

Boys Don't Cry by Kimberly Peirce (1999)

[Drumbeats]

[Drumbeats Continue]

- Shorter here. - Shorter?

- Shorter. - That is short enough.

- Okay, superstar? - Wow.

What's with the shirt?

[Sniffs, Clears Throat]

That is the most frightening thing I've ever seen in my life.

- Looks like a deformity. - I'll fix that.

- Oh, God. Yeah. - That's better.

If you was a guy, I might even wanna fuck you.

You mean, if you was a guy you might even wanna fuck me.

So you're a boy? Now what?

Come on.

No fuckin' way.

Yes fuckin' way!

- A joke is a joke. Now, come on. - Don't be a pussy! Ow!

I'm no fuckin' pussy. Let's go home.

Someone's inside.

You've got a date?

I gotta go!

Come here!

Can I talk to you just for a minute?

You look like a fuckin' idiot in that hat.

I'll be back. I'll be back.

Teena.

[Rock And Roll]

I don't mind you hanging out

Or talking in your sleep

Yeah, athletic's nice.

But the thing is he's sweet. And good hair. That's important.

I'm Billy. Are, are you Nicole?

Or talking in your sleep

I guess you're just what I needed

I needed someone to bleed

You don't seem like you're from around here.

Where, where do I seem like I'm from?

Someplace beautiful.

Okay. Hey.

I'm gonna stand right here until you're safe inside. Okay?

Okay.

You're just what I needed

You're just what I needed

You're just what I needed, yeah

[Man] You're not goin' anywhere! Fucker!

- Getback here, you fucker! - Scumbag!

You fuckin' dyke! You freak!

You fucked my sister! Open the fuckin' door, you fuckin' faggot!

Open the fuckin' door! Fuck you!

- You fuckin' asshole! - Brothers.

- Alicia. - Alicia? Who is Alicia?

- Damn! There's a lot of'em! - What the fuck have you done?

I'll get your fuckin' faggot cousin, too!

- What is the matter with you? - I don't know! I don't know what went wrong.

You are not a boy! That is what went wrong! You are not a boy!

Tell them that. They say I'm the best boyfriend they ever had.

Do you want your mother to lock you up again? Is that what you want?

No.

- Then why don't you admit that you're a dyke? - Because I'm not a dyke.

- [Man]Fucker! - [Glass Shattering]

- Fuck. What are you doin'? - The money you owe me.

- Get out of my fuckin' pants. - I want it back. All of it.

Jesus Christ! Careful with that. You didn't have to do that.

You're not crashing here anymore, Teena! Get your stuff and go!

[Country Western]

[Exhales]

[Male Singer Over Jukebox] Why are you hangin' 'round my door

Never felt so lonely before

Faded on my heart

Bad night?

The worst.

[Sighs]

Now I know what it's like to cry

What it's like to want to die

- What's your name? - [Giggles] Candace.

I hate it, though. I'm thinking of changing it.

[Chuckles] Sometimes that helps.

I'm Brandon.

I'll pay if you get'em.

- Sure. - Marlboros.

I'll be right back.

Is a new shade of blue

Check this out.

- My friend's sitting there. - So?

I said get off.

Excuse me. Why don't you leave the lady alone? I don't want any trouble.

You've gotta be kidding me.

I didn't ask you what you wanted, you little fag.

You fucker! You motherfucker!

- I'm gonna kick-- - Hold on. Can't I leave you without you getting us into deeper shit?

[Brandon] Fuck! I'm gonna get your ass!

Come on, stud. You got us into this.

Fucker!

[Sirens Wailing]

[Candace] Oh, shit! Go, John, go!

Go, John. Go, John, go. Come on!

Cops, man. They suck.

I would've had those guys if you wouldn't have stopped me.

Oh, my God.

- What? - John, look.

Yeah, you're gonna have a shiner in the morning.

- I am? - Yeah.

Oh, shit!

- You got a light, man? - Oh, yeah, here.

Mmm.

- You have got the tiniest hands. Yeah. - No.

They're big! Joe Louis had tiny hands.

So? He didn't throw wildpunches without defense.

If you're gonna get into fights over girls like Candace, you've gotta learn a few moves.

- Come on. - Come on.

- Hey, pussy! - Fuckyou, man!

- Tom, this is Brandon. - Hi.

John. We'll give you a ride home as soon as we find the goddamn car!

Sorry. It's up here somewhere. We're goin' to a party. Wanna come?

Candace.

- It's 70 miles away. - I don't care. The night is young.

And I am a mess, so--

- [John Screams] -John.

Good.

[Groans] Are we there yet?

Just up ahead, unless you wanna stop at a roadhouse and get in to another fight.

[Banging]

I don't know where the fuck I am.

Falls City?

What are you doin' down there? That's not even on the map.

Oh, fuck. Lonny, my life is a fuckin' nightmare.

I got this big court date next week, and I don't got anywhere to stay.

[Brandon] lfl don't make it, I'm fucked. Can I stay at your house?

- What about those doctors? - I went.

That shit's insane! You gotta see shrinks, shoot hormones up your butt.

It costs a fuckin' fortune. I'm gonna be an old man by the time I get that kind of money.

Do something. You can't just keep running because... you're gonna end up injail.

Forever.

- You really think I can do it? - You're the butch.

Come straight to my house.

No stopping in bars, no stealing and no more girls.

No more girls. No more girls.

- Hey, handsome. Sleep all right? - Yeah.

Candace.

I remember.

- This is Cody. - Cody.

Wow. Beautiful.

You still brooding over your fiancée?

What? Oh. It's a real, real long story. Hey, hey.

God, you're really good with kids.

Yeah. I got one of my own.

Hey, Brandon!

Good news. I got you a ride.

- All right. - He's goin' to Lincoln later tonight.

Wow.

Cool.

You suck.

Ah, hey, champ! You headin' home tonight?

Tom only dates girls that got a little butt and a long crack.

You know what I mean? That's how he picks'em.

[Snorts]

Tom likes'em coyote ugly. You know coyote ugly?

I'm all over some booty.

Thank you.

Looks like you're ridin' home with Ted Bundy.

Shut up, John! He looks fine, right?

-Just like family. -[Tom]Speaking of.

- Where's Lana? - We were gonna go on, but she wandered off.

You got some time to stick around, right?

If these girls get their shit together, they're gonna do some karaoke.

If these girls get their shit together, they're gonna do some karaoke.

Lana! Where you been?

Come on, Lana. Let's go on, already. It was your idea.

Who are you?

[John Whooping]

- Whoo! - Yeah!

[Whooping]

[Laughing]

The lonesome Texas sun was setting slow

And in the rearview mirror I watched it go

[Glass Shattering]

- [Laughing] - Shut the fuck up!

- In her golden hair - [Laughing Continues]

I close my eyes for a moment
 I'm still there
 The bluest eyes in Texas
 Are haunting me tonight
 Another town
 Another hotel room
 Another dream that ended way too soon
 Left me lonely
 Praying for the dawn
 Searching for the strength to carry on
 The bluest eyes in Texas
 Are haunting me tonight
 - [Candace] Come on. - [Kate] Whoo!
 What the fuckin' fuck? I thought you were gonna be like five minutes!
 We got stuck...
 - in time warp. - Get in the car already.
 Hey, Brandon.
 - Come with us. - He's a psycho-killer anyway.
 Crash with me again.
 [John] Come on, buddy.
 Whoo-hoo!
 [Whooping]
 Like I was saying, when I get to the house,
 my sister was totally naked and totally on fire, right?
 Oh, yeah. Tom was like "Where's my camera?" Right?
 You saved everyone?
 Oh, yeah. Tom's a big hero. He rescued everybody. Right, dickwad?
 Yeah, so when they brought me in, they were like,
 This is the biggest fire we seen here in 50 years. You're a hero, man.
 I was like, "Yeah?" They were like, "Yeah."
 That's why they put me in all of'em Lincoln newspapers.
 - Probably seen 'em. That was me. - [Brandon] That's cool.
 - [Brandon] What the hell is that? - [Tom] Bumperskiing.
 [Brandon] Thank you.
 [Tom] Flippin' burgers.
 That's for squares, man. I mean, give me real work like in the oil fields.

I was thinkin' about becoming a smokejumper out in Mount Saint Helens.

Fightin' fires, makin' lots of money.

- Then traveling all around. Memphis, Graceland, Tennessee. - [Tom] You dick.

- Graceland is in Memphis. And Memphis is in Tennessee. - [Laughing]

[Laughing] I know.

[Coughing]

- Maybe you've had enough. - I ain't had any.

[Tom]No shit, man. People like you don't need drugs.

You just hallucinate 24 hours a day.

- Oh, shit! - [Laughing]

All right, Tom, you're up.

Not me, man. I'm drinking.

Allright, Brandon, that means you. Come on.

- Yeah, stud. Let's go, cowboy. - Come on, you can do it.

Come on. Come on.

[John] This here's Brandon.

A mean prizefighter from Lincoln, so be careful what you say to him.

Very tough.

Don't let'em scare you. You can do it.

[Whooping]

[Groans]

- He is a freak. - [Laughing]

- Come on! - [Laughing]

You can do better than that!

- One more time. One more time. -John, come on. Stop it,John.

- Oh, okay, okay. - Stop it!

- [Candace Laughing] - Ow!

- [John] Take it easy. - [Brandon]No, I'm fine.

- Yeah, you're fine. - I'm fine!

- Bring that truck back around! - You're a crazy fucker. What are we gonna do with you?

- Man, it's nothing. - Yeah, it's nothing.

[John] Wait, where are you going? I'll drive!

[Lana] You don't have a car.

[Sighs]

[Female Singer] There's a diamond in her eye

It's a-shining up above

And the moon in the sky

Say you won't tell why

We're gamblers that tell you lies

Should take a tumble and never lose

- In the morning - [Whistles]

She wears a smile She's made of stone

Oh, hey.

Ah, you sell... Ruffles?

Ruffles. Right over there.

Thank you.

[Bell Ringing]

Dream on, Lana.

-I can't be selling you no beer tonight. -Fine, I'll browse.

[Bell Ringing]

The beer's in the back if you want it.

Oh.

- Hey. - Space cowboy.

I'm so wasted. I don't know if I'm ever gonna come down.

- That's okay. - I need beer.

[Whispering] Come here. Shh. Come here.

It's okay. It's okay. Stay right here.

It's okay. Here, um... it's for me.

- Can I see some I.D.? - Sure.

Oh, look how beautiful.

Jesus Christ! I feel like I'm on acid. It's like an album cover.

You care to join me?

- Come on. - Fuck off!

- Hey, hey. - Don't talk to me like that, you skanky little snake!

[Phone Ringing]

Kwik Stop.

Hey, Lana! Lana, wait.

- I'll drive you. I got Candace's car. - I'm walkin'.

Here.

What are you still hanging around here for anyway?

I thought someone ought to walk you home before you get an M.I.P. or somethin'.

I don't need anybody to walk me anywhere.

-Jeez, watch it. - I don't need you to stop me from trippin'.

Lana, you are one cranky girl.

You'd be cranky too, " Mr. I'm Going To Memphis-Graceland-Tennessee,"

if you were stuck in a town where there's nothing to do but bumper skiing and chase bats...

every night of your evil fucking life.

I been bored my whole life.

Yeah? Is that why you let John tie you up to the truck and drag you like a dog?

No. I just thought that's what guys do around here.

Wait a minute. What's your name again?

Brandon.

The disks took off from here.

[Man On TV] That's all there is. Let's goback.

Lana?

Lana?

Just go on home, okay?

God, I hate my life.

Lana!

I hate your life too.

[Exhales] Don't look at my stupid house.

I'm not looking at your stupid house. I'm looking at you.

What was I thinking?

Mom? Come on.

- Come on. - [Groans]

- Did you eat? - Uh-uh.

- Upsy. Oh. - Oh, dear.

- It's all right. - Okay.

[Lana] Don't. It's okay.

Hi. Here, drink this. You'll feel better in the morning.

Come on.

Oh, here.

Yuck.

It's good for ya.

I got a thing for cow.

I know a song about cows.

My dad taught it to me.

You're not gonna sing it for me, are you?

[Laughing] No. I can't sing to save my life.

- Me neither. - What?

Sure you can. You sing great.

That wasn't me. It was karaoke.

So? You were still great.

I couldn't do it.

A lot of people I know couldn't.

You don't know any songs about cows.

Sure, I do.

[Radio:Female Reporter]Comin'to you this beautiful Friday, October27.

This is "Corn Report."

It is 8:00 a.m. It's 45 degrees.

You better watch out. That winter is coming.

Hey.

Is it always this nice here in the morning?

I made you a little breakfast.

Wow.

Thank you.

[Lana's Mother] My hand sucks.

How come Aunt Lana's asleep?

Your Aunt Lana, she is a nice girl, but she is as lazy...

as the day is long.

Don't you be like that. Okay? Huh?

April, you answer somebody when they ask you a question.

- How are things goin' with her mother? - She gave me April for a couple days.

- [Radio:Male Singers] Who's that lady - I love this song! Yes!

- [Chorus] Who's that lady - Who's that lady

- Who's that lady Beautiful lady - A real, real fine lady

I wish somebody would introduce her to me

Come on, get up. Dance with me. Come on.

Get up.

I asked her to dance

It was love at first sight

April? Come here.

Jesus! Would you turn down the goddamn music? I'm trying to sleep!

Whoo, yeah!

- Come on, honey, loosen up. - No, let me go.

Let me go! Let me go!

You motherfuckers! Why'd they ever let you fuckheads out of jail?

[Male Singers] L.A. is crazy

I got a shake in my head

I feel like I'm dying And I wish I was dead

If I live till tomorrow that'll be along time

I'll reel and I'll fall but I'll rise on Cod'ine

You'll forget you're a woman

You'll forget about men

Try it just once and you'll try it again

You'll forget about life You'll forget about time

And live all your days a slave to Cod'ine

It's real Lord, it's real

One more time

And some of them fall

To rise on Cod'ine

I'm an asshole.

Uh-oh.

- What? - Blowout.

- [Candace] What happened? - I'm in the doghouse again, you know what I mean?

- I've been there my whole life. - Women, right?

Yeah.

Mmm. You gonna do a little damage control?

- Then you're gonna fuck it up all over again. - Yep. Come on.

Oh, my goodness!

- Hey, who are you? What's your name, huh? - April.

April? How'd you get such a pretty name?

- My daddy. - Yeah, that's true. I named her.

- Where you goin'? - See Grandma.

All right, go on.

- Got an extra cig, man? - Mm-hmm.

Thanks, man.

Is she, um, Lana's?

Lana's? No.

No. I had April with a different girl. Mallory.

This here's my real family, even if it isn't my real home. You know?

I mean, uh--

Lana-- I don't know.

It's kinda hard to explain.

Well, I got 12 more like this at home.

I keep it in a secret place.

She wrote to me when I was in lockup.

Lana did?

Yep. She wrote to me. Even my own mom didn't write to me, but she did.

Lana and her mom. They took me in.

Fuck. Fucker.

- Brandon, honey, where'd you say your folks are from? - I'm from Lincoln.

But my dad's out in... in Memphis right now.

And my mom's in Hollywood.

- Hollywood? Oh, wow. - Yeah.

- Yeah, my sister is a model. - That's glamorous.

Brandon, while you're up, why don't you clean these ashtrays for us?

- Fuckyou. -Just playin' with you, bud.

Brandon, comehere. Overhere.

Closer where I can see you. Let me look at you in the light. Come on.

Come here. Let me.

I can believe you got a model for a sister.

You're like a little movie star yourself.

[Tom] Hey, April?

- Want a beer? - Hey!

What the fuck are you doing?

Here you go, hon. Have some of Dad's.

Come on. Come on. Little bit.

Four years ago, you wouldn't have thought he could take care of himself, let alone that kid.

Shit, four years ago you wouldn't have been able to talk tohim.

Prison. Mm-hmm. And her mother!

Jesus Christ!

And this one, this one kept that boy's spirit alive.

Would you just forget about that?

[John Groaning]

The bastard pissed on me! This never would've happened if she had the proper training.

- Your mother's an asshole! -John, she had an accident.

[Candace]It's okay, sweetie. It's not your fault.

Having fun?

Yeah.

What do you think of my mom? She's pretty weird, huh?

No, I like her. You know, I think she's funny.

Are you for real?

Excuse me. Am I interrupting something?

Brandon, I want you to take a picture of me and my daughter. Lana's dad gave us that.

I don't feel like having my picture taken now.

Come on, honey. Just one. Come on, son.

Hey!

Well, refill time.

Bring it in when you're ready, okay?

Okay.

Here, look. It's not bad, huh?

- Oh! [Groans] - What?

- No! - Why not? You're beautiful.

Come over here.

I had a dream about you last night.

You did? What happened?

- [Squealing] No! - Come on, tell me the dream.

Someone walked me home last night.

I think it was you.

No fair!

Lana, time to go to work.

John, you're too fucked up. Why don't you let Brandon drive?

Hey, here you go, little buddy.

You all right?

Tom!

[Engine Sputtering]

[Brakes Squeal]

[Girl] Nice car.

Why don't you turn down your radio?

[Mockingly] Yeah, totally!

- What the fuck are you looking at? - Wall people.

- What the fuck did you say? - I said, "Wall people."

[Shouting]

- Bite me, you fuckin' fudgepacker! - Eat me.

[John] Fuckyou!

[Shouting]

Go!

Come on, pussy! Go faster, you cocksucker.

Go, go, go!

[Kate] Bitches!Bitches!

Whoo!

[Siren Wailing]

It's the man! Fuck!

- [Tom]It's the piggers. - Oh, fuck.

[Tom]He's catching up. What the fuck?

- Fuck. - Don't stop, don't stop. Go faster.

Brandon.

Go faster.

- Brandon, stop! - [Chuckling]

[Tom] They ain't got no fuckin' balls!

[Siren Wailing]

When you hit the gravel, drop to 40.

[Brandon] I can't see.

[John] That's okay. Neither can he. You're flyin'.

[Breathing Heavily]

[Siren Wailing]

[Deputy] Take it out.

[Laughs]

Get off me, Dave. I wasn't doing anything.

Going awful fast back there, Mr. Brayman.

- Mind telling me what you're doing in Falls City? -Just visiting, officer, sir.

Where are you staying?

[Lana] He's staying with me.

I can't run a check on this, son, 'cause our computers are down.

But I could run you all in right now.

You could let these guys go, huh, man?

They ain't got anything to do with it. I got carried away.

We don't got anything like this in Lincoln.

Dustless highways?

Only one in Nebraska. That's a 100 foot drop.

[Sarcastic Chuckle]

- I'm not gonna lock you up, but you're gettin' a ticket. - Okay.

Those are residential streets back there, so you slow down.

- Do you read me, Mr. Brayman? - Absolutely, sir.

Let me see this I.D. That's pretty slick. Charles Brayman.

I let you down. I'm sorry.

Man, don't worry about it. We'll take you down to the tunnel, chase some bats.

Yeah, it's like the tunnel of love.

God, Candace, would you get a grip?

- Is that your real birthday? - No, November 10, '72.

Hey, that's next week. Let's have a party.

[Candace] Twenty-one! You're gonna be a man!

Shit.

Don't you never pull that shit again.

What?

You heard me. I said don't never pull that shit again.

You got me stopped by the fuckin' cops.

Why, but you're the one who told me to race after 'em.

I had you in the clear and you fucked up.

[Sighs]

John, it's over. Don't get upset.

I'm not upset. You almost got us killed.

[Clears Throat] I almost got us killed?

Whoo. Brandon.

You're the one who led us 90 miles an hour into a cloud of dust,
then shut your eyes when we were about to go off some 400 foot ravine.

Fuck!

Get out of my goddamn car!

Get out of my motherfucking car!

Get out of my goddamn, motherfucking, shit-eating car!

Get out of my goddamn, motherfuckin; shit-eating car!

- Not you! - Fuckyou!

No, not you.

[Car Engine Revs]

- [Chuckles] - Welcome to the psycho ward.

Come on, Kate. He's taking us to work.

You know, Tom set that fire his self.

That's my car!

Doctors say he ain't got no impulse control.

I'm the only one who can control that fucker.

Come on. We'll walk you home, Candace.

You ever try this?

Tom.

Did you set your own family's house on fire?

What about this?

You ever do this?

What the fuck, Tom?

Some people punch holes in walls.

This helps snap meback into reality.

Gets a control of this thing inside of me so I don't,
you know, lash out at someone.

Me and John used to do it to ourselves all the time in lockup.

I could always go deeper than him.

He's such a wuss.

Try it.

God, I guess I am a pussy compared to you.

[Chuckles] I'm just jokin' with you, man.

[Whispering] Fuck.

[Whispering] Fuck!

[Knocking On Door]

Brandon. Hey.

Lana.

I'm so sorry. I just had to see someone nice.

I just got off work and I'm having a nervous breakdown.

Just a minute. I have to pee, okay?

God, I was scared to death that Candace was gonna catch me.

You know she's obsessed with finding a husband.

I'm positive you're her favorite candidate.

I can't believe you worked last night. You must be exhausted.

Me, neither. I do it all the time. You don't have to be sober to weigh spinach.

- Thanks for the coffee. - Yeah.

I'm crashing really hard, though.

I, um, have to go back to Lincoln to take care of some stuff.

- You're really leaving? - Yeah.

Are you gonna see your sister? The model.

Yeah.

Oh. Nicole. She's pretty. Is she gonna be there?

Yeah.

Now that she's married, we're gonna be taking off any second.

So,

where are you going on your big trip out of here?

Oh, I don't know.

I guess it's not all worked out yet.

That's okay.

Um,

thanks for giving your address to the cops.

It was nothing.

I might hitchhike.

Really? I've never done that.

Me, neither.

[Clears Throat]

Well--

This might sound really stupid,

but do you think there's anywhere I could make money doing karaoke?

Why not? People make money doing all sorts of things.

Did you really write letters to him in prison?

Give me a break. I was 13 years old.

Who told you that? My mom?

He did.

You better go.

Yeah, yeah.

[Male Singer] That rusty nail over our front door

Is where I hung our tears in the rain

I threw that horseshoe into the weeds

To see what luck can bring

'Cause you're in your bed And I'm in mine

On either side of town

On either side of town

I think I might take a ride

[Knocking]

Please, please don't get mad.

Um, one night. One night and I'm gone.

[Sighs] They're not gonna lock me up, are they?

Teena, how the fuck do I know what they're gonna do?

- I'm sick of watching you fuck up. - But--

But I'm not fuckin' up. It is so good down there.

In Falls City? They hang faggots there. Did you know that?

You've never even been there. Look.

Look. See, isn't she beautiful?

If you like white trash.

I'm gonna ask her to marry me.

Before or after your sex change operation?

- Before or after you tell her that you're a girl? - Shut up!

It's different. It's working.

No, I'm not gonna fuck it up this time.

I hope they do lock you up tomorrow.

[Judge] Keith Pierce, for the crime of spraypainting and smashing 50 new cars,
you are sentenced to six months at the juvenile detention center.

- [GavelBangs] - Teena Brandon.

Teena Brandon. Docket 7-2-3-9-1.

Teena Brandon. Docket 7-2-3-9-1. Grandtheft, auto.

[Siren Wailing]

- [Camera Clicks] - Lana.

Down here.

Brandon.

- Where'd you get that? - Nice hat.

I gotta go. My break's almost over.

It looks so different from the outside.

[Whispering] You're so pretty.

I feel like I'm in a trance.

Am I goin' too fast?

[Gasping]

[Panting]

[Moaning]

[Coughing]

I cannot wear these. They make me look fat.

Quit changing the subject. [Clears Throat]

I saved your ass at work. Tell us what's goin' on?

[Candace] Yeah, I bet Brandon doesn't think you're fat.

Nobody looks fat when they're laying down.

I knew it! I fucking knew it!

We just drove around taking pictures.

Yeah, right.

[Laughing]

Ooh!

I cannot talk about it. It's too intense.

Come on, Lana.

I can't take it.

[Panting]

[Moans]

[Brandon's Voice] Are you okay?

[Lana's Voice] Yeah.

- Are you okay? - Yeah.

- What? - I mean--

I don't know.

You're so handsome.

And then we took off our clothes and went swimmin'.

Don't be scared, Brandon.

- Did you do it? - What do you think?

Whoo!

- [RockAndRoll] - [Shouting, Cheering]

What'd you wish for?

I know what he wished for. Yeah, baby!

Oh, Mom! Don't talk so gross.

I'm being fun. [Sighs]

-Happy birthday. -[Brandon] You shouldn't have, really.

[Whistles]

Keeping me strong, Mom?

- Happy birthday, sweetheart. - Thanks, Mom.

Sorry, I forgot mine.

- [Brandon]It's okay. - I haven't wrapped mine yet.

- Hey, grease monkey. - How ya doin'?

Man, we were doing a job in Omaha. We could've used a lookout, right,John?

[Mom Chuckling] John Lotter.

I know your mother, and I know she taught you how to knock.

We could've been lying around here naked, for all you know, baby.

- Where's Lana? - She's in her room.

Come on, get a beer. It's Brandon's birthday.

Sit with us.

[DoorOpens]

Hey, gorgeous.

- [DoorCloses] - Walk right in, why don't ya?

- Can't you see I'm busy fixing my hair? - Your hair's beautiful.

- I love your hair. - [Sighs]

- I got this for you up in Omaha. - Cool.

Tom and I went up to, uh, Lincoln for a couple of days.

Stealing cars?

Came by the factory before we left, and you weren't there.

So?

Nice. [Grunts]

Nice.

- Don't get upset. I just wanna talk. - About what?

About you and Brandon. I'm just looking out for you.

What are you talking about? He's your friend too.

[Sighs]

- I miss you. I do. - Stop it,John.

- You give me the creeps. You're like a stalker. - Fuckyou.

- No, no. Fuckyou. -John, I'm sorry.

I just need some privacy right now.

[Sighs] Yeah.

You know, I just want to protect you.

I know.

No one's ever protected me like you.

What do you see in him?

I mean, I know he's nice and everything, but he's kind of a wuss.

I know he's no big he-man like you. There's just something about him.

Oh, yeah. "There's just something about him.

- I don't know." - Stop makin' fun of me!

[Sighs] Lana, honey, are you fuckin' him?

- Goddamn it! It's none of your fucking business. - You are. You are.

- [DoorOpens] - Excuse me. Did I interrupt something?

Lana, you okay?

Don't even think about it, John.

Mmm.

[Tom] John, let's hit the road.

[John] No. It's Brandon's birthday.

[Sighs] She's beautiful, isn't she?

Oh, man. I've known her since she was...

I like this high.

I could tell you stories about her.

You know what kind of stories?

She told me about you guys.

And I can't think of a better guy to give Lana to than you.

So, happy birthday!

Thanks, John.

Just one thing you gotta remember, little man.

This is my house.

Come on, turn up the music! [Coughs]

Turn up the music!

- I quit. - Quit what?

My evil job.

I've just been thinkin' and thinkin', "What am I doin' here?"

Then it came to me. I'll go to Memphis with you.

- Memphis? - I've got it all figured out. You're right.

- I'll make money singing karaoke. - Lana.

You'll manage me.

If I'm no good, then you'll sing and I'll manage you. It's perfect.

Nothing can go wrong if we're together.

Lana, um-- [Clears Throat]

It's more complicated than that. Memphis is far.

It's 1,327 miles.

Yeah.

But, you know, I've been thinkin'.

We could just start our own trailer park right here in Falls City.

[Laughs] What, you don't want to go with me?

No! Of course I do.

That's the point. I'll marry you right now.

[Lana's Mom]Ooh, Lana. You're in trouble again.

Actually, that ain't Lana's, it's mine.

I'll take care of it.

I just got my first paycheck.

Come on, you go sit down.

- Okay. - I'll bring your breakfast right over to you.

[Brandon's Voice] The thing about the trailerpark...

is we'll have picnic tables, people playing music...

and barbecues every night.

We'll invite our friends: Candace, Kate, your mom.

Heck, even John, if you two don't kill each other first.

And best of all, we'll have our own Airstream.

[Brandon] Ahem.

If that's too much of a hassle, you could mail that receipt to my house.

That's all right. I'll just be a moment. Um, be right back.

Just one second. Okay? It's slow.

Miss Brandon?

Miss Brandon, we put your Charles Brayman I.D. number through the computer yesterday,

and this is what the Lincoln authorities faxed us over.

[Clears Throat]

You tell me.

Wow. This Teena chick seems pretty messed up.

What the hell is this?

- Who wrote this? - That guy who was staying with you.

- Brandon. - [Cell DoorSlamsShut]

[Brandon's Voice]Dear Lonny. Bet you can't guess where I am.

That's right. Back in jail... in Falls City.

I'm so tired of fuckin'up. I'm trying to stay strong,

but I don't know if I can face all the mistakes I've made.

I'm staying tough.

[Sobbing]

[Inhales, Sighs]

[Laughing]

[Kate] Candace, why do you look so funny?

Lana! Lana, what are you doing here?

What are you doing here? The girls' cell?

Oh, this place is crazy. It's like, put you wherever they want.

It's fine with me, I guess, but-- Julie, give us a break.

Watch therest of the show. Tell us how it ends.

[Sighs] Well, we only got three channels. I hate it.

Brandon, what's goin' on?

You want the truth, don't you?

I-It sounds a lot more complicated than it is. Um--

Do you have any water? 'Cause I'm really, my voice is...

dry.

Um--

I'm a hermaphrodite.

A what?

Come here. [Clears Throat]

It's a person who has both... girl and boy parts.

Brandon's real name is Teena Brandon.

See, Brandon's not quite a he. Brandon's more like a she.

Shut up. That's your business.

I don't care if you're halfmonkey or halfape, I'm gettin' you out of here.

I would say I'm sorry

If I thought that it would change your mind

Candace, I spoke to Lana's mom.

She's missing.

- Do you know where she is? - I don't know, I swear.

Candace, if you know anything, you better tell me now.

You know what? I already opened my big mouth.

Now no one's talking to me.

Candace, I'm talking to you.

Either I'm fucked up, or something's totally weird.

Come on, Candy, you can tell me. I won't tell anybody.

- I need more to drink. - There you go.

[CarRadio, Indistinct]

'Cause boys don't cry

Boys don't cry

I would tell you that I loved you

If I thought that you would stay

But I know that it's no use

You've already gone away

[Continues Indistinct]

[Panting]

Goddamn it.

I want to touch you the way you touch me.

No. Wait.

Fuck you, Brandon.

Fuck you.

I want you to feel what I feel.

Lana, wait. Wait.

Soon, I promise.

- Is she back yet? - No. I'm worried.

- Let's just go find Lana. - He'll show up.

Tell me what's going on.

You read the paper today?

- No. - Show Mom--

- You promised. - Is Lana your friend or not?

Gimme that.

Teena Brandon, age 19, picked up on speeding violation. So?

- Brandon got a ticket. - The name, Mom.

The name.

- He's got her brain washed. That's what they do. - Get out.

There's nothing in Lana's room. Get out. Leave her stuff alone.

I'm not touchin' her stuff. If you were any kind of mother, you wouldn't have let this happen.

I've been telling you all along you couldn't trust him.

- You never told me anything! -[Candace]Kate, you've got to stop this.

Right. Like you wouldn't jump in there if it wasn't totally obvious...

that you're in love with Brandon.

[John] Holy fuckin' mother of fuck!

Tom, check this out.

Cross-dressers and transsexuals:

The Uninvited Dilemma."

Sexual identity crisis.Jesus!

Fuckin'Christ, Tom! Check this out. Lookat this.

The grafted skin will mimic the loose skin of the natural male penis.

Get this sick shit away from me!

Just give it a minute, okay?

She's got to think I was at work.

Okay.

But I'll miss you.

- Whoa! - Thank God you're home.

I go to work and you guys party all night without me?

- Come on in. Have a beer. - I've got to take a shower.

I don't mean to be antisocial, but I'm really tired.

- [Lana's Mom]How was work? - Whatever, Mom. The usual.

Mom, what the hell's goin'on?

God, what did you tell them?

We called work.

- We know you weren't there. - Why is he talking to me? What are you, my dad?

Why are you all staring at me?

Get away! You're gross. You're horrible people. Get out of my room!

Honey, we're worried about you. We're just trying to save you.

[Lana] You've got a sick way of showin' it.

- Hey, what's up? - Hey! Oh, my God.

What's up?

Brandon, turn around and walk out that door now. This is a nuthouse.

- That's fine. - This is not a nuthouse. I'm just worried about you.

- What's going on? -Just need to talk about a couple things.

- Why do you need to talk to Brandon? - There's things I don't understand...
'cause you took a leak with me and--

Pardon my French, Mom. But you shook off your dick.

What was that bullshit about paying child support for a kid you can't visit?

You been spoutin' nothing but lies since the minute you came into town.

- When you rode in on your pussy-whipped faggot horse. - Tom.

The fact is, when it comes right down to it, you're nothing but a goddamn liar.

- You know what we do to liars? - No, you guys.

-There was never any Memphis, was there? -[John] Whoo!

Oh, my God. We're totally fuckin' with you.

Seriously.

Go get Brandon a beer.

Wondering about this paper that you're in, Teena.

Odd. It's our ticket. They're pretty hungry for news here.

Yeah. But what I'm wondering about is the name.

Huh, Brandon? I mean, huh, Teena?

[Brandon] Boy, I really fucked up.

I borrowed one of Candace's checks, and I got that speeding ticket and fake I.D.

I guess I need to learn to stay home, huh?

[Lana's Mom] I invite you into my home...

and you expose my daughter to your sickness.

Did you ever think about Lanain all this?

That's all I've been thinking about.

You know, Lana, if you are a lesbian, you just need to tell me.

-John, I'm not. It's not-- - You gotta stop it. It's not Lana, it's me.

I'm so sorry. Mom, I can explain. We can work this out.

I have this thing and I've been to counseling.

You fucking pervert. Are you a girl or are you not?

Are you a girl or are you not?

- There's a real easy way to solve this problem. - Fuckyou!

- Get the fuck off of me! - No, Tom! Get out of my house!

I should fuckin' kill you for lying to Lana.

There's not gonna be any killin' goin' on, okay?

Do you trust me enough to let Brandon show me? Then I'll tell you.

You trust me enough? Huh?

[Lana] Okay, John?

All right.

Okay. Thank you, God.

Fuck me!

- Holy fuck! - Get over here.

- I'm so sorry, Brandon. - Lana, I gotta explain.

No, no. Button up your pants. Don't show me anything.

Think about it.

- I know you're a guy. - Okay, but you gotta listen.

I was born with this weirdness. It's sort of like a birth defect.

I mean, it's actually not that rare, but these doctors are trying to fix it.

But I have really weird stuff too.

Don't be scared. Look how beautiful it is out there.

[Brandon] Oh, Lana.

[Lana] That's us. We can just beam our selves out there.

[Brandon] So, what are you gonna tell 'em?

I'm gonna tell 'em what they wanna hear.

I'm gonna tell 'em what we know is true.

Mom,

I seen him in the full flesh.

I seen it.

I know he's a man.

Problem done. Now, let's go to bed.

Son o fa bitch, what have you done to my baby?

What the fuck are you, you motherfucker? Huh?

Tell me!

[John] You little liar.

- Kate, get her out of here. - [Kate]Come on.

All I need's the truth, little buddy. Come on.

All right. I'm sorry to put you through this. Wait.

- Wait, please. I'll do it! - Unstrap his belt.

Just turn the light off. I'll do it. Please!

Fuck, John. Let me the fuck go!

[Lana] What's going on in there? Open the fucking door!

- [Pounding On Door] - Open the fucking door!

[Groaning]

-John, please. - What do you see?

- If there's something down there, it's the tiniest one ever. - Touch it.
 Oh, goddamn it, I can't. Gotta get--
 What the fuck are you? Come on.
 Let me go. John, let me go.
 [Lana] Open the fucking door!
 Don't look like no sexual identity crisis to me.
 - Open the fuckin'door! -[John]Getin here.
 Look at your little boyfriend. Look at your little boyfriend.
 [Crying]
 I'm holding you until you look.
 - Look! - Leave him alone!
 [Lana] Leave him alone!
 [John] Him?Him?
 - Go on, get out of my house. - We've called the cops.
 - Go on, get out! - You all are just too fucked up!
 Leave us all alone!
 Leave me alone, please.
 - You promised. You promised. - Leave me alone.
 - [Lana's Mom] I guess that's everything. - [Papers Shuffling]
 You know, I told Brandon...
 that nobody has a right to do that to you.
 Come on. We've done everything we can. Let's get out of here.
 - Let's go. - I'm waitin' for Brandon.
 [Brian] Your mom's right, Lana.
 Till this whole thing's straightened out, it'd be better for everyone...
 if Brandon stays someplace else.
 What are you talking about? It'd be better for everyone if you locked up Tom and John.
 Lana, everything Teena told us was lies. Everything.
 Everything.
 We need to go. Come on... now.
 Come on!
 Come on, getup!
 I'm askin' you this because if this goes to court,
 that question's gonna come up and I'm gonna want an answer.
 - Uh, I don't know why I have to-- - All right, let's back up.
 After they pulled your pants down and seen you was a girl,

what'd he do, fondle you any?

No.

[Sheriff] Didn't that kind of get your attention somehow?

That he wouldn't put his hand in your pants...

and play with you a little bit?

I don't know what he did.

Come on.

Let's go. Come on.

Let's go, buddy. Come on, let's go for a ride. Move!

[Sheriff] I can't believe that he pulled your pants down,

and if you are a female, that he didn't stick his hand or finger in you.

Well, he didn't.

Get out of the car. Get out of the car!

Come on.

-John-- - Shut up. Move!

- Wait, John. John, it's me. - Shut up!

- You know me. - Shut up.

- Don't hurt me. John. John. - Take off your shirt.

You brought this on yourself. Tom, get out of the car!

Take off your shirt. Take off your shirt!

You can make this easy, or you can get the shit knocked out of you.

All right.

Wait, John, wait. Please, wait.

We can work this out. Please. Get off me. Get off!

[Brandon's Voice] Wait, John. Please don't hurt me.

[Sheriff] After you had your pants off,

how were you positioned in the backseat?

On my back.

[Sheriff] You was on your back?

You say you're 21 and you've never had sex before. Is that correct?

- [Mumbles] Right. - [Brandon] No!

When they had a spread of you and when they poked you,
where'd they try to pop i tin first?

I said move your fuckin' hands!

[BrandonScreams]

[Mumbling] My vagina.

Where?

My vagina.

[Whooping]

Go ahead, man. Take her, take her.

[Coughing]

Come on. Come on.

Get up there. Get up.

Take this fuckin' thing off.

Take this fuckin' thing off!

[Groaning]

No! [Crying]

Whoo!

[Grunting]

[Cheering]

[Brandon Groaning]

[John Panting]

[JohnAnd Tom Panting, Moaning]

[BrandonScreaming]

Come on, buddy. Up. Let's go.

Up.

- You okay? Come on, let's go. - Yeah.

Now,just-- Just take me home, okay?

If you keep our secret, we'll stay friends. All right, little buddy?

Cause if you don't, we'll have to silence you permanently.

Yeah. Yeah, of course.

This is all my fault. I know.

You okay in there, little dude?

[Groaning]

Yeah.

I'm fine.

[Crying]

- [Coughing] - I'm gettin' a beer. You want one?

No. I'm fine.

[Tom]Make sure you get yourself cleaned up in there.

Will you need any help?

No, I'm, I'm good.

You almost ready in there, little dude?

Give me a break, man.

Give me two fuckin' seconds.

Tom! Tom!

[Tapping]

[DoorUnlocking]

Oh, my God. Brandon.

What are you doing here?

[Lana Crying] Mom, stop it. He's hurt.

[Groaning]

Lana.

- I don't want "it" in my house. - [Brandon]Lana.

- Mom, stop it. He's hurt. - I'm sorry.

- Call an ambulance! Now! - No.

Okay, almost.

So they assaulted you?

[Sighs] I fyou don't mind, it's just necessary--

I, I need for you to take your pants off. Okay?

Please.

I'm not gonna hurt you.

H-How do you know they raped me?

[Groans]

[Sheriff] Why do you run around with guys, bein' you're a girl yourself?

Why do you go around kissin' every girl?

I don't know what this has to do with what happened.

Cause I'm tryin' to get some answers so I can know...

exactly what's goin'on.

Now, are you gonna answer my question for me or not?

I have a sexual identity crisis.

You what?

A sexual identity crisis.

[Knocking]

Brandon.

I just wanted to say I'm really sorry.

Oh, my God!

What did they do to you?

Oh, my God. Come in here. Come in.

Just go inside.

That is bull.

If I wanna rape somebody, I got Mallory.

Listen, John, I'm just here to tell you that it's been reported.

- But-- - Listen tome. So if you did anything,
or anything happened in that room, you get it cleanedup.

[Sloshing Sounds]

Um, uh, we went out,

um, muddin' last night and we got stuck in a ditch.

Seriously. [Laughing]

Why is she fuckin' makin' lies like that?

[John Laughing]

Seriously.

You want a beer?

No, not right now. You take care, John.

[John] I'll come back later and we'll play cards or something.

Why don't you just give it a few days? All right?

Okay.

[Phone Ringing]

- You're such a stupid fuckin' pussy! - What, man?

You're paranoid. She came here to warn us. She ain't gonna say nothin'.

Hello?

[John] Yes, sir. No, sir.

Yes, sir, tomorrow morning.

Yeah, we'll come by. [Hangs Up Phone]

We have to go by the station tomorrow morning.

Can I come sit by you?

Do you hate me?

Do you need anything?

Oh, God.

You're so pretty.

You're just saying that 'cause you like me.

No.

What were you like...

before all this?

Were you like me, like a girl-girl?

Yeah.

Like a long time ago.

Then I guess I was just like a boy-girl.

Then I was just a jerk.

It's weird.

Finally everything felt right.

- That's pretty weird, huh? - [Laughs]

Yeah.

That dream I had... the first night?

We were on the highway together.

We can still do it.

Lana, I, um--

Look, I never been on the highway.

Or to the Grand Canyon or any place like that.

Until I came here, I'd never even been out of Lincoln.

I never even met my dad. He died before I was born.

And my sister ain't no model out in Hollywood.

I don't know if I'm gonna know how to do it.

I'm sure you'll figure it out.

[Laughs]

[Brandon] Um, I was wonderin'...

if you wanna come home to Lincoln with me.

My mom, she'll love you.

Then you gotta meet my cousin Lonny.

He's a pain, but he's great.

When are we goin'?

We have to leave tonight.

But Candace said she'll drive us.

- All right. - [Laughing]

- I better get my stuff. - Okay.

Be right back.

[Brandon] Lana.

Sorry.

We can leave right now. It's better.

Okay.

Don't pack too much. We'll send for it later.
 By tomorrow morning,
 you and I will be eatin' breakfast in Lincoln.
 What?
 Did you do something to your hair?
 I don't know.
 You like it?
 I don't know. I guess.
 I'll try and put it back.
 All right. We should go.
 It's okay, Lana.
 You don't have to come with me now.
 There'll be time.
 Just make sure you get out, okay?
 [DoorSliding Open]
 John, what are you doing here?
 Where are they? They here?
 Just wait, okay?
 I'll be right back.
 [Lana's Mom] Brandon ain't here.
 - Where is he? - I don't know, but he ain't here.
 [Sighs] Where's Lana?
 [Gun Cocks]
 [Whispering] Brandon's out at Candace's place.
 - What? - He's at Candace's place.
 - You found him? - Yeah.
 - What are you guys doin'? - Oh, shit.
 I know I've been a jerk lately. You wanna go out for a drink?
 - No. - I'll buy. - Yeah, yeah.
 - Where're we goin'? - Told you not to bring her.
 Stay off the main road.
 Think they'd recognize her if we chopped off her head and hands?
 [Laughing]
 John.
 We're just takin' care of a couple of dykes.
 - Are you one of'em? - Where'd you get that?

You still planning on going to Memphis?

[Scoffs] Memphis.

[CarApproaching]

What are we doin' here?

If there's other people in there, you gotta take care of'em, all right?

What are you gonna do to Candace? John, no. No.

John, no! She's got a baby!

Look at me. No!

Get the fuck off of me!

[Lana] Candace!

[Tom] Get the light. The light!

- Where the fuck is it? - [CandaceScreaming]

- Where the fuck is she? -John.John.

[Screams] Don't hurt my baby!

- Shut the fuck up! Don't listen to her. - Don't hurt Candace.

She has nothing to do with this.

You were right about me. I just keep gettin' back up, you know--

- Shut up. Shut up! -John.

Candace!

- Don't listen to her. - I said, shut up.

John.

[DoorOpens]

Teena--

Please, don't hurt my baby, Tom. Please!

Why didn't you leave?

We can still do it.

- [Gunshot] - No!

No!

[Candace]John, don't! Please don't hurt my baby.

Please,John! Please!

[Sobbing]

[Lana Screaming] No!

No! [Sobbing]

Come on, Lana. Come on! Come on, Lana!

Come on.

[Sobbing]

[Baby Crying]

[Brandon's Voice] Dear Lana. By the time you read this, I'll be back home in Lincoln.

I'm scared of what's ahead, but when I think of you...

I know I'll be able to go on.

You were right. Memphis isn't far at all.

I'll be making a trip out on the highway before too long.

I'll be waiting for you.

Love always and forever, Brandon.

[Female Singer] The lonesome Texas sun was setting low

And in the rear view mirror I watched it go

I can still see the wind in her golden hair

I can still see the wind in her golden hair

I close my eyes for a moment

I'm still there

The bluest eyes in Texas

Are haunting me tonight

Like the stars that fill the midnight sky

- Her memory fills my mind - [Chorus] Where did I go wrong

Did I wait too long

Or can I make it right

The bluest eyes in Texas

Are haunting me tonight

Another town Another hotelroom

Another dream that ended way too soon

Left me lonely way before the dawn

Searching for the strength to carry on

The bluest eyes in Texas

Are haunting me tonight

Like the stars that fill the midnight sky

- Her memory fills my mind - Where did I go wrong

Did I wait too long

Or can I make it right

The bluest eyes in Texas

Are haunting me

Tonight

For every heart you break you pay the price

But I can't forget the tears
In her blue eyes
The bluest eyes in Texas
Are haunting me tonight
Like the stars that fill the midnight sky
- Her memory fills my mind - Where did I go wrong
Did I wait too long
Or can I make it right
The bluest eyes in Texas
Are haunting me tonight
The bluest eyes in Texas
Are haunting me tonight
The bluest eyes The bluest eyes
Are haunting me
The bluest eyes
Tonight