corners DALLAS. Several POLICEMEN jump out. DALLAS reaches the circle of light under the street lamp, and skids to a halt. He turns, and pulls a black object from his waistband. It is the gun.

92     CONTD:

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

seeing this. He closes his eyes.

                  PONYBOY

          Oh no.

                  (shouting)

          Don't shoot! It's not loaded!

Gunfire.

PONYBOY'S POV

The POLICEMEN's guns shoot fire in the night, DALLAS's body is jerked around by the bullets.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON DALLAS  
(MEDIUM SLOW MOTION)

His body dances gracefully as he falls into the circle of light.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

                  PONYBOY

          Not Dally and Johnny both.

                  SODAPOP

          Easy, buddy, easy. There's nothing we can do now.

VIEW ON STEVE

He looks at THE VIEW.

                  STEVE

          Hey, look at the kid.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

woozy, moving, and finally crashing onto the sidewalk, looking up at

PONYBOY'S POV

The FACES OF THE BOYS, swirling into a mass of colors.

SUPERIMPOSITION:

MONTAGE

3/12/82

93. INT - PONYBOY'S ROOM - NIGHT: PONYBOY is sick.

CLOSE ON A FEVERISH PONYBOY

PONYBOY

Soda ...  
(his voice weak and  
hoarse)  
... is somebody sick?

SODAPOP

(his voice oddly  
gentle)  
Yeah. Go back to sleep now.

CLOSE UP

Feverish PONYBOY.

94 OMIT

SUPERIMPOSITION:

95 INT - THE HEARING ROOM - DAY: Court hearing MONTAGE.

MONTAGE - THE HEARING ROOM - MOS WITH MUSIC

DARREL, SODAPOP and RANDY and his PARENTS and CHERRY  
VALANCE and her PARENTS and a couple of the other SCCS  
that had jumped JOHNNY and PONYBOY that night.

The scene is dreamlike, as PONYBOY is feverish throughout.

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON THE DOCTOR

being questioned by the JUDGE.

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON DARREL

listening to everything.

DISSOLVE:

95A INT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: PONYBOY sick, "Darry  
sorry."

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

PONYBOY closes his eyes.

PONYBOY

Am I sick?

95A CONTD:

SODAPOP  
(stroking his hair)  
Yeah, you're sick. Now be quiet.

PONYBOY  
Is Darry sorry I'm sick?

SODAPOP  
(giving him a funny  
look, quiet for a  
moment)  
Yeah, he's sorry you're sick.  
Now please shut up, will ya,  
honey? Go back to sleep.

PONYBOY closes his eyes.

VIEW ON DARREL

asleep on an armchair pulled up close to PONYBOY.

THE VIEW ALTERS

PONYBOY covered in blankets, hungry and thirsty but  
still too sick to eat or drink.

DISSOLVE:

95B INT - HEARING ROOM - DAY

VIEW ON RANDY

giving his testimony. Nervously.

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON PONYBOY

sick and confused.

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON CHERRY

telling her story, tearfully.

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON SODAPOP

listening.

3/12/82

95B CONTD:

VIEW ON DARREL

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON THE JUDGE

JUDGE

Ponyboy Michael Curtis, you are  
acquitted, and this Court puts ...

VIEW ON PONYBOY

JUDGE (contd)

you in the custody of your older  
brother Darrel.

The THREE BROTHERS embrace.

SUPERIMPOSITION:

95C EXT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - DAY: BROTHERS over house.

The THREE BROTHERS OVER their home.

FADE OUT.

96 OMIT

97 OMIT

98 OMIT

FADE IN:

99 EXT - PONYBOY'S HOUSE - NIGHT: Dinner argument.

WE MOVE CLOSER and through the window to find SODAPOP  
dejectedly putting the food on the table. PONYBOY sits  
resting his head in his hand.

VIEW ON DARREL

DARREL

(passing the food)  
Well ... your teacher told me  
your grade depended on that  
theme.

VIEW ON PONYBOY

DARREL (OS)

Ponyboy? Answer me. You can't  
take an F in English.

99      CONTD:

PONYBOY

What's the sweat about my schoolwork? I'll have to get a job as soon as I get out of school anyway. Look at Soda. He's doing okay, and he dropped out. You can just lay off.

DARREL

You're not going to drop out. Listen, with your brains and grades you could get a scholarship, and we could put you through college. Pony, you don't just stop living because you lose someone. And anytime you don't like the way I'm running things you can get out.

PONYBOY

You'd like that, wouldn't you? You'd like me just to get out. Well, it's not that easy, is it, Soda?

SODAPOP

Don't ... oh, you guys, why can't you ...

SODAPOP runs out.

DARREL picks up an envelope.

DARREL

It's the letter he wrote Sandy.  
(without expression)  
Returned unopened. I guess she didn't want to be stuck with an auto mechanic the rest of her life.

PONYBOY

He really did love her.

DARREL

(slowly, putting  
envelope down)  
Come on, let's go after him.

They exit.

3/12/82

100 EXT - THE PARK - NIGHT: BROTHERS in the park.

MOVING VIEW - THE TWO BROTHERS

DARREL

Circle around and cut him off.  
I'll stay right behind him.

PONYBOY heads through the trees and cuts him off halfway across the park. SODAPOPOP veers off to the right, but PONYBOY catches him in a flying tackle before he goes more than a couple of steps. They lie there gasping for a minute or two, and then SODAPOPOP sits up and brushes the grass off his shirt.

SODAPOPOP

You should have gone out for  
football instead of track.

PONYBOY

Where did you think you were  
going?

SODAPOPOP

(shrugging)

I don't know. It's just ... I  
can't stand to hear y'all fight.

(MORE)

(CONTINUED)



100 CONTD:

SODAPOP (contd)

Sometimes ... I just have to get out or ... it's like I'm the middleman in a tug o' war and I'm being split in half. You dig?

(fiddling with some dead grass)

I mean, I can't take sides. It'd be a lot easier if I could. Ponyboy, Darry could have put you in a boys' home and worked his way through college. I'm telling you the truth. I dropped out because I'm dumb. You saw my grades. Look, I'm happy working in a gas station with cars. You'd never be happy doing something like that. And Darry, you ought to try to understand him more, and quit bugging him about every little mistake he makes. He feels things differently than you do.

(giving them a pleading look)

Golly, you two, it's bad enough having to listen to it, but when you start trying to get me to take sides ...

(tears welling up in his eyes)

If we don't have each other, we don't have anything. If you don't have anything, you end up like Dallas ... and I don't mean dead, either. I mean like he was before. Please --

(wiping his eyes on his arm)

don't fight anymore.

DARREL looks worried.

DARREL

(softly)

Sure, little buddy. We're not going to fight anymore.

SODAPOP

Hey, Ponyboy,

(MORE)

100     CONTD:

                  SODAPOP (contd)  
                  (giving him a tearful  
                  grin)  
                  don't you start crying too. One  
                  bawl-baby in the family's enough.

                  PONYBOY  
                  I'm not crying.

                  DARREL  
                  No more fights. Okay, Ponyboy?

                  PONYBOY  
                  Okay.

                  SODAPOP  
                  Well, I'm cold. How about going  
                  home?

                  PONYBOY  
                  Race you.

PONYBOY leaps up. They race home in the clear night.

101     INT - PONYBOY'S ROOM - SUNSET: JOHNNY's letter/Call  
          MR. SYME.

PONYBOY alone, as in the beginning. He holds the copy of  
Gone With the Wind, and then picks up a letter. We can  
SEE the SUNSET out through the window.

                  JOHNNY (VO)  
                  Ponyboy, I asked the nurse to  
                  give you this book so you could  
                  finish it. It's worth saving  
                  those little kids. Their lives  
                  are worth more than mine, they  
                  have more to live for. Tell  
                  Dally it's worth it ...

PONYBOY cries a little, and then goes on.

                  PONYBOY  
                  (reading)  
                  ... I'm going to miss you guys.  
                  I've been thinking about it, and  
                  that poem, that guy that wrote  
                  it, he meant you're gold when  
                  you're a kid, like green. When  
                  you're a kid everything's new,  
                  dawn. Like the way you dig  
                  sunsets, Pony. That's gold. Keep  
                  it that way, it's a good way to be.

101 CONTD:

JOHNNY (VO)

... I want you to tell Dally to look at one. I don't think he's ever seen a sunset. There's still lots of good in the world. Tell Dally, I don't think he knows. Your buddy, Johnny.

PONYBOY puts the letter down; wipes the tears from his eyes, and dials a number on the telephone.

MEDIUM CLOSE ON PONYBOY

The SUNSET behind him.

PONYBOY

Mr. Syme, this is Ponyboy. 'Scuse me for calling you at home.

MR. SYME (OS)

Just a little late, Ponyboy.

PONYBOY

That theme -- how long can it be?

MR. SYME (OS)

Why, uh, not less than five pages.

PONYBOY

Can it be longer?

MR. SYME (OS)

Certainly, Ponyboy, as long as you want it.

PONYBOY

Thanks.

(hangs up)

PONYBOY sits at his desk, folds back the cover of his theme book, and looks at the sunset.

CLOSE ON PONYBOY. MUSIC up.

Remembering.

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE VIEW - DALLY LAUGHING

DISSOLVE:

3/12/82

101 CONTD:

VIEW ON THE SUNSET

SUPERIMPOSITION:

VIEW ON DALLAS IN THE T-BIRD

driving recklessly, the wind blowing his hair.

DISSOLVE:

CLOSE ON PONYBOY

DISSOLVE:

VIEW ON JOHNNY

lying on the grass, looking at the 'stars.

DISSOLVE:

ANGLE IN BURNING CHURCH

JOHNNY saving the little KIDS, having the time of his life.

DISSOLVE:

ANGLE ON PONYBOY

by his desk. He takes his pen, and starts to write.

CLOSE ON THE PAGE

" ... When I stepped out into the bright  
sunlight ... "

SLOW DISSOLVE:

102 INT - THE MOVIE HOUSE - DAY: PONYBOY exits movie.

PONYBOY getting out of his seat, his handwritten sentence still superimposed.

PONYBOY (VO)  
" ... from the darkness of the  
movie house ... "

CLOSE VIEW ON PONYBOY

as he moves up the aisle. He walks through the double doors into the lobby, and then into the WHITENESS of the day.

102 CONTD:

PONYBOY (VO, contd)  
" ... I had only two things on  
my mind ... "

THE END