

Randy: Fighting With Greasers is So Yesterday

In this scene, Randy explains to Ponyboy why he's not planning on fighting in the rumble and Ponyboy begins to realize that Socs and Greasers might not be so different after all.

Randy: Come here. I want to talk to you. 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: 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. My buddy over there wouldn't have done it. Maybe you would have done the same thing, maybe a friend of yours wouldn't. It's the individual.

Randy: I'm not going to show at the rumble tonight. I'm sick of all this. Bob was a good guy. He was the best buddy a guy ever had. He was a good fighter and tuff and everything, but he was a real person too. You dig?

Ponyboy: I guess so.

Randy: He's dead—and now, that kid—your buddy, the one that got burned—he might die?

Ponyboy: Yeah.

Randy: And tonight... people get hurt in rumbles, maybe killed. I'm sick of it because it doesn't do any good. You can't win, you know that, don't you? You can't win, even if you whip us. You'll still be where you were before—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. I think I'm just going to take my Mustang and all the dough I can carry and get out.

Ponyboy: Running away won't help.

Randy: Oh, heck, 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: 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.

Ponyboy: No, it's you who hates the whole world. You would have saved those kids if you had been there. You'd have saved them the same as we did.

Randy: Thanks, grease... I didn't mean that. I meant, thanks, kid.

Johnny: Sixteen Years Just Ain't Long Enough

In this scene, Jonny is faced with the fact that he might not live. He realizes there is so much in the world he hasn't seen or done, and he's not ready to go.

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

Johnny: (*winces in pain*)

Ponyboy: Johnny! Are you okay?

Johnny: Yeah, it just hurts sometimes. It usually don't... I can't feel anything below the middle of my back... I'm pretty bad off, ain't I, Pony?

Ponyboy: You'll be okay. You gotta be. We couldn't get along without you.

Johnny: I won't be able to walk again. Not even on crutches. Busted my back.

Ponyboy: Don't say that. You'll be okay. You've gotta be okay.

Johnny: You want to know something, Ponyboy? I'm scared stiff. I used to think about killing myself... I don't want to die now. It ain't long enough. Sixteen years aint' 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. It's not fair. You know what? 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: Great. Now my mother's here? She's probably come to tell me about all the trouble I'm causing her and about how glad her and the old man'll be when I'm dead. Well, tell her I don't want to see her. Tell her to leave me alone. For once... for once just to leave me alone.

Ponyboy: I Gotta Feeling *whoo hooo* That Tonight's Gonna Be a Good Good Night... or Not

In this scene, Ponyboy tries to tell Two-Bit that he has a feeling something terrible is going to happen at the rumble, but Two-Bit just doesn't dig the way Johnny or Sodapop do.

Two-Bit: You feel okay? You're awful hot.

Ponyboy: I'm all right... Don't tell Darry okay? Come on, Two-Bit, be a buddy. I'll be well by tonight. I'll take a bunch of aspirins.

Two-Bit: All right. But Darry'll kill me if you're really sick and go ahead and fight anyway.

Ponyboy: I'm okay. And if you keep your mouth shut, Darry won't know a thing.

Two-Bit: You know something? You'd think you could get away with murder, living with your big brother and all, but Darry's stricter with you than your folks were, ain't he?

Ponyboy: Yeah, but they'd raised two boys before me. Darry hasn't.

Two-Bit: You know, the only thing that keeps Darry from bein' a Soc is us.

Ponyboy: I know... Tonight—I don't like it one bit.

Two-Bit: 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 Mathews, and you know it. Ain't I a Curtis, same as Soda and Darry? I just mean, I got an awful feeling something's gonna happen.

Two-Bit: Something *is* gonna happen. We're gonna stop the Socs' guts, that's what.

Passage # _____

Cherry: When My Boyfriend Wasn't Trying to Kill People, He was Like Totally Sweet

In this scene, Cherry tells Ponyboy that she couldn't possibly see Johnny in the hospital. After all, he did kill her booze-hound boyfriend.

Cherry: Randy's not going to show up at the rumble.

Ponyboy: Yeah. I know.

Cherry: He's not scared. He's just sick of fighting. Bob... Bob was his best buddy. Since grade school. How's Johnny?

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

Cherry: No. I couldn't.

Ponyboy: Why not?

Cherry: 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 only knew his bad side. He could be sweet sometimes, and friendly. But when he got drunk...it was that part of him that beat up Johnny. I knew it was Bob when you told me the story. He was so proud of his rings. Why do people sell liquor to boys? Why? I know there's a law against it, but kids get it anyway. Bob... he was something special.

Ponyboy: That's okay. I wouldn't want you to see him. You're a traitor to your own kind and not loyal to us. Do you think your spying for us makes up for the fact that you're sitting there in a Corvette while my brother drops out of school to get a job? Don't you ever feel sorry for us. Don't you ever try to give us handouts and then feel high and mighty about it.

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. You're a nice kid, Ponyboy. Do you realize how scarce nice kids are nowadays? Wouldn't you try to help me if you could?

Ponyboy: Hey, Can you see the sunset real good from the West Side?

Cherry: Real good.

Ponyboy: You can see it good from the East Side too.

Cherry: Thanks, Ponyboy. You dig okay.

Dally: How NOT to Pick Up Soc Girls: 101

In this scene Dally talks dirty to Cherry Valance at the drive-in. But, that Cherry Valance is one tuff, high-class lady who doesn't put up with any of Dally's lip...and might possibly have a crush on him.

Dally: *(Puts his feet up on the back of Cherry Valance's chair.*

Cherry: Take your feet off my chair and shut your trap!

Dally: Who's gonna make me?

Cherry: I know you. You're the greaser that jockeys for the Slash J sometimes.

Dally: I know you too. I've seen you around rodeos.

Cherry: It's too bad you can't ride bull half as good as you can talk it.

Dally: You two barrel race, huh?

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

Dally: Oh, my, my. You've got me scared to death. You ought to see my record sometime, baby. Guess what I've been in for?

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

Dally: I'm never nice. What a Coke?

Cherry: I wouldn't drink it if I was starving in the desert. Get lost, hood.

Dally: *(Hands Cherry a Coke.)* Here. This might cool you off.

Cherry: *(Throws the Coke in Dally's face.)* That might cool *you* off, greaser. After you was your mouth and learn to talk and act decent, I might cool off too.

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

Johnny: Life 'Aint Easy When You're Wanted for Murder

In this scene the reality of being involved in a murder, takes its toll on Johnny and Ponyboy. It's hard for the boys to believe just how quickly their lives have spiraled out of control.

Johnny: Two-Bit shoulda been in that little one-horse store. Man, we're in the middle of nowhere; the nearest house is two miles away. Things were lyin' out wide open, just waitin' for somebody slick like Two-Bit to come and pick 'em up. Good ol' Two-Bit.

Ponyboy: Remember how he was wisecrackin' last night? Last night... just last night we were walkin' Cherry and Marcia over to Two-Bit's. Just last night we were layin' in the lot, lookin' up at the stars and dreaming...

Johnny: Stop it! Shut up about last night! I killed a kid last night. He couldn't have been over seventeen or eighteen, and I killed him. How's you like to live with that? I didn't mean to, but they were drownin' you, and I was so scared. There sure is a lot of blood in people.

Ponyboy: What are we gonna do?

Johnny: This is my fault. And brinin' 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! 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: I didn't mean it like that, Ponyboy. Don't cry, Pony, we'll be okay. Don't cry.

Ponyboy: We're all cried out now. We're getting used to the idea.

Johnny: We're gonna be okay now.