

APPENDIX 1

Description of the main characters

Here were the lists of the main characters in the movie *Boys don 't cry*. The descriptions were meant to enrich our knowledge about the characters and the analysis below.

1. Brandon Teena or Teena Brandon was the main character **in** this movie. She was a female who had an identity crisis, and never acted like a female in her daily life, including in her appearance. Therefore, most of her surroundings excluded her best friend, Lonny and her family treated her as a male. In order to start a new life as a male, she decided to move to Falls City, Nebraska in where she met John and Lana. Because she never admitted her femininity, the writer analyzed her utterances as a male's utterances.
2. Lana was the main female character in the movie. She was Brandon's girlfriend. Lana was also known as John's sister-in-law.
3. John was the leader of the male group in the movie. He was a reckless and harsh man. He had a daughter named April from his relationship with Lana's sister, and he **was** in jail before.
4. Tom was John's friend. He was also known as a harsh man, but he always followed John wherever he went.
5. Lana's mother was the other female character in the movie. **She** had no husband, and she lived with Lana.

6. Kate was Lana's friend. She had a child, and she was looking for a perfect husband. Brandon was first **an** ideal candidate for her. Later, she also the first person who realized the hidden truth about Brandon's sexual crisis, but she still be **a** best friend for him.
7. Candace was Lana's friend.
8. Lonny was Brandon's trusted friend. He knew everything about Brandon, but still support him in whatever he had done
9. April was John and Lana's sister daughter.

APPENDIX 2

The tables

Table 1.1: The frequency of males' taboo words

	Fuck	Shit	Asshole	Motherfucker	Cocksucker	suck	Goddamn	TOTAL
Brandon	28	3		1		1		33
John	21	6	1	2	1		4	35
Tom	8	2					1	11
Brother	4							4
Men	9	1				1		11
Friend								3
Barber	1							1
TOTAL	74	12	1	3	1	2	5	98
%	69.82%	11.32%	0.94%	2.83%	0.94%	1.89%	4.72%	100%

Table 1.2: The Frequency of females' taboo words

	Fuck	Shit	Bullshit	Son of a bitch	Motherfucker	Bitches	TOTAL
Lana	12				1		13
Mother	2	1		1	1		5
Candace	4		1				5
Kate			1			2	3
TOTAL	18	1	2	1	2	2	26
%	69.23%	3.85%	7.69%	3.85%	7.69%	7.69%	100%

Tabooed Subjects	Sex	Excretion		Mother-in-Law	Bodily functions		Death	Animal			
	Fuck	Shit	Asshole	Motherfucker	Cocksucker	Suck	Goddamn	Pussy	Pigger	Horse	Snake
	74	12	1	3	1	2	5	5	1	1	1
TOTAL	74	13		3	3		5	8			
%	69.82%	12.26%		2.83%	2.83%		4.72%	76.54%			

Tabooed Subjects	Sex	Excretion		Mother-in-Law	Sexual irregularities
	<i>fuck</i>	<i>shit</i>	<i>bullshit</i>	<i>motherfucker son of a bitch</i>	<i>bitches</i>
	18	1	2	2 1	2
TOTAL	18	3		3	2
%	69.23%	11.54%		11.54%	7.69%

Table 3.1: The frequency of males' purpose in using taboo words

NO	Scene	Participants	The Purpose				
			Create Attention	discredit	identification	provoke	Provide catharsis
1	1	Brand-Barber Brand-Friend			✓ ✓		
2	3	Brand-Man Brand-Brother	✓ ✓		✓		
3	4	Brand-Man	✓		✓		
4	5	Brand-John		✓	✓	✓	
5	6	Brand-Lonny					✓
6	8	Brandon-John- Tom			✓		
7	9	Man-Lana			✓		
8	11	Brandon-John- Tom		✓	✓		
9	12	Brandon-John- Tom		✓	✓	✓	✓
10	13	Brandon-Tom			✓		
11	15	Brand-Brother		✓			✓
12	17	John-Lana	✓	✓			
13	22	Brand-Lonny					✓
14	26	Brandon-John- Tom		✓	✓	✓	✓
15	27	Brandon-John- Tom			✓		
16	32	John-Tom		✓			
17	35	John-Tom	✓				
		TOTAL	5	8	12	3	8
		%	13.89%	22.22%	33.34%	8.33%	22.22%

Table 3.2: The frequency of females' purpose in using taboo words

NO	Scene	Participants	The Purpose				
			Create Attention	discredit	identification	provoke	provide catharsis
1	5	Candace-John	✓				
2	8	Candace-Kate					✓
3	9	Brand-Lana			✓		✓
4	10	Lana-Mother	✓				✓
5	11	Mother-John	✓				✓
6	12	Kate-Girl 1- Candace-Lana		✓	✓	✓	
7	17	Lana-John			✓		✓
8	22	Candace- Shopkeeper		✓			
9	24	John-Candace		✓			
10	25	Brand-Lana			✓		✓
11	26	Tom-John- Lana-Mother	✓	✓			✓
		TOTAL	4	4	4	1	7
		%	20%	20%	20%	5%	35%

APPENDIX 3

Movie Script Boys don't cry

Scene 1

[Drumbeats]

[Drumbeats Continue]

Brandon: Shorter here.

Barber: Shorter?

Brandon: Shorter. - That **is** short enough

Barber: Okay, superstar? - Wow.

Brandon: What's with the shirt?

[Sniffs, Clears Throat]

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

Brandon: Looks like a deformity. - I'll **fix** that.

Barber: Oh, God. Yeah. - That's better. If you was a guy, I might even wanna fuck you.

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

Barber: **So** you're **a** boy? Now what?

Friend: Come on.

Brandon: No fuckin' way

Friend: Yes fuckin' way!

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

Friend: I'm no fuckin' pussy. Let's **go** home

Brandon: Someone's inside.

Friend: **You've** got a date? I gotta **go**!

Brandon: Come here!

Friend: Can I talk to you just for a minute? You **look** like a fuckin' idiot in that hat.

Brandon: I'll be back. I'll be back.

Friend: Teena.

Scene 2

[Rock And Roll]

I don't mind you hanging out

Or talking in your sleep

Nicole: Yeah, athletic's nice. But the thing is he's sweet, and good hair. That's important.

Brandon: I'm Billy. Are, are you Nicole?

*(music) Or talking in your sleep
I guess you're just what I needed
I needed someone to bleed*

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

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

Nicole: Someplace beautiful. *(they are kissing)*

Brandon: Okay. **Hey**. I'm gonna stand right here until you're safe inside. Okay?

Nicole: Okay.

*You're just what I needed
You're just what I needed
You're just what I needed, yeah*

Scene 3

Man 1: You're not goin' anywhere! Fucker! Get back here, you fucker! - Scumbag! You fuckin' dyke! You freak! You fucked my sister!

Brandon: (knocking the door) Open the fuckin' door, you fuckin' faggot! Open the fuckin' door! Fuck you! You fuckin' asshole! Brothers.

Brother: 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?

Brandon: I don't know! I don't know what went wrong.

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

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

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

Brandon: No.

Brother: Then why don't you admit that you're a dyke?

Brandon: Because I'm not a dyke.

Scene 4 (In the bar)

Man 2: Fucker! - *(Glass Shattering)*

Brandon: Fuck. What are you doin'?

Man 2: The money you owe me.

Brandon: Get out of my fuckin' pants

Man 2: I want it back. **All** of it.

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

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

Scene 5

[Country Western]

[Exhales]

[Male Singer Over Jukebox]

Why are you hangin' 'round my door

Never felt so lonely before

Faded on my heart

Candace: Bad night?

Brandon: The worst

(Sighs)

Now I ~~know~~ what it's like to cry

What it's like to want to die

Brandon: What's your name?

Candace: *(Giggles)* Candace. I hate it, though. I'm thinking of changing it.

Brandon: *[Chuckles]* Sometimes that helps. I'm Brandon

Candace: I'll pay if you get'em.

Brandon: Sure. Marlboros. I'll be right back.

Is a new shade of blue

John: Check this out.

Candace: My friend's sitting there.

John: *So?*

Candace: I said get off.

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

John: You've gotta be kidding me. I didn't ask you what you wanted, you little fag.

Brandon: You fucker! You motherfucker!

John: 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'

John: Come on, stud. You got us into this

Brandon: Fucker!

[Sirens Wailing]

Candace: Oh, shit! Go, John, go! Go, John. Go, John, go. Come on!

Brandon: Cops, man. **They** suck. I would've had those guys if you wouldn't have stopped me.

Candace: Oh, my God.

Brandon: What?

Candace: John, look.

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

Brandon: I am?

John: **Yeah.**

Brandon: Oh, shit! You got a light, man?

John: Oh, yeah, here.

Brandon: Mmm.

John: **You** have got the tiniest hands. **Yeah**

Brandon: No. They're big! Joe Louis had tiny hands.

John: **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.

Brandon: Come on. - Come on.

John: Hey, pussy!

Brandon: Fuckyou, man!

John: Tom, this is Brandon.

Tom: Hi.

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

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

John: Candace.

Brandon: **It's 70 miles away.** - I don't care. The night is **young.** And I am a mess, so--

[John Screams]

Candace: John.

Brandon: Good. **(Groans)** Are we there yet?

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

[Banging]

Scene 6

Brandon: I don't know where the fuck I am

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

Brandon: 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. If I don't make it, I'm fucked. Can I stay at your house?

Lonny: What about those doctors?

Brandon: 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.

Lonny: Do something. You can't just keep running *because...* you're gonna end up in jail. Forever.

Brandon: You really think I *can* do it? You're the butch.

Lonny: Come straight to my house. No stopping in bars, no stealing and no more girls.

Brandon: No more girls. No more girls.

Scene 7

Candace: Hey, handsome. Sleep all right?

Brandon: Yeah. Candace. I remember.

Candace: This is Cody. - Cody.

Brandon: Wow. Beautiful. You still brooding over your fiancée?

Candace: What? Oh. It's a real, real long story. Hey, hey. God, you're really good with kids.

Brandon: Yeah. I got one of my own.

Scene 8 (In the bar)

Candace: Hey, Brandon! Good news. I got you a ride.

Brandon: All right.

John: He's goin' to Lincoln later tonight.

Tom: Wow. Cool. (*playing billiard*) You suck.

Man 3: Ah, hey, champ! You headin' home tonight?

John: 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* / (to Brandon) Tom likes'em coyote ugly. You know coyote ugly? I'm all over some booty.

Brandon: Thank you.

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

Candace: Shut up, John! He looks fine, right?

John: Just like family

Tom: Speaking of.

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

John: You got some time to stick around, right? If these girls get their shit together, they're gonna do some karaoke

(Lana enters)

John: Lana! Where you been?

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

Lana: Who **are** you?

[John whooping]

- Whoo! - Yeah!

[Whooping]

[Laughing](music)

*The lonesome Texas sun was setting slow
And in the rearview mirror I watched it go*

[Glass Shattering]

John: *(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!

Candace: What the fuckin' fuck? I thought you were gonna be like five minutes!

Kate: We got stuck...

John: In time warp. - Get in the car already.

Candace: Hey, Brandon. Come with us. - He's a psycho-killer anyway

John: Crash with me *again*. Come on, buddy. Whoo-hoo!

[Whooping]

Tom: Like I was saying, when I get to the house, my sister was totally naked and totally on fire, right?

John: Oh, yeah. Tom was like "Where's my camera?" Right?

Brandon: You saved everyone?

John: Oh, yeah. Tom's a big hero. He rescued everybody. Right, dickwad?

Tom: Yeah, so when they brought me in, they were like,

Brandon: This is the biggest fire we ~~seen~~ here in 50 years. You're a hero, man.

Tom: 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. What the hell is that?

Tom: Bumper skiing.

Brandon: Thank you.

Tom: Flippin' burgers. That's for squares, man. I mean, give me real work like in the oil fields.

Brandon: 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*)

Brandon: [*Laughing*] I know.

[Coughing]

Lana: Maybe you've had enough.

Brandon: 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*)

John: All right, Tom, you're up.

Tom: Not me, man. I'm **drinking**.

John: **All** right, Brandon, that means you. Come on.

Tom: 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. (*to Brandon*) Don't let'em scare you. You **can** do it.

[Whooping]

[Groans]

Tom: He is a freak. - *[Laughing]*- Come on! - *[Laughing]*

John: You can do better than that! One more time. One more time

Lana: John, come on. Stop it, John.

John: Oh, okay, okay. - Stop it!

Candace: *[Laughing]* - Ow!

John: Take it easy

Brandon: No, I'm fine.

John: Yeah, you're fine.

Brandon: I'm fine!- Bring that truck back around!

John: You're a crazy fucker. What are we gonna do with you?

Brandon: 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 tip 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

Scene 9 (In the supermarket)

Shopkeeper: Oh, hey.

Brandon: Ah, you sell... Ruffles?

Shopkeeper: Ruffles. Right over there.

Brandon: Thank you.

[Hell Ringing]

Shopkeeper: Dream on, Lana. I can't be selling you no beer tonight

Lana: Fine, I'll browse.

[Bell Ringing]

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

Brandon: Oh. Hey.

Lana: Space cowboy. I'm so wasted. I don't know if I'm ever gonna **come** down.

Brandon: That's okay

Lana: I need beer.

Brandon: *[Whispering]* Come here. Shh. Come here. It's okay. It's okay. Stay right here. It's okay. Here, um... it's for me.

Shopkeeper: Can I see some I.D.?

Brandon: Sure.

Lana: Oh, look how beautiful.

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

Buyer 1: You care to join me? Come on.

Lana: Fuckoff!

Buyer 1: Hey, hey. - Don't talk to me like that, you skanky little snake!

[Phone Ringing]

Kwik Stop.

Brandon: Hey, Lana! Lana, wait. I'll drive you. I got Candace's car.

Lana: I'm walkin'.

Brandon: Here.

Lana: What are you still hanging around here for anyway?

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

Lana: I don't need anybody to walk me anywhere.

Brandon: **Jeez**, watch it

Lana: I don't need you to stop me from trippin'.

Brandon: Lana, you are one cranky girl.

Lana; 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.

Brandon: I been bored my whole life.

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

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

Lana: Wait a minute. What's your name again?

Brandon: Brandon.

Lana: The disks took off from here.

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

Brandon: Lana? Lana?

Lana: Just go on home, okay? God, I hate my life.

Lana's mother: Lana!

Lana: I hate your life too. *[Exhales]* Don't look at my stupid house.

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

Lana: What was I thinking? Mom? Come on. -Come on. -[Groans]

Mother: Did you eat? - Uh-uh. Upsy. Oh. - Oh, dear. *(drunk)*

Lana: It's **all** right. *(carrying mother to the bed)*

Brandon: ~~day~~ *(trying to help)*

Lana: Don't. It's okay.

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

Lana: Come on.

Brandon; Oh, here. Yuck. It's good for ya.

Lana: I got a thing for cow.

Brandon: I know a song about cows. My dad taught it to me.

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

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

Lana: Me neither

Brandon: What? Sure you can. You sing great.

Lana: That wasn't me. It was karaoke.

Brandon: So? You were still great.

Lana: I couldn't do it.

Brandon: **A** lot of people I know couldn't.

Lana: You don't know any songs about cows.

Brandon: Sure, I do.

Scene 10

[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.

Brandon: Hey. Is it always this nice here in the morning?

Candace: I made you a little breakfast.

Brandon: Wow. Thank you.

In Lana's house

Lana's Mother. My hand sucks.

Lana's niece: How come Aunt Lana's a sleep?

Mother: 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.

John: How are things goin' with her mother?

Mother: She gave me April for a couple days.

- *[Radio:Male Singers] Who's that lady –*

Mother: 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

Mother: Come on, get up. Dance with me. Come on. Get up.

I asked her to dance

It was love at first sight

Mother: April? Come here.

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

Mother: Whoo, yeah!

Mother: Come on, honey, loosen up.

Lana: 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

Scene 11

Brandon: I'm an **asshole**.

Candace: Uh-oh. -What?

Brandon: Blowout.

Candace: What happened'?

Brandon: I'm in the doghouse again, you know what I mean?

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

Brandon: Yeah.

John: Mmm. You gonna do a little damage control?

Brandon: Then you're gonna fuck it up **all** over again.

John: Yep. Come on. Oh, my goodness!

Brandon: **Hey**, who are you? What's your name, huh?

April: April.

Brandon: April? How'd you get such **a pretty** name?

April: My daddy.

John: Yeah, that's true. I named her. - Where you goin'?

April: See Grandma.

John: **All** right, go on.

Brandon: Got an extra cig, man? - Mm-hmm. Thanks, man. **Is** she, um, Lana's?

John: 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?

Brandon: I mean, uh--

John: 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.

Brandon: Lana did?

John: 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.

Brandon: Fuck. Fucker.

Mother: Brandon, honey, where'd you say your folks are from?

Brandon: I'm from Lincoln. But my dad's out in... in Memphis right now. And my mom's in **Hollywood**.

Mother: Hollywood? Oh, wow. - Yeah.

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

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

Brandon: Fuck you

Tom: Just playin' with you, bud.

Mother: Brandon, come here. Over here. 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?

John: Want a beer?

Mother: Hey! What the fuck are you doing?

John: Here you go, hon. Have some of Dad's. Come on. Come on. Little bit.

Mother: 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 to him.

John: Prison. Mm-hmm. And her mother! Jesus Christ!

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

Lana: Would you just forget about that?

[John Groaning]

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

Your mother's an asshole!

April: John, she had ~~an~~ accident.

Candace: It's okay, sweetie. It's not your fault.

Lana: Having fun?

Brandon: Yeah.

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

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

Lana: Are you for real?

Mother: 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.

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

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

Lana: Hey!

Mother: Well, refill time. Bring it in when you're ready, okay?

Brandon: Okay. Here, look. It's not bad, huh?

Lana: Oh! *[Groans]*

Brandon: What?

Lana: No!

Brandon: Why not? You're beautiful.

Lana: Come over here. I had a dream about you last night.

Brandon: You did? What happened?

Lana: *[Squealing]* No!

Brandon: Come on, tell me the dream.

Lana: Someone walked me home last night. think it was you.

Brandon: No fair!

Mother: Lana, time to go to work.

Scene 12

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

John: Hey, here you go, little buddy.

Tom: You all right?

Candace: Tom!

[Engine Sputtering]

[Brakes Squeal]

Girl 1 : Nice car. Why don't you turn down your radio?

Girl 2: */Mockingly/* Yeah, totally!

John: What the fuck are you looking at?

Girl 1: Wall people.

Tom: What the fuck did you say?

Girl 1 : I said, "Wall people."

[Shouting]

John: Bite me, you fuckin' fudgepacker!

Girl 2: Eat me.

John: Fuck you!

[Shouting]

John: Go! Come on, pussy! Go faster, you cocksucker. Go, go, go!

Kate: Bitches!Bitches!

Girl 1: Whoo!

[Siren Wailing]

John: It's the man! Fuck!

Tom: It's the piggers. - Oh, fuck. He's catching up. What the fuck?

John: Fuck. - Don't stop, don't stop. Go faster. Brandon. Go faster.

Lana: Brandon, stop! *[Chuckling]*

Tom: They ain't got no fuckin' balls!

[Siren Wailing]

John: 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]

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

Deputy: Going awful fast back there, Mr. Brayman. - Mind telling me what you're doing in Falls City? Brandon: Just visiting, officer, sir.

Deputy: Where are you staying?

Lana: He's staying with me.

Deputy: I can't run a check on this, son, 'cause our computers are down. But **I** could run you **all** in right now.

Brandon: 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.

Deputy: 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.

Brandon: Okay.

Deputy: Those are residential streets back there, **so** you slow down. - Do you read **me**, Mr. Brayman? - Brandon: Absolutely, sir.

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

Brandon: I let you down. I'm **sorry**.

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

Brandon: Yeah, it's like the tunnel of love.

Tom: God, Candace, would you get a **grip**?

Candace: ~~Is~~ that your **real** birthday?

Brandon: No, November 10, '72.

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

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

Brandon: Shit.

John: Don'tyou never pull that shit again.

Brandon: What?

John: You heard **me**. I said don't never pull that shit again. You got me stopped by the fuckin' cops.

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

John: I had you in the clear and you fucked up.

[Sighs]

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

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

Brandon: *[Clears Throat]* I almost got us killed?

Tom: Whoo. Brandon.

John: 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.

Kate: Fuck!

John: Get out of my goddamn car! Get out of my motherfucking car! Get out of my goddamn, motherfuckin; shit-eating car! (to Lana) Not you!

Lana: Fuck you!

John: No, not you.

[Car Engine Revs]

Tom: *(Chuckles)* • Welcome to the psycho ward.

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

Kate: You know, Tom set that fire his self.

Candace: That's my *car!*

Tom: 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.

Scene 13

Tom: You ever try this?

Lana: Tom.

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

Tom: What about this? You ever do this?

Brandon: What the fuck, Tom?

Tom: Some people punch holes in walls. This helps snap me back 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.

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

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

Brandon: [*Whispering*] Fuck.

Scene 14

[*Knocking On Door*]

Lana: Brandon. Hey.

Brandon: Lana.

Lana: I'm so sorry. I just had to see someone nice. I just got off work and I'm having a nervous breakdown.

Brandon: Just a minute. I have to pee, okay?

Lana: 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.

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

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

Lana: Thanks for the coffee.

Brandon: Yeah.

Lana: I'm crashing really hard, though.

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

Lana: You're really leaving?

Brandon: Yeah.

Lana: Are you gonna see your sister? The model.

Brandon: Yeah.

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

Brandon: 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?

Lana: Oh, I don't know. I guess it's not all worked out yet.

Brandon: That's okay. Um, thanks for giving your address to the cops.

Lana: It was nothing.

Brandon: I might hitchhike.

Lana: Really? I've never done that.

Brandon: Me, neither.

[*Clears Throat*]

Brandon: Well--

Lana: This might sound really stupid, but do you think there's anywhere I could make money doing karaoke?

Brandon: Why not? People make money doing all **sorts** of things. Did you really write letters to him in prison?

Lana: Give me a break. I was **13** years old. Who told you that? My mom?

Brandon: He did

Lana: You better go.

Brandon: 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*

Scene 15

[Knocking]

Brandon: 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?

Brother: Teena, how the fuck do I know what they're gonna do? - I'm sick of watching you fuck up. - But—

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

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

Brandon: You've never even been there. Look. Look. See, isn't she beautiful?

Brother: If you like white trash.

Brandon: I'm gonna ask her to marry me.

Brother: Before or after your sex change operation? - Before or after you tell her that you're a girl? – Brandon: Shut up! It's different. It's working. No, I'm not gonna fuck it up this time.

Brother: I hope they do lock you up tomorrow.

Scene 16

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

[Gave Bangs] - Teena Brandon. Teena Brandon. Docket **7-2-3-9-1**.

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

[Siren Wailing]

Brandon: *[Camera Clicks]* - Lana. Down here.

Lana: Brandon. - Where'd you get that?

Brandon: Nice hat.

Lana: I gotta go. My break's almost over. It looks so different from the outside.

Brandon: *[Whispering]* You're so pretty. I feel like I'm in a trance. Am I goin' too fast?

[Gasping]

[Panting]

[Moaning]

[Coughing]

Lana: I cannot wear these. They make me look fat.

Kate: 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.

Lana: Nobody looks fat when they're laying down.

Candace: I knew it! I fucking knew it!

Lana: We just drove around taking pictures.

Kate: Yeah, right.

[Laughing]

Lana: Ooh! I cannot talk about it. It's too intense.

Candace: Come on, Lana.

Lana: I can't take it.

[Panting]

[Moans]

Brandon: Are you okay?

Lana: Yeah. - Are you okay?

Brandon: Yeah.

Lana: What?

Brandon: I mean-- I don't know.

Lana: You're so handsome. And then we took off our clothes and went swimmin'. Don't be scared, Brandon.

Kate: Did you do it? - What do you think? Whoo!

Scene 17

[RockAndRoll] - [Shouting, Cheering]

Lana: What'd you wish for?

Mother: I know what he wished for. Yeah, baby!

Lana: Oh, Mom! Don't talk so gross.

Mother: I'm being fun. *[Sighs]* Happy birthday.

Brandon: You shouldn't have, really.

[Whistles]

Brandon: Keeping me strong, Mom?

Mother: Happy birthday, sweetheart.

Brandon: Thanks, Mom.

Kate: **Sorry**, I forgot mine.

Brandon: It's okay.

Lana: I haven't wrapped mine yet.

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

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

Mother: *[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.

John: Where's Lana?

Mother: She's in her room. Come on, get a beer. It's Brandon's birthday. Sit with us.

[DoorOpens]

John: Hey, gorgeous.

Lana: *[DoorCloses]* - Walk right in, why don't ya? Can't you see I'm busy fixing my hair?

John: Your hair's beautiful. - I love your hair. *[Sighs]* - I got this for you up in Omaha.

Lana: Cool.

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

Lana: Stealing cars?

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

Lana: So?

John: Nice. *[Grunts]*

Lana: Nice.

John: Don't get upset. I just wanna talk

Lana: About what?

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

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

[Sighs]

John: I miss you. I do.

Lana: Stop it, John.

John: You give me the creeps. You're like a stalker.

Lana: Fuck you.

John: No, no. Fuck you.

Lana: John, I'm sorry. I just need some privacy right now.

John: *[Sighs]* Yeah. You know, I just want to protect you.

Lana: I know.

John: 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.

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

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

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

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

Lana: Goddamn it! It's none of your fucking business.

John: You are. You are.

[Door Opens]

Mother: Excuse me. Did I interrupt something? Lana, you okay?

Lana: Don't even think about it, John.

John: Mmm.

Scene 18

Tom: John, let's hit the road.

John: No. It's Brandon's birthday.

John: *[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!

Brandon: Thanks, John.

John: Just one thing you gotta remember, little man. This is my house.

Tom: Come on, turn up the music! *[Coughs]* Turn up the music!

Scene 19

Lana: ■quit.

Brandon: Quit what?

Lana: 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.

Brandon: Memphis?

Lana: I've got it all figured out. You're right. - I'll make money singing karaoke.

Brandon: Lana.

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.

Brandon: Lana, um-- *[Clears Throat]* It's more complicated than that. Memphis is far,

Lana: It's 1,327 miles.

Brandon: Yeah. But, you know, I've been thinkin'. We could just start our own trailer park right here in Falls City.

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

Brandon: No! Of course I do. That's the point. I'll marry you right now.

Scene 20

Mother: Ooh, Lana You're in trouble again

Brandon: Actually, that ain't Lana's, it's mine. I'll take care of it. I just got my first paycheck.

Mother: Come on, you go sit down.

Brandon: Okay.

Lana: 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.*

Scene 21

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

Female officer: that's all right. I'll just be a moment. Um, be right back. Just one second.

Okay? It's slow.

Officer: 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.

Brandon: *[Clears Throat]* You tell me.

Officer: Wow. This Teena chick seems pretty messed up.

Scene 22

Candace: What the hell is this? Who wrote this?

Shopkeeper: That guy who was staying with you.

Candace: Brandon. - *[Cell Door Slams Shut]*

[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?

Scene 23

Brandon: Lana! Lana, what are you doing here?

Lana: What are you doing here? The girls' cell?

Brandon: 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 the rest of the show. Tell us how it ends. *[Sighs]* Well, we only got three channels. I hate it.

Lana: Brandon, what's goin' on?

Brandon: 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.

Lana: **A** what?

Brandon: 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.

Lana: Shut up. That's your business. I don't care if you're half monkey or half ape, I'm gettin' you out of here.

I would say I'm sorry

If I thought that it would change your mind

Scene 24

John: Candace, I spoke to Lana's mom. She's missing. - Do you know where she is?

Candace: I don't know, I swear.

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

Candace: You know what? I already opened my big mouth. Now **no** one's talking to me.

John: Candace, I'm talking to **you**.

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

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

Candace: I need more to drink.

Brandon: 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]

Scene 25

Lana: Goddamn it. I want to touch you the way you touch me.

Brandon: No. Wait.

Lana: Fuck you, Brandon. Fuck you. I want you to feel what I feel.

Brandon: Lana, wait. Wait. Soon, I promise.

Scene 26

John: Is she **back** yet?

Mother: No. I'm worried.

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

Mother: Tell me what's going on.

John: You read the paper today?

Mother: No.

John: *(to Candace)* Show Mom--

Candace: You promised.

John: Is Lana your friend or not? Gimme that.

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

John: Brandon got a ticket. The name, Mom. The name. He's got her brain washed. That's what they do.

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

John: 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.

Mother: You never told me anything!

Candace: Kate, you've got to stop this.

Kate: 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. Look ~~at~~ this.

The grafted skin will mimic the loose skin of the natural male penis. Get this sick shit away from me!

Lana: Just give it a minute, okay? She's got to think I was at work.

Brandon: Okay.

Lana: But I'll miss you. Whoa!

Mother: Thank God you're home.

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

Tom: Come on in. Have a beer.

Lana: I've got to take a shower. I don't mean to be antisocial, but I'm really tired.

Mother: How was work?

Lana: Whatever, Mom. The usual. Mom, what the hell's goin'on? God, what did you tell them?

Tom: We called work.

John: We know you weren't there.

Lana: 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!

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

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

Brandon: Hey, what's up?

Tom: Hey! Oh, my God.

Brandon: What's up?

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

Brandon: That's fine.

John: This is not a nuthouse. I'm just worried about you.

Brandon: What's going on?

John: Just **need** to talk about a couple things.

Lana: Why do you need to talk to Brandon?

Brandon: There's things I don't understand... 'cause you took a leak with me and--

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

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

John: 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?

Brandon: No, you guys.

Tom: There was never any Memphis, was there?

John : Whoo! Oh, my God. We're totally fuckin' with you.

Brandon: Seriously.

John: 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?

Mother: I invite you into my home... and you expose my daughter to your sickness. Did you ever think about Lana in all this?

Brandon: That's all I've been thinking about.

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

Brandon: John, I'm not. It's not-- -

John: You gotta stop it. It's not Lana, it's me.

Brandon: I'm so sorry. Mom, I can explain. We can work this out. I have this thing and I've been to counseling.

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

Tom: There's a real easy way to solve this problem

Brandon: Fuck you!

Tom: Get the fuck off of me!

Mother: No, Tom! Get out of my house!

John: I should fuckin' kill you for lying to Lana

Lana: There's not gonna be any **killin'** goin' on, **okay**? Do you trust me enough¹ to let

Brandon show me? Then I'll tell you. You trust me enough? Huh? Okay, John?

John: All right.

Lana: Okay. Thank you, God. Fuck me!

Brandon: Holy fuck! - Get over here.

Lana: I'm *so* sorry, Brandon.

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.

Brandon: 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.

Lana: 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?

Lana: 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.

Mother: Son of a bitch, what have you done to my baby? What the fuck are you, you motherfucker? Huh? Tell me!

John: You little liar.

Lana: Kate. get her out of here.

Kate: Come on.

John: All I **need's** the truth. little buddy. Come on

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

Brandon: Wait. - Wait, please. **I'll** do it!

John: Unstrap his belt.

Brandon: 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!

Brandon: / *Groaning* /-John, please. -

John: What do you ~~see~~?

Tom: If there's something down there, it's the tiniest one ever

John: Touch it.

Tom: Oh, goddamn it, I can't. Gotta get--

John: What the fuck are you? Come on.

Brandon: Let me go. John, let me go.

Lana: Open the fucking door!

Tom: Don't look like no sexual identity crisis to me.

Lana: Open the fuckin'door!

John: Get in here. Look at your little boyfriend. Look at your little boyfriend.

Lana: / *Crying* /

John: I'm holding you until you look. - Look!

Lana: Leave him alone! Leave him alone!

John: Him? Him?

Mother: Go on, get out of my house. - We've called the cops. - Go on, get out!

John: You all are just too fucked up!

Mother: Leave us all alone!

Brandon: Leave me alone, please.

Lana: You promised. You promised.

Brandon: Leave me alone.

Mother: I guess that's everything. - /*Papers Shuffling*/

Mother: 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.

Lana: 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.

Lana: What are you talking about? It'd be better for everyone if you locked up Tom and John.

Mother: Lana, everything Teena told us was lies. Everything. Everything. We need to go. Come on... now.

Scene 27

Sheriff 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.

Brandon: Uh, I don't know why I have to--- All right, let's back up.

Sheriff After they pulled your pants down and seen you **was** a girl, what'd he do, fondle you any?

Brandon: 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?

Brandon: I don't know what he did.

John: 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.

Brandon: Well, he didn't.

John: Get out **of** the car. Get out of the car!

Tom: Come on.

Brandon: John-

John: Shut **up**. **Move!**

Brandon: Wait, John. John, **it's** me.

John: Shut up!

Brandon: You know me

John. Shut up.

Brandon. Don't hurt me John. 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

Brandon: All right Wait, John, wait. Please, wait. We can work this out. Please. Get **off** me. Get off!

Wait, John. Please don't hurt me.

Sheriff: After you had your pants off, how were you positioned in the backseat?

Brandon: On my back.

Sheriff **You** was on your back? You say you're 21 and you've never had sex before. Is that correct?

Brandon: *[Mumbles]* Right. No!

Sheriff When they had **a** spread of you and when they poked you, where'd they try to pop it in first?

John: I said move your fuckin' hands!

[BrandonScreams]

Brandon: *[Mumbling]* My vagina.

Sheriff. Where?

Brandon: My vagina.

[Whooping]

John: Go **ahead**, man. Take her, take her.

[Coughing]

Tom: **Come** on. Come on. Get up there. Get up. Take this fuckin' thing off. Take this fuckin' thing off!

[Groaning]

Brandon: No! *[Crying]*

John: Whoo!

[Grunting]

[Cheering]

[Brandon Groaning]

[John Panting]

[John and Tom Panting, Moaning]

[BrandonScreaming]

John: Come on, buddy. **Up**. Let's **go**. **Up**.- You okay? Come on, let's **go**.- Yeah.

Brandon: NowJust-- Just take me home, okay?

John: If you **keep** our secret, we'll stay Friends. **All** right, little buddy?

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

Brandon: Yeah Yeah. of course. This is all my fault. I know.

Tom: You **okay in** there. little dude?

[Groaning]

Brandon: **Yeah.** I'm fine.

[Crying]

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

Brandon: No. I'm fine.

Tom: Make sure you get yourself cleaned up in there.

John: Will you need any help?

Brandon: No, I'm, I'm good.

John: You almost **ready** in there, little dude?

Brandon: Give me a **break**, man. Give me two fuckin' seconds.

John: Tom! Tom!

[Tapping]

[DoorUnlocking]

Scene 28

Lana: Oh, my God. Brandon.

Mother: What **are** you doing here?

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

[Groaning]

Brandon: Lana.

Mother: I don't want "it" in my house.

Brandon: Lana.

Lana: Mom, **stop** it. He's hurt.

Brandon: I'm sorry.

Lana: Call an ambulance! Now!

Brandon: No.

Scene 29

Nurse: Okay. almost. **So they** assaulted you? *[Sighs]* If you don't mind, it's just necessary-I need for you to take your pants off. Okay? Please. I'm not gonna hurt you.

Brandon: **H-How** do you know they raped me?

[Groans]

Scene 30

Sheriff Why do you run around with guys, bein' you're a girl yourself, Why do you *go* around kissin' every girl?

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

Sheriff 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?

Brandon: I have a sexual identity crisis.

Sheriff: You what?

Brandon: A sexual identity crisis.

Scene 31

/ Knocking /

Candace: Brandon.

Brandon: I just wanted to say I'm really sorry.

Candace: Oh, my God! What did they do to you? Oh, my God. Come in here. Come in. Just go inside.

Scene 32 (In John's house)

John: That is bull. If I wanna rape somebody, I got Mallory.

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

John: But---

Mother: Listen to me. So if you did anything, or anything happened in that room, you get it cleaned **up**.

/Sloshing Sounds/

John: Um, uh, we went out, um, muddin' last night and we got stuck in a ditch. Seriously.

/Laughing/

Tom: Why is she fuckin' makin' lies like that?

John: */Laughing/* Seriously.

Tom: You want a beer?

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

John: I'll comeback later and we'll play cards or something.

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

John: Okay.

[Phone Ringing]

John: You're such a stupid fuckin' pussy!

Tom: What, man? You're paranoid. She came here to warn us. She ain't gonna say nothin'.

John: Hello? Yes, sir. No, sir. Yes, sir, tomorrow morning. Yeah, we'll come by. *[Hangs Up Phone]* *[to Tom]* We have to go by the station tomorrow morning.

Scene 33

Lana: Can I come sit by you? Do you hate me? Do you need anything? Oh, God. You're **so** pretty.

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

Lana: No. What were you like...before all this? Were you like me, like a girl-girl?

Brandon: 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]*

Lana: **Yeah.** That dream I had... the first night? We were on the highway together. We can still do it.

Brandon: 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.

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

Brandon: I'm sure you'll figure it out. *[Laughs]* 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.

Lana: When are we goin'?

Brandon: We have to leave tonight. But Candace said she'll drive us.

Lana: **All** right.- *[Laughing]*- I better get **my** stuff.

Brandon: Okay. **Be** right back.

Scene 34 [in Lana's house]

Brandon: Lana. Sorry. We can leave right now. It's better

Lana: Okay.

Brandon: Don't pack too much. We'll send for it later. By tomorrow morning, you and I **will** be eatin' breakfast in Lincoln.

Lana: What? Did you do something to your hair?

Brandon: I don't know. You like it?

Lana; I don't know. I guess.

Brandon: 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?

[Door Sliding Open]

Mother: John, what are you doing here?

John: Where are they? They here?

Mother: Just wait, okay?

Brandon: I'll be right back.

Mother: Brandon ain't here

John: Where **is** he?

Mother: I don't know, but he ain't here.

John: *[Sighs]* Where's Lana?

[Gun Cocks]

Mother: *[Whispering]* Brandon's out at Candace's place.

John: What?-

Mother: He's at Candace's place.

Tom: You found him?

John: Yeah.

Lana: What are you guys doin'?

John: Oh, shit.

Lana: I know I've been a jerk lately. You wanna *go out* for a drink?

John: No.

Lana: I'll buy.

John: Yeah, yeah

Lana: Where're we goin'?

Tom: Told you not to bring her

John: Stay off the main road.

Tom: Think they'd recognize her if we chopped off her head and hands?

[Laughing]

Lana: John

John: We're **just** takin' care of a couple of dykes

John: Are **you** one ofem?

Lana: Where'd you get that?

John: You still planning on going to Memphis?

Tom: */Scoffs/* Memphis.

Scene 35

/CarApproaching/

Lana: What are we doin' here?

John: If there's other people in there, you gotta take care ofem, all right?

Lana: What are you gonna do to Candace? John, no. No. John, no! She's got a baby!

Look at me. No!

John: Get the fuck off of me!

Lana: Candace!

Tom: Get the light. The light!

John: Where the fuck is it?- */Candace is screaming/* - Where the fuck **is** she?

Lana: -John .John.

Candace: */ Screams /* Don't hurt my baby!

Tom: Shut the fuck up! Don't listen to her.

Lana: Don't hurt Candace. She has nothing to do with this.

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

John: Shut up. Shut up!

Lana: John. Candace!

Tom: Don't listen to her.

John: I said, shut up.

Brandon: John

/DoorOpens/

Lana: Teena--

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

Lana: 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 /*

Mother: 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 hotel room
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*